**The Evening's Entertainment**

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I was to be the entertainment for this evening.

I knew this. I had freely agreed to it. After all, my sex life had hit a very long dry spell. When Clarissa, one of my girlfriends, had mentioned this club that she belonged to - a "kinky sex club" was her description - it sounded like just what I needed.

"The men and women there are reasonably attractive," Clarissa assured me. "Although none of them are supermodels, they are certainly focused on sex and having a good time. Angela, I really think you would find it fun, too."

I did not have to agonize over my decision. I trusted Clarissa, and her judgment. I did not even balk when Clarissa explained that newcomers put on a sort of show or demonstration during their first visit. "This allows the other club members to get to know you, 'intimately', let's say," Clarissa explained with a huge grin.

"What exactly do you mean by a demonstration?" I asked.

"Well, you have sex in front of the other members," she replied.

I felt my breath catch upon hearing this. My body responded viscerally. My heart began racing, and I felt my dry spell ending rather prematurely as my panties dampened at the thought. I had never had sex with another person watching, let alone a group of people. I had never even considered it. But now that the opportunity was beginning to present itself, I was surprised at how the idea was triggering my arousal. I apparently had a hitherto untapped streak of exhibitionism hidden deep inside of me.

"I guess I can handle that, Clarissa. When can we go?" I inquired, trying hard to keep a squeak out of my voice.

"There is a meeting next weekend," Clarissa replied brightly. "I'll pick you up, and we can go together."

During the week, I found myself looking frequently at the clock, wondering why the hours were dragging by so slowly. It felt like the weekend would never arrive. I also stripped naked and examined my image in my full-length mirror more often than I had ever done before. I realized that several people - strangers - were going to be seeing this body and I hoped they would be kind enough to overlook all the flaws that were so glaringly obvious to me. I wished that there was some magical way I could transfer some of the fullness from my butt up into my breasts. I pinched the flesh of my ass cheeks, pleased that they were at least firm. I took each breast into my hand and lifted it, and then let it drop, critically watching it bounce and wobble. Sighing, I knew that there was nothing that I could do in such a short time to make any changes.

During these examinations, one thing that I noticed that I could do something about were the marks pressed into my skin by the elastic straps and bands of my bra and panties. These took quite some time to dissipate from my pale skin - 15 to 20 minutes to completely disappear. I decided to go to the meeting dressed in a simple blouse and skirt, leaving my bra and panties at home.

However, when the weekend arrived and I was waiting for Clarissa to pick me up, I realized that I was so excited that my pussy was lubricating copiously. If I sat like that in Clarissa's car, I was likely to drench the back of my skirt, not to mention the seat covers. Inserting a tampon for the journey seemed to be a good temporary solution to the problem. As an afterthought, I stuffed a pair of panties and another tampon in my purse, which might be needed for the return home after the meeting.

I found it to be a bit difficult to hold a conversation with Clarissa as she drove us to the building where the club had its meetings. As we often do when we are entering into an unknown situation, my mind was running through various scenarios of what the evening might be like. Would the people accept me? Would they laugh at me? What if none of the men wanted to have sex with me? What if I had an attack of shyness and froze up? What if my cunt dried up and the sex became too painful for me to continue? How mortifying that would be!

With my mind in such a whirl of thoughts, I was not really paying full attention to some of the comments that Clarissa was making. When she mentioned the concept of a 'safeword' it did not really register in my consciousness. And 'redred'? What could she mean by that? I must have misheard. Anyway, we were now parking in front of the building, and hurrying inside.

As we entered, I was surprised to see no one else in evidence.

"Where is everyone?" I asked.

"They are all in the main meeting room. We deliberately schedule the newcomer to arrive 15 minutes later than everyone else so that all the members get to see the new person at the same time," Clarissa explained.

