Sydney's Adventures Ch. 1

by LunaGirls Â©

Consciousness returned slowly, seeming to creep into my body in little

pieces. I tried to crack open an eye, but was unable to. As I lay with my

eyes shut, the excesses of last night began to trickle back into my

memory. It was rush week at my university and I had been at a sorority

party where I was a pledge. The party had been fantastic, and near the end

the sisters had made all of us pledges come upstairs. Slowly it came back

to me why I couldn't open my eyes. I gingerly lifted a hand up and began

picking the dried cum out of my eyelashes. Eventually I was able to open

both of my eyes and see the aftermath of the party. I was sprawled face-up

on a queen-sized bed in one of the upstairs rooms of the sorority. Three

of my fellow pledges were in the room with me, two on another bed on the

opposite side of the room and one in the bed with me. I wasn't too

concerned with them, at least initially, and instead began to take stock

of my situation.

I propped my head up on a pillow and looked down. My nineteen-year-old 38d

breasts were absolutely covered in cum; the only skin I could see was

through a layer of thick goo. A lot of it was dry, but some of the larger

blobs were still partially liquid, as was the large pool that had formed

in the valley between my boobs and my neck. I could see partially

congealed rivulets that ran from my nipples (which were becoming hard

remembering all that had happened last night!) all the way to the bed.

Some of my long, dirty blond hair had gotten plastered to my body, glued

on with cum.

Looking further down my body I could see that my stomach was in no better

shape. Another large pool had formed in and around my belly button, nearly

obscuring the henna tattoo I had put on especially for the party. I could

see that cascades of cum had slid off my stomach and down my sides and the

pools on either side of my body were truly impressive. The bed we were

lying on had a plastic sheet on it, presumably to make the eventual clean

up easier. What it meant to me though, was that I was lying in a pool of

cum, perhaps a half-inch deep, that had formed in the depression my body

made in the mattress.

Continuing my inspection, I could see the junction between my two widely

splayed legs. I'm a bit of a stickler when it comes to my pubic hair; in

general I wax all of it except for a small triangle at the top of my

pussy. While the waxing itself is extraordinarily painful the silky smooth

skin that it leaves behind makes it easily worthwhileâ€”there's nothing

worse than feeling stubble on your pussy lips! For this party, though, I

had waxed the whole thing and I was now looking down at my bald pussy,

which, like the rest of me, was liberally covered with cum. I could only

see the upper portion of my lips, but I knew how the rest must look. My

normally tight pussy had taken a lot of dicks the night before and I could

feel it gaping open. I knew that it was completely filled with cum. Every

slight movement would cause a little bit to spooge out, dribbling down

through my asshole and joining the large pool beneath my ass. I say

through my asshole because it too had been used a significant number of

times last night and, like my pussy, was gaping open and full of cum. My

inner thighs were coated with jizz and even my legs and calves, which are

well toned and nicely tanned by field hockey practice, had splashes of

dried cum everywhere.

Resting my head back down on the bed I took a moment to revel in the

situation. Last night I had been treated like a complete slut and I had

loved every minute of it. I don't know how many guys fucked me; I had lost

count before I even made it into double digits and between the four of us

pledges we had probably made it to triple digits. I had had dicks in every

one of my orifices, usually more than one at a time. Guys had pumped loads

of jism up my pussy and ass, down my throat, and over my face and tits.

Some of the guys had been so excited by the situation that they didn't

even get around to fucking me, they had just jacked off over my tight

belly and large tits. And now I was relaxing in a pool of cum, my pussy

and ass gaping open and leaking, and I was even more turned on than I was

the night before! Well, ok, I'm not sure if that was really possible, but

I could definitely feel a tingling starting in my pussy!

Propping myself up further, I turned and looked at the pledge lying next

to me. Her name was Cindy and we had quickly become best friends, even

though we'd only known each other for a couple of months. Like me, she is

a serious looker. She's a little shorter than I am (she's 5'6" while I'm

5'8") and a bit more voluptuous (her hips are a little bit wider and she

has an extra "d" over me in cup size!). Her most outstanding feature

though is her beautiful, slightly curly, red hair. It has amazing golden

highlights and is a perfect frame for her picture-perfect face. Her skin

is light colored and as smooth as porcelain; she has gorgeous clear green

eyes, delicate, arching red eyebrows and high cheekbones.

Of course, the majority of her doll-fine features were obscured by the

ropy strings of cum criss-crossing her face, and it was almost impossible

to see her ruby red lips because they were completely coated with the

pearly-white translucence of so many guys' loads. I must have looked the

same way; I had a strong aftertaste of cum in my mouth and I could feel it

dripping onto my face from my hair, sliding down my nose and cheeks and

chin before dully splashing onto my chest and breasts. The lake that had

formed in my cleavage began to run down and merged with the lake on my

stomach. That lake in turn overflowed and cum began oozing down my sides,

into my pussy and ass, and onto the bed.

It was too much for me. I reached down to my pussy and began running my

fingers up and down my well used, drooling slit. I dipped two fingers

inside my pussy and scooped out a fingerful of cum, bringing it to my

mouth to taste it's salty, nutty flavor. I could feel my pussy beginning

to heat up and my juices began flowing, mixing with the residue left

behind from the guys last night. I returned one hand to my pussy to

continue frigging myself and grabbed my breast with the other. Or I should

say, tried to; my boob was much too slippery to get a good grip on but I

tried valiantly! Plunging two, then three fingers into my pussy I really

started getting into it. I finally managed to get a good grip on my

breast, and brought the cum-covered nipple up to my mouth to suck on,

savoring the taste of partly dried cum.

Just as I was about to orgasm I felt another hand join mine at my pussy. I

looked down in time to see one of Cindy's fingers slip into me, making

space beside mine. Wordlessly I withdrew my fingers and Cindy plunged two

and then three fingers into my pussy. Cum displaced by her fingers and my

juices dribbled out and onto the bed, but I didn't care. I arched my back

in time to her thrusts and shortly began to have a tremendous orgasm. My

warm, sticky cum began spurting onto her hand and when she slid her thumb

over my clit I seriously began to see stars. As my orgasm finished washing

over me I collapsed back into the puddle of cum I had been passed out in

and looked over to Cindy.

"What a night huh Sydney?" she said stretching languorously. As she opened

her mouth to speak strings of cum stretched between her lips.

"That was unbelievable," I replied. "I haven't been fucked that well in,

well, ever! And that was a pretty pleasant way to wake up, I have to

admit," I continued. "Perhaps I can return the favor!"

"Perhaps you can," she mused.

I rolled onto my side, putting an arm over her and pulling her closer to

me. We began kissing passionately, loving the taste of each other's mouths

mixed with cum from dozens of guys. She rolled onto her side and we

embraced each other. The feel of our breasts rubbing together, lubricated

by cum, was fantastic. We ground our bare pelvises together (she had

shaved her pussy for last night as well!) loving the smooth, slippery,

slimy feeling. The only sounds in the room were our heavy breathing and

the squishy, soggy sound of our bodies rubbing against each other. Hating

to leave her arms, but needing more direct stimulation of my pussy, I

pulled out of Cindy's embrace, crawled down to the end of the bed and

turned around. I slid between her legs and began to grind my pussy on her

inner thigh. Each pass of my pelvis would leave a wet, sticky trail. She

wasn't able to stand my teasing anymore and begged for me to move my pussy

up to hers. When I did, the feeling was incredible. Her pussy, like mine,

was yawning open and cum was pouring out in rivulets. The sight of our two

sloppy, messy pussies rubbing against each other will be forever etched

into my mind! Our lips alternately sticking and sliding against each other

and the wet, squishy sounds were mind blowing. I could feel the heat of

her pussy against mine and I'm sure she could feel the same. When our

clits rubbed against each other I could swear bolts of lightning shot

between us. In what seemed like seconds we both began spasming as orgasms

rushed over us. Her pussy contracted violently and her love juices began

pouring out over my pussy. That, in turn, sent me over the edge and my

pussy began spurting all over her. Rubbing up against her frantically, our

orgasms seemed to go on forever. When we finally came down we collapsed

into a sweaty pile of intertwined legs and pussies. A mixture of our cum

and sweat and the cum from the guys of last night dripped liberally from

our pussies onto the bed below. Exhausted we dozed off, our pussies glued

together by drying cum.

The next time I woke up, it was to the sound of the sorority president

entering the room. It must have been almost noon, and light was streaming

into the airy, bright room.

"Time to get up girls," Kim, the president said. "I trust that you all had

a satisfying night's sleep. As you know," she continued as we groggily

began to focus on her, "This party marks the end of rush week, and it is

my pleasure to announce the results."

That really got the four of us moving and we hurried to get out of bed. In

retrospect we must have made for a pretty funny sight and a startling

contrast. Kim looked immaculate, perfectly made up and wearing a short,

flowery summer dress and white, strappy sandals. The four pledges, though,

were a mess. The act of standing up had caused new rivers of cum to begin

flowing down us, dripping off our faces and breasts. Our pussies and

assholes acted like artesian cum springs, with jizz bubbling out and

oozing down our legs. I was glad to see that the other girls were as messy

as I was. Our hair, which had been primped to perfection last night, was a

matted, sticky mess; eyeliner and lipstick that had been painstakingly

applied was now a smeary wreck.

"Now that I have your attention," Kim continued after pausing to let us

collect ourselves "I want you to know that out of the 20 pledges we had

this year, the four in this room were the best. Congratulations, you all

have been accepted to tri-delta!"

Our girlish, high-pitched screams of glee probably broke windows two

blocks away, but we didn't care. We'd been accepted by the best, most

prestigious sorority on campus! Without thinking the four of us hugged

each other, breasts jostling together in an emotional, slippery group hug.

Once the squealing had subsided a smiling Kim continued. "Your first job

as sisters in tri-delta is to clean up this room. As of now, the four of

you are roommates and this will be your room. Four other new sisters live

across the hall from you, and there is a communal bathroom at the end of

the hallway. Personally, I'm starving; the dining room, as you know, is

downstairs. Lunch is served until 1:30. I suggest you hurry up and clean

yourselves off before joining the rest of us for a meal!" Kim began to

leave and, as she was heading out the door, turned back to us.

"Congratulations again girls, I'm sure we're all going to have a great

time together!"

Little did we know what a great time it was going to be!

Sydney's Adventures Ch. 2

by LunaGirls Â©

I'd had a great first semester at school. My grades were pretty decent,

I'd made a wonderful new friend in Cindy and I was having a great time in

the tri-delta sorority house. Still, by the time Christmas break rolled

around, I was pretty much exhausted and when I got home I wasn't up for

much of anything. My sister, who is a spitting image of me, only about two

years younger, was especially upset that we didn't get to go out. In high

school we would go out clubbing together and had a great time dancing with

each other and picking up cute boys.

The way my school's academic calendar is laid out we have two long

semesters (fall and spring) and then one short semester (winter). Since I

was better rested, my parents decided to take the whole family on a ski

vacation in between my winter and spring semesters. We were going to a

small skiing village in the Rockies and it sounded like we were going to

have a great condo right on the slopes. The unit we were staying in had

two rooms, a little kitchenette and an entertaining area. Best of all, the

complex shared an indoor pool, hot tub and sauna! I carefully packed a

couple of ski outfits, my favorite flannel pajama bottoms, a small white

cotton cut-off t-shirt (for sleeping in) a couple of swimsuits (one

one-piece, one fairly conservative bikini) and other random bits of

necessary clothing. I flew home for a day or so and then the whole family

headed to the ski resort. We got there fairly late on Monday evening and I

just threw my stuff in drawers without thinking about it and went to bed.

Our first day of skiing (actually snowboarding) dawned sunny and

surprisingly warmâ€”it looked like we might have a day or two of spring

skiing in early February! I quickly slithered into my black stretch pants

and a tight but warm blue-gray sweater. My sister had on similarly tight

navy stretch pants with a white sweater. We got few appraising looks from

the guys who rented us our boards and boots. Then the whole family piled

into one of the quad chair lifts and off we went. My sister and I like to

board a bit faster than my mom and dad so we took off once we hit the top,

after getting directions on where and when to meet for lunch.

It had snowed a night or two before and the snow conditions were

excellent. I'm not sure who it was that said there are two things that are

impossible to describe to somebody who hasn't done them: skiing and sex.

Well, I figure that snowboarding is pretty much like skiing and that day

it was basically as good as sex. The runs were wide open and the feeling

of surfing, gliding and schussing down them with my hair flying out behind

me was fantastic. Of course there were the usual falls. One time, I had

come to a stop to watch my sister go down a run and she got the wild idea

to spray me with snow when she caught up. She sprayed me thoroughly but,

because both her feet were locked onto her board, she lost her balance and

fell over on me.

"You bitch!" I screamed playful, "Look at what you've done now!"

"Honestly Sydney, I didn't mean to spray you," she replied, but she

couldn't keep a straight face and started cracking up. Laughing seems to

be contagious with me and in almost no time we were both convulsed with

laughter and tears were rolling down our cheeks.

"You girls ok?" My sister Mel and I looked up into the faces of two really

cute ski patrol guys. "You look like you might be a little shaken up."

"No, no Greg" my sister replied noticing the name on his nametag. "I think

we'll probably be alrig .oww!" she stopped when I elbowed her in the side.

"Actually, I think we may be a little shaken up. Is there anywhere you can

take us to get a cup of hot chocolate or something?" I asked winking

surreptitiously at my sister.

"Sure. There's ski patrol shack is at the bottom of this run. I don't see

any harm in letting you girls warm up in there."

Slightly weak in the knees from the giggling we boarded down to the shack

with the ski patrol guys behind us. I made sure to sway my hips a little

more than ordinary while making my turns, and I'm pretty sure my sister

did too.

"This is it, " Pete, the other ski patrol guy said. "Here, let me take

your boards for you."

Greg led the way into the shack while Pete stuck our boards in the snow

outside. "I think we have some hot water here, and over in that desk are a

couple of packets of hot chocolate. So, what are your names?"

"I'm Sydney and this is Melbourne, but she goes by Mel. I know, I know, to

this day we still don't know what our parents fascination with Australian

cities is. So how do you guys get a sweet job like being on the ski

patrol?"

"Pete and I actually live around here. In the winter we work on the ski

patrol and in the summer we work on construction and other odd jobs. It's

not too glamorous, but we get to spend most of our time outdoors and ski

all winter. And we earn enough to rent a pretty sweet pad down in town

too. Actually, we're having a party tonight, think you girls could come?"

"I think we probably could," I said taking a swallow of hot chocolate.

"What do you say Mel?"

"Yeah, I think that would be fun!" Mel replied.

"Great! We'll see you guys at 9."

"Yeah, and don't forget your swimsuits tooâ€”we have a great hot tub!" Pete

piped in.

Realizing that we were going to be later for lunch with our parents, Mel

and I had to get their address and make a hasty departure.

"Those guys were pretty cute Sydney, but do you think we can get away from

mom and dad?"

"No problem sis, just leave mom and dad to me."

Lunch with our parents was fine and the afternoon boarding was certainly

enjoyable, but Mel and I couldn't help but think about seeing the boys

latter. When we got back from boarding we rushed into our room to get

ready. I put on my favorite pair of hip-hugger jeans and a white crop top

(the combo showed a delicious expanse of my belly!) and my sister went for

one of those long, slinky black knit skirts with a long slit up the side

and a tight red sweater.

"I got my swimsuit," she said, stuffing a blue bikini into her purse.

"Don't forget yours!"

Cursing at myself for almost forgetting (does anything feel better after a

day of skiing than a long soak in a hot tub?) I went back to the dresser

to get mine. After several minutes of progressively more frantic searching

I discovered that I had forgotten it at our house. Which was weird because

I could have sworn I remembered putting it in. I just wouldn't forget

something like that!

"I brought an extra one. You can use it if you want," Mel said noting my

growing anxiety. "Here you go."

"You girls almost ready?" my father bellowed from the living room. Without

another thought I stuffed Mel's neon pink bikini into my purse, pulled on

my winter jacket and followed my sister out the door.

Our parents took us out to dinner at one of those family-type restaurants.

Pretty boring dinner really, but I didn't notice because I was thinking

about tonight's party and how I was going to get me and my sister there.

By the end of dinner I hadn't thought of anything and was beginning to get

a bit frantic. When we left the restaurant I heard loud music and noticed

that there was a dance club a couple of doors down.

"Mom, Dad, would it be okay if Mel and I went dancing for a while? You

know how we used to go out at home and we need to catch up on old times.

You guys can go back to the condo now and Mel and I will be back in a

little bit!"

"I don't know" my mom said, "This is an unfamiliar town and all."

"But mom, look around. The place is tiny. I bet there's no way that we can

get in trouble, and anyway we never did back home."

"Alright then, but don't stay out too late and keep your cell phone on."

"Sure thing mom!" I replied.

After our parents had left for home my sister and I had a brief giggling

fit and then we called Greg to come pick us up. He and Pete showed up a

few minutes later driving a dirty beat up Subaru station wagon with a ski

rack on top.

"Hop in, let's go!" Pete yelled hanging out the passenger-side window.

Mel and I piled into the back seat and away we went. After just a minute

or two we got to the boys' place. It was indeed a pretty sweet place. It

was a small house with a fenced in yard within walking distance of

downtown. When we got inside we saw that a "party" meant my sister and I

and three other people hanging out (and Greg and Pete of course!). Two of

those were a couple that were making out in a corner. We never did really

meet them. The other guy was a kinda dorky-looking guy named Tom who also

was on the ski patrol.

"So, you girls did bring bathing suits right?" Greg asked. "Sydney, you

can change in the bathroom and Mel, you can change in Pete's room down the

hall." Without any further ado I went into the bathroom and got out the

suit that Mel had given me. I peeled off my shirt and bra and took a

moment to admire myself in the mirror. My breasts jutted out from my chest

with the impressive firmness of youth and good genes (thanks mom!) and

gave way abruptly to my flat abs and stomach, which, in turn, melted into

my shaven pubes and well-conditioned thighs and legs. Pretty impressive I

thought to myself. All that field hockey conditioning really pays off!

Kicking off my jeans I reached into my purse for Mel's bikini. It was one

of those string bikinis where the fabric can slide on the stringâ€”the

bottoms could shrink all the way down to a thong, though I wasn't planning

on being that daring! I looped the first string over my neck and tied it

in place. Then I tried to pull the little patches of cloth over my boobs,

which is when I realized I had a serious problem. Like I mentioned

earlier, my sister is a spitting image of me two years ago. Two years ago

my boobs were a C cup, whereas they are now a generous D cup. Furthermore,

I decided that this must be my sister's sunning bikini, because it was

small even for a C cup. After a struggle I managed to arrange the fabric

so that my nipples were covered and you couldn't see the crease where my

breasts ended, unless you were looking up from beneath. The bottoms

weren't quite as bad as the tops, but they were still ridiculously small.

The back was cut in the rio style and I was just thankful that it wasn't a

thong. Still, it had a distinct tendency to slip into the crack of my ass

and disappear. I finished tying the sides and, looking in the mirror

again, I surveyed the situation. One nipple had managed to poke free while

I was putting the bottoms on and I stuffed it back in. The low scoop front

ended about 2 inches above the start of my pussy; the strings were tied in

bows high on my hips. You could easily see the crease where my legs joined

my hips; in fact the front was so narrow that you could see a fair amount

of my flesh on either side of the strip of cloth. The lycra fabric the

bikini was made out of didn't help matters either. It was very thin and

you could clearly see my nipples poking through the top and, if my legs

weren't together, the outline of my pussy lips wasn't difficult to spot. I

couldn't believe that I was about to leave the bathroom in this barely

covered state.

Poking my head out of the door I couldn't see anybody. Pulling the bottoms

out of my butt, I walked down the hallway to the living room. The couple

was still there making out on a couch (the guy's hand had made it up the

girl's shirt!), but nobody else was. I turned around and went out the

sliding glass door onto the porch, where a cold winter breeze hit me and

made my nipples harden instantly. I could hear the sounds of conversation

and rounded a corner to find the hot tub. Mel was already in the hot tub

as were Greg, Pete and Tom. Everybody stopped talking when I stepped into

view and I could feel their eyes taking in my scantily clad body.

"If you guys are done looking, I'm freezing out here. Make some room." I

said pushing into the hot tub between Greg and Tom. Greg scooted to one

side, but Tom, who appeared to be quite drunk, only shifted a little bit.

When I sat down he put his arm around me, which I gently removed. I

grabbed a beer and we began talking, a bunch of small talk really.

Learning about the guys and what they did, some funny stories about ski

patrol capers, tales of parties past. That kind of thing. While we were

chatting and drinking I discovered that I should have let Tom keep his arm

around my shoulders, because now he was feeling up the side of my leg. I

kept trying to subtly push his hand away, but he was drunkenly insistent.

Then I felt a little tugging at my hip and I realized that he had found

and untied the knot holding on that side of my bikini. I definitely have

an overactive sex drive and, while I was not terribly attracted to Tom,

the thought of him feeling me up in front of two other guys and my sister

was beginning to turn me on. The couple of beers that I had might have

served to lower my concerns as well!

Meeting little resistance from me, Tom slipped his hand under the (now

loose) lycra covering my pussy. I forget what the topic of conversation

was, but Tom gasped when he discovered my slit was completely bald. Trying

to cover for it, he pointed out that we were out of beer by the hot tub

and that he would go get some more. He staggered out of the tub and into

the house, returning shortly with a whole new case, which he plunged into

the snow next to the hot tub to keep cold. He got back into the tub and

his hand went right back to where it left off. The contrast between the

hot water and his freezing cold fingers in my slit was amazing, and I

almost gasped out loud as well. With Tom rubbing his fingers up and down

my pussy it was getting hard to carry on a conversation, but I don't think

that anyone really noticed. I leaned back in the hot tub and spread my

legs a bit, allowing Tom to have easier access to my excited mound. With

that encouragement he slipped a finger up into my pussy. Before long Tom

worked a second finger up into me and was carrying out a serious

inspection of the inside of my pussy. He would stick his fingers up into

me and swirl them around, then pull them almost all the way out before

plunging them back into me. I couldn't believe that nobody was noticing

anything! Then I glanced across the tub at Mel and saw that she had a

pretty dippy look on her face, and I wondered if Pete was doing the same

thing to her. The feeling of being masturbated while watching a similar

thing happening to my sister brought me teetering to the edge of climax

when, all of a sudden, Tom stopped. I looked over at him and he had passed

out, with his fingers still buried deep inside my pussy. I couldn't

believe it! Nudging Greg in the ribs I pointed out Tom's condition to him

(luckily nobody could see what was going on beneath the bubbly water!).

