The Judge

by SimonSays1Â©

Hi.

You might remember me. My name is Ellie - and I'm a slut.

Not always you understand, but sometimes. Normally, I'm almost demure. But when my lustful desires take over, I just have to get away and do something about

them -- and that's were you might remember me from. I wrote all about my

adventures a little while ago. Well, if you read my diaries then you'll know

that sooner or later those lustful desires were going to come back. Well, not so

long ago they did.

And so I went away again.

And this is what happened on my second night in Spain.

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My pussy felt as if it was on fire. I'd been on holiday for two days, and hadn't

even started to satisfy my lustful cravings. I glanced across at the bed as I

walked through my hotel room, at the toys strewn there. I'd only just got out of

the shower, where I'd spent an awful long time caressing my body and plunging my

fingers inside my pussy until I'd exploded with the most wonderful orgasm, but

still I wanted, needed, more. I knew that what I really needed was a nice, hot

cock. But somehow, since I'd arrived back in Spain, I just hadn't got what I

wanted. Oh, there'd been opportunities, but it was if I was waiting for

something else, something special, something different, to come along.

I glanced at the clock, and saw that I had a good hour until I needed to get

dressed and ready for dinner. After that, I was planning to go out and explore

the bars along the sea front. I reached for the towel that I'd dropped on the

end of the bed, catching sight of the toys again as I leant over, my full

breasts swaying forward. I was planning to go out onto the balcony for a while

to dry off in the early evening sun, but seconds later that was forgotten as I

sat at the end of the bed, propped up against several pillows, my breast in one

hand while I ran the fingers of the other around my engorged clit.

I moaned as I tweaked a nipple, softly at first and then harder as other fingers

traced a circle around my clit. I glanced across at my reflection in the mirror

on the dressing table at the end of the bed, at my flushed face. Without really

thinking, I got up and quickly tilted the mirror forward. Settling back down, I

sighed as I watched in the mirror as my fingers disappeared into my pussy. I

fingered myself slowly, relishing the feel of at least something inside me. I

sighed as little tremors of pleasure ran through me, my already hard nipples

tightening even more as I tugged on them gently.

I closed my eyes for a moment and laid back, settling into the pillows as my

fingers found a good, steady rhythm across my clit and deep inside my wanton

pussy. With a sigh, I pulled my fingers from my pussy and licked them slowly,

tasting my juices before I felt around the bed for the toys. I found one of my

favourites, a small vibrator, slender and short, but which felt amazing on my

clit. I opened my eyes and watched in the mirror as my fingers and toy did their

work, each alternating between my clit and pussy.

My body was on fire, my nipples aching with desire. I pinched them fiercely,

clamping the vibrator between my thighs to free up my hands. I pulled the toy

from my pussy, needing something more. I grabbed another vibrator, a long, thick

one that was so cock like it was scary. I threw my legs apart and watched in the

mirror again, my wet pussy and the tight rosebud of my ass staring back at me. I

could the shininess of my juices were they'd trickled slowly down between my

taut cheeks.

With a wanton groan, I grabbed the small toy again and quickly sucked it, before

guiding the moist plastic towards my ass. I relaxed as it slid inside me just

enough to send waves of pleasure through me. I fucked my ass gently, my fingers

swirling slowly around my clit again. My ass tightened around the vibrator,

holding it in place while I held my lips apart and slipped the thicker cock into

my hot pussy.

Through blurred eyes, I watched in the mirror as I fucked myself, as I toyed

with my clit, as I pulled on my already swollen nipples. I watched my breasts

swaying as I drove the cock into me, faster, deeper. I watched as a flush rose

through me, as my mouth hung open. I watched and felt my orgasm build, and then burst through me, driven by my toys and my fingers, by my need and lust, my ass and pussy full.

I gasped and cried out as my body rocked with pleasure. I held the toys inside

my body, my thighs tight together as I squeezed my breasts, as my orgasm flooded

my body before running its course. I eased the toys out of me, before flopping

back onto the bed, gasping for breath, my body slick with perspiration.

Once I'd got my breath back, I took another shower, and this time I managed to

behave while I washed, while I went and sat out on the balcony, a towel wrapped

loosely around me. I let the sun dry me off before heading back into the

bedroom, pangs of hunger telling me that it was time for dinner. Or was it pangs

of another sort telling me to get dinner -- and hit the town?