Escorting me down a short corridor, Clarissa led me into a small dressing room. "Here are some hangers for your clothes, and a locker for your shoes and purse. Strip everything off, and then put on this robe. When you come out of this room, do not be shocked by the two men that will be waiting by the door. They are your honor guard, and they will lead you to the main room. I will see you there," Clarissa said with a smile, and she winked and left the room.

Alone now in the nice warm room, I slipped off my shoes, unbuttoned and shrugged off my blouse, and unzipped and wiggled out of my skirt. Hanging my clothes on the hangers provided, I found a box of tissues on the vanity. Holding a tissue in one hand and grasping the tampon string in the other, I eased the tampon out of my pussy, catching and wrapping it in the tissue. There was so much fluid in it that I wrapped it again with a few more tissues, and even used a couple to wipe my labia. All of this was placed into a handy nearby wastebasket.

Slipping on and belting the robe closed, I took a few more minutes regarding myself in the vanity mirror, adjusting my lipstick and patting a few stray hairs that had fallen forward onto my forehead back into place. Shaking with nervous anticipation, I looked once more into the mirror. Looking at the hopefully pretty brunette woman wearing a robe that I saw there, I asked, "What have you gotten yourself into this time, Angela?"

I felt I could delay no longer. Tiptoeing to the door, I opened it slowly, peering out into the corridor. As promised, there were two men waiting, one standing on either side of the door, facing away from the room, arms crossed in front of their chests. They were of medium height, one of them light-haired, the other one dark-haired. Dressed in short sleeved shirts and shorts, they turned in unison to face me and smiled.

"Are you my honor guard?" I asked, embarrassed to hear my voice crack slightly in the middle of that question.

"Indeed we are, Miss," replied the dark-haired one. "Please come this way," he continued, gesturing down the longer corridor.

Complying, I began padding barefoot in the direction indicated, the men falling into step slightly behind me. Butterflies started dancing in my stomach. I began wondering if one of these two men was destined to fuck me in front of the group. My heart seemed to try to jump up into my throat when the thought crossed my mind that they might both use me sexually. After all, Clarissa had said this club was kinky.

I found that it was easy to agree to do something in theory, when fully clothed in my own home talking to my girlfriend. It was a completely different matter to actually be doing it. To be walking naked ( except for a robe ) down the corridor of a strange building, escorted by two men that I did not know. To now have the knowledge crystallize that I was about to enter a room with more people in it that I did not know (except for Clarissa ) where I was expected to discard the robe and expose my nudity. Moreover, I had agreed to let those people watch as someone made love to me. I mentally corrected myself. This would not be love making. There could be no love, since I and the other person were unknown to one another. This would be fucking, pure and simple.

I even began wondering if the two men really represented an honor guard, or if they were accompanying me to make sure that I did not lose my courage, bolt like a scared rabbit back up the corridor to the dressing room, throw my clothes back on, and escape from the building. Surely they would not hold me against my will!

Almost as if they were reading my thoughts, the two men accelerated slightly and came up beside me. I was afraid that they were going to seize my arms and restrain me. As I opened my mouth to protest, I realized that they were just stepping ahead of me to open the double doors at the end of the corridor. Relief flooded through me, giving me enough composure to pass through the doorway into the large, well lit room.

My eyes darted around, noticing perhaps a dozen people present. Far more than I had expected. Thankfully, they were pleasant looking, a collection of smiling men and women. As I scanned their faces, trying to read the emotions displayed on them, I felt a wave of acceptance wash over me. This dissipated one of the things that I had been worrying about in the car.

Finally, I picked out Clarissa from the sea of unfamiliar faces. Okay, maybe there were not enough people to constitute a sea - let's say from the lake of unfamiliar faces. Clarissa stepped forward to stand by my side and introduce me to those present. "This is my friend Angela, our newest member." Pausing for a brief period of polite applause, she went on to name all the others present, pointing to each as she did so. Unfortunately, given the speed at which the names flew into my ear, I was only able to retain the first name that I heard, and the last two. The petite redheaded woman that Clarissa introduced first was Karen. I also learned that of the two members of my honor guard, whom she introduced last, the dark-haired man was Tom, and the light-haired man was Lance. I almost giggled when I heard that last name, imagining his 'lance' - his cock - spearing its way into me.