"I guess we should take him inside so he doesn't drown. Can you give me a

hand?" Greg asked.

"Sure" I said, grabbing Tom's arm and pulling his fingers out of my pussy.

"Wait a second, I think I'm stuck on something," I continued, using the

delay to hastily re-tie my bikini. "OK, let's go."

Greg grabbed Tom under the arms and hauled him out of the hot tub. I got

his feet and together we started carrying him into the house. I don't know

if you've ever tried to carry somebody who is completely passed out, but

it's really difficult. We managed to get Tom halfway to the house before

we had to put him down. I could feel my bottoms sliding up my butt cheeks,

leaving my ass totally exposed to the cold winter air, and my nipples were

rock hard and obviously bulging through the fabric of my top. Still, we

had to get Tom inside.

"How 'bout you take that side, and I'll take this side? Maybe that will

work better." Greg said.

"Sure" I replied, taking the opportunity to pull my bikini out of my butt.

We were carrying Tom through the door when I slipped. The bow on one side

of my bottoms got caught on the sliding door latch. I threw out my arms

for balance, dropping Tom, but that didn't help at all and I fell on my

butt. My bikini bottoms, still caught in the door at waist height, got

yanked off. Greg lurched forward, tripped over Tom, and ended up with his

face buried in my bald pussy. Looking down at him I noticed that my left

breast had fallen out of my top in my wild flailing.

"Are you ok? Oh my god, I am so sorry" Greg said, looking up at me from

between my legs.

"That's ok, these things happen," I giggled with a horny, drunken

nervousness. "But we had better get Tom inside before he freezes." I

pushed myself up with my hands and (quite purposefully!) rubbed my

extremely moist pussy up Greg's chin, nose and forehead, leaving a

glistening trail of my juices behind. I slowly extracted my bottoms from

the door latch while Greg sat there in shock watching my bare, swollen

pussy lips get covered again by the bottom. I grabbed my free boob and

stuffed it back into my top. Noticing Greg's stare I cupped both breasts

and jiggled and squeezed them, pretending to make sure they were securely

enclosed in my top.

"Sorry about Tom" Greg said nervously getting up. "He started drinking a

bit before any of the rest of us did and he just can't handle his booze.

He can be a bit of a jerk sometimes. I'm really sorry he tried hitting on

you Sydney."

"Oh that's ok" I replied as Greg as we finished dragging Tom inside. "And

hey, it looks like Mel and Pete have really hit it off! As have they!" I

gestured to the couple on the couch; the girl's top was off and the boy's

hand was clearly rubbing her inside her jeans.

"Yeah, I guess that just leaves me and you" Greg said with mock shyness.

"I guess it does if you can catch me!" I playfully pushed Greg away from

me and began running for the hot tub. All he could catch of me was the

string holding my top on, and he wasn't about to let that go! When I

reached the tub and climbed in he had completely ripped my top off and my

boobs were bouncing vigorously in the cold winter air. I decided that he

had done well enough and, having already had Tom's fingers exploring my

pussy and Greg's head buried in it, it didn't take long before I was

making out with him. He reached underwater and undid one side of my

bottoms and slipped his hand over my pussy. I sighed into his mouth as he

explored my innocent, bald pussy and it didn't take long before I felt my

muscles contract hard against his fingers and I had my first orgasm of the

night!

Looking around from my post orgasm haze I saw that my sister and Pete had

given up all pretense of being subtle. One of Pete's hands was in Mel's

top, squeezing, caressing and pinching at Mel's heaving breasts. His other

hand was underwater working frantically; I could only imagine what he was

doing given the way Mel's eyes were rolling into the back of her head and

her breath was coming in ragged gasps.

Figuring it was about time that the boys got some compensation for their

hard work, I reached over to Greg and slipped my hand into his swimsuit.

His penis wasn't terribly long, but it certainly was hard! I began long,

slow strokes from the base of his penis up to the top, doing a little

swirl when I reached the knob, before sliding my hand down his shaft to

the base again. Greg leaned over, gently nibbling and teasing my naked

breasts and nipples. With my free hand I held his head to my chest while

continuing to stroke his penis with the other hand.

Pete had, by this time, managed to get Mel's top off entirely, exposing

her magnificent breasts, which were covered with sweat, water and Pete's

saliva. They looked fantastic as they bounced up and down in time to the

thrusts of Pete's fingers into her pussy. Suddenly a huge shiver seemed to

pass through Mel and she sunk a little bit further into the tub. I

realized that I had just seen my sister climax, and it was a huge turn on!

Needing something more in my pussy than Greg's fingers, I untied the other

side of my bottoms and let them drift free. I climbed onto his lap, facing

away from him and towards Mel and Pete. Holding his dick in one hand and

spreading open my pussy with the other I slowly slid my drooling pussy

down onto him. When I had lowered myself all the way I stopped and

contracted my pussy muscles around Greg, squeezing and caressing him

without moving at all. Then, still fully impaled, I began gyrating in

little circles and wiggling my ass. While looking back over my shoulder at

Greg I let a mischievous grin reach my lips. The feeling of Greg's cock

swirling around inside me was awesome!

Sydney's Adventures Ch. 2

by LunaGirls Â©

Not wanting to be left out, Pete stood Mel up in the middle of the hot

tub, ripped her bottoms off of her (her top was long gone by now) and slid

his dick up and into her from behind. Pete was going at her like a madman,

and he bent her over to penetrate her more deeply. His powerful thrusts

were strong enough that she stumbled forward and would have fallen if I

hadn't caught her in my arms. She looked up to thank me, just as another

of Pete's thrusts pounded her forward and her lips brushed mine before she

could pull her head back. The next of Pete's thrusts pushed her forward

even more, crushing our lips together. The entire world seemed to shrink

until it was just me and Mel; we completely forgot about the two boys

filling our pussies. Mel made the first move, parting her lips slightly

and flicking her tongue across my lips. She gently pried open my lips,

slipping her tongue into my yearning mouth. Our tongues began a slow,

sensuous dance, slipping and sliding into each other mouths. We explored

each other, our tongues alternately intertwining and then flicking

together. Mel's lips tasted like cherries from the chap stick we had used

earlier in the day; her mouth felt like warm butter around my tongue. In

short, it was the perfect kiss and we wanted more. Trembling, whether from

the cold or from the nervousness and excitement of kissing my sister for

the first time, I stood up and we wrapped our arms around each other

pulling ourselves together. Our nipples touched tentatively, before

another of Pete's thrust crushed our breasts together. Our freezing cold

nipples, rock hard from the winter air and our arousal, dug into our

chests, providing a wonderful contrast to the warmth of our breasts. We

clung to each other so tightly that our clits were actually rubbing

against each other, sending jolts of electricity up and down our spines. I

could feel her well-trimmed pubic hair rubbing against my bald mound. Greg

stood up behind me and re-entered my pussy causing me to groan into my

sister's open, panting mouth. The force of the boys' thrusts caused my

sister and I to rub up and down against each other, sweat and the water

from the hot tub providing a sensuous lubricant. The feeling of our large

breasts mashing into each other and our hips and pussies and clits being

ground together triggered huge orgasms in both of us. I could feel my cum

squirting out of my pussy around Greg's dick where it mixed with my

sister's squirting pussy juices, coating our thighs and then dripping and

oozing down our legs. The nasty feeling of being coated in each other's

cum triggered a series of smaller orgasms that ripped through the two of

us, causing us to nearly collapse. Luckily we were impaled on the boy's

dicks and pressed together so there wasn't anywhere we could fall.

Not wanting to let go of each other, but not being able to stand, the boys

lowered us onto our sides on the edge of the hot tub, then slipped between

our legs and continued to fuck us as we lay in each other's arms, tenderly

kissing each other and coming down from our orgasms.

"Oh god, I think I'm going to cum!" Pete yelled out excitedly.

"Get up here, I want to taste it!" Mel replied as I nodded vigorously.

Needing little encouragement Pete pulled out of Mel and squatted by our

heads. My mouth reached his cock first, greedily engulfing it so that I

could taste Mel's pussy. It was a wonderful combination of salty and

buttery and sweet and I couldn't get enough of it. My sister, not to be

denied Pete's dick, forced me to relinquish some of him. We started

kissing each other, our tongues flicking over, under and around Pete's

dick, causing him to grown out loud. In unison we would slide our mouths

up and down his prick. Then one of us would suck and nibble on his balls

while the other would slide his bulging, purple head down our throat.

Having gotten some experience deep throating at the sorority, I would take

Pete's entire cock down my throat and then tongue wrestle with my sister

across his balls. Watching two beautiful blond sisters worshipping and

fighting over his cock was too much for Pete to take. With an enormous

grunt he filled my mouth with jizz, spurt after spurt hitting the roof of

my mouth until he filled it up. Still he kept cumming all the while gently

thrusting his dick in and out of my mouth. Rivulets formed at the corners

of my mouth and pulses of cum would ooze out when Pete thrust his dick in.

"HEY! I want some of that!" Mel yelled, noticing the cum on my face. She

grabbed Pete's dick and yanked it out of my mouth. His last hurrah

dribbled out of his dick and landed on one of her nipples, but otherwise

he was empty. Mel grabbed her breast and licked Pete's cum off. "You

bitch, it tasted good!" Mel screamed at me playfully. I could only nod in

agreement because I hadn't yet swallowed, still savoring the flavor

myself. "Wait a second," Mel said "you haven't swallowed yet have you?" I

nodded yes, but she didn't believe me and jumped on me. We wrestled for a

bit, but I was stronger and in better shape and ended up on top of her, my

breasts mashing down on hers while I pinned her arms above her head. I

triumphantly opened my mouth to show her the pearly white load that Pete

had deposited into my mouth. In a desperation move, she managed to wrench

one of her hands free and poke me really hard in the side. I gasped hard

and partially choked on Pete's cum, causing a bunch of it to drool out of

my mouth and onto Mel's waiting lips. I quickly swallowed what I had left

and then attacked Mel's mouth trying to get back the rest. Our lips met in

a sloppy, cummy kiss and we ground our faces together.

Seeing a momentary lapse in our wrestling, Greg slipped his dick up into

me again. As my sister and I continued to kiss, messily exchanging cum and

saliva, Greg would fuck me for thirty seconds, pull out and fuck my sister

for thirty seconds, then go back to me. He kept alternating between the

two of us for about five minutes before, with a massive groan, he came

deep into my pussy. I could feel warm jets gushing up into my pussy and

then starting to overflow, dripping and then running down onto Mel's open

pussy below me.

The combination of a hard cock filling my pussy while my sister kissed me

with a cum-filled mouth was too much. I began spasming around Greg's cock,

my pussy muscles clenching and unclenching, trying to milk the last of the

cum from him. My orgasm swept over me and soon my cum was mixing with

Greg's and gushing onto my sister. When he finally withdrew, my pussy was

left gaping open and leaking cum while my sister's pussy was coated with

the ooze. Reaching between our bodies I stuck several fingers up my pussy,

scooped out a load of cum, and held it up over Mel's face. She eagerly

reached out with her tongue to catch the goo and then wrapped her tongue

around my fingers drawing them into her warm, wet mouth and cleaning them

off.

We would have spent a few more minutes languishing in each other's arms,

but after all the excitement, we were beginning to notice just how cold it

was out of the hot tub. We quickly slid back in (Pete and Greg had been

back in for a while) and submerged ourselves up to our necks. With

cum-smeared faces we grinned at each other across the tub.

We saw the boys a few more times on the trip (and even blew them in the

ski patrol shack!), but spent most of the nights in each other's arms and

exploring our bodies. The day that I had to leave for college came all too

quickly though and I was packing my stuff up in my sister's room. She

reached into one of her dresser drawers and pulled out my two swimsuits. I

stared at her in amazement before shouting "You set me up!" and then

pouncing on her.

"Yes, I did," she admitted "but I've wanted you for a long time and you

have to agree that it was worth it!"

After a final long, lingering kiss I did indeed!

Author's Note: Let me know how you liked this second installment and if

you think I should write more about my adventures! Also, if you liked it a

lot, then vote below, if you didn't like it move on, there's nothing to

see here! Also, feel free to email me.

Sydney's Adventures Ch. 3

by LunaGirls Â©

I'd been living in the sorority for a couple of months now and it was a

great time. I had one of the upstairs rooms, which I shared with three

other girls who were all really nice. The only problem with the room, or

so I thought initially, was that there were only two queen-sized beds; I

shared one with my best friend, Cindy, and the two other girls, Jenny and

Ariana, shared the other bed. Cindy and I had been roommates in the

freshman dorm and had applied to join tri-delta together (which is where

we met the other two girls).

I had never had sex with another woman before, but the morning after the

sorority's pledge party I had woken up, covered in cum, in a bed with

Cindy. We fooled around a bit that morning and I discovered that I was

decidedly bi-sexual and didn't mind sharing a bed with Cindy at all.

Judging from the occasional moans and groans I heard, I don't think that

Jenny and Ariana minded the living arrangements either! Still, they were

more into boys than Cindy and I were and when the day before Valentine's

Day rolled around they both had dates while, much to our dismay, Cindy and

I did not. We decided to make the best of it though, and go out with each

other. We drew straws and I got the long one, meaning that I had to be the

"boy" for purposes of the dateâ€”I had to make the reservations for dinner

and get ready somewhere besides our room (we couldn't get ready together

because then there would be no surprises on the date!).

On the morning of Valentine's Day I woke up and hopped into the two-person

shower, which Jenny was already in. While helping wash each other's backs

we talked about our plans for the day; Jenny said that she and Ariana

figured that their dates would last all night, and that we shouldn't

expect them back until the morning. On my way out to class I relayed this

information to Cindyâ€”it was nice to know that we had the room to ourselves

all night!

My classes seemed to drag on forever. In psychology we did some sort of

personality test with the arrogant Dr. Arton; I didn't really concentrate

much on it because I was thinking about my date tonight with Cindy. I had

made reservations for us at a little Italian restaurant that was supposed

to be very intimate. In my backpack I had already stashed some makeup and

jewelry, my favorite red velvet dress (by Bebe) and a pair of strappy,

black high-heeled shoes (9 West). I was going to change in the girls' room

across the hall from my own; the four girls in there were freshman like us

and didn't mind if I joined them while we got ready for our dates. I met

Cindy at Ms. Somers' music class and we sat in back together and enjoyed

the Brandenburg Concertos. We couldn't keep our eyes (or hands!) off each

other and I think we gave some guy sitting in the back row with us quite a

show. We were both giddy with excitement as we walked back to the sorority

house.

Since I wasn't allowed in our room all afternoon I stayed downstairs and

watched TV in the common room. A couple of girls were watching an episode

of the Young and the Restless and Victor was doing something horrible to

Jack. Of course that seems to be true of just about every episode.

About two hours before I was supposed to pick Cindy up for our date I

headed upstairs to get ready. The first thing I did was wax my whole

pussyâ€”peach fuzz was beginning to grow in from the last time and I wanted

to be as smooth as possible for Cindy. Then I took a shower washing and

conditioning my hair. When I got out I stepped into a flurry of activity

with five naked (or nearly so) bodies flying around the bathroom getting

ready. Some girls were getting into the shower while others were putting

on makeup or trying on clothes, seeing what looked best and asking for

opinions. Somebody had put on Britney Spears 'Oops! I Did it Again' and we

were all singing along over the roar of hair dryers and the shower. After

rubbing body oil over myself to keep in the shower's moisture, I managed

to fight my way to the mirror. I stopped for a moment to admire what I saw

there. My dirty blond hair was still wet and plastered to my body and you

could hardly make out the golden highlights. My blue-green eyes were

sparkling with anticipation over the night to come and my full lips

couldn't help but twist up at on the ends in a smile. My 38d breasts

jutted out from my chest with the impressive perkiness of youth. They had

only really developed over the past two or three years and I still

marveled at their fullness. Cupping them in my hands I held them together,

enjoying their softness and substantial heft. I tweaked my nipples and

watched them harden. I make it a point to tan topless (and naked if

possible) so that I have a nearly perfect tan except for a tiny 'V' in

front and an even smaller one in back from my thong bikini bottom. My flat

tummy has just the vaguest hint of a six-pack and I keep my long legs and

round ass in excellent shape by playing field hockey on the university

team.

Snapping out of my reverie I let my breasts go and began blow-drying my

hair. Once it was nearly dry I stopped and changed into my dress. Since it

was very low-cut in back and had spaghetti straps there was no way I could

wear a braâ€”even a strapless one would have shown. And anyway, I love the

feeling of my unconstrained breasts bouncing and jiggling with every step

I take! Even without a bra though, you could definitely see my cleavage

because my boobs were pressed together by the tight-fitting, stretchy

bodice of the dress. I mentioned that the dress was low-cut in back and

when I say low cut, I mean low cut. You couldn't quite see the cleavage of

my butt cheeks but it was close! The only modest thing about the dress was

that it was floor length. Still, the bottom was tight fitting and there

was a slit on the left side that reached my upper thigh; every time I took

a step I exposed a generous amount of leg and nearly uncovered the

matching red velvet thong I slipped on underneath the dress. Going back to

the mirror I decided on some fire engine red lipstick, which matched the

color of my dress. I went all out for Cindy putting on foundation, blush,

eyeliner and mascara. I wore two ruby stud earrings. Finally getting back

to my hair I went for an elaborate up do. It took me a couple of tries,

but with perseverance and enough hair spray I finally got it just right. I

left a few tendrils on either side of my face to frame it. The final piece

of the ensemble was a black velvet choker to match my black 3" heels. I

looked at the clock and discovered that I was about five minutes late in

picking up Cindy. Hurrying across the hall I couldn't believe that I had

butterflies in my stomach as I knocked on her, I mean our, door.

"I'll be right there!" I heard Cindy yell from the other side. After a few

minutes of nervous anticipation the door opened a crack and Cindy slipped

out without letting me see what was inside. Not that I would have noticed

anyway, because I couldn't take my eyes off of Cindy. She looked stunning

in a "little black dress", pantyhose and high-heeled shoes. She had a

beautiful ruby and gold necklace that matched the red and blond highlights

in her hair and, like me, she had simple ruby stud earrings in her

delicate ear lobes.

"Wow, you look fantastic!" we both stammered at the same time. I reached

for her and we embraced in the hallway, our breasts crushing against each

other, our tongues seeking and finding one another in a long, wet kiss. We

must have held each other in the hallway for at least five minutes as our

tongues and hands explored each other's mouths and bodies and I could feel

her hard nipples pushing into my breasts.

"Mmmmm we really should mmm get going if we mmmmm want to make

it to mmm dinner " I managed to get out.

"Can't we mmmm just stay mmm here?" She asked, sliding her hand through

the slit in my dress.

"No we have to ohhhh at least make the ahhh the pretense of going out."

Cindy had found my velvet covered pussy and was sliding her fingers back

and forth across it. With a burst of willpower I pushed Cindy away from

me. "Come on, the limo should be waiting for us downstairs."

"A limo huh? You must really want to score on this date!" Cindy said

grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah, I don't know where I'm going to find the money for it, but you are

definitely worth it! Now come on!" Taking her arm in mine I escorted her

downstairs where the limo was indeed waiting for us.

The chauffeur helped us in and we snuggled together in the back seat.

"Where do you lovely ladies wish to go?" he asked, lowering the privacy

partition.

"La Dolce Vida" I told him.

The driver raised the privacy screen and we pulled out.

"Now where were we before you drug me out here?" Cindy asked putting her

hand on my bare leg.

"Wait a second!" I protested jokingly. "I'm not the kind of girl who goes

all the way on a first date you know!"

"Well I am, and I'm the 'girl' for this dateâ€”you did get the long straw

after all!"

"In that case," I slid my hand between her thighs "I should really " I

stopped in amazement. "Stockings?! You're too much! I thought you were

just wearing pantyhose!"

"Pantyhose? On a date like this? No my dear, only silk stockings are good

enough for you." She positively smoldered with passion and satisfaction as

she sat back in her seat with her legs slightly parted.

With that I leaned over her and began kissing her hard while my hand

continued snaking up her dress. When I reached her silk knickers she sighed

into my mouth.

"Open your eyes," I told her.

"Why?"

"Because I want you to see me devouring you."

Slowly she opened her eyes as we resumed kissing, and it was like our

souls connected in that moment. There was no past, no future, only the two

of us in the present. I lost myself in the depths of her emerald green

eyes and time seemed to stand still.

The heat and moisture I could feel radiating through the thin silk

covering her pussy brought me back and I eased the fabric aside with my

thumb. Her eyes, still open and looking into mine, went wide with surprise

and delight and then became half-lidded with lust when I began sliding my

fingers up and down her juicy slit. Finding her engorged clit I gently

massaged it while Cindy arched her back in ecstasy.

Just then the driver opened her door. "We're here ladi " he stopped

mid-word as he noticed that Cindy's dress was pushed up around her waist

and my hand was buried in her bald pussy. "Uhm excuse me I'm sorry I er I

thought you noticed uhm we had ah stopped." The chauffeur was turning

bright red with embarrassment.

"Oh, it's ok." I said, giving Cindy's pussy one last caress then licking

my fingers off in front of the chauffeur. "I think that we are ready to

get out!" I offered my hand to him and he helped me out of the car while

Cindy hurriedly pulled down her dress. "Thank you," I said as the

chauffeur turned to help the flushed, but at least covered, Cindy.

"You are EVIL!" Cindy whispered to me. "I'll get you for this!" Turning to

the chauffeur she thanked him and we headed inside.

The restaurant turned out to be perfect for what we wanted. The walls were

made of brick and there was a fireplace on one side of the dining area

with a roaring fire. The tables were covered with long, cream-colored

linens and each had candles and two red roses in a crystal vase. We were

shown to a tiny table for two in a secluded niche next to the fireplace. A

low wall separated us from the main dining area and provided us with a

little extra privacy.