Clarissa then turned to me and asked formally in a loud clear voice, "Angela, do you wish to be our entertainment this evening? If so, you can symbolically display your acquiescence by removing your robe."

I felt all the eyes of the room upon me at that point, and felt the palpable hush as everyone awaited my decision. I was glad that I did not have to answer verbally, since my throat tightened as the moment of truth had arrived. My fingers shook slightly as they fumbled with the knot I had placed in the robe's belt. As the knot parted, I slowly pulled the robe open and off of my shoulders, and let it drop. The soft material pooled at my feet. Lifting my chin, I raised my arms and placed my hands behind my head, arching my back slightly. This posture gave a subtle lift to my tits. I was determined to display my nude body to its best advantage as these people got their first look at it.

This was greeted with an enthusiastic wave of applause, and felt my cheeks heat gently with a rosy blush.

As the applause gradually abated, Tom and Lance let me over to a strange device that I had not noticed, since up until this point I had been focused upon the people in the room.

I knew about these things and I had seen pictures of them on the Internet, but I'd never seen one for real before. Also, since I was not expecting to see one, it took several moments to register what I was seeing - stocks!

I was still sorting it out, as Lance raised the top half of the device on its hinge, while Tom pressed his hand at my upper back to encourage me to bend forward. Tom then adjusted my body position to place my neck in the central depression, and each of my wrists in the side depressions. These depressions were lined with a soft velvety material and my mind was so focused on the sensations of this wonderful velvety caress that I did not protest as Lance lowered the top section into place, securing my wrists and neck. I heard a clicking sound which told me the panels were now locked together.

My head and hands were on one side of the stocks, the rest of my body on the other side.

I was well aware that my naked body was bent at the hips, with my bare breasts dangling below my torso. My buttocks were certainly on full display to anyone behind me. I felt very vulnerable like this, but also somewhat - naughty. Instinctively, I drew my legs tightly together in an attempt to cover and protect my pussy.

I became aware of something being strapped to my right knee. Gentle hands slowly pulled my ankles apart from each other while someone behind me steadied my hips so I didn't lose my balance. At the same time, Tom did something to the central support pole of the stocks, gradually lowering my head and arms as my widening stance lowered my torso. The stocks were certainly well designed. When my ankles were more than shoulder width apart, I felt something being strapped to my left knee. When the hands released my ankles, I found that I could no longer draw my thighs together. Lance came into view in front of the stocks. I twisted my head slightly to look at him and asked, "What just happened?"

"I attached a spreader bar to keep your thighs open," he said casually, as if this was a commonplace action. I began to believe that in this club, this might actually be the case. Kinky indeed.

Clarissa came and knelt in front of me, looked up into my face, and whispered, "Are you still okay with this?"

I swallowed hard and considered my answer. "Ummm. Am I supposed to have sex like this?"

Clarissa nodded. "Oh yes. Definitely. But, as I told you in the car, remember your safeword 'redred' just in case."

"I'm afraid that I did not completely understand what you meant by that, Clarissa. What does 'safeword' mean?"

"Honey, it just means that if you don't like what is being done, you can stop us at any time. All you have to do is say 'redred' and all actions will cease immediately."

"Oh! I see, although I confess I've never had the desire to tell a man to stop fucking me before. In answer to your original question, although this all feels strange, it's still very exciting. So yes, I am okay with this."

At that moment, I really felt it was okay, being on display as I was. No one had made any hurtful or ugly comments about my appearance. The stocks, while restraining, were padded and comfortable. The strangest thing so far was my inability to draw my thighs either closer together, for modesty, or even farther apart, if I felt inspired to do so. The club members had me held exactly as they wanted me.