"Oh this is perfect!" Cindy exclaimed as we sat down. "I love it!"

"It really is nice isn't it? I'm glad you like it. And I'm glad that we're

celebrating Valentine's Day together."

"Me too." Cindy leaned across the table and gave me a peck on the lips.

"You've done a great job on our date so far."

"Except when we got here!" I said with a mischievous twinkle in my eye.

"Yeah, except for that. And trust me, you will pay for that!"

"Well I certainly hope that someone will pay. Dinner isn't free you know!"

Somehow our waiter had materialized next to our table without us noticing.

"This champagne," he continued with a slight Italian accent, "is on the

house though." He poured two glasses. "Part of the Valentine's Day

special."

"Oh, thank you very much," I said taking my glass.

"My pleasure. Here are the menus and a wine list. I'll be back to take

your order in a few minutes. Until then, enjoy the champagne."

"I'm sure we will. Thanks." With that he nodded his head politely and

disappeared back into the dining room.

"I propose a toast," Cindy said holding up her glass. "To the best

Valentine's Day I've ever had, and to the most wonderful girl I've ever

met."

"I'll drink to that." We clinked our glasses and took a sip of the

excellent champagneâ€”dry but with just a hint of strawberry fruitiness.

"So, what have some of your other Valentine's Days been like?" I asked

her.

"Oh you know, the usual. Horny high school boys in cheap tuxes trying to

feel me up. I even got dumped by one boyfriend on Valentine's Day. And

then the jerk wanted to get back together the next week! I guess his date

wasn't all that hot."

We giggled and chatted about our past experiences and, before we knew it,

the waiter was back at our table. "Are you young ladies ready to order?"

Before I could say anything Cindy answered, "Yes, I think we are. Sydney,

since you're the boy on this date, would you order for me?"

"Sure thing," I stammered, picking up a menu for the first time. "I'll

have " I felt somebody's bare foot moving up my leg and quickly looked

over at Cindy. She had the proverbial 'cat that just ate the canary' grin

on her face and she let me catch a glimpse of the stocking she was holding

in her hand. "Ahem excuse me Cindy will have the " I could feel her foot

burrowing between my thighs, " pasta primavera, and I'll have " Cindy

hooked her big toe underneath my knickers and pushed them aside, " the

spaghetti carbonnara." I closed the menu, relieved that I was finished

ordering because Cindy was caressing my increasingly moist pussy with her

toes.

"Wait, don't we want some salad?" Cindy asked with a wicked smile on her

face.

"Oh, right," I grudgingly agreed and opened the menu again. "Could we get

the insalata mista to split?" I said picking the first salad I saw.

"Of course Signorina. And would you like some wine?" the waiter asked.

"Oh definitely!" Cindy replied to the waiter. Turning to me with that

wicked grin she continued, "I told you I was going to get revenge Sydney!"

"I'm afraid I'm not too familiar with wines. What would you recommend?" I

asked the waiter, trying to block out Cindy and her wriggling toes.

"Well, since you are both having cream-based pastas I would suggest a

white wine, perhaps a chardonnay."

Cindy's toes were continuing their wonderful dance across my pussy and I

could barely concentrate on what the waiter was saying. I could feel her

big toe gently probing the entry to my pussy. Just as the waiter was

pointing to a 'Gr something Hills' wine Cindy slipped her toe into my

pussy. I could feel my pussy lips stretch to admit her and, when the thick

part of the toe was past, I swore I heard a little 'pop' as my lips

contracted, pulling her toe deeper into my pussy. I tried to stifle my

groan, but some sort of grunt managed to slip out.

"Ah, you know this one then? It is a very good wine."

"Sure." Cindy's big toe was wriggling around in my drenched pussy while

the rest of her toes were squirming all along my slit like a caterpillar

walking.

"An excellent choice Signorina. If you have any other needs " I could

swear he paused knowingly " please let me know and I would be delighted to

help you in any way that I can."

"I told you I was going to get you back!" Cindy whispered as the waiter

walked away. "And what do you think of the waiter? He seems pretty cute,

don't you think?"

"Uh-huh" was all I could manage as her toes continued dancing in my pussy.

She was now concentrating on the big one, pushing it in, then pulling it

out. I could hear a vague squishy sound and I could feel my juices

dribbling past my swollen lips and down my butt.

"Sydney, do you know what one of my favorite nursery rhymes was?"

"Uh-uh," was all I could stammer out as I felt a familiar tingling

starting deep within me.

"Go ahead, guess!"

"Roses are red?"

"And violets are blue. But no, that's not it. Try again!"

"Ring aaAAAA " Cindy's toe plunged into my pussy and I could feel the

tinglies expanding, " round the rosey?"

"Nope. It's 'This Little Piggy'. You know how it goes don't you? This

little piggy went to market." She plunged her big toe into my spasming

pussy and wiggled it around. "This little piggy stayed home." She wiggled

the next toe up along my dripping slit. "This little piggy had roast

beef." Another one wiggled. "This little piggy had none." Yet another went

and I could feel my orgasm building. "And this little piggy," she began

inching her little toe up my pussy until she found my clit, "ran wee wee

wee all the way home!" With that she began flicking her toe back and forth

across my engorged clit, sending me crashing into an orgasm. I gripped the

table as hard as I could to keep from screaming as my pussy spasmed around

Cindy's toes. My cum spurted over her foot, covering it in my juices and

began trickling down my thighs. I could feel it pooling around my ass,

creating an enormous wet spot on my dress and the plush, red velvet chair

beneath it. I couldn't think as her toes continued their magical dance in

and along my pussy and I felt a second orgasm rip through me.

"Please stop. I I don't think I can take anymore " I gasped out.

"But Signorina, I thought that this was the wine you wanted?" I couldn't

believe that our waiter had returned already!

"How long have you been standing there?" I asked, blushing furiously.

"Only a few minutes." Looking at the growing bulge in his pants, I could

tell he'd been there long enough. I must have turned the same shade as my

dress. Trying to cover for my embarrassment he gestured to the bottle of

wine and politely asked, "This was the wine you wished for I believe?"

"Yes it is." I had no idea.

"Excellent." He began opening the wine and I took the opportunity to check

him out. Dark hair and eyes. Olive colored skin. Charming smile. Cindy was

rightâ€”he was cute in that 'dark stranger' kinda way, although he wasn't

particularly tall. He handed me the cork, which I had no idea what to do

with, and poured a small amount of wine into my glass. I took a sip of the

wine, which tasted vaguely of pears or apples and oak with a rich, buttery

finish.

"Yes, this will do quite nicely."

"Very good," he said, and poured us two glasses. "I will be back in a

moment with your salad."

"Look, he even has a cute ass!" Cindy whispered, perhaps a bit too loudly

as the waiter departed.

"Shh!" I said, feeling my blush renewing.

"I think that you have embarrassed us enough already," Cindy said,

wiggling her toes, which were still caressing my pussy "I doubt that I

could add much!"

The rest of dinner proceeded without event, although Cindy and I both

flirted shamelessly with the waiter. He must have had a good time with us

too because he told us dessert was on the house! If we hadn't been

anticipating the rest of our night back at the house so much we probably

would have jumped the poor guy. As it was we both 'accidentally' brushed

up against the still-large bulge in his pants on the way out. "We'll be

back soon," I whispered into his ear as we left the restaurant.

The limo was waiting for us in front of the restaurant and we piled in,

eager to get back to our room. We made out in the back again, slipping

each other's thongs off, but we didn't have much time before we arrived

back at the sorority house. We jumped out, paid the driver (including a

generous tip!), and hurried upstairs to our room. Cindy stopped me outside

our door and pulled a black velvet blindfold out of her clutch purse.

Without a word she slipped it over my eyes and then opened the door. She

brought me into the room and had me sit on a chair just inside the door.

"Wait here for a moment," she whispered. I wasn't sure what she was doing,

but our room was engulfed in the delicate fragrance of roses. I heard her

close the door behind us, and then a weird striking sound, which I

couldn't quite place. I could hear her move slowly around the room, but I

couldn't tell what she was doing. Finally she slipped behind me and gently

pulled off the blindfold. Opening my eyes, I didn't know what to look at

first. The flickering light from hundreds of slender, red taper candles

provided a warm glow to the room, illuminating dozens of vases full of red

roses, which were everywhereâ€”on bookshelves, windowsills and night tables.

Red satin sheets replaced the normal cotton ones on our bed, which was

covered in rose petals, as was the floor. A heart shaped box of chocolate

rested in the middle of the bed and a bottle of champagne on ice was in a

stand next to it.

"Oh my god, Cindy, it's magical," I said with hushed awe. "I love it and

you."

"I love you too," Cindy replied, straddling me on the chair and sitting

down in my lap. I hooked my fingers in her hair and brought her face down

to mine. Looking into each other's eyes our lips touched gently. She

sucked my lower lip into her mouth and began nibbling on it. Drawing back

from me just a bit, she pulled her dress up and over her head revealing

her beautiful body, naked except for her stockings and heels. I could feel

her bare breasts press into mine as we kissed long and hard. "Let's get

that dress off you lover" Cindy said, standing up. She slid her hand into

the slit in my dress, across my legs and I raised my hips allowing her to

gently pull the velvet material up and over my head. She sat back down in

my lap, but before she could kiss me again I plunged my head forward into

the valley between her enormous, soft breasts. I showered them with kisses

gradually moving toward one of her nipples. I sucked it into my mouth and

nibbled on it softly, feeling it harden between my lips and teeth. She

arched her back in pleasure and pulled my head harder into her heaving

chest. Wrapping one arm around her to keep her in place, I slid the other

one between our legs, searching for her bare pussy. Guided by the

tremendous heat, I found it, sopping wet and dripping with her juices. I

slid my well-manicured middle finger down her slit, all the while

continuing my assault on her tender nipples.

"Wait, wait," she protested weakly "the chocolates!"

"Mmmm you know how I love chocolate."

"Here, let me get them," she said pushing away from me. I could see her

pussy, swollen and drooling with lust, as she backed away from me and

turned to get the chocolates. "The only rule," she said, box in hand, "is

that you can't use your fingers to eat them. Now, which one would you

like?" She opened the box displaying an assortment of beautifully

decorated truffles.

"How about that one?" I said, pointing to a dark chocolate one with pink

highlights.

"Sure," she said, picking it up "but I want half." She sat back down in my

lap, our warm breasts pressing against each other, and put the box on a

nearby table. Holding the desired truffle gently between her teeth, she

pulled her hair back and lowered her mouth to mine. I bit through the

chocolate shell, and released a stream of cherry syrup, which dribbled

down our chins and onto our breasts. We both realized I had picked a

chocolate coated cherry and we began wrestling with our teeth for the

sweet flesh of the cherry. Our breasts, sticky with syrup, rubbed against

each other as we fought for the cherry until, in a display of mock

savagery, we ripped the poor thing apart, each devouring our half

greedily.

"I think that's the best chocolate that I've ever tasted!" I said and we

giggled together. "Now, which one would you like?" Cindy gestured to a

plain one, which I picked up and regarded in my fingers. "How should I

feed this one to you I wonder? Hmmmm ah, I know!" I put the chocolate

between my ample breasts and squeezed them together. Without hesitation

Cindy dove into my cleavage, her tongue flicking out, trying to reach the

buried morsel. I pressed my breasts together harder, denying her easy

access to the chocolate, which I could feel beginning to soften and melt.

Cindy redoubled her efforts, leading with her nose and tongue, as she

tried to burrow into my tits. I had to squeeze them together even harder

to deny her access and I felt the chocolate shell collapse and the gooey

insides spread out over my tits.

"Mmmm Grand Marnier!" came the muffled exclamation as Cindy's tongue found

its target.

"Ooohhh I want some!" I said, releasing my boobs and looking down. Cindy

took the opportunity to begin licking greedily at the chocolate globs

covering the insides of my breasts. "Hey! Save some for me!" I said

grabbing one of my tits and bringing it to my mouth. While I licked as

much of the chocolatey orange goo from my left breast, Cindy licked,

nibbled and generally devoured my right one, before joining me on the left

one. Our tongues met at my nipple and we began competing for the right to

suck the last of the chocolate off it. The feeling of our tongues and lips

and teeth wrestling over my already sensitive nipple was an experience I

won't soon forget. I'd never had an orgasm from breast play alone, but

suddenly I felt an electric shock between my nipple and my pussy and,

before I knew what was happening, I was arching my back in the throes of a

tremendous climax. I guess I lost the battle for the last bit of

chocolate, but I definitely won the war!

Looking down between my saliva-covered breasts I could see Cindy cleaning

off the last of the chocolate. Deciding that I couldn't wait for her to

finish, I grabbed a truffle at random from the box and raised it to my

mouth.

"Hey!" She must have noticed me. "You can't just eat that! It's against

the rules!" She tried to grab the chocolate but instead hit my hand and

smeared the chocolate all over my chin and left cheek. "Oops!" she said,

chagrinned. "Sorry."

"You bitch!" I shrieked playfully and grabbed a handful of truffles. "I'll

get you for that!" She jumped off my lap and backed away from me. I

grabbed a second handful and advanced on her, trapping her in a corner of

the room.

"Sydney!" she protested as I took a step forward. "No, please!" Another

step. She tried to make a break for it, but I was way too fast for her. I

got her hip and upper thigh with my inside hand as she went past smearing

chocolate goo from there, across her bare pussy and belly to her near tit.

With my outside hand I reached around and smeared chocolate over her hip

and butt, and then she was past me, running for the box of chocolates.

Reaching it, she picked up two handfuls and turned to face me. She

realized her superior armament and advanced on me, backing me into the

bed. Knowing I had no place to go she jumped at me, melted chocolate

dripping from her hands. All I could do was fall backwards, but she still

got me. One hand landed firmly on my bald pussy, coating it with

chocolate, before sliding upwards, smearing the truffles liberally across

my tummy and breasts. Surprised by my backwards fall onto the bed, Cindy

tried to brace herself with her other hand. It landed on my tummy but was

far too gooey and slippery to stay there and slid up, across one of my

breasts, and off. Without anything to support her, Cindy tumbled onto me

as we collapsed onto the bed, sending up a cloud of rose petals. Suddenly

our mock battle was forgotten and our warm, sticky bodies pressed against

each other. We could taste the chocolate in each other's mouths as we

kissed passionately, our battle forgotten. Cindy straddled one of my

thighs and began rubbing her pussy back and forth across my leg, leaving a

sticky gel of cum and chocolate. I began humping my pussy up and down her

leg and we rolled further onto the bed. The combined smell of roses and

chocolate was overwhelming our senses and we were both rapidly approaching

a shared climax. Closing our legs tightly we both arched our backs and

rubbed our sticky pelvises together, our engorged clits slipping and

sliding against each other, lubricated in a sea of chocolate and cum. Then

I felt a gush of warm liquid as cum jetted from Cindy's pussy, directly

onto my clit, pushing me over the edge. I couldn't hold back my orgasm and

longer and I erupted spraying cum all over Cindy's pussy, belly and

thighs. Exhausted, she collapsed on top of me, nuzzling her head into my

neck as we held each other. Our sweaty, chocolatey, cum-covered bodies

were plastered with rose petals as we rested in each other's arms.

"Mmmmm honey you're a mess," Cindy said when she'd regained the strength

to lift her head and look down at me.

"You're not in real good shape either," I said, looking between our bodies

to our breasts, which were covered in chocolate goo and quickly becoming

glued together.

"I guess we should clean up huh?" she asked reluctantly.

"I'll clean you, if you'll clean me," I said, nibbling at a bit of

chocolate stuck at the end of her cute, pert nose.

"You've got yourself a deal!"

She rolled off of me and lay on the bed by my side. I propped myself up on

an elbow looking around for something to clean up with, when my eyes

settled on the bottle of champagne. With a wicked grin I rolled over,

straddling Cindy's stomach and pinning her arms to her side and reached

for the ice-cold bottle. Seeing what I was after, Cindy tried to escape,

but my thighs were too tight around her waist. I slowly pulled the foil

off the cork as she thrashed from side to side beneath me. I shook the

bottle a few times and then loosened the cork with my thumbs. Giving the

bottle one more shake, I popped the cork off, which rocketed across the

room. Champagne erupted from the bottle like a geyser, splashing all over

Cindy's face and breasts as well as mine where it dripped off my breasts

and ran over my tummy. Realizing there was only one way to escape, she

tried to slide through my legs, and the slippery vixen almost made it.

Just as her shoulders slipped through though, I clamped my legs together,

trapping her head right below my bald pussy. She attacked it with her

tongue, trying to distract me and I have to say the tactic worked. I began

pouring the champagne on myself, letting it trickle down between my

breasts, across my tummy and into my slit where Cindy lapped it up

greedily. The feeling of ice-cold champagne bubbling over my clit combined

with the warmth of Cindy's tongue quickly brought me to the edge of

orgasm. Forgetting everything, I relaxed my grip on the champagne bottle.

Cindy noticed and grabbed the bottle out my hand, but I couldn't care less

as I could feel my pussy beginning to spasm. She continued licking my clit

as my orgasm built and I never noticed her shaking the bottle behind my

back. I did notice, though, when she reached around and unleashed a blast

of champagne right on my clit. Recoiling from pleasure and sensory

overload I arched my back, my orgasm ripping through my body, and fell

over. Cindy squirmed out from underneath me and pressed her advantage,

standing over me on the bed and shooting champagne onto my defenseless,

cumming body. I was completely soaked by the time I came down and Cindy

had almost run out of champagne.

Using her own dirty tactics against her, I sat up and buried my face in

her pussy. She gasped with pleasure and I wrested the bottle from her

insensate hand. Grabbing her butt, I pulled her pussy harder into my

mouth. Cindy responded by groaning and fondling her tits, gently nibbling

on one of her chocolatey nipples. I lowered her gently to the bed and

resumed my attack on her pussy. I let the last of the champagne dribble

into her and was almost overwhelmed by the heady mixture of her salty

pussy mixed with the fruity, bubbly champagne. Nothing had ever tasted

better to me, and I burrowed my tongue as far up her pussy as I could get

it while I massaged her clit with my thumbs. The flow of her juices grew

steadily until the floodgates burst open, accompanied by high-pitched

squeals of pleasure. Cindy held my head tightly as her hips spasmed,

rubbing her pussy all over my face and coating it with her cum. When she

finally could take no more, I pulled away and looked down on her. I could

still see her pussy clenching and unclenching when I discovered the empty

champagne bottle. Knowing that I had no choice, I picked it up and eased

it into her. I could see her pussy muscles contracting around the neck of

the bottle, trying to get more of it up inside her, and I obliged, shoving

the bottle up her until it became too wide for her to handle. This set off

another series of orgasms in her and I began pumping the bottle in and

out, watching in fascination as her cum leaked out the sides of her pussy,

thoroughly coating the bottle and my hand. She was thrashing on the bed,

screaming and loving the feeling of this glass invader. I left the bottle

in her and lay down on my side taking her face in my hands and lowering my

mouth to hers.

"I think that was the best date I've ever had!" I mumbled when we came up

for air.

"And certainly the messiest!" she replied and we laughed, looking around

at the mess we had made.

"I think we might actually enjoy the clean-up though," I said, licking

some chocolate from her breast. We tried valiantly to give each other

thorough tongue baths but we inevitably got distracted while fondling each

other's generous tits or moist pussies. After several more orgasms we

collapsed into a sticky tangle of arms, legs, breasts and rose petals.

We woke up the next morning and hurriedly cleaned up the room and jumped

in the shower. By the time our roommates returned everything was back to

normal.

"So, did you guys have a good time with the boys?" I asked.

"Yeah, they were all right I guess," Jenny responded without enthusiasm.

"How about you two?"

"Yeah, we had an okay time too, I guess."

"Yeah, it was all right," Cindy said. "You guys want to grab some lunch?"

As we headed out the door behind Jenny and Arianna we winked at each other

and nearly cracked up. Okay indeed!

Author's Note: Let me know how you liked this third installment and if you

think I should write more about my life. If you haven't read about some of

my past adventures, please do! Also, if you liked this story a lot, then

vote below, if you didn't like it move on, there's nothing to see here!

Also, feel free to email me with any suggestions, criticisms, propositions

or story ideas!

Sydney's Adventures Ch. 4

by LunaGirls Â©

An important part of life in every sorority (or fraternity) is fund

raising. And, since we have a large house and lots of extra-curricular

activities, we take fundraising very seriously. At the beginning of every

spring term (early February) we hold a "slave" auction in the student

union. It's pretty simple reallyâ€”people bid for one day of your services.

As a freshman, I was pretty worried about what the "services" entailed,

but some of the older sisters assured me that my fears were baseless and

that one's servitude usually involved changing into a skimpy outfit and

cleaning some nerd's room. Any sort of sexual contact is expressly

prohibited (although we always have the options of initiating it ourselves

if the moment is right!).

Still, it was with no small amount of trepidation that I approached the

auction block in the packed student union when it was my turn to be sold.

Our house president, Kim, personally picked the outfits that all of us

were wearing and, while she was somewhat limited by the school's "moral

conduct" policy, she still had us in racy outfits designed to get as much

money as she could! I was dressed in a sleeveless, navy blue minidress

that was so tight that even a thong left a visible panty line (so of

course I didn't wear one!) and a bra was completely out of the question.

The dress had a low scoop neck and the tight, stretchy fabric squeezed my

38d breasts together so much that they looked like they were trying to

escape. With every step I took, my boobs bounced and jiggled fiercely and

my nipples, erect from rubbing against the dress, were making obvious

mounds in the fabric. A single pearl on a gold strand rested just above my

cleavage, focusing attention on my nearly exposed breasts. This may have

been a good thing, because the hemline of the dress was about three inches

below my bald pussy and it felt like the skirt was going to slide up my

butt if I wasn't careful! To round out the ensemble, I was wearing my

favorite black, strappy, platform sandals ('Alicia' by Candie's) with

four-inch heels. I hoped that I would fetch a decent price!