Hearing my answer, Clarissa smiled brightly, and lifted herself up. Tilting her head at an awkward angle, she gave me a very sweet kiss, the first time that she had ever done this. Sensing no protest on my part, she deepened the kiss briefly, and gave my cheek a tender caress before walking a short distance away to sit in a nearby chair.

People were milling around the room as this was being done. I had a limited field of view, since it was natural for me to look down at the floor, and it took an effort for me to raise my head to a level position. When I did so, I could see perhaps half of the room, and my hands protruding from the stocks. I saw several people now on this side of the room, including Lance, Karen, Clarissa, and Tom. Lance was sitting next to Clarissa. I grinned as I noticed that Clarissa had her hand on Lance's bare thigh, and he, in turn, was using his arm to cradle her head and neck against his shoulder. His hand was draped fortuitously over her right breast.

That was when I felt a hand slowly stroking down my spine. I had no idea whose hand it was. Not a clue. Whoever it was, the hand was taking it's time, painting my entire back with a warm brush of flesh. After an eternity, as the hand finally approached the swell of my buttocks, I found my whole body vibrating with sensation. With the first touch at my exposed, vulnerable ass cheeks, my hips involuntarily bucked like a skittish mare, and my knees weakened.

But oh how I savored that caress. How I yearned for more. Mouth going dry with shyness, I could not bring myself to beg for more intimate contact. I shuddered as the hand explored every inch of my ass. I knew that the people on my side of the stocks were watching my expression, while the people behind the stocks were probably watching what was being done to me with avid eyes. Being helpless as I was, unable to do anything about a stranger caressing me in this manner touched something inside me. Acceptance. Acceptance, blended with the thrill of newness.

The hand broke contact. I gasped at the sudden lack of sensation. As the moments dragged on, and the hand failed to return, I began a soft moan of frustration. The moan transitioned into a piercing shriek as I felt the warm, wet tongue lap me from clit to anus! I was glad that the spreader bar had been attached to my knees. If that had not been done, my thighs might have clamped together at the first contact of that tongue, and that would've prematurely ended this delicious sensation. The muscles inside my ass cheeks did contract, but not enough to prevent the tongue from washing over my anus at the end of its path.

A pair of hands grasped my ass cheeks, holding those quivering muscles at bay, as the tongue continued lapping sensuously at my clit, labia, and ass. A stubble of beard brushed my inner thighs from time to time. I dimly became aware of appreciative murmurs behind me, but I must confess my focus was on that tongue, and what it was doing to me. The lapping intensified as the tongue gradually plowed my labia apart. The owner of the tongue began to dine on the rich flow of juices oozing from my grateful cunt. I have a very good imagination. In my mind, I could "see" the man kneeling behind me, head buried in my sopping cunt, his hands raised to my ass cheeks possessively. I could "see" the onlookers moving around, viewing this tableau from different angles, some moving in quite close for a better look as I fed my juices into his mouth.

An unfamiliar voice behind me said, "Your tongue seems to be getting her quite horny, Joe, judging by the way her hips are dancing. But please move aside. I think she's been waiting for this."

I moaned in dismay as the tonguing stopped. My disappointment was brief however, because a few seconds later I felt a hand on my left ass cheek. Another hand spread my pussy lips wide apart and something warm and firm pressed near the entrance to my vaginal passage. Too big to be a finger, I knew what it had to be. The new stranger changed his position and angle slightly - I could tell because his thighs brushed against the back of my thighs. The head of his cock found its target, and the man pressed his hips forward, both of his hands grasping my ass for purchase. My well lubricated tunnel greeted its visitor in a buttery embrace. I heard him groan as he plunged his cock all the way in. "Holy crap! She's so hot and wet!" he exclaimed. "Her cunt fits me like a glove."

This indeed was what I had been waiting for! "OMG! Yes!" I cried out. I wanted to shove my hips back into his thrust, but of course the stocks prevented me from doing so. The spreader bar stopped me from either opening my thighs wider in acceptance, or closing them to trap that wonderful rod of flesh inside me. All I could do was rock my hips slightly up and down to increase the friction as he began fucking me with long, smooth strokes.

I actually found that I enjoyed being fucked while being restrained. I was learning more new things about myself. Being held like this, unable to do much other than receive - experience what was happening - kept me focused on the 'now', no thoughts of the past or the future. Just being in the moment.

Realizing that there was one other thing that I could do, I began encouraging whoever was fucking me. "Yes! This is what I need! Fuck me! Fuck me harder! Your cock feels so good in my little pussy!" Normally, I was not so verbal during sex. But being trapped as I was in the stocks, was... was... liberating. In a way it was difficult to feel shame when there was nothing I could do to prevent what was happening. My body reveled in being allowed to unleash its pent-up sexuality. I was finally getting what I had been waiting for all week, and needed so desperately - a good fucking.

As I began saying these things, I felt his hands sink more firmly into my ass cheeks, clamping me exactly where he wanted me. His thrusts intensified. The crowd behind me began encouraging him as well. I heard things like: "Come on, fuck that cunt!" "You heard her, Mark!" "She really wants that cock of yours!"

Clarissa came close to me, and knelt down where she could see my face. We looked into each other's eyes. I suppose I should've felt embarrassed, having her see me like this - seeing the depths of my wanton needs, so clearly on display. But I did not. I somehow felt a deep connection to her - either something newly formed, or something that had always been there, of which I had been unaware.

Keeping my eyes locked on hers, I whispered, "Please."

Sensing what I was pleading for, she smiled and reached both of her hands up under me, past the stocks. In moments, I felt her delicate fingertips dance lightly across my dangling, shaking breasts. Her touch triggered my orgasm! As I cried out in joy, rather than instinctively closing my eyes, I kept them wide open and focused on Clarissa's, letting her share this moment.

My cunt began waves of contraction on Mark's cock, grasping and milking it. In response, he stopped pumping it in and out. He just jammed it as deeply into me as he could and held it there. His cock began twitching as he yelled, "I'm cumming!" and gifted me with his semen. Time stood still for me as my eyes went slightly out of focus, still looking into Clarissa's face, as I felt the cock give a couple of weak final jerks and then withdraw.

Someone again adjusted the central support pole of the stocks, lowering my upper body a slight amount closer to the floor. Clarissa moved over to make room as Mark walked around to the front of the stocks. I knew it had to be Mark even though I could not look up higher than his hips because he presented his glistening cock, sticky with our mixed juices, to my lips. "Here. Clean me up," he commanded.

Shyly thrilled at the thought of doing this while people watched, but before I could readily acquiesce, my mouth flew open in surprise! Surprise at the sensation of another, perhaps slightly larger cock penetrating my still gaping vaginal opening. I was going to be fucked not just once, but twice, before this group. Mark took advantage of my open mouth, slipping his cock past my lips. I licked and sucked, tasting his unique flavor mixed with my own familiar one. I was blissful - I had never had a cock in my mouth at the same time as another one was pumping in and out of my cunt. The taste of semen, which I had been without for months, flooded my taste buds. I love that taste, especially after experiencing my own orgasm.

Also, there were hands caressing my tits again. I looked down and saw both of Clarissa's in her lap, so I knew the hands did not belong to her. In fact, her own hands were busy jilling her own pussy as she watched. I could not tell if the hands handling my breasts belong to a man or woman, but I did not really care because whoever it was seemed quite skilled. I was close to having my second orgasm when the man fucking me planted his cock so deeply inside me that his balls slapped hard against my pussy lips. Holding me tight against him, he spewed his load of cum. With each spurt that erupted from him, I fancied I could feel his balls rising and falling, rubbing against my labia.