We were auctioned off in a random order, and I was near the end. My

roommate and best friend, Cindy, had been auctioned off to the football

team's star wide receiver and for her day of servitude the sorority was

making two hundred and fifty bucks! Now it was my turn. Putting my fears

of the crowd (and of accidentally over exposing myself!) behind me, I

boldly stepped up onto the small auction stage. The guys standing on the

opposite side of the platform got a quick glance up my dress as I stepped

up and practically broke their jaws on the ground when they saw a flash of

my pink lips! They immediately put in a $50 bid and the auction began. As

Kim was calling out ever increasing numbers I mussed up my long blond hair

and strutted around the stage. I'm pretty sure the front few bidders could

see up my dress, but as the bidding continued I found that I just didn't

care. I couldn't believe it, but the combination of wearing next to

nothing and having guys bidding for my services was really beginning to

turn me on and I could feel my pussy starting to get juicy.

The bidding began to slow at $225, but I knew that I had to beat Cindy for

freshman bragging rights. Raising my hands high above my head, I spun

around and encouraged the crowd to continue bidding. (It's a good thing

that my pubes were shaven because raising my arms brought my hemline

dangerously close to my pussy and a stray hair might have peaked out!)

There was a momentary hush as the crowd waited to see how high my dress

would go, and then the bidding renewed at a frantic pace. I loved the

feeling of being up on the stage having guys screaming out bids for my

services. I loved the feeling of parading around and showing off my body.

I loved these feelings so much that, before I knew it, I could feel a

familiar tingly sensation starting in my pussy! My conscious mind didn't

want me to climax on the stage, but I was just too horny. Rubbing my

thighs together as I walked put me over the top, and the tingly sensation

in my pussy exploded into the rest of me. Still conscious of the crowd, I

tried desperately not to look like a fool, but my walking was none too

steady! Thankfully the auction finally closed and I could get down off the

stage. I could feel cum trickling down my legs and I knew I had to clean

myself up before someone noticed my excited state. Spotting a women's

bathroom at the far end of the building I began threading my way through

the crowd, getting the odd squeezes, bumps and even a subtle fondling of

my butt from someone I didn't manage to catch.

"Hey Sydney, how's it going?" Turning back around, I couldn't believe

itâ€”Stan, my psychology TA, was here, and here I was in quite the messy

state. Honestly, I was amazed he even knew my name out of the class of a

hundred students.

"Oh, pretty good," I said, blushing furiously and hoping he didn't notice

my condition. "What are you up to?"

"I was just heading over to class, can I walk you there? We need to hurry

if we're going to make it on time."

Looking at a clock on the wall I realized that I only had a few minutes

before class started and that I really did need to get going. I couldn't

even go back to find out who had won the bidding for me or how much they

had paid.

"Sure. Let me get my coat." Cum was still dribbling down my legs but there

was nothing I could do about it. As I put on my long black winter coat, I

stole a surreptitious glance down to assess the situation, and I could see

several streams oozing their way towards my knees. At least the coat

covered my legs and hid the mess!

The lecture hall was only a short walk from the student union, but

suddenly it was a very difficult one. Each puff of cold winter air up my

dress blew directly on my bald, cum-soaked, panty-less pussy, sending

delightful but distracting shivers up and down my spine. I was so

distracted that I don't even remember what Stan and I talked about on the

walkâ€”he probably figured I was some ditzy sorority girl without a brain in

her head! We got to class just as the professor, Mr excuse me Dr. (as he

had snottily corrected us one time) Arton, was storming through the door.

The classroom was a small auditorium with stadium-style seating; it was a

general-purpose room and had minimal decorations. Dr. Arton himself was in

his early fifties, had a slight potbelly, and graying brown hair that was

beginning to thin. I grabbed the first seat I could see, an aisle seat

three rows up, and Stan sat facing the class in a chair by the doorway.

Since the chairs were arranged in expanding arcs there was no seat in

front of me and I realized that, if I took my coat off and spread my legs,

Stan would be able to see up my dress to my pussy. Consequently, I decided

to keep my coat on, despite the fact that the heat in the room was turned

up! Looking around the room as he began his lecture, Dr. Arton glanced at

me and my coat.

"Ms. Aslington," Dr. Arton sneered, emphasizing the 'ass' in my name. "Are

you planning on listening to my whole lecture? Perhaps you would like to

take off your coat and stay for a while." Did everybody know my name in

this damn class?

"Oh, of course professor," I replied shakily as I shrugged out of my coat.

As Dr. Arton went back to his lecture, I reached between my legs for my

backpack, pulling out a notebook and pen to take notes with. Realizing

that I had just flashed Stan, I squeezed my legs together and tried to

concentrate on Dr. Arton's lecture. The chair-desk's writing surface hid

my sticky, cum-covered thighs from the guy sitting next to me, but I did

catch him trying to look down my shirt and staring at my barely covered

chest several times over the course of the lecture.

Even though class was only ninety minutes long, it felt like an eternity

and all I could think about was the cum glistening on my thighs, which

kept getting stickier and stickier as it dried. At long last, class was

over and I threw my coat on, hiding the white streaks on my thighs, and

bolted for the door.

My next class was music, which was held in a concert hall on the far side

of campus. I met up with my roommate Cindy on the way over; we're in the

same class and we always try to sit together. We found seats at the back

of the sparsely populated hall and, after stripping off my coat, I

collapsed into an overstuffed red velvet seat.

Sitting down next to me, Cindy immediately noticed the messy condition of

my thighs. "So, had a good time at the auction did you?"

"Mind blowing!" I whispered in her ear. "Don't tell anybody, but I really

enjoyed being put on display like that. It's a serious turn-on to have

fifty guys in the palm of your hand, willing to spend hard-earned cash on

you!"

"Tell me about it! So, how much did you go for?"

"I don't know! I was so rushed after the auction was over that I didn't

have time to stop and find out. I don't even know who bought me!"

"You must have been really worked up!"

"You can see the results!" I nodded helplessly at my thighs and we giggled

together quietly.

"Alright class," Professor Somers, our music teacher began. "Today we are

beginning our study of operas. I think that the best way to begin would

simply be to listen to one." With that she dimmed the lights and the music

began. I slouched back in my seat, enjoying the chance to relax, and

closed my eyes. I must have dozed off for a second, but I awoke with a

startâ€”and a wet tongue in my pussy! Looking down in the dim light, I saw

Cindy kneeling between my legs, grinning up at me with a finger to her

lips indicating I should be quiet. In a state of semi-panic I looked

around, but we were sitting in the very back of the auditorium and the

only other guy in our row had also fallen asleep. Relaxing back into my

seat, I spread my legs allowing Cindy easier access to my pussy. She began

licking the insides of my thighs; her tongue felt like a wet snake

slithering back and forth between my legs. Every now and then it would

flick gently and ever so tantalizingly over my pussy and clit. My pussy

began heating up, and I grabbed Cindy's head and pulled her to my swollen

lips. I lifted my butt off the chair so she could push my dress over my

hips and then she buried her head between my legs. I couldn't believe that

she was going down on me in the middle of class where we could be caught

at any minute, but it felt sooo good! She slid one, then two fingers up my

pussy while tonguing my clit. When she began to gently nibble on it I

couldn't take it any more. I squeezed my thighs together around her head

and bit my lip to avoid screaming out in pleasure. My orgasm rushed

through me and, for the second time in a day, I came in public, coating my

thighs with my warm pussy juices.

"Mmmmm that was yummy!" Cindy looked up at me grinning. "But the whole

point of this exercise was to get you cleaned off and now look, you've

made another mess!"

"I know, I just couldn't help it. You're an evil thing you know."

"Why would you say that, because I do things like this?" she flattened her

tongue and roughly licked the entire length of my still quivering pussy.

"Uugghhmmm." I responded intelligently.

"Or is it because of this?" she quickly slid two fingers up my wanton

pussy.

"Uuuhhhh please no more!" I begged quietly as my legs spasmed with another

mini orgasm.

"But look," she gestured at my cum-covered thighs. "I can't let you go

like this, just let me clean you up." Without waiting for an answer she

proceeded to give my thighs a delightfully thorough tongue bath. "There

that should do it," she said, licking her lips as she got up. I began to

pull my skirt down, but Cindy stopped me. "It's still pretty wet down

there, you should let it air dry!" I couldn't believe I was allowing her

to do this to me; I guess I was still a bit muddled from my public orgasm!

And, I have to admit, the feeling of sitting in class with my skirt

bunched up around my hips and my bald pussy exposed for anybody to see was

turning me on again. Abruptly (or at least it seemed that wayâ€”I hadn't

really been paying much attention to the opera) Ms. Somers turned the

lights on. Luckily she couldn't see that my dress was around my waist, but

the guy at the end of our aisle certainly could. I hurriedly pulled it

down, but as I looked into his stupidly grinning face I could tell it was

too late. Luckily, the class ended uneventfully and Cindy and I headed

back to the sorority house.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The auction was held on Tuesday, and the day of servitude was the

following Saturday. Over the course of the week I discovered that I had

been sold for $300, the top for any freshmen. Nobody knew the name of the

guy who got me, and Kim said that he was pretty non-descriptâ€”medium

height, medium build, medium brown hair. When Saturday dawned I still

didn't know who the guy was, or what I was doing. By lunchtime most of the

other girls were out with their "masters" and I still hadn't heard

anything. I was beginning to wonder if the guy had chickened out when Kim

came upstairs with a note. It simply read, "A limousine will pick you up

at 7:00 sharp." The note didn't say anything else; there was no indication

of where I was going or even what I should wear. Since I was being picked

up in a limo, I decided it must be a classy date and that I should dress

appropriately. I figured that the guy who bought me was probably really

shy and wanted to ask me out, but was too scared. That being the case, I

guessed he might take me out for dinner and maybe dancing after that.

Looking through my closet I decided to wear some of my clubbing

clothesâ€”classy but very sexy at the same time. I chose a satin button down

shirt that was a beautiful lavender color and a slinky black mini skirt. I

normally don't wear much makeup, but I went all out tonight with eyeliner,

blush, mascara and lipstick taking care to highlight my blue-green eyes

and pouty lips. I did my hair in an elegant "up" do with a few loose

tendrils framing my face and I painted my finger and toe nails with

Maybelline's Lavender Lights nail polish, which matched my lips and

blouse.

At about 6:45 I finished with my preparations and headed downstairs to

wait for the limo. A couple of girls had gotten back already and were

discussing their adventures in the common room. Only one of them had done

anything interestingâ€”some guy had asked her to clean his room and then

took off. My friend found a collection of porn mags under his bed and had

started jacking herself off when the guy returned to his room. You can't

just leave a guy like that, so she had given him a hand job before

finishing his cleaning!

By the time the limo rolled up (at exactly 7:00) I was starting to get

pretty nervous. The chauffer seemed nice at least (thankfully it wasn't

the same one who drove me and Cindy on our Valentine's Day date!). The

limo was a long one; there was a low, black, central table that stretched

the length of the car with bench seats surrounding it. In the middle of

the table there were three nicely wrapped presents, along with a sealed

note. I opened the note with trembling hands and began to read. "You are

to remove any and all clothes you have on now and wear only what you find

in the boxes." I guess all my deliberations about what to wear didn't even

matter! Opening the large, flat package I pulled out a black sheath

evening gown. It had a low-scooped neckline (which showed off my cleavage

quite nicely), spaghetti straps and a low-cut, lace-up back. The fabric

was stretchy and had small, very subtle sequins sewn in, creating a

wonderful glittery look without being garish.

Making sure the privacy screen between the driver and me was up, I took

off my clothes and slid the dress on. Two slits on either side of the

dress came up to my hipbone and were so high that I couldn't wear any sort

of underwear. Sitting in the limo I discovered that the front panel of the

dress had a tendency to slip between my legs, leaving them totally exposed

if I wasn't careful. The dress was also slightly transparent, and if you

looked carefully it was possible to see the outlines of my generous

breasts peeking through the fabric. The second box contained a pair of

4-1/2" black stiletto pumps. I'd never worn heels that high (unless they

were platforms) and I really wished there was some way I could walk around

the limo to practice so I didn't make a fool of myself, but the ceiling

wasn't that high. The last box contained a beautiful silver choker with

jet inlays, which highlighted my long neck quite nicely, and a matching

pair of earrings.

Shortly after I had gotten myself dressed and arranged the limo pulled to

a stop. Looking out the tinted windows I could see that we were at one of

the most exclusive restaurants in town. The valet opened my door and

extended his hand to assist me. There was no way for me to get out without

exposing generous amounts of my long legs and, while the valet valiantly

tried not to stare, the poor guy just didn't stand a chance. Taking my arm

he escorted me inside.

"Ah yes, Mademoiselle Aslington, we've been told to expect you," the

maitre d' said. "This way please." He led me through the restaurant (I was

teetering on the heels a bit, but I loved the way they stretched my calves

and thrusts my breasts forward!) to a table for two in the back. There,

waiting at the table, was a potbellied man with graying, thinning, brown

hairâ€”Dr. Arton!

"Hello Sydney. Thank you for joining me."

The maitre d' pulled out my chair for me and I sat down.

"D Dr. Arton" I stumbled in my surprise. "I certainly didn't expect to see

you here."

"No dear, of course you didn't. It wouldn't be proper for me to be seen

bidding for one of my students at an auction, would it? That's why I had

Stan do it for me."

"Stan was the one who bought me?! I should have knownâ€”that's why he was at

the student union that day! And that's why you both know my name."

"Yes, graduate students do have their uses. Few though they may be." Dr.

Arton poured me a glass of chardonnay which I began sipping to quell my

suddenly jangley nerves.

"So why me? And what do you want me to do?"

"So many questions. To address the first one, I chose you because of the

results on the psychology exams you took in my class. I believe that you

may be open to my proposition."

"And what, exactly, is your proposition?" I asked nervously.

"Ah my dear, there will be time for that latter. First let's relax and

enjoy dinner. We can address more serious matters after we have eaten."

Looking around, I had to admit the place was nice, probably the nicest

restaurant I'd ever eaten at. It was done in a modern, sleek style. The

chairs were black leather with chrome highlights; the tables had clear

glass tops that were supported by shining chrome legs. The carpeting was

dark gray and very plush. Roses, dark red with a luscious, velvety

texture, provided the sole color to the room and a string quartet played

in the background.

Returning my attention to Dr. Arton, I realized that the front flap of my

dress had fallen between my legs and he was staring unabashedly through

the glass table at my completely exposed thighs and only partly hidden

hips. Embarrassed at my professor's lecherous gaze, I began to pull my

dress across my knees.

"No slave," he commanded sternly. "Leave it as it is."

"Yes sir," I replied, letting the fabric, little more than a loincloth,

settle between my thighs.

Just then the waiter appeared with our appetizerâ€”a dozen oysters on the

half-shell. I'd never had oysters before, and I looked at the ice-filled

tray suspiciously.

"Sydney, have you ever had oysters before?"

"No "

"Well, there are a couple of different kinds of sauce, but I prefer to eat

them plain. The key is not to chew them, but to slip them into your mouth,

savor the taste and then swallow them. Whole."

Picking up one of the oysters I looked at it closely, noting the wrinkly

shell and the gooey, grayish-white insides. What the heck, I figured, I

may as well try it! Tilting my head back I raised the oyster to my lips,

letting it slide into my mouth. It was slimy and rubbery with a briny

taste that reminded me a little bit of sperm, a flavor that I love! When I

swallowed I could feel it slowly oozing down my throat into my stomach.

"Mmmm these are good!" I said licking my lips to catch a dribble of brine

that had escaped. We chatted a bit as we ate oysters and sipped wine. I

don't know whether it was the famed aphrodisiac of the oysters, the wine,

or my semi-exposed state, but I could feel myself getting a bit turned on!

I spread my legs slightly wider, subtly allowing Dr. Arton a better view

of my inner thighs. More wine, dinner and desert followed and my horniness

was unabated. I was still annoyed by his arrogant attitude but I couldn't

deny the tingly feeling that was growing in my pussy. As my mind drifted I

wondered what Cindy was doing tonight and whether she might be able to

relieve some of my tension when I got home.

When we had finished our meal, Dr. Arton offered me his arm and we walked

out to the waiting limousine. He held my hand and I slowly got into the

car, allowing him a long look at my nicely tanned legs. As I slid over in

the seat, allowing him to sit next to me I made sure that the front flap

of my dress was tucked between my legs, making it look like I only had on

a pair of black knickers. I could see him swallow hard as he tried to

contain his lust. There was, after all, no sex involved in being his

slave, and I had no plan to break that rule. Still, it was a lot of fun

turning the tables and torturing my professor for once!

"Now Sydney, about that proposition we talked about earlier."

"Before we get started, you do realize that sex was not part of the

auction, right?"

"Yes, I do remember. Tell me though Sydney, how much of the $300 I paid

for you did you get?"

"None. It all goes to our house."

"Now, that doesn't really seem fair does it? I mean you do all the work

and get nothing to show for it."

"But I do really, in the parties that we throw and other stuff that the

house does." I was beginning to wonder where this was going.

"But you brought in more money than most of the girls, don't you think

that you deserve a little extra?"

"Well "

"You could use a little extra money, couldn't you? I know that spring

break is coming up and you girls usually go somewhere fun. I bet it can

get pretty expensive."

"Go on." I was getting very suspicious now.

"This is my proposition. I paid $300 to take you out on this date. I'm

willing to give you that much more if you'll have sex with me."

"No way!" I couldn't believe he was offering me money for sex! I had

gotten excited when the guys were bidding for my services at the auction,

but that was very different.

"$600." He pulled out a wad of cash from his wallet and counted out six

$100 bills and put them on the seat next to me.

"No," I said, even though $600 is a lot of money and I did need extra

money for Spring Break, let alone the trip to Europe I was hoping to take

this summer.

"Fine. How about a thousand?" he added four more bills to the pile.

I don't know about you, but on several occasions I have sat around with my

friends, joking about how much money somebody would have to pay us to have

sex. It's always some ridiculously high amount, like a million dollars.

Let me tell you, when you're horny, in need of money, and confronted with

a thousand dollars of cold, hard cash, it's a different story entirely.

"How about $1500?" I asked, deciding to push my luck.

"For fifteen hundred," he said, counting out five more bills "it would be

no holes barred for two hours."

"No holes barred?"

"None."

"Two hours?"

"Two hours."

"Alright, you have a deal," I said, grabbing the pile of cash and stuffing

it into my clutch purse.

"Excellent, I knew you wouldn't disappoint me Sydney." Putting his hand on

my exposed thigh he leaned over to kiss me. His tongue plunged into my

mouth, fiercely exploring every nook and cranny that now belonged to him,

at least for the next two hours. I was sitting there in stunned disbelief

that I was being paid to have sex, when his hand moved quickly up my thigh

and, before I knew it, he had plunged two fingers into my pussy, which was

sopping wet.

"You like this, don't you Sydney?" he said as I gasped from the insertion

of his fingers. "You like being a slut!" I answered by spreading my thighs

further apart as he jammed a third finger into my pussy. "I knew you would

from your profile. God your pussy is so wet and hot, I can't wait to try

it! But first, I want you to suck my cock." He abruptly withdrew his

fingers from my pussy, grabbed two handfuls of my hair and forced my head

between his legs. I kneeled on the floor of the limo in front of him and

nuzzled his pants with my nose and licked his dick through the fabric,

teasing him. I tried to look up into his face to see what effects I was

having, but his potbelly got in the way. I slowly undid the top button on

his slacks and slid the zipper down. Reaching inside his underwear, I

managed to find his penis and pull it out. When I did, I almost cracked up

laughingâ€”it was tiny! Fully hard it was maybe 4" long and it was certainly

less than an inch wide. I realized that my arrogant, snotty psychology

professor had a serious inferiority complex about his penis! Deciding that

this was not the time to exploit my newfound knowledge, I cupped his balls

in my hand and in one smooth stroke took his whole dick in my mouth. Even

with my nose buried in his pubic hair the tip of his cock barely tickled

the back of my throat. That didn't stop Dr. Arton from groaning out in

pleasure and bucking his hips forward into my face though. Getting affirm

grip on my head with his hands he began fucking my mouth, burying his cock

in me before pulling all the way out and then plunging between my wet lips

again. I drooled liberally over his dick, allowing it to slide freely into

my sucking cheeks. With each thrust his saliva-covered balls slapped wetly

against my chin and when the salty taste of precum began to fill my mouth

and I knew Dr. Arton was about to cum. Suddenly he pulled me away, gooey

ropes of drool and precum stretching from his dick to my mouth until they

broke and splattered down on my breasts and dress.

"Not so fast my well-paid slut. I want to enjoy my full two hours. Undress

me."

With my face and cleavage covered in drool I moved forward and straddled

his lap. Looking into his eyes, I reached up and slowly undid his tie and

slid it around his neck and off. Then I started on the buttons of his

white dress shirt, popping each button through the hole, before moving to

the next one. When I got it halfway open I slid my hands in, over his

hairy chest, and pinched his nipples. I could feel his cock twitch between

my legs. Grabbing his shirt with both hands I ripped the two sides apart,

sending the last buttons flying through the limo, then pulled the shirt

down over his shoulders. He shrugged and pulled his arms up and through

the sleeves, then grabbed my head and brought it to his for a crushing

kiss. With one hand I reached between our legs and began stroking up and

down his still gooey dick. With the other, I reached behind him and

grabbed the back of his belt, pulling down on his pants. He lifted his

butt off the seat and I pulled and pushed his pants down his thighs and

past his knees.

"Now what do these tits of yours look like, I wonder? They certainly can

be distracting in class, especially for the boys sitting next to you." Dr.

Arton reached up and slid the spaghetti straps from my shoulders, but my

full breasts held the tightly stretched material in place. Savoring the

moment, he tugged the straps slowly down my arms until, reluctantly, the

fabric finally slipped off and my breasts bounced into view. "God, they're

perfect!" he moaned, his lecherous stare fixed on them.

Deciding to tease him a bit, I cupped them in my hands and squeezed them.

"You really think so?" I pinched my already hard nipples. "They always

seem to get in the way when I'm playing field hockey." I began "juggling"

them, sliding them back and forth against each other, saliva from the blow

job providing generous amounts of lubrication. "You should see how I have

to strap them downâ€”I have to wear two sports bras and they still bounce

around!" Looking him straight in the eyes, I brought my right breast up to

my mouth and began sucking on my nipple and flicking my tongue back and

forth over it. "They can " but Dr. Arton couldn't take it anymore and

wasn't listening as he plunged his head forward biting my other nipple.