This load, added to the one that Mark had deposited earlier, filled my tunnel to overflowing. It began seeping out of me, trickling down across my clit and mound in a sensuous stream. As this cock was removed from my pussy,I heard people laughing and giggling as they watched what must've been a huge glob of cum disgorge itself from my gaping hole. My mind created an obscene mental image of what they must be seeing - of what I must look like at this moment. I felt my cheeks flame with embarrassment, but there was nothing I could do to stop the flow.

A male voice somewhere behind me suggested, "Melissa, why don't you clean her up a bit? She's getting pretty sloppy." This observation deepened my embarrassment so much that I felt its hot flush sweep its way down my neck into my upper chest.

"Oh, Robert! Look at how you made her blush!" a woman's voice said in mock chastisement. This statement triggered more laughter and merriment in the people present.

Meanwhile, my second fucker walked around the stocks bringing his cock to my mouth for cleaning. As I suspected, it was rather big. I had to stretch my lips wide open just to get its head into my mouth. He must've sensed that I was gagging, unable to clean the length of his shaft. He pulled it back out of my mouth and turned it sideways so I could begin running my tongue over, under, and along its length. In the process, his manly scent insinuated itself deep into my nostrils, triggering primal responses throughout my body.

"Clarissa, be a dear and help this girl get at my balls to clean them, please," he requested. In response, Clarissa removed one of her hands that had been busy between her thighs, and reached up to lift his cock high enough that his balls came into my view. I could smell the heady, spicy scent of my girlfriend on that hand so close to my nose. Inhaling deeply, almost wishing that she was placing that hand to my lips, I concentrated on lapping at the ball sack that she was helping make visible. There I found several globs of semen clinging to the folds of his scrotum. As I licked and vacuumed that semen into my mouth, I realized it was probably a mixture of cum from both men! Somehow, this struck me as highly erotic, causing me to shiver.

Just as I finished this task, I felt a tongue working magically, starting at my mound, working its way up to my clit and past it. Soft lips fastened over my pussy, and I felt suction begin to pull the fluids up and out of my tunnel. Gentle hands took hold of my breasts, pulling them toward my pelvis. "That's it, Melissa! Suck that cum out of her," Robert chuckled. And I thought he had been merely jesting.

I was shocked. I had never had a woman put her mouth 'down there' on me. I was doubly shocked. I was shocked that Melissa was doing this to me. And I was shocked at how much I was enjoying her mouth there, once I got over the initial confused surprise. She was actually better at it than any man that I had experienced up until that point. I imagined that I could hear her humming happily, especially after her tongue enter me and started a scooping motion.

"Save some for me, Melissa," Clarissa implored. I felt Melissa's head move in a slight nodding action before she removed her lips from me and scooted around to where Clarissa knelt. Bringing her mouth near Clarissa's, Melissa opened her lips slightly and let free a dribble of gooey white cum. Clarissa eagerly accepted this gift, swallowing as it entered her mouth. The two women finished this exchange with a passionate kiss. I watched this with a mixture of disbelief and envy.

A pair of hands pulled my labia wide open, stretching them to their maximum. I heard Robert remark, "Yep, you did a great job, Melissa. She's now squeaky clean. All nice and ready for me." At this point, he drilled his cock into my cunt.

Robert must have been as turned on as I was. He bent his body down over mine, so I could feel him along my back. He reached beneath my torso and seized both of my tits rather roughly. He fucked me roughly as well - and I did not mind it one bit. He spanked my ass from time to time, and these slaps both focused my mind on what was happening to me and also drove me into a state of deep submission and acceptance. I never once considered using my safeword. Instead, my body reacted to his semi-brutal passion with the passion of its own. I came long and hard, screaming at the top of my lungs as the orgasm ripped its way through my body. I was flopping and jerking in Robert's fucking embrace, straining at the stocks, pulling at the spreader bar as he used me as his fuck toy. This orgasm was one of the longest I had ever experienced. Wave after wave of sensation coursed through me.

People were clapping, cheering him on. I heard questions like: "Do you like being used like this, slut?" and "Did you know what a wanton whore you are?" Dizzy with the turbulence of emotions cascading through me, I could only babble incoherent answers. Another orgasm erupted in my core - or maybe it was just a continuation of the first one. Whatever it was, Robert joined me in it. He pounded his cock into my receptive hole and unloaded a gush of his seed into my depths. He did not stop immediately after cumming, but continued slamming his cock in and out.

Some female observer commented, "He's whipping his semen into a bubbly white froth."

When he finally pulled out, a woman remarked, "His froth is decorating her entire slit from her clit to her ass. Look at that." This reminded me of how many people were witnessing me being used like this. She began spanking me, saying, "Let's see how much of that froth I can knock free this way." Her hand slapped over and over on each of my unprotected ass cheeks, making me jerk and dance. The laughter this provoked drew more people in the room to the space behind the stocks, so they could see better. My ass was getting hotter, and I had no idea if any of the cum was dropping to the floor under me. The spanking did not last long, but I experienced a blend of extreme embarrassment and even more heightened arousal from it. It seemed that the more I sank into submission, the more excited I became.

It became almost like a ritual. Each man, after using me as a receptacle for his cum, would walk around to the front of the stocks so I could lick and suck him clean. I was finishing my work on Robert's cock as I heard Lance announce close behind me, "My turn!" Quickly he inserted himself and began screwing my pussy. As he was doing so, I was startled as a dry, limp cock came into view beneath my face. I craned my head up to see who it was. Tom stood there, looking a bit abashed. He leaned over and whispered to me, "Please help get me hard."

I was happy to take his soft cock fully into my mouth, and gradually sucked him to a raging erection. At this point, I was sucking away passionately, inspired by the feeling of Lance erupting into me. Tom asked, rather shyly, "Are you okay with anal sex?"

Eying the diameter of his cute, thin, but fully erect cock, I replied, "My poor little ass would feel neglected if you didn't fuck it, Tom. Yes, fuck me in the ass!"

Another woman - I wish I had learned all their names - remarked, "You're going to fuck her ass, Tom? Let me get her ready." Hands, which I assumed were hers, grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled them wide apart, exposing my puckered ass hole. I had been fucked in the ass before, but I had never had my ass hole displayed to a crowd like this! I groaned aloud as I imagined what they were seeing.

As I was held open, a tongue began washing itself over my opening, causing me to reflexively clench my anal ring closed. Persistent, the woman obviously relished this challenge. She licked and probed my ass hole with her tongue over and over, getting me used to the touches. I gradually relaxed. When I was nice and slippery there, she introduced her finger, prying at me gently. When my ass accepted the intrusion of that finger, she added a second, making me vocalize a happy groan. As she finally withdrew her fingers, I sensed Tom stepping into place behind me.

Very carefully, Tom rubbed his cock head along my ass crack. It was wet, either from some woman mouthing him at the last moment, or from his dripping precum. It was enough to lubricate its head well. He began sliding his cock into and past my anal ring. The delightful sensation of that slender rod penetrating my naughty hole caused me to cry out, "Yes, Tom, yes! I love having your cock in me! OMG! Fuck my ass!"

He needed no more encouragement than that. As he was taking his turn at using me, many of the women also got into the act, stroking my torso, thighs, legs, toes. A couple of them came around to the front and started sucking my fingers. I was awash in sensation. Sounds coming from in front of me drew my attention. I tilted my chin up to scan the room. What looked like an orgy had started up, some of the men having recovered sufficiently to work on satisfying the needs of any unfulfilled women.

Every man present used either my cunt or my ass. Some may have used me more than once - I lost count. Every woman must have licked, sucked, nibbled, spanked, or fingered me. I had more sex in those few hours than I had had in years. I was in a state of orgasmic bliss, the stocks supporting my torso as I leaned on them. The entire room seemed to smell of sweat and sex - or maybe it was just me. I thought that my initiation to the club was complete. "If we are done, can someone please help me out of this?" I pleaded with an exhausted, hoarse voice.