"They can really get in the way." I finished. Dr Arton responded by

yanking on my breast roughly with his teeth, causing me to moan loudly.

"Lie down," he commanded, letting my nipple go and pushing me back onto

the table in the middle of the limo. "It's time for me to fuck you." I

couldn't believe how vulgar he was being, but it was sort of a turn on. I

lay back with my butt at the edge of the shiny black table and the center

of my dress between my legs. Dr. Arton flipped it up and, without pause,

speared my pussy with his dick, burying himself in one hard thrust. I

squealed as I felt him slide into me, my pussy lips parting eagerly for

his dick. He pulled out and slammed into me again, causing me to scream

just as the privacy divider between the driver and us went down.

"Excuse me sir, so sorry!" the embarrassed driver hastily began raising

the divider.

"Oh no, that's ok" Dr. Arton responded, continuing to pound his teeny

weeny between my legs. "What do you need?" I couldn't believe this was

happening. Dr. Arton was carrying on a conversation with the driver as if

he wasn't bucking madly into a teenage college girl less than half his

age.

"Um, I was just wondering if uh " Tilting my head back, I could see the

chauffeur's face in the rearview mirror and could feel his eyes straining

to see my bouncing breasts. "Uhm if I mean I wondered...ah where you

wanted me to go."

"Do you think you could find us a secluded, but well-lit parking lot?" Dr.

Arton slammed into me, his sweaty potbelly pounding down on my stomach.

"Yes, of course sir! I know just the place." The chauffeur began to raise

the privacy screen.

"Go ahead and leave that down if you want to. I'm paying a lot for this

and I don't think that Sydney would mind an audience, would you Sydney?"

"No," I replied, shocked by the realization that having somebody watch us

was an enormous turn-on. I couldn't believe how slutty I felt, and how

much I loved it!

"I didn't think so." Dr. Arton pulled out and slammed into me again, sweat

from his brow dripping onto me. "Get on your hands and knees now Sydney. I

want to give the driver a view of those fantastic tits." As I flipped

over, Dr. Arton pulled my dress off so that it wouldn't obscure his (or

the driver's) view of my nubile, young body. "Oh Sydney, what an ass!" He

smacked one of my cheeks, admiring the view as my butt clenched. "This is

going to feel so good." He inched forward and began sliding his dick up

and down my pussy lips, rubbing my clit and then teasing the entrance to

my pussy before plunging in. I could feel Dr. Arton's sweaty, hairy

potbelly resting on my back and butt as he leaned over me and began

thrusting in and out. We were both sweating from the exertion and I could

feel drops of it falling from his brow and splattering on my back and

neck. As he pounded into me, my damp breasts swayed back and forth and

slapped into each other and I could feel sweat trickling down them and

dripping off my nipples onto the shiny table. The poor driver was paying

less and less attention to the road and more and more to my swaying

breasts, but he finally pulled into a secluded parking lot at the side of

the local Target store and stopped the car. Turning around in his seat, we

could look at each other in the eyes; he undoubtedly saw the animal lust

in mine, and I could see just how turned on he was, although the fact that

he was starting to stroke himself through his pants may have given him

away!

"God, your cunt is so wet and hot, I could almost cum right now, but I

paid for all the holes, and I want to get my money's worth!" With that Dr.

Arton pulled out of my juicy pussy and positioned his dick at the entrance

to my butt. The limo driver's eyes opened wide with surprise as he

realized what Dr. Arton was doing to me at the same time as mine opened

wide from Dr. Arton's dick pushing into me. Even though he was small, my

ass was tight, and I could feel the head of his dick stretching the

opening. Then, with a small pop, the head was inside me, and my sphincter

clenched down on his shaft. I tried to relax the muscles as he slid deeper

into my bowels, knowing that it would ease the pain, but it took me a few

seconds to gain control of myself. Finally he had buried his dick inside

me and again was resting his potbelly on my butt. Waiting for me to get

accustomed to him, he kept himself buried for a moment or two before

pulling all the way out, my ass releasing his dick with another small pop.

Then he pushed forward again and my anus stretched more easily to let the

head of his dick inside me. When he was totally buried in me, it almost

felt like I had to go to the bathroom my rectum was so full; when he

pulled out my muscles pushed him along like I really was going!

Dr. Arton must have loved the feeling though, and he grunted with lust as

he again buried himself in my bowels. I couldn't help it anymore and I

reached back and began playing with my clit and rubbing my fingers up and

down my pussy. Finally I pushed my index and middle fingers inside myself

and, through the thin wall separating my pussy and my ass, I could feel

Dr. Arton's dick sliding in and out of me. That was enough to send me

crashing into an orgasm and I cried out as I came. I could feel my juices

squirting past my fingers and out of my pussy, splattering onto Dr.

Arton's balls before dripping onto the table. The feeling of my warm cum

coating his balls sent Dr. Arton over the edge and I could feel his dick

start to spasm inside of me and hard jets of warm sperm filled my bowels.

A second orgasm tore through me and the arm I was supporting myself with

gave way and I fell forward onto the table, causing Dr. Arton's still

twitching penis to slip out of my ass and the last jet of his cum

splattered wetly in my butt crack. I slid forward on the table, exhausted,

and Dr. Arton fell on my back, his fat oozing over me and covering my back

and sides. A grunt from the front of the car reminded us of the driver and

we both looked up. The driver had gotten his dick out of his pants and was

yanking on it furiously while watching us. From the copious amounts of

precum flowing from the tip I guessed that he was close to cumming.

"Stop!" Dr. Arton shouted, and the driver did, looking shocked. "Sydney, I

want you to finish him with your mouth."

"No way, that was not part of the deal!" I protested.

"How about an extra $500?"

I thought about it for less than a half second. "Sure!" I was so horny now

that I couldn't help myself. Plus the driver's dick was at least two or

three inches bigger than Dr. Arton's.

"Come and get the door for us," Dr. Arton commanded the driver, as he

rolled off of me. The driver barely even pulled up his pants as he got out

of the car and hurried back to open the door. Dr. Arton hurriedly pulled

on his own pants and then dragged me, naked except for my shoes, out of

the car. "Well, turn around and show him what he's getting." I raised my

arms above my head and spun around, scarcely believing that I was letting

the limo driver check me out under the blue-white glare of the parking lot

light. I was grateful that this part of the lot was on a secluded alley

behind the store, but a security guard still could have come by at any

second.

"Damn, she is HOT!" the limo driver said to Dr. Arton. "Look at how big

her tits are and that shaved pussy is fucking amazing!" To emphasize his

last point I reached down with my hand and spread my shiny lips open so

they could see all of me.

"Her tits feel even better than they look, go ahead and check them out."

Needing no more encouragement, the driver came up to me and roughly

grabbed my breasts. He kneaded them, feeling their weight, and then

pinched my nipples and lifted my tits up by them, before letting them

fall, jiggling on my chest. I love having my tits played with and I could

feel the juices beginning to flow in my pussy again. The driver continued

playing with one of my tits and began feeling my pussy with his other

hand. He slid his palm back and forth across my clit, sending little bolts

of electricity through me, before plunging his fingers into my pussy. The

feeling of being roughly fondled while standing naked in a parking lot was

too much for me, and a huge orgasm rushed through my body. My knees gave

way and I fell against the car, the driver's fingers in my pussy the only

thing keeping me from sliding to the ground. My juices gushed out over his

hand, and ran down my thighs before dripping to the ground.

"God damn, she's a squirter too! I've never seen a pussy do that before!"

"She's hot alright. Go ahead and check out her mouth."

Pulling his fingers out of my pussy, the driver allowed me to slump down

into a squatting position against the car with his dick bouncing in my

face. Shudders from my orgasm were still running through my body and

gaping, engorged pussy, and I was only slightly conscious of his dick

pushing against my mouth and then sliding through my parted lips. The

driver's dick was way bigger than Dr. Arton's but still only average size.

Even so, he was long enough to fill up my mouth and when he began pushing

down my throat I gagged for a moment, before remembering my training for

the sorority house's upcoming "Dildo Olympics" and relaxing my muscles. As

he slid into my throat and rested his balls on my chin, the driver looked

down at me in amazement. Regaining my senses somewhat, I looked up at him

with my mischievous blue-green eyes and smiled around his dick. Groaning

in surprise and ecstasy he slid his dick out of my mouth before thrusting

back in. This time I took him in to the hilt without gagging and pressed

my nose forward until it was buried in his pubic hair. I reached out with

my tongue and tickled his balls while swallowing with my throat, causing

the muscles of my esophagus to ripple along his dick.

"This is the best blowjob I have ever had! Oh god, it blows the other ones

awayâ€”I need to teach my girlfriend how to do this! She's taking me all the

way in!" With that the driver pulled all the way out of my mouth before

ramming back in. He grabbed my head with both hands and began to fuck my

face furiously, his balls slapping hard against my chin. I looked over at

Dr. Arton and could see that he was starting to get hard again, just

watching this show. Deciding to give him his money's worth, I kept my eyes

on him while the driver continued to pound into my face. I opened my mouth

to allow some saliva to dribble out and soon ropes of saliva connected the

driver's balls with my chin and mouth every time he withdrew. Excess

saliva dribbled down my chin and onto my breasts and stomach. I could feel

it trickling down my front to my pussy, mixing with my cum, and then

dripping onto the ground. I could feel my asshole, still stretched from

Dr. Arton's earlier fucking, gaping open and the cum leaking from it and

dribbling down my crack, splattering into the growing pool of goo on the

ground underneath me.

"Cum all over her face!" Dr. Arton encouraged the driver. "Make it messy!"

"I will. I can't wait to cum on those pretty lips. In fact oh god " With

that the driver pulled out of my mouth entirely and started pumping his

fist up and down his dick. I reached out with my hands and gently squeezed

and tickled his balls, all the while looking straight at Dr. Arton. Within

seconds the driver grunted and I felt a warm wet splash on my cheek. The

next blast was even bigger, splashing along my nose to my forehead. I

stuck out my tongue to get a taste of the driver's cum and the next blast

arced across it, leaving a salty, sticky strand behind. Several smaller

blasts coated my lips and chin, and the last couple dribbled weakly over

my neck and breasts. My face was a gooey, cummy mess and Dr. Arton loved

it. What really surprised me is that I loved it too, both the feeling of

liberation because I was paid to do exactly what he wanted, and the

feeling of being used and made a mess of in a public place.

Dr. Arton looked down at my fine features, now covered with pearly white

slime, as I looked up at him. I grabbed the driver's dick and began

rubbing it back and forth across my face, coating the few parts that had

been missed by the driver's load. I could feel cum oozing off my lips,

onto my breasts and down my stomach.

Dr. Arton reached down and undid the buttons on his pants, allowing his

little dick to spring free, and thrust it into my face. Remembering that

the last place it had been was up my ass, I tried to refuse as he pinned

me against the limo and smeared his shitty dick all over my face.

"Uh-uh, there's no way I'm giving you a blow job. The last place your dick

has been is my ass."

"Fine, just give me a hand job then. Or I get my money back."

I stood up and reluctantly wrapped my hand around his dick. I don't have

particularly large hands, but Dr. Arton's penis was so small that I could

cover it completely. I started tugging away and Dr. Arton moved closer so

that he could fondle my saliva and cum covered breasts. Taking his cue

from Dr. Arton, the driver came forward and began feeling me up as well,

hefting one of my breasts in his hand and tweaking the nipple. With his

other hand he cupped my pussy and I spread my legs to allow him better

access as he plunged two fingers into me. Here I was, standing in a public

parking lot, naked except for my earrings, choker and black high-heeled

shoes, giving my psychology professor a hand job while a limo driver

(whose name I didn't even know) was mauling my breasts with one hand and

fucking my pussy with the other. The situation was just too overwhelming

and when the limo driver started sliding his thumb over my clit I came,

and came hard. Pussy juices squirted from me, covering my thighs, the limo

driver's hand, and even hitting Dr. Arton's dick and the hand I was using

to jack him off. Shortly thereafter I felt his dick twitch in my hand and

then warm droplets of sperm splattered on my hip and stomach as he came. I

continued milking him with my hand while his last couple of drops dribbled

onto my leg.

After taking a few seconds to gather our senses we piled back into the

limo and pulled out of the parking lot, just as a patrol car was turning

inâ€”I felt a rush as I wondered whether somebody had seen us! Dr. Arton sat

in one of the side seats and looked back at me as I reached for my clothes

to begin dressing.

"I still have five minutes," he said, looking at his watch. "Until my time

is up I want you to remain as you are, my perfect little whore." And what

a sight I must have been. I had cum and saliva smeared all over my face

and dripping down over my breasts and stomach. Ropy strings of goo were

all over my hip and bald pussy. My own cum coated my inner thighs and legs

and there was still cum leaking out of my ass.

"Fine." I said, lacking the strength to argue, and slumped into the seat,

with my legs slightly spread, allowing Dr. Arton and the driver an

excellent view of my swollen, well-used pussy. A few minutes later we

turned down the street the sorority was on and I began to grow concerned.

"Dr. Arton, can I please have my clothes back?"

"Three seconds " he said looking at his watch as we pulled into the

driveway. "Two " The limo glided to a halt. "One " The driver took one

last glance back at me in the mirror and opened his door. "My time's up,

here you go," Dr Arton said, finally tossing my clothes to me. I could see

the driver approaching my door as I grabbed the dress and yanked it over

my head. It was still bunched up around my waist as the door next to me

opened and the limo driver offered his hand to help me out. Taking it, I

swung my legs out the door, giving the driver a final look at my pussy,

and stood up. The dress slid smoothly into place and, without a glance

back, I walked into the house, completely forgetting that my face was

covered in cum.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The next Tuesday rolled around fairly soon, and I found myself back in

psychology class. Dr. Arton was returning some essays the class had

written and, when I got mine back, I discovered that he had given me an

"A". Written next to my grade was a small note: "Please see me in my

office at 5:00 this evening." I left class congratulating myself on my new

source of incomeâ€”I have a return customer!

Author's Note: Let me know how you liked this installment and if you think

I should write more about my life. If you haven't read about some of my

past adventures, please do! Also, if you liked this story a lot, then vote

below, if you didn't like it don't waste your time! Also, feel free to

email me with any suggestions, criticisms, propositions or story ideas.

Thanks for reading my story!

Sydney's Adventures Ch. 5

by LunaGirls Â©

"This must be what Heaven feels like," I remarked to Cindy as tropical

rays beat down on my nearly naked body. It felt like we were in Jimmy

Buffett's song Margaritaville; the sun was definitely baking us, and my

long, tan, tourist body was certainly covered in oil. Cindy, with her red

hair and fair skin was covered in SPF30 lotion. Not quite as sexy, but a

whole lot sexier than some of the lobster red sunburns on the beach around

us!

"Yeah. Well, almost at least. There's the whole van thing "

I had almost forgotten about that. A bunch of girls from the sorority

decided we should head to Key West for spring break. So on the night of

March 15th ten of us piled into a rented van and headed south. Everything

was going smoothly until, somewhere in South Carolina, we got into a

little accident. Not much happened to the other car (plus, what guy could

hold a little ding against ten cute, slightly panicked, sorority girls?)

but our rental van got a pretty big dent right in front. We all had

thought that the credit card we had used to rent the van would cover the

damage, but for some reason it didn't and now we were stuck trying to come

up with $1000 to repair the van. After pooling our money together we were

about $500 short. Jessica, the girl who was driving at the time, was

practically in tears.

As the sun beat down on us I replied "Oh don't sweat it Cindy. We'll

figure something out, I'm sure. This is our first day in the sun, let's

just relax and enjoy it!" Looking down my glistening body, I adjusted the

tiny blue flowered string bikini I was sunning in and then looked around

at the spring breakers near us. There were college students of all shapes

and sizes, and all scantily clad. Most of the girls were sunning while the

boys were walking around, checking out the girls and throwing footballs

and Frisbees. As I rolled over onto my stomach I noticed that there were a

couple of cute guys playing right next to us, but since I wasn't actively

looking for a guy I didn't really pay much attention to them. Cindy

offered to oil up my back and I gladly accepted. The feeling of her soft

hands working coconut oil into my warm body was truly otherworldly, and I

felt like I was melting into the warm sand beneath my towel. Cindy untied

my top so that I wouldn't get tan lines on my back and began caressing and

teasing the sides of my breasts, ostensibly rubbing oil into them.

Then she began moving down, massaging the small of my back and waist. She

slipped her hands underneath me, teasing my stomach and sliding her hands

down the front of my bikini before returning her attention to my back.

Then she moved all the way down to the bottoms of my feet where she

dribbled some of the oil, warm from lying out in the sun, onto my soles

and between my toes before rubbing it in. Moving up she squirted a trail

of oil up each of my calves and began caressing and kneading the lean

muscles there, then working up to the backs of my knees. She knelt between

my legs, spreading them apart, and I felt oil splashing on the backs of my

thighs and dribbling down them.

Then her hands began rubbing me just above my knees, and slowly working

their way up. Soon she was brushing my lycra-covered pussy and a small

groan escaped my lips. I was glad that my swimsuit had a light and dark

pattern to it, because, between the hot sun and Cindy's even hotter hands,

my pussy was getting soaking wet! Taking her hands off me for a minute,

Cindy dribbled some of the tanning oil on my butt and quickly returned her

hands, kneading my firm cheeks. She slipped my rio-cut bottoms into my

butt crack, leaving my tan cheeks completely exposed to the glare of the

sun. Then she slid her thumbs underneath my bottoms and down my crack to

my pussy where she slipped one and then both thumbs into me, wiggling them

around and probing my depths. I pressed my hips against her thumbs, urging

her to go deeper, when she suddenly stopped and lay down next to me.

"You're all done!" she said, flopping down on her stomach beside me.

"What do you mean I'm all done? I was just getting started!"

"You're completely covered in oil so you won't burn."

"That's not what I meant!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. When I offered to put suntan oil on your back what did you

think I meant?" She grinned widely.

"Argh. I hate you!"

"You don't really mean tha " Cindy stopped abruptly and ducked her head,

just as I felt a shower of sand spray across me. Flipping my head to the

other side I saw a football lying in the sand a foot away from my butt.

Pushing my unruly blond hair out of my face I looked up to see the owner

of the football approaching.

"Oh man, I'm really sorry about that." The guy was blushing and really did

look sorry.

Completely forgetting that my top was untied I raised myself on one elbow

to get a better look at him. As I watched his eyes get as big as saucers I

realized my blunder. Maybe it was all the nearly naked college kids around

us or maybe it was Cindy's teasing, but I was feeling pretty horny and

didn't even try to cover up. When he finally managed to wrench his eyes

away from my ample, tanned breast and pointy nipple, he was blushing even

harder.

"Cat got your tongue?" I asked playfully, rolling onto my side and

exposing both of my breasts.

"Well I uh "

I took a moment to check him out while he was fumbling for words. He was

fairly average looking, average body (not totally chiseled or anything)

average face. The one thing that wasn't average at all though, were his

eyes. They were brilliant and clear, an almost glacial blue, but somehow

still filled with warmth.

"Tell you what." I was really enjoying his discomfort. "Let's start out

easy. What's your name?"

"Um it's Chris." When the words finally started coming they flew out in a

nervous rush. "Chris. What's your name?"

"I'm Sydney and this," I flicked my head back towards Cindy, "is my

roommate Cindy. It's nice to meet you Chris. Who's your friend with the

lousy aim?"

"Oh, his name is Brian. Are you girls here on spring break? Duh, of course

you are! Where are you staying?"

"We're staying down at the Atlantic Shores. How about you guys?"

"The cousin of one of the guys I'm here with actually owns a house that

we're staying in."

"Cool."

"Yeah, it's pretty sweet. He has a pool and everything!"

"Come on Chris! Just get the damn ball!" I guess Brian couldn't quite see

the show that Chris was getting.

Ignoring his friend completely, Chris continued. "Hey, the guy's cousin is

in a band here and they're playing tonight around 11:30. We're all gonna

go, maybe we'll see you there?"

"Maybe." Chris grabbed the football and began walking away. "Hey Chris," I

called out to him, "if I'm going to meet you there, I need to know where

it is!"

"Oh, oops. It's a place called the Schooner Bar down on William Street.

You can't miss it."

The rest of the day seemed to flow by very quickly and soon it was time

for Cindy and I to pack up and head back to our hotel. On the short walk

from South Beach to our room I spotted a piece of paper stapled to a

telephone pole. It was advertising a wet t-shirt contest at a bar called

Rumrunners. There were daily prizes, but what caught my attention was

that, at the end of the week, the daily winners competed for a $500 grand

prize.

"Cindy!" I directed her attention to the sign. "This could solve our

problem with the van! If we win we're set!"

"Are you sure that you want to enter a wet t-shirt contest?"

"No, but it could be easy cash. Can you think of a better way?"

"I guess not. And you did seem to enjoy being on-stage for the auction!"

(You can read all about my adventures at the auction and the aftermath in

Chapter 4!)

Hurrying back to our hotel room we met with our friends and presented our

idea. Only two of the other girls were up for it, but I hoped that we

might stand a chance between the four of us. We all had decent sized

breasts, ranging from a 34b to my 38d's and finally to Cindy's 38dd's, and

nice bodies as well.

For now, though, the sun was setting and it was time for dinner. I took a

quick peak at the street outside our hotel and saw that most people were

still wearing almost nothing in the warm evening air, so I decided I

wasn't going to bother changing and just went to dinner in my bikini, as

did most of the other girls we were with. I was equal parts nervous and

excited about the upcoming wet t-shirt contest and so I didn't really eat

very much and, after what seemed an eternity of small talk and stories

about the day's events, we had finished and were walking over to

Rumrunner's. We had about an hour to kill before the contest so I ordered

a margarita on the rocks as soon as we got in the bar. Three margaritas

later they announced that anyone interested in the wet t-shirt contest

should come to the manager's office to sign up. With some trepidation (not

to mention the beginning of an excellent buzz) I headed back with Cindy

and the two others (Jessica, the van driver, and her friend Sarah). After

another fifteen minutes or so the manager's office was full of about

twenty girls in white Rumrunner's t-shirts and a bunch of bikini tops and

bras were sitting on the manager's desk.

The manager stepped forward and addressed us. "Hi everyone, my name's

Andy. I'm the manager of this place and I'll be mc'ing the contest. The

rules are pretty simpleâ€”there are no rules. I'll call your name, you'll

step forward, get watered down and have a few minutes to do whatever you

want. There are two rounds. Five people from the first round go onto the

second round and the top two girls in that round are eligible to compete

for the grand prize on Friday night. We have a decibel meter on stage, and

the winners are determined based on how loud the crowd is. The prizes for

tonight are $100 and a $75 gift certificate to one of the bikini shops on

Duval Street for first place, $75 for second place and another $50 gift

certificate for third. I think that's about it. Any questions?"

Looking around at the other contestants, I saw that most of them were

college girls like myself, and they looked about as nervous as I felt.

Then there were a couple of girls who looked like professionals with

obviously dyed hair and huge fake boobs that barely wiggled when they

walked.

"Alright, if there aren't any questions lets get this contest going then!

Follow me." Andy walked out of his office and we all followed him through

a back corridor and out onto the stage. Standing on stage in my bikini

bottoms and a surprisingly baggy t-shirt, all I could see were screaming

college guys of all shapes and sizes. I'm sure there were some girls in

the audience but they weren't making nearly as much noise and weren't

nearly as prominent as the guys were. My third and fourth margaritas were

beginning to hit me pretty hard and, between them and the rush of the

crowd, I was feeling just a touch overwhelmed. We didn't have much time to

think about it though because Andy had the first girl stepping forward.

She was really cute, and looked about as overwhelmed as I felt. As she

moved to center stage one of the Andy's assistants held up a huge pitcher

of water to the crowd, which went wild. Turning to the girl he slowly

poured it down her front. I could hear her gasp of shock from clear across

the stage as the water hit her. I didn't think it was possible, but the

crowd roared even louder as the wet girl began dancing around. As she spun

around I figured out why the t-shirts were so baggyâ€”when they got wet they

looked like they were painted on, they clung so snugly! I was just

thankful that I wasn't going first. The poor girl looked like a deer

caught in the headlights, and before she really had a chance to get into

it her turn was up.

A few more girls went and suddenly Andy was pulling me out to center

stage. When his assistant held the pitcher up before pouring it on me I

saw why the first girl had let out a gaspâ€”I could see ice cubes floating

in the water! Then the pitcher was tilting towards my chest and the icy

cold water was splashing over me. My nipples hardened instantly in the

cold water and the wet t-shirt clung to my tits like a second skin. The

fabric of the shirt was so lightweight that it became nearly transparent

when wet, and now hundreds of guys could see my melon-sized breasts and

hard, erect nipples. The crowd went wild and now, much like the auction a

month before in the student union, I could feel myself getting turned on

and I decided to give the boys a show! I cupped my hands underneath my

tits and pressed them together, showing off my cleavage. Then I brought

one of my nipples up to my mouth and began sucking on it through the

t-shirt, bringing a delighted roar from the crowd. The thin cotton layer

over my nipple was enough to deaden the sensation of me nibbling on it,

and, deciding that that just wouldn't do, I reached up to the collar of

the t-shirt and ripped. The flimsy fabric gave way easily and I freed one

of my boobs and resumed nibbling on it. The margaritas I had had earlier

were really hitting me now and before I realized what I was doing, I

plunged a hand down the front of my bikini and slipped a finger up my

pussy. All the crowd could see was the outline of my hand moving beneath

my bikini, but they could tell what I was doing, and they loved it! Their

screams of encouragement echoed in my ears and I slipped my other hand

into my bikini bottoms, in the process squeezing my boobs together with my

arms. I widened my stance for easier access and began simultaneously

tweaking my clit with one hand while pumping my pussy with the other. I

could feel my orgasm quickly approaching and I screamed along with the

crowd as I came long and hard. Luckily my clothes and my entire body were

soaked with water and sweat so the crowd couldn't see my juices soaking my

bottoms and running down my legs. Pulling my hands out of my bikini I

strutted to the front of the stage where I spotted two cute guys screaming

for me. Lowering my hands to them, I let them lick off my cum before I

turned and headed back to Andy. My turn was over.

The other girls took their turns showing off for the crowd. Some of them

completely ripped the shirts off their bodies, eliciting huge shouts of

approval from the audience. Others even flashed their pussies. When they

had finished Andy called all the girls up one-by-one for the crowd to vote

for, and the top five advancing to the second round were announced. Cindy

and I both made it, as did the two professional girls and one other really

cute college girl. The girls who hadn't advanced were ushered of the

stage, though not before the crowd gave them a huge ovation. After the

crowd quieted down Andy announced the beginning of the second round.

The college girl was the first contestant in the second round and she put

on a great show, completely ripping her t-shirt off her body and flinging

it into the crowd before giving them some teasing shots of her pussy.

Cindy was next and the screams when she ripped the t-shirt away from her

38dd boobs were deafening. I thought for sure she would be going to the

final round. Until the two professional girls went that is. They both put

on routines that looked like they came right out of a strip club. They

practically gave the guys in the front row lap dances, wiggling bare

pussies and asses in their faces. The crowd clearly loved it and roared

their approval; I knew that Cindy had been beaten and that the stakes had

been raised.

"And now, last, but certainly not least," Andy announced my turn as I

looked over to Jessica and thought about our van and the money we needed

to fix it, "Sydney!"

Remembering my earlier show, the crowd screamed and surged forward,

wondering how I was going to top my last performance and excited at the

prospect. I, too, was wondering what I could do as another pitcher of ice

water was poured over my chest. I began playing with my breasts and

dancing around the stage. Grabbing my already ripped t-shirt I tore it

completely down the front, allowing my big boobs to spring free. The crowd

screamed their approval, but I knew I wasn't coming close to beating the

two pros. They had upped the ante by taking off their bottoms, and I had

to follow suit. With fumbling fingers I reached for the bows on my hips

and began tugging on them, slowly undoing the knots. I had never shown my

naked body to this many people before, and the thought that I was about to

was both terrifying and exhilarating. With the roar of the crowd in my

ears and the buzz of four margaritas in my head, I undid the strings and

was about to yank them off when my teasing instincts took over. I grabbed

the front and back of my bikini and turned around so that my butt was

facing the crowd. Still holding my bikini up I spread my legs and bent

over so that I could see the crowd between them. Then, looking at the guys

in the front row, I began sliding my bikini back and forth across my

pussy. The bottoms were gooey and wet from my earlier orgasm, and the

pressure of them sliding back and forth over my clit was fantastically

sinful. But I knew the crowd wanted more and, if we were ever going to

raise enough money for the van, I knew I had to give it to them. I

straightened up and spun around so that I was again facing the crowd. I

let go of the swimsuit, but pressed my legs together so the crotch of the

suit stayed in place even though the sides and string hung down. Then I

reached for the back of the suit and began slowly sliding it through my

legs. A hush fell over the audience as the front of my suit slid further

and further down. There was an excited murmur when it had slid far enough

down so they could tell I kept my pussy bare. And when the last bit of my

suit slid over my bald pussy, exposing it to the crowd, they erupted!

Caught up in the moment, I pulled my bottoms completely off and started

spinning them over my head and then flung them several rows deep into the

crowd, giving one guy a souvenir he wouldn't likely forget! I didn't think

it was possible, but the roar of the crowd got even louder. Winning the

contest slipped from my mind and the only thing I was thinking about was

putting on the best show I could. And that's when I really got in trouble.

From the front row I heard "I want another taste!" Strutting forward I

spotted the two guys who had licked my fingers clean earlier. I walked

right to the edge of the stage in front of them and spread my legs. My

bald pussy lips were sopping wet and swollen with lust.

"You want another taste of this?" I asked, spreading my pussy apart with

my fingers. "Do you think they deserve another taste?" I shouted to the

crowd. "What about somebody else, like this guy?" I strutted over to

another relatively cute guy in the front row. The screaming chorus of

"yes!" answered my question. I squatted down in front of him, spread my

lips with one hand, grabbed the back of his head with the other and shoved

his face into my pussy. He definitely must have wanted a taste, because he

didn't hesitate to lick up and down my slit. I ground his face into me and

rubbed myself all over him, covering him in my sticky juices. I couldn't

believe I was making some random guy eat me out in front of a hundred

screaming people, but I loved the feeling. This guy was pretty good with

his tongue and I wasn't about to move on, but the guys on either side of

him were beginning to get jealous and wanted in on some of the action.

They began running their hands up and down my legs, advancing ever higher

when they saw I wasn't protesting. Soon their fingers were brushing my

bald pussy lips until one of them got the courage to slip his finger up

inside me. My groan of pleasure encouraged the other to join his friend in

my pussy, and together they began exploring, sliding their fingers in and

out, probing my depths one moment then stretching me open the next. The

guy whose face I was smothering concentrated his tongue on my clit and

reached up with one of his hands to join his friends. I was in heaven! I

had a tongue twirling around my clit and three fingers from three

different guys poking, prodding and pulling my pussy in three different

directions. My pussy was being stretched open from the snake-like fingers

writhing around in it and my juices were flowing out of me in a steady

stream. I could feel a powerful orgasm beginning in my pussy.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum!" I screamed out, as the crowd watched with rapt

attention. "Oh yes!! Oh god YESSSSSS!!!" My climax tore through my body,

rushing outwards from the fingers in my pussy. My pussy exploded,

drenching the one guy's face and coating all three sets of hands and arms

with cum. I tried to support myself by grabbing onto the licker's head,

but I just couldn't do it. My knees gave way and I collapsed straight down

onto my ass with my spread legs dangling over the edge of the stage and my

pussy, now empty and gaping open, still spasming. People behind the first

row surged forward and soon new fingers were sliding up my pussy, and

hands were all over me, feeling my legs, stomach and ass. I was slowly

being pulled into the crowd, and soon guys were mauling my tits. There

must have been ten or twenty hands exploring my entire body and I was

loving it. When somebody slipped their finger up my asshole I screamed in

a combination of agony and pleasure and another orgasm spread through me,

showering a new group of people with my juices. I could vaguely make out

bouncers trying to get to me from either side of the stage, but I wasn't

even sure if I wanted them to succeed. Orgasm after orgasm was causing my

body to shake and twitch non-stop and my pussy was convulsing around the

fingers in it. When I saw one of the guys near me take out his dick I knew

I had gone too far. But then the bouncers were there, literally throwing

guys aside to reach me. They lifted me back up onto the stage and then

clambered up after me. Secondary orgasms were still ripping through me,

but I managed to regain enough composure to turn back to the crowd and

raise my arms, exhorting them one last time. I joined the other girls at

the back of the stage and I could see Cindy staring at me with wild-eyed

amazement.

"That was one hell of a performance you put on!" she said.

"Oh yes. And god it felt good!"

That was all we had a chance to say as Andy walked to the center of the

stage. "And now the crowd gets to pick tonight's winners. Make the most

noise for whoever you liked the best!" The college girl was the first out

and the crowd screamed and clapped for her. Cindy was next and the crowd

screamed even louder. Then the first professional girl went up and the

crowd actually had the good taste not to scream quite as loudly. Next was

the second professional, who was better looking and a much better dancer

than the first. The crowd screamed their approval. Finally it was my turn.

Not too surprisingly, given my show, the crowd just about went berserk,

whistling, clapping screaming and making all the noise they could.

Somebody in the back had even managed to make a small sign saying,

"Sidney, I want a taste too!" I laughed and could almost forgive him for

misspelling my name.

As I stepped back Andy resumed center stage and the crowd quieted down.

"In third place, and a runner up for Friday's all-star contest, the

bodacious Cindy!" The crowd clapped and applauded her as she went up to

get her prize. "In second place, the lovely lass Laurel." The one

professional girl stepped forward and collected her prize. "And in first

place, to nobody's surprise, the sinful Sydney!" The crowd again went

crazy as I stepped forward to accept my prize. As I shook hands with Andy

he turned the mike off and whispered to me "Sydney, you were amazing! You

are coming back for Friday night right?" I nodded yes and he grinned with

pleasure. "If you put on another performance like that, there's no way

you'll lose!"

Finally the contest was over and we headed back to the manager's office. I

shed my torn t-shirt and pulled my bikini top on. That's when I remembered

that I had thrown my bottoms into the crowd!

"Oh my god Cindy! I don't have anything to wear!"

She looked at me for a split second before cracking up. "All I wore was my

bikini, I don't have anything to loan you, you spaz!"

I looked around, but there were no extra clothes in sight. The other girls

were beginning to leave the office and my desperation grew. I didn't know

what else to do so I walked up to Andy and explained my situation. The

shit-eating grin that appeared on his face was truly amazing as he looked

up and down my supple, mostly nude body.

"I'm sorry, I don't keep any spares around. Most of the girls don't go

throwing their only clothing into the crowd. Not that that's bad mind you.

I'm just not prepared for it."

"Wait a second," Cindy said walking up to us. "Do you have any extra

t-shirts? All we need to do is walk a couple blocks to our hotelâ€”if we

just cut the shoulders off a t-shirt we could create a makeshift skirt."

"Sure, I have an extra t-shirt I could give you. Here. And I even have a

pair of scissors!"

Grabbing the t-shirt and scissors, Cindy set to work, cutting across the

t-shirt just beneath the arms and producing a cotton tube between a foot

and a foot and a half long. I stepped into it and slid it up my hips, but

it was too baggy to stay up. Cindy grabbed a bunch of material on one

side, twisted it until it was tight and then tied it into a knot. My

makeshift skirt was complete, even if I did have the Rumrunner's logo

across my ass!

"You look like you could use another drink," Andy told us. "Go on out and

get one and tell the bartender it's on me!"

"You're right, I could use it. Thanks a lot! We'll see ya on Friday!"

Cindy and I left the office and walked back out to the bar, which was

still packed. I could barely take five steps without somebody checking me

out, or grabbing my ass, but I didn't really mind. I plopped myself down

on a bar stool as the rest of my sorority sisters gathered around me.

"You were amazing Sydney!"

"Yeah, that takes real courage!"

"You were sooo hot!"

The bartender brought a margarita over to me. "This one's on me."

"Thanks! That's nice of you. If you could start making another one that'd

be great. And Andy said that it would be on him!"

I downed the two margaritas and was well into a third when I suddenly

realized that I had no idea what time it was and we were supposed to be

meeting Chris and Brian at 11:30.

"Joshua," the bartender and I were now on a first name basis. "What time

is it?"

"It's half past," he replied looking at his watch.

"Shit! Cindy, we're late, we gotta go!"

"Are you sure you don't want to go by the room first?"

"I really should, but we're already late! Catch ya later Joshua!" I gulped

down the last of my margarita and Cindy and I took off with a few of the

other girls in tow.

Since the bar Chris was hanging out in was on the opposite side of town,

we hopped in a cab and headed over. The place was pretty small, but it was

completely packed with people, many of them locals as opposed to spring

breakers. It was a beautiful, warm, tropical night outside, which meant

that inside the small bar it was positively sweltering. I was thankful

that I was only wearing a bikini top and a t-shirt skirt and even so I was

sweating minutes after I got inside. The music was loud and actually

really good. The band was basically a ska band with a great steel drum

player and a cool tropical flair. After a few minutes of searching I found

Chris and Brian near the stage. They looked happy to see us and accepted

our shouted apologies, not that they could hear us over the music. We

danced for the next half hour or so until the band took it's first break,

by which point in time my entire body was glistening with sweat and I

could feel droplets trickling down all over me. My makeshift skirt was

completely drenched and now, much like in the wet t-shirt contest, was

clinging to my legs and pretty much transparent. The way the skirt hung,

tight at the top where it was tied and flared at the bottom, meant that

you couldn't quite see my pussy, but if I had had dark pubic hair you

could have seen it. While we were dancing, Chris tried to be a gentleman

and not gawk too much, but I could tell from his furtive glances that he

was admiring my sweaty boobs and wondering what was underneath my nearly

transparent skirt.

"So, this is an interesting outfit," he remarked when the noise died down

enough so that we could talk without screaming. "What's with

the uh skirt?"

I proceeded to tell him the story of the dent in the van and the need for

money and then my idea to enter the wet t-shirt contest. Finally I

described the contest itself, and how I got so into it that I threw my

bottoms into the crowd (I left out the part where the guy ate me out while

his friends were fingering me). I was blushing as I told Chris the story

and I could tell that he was amazed by what happened.

"My god Sydney, you're fuckin' wild! Do you realize what a turn on a girl

who is that confident about herself is?"

At that I blushed even harder. I was a little worried that he would think

I was a slut and not want to have anything to do with me, but that he

would be turned on by my antics hadn't even crossed my mind!

"Well, when I get a few of these in me," I held up the margarita we had

just ordered from the bar, "I can tend to get a bit out of control."

"In that case, bartender! Can we get another round?"

"Chris," I giggled, "are you trying to get me drunk so you can take

advantage of me?"

"Would you hold it against me if I was?" I could see those amazing blue

eyes twinkling with friendly mischief.

"Well," I leaned into him and pressed my breasts against his arm and

chest, "I could certainly be persuaded to hold these against you!"

We both laughed and continued chatting while drinking our margaritas. The

second round arrived just as the band was coming back on stage, so we had

to chug them to get our spot on the dance floor back. Three or four songs

into the second set I could feel the margaritas hit me and I decided to

turn the tables on Chris and take advantage of him! When the band started

playing their ska version of Abba's "Dancing Queen" I knew it was the

perfect time to strike! The dance floor was literally packed with people

and I was standing just in front of Chris. I reached around behind me and

grabbed the back of his neck. Half pulling myself up and his head down, I

was able to get his ear near my mouth so he could hear me scream "I love

this song!" above the noise. In this position Chris was looking straight

down my top at my boobs (which were beginning to sweat again from the heat

and exertion) and his arms naturally encircled my waist for balance. I let

his head go, but grabbed his hands with mine and pulled him forward into

me. Now my butt was pressed up into his crotch, and as I danced I could

rub up and down and back and forth on him. Trapping his hands under mine,

I slid them all over my body even cupping my breasts with them. After just

a few moments of this I could feel his dick stiffening against my butt,

causing me to shiver with anticipation. I looked around us and saw that

the crowd was so dense that nobody could see what we were doing. With my

hand still over his, I slipped our hands under my bikini top and let Chris

play with my bare breast and nipple. I inched our other hands underneath

my skirt and I could feel Chris's dick begin twitching wildly as we

slipped down to my pussy. With my fingers guiding his, I began

masturbating, sliding our fingers up and down the length of my slit,

occasionally stopping to tease my clit or dip our fingers into my opening.

The feeling of both of our fingers slipping into me was even more

intoxicating than the margaritas! Soon Chris got bold enough to take over

on his own and I took my hand out of my skirt, and brought it up to his

lips. He tried to lick them clean, but I was teasing him, luring his head

forward over my shoulder until I twisted my head and caught his ear,

gently, between my teeth before finally relenting and letting him suck my

juices off of my fingers. The feeling of Chris fondling my breasts and

pussy while gently sucking and nibbling on my fingers was unbelievable,

and I could feel my pussy beginning to get that familiar tingling.

"Oh god Chris, that feels so good. I'm going to cum soon! Keep it up!" I

shouted, temporarily releasing his captive ear.

He redoubled his efforts in my pussy plunging two fingers in and out while

tickling my clit with his thumb. When he began pinching my nipple with his

other hand and lifting my breast up by the nipple it sent me over the

edge.

"I'm cumming, oh god YES!!!" I let go of his ear so I didn't bite the lobe

off as an orgasm rushed through me. My pussy contracted violently around

his fingers, just before my juices began gushing out onto his hand. Chris

held me tightly to him as my weakened body shuddered with pleasure. My

juices flowed down my legs, mingling with my sweat and leaving a sticky

trail behind. Chris kept his head over my shoulder watching me as my

orgasm wracked my body. "I want you, right here, right now," he must have

heard me above the noise, because his dick twitched involuntarily against

my ass. With my pussy still squeezing his fingers, I reached behind me and

slid my hands down the front of his shorts. His dick was rock hard and

slippery with precum oozing from the head. I grabbed it with one hand and

began pumping up and down on it. With my other hand I lowered the front of

his shorts, until his dick sprang free. I slid the back of my skirt up and

slipped his dick between my legs. By this time Chris was so distracted

that he had stopped feeling me up, and that just wouldn't do! With his

dick trapped between my legs I grabbed his hands and encouraged him to run

them all over my slippery, sweaty body. He accepted this task with

pleasure and was soon feeling my belly and breasts and pussy. I put one of

my hands between my legs where I could feel the head of his dick peeking

out between them. Pressing it up against my sopping wet pussy I began

sliding forward and backward on it without letting him actually enter me.

On one of the forward strokes, the head of his dick slid over my clit,

sending shivers of ecstasy through my body. I began masturbating myself,

using his dick on my clit to get me off. He was well lubricated between my

juices and his precum, and his spongy head felt fantastic rubbing this way

and that over my clit. Before I knew it, I could feel another orgasm

building up in my loins. Tilting my head back towards Chris I screamed "Oh

god, I'm having another orgasm! I'm CUMMMMIIINNNGGG!!!" With that I

erupted again. My pussy squirted juices all over Chris' dick, coating both

it and my hand before spilling down my leg into the growing pool of cum

beneath me on the floor. I kept sliding his cock up and down my slit and I

could feel another orgasm blossom in my pussy and, soon it was spasming

again as I pumped more of my warm, sticky juices over Chris' cock.

"My god Sydney, you're amazing! I never knew girls could cum like that!"

"Trust me, you haven't felt anything yet!" With that I raised myself up on

my tiptoes, centered his dick in my opening and, in one smooth stroke,

impaled myself to the hilt on him. My pussy was so wet from my orgasms

that it felt like his dick was coated with silk he slid in so smoothly. I

took a moment, with him fully trapped within me, to look around at the

crowd and the band. Nobody noticed what we were doing, even Cindy who was

dancing with Brian right next to us. For all I could tell they were doing

the same thing; Cindy's face did look a bit flushed when I looked closely!