Karen replied, "You are not quite done, Angela. Clarissa gets a 'special turn', since she sponsored you to the club."

Focusing on Clarissa, I watched with widened eyes as she donned a strap on. Karen knelt before her, and used her mouth to get it wet, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked on it. After a few moments, Clarissa pulled the dildo out of Karen's mouth, sticky and gleaming with her saliva. Leading Karen by the hand, Clarissa walked out of sight behind me, saying, "I need you to keep wetting this for a while."

Clarissa came up close behind me. I felt the heat radiating from her exposed skin. Taking her time, she ran her hands across my back, down my spine, and over my ass. Her touch was so sensuous that my body flooded with renewed energy, rising up against her hands. I began to murmur, "Please... Please..."

Her hand parted my labia as she guided the wet dildo of the strap on into position. She worked it in and out slowly, letting the rubbery 'dick' enter and ultimately claim me. When she was all the way in, I felt her pelvis press against my butt, and she draped herself along my back with her tits pressed hot against my sensitized flesh. Her breath struck my nape, making my wispy hairs there move and add their caresses to my skin.

She placed her hands on my shoulders, as she began bucking into me earnestly. For the first time in my life, I was being fucked by a woman! I thought my exhausted body was incapable of another orgasm. But the excitement, the strangeness of this, made me cum rather quickly. As I shook, Clarissa stopped thrusting and merely held me in an embrace.

After I had calmed down, she pulled out the dildo, and stepped out of the strap on. Moving to a clear patch of floor in front of the stocks, she sat down with her thighs wide open, displaying her cunt to me. Club members opened the stocks, eased me from it, and lowered me down near her cunt. It seemed that I was to experience one more new thing on this magical evening. Never having been intimate with another woman, I had never had the opportunity to look closely at someone else's pussy.

Perhaps sensing my shyness or hesitation, Clarissa reached down and delicately parted her labia invitingly. My eyes drank in the sight of her gleaming pink folds, noticing their resemblance to flower petals. The opening of the dark tunnel between them was in motion, slightly closing and then opening again. Her two fingers pulled upwards on her pussy lips, revealing a tiny hole above her vaginal opening. And just above that opening, I could see the pink, pulsating rod of her clit, with its hood pulled back. Her musky scent tantalized my nostrils as I moved my face closer. I knew that I had to take advantage of this marvelous opportunity - I had to taste my friend's pussy.

Extending my tongue carefully, I touched it first to one pussy lip, then the other, well aware of all of those eyes watching me. Her taste was similar to my own juices, yet uniquely different in some manner. Getting bolder, I ran my tongue the length of her slit, from base to clit, hearing Clarissa gasp quietly. The texture of her clit against my tongue was so wonderful that I licked it carefully several times - its base, sides, head. My lips closed over that tiny head and I savored the feel of it throbbing in my mouth as my tongue tapped it gently. Clarissa moaned happily at this contact, and tilted her hips back even more, offering herself more fully.

I wanted her now so much that I plunged in, greedily eating her cunt, spearing the depths of her vagina with my agile tongue. Sucking at her hole brought forth more and more of her juices as her excitement blossomed. My hands slid under her to grasp her butt, my fingers sinking into her ass flesh to hold her in place as I consumed her. Her entire sex reddened and heated, her scent intensifying. Suddenly, Clarissa grabbed my head, holding me fiercely against her as she started humping my face. The sounds that she made as she came filled the room as she smeared my face with her cum! I drank what I could, but her hip motions made the juices jetting from her pussy coat my face, neck, shoulders, and tits. When she finally released my head, people eased me away from her cunt, turning me onto my back to rest on the floor. Blissfully exhausted, I fell asleep like that, as my fellow club members came forward to lick Clarissa's cum from my body.

The End - The Evening's Entertainment