"The band's pretty good!" I shouted, leaning towards her.

"Yeah, I'm having a great time! Brian seems really nice!"

"Awesome! I'm really enjoying Chris!" I couldn't believe I was talking to

Cindy in a crowded bar while Chris' cock was buried in my pussy! It was

basically impossible to carry on a conversation above the noise though, so

I didn't even try. Instead I resumed dancing, only this time when I

bounced around I was really fucking Chris! He slid a finger down the front

of my skirt and began fingering my clit. His other hand was running all

over the front of my body, tweaking my nipples, tickling my belly and

sometimes joining his other hand beneath my skirt. I raised my arms over

my head, dancing with the music and giving Chris full access to my body.

We quickly worked our way into a rhythm and Chris was slamming his full

length into me. I could tell that nobody around us could see what we were

doing and I gave myself completely to the feelings of being screwed in the

middle of more than fifty totally oblivious people. When a song would end,

Chris and I would stop moving until the next song started, allowing us to

prolong our pleasure. After about three songs though, Chris started

fucking me extra hard and I knew he was about to cum. I responded by

clamping my pussy down when he was withdrawing and then relaxing when he

thrust into me, giving my pussy a greedy feeling of not wanting to let him

go and welcoming him when he returned. It was all Chris could take, and

soon I could feel his dick twitch inside me as his cum began squirting

into my pussy. From what I could tell, his dick was about average size,

but there was nothing average about how he came. Squirt after squirt shot

up into me, like a fiery wet jet. After only a couple squirts my pussy was

already filled to overflowing and cum began leaking out, covering my

thighs and dripping down my legs. And still he kept cumming. It felt like

somebody had put a hose of warm water up my pussy, and the feeling it made

inside me was indescribable! Soon I was cumming right along with Chris,

the juices from my pussy squirting over his cock and mingling with his cum

before pouring out of my pussy and all over my thighs and legs. Looking

down between my legs I could see pearly white streams of semen and sweat

oozing down my body and dripping onto the floor beneath me. The

combination of my legs looking so nasty and Chris' cock buried in me, all

while in a crowded room, was too much and orgasm after orgasm raced

through my body. Every caress or pinch of Chris' hand on my clit or nipple

would cause another wave of pleasure centered on his touch. My body was

overcome with shuddering, quaking delight and I slumped back into Chris.

He was without mercy though, and kept his slowly softening cock moving in

and out of me while fingering my clit and cupping my breasts. He even

scooped some of his cum out of my pussy with two fingers and brought it to

my mouth to taste.

"Mmmm Chris," I whispered in his ear while swirling his cum around in my

mouth. "Your cum tastes yummy! I want some more!" He didn't waste any time

sticking his fingers back in my pussy and scraping it off my thighs to get

it for me. As he brought his fingers to my mouth, I opened wide and sucked

their entire length into my mouth, teasingly nibbling at them and then

swirling my tongue around them to thoroughly clean them off. He missed my

mouth with the next finger load, smearing cum all over my chin and cheek,

but I barely even noticed in my post orgasmic bliss.

Eventually we managed to get somewhat decentâ€”Chris got his cock back in

his pants at leastâ€”and returned our focus to the band. They were at the

end of their final set though, and finished after two more songs. As we

left the bar, we saw that there weren't many cabs available, so Chris and

Brian volunteered to walk us home. On the way, they gave us the phone

number of the house they were staying at and we agreed that we'd give them

a call the next day. I went to bed content and exhausted.

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Dawn the next morning was beautiful. Or so I was told, because I slept

until 11:00. I had slept naked with Cindy and didn't bother to throw on

any clothes as I wandered into the bathroom. I looked at myself in the

mirror and saw a bunch of dried cum all over one cheek and my chin.

Looking down I could see it covering my pussy and thighs and white,

dried-up streams were still visible on my legs. I hopped in the shower and

began washing myself off just as Cindy came in the room.

"Do you mind some company in there?" she asked.

"Of course not love, come on in!"

Cindy slid open the glass door and we proceeded to soap each other up.

There's something magical about big, soapy breasts rubbing against each

other and before we knew it we were fingering each other madly while

pressing our boobs together. We both came quickly and rinsed each other

off.

"There's nothing like a quickie to start the day huh?" Cindy asked with a

contented grin on her face.

"Nope."

"So, what do we want to do with our selves today?"

"Well, we have those gift certificates from the contest, and I clearly

need a new bikini "

"So, shopping first, then should we call the boys and see what they're up

to!"

"Sounds like a plan!"

With that we got dressed and headed out to the bikini store. After my

adventures last night, I was feeling pretty risquÃ© so I bought a tiny

little string bikini with a thong back and triangle top, made by a company

called Wicked Weasel. It was all white, with horizontal light and dark

stripes; some of the dark stripes were just about see-through and the near

flash of skin was really sexy. Cindy got a solid green thong almost the

color of her eyes. When we had finished cashing in our gift certificates

we gave the boys a call on my cell phone. Chris said they were just

hanging out by the house's pool and that we should come on over.

The house was a pretty typical Key West house, but it had a beautiful pool

out back with a nice patio and palm trees. Chris and Brian were there,

along with about three other guys. After introductions Cindy and I excused

ourselves to change into our new bikinis. When we came out we gave the

guys a little fashion show (and got many appreciative whistles!) before

settling into some chaise lounges to soak up the sun. It was another

perfect day in Key West; a few puffy white clouds floated lazily through a

crystal blue sky and the temperature was in the low eighties. I lay down

on my back first and relished the feeling of the sun soaking into my body.

After the cold northeast winter, it really felt like I was being warmed

all the way to my bones. In a few minutes, beads of sweat began forming on

my tanned body and I decided I should go for a swim before beginning the

serious job of tanning! Everybody else was content just lounging in the

sun and, from the quantity of beer bottles in the trash, I suspect the

guys were nursing some hangovers. I love the feeling of weightlessness you

get when you're in the water and I had a great time swimming and splashing

and generally frolicking in the pool. I was actually on my high school

swim team, but I could never take it seriously enough to be any good.

After about fifteen minutes I had cooled down enough and I was ready to

get out. Cindy was lying on a chaise lounge facing me as I climbed out of

the pool and I could tell by her face that something was wrong.

"My god Sydney, look at your suit!"

That, of course, drew the attention of all the boys within earshot and we

all looked at my suit at about the same time. When it got wet, the dark

stripes in my suit turned completely transparent and you could see every

detail of my breasts and bald pussy. The light white stripes stayed more

or less opaque (at least compared to the dark ones) but they just served

to further enhance the effect. There was nothing I could really do, except

walk over to my lounge, lie down in the sun, and hope my suit dried

quickly. As I lay there with my eyes closed I could feel five sets of eyes

on body, checking out my erect nipples and my bald pussy. The feeling

excited me enormously and I spread my legs a bit, giving them a wide-open

view of my rapidly swelling pussy lips.

"I had no idea this suit turned transparent!" I whispered to Cindy, leaning over and spreading my legs further apart (for balance, of course!).

"It certainly does! But you seem to have gotten the boys' attention!"

Looking around I could see that I had. They were all wearing boxer style

swimsuits and almost all of them had a serious tent growing in the center!

I decided that there was no point in being shy now, so I may as well ham

it up. I picked up my bottle of coconut tanning oil and dribbled it

liberally over my belly. I began massaging the oil into my flat stomach,

being careful to get underneath the slim side straps of my thong. Then I

poured some more oil onto my palms and massaged it into my chest. Since

the bikini was basically transparent I figured that I had better oil all

over my boobs to be on the safe side! Looking straight into the eyes of

one of the boys sitting across from me at the pool, I slid both hands

under the triangle covering my left breast and proceeded to caress and

wrestle with it under my top, tweaking my nipple as I finished. Looking at

another guy I did the same to my right breast. Now it was time for my

legs. I'm extremely flexible from years of sports so, with my legs

straight out in front of me, I just dribbled oil up and down them and

began rubbing it in. Earlier the guys had pretended not to notice my

swimsuit, but, given the show I was putting on, they knew there was no

need to pretend and they were watching avidly. Starting with my

red-painted toenails I slowly worked my way up my calves and knees to my

thighs. When I slipped a hand underneath my swimsuit to oil up my pussy

lips there were audible groans, and I even noticed a suspicious wet spot

forming on a deflating tent! Finally my front was completely covered in

glistening oil, but I decided that the show wasn't over. Handing the oil

to Chris I rolled onto my stomach and asked if he would finish the job.

With trembling hands he took the bottle, poured some oil onto my back and

tentatively began rubbing it in.

"Make sure you get my sides. And underneath the back straps too. In fact,

why don't you just untie them?"

"Um sure " he responded, gently untying the strap on my top. Since I was

lying on my stomach, my breasts were naturally squished out to the sides,

and I could feel oil trickling down the one on the opposite side of where

Chris was sitting.

"You're missing some on my side over here Chris. Why don't you just sit on

my butt while you're doing me?"

"Sure " he said, gingerly straddling me. He began rubbing the oil in, and

I made sure that he carefully coated the sides of my breasts. Moving down

he got to my lower back and was confronted with the small triangle of

cloth there.

"Make sure you get under all the straps! I'm sorry, but the sides don't

untie. You'll just have to slip your hands beneath them." The way Chris

was sitting on me I could feel the base of his cock nestled into my butt

crack. I reached for his arm and pulled him forward so that his entire

cock was laid along my cheeks and I could whisper in his ear. "This feels

like last night doesn't it?" All he could do was groan as I pressed my ass

up against him. "Do you want a repeat performance?" I slid an oily hand

down his shorts and gripped his dick.

"Oh yes!" he replied as I began to slowly stroke him. Looking over at

Cindy I could see that she had the same idea I did, as Brian's hand was

buried in her top, caressing her enormous mounds.

"Why don't you take these off?" I said, pushing his shorts down his

thighs. When he raised himself to finish the job, I took the opportunity

to push my bottoms down as well and Chris helped pull them off my legs.

"Now, I believe that you haven't quite finished your oiling job."

"You're right, I haven't," he said, quickly grabbing the bottle. I spread

my legs, allowing him to kneel in between them as he dribbled oil all over

my butt.

"Make sure you get all of it!"

"All of it?" he gulped.

"All of it." I could feel his hands shaking as he began kneading my tan

butt cheeks, and I sighed as I felt his fingers slipping down the crack. I

was so horny now that I just couldn't take it. I reached back and grabbed

his cock, pulling him forward so that it was resting in my sweaty, oily,

slippery cheeks. Peeking at Cindy, I could see that she and Brian were

getting ahead of us. They were lying on their sides so they could watch

us, and I could see Brian's dick sliding in and out of her from behind.

That was all the encouragement that I needed, and I took Chris's dick out

of my butt crack and directed him to the entrance of my wet pussy. He slid

the head of his cock up and down my juicy pussy several times, teasing my

clit, before I felt it press against my opening. He pushed into me and, as

my pussy gave way, I could feel his veiny shaft sliding into me, inch by

inch. When I could feel his body pressed against my ass I looked over my

shoulder and grinned at him. He returned the biggest shit-eating grin I

think I have ever seen, and why wouldn't he? Here he was, in front of his

friends, nailing a beautiful, busty, blond girl outside in the warm Key

West sunshine. If this wasn't heaven (for both of us) I didn't know what

was! Chris began slowly pulling out of me, leaving inch after inch of my

pussy empty and longing to be filled. When he completely withdrew I

whimpered softly, but my whimpers turned to moans when he began teasing my

clit with his cock head before slipping back inside me. Again he leisurely

pushed into me, allowing me to feel every inch of his dick slowly filling

me up before withdrawing, driving me crazy with pleasure and longing.

Making his torment even worse, next to us Brian and Cindy were really

going at it and I could see her big tits, still partially constrained by

her bikini top, bouncing around as Brian pounded her from behind.

"Please Chris, give it to me. I need to feel you buried inside me!" I

begged, trying to push back against him. I could see drops of sweat

splashing on Cindy from Brian's vigorous pounding and he had pulled one of

her tits out and he was roughly tweaking her nipple, causing her to scream

with pleasure.

"You want this?" Chris asked teasingly, again rubbing his dick up and down

my wanton slit.

"Oh please Chris. I'm begging you! Screw me! Fuck me!"

"Right here?"

"Right here. Right now. Please, fuck me!"

Chris didn't need any more urging and thrust into me, filling me

completely in one swift stroke. I squealed with pleasure as I felt his

balls slap against my clit, but he was already pulling out, readying for

another powerful thrust, which he delivered with devastating effect,

driving my chest into the plastic straps of the chaise lounge.

"Oh god, I'm cumming!" Brian shouted next to us. Chris paused in his

thrusting as we looked over at Brian's contorted face. He slammed into

Cindy one last time before an enormous shudder passed through his body. I

could imagine the feelings Cindy was experiencing as Brian pumped his load

into her. When he was done, he stumbled back into his lounge chair and

collapsed in a sweaty heap. Cindy wasn't done with him though, and she got

out of her chair and walked over to Brian. Bending at the hips and

spreading her legs to give us a view of her leaking pussy, she lowered her

mouth and swallowed Brian's dick in one swift stroke. His body twitched

and flopped like a fish out of water as Cindy began the serious work of

reviving his cock for another round. About then is when I noticed that the

other boys were standing all around us, completely naked with their hard

dicks standing at attention. One of them moved behind Cindy and grasped

her hips. She looked up in surprise, but nodded in acquiescence and he

began slipping into her.

The site of Cindy getting filled from behind by another guy snapped Chris

and I back into reality, and he resumed screwing me from behind. I was

jealous of Cindy's two cocks though, so I gestured for another one of the

guys to come to me. He did, straddling the chair I was lying on and

presenting his dick to my face. Because of the way I was lying I couldn't

really reach his cock with my hands, instead I tried to coral it with my

tongue and mouth. Realizing the situation he took the opportunity to rub

his dick all over my pretty face, smearing copious amounts of the precum

oozing from the tip of his dick on my lips, cheeks and nose. Finally he

let me capture him in my mouth, and I began sucking on him greedily,

sliding my lips up and down his shaft, tickling the head with my tongue

before letting it slip deep into my throat. Chris was overcome with the

site of me deep-throating his friend and, with a grunt of satisfaction, I

felt his dick twitch deep in my pussy as his sperm began gushing out,

completely filling me and oozing out around his shaft. After a brief pause

to revel in my silky warmth, Chris slid out of me and slumped onto his

chair. As I began to return my attention to the cock in my mouth I felt

strong hands grasp my waist and I was half lifted, half dragged out of the

lounge. I noticed a guy lying on a towel next to me and the hands on my

waist guided me to him. As I approached, the guy held his dick so it

pointed straight up and I lowered myself onto it, my cum-soaked pussy

sliding around his dick effortlessly. The guy who I had been blowing moved

along with me and as soon as I had settled the dick in my pussy I felt him

pushing at my lips. I opened my mouth to take him back in, but suddenly I

felt warm oil dripping on me and dribbling over my ass. Looking back I saw

the owner of the hands that had lifted me off my lounge, a black guy who

must have been 6'4" and probably weighed 290lbs, most of it muscle, but

with a slight paunch. If I didn't know better I'd say he was a pro

football player. He was dribbling tanning oil all over his enormous cock

and my asshole, working it into me with his fingers. I've had anal sex

before, but never with a dick this bigâ€”it looked like it was the size of

my forearm and was probably 12" long or more, with a monstrous head.

"No, please! You'll rip me apart!" I pleaded.

"Don't worry baby, I'll be gentle. Just relax and let it in." Besides the

fact that he was the size of one and a half normal people, he actually

looked like a nice person, with a friendly face and a nice smile. I

couldn't believe it, but I trusted him not to hurt me and returned my

attention to the dick that was being smeared all over my face. The guy

underneath me was gently thrusting in and out of my pussy, seemingly

realizing that my attention was elsewhere but trusting that I would get

back to him. Now I felt an oily finger sliding up my anus, quickly joined

by another. The guy behind me worked them in and out for a while,

loosening me up for his monster. Finally I felt his cock head pressing

against my pink rosebud. I cold feel the spongy head pressing into me,

backed by a rock hard shaft. I tried to relax as much as I could, and

buried the other guy's cock in my throat so I wouldn't scream. My asshole

was being stretched more than it ever had before, and he still wasn't all

the way in me. My eyes began watering from the pain, but I steeled myself

to take him in.

"You're doing great baby, just keep relaxing," he encouraged me. "I'm

almost in."

"Uunnngghhh " I groaned around the cock being thrust in and out of my

mouth.

"Oh god, you're taking it! I've never had a girl who could do this

before!" The pain in my ass was growing, but the pleasure was increasing

even faster. Finally, with a huge sigh and an almost audible "pop!" his

head was inside me. My asshole was so stretched out that it felt like I

would never be able to close my legs again, but the pleasure was

indescribable. The guy in my pussy had completely stopped thrusting at

this point, waiting for me to become accustomed to the log slowly

disappearing in my ass. The guy in front of me was no such gentleman; he

had grabbed me by the hair and was furiously fucking my mouth. I couldn't

stand the feeling in my ass anymore without screaming though, so I broke

free of the face fucking and let out a wail of pain and pleasure, just as

the guy in front of me let lose with his load, showering my face with his

cum. I barely even noticed, except for a slight salty taste from the

blasts that landed in my open mouth or nearly hit me in the eyesâ€”the oily

black log slowly moving up my ass was all that my world consisted of. As

it pressed further into me, the feeling of having to take an enormous shit

grew until I couldn't control it any longer and my muscles began spasming,

trying to force the intruder out. With his hands locked firmly around my

waist, he didn't budge an inch, although he groaned loudly as my wild

contractions rippled up and down around his dick. Finally they stopped,

and he was able to continue his slow progress, sliding deeper inside me,

until I could feel his massive balls gently pressing into my thighs. Then

he began to withdraw, and it felt like my bowels were being pulled out of

my body they were wrapped so tightly around his thick shaft. A deep warmth

began to build up there, quickly spreading to my pussy and the dick lodged

in it. Soon my body couldn't take it anymore and I climaxed, the muscles

in both my ass and pussy spasming wildly. My juices, mixed with Chris'

cum, squirted around the cock in my pussy and onto the stomach of the guy

beneath me. I squealed with pleasure and collapsed, crushing my oily tits

against the guy as I fell. My body thrashed crazily, pinned in place by

the two dicks embedded in my holes. I could feel their cock heads pressing

against each other, separated only by a thin membrane. Then the two guys

began slowly moving in me again, their dicks sliding in and out while

rubbing against each other inside of me. The strength of my orgasm

redoubled from these exquisite feelings, and I groaned with pleasure. As

my orgasm finally began to subside, the two guys picked up the pace, and

another cock was thrust into my face for me to begin sucking greedily.

I don't know when the rest of Chris' friends got back from wherever they

were, but there were now eight or ten guys standing around watching and

there wasn't a soft cock in the place, not that I could focus on anything

besides the three dicks moving inside me. Those three developed a

wonderful rhythm; I stayed stationary on my hands and knees while the

three guys all withdrew and pushed into me at the same time. My body

alternated from satisfyingly full to wantonly empty every few seconds.

Soon the guy in my pussy began to groan loudly and I could feel his cock

spasm once and then begin pumping his load up me, his hot semen jetting

into my quivering pussy before he withdrew, limply, from me.

Now that he didn't have to worry about the guy in my pussy, the black guy

fucking my ass began to really pick up the pace. My body was sweating

under the blazing sun, and I could feel sweat from the guy nailing my butt

dripping on my back as he hammered in and out of me. My ass felt like it

was on fire and being ripped apart by the massive black intruder, but at

the same time the pleasure was unbelievably intense. I could barely

concentrate on the cock in my mouth, but the guy there didn't seem to mind

as he just grabbed my head and began fucking my face furiously, his balls

slapping against my wet chin with each thrust. He had amazingly little

staying power though, and in very little time he began cumming. His first

blast took me completely by surprise and I gagged on his dick, spitting it

out of my mouth. His subsequent blasts added to the cum already on my

face, covering my lips, chin and even my forehead.

Still the monster in my ass kept going, seemingly getting even faster.

"Let's see her tits!" I heard somebody from the crowd shout.

"Yeah, turn her over!" The guy still pinned underneath me crawled out and

I felt rough hands all over my body, picking me up and turning me over.

The log in my ass didn't miss a thrust as I was flipped. On the other

hand, the corkscrewing, twisting sensations the flip caused sent me over

the edge, and as I was being set down on my back, I began cumming again.

This time though, eight guys were staring at my pussy as my juices began

squirting over the stomach of the black guy.

"Holy shit! Look at that! She's fucking cumming!" Another shudder passed

through me and another squirt shot out of my pussy.

"God, she's hot! Holy crap, look at the way her pussy spews!"

"And those tits! Look at the way they're bouncing around. They have to be

real!"

"They are." I managed to reply as another shudder passed through me. "Want

to play with them?"

"Shit yes!" Suddenly my sweaty, oily tits were being mauled by three or

four sets of hands, poking, pulling and prodding them, and pinching and

flicking my nipples. The stimulation of having my breasts pulled this way

and that prolonged my orgasm as waves of pleasure passed from my boobs to

my pussy and ass. Soon one of the guys straddled my chest and grabbed the

tanning oil. Holding his cock over my tits he poured oil all over it,

allowing the excess to splatter liberally across my chest. Knowing what he

wanted, I pressed my breasts together, creating a deep valley for his cock

to slide into. He plunged his dick into it, the hard shaft pushing through

my soft tits and emerging at the top, where I gave it a playful lick. He

began sliding his cock in and out of my oily tits and at the end of every

thrust I would take the head into my mouth, or tickle it with my tongue.

And still the cock in my ass kept going. I felt my legs being lifted off

the ground and put on the shoulders of the black guy, lifting my ass into

the air and giving him greater leverage. The speed of his thrusts was

slowing down, but each thrust was deeper and more powerful. I could feel

his heavy balls slap hard against my butt every time he entered, sticking

to me briefly because of the sweat and oil before being pulled away.

At the same time, I could feel cum and sweat and oil dribbling down my

face, a site that was clearly turning on the guy fucking my tits. The feel

of my huge, warm, oily breasts wrapped around his dick and the site of it

disappearing into my beautiful, cum-covered face was too much for him and,

without a word, he began cumming. He sprayed all over my face and tits and

chest, giving me a gorgeous pearl necklace of cum. His thick white cum

contrasted sharply against my tan tits and globules of it were flying

everywhere. He smeared his cum all around my breasts and face with his

still twitching dick before sticking it in my mouth for me to clean off.

"Oh baby, I'm gonna cum." It sounded like a mountain rumbling from between

my legs. With a last lick of his balls, I pushed the guy on my chest off

so that I could see the black volcano between my legs erupt. My legs,

although tan, looked pathetically white against the midnight black of his

chest. Sweat was pouring down his face and body, dripping all over me and

the ground beneath us. Looking down my cum-covered chest and flat tummy I

could see the gigantic monster that was moving in and out of my butt.

With a deep, rumbling groan he came, his massive balls pulling up into his

body so they could force out their load. The first shot felt like molten

lava erupting into my bowels, and the second turned my ass into a magma

chamber of fiery hot cum.

"Let's see it!" somebody shouted, and the monster between my legs

complied. He took his dick out of my tortured ass hole for everybody to

see. His next squirt arced into the air, a powerful stream nearly three

feet long, which splashed down on me wetly, forming a ropy strand that

stretched from my forehead to my pussy. But he was just getting started.

His tennis ball sized nuts contracted again and another spurt gracefully

arced out over my body before splattering down on me. I lost count as

spurt after spurt covered me, crisscrossing my body with lines of cum.

Everybody fell silent watching the spectacle, and after the last bit of

cum dribbled onto my pussy I was too exhausted to move. I just lay there

in the sun feeling the slimey mixture of cum, sweat and oil dripping off

me. Cum dribbled out of my pussy and my asshole was gaping open and

drooling cum.

My respite was only temporary though, as the other boys recovered from

their shock and began forcing dicks into my various openings. One guy even

fucked me up the ass, but I was so stretched out that it barely felt like

he was tickling me. Multiple orgasms and a lot of cum later, the guys

finally ran out of steam. Staggering up off the ground, I stumbled to the

pool and dove in. The cool water felt wonderful on my body, washing all

the slime away and leaving me refreshed and clean. As I paddled around the

pool Chris came up to me and we kissed deeply.

"That was amazing Sydney, I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, we all got kind of carried away, I'm sorry."

"Hey, there's nothing to be sorry about. Everybody had a great time, and

it's not like I have a personal claim to you."

"You really feel that way?"

"Yeah I do, I mean, who am I to say who you can and can't have sex with?

And don't forget, I kinda started the whole thing!"

"You're right, you did. And you know something else? I think you should

finish it." I had noticed that he was swimming naked in the pool and our

conversation had given him a hard on. I raised myself up and impaled

myself on him and we enjoyed a leisurely, weightless screw in the cool

water of the pool. When we finished, I climbed out, managed to put on

tanning oil without incident, and lay naked in the sun for the rest of the

afternoon.

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The rest of the week was filled in a similar manner. Cindy and I went over

to the guy's house several times and every time we went things (namely

us!) got messy. When we weren't there, we were sunbathing topless at Higgs

Beach or drinking margaritas at a beachside bar or checking out the shops

in the downtown area. The week seemed to fly by and before I knew it, it

was Friday night. We had managed to raise a bit of cash for the van

repairs, but nowhere near enough. I knew that I needed to win the wet

t-shirt contest tonight; otherwise we were in trouble. Although I could

always bail us out with my "Dr. Arton Fund", I didn't really want anybody

to find out about it and start asking questions. So at 10:00 pm I found

myself back in Andy (the manager)'s office with butterflies doing some

sort of odd mating dance in my stomach. Laurel, the professional girl who

competed with me was there, as well as ten other girls, all drop dead

gorgeous. Andy told us that tonight's contest would be just like the other

ones except that the prizes at the end were a lot bigger. There would be

two rounds with half the girls advancing to the second round. Again,

winners were determined by crowd noise.

And with that we were walking up onto the now familiar stage and lining up

once more. Andy told the crowd what was up with the contest and you should

have heard the cheers when he told them about the $500 grand prize! While

Andy was warming them up, I was looking around nervously, wondering what I

was going to do to win the prize. That's when I spied Chris, Brian and a

bunch of their friends standing in the front row of the audience along

with Cindy and a bunch of my sorority sisters. Now I was really worked

upâ€”the last time I did this the crowd was at least anonymousâ€”but now I

actually knew people in it, people who would be watching me, and what I

did! Like so many times before though, my nervousness was beginning to

turn to excitement. Clearly Chris and the others like to watch me, whether

it was at their pool or here in the bar, so I shouldn't be embarrassed

about. Well, I thought to myself, I'll give them a show!

Andy had finished his announcements and now the first girl of the night

was strutting forward and having ice water poured all over her tits. She

sauntered back and forth across the stage and ripped her t-shirt off, much

to the crowd's delight. When she started flashing her pussy at them, I

realized that the stakes for tonight's show were much higher than last

time.

I was the eighth contestant of the night, so I got to watch seven other

girls go before me. Some of them repeated my trick of grinding their pussy

into guy's faces and all of them at least flashed their pussies to the

crowd if they didn't yank their thong bottoms off entirely. When it got to

be my turn, I still wasn't really sure what I was going to do, but then I

saw Cindy standing in the front row cheering for me and I knew.

After the momentary shock of having ice water poured all over my chest

wore off, I began walking along the front of the stage, fondling my boobs

and playing with my nipples through the wet shirt. When I got to the

center of the stage I paused and with one hand grabbed the collar of the

t-shirt and pulled down, ripping it off my body and showing my wet tits to

the crowd. They seemed appreciative, but I knew I was going to need more

to advance to the final round. That's where Cindy came in.

I continued walking around the stage playing with my breasts and pulling

aside my thong bottoms to flash my pussy at cute guys. When I got to Chris

I yanked my bottoms down, leaving me completely naked. Determined not to

make the same mistake as last time, I handed them to Chris for

safekeeping, making a big show of it to the crowd. They really got into

it, screaming wildly and those near him congratulated Chris, slapping him

on the back and shaking his hand. But they all quieted down when I got to

Cindy. The other contestants had just messed around with boys, but if you

really want to put on a good show, I figured you have to go with girls!

And that's what I intended to do. Walking up to Cindy I stood with my legs

far apart and lewdly spread my pussy lips with my hand. Cindy took the

bait and dove in, causing the crowd to scream with mad excitement. I put

one hand in her fiery red hair to encourage her and cupped one of my

breasts with the other, pulling it up so that I could suck on my own

nipple. Cindy has an amazing tongue and I could feel it snaking all over

my dripping wet pussy, teasing the clit one instant and then plunging up

my hole the next. In the dimly lit crowd, I could see Brian standing

behind Cindy, cupping her breasts with his hands. Then I noticed that they

were rocking back and forth together, and I realized that he was screwing

her, even as her tongue was getting me off. The thought of Cindy enjoying

a threesome in a crowded bar was too much for me and I could feel my pussy

beginning to heat up and start quivering. Sensing I was close, Cindy

attacked my clit, gently trapping it with her teeth and rapidly flicking

her tongue back and forth over it. My orgasm exploded in my pussy and my

juices squirted out, coating her lips. Instead of pulling away though,

Cindy smeared her face all over my ejaculating pussy, spreading my cum all

over herself. The crowd went wild, loving the fact that they were

witnessing some lesbian action from two girls who really got into it. As

my orgasm subsided and the crowd roared, I knew that I was going to make

it to the second round. Walking back to my place among the contestants I

could make out Brian cleaning Cindy's face with his tongue.

The rest of the contestants did their shows, but I hardly noticed in my

post-orgasmic bliss. I made it to the second round, as did Laurel. Of the

five girls in the final round I was going fourth and Laurel was fifth. The

first three girls put on good shows, even giving hand jobs to some of the

guys in the front row, which the crowd loved enormously, surging forward

to try to get a piece of the action. But all the while I was thinking to

myself that this would be my last performance for some time, and that I

needed to do something to top my previous shows. Looking at the surging

crowd for inspiration, I noticed a rock of stabilityâ€”Carl, the black

volcano with the monster cock who had reamed my ass earlier in the

weekâ€”and I knew what I would do.

When it was my turn, I quickly ripped off the new t-shirt they had given

me and strutted around on stage naked for a little while, until I came

over to where Carl was standing. Reaching out my hand to him, I tried to

pull him onto the stage. I couldn't believe it, but his already dark face

was darkening and I realized that he was blushing. Ignoring his protests,

I managed to get him onto the stage. Once again, the crowd quieted in

anticipation of what was to come. Grabbing the waistband of his shorts, I

yanked them down, exposing his enormous cock. It was currently soft, but

still about nine inches long, and it looked like a sinuous black snake

uncoiling from his shorts. Taking it in my hands I gently pulled on it so

the crowd could fully appreciate its length. Then I knelt down in front of

him, took a deep breath and swallowed his entire cock in one gulp. Carl

threw his head back and hollered with surprise, something to the effect of

"No one has ever taken me all!" but I couldn't really hear him over the

cheers and screams of approval from the crowd. Holding my lips tightly

around his shaft, I pulled my head back, exposing the writhing black dick

that had just recently disappeared between my ruby red lips. Already I

could tell that blood was pouring into it, causing it to stiffen and

lengthen. I plunged my nose back into Carl's pubic hair and paused there

for a second. Then I swallowed around his shaft, my rippling throat

muscles caused him to groan with pleasure. I could feel a vague

thump-thump, thump-thump sensation in my throat and realized it was Carl's

heartbeat pumping blood into his rapidly growing organ. I began bobbing my

head up and down his shaft, going only a few inches at a time. I was

scared that if I let him escape entirely I would never be able to get him

down my throat again. As his cock expanded in my throat it began to cut

off my air supply, and after a few more bobs I knew that I had to no

choice but to come up and breathe. I gasped for air as I reluctantly

allowed him out of my throat. He pulled away from me to make sure I was

all right, and as he did thick, sticky streamers of saliva stretched from

the tip of his cock to my mouth. Not wanting to lose my momentum, I

grabbed Carl by the ass and pulled him forward into my face. I guess the

muscles in my throat had been stretched out enough, because I was able to

re-swallow the entire length of his member once I managed to control my

gag reflex. I was later told that the volume of the crowd was

unbelievable, but I was so engrossed in deep throating Carl that I

couldn't hear it. I began working up a steady rhythm; take a breath, slide

cock in mouth, swallow, release, repeat. When only the head of his cock

was in my mouth, I could taste the precum beginning to ooze from it,

adding to the copious amounts of drool I was liberally coating Carl's

shaft with. Soon my chin was completely covered in a mixture of drool and

precum, and I could feel a few drops trickling down and landing on my

boobs. As the flow of precum increased, the droplets turned into sticky

rivers that drooled out of my mouth and flowed over and around my tits,

running between them and down my tummy and pussy before dripping onto the

floor. I looked up into Carl's face. He was staring down at me with a

mixture of stunned surprise and awe, watching with amazement as his

midnight black cock slid through my parted lips. Grabbing his ass with

both hands, I began to ram my head down his shaft, literally fucking his

cock with my mouth. Carl wrapped his huge hands in my long blond hair and

helped pull my head down hard on his shaft. I could taste the salty flow

of precum increasing and I hoped that he was going to cum soonâ€”I knew I

couldn't take another prolonged session like he had given my ass. As he

thrust into my mouth, I could feel the massive cock head slide through my

lips and down my throat, stretching it open as the head slid in. Some of

the crowd could see the massive bulge sliding up and down my throat and

they screamed their approval.

"Oh god Sydney," I could hear Carl stammer, "I'm g-gonna cum soon!"

I don't remember when I had begun fingering my pussy, but by now I was

stretching it open with one hand, and plunging three fingers in and out of

it with the other. Carl's pronouncement sent me over the edge and I began

to cum myself, my pussy squirting its juices all over my hands.

"Cum ugh yes cum on my face!" I managed to gasp between thrusts of his

cock and spasms of my pussy. I'm not sure how intelligible I was, but Carl

must have gotten the point because, a few thrusts later, he pulled his

cock out of my throat and aimed it at my face. He slid one massive fist up

and down it's slobbery length and then, almost in slow motion, I saw the

slit on the head open up, forced apart by a pearly white stream of cum. I

barely noticed as the cum jetted across the six inches or so separating

his cock from my face until it hit me right between the eyes, splashing

wetly all over my forehead and nose. I kept watching the slit and soon it

opened again as a second blast of cum shot out and hit me in the mouth and

chin. I looked up into Carl's face, which was now consumed with lust, as

he watched a third blast hit me in the throat and begin dripping down my

chest. I kept looking up at him as shot after shot covered my face. Soon

my face was drenched with cum and Carl began shooting his spunk onto my

soft tits. I could feel his warm discharge trickling down my entire body.

When he finally finished, I looked down at myself and was shocked at the

amount of cum coating my tits and stomach and pussy. Sticky white strands

were everywhere, and gooey waterfalls had formed on my nipples. As Carl

wrung the last bit of cum out of his cock, I delicately reached out my

tongue and gathered in the last drop that had formed on the end of his

rapidly softening cock. Deciding that I should end this blowjob the same

way I started it, I thrust my head forward, taking him down my throat one

last time. I could feel the black snake writhing and twitching in my

throat as it slowly deflated. Releasing it from my mouth, I could hear the

crowd chanting: "Sydney! Sydney! Sydney!" and I remembered where I was.

Getting off my knees, I stood up and faced the crowd, allowing them to see

the cum dripping off my face and tits and oozing down my body. I began

playing with it, rubbing it into my body and raising a cum-covered tit to

my mouth to lick clean. As the crowd continued chanting I knew my turn was

over, and I slowly walked back to the rest of the contestants, knowing

that all eyes in the room were glued to my messy body.

When I reached the back of the stage, Andy managed to recover from his

stupor and wrench his eyes away from my body. "And now for the final

contestant, Laurel!" Even with his microphone it was hard to hear what he

was saying over the "Sydney!" chants, but Laurel began stepping forward.

The mandatory ice water was poured over her t-shirt, which she ripped off

as she walked to the front of the stage. She gestured for the crowd to be

quiet and, after a few more chants, they obliged her.

"I've watched Sydney out here four times now, and she never fails to amaze

me." The crowd cheered heartily. "There's no way I can compete with what

she just did, so instead, how about an encore?!" The crowd erupted with

applause and soon they were chanting my name again. "Sydney, come on up

here!" Laurel gestured for me to join her at the center of the stage. Cum

was still dripping down my body as I walked up to her, but it didn't stop

her from throwing her arms around me and crushing her body against mine.

"Is this ok with you Sydney?" she whispered to me. "I've wanted to do this

ever since I first saw you perform, but until tonight and that red head I

didn't think you'd be up for it. Now though " I was shocked, but at the

same time enormously turned on. I mean, here's a girl who sees gorgeous

women naked all the time as part of her job. And she wants me!

"Could be fun, I'm up for it!" How could I say no?

With that Laurel urgently pressed her lips against mine, parting them with

her sinuous tongue. While we kissed, Laurel slid her body up and down on

mine, until Carl's slimey cum coated us both. She broke off from her kiss

and began delicately licking my face, slurping up bits of cum and

generally cleaning it off.

"You're so sweet Sydney, that this cum seems like a candy coating, just

waiting for me to lick off!"

All I could do was groan in reply as one of Laurel's stray hands found a

slippery tit and began playing with it. I was helpless as Laurel's hands

and mouth explored my body, caressing my butt, tweaking my nipples and

even sliding her fingers up and down my wet, shiny pussy lips. When she

gently nibbled on my ear lobe it sent delightful shivers of pleasure up

and down my spine. I began returning the caresses, sliding my hands down

her firm thighs and tickling her wonderful belly. When I cupped her

augmented breasts in my hands, the feeling surprised me. I don't really

know what I was expecting, maybe a zip lock bag filled with jelly.

Instead, they felt a bit firmer than mine did, but otherwise warm and very

real. They were slippery and covered with cum and I loved playing with

them, squeezing and pulling on them before I bowed my head down and took

one of her nipples in my mouth. I gently nibbled on it, savoring the taste

of Carl's cum and the sound of Laurel's lust-filled moans. I slipped a

hand into her thong bikini bottoms and found a tiny triangle of hair,

before sliding down further and discovering her sopping wet pussy. I slid

my whole hand back and forth over it, trapping her bare lips in the

crevices between my fingers. She was wet beyond belief and groaning into

my ear as I played with her. She decided to return the favor, and when her

questing hand found my pussy she didn't hesitate to plunge two fingers

deep into my juicy slit. I knew that everybody in that crowd was dying to

fuck one or the other of us, and the fact that all they could do was watch

was an incredible turn on. I lowered myself to my knees in front of Laurel

and untied the strings holding her thong bottoms on then I grabbed them

with my teeth and pulled them off her. I dove into her slit, lapping up

the juices flowing liberally from her pussy. As I teased her clit, she

grabbed my head with her hands and began rubbing herself all over my face,

leaving it sticky and moist. As I slid two fingers up her pussy she

screamed out in ecstasy and I could feel her pussy spasming as she came.

Once she recovered she pushed my down onto my back and straddled my head,

facing my toes. I renewed my attack on her pussy and she dove forward into

mine, tasting it for the first time. Her tongue felt like sheer energy as

it flicked in and out and all over me. I knew that I was going to cum soon

and I screamed into her pussy as my climax hit me. My cum gushed out of me

as Laurel opened her mouth and sealed her lips around my pussy so that she

could drink in all of my heavenly nectar. When my juices stopped squirting

into her mouth, she got off me and lay down on her back so that our

pussies were pressing against each other and our legs were tangled

together. She began sliding her pussy up and down mine, the mixture of our

saliva and cum producing a sensual, sinful lubricant. I hadn't fully

finished cumming and soon I could feel another orgasm building up. As my

pussy erupted for a second time, squirting onto Laurel's clit, she began

to cum with me. We were both screaming with pleasure as our climaxes

ripped through us. Every jerk of our bodies caused our pussies to rub

against each other, triggering orgasm after orgasm in the two of us. When

we finally came down, I didn't have the energy to move and just lay there,

legs spread in the middle of the stage, pussy drooling wet and gaping

open. Laurel crawled up next to me so that we could kiss as we rested

there, exhausted.

In that moment, lying in the center of the stage with my pussy spread open

for everyone to see, I felt incredibly free and liberated. It was as if my

physical exposure grew to encompass my mental state, and I had nothing to

hide; no dirty secrets, no hidden agendas. It was a catharsis of sorts and

suddenly my body was free of all negativity and tension and anxiety. And I

think that Laurel felt it too, as we kissed each other in the middle of

the stage.

Slowly my post-orgasmic haze began to clear though, and I could hear the

wild applause coming from the crowd. Laurel and I slowly stood up, our

bodies still weak from our wild orgasms, as Andy joined us at center

stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I think this is too close to call! What do you

think about having two winners here tonight?" The crowd went wild,

cheering for us as we took a victory lap around the stage, arm in arm. Our

time on the stage was over, though, and Laurel and I walked back to Andy's

office with him and the other contestants.

"I guess we'll add first and second together and then split it between you

two," Andy said as he sat down behind his desk and we began to get

dressed.

"Actually Andy, go ahead and give my share to Sydney, I think she needs it

more than I do." I looked at Laurel questioningly. "I overheard you and

your friends talking about the car repairs. I don't really need the cash."

"Laurel, are you sure?"

"I'm positive. Get your car fixed."

"Well, we only need five hundred bucks. At least take the rest."

"Fair enough." Andy quickly counted out five crisp one hundred dollar

bills and handed them to me, giving Laurel the remaining one.

"Thanks Laurel. Take care of yourself."

"You too Sydney. We'll see ya later." With that she hugged me and walked

out of the office along with the other contestants, passing Chris as he

walked in. Andy was about to stop him until I explained that Chris was

with me.

"Um Sydney " he stammered. "I have a confession to make. One of the guys

standing next to me begged and pleaded and I gave him your bottoms "

"You what??!"

"I gave him your bikini bottoms, I'm sorry. You just looked so hot the

other night."

"Are you serious?"

Cracking up, he reached into his pocket and pulled my bottoms out. "No."

"Thank god! You really thought I looked hot though?" I coyly looked up at

him through my mussed up hair.

"Yeah, I did."

"Well maybe you should keep those in your pocket then."

I turned to Andy, but he was already handing me a t-shirt and a pair of

scissors with a huge grin on his face. "I have to hand it to you Sydney,"

he said, "life around you is never dull is it?"

"Apparently not," I laughed while cutting off the shoulders of the t-shirt.

Chris and I went out dancing that night, but we couldn't find a bar

crowded enough to pull off a repeat performance. Instead we satisfied

ourselves on a moonlit beach with the surf lapping at our feet. As he

walked me back to my hotel he stopped me outside my room.

"Sydney, I have some bad news. A bunch of the guys have to get back early

to do papers and other stuff, so we're leaving first thing in the morning.

I guess this is good bye."

"Oh no! That sucks, I was looking forward to hanging out tomorrow!"

"I know, I was too. Listen though, here's my email address. Write me

sometime."

"I will. You know, it's funny. This whole week started with that one badly

thrown football, and look at how it turned out. I don't think I've ever

had this much fun."

"I know I haven't. Sadly though, I guess this is goodbye."

"Yeah, well, take care and have a safe trip back."

"You too."

I turned and put my key in the door, twisting the knob open before turning

back to wave goodbye to Chris.

"One last thing Sydney," he smiled "You know Brian? He's the starting

quarterback on our football team."

"You mean that throw "

"Gotta go. See ya later Sydney!"

"Why you little weasels!"

But I was laughing to myself as I walked into the room.

Author's Note: Let me know how you liked this installment and if you think

I should write more about my life. If you haven't read about some of my

past adventures, please do! Also, if you liked this story a lot, then vote

below, if you didn't like it don't waste your time! Also, feel free to

email me with any suggestions, criticisms, propositions or story ideas.

Thanks for reading my story!