As I walked back into the bedroom and dropped my towel, I caught sight of myself

in the full length mirror. My red hair hung loosely around my shoulders, framing

my face. I always thought my nose was too small, but my bright eyes and full

lips more than made up for it. I turned sideways, and checked out the upward

tilt of my full breasts, the hard, pointed nipples. I shivered as I ran a hand

over my flat stomach, before turning around to check out my firm, rounded ass

and long, slender legs in the mirror.

"Not bad," I murmured to myself as I turned to face the mirror again, casting my

eyes one more time over my lightly tanned body, with only my mound standing out, plump and white, its covering of short red hair doing little to hide what lay

beneath.

I quickly combed my hair out, leaving it loose around my shoulders. I grabbed

favourite black bra and thong, a tight vee neck tee shirt that showed off my

breasts to perfection, and a short flared skirt. I looked at the bra, and then

discarded it before pulling the thong up my legs, making sure that it was

settled nicely around my mound before pulling the red skirt on after it.

I looked in the mirror again, taking pleasure in the sight of my breasts. I

pulled on the white tee shirt, loving how it clung to my breasts. The material

was already rubbing my nipples, making them rise up, my clothes doing nothing to

hide them. I grinned at myself as I checked my hair again. A quick spray of

perfume, and I was ready.

"Girl," I told myself in the mirror, "you're looking good!"

I slipped on a pair of stilettos that showed off my legs, grabbed my bag and was

gone, my short skirt swirling around my thighs as I headed for the lifts. I

strolled into the restaurant and headed for the table I'd been allocated when I

arrived. I enjoyed the walk through the crowded room, knowing that so many eyes

were on me -- the eyes of men who lusted after me, and of women who were either

jealous or envious, or who wanted me as well.

I took my time over dinner, enjoying the attention of the handsome Spanish

waiters. Part of me wanted to rush, but part of me wanted to take my time. And

as I did, I felt an unexpected sense of anticipation building. I suddenly knew

that tonight was going to be something special, that this was what I'd been

waiting for. I had no idea what that something was, but my pussy was throbbing

unbearably at just the thought, my already hard nipples tightening against my

tee shirt.

After dinner, I stuck to my plan and headed down towards the sea front. The

streets that were lined with tacky souvenir shops during the day were now alive

with the throbbing beat from a multitude of bars, the music bouncing off the

closely packed buildings. I took my time, enjoying the sights and sounds around

me, the attention I was getting. I smiled flirtatiously a few times, and frowned

discouragingly a few more as I made my way towards the sea front.

The sea breeze caught my skirt as I turned to walk along the bar and club lined

promenade, but I didn't bother to stop it as it rose high up on my thighs. I

wandered into the first bar and slid onto a high bar stool, crossing my legs

carefully as I ordered a glass of white wine. I looked around as I sipped my

drink, seeing a typical Spanish sea front bar. I decided that it wasn't the

place for me, and finished my drink quickly before sliding off the stool.

The next bar was much the same, though this time I stayed long enough to chat

for a few minutes to a group of Germans of about my age. They were talking

excitedly about a new club that had just opened where "anything goes", and I

knew straight away that that was the place for me. I finished my drink and

headed off in the same direction as them.

I found it straight away, although to be honest the crowds outside and the

flashing lights gave it away a bit. There was a long queue of people waiting to

get in, so I put on my sauciest walk and headed straight towards the doorman at

the front of the queue, my skirt swirling around my legs. A brilliant smile and

I was let through, along with a few others.

I stepped inside, and immediately felt those behind me pressing forward. I felt

a hand curling around my ass, squeezing a cheek gently. I grinned to myself and

moved away without looking back, my nipples taut under my tee shirt. I made my

way around the club, swaying with the music as I walked, but ignoring the open

invitations to dance.

The club seemed to be split into four parts, each with its own dance floor. Each

of the parts pounded to a different sort of music, except the last one I saw

which was being used for running competitions and the like. Without thinking, I

moved onto the dance floor nearest me, automatically swaying in time with the

music bouncing around me.

I danced for a while, lost in the music, my arms above my head at times. The

heat in the club washed over me, making my already tight tee shirt cling to my

body. A few people danced in front of me, both men and women, but for now I just

smiled back, enjoying their attention. But something deep inside me was still

telling me that something was going to happen.

The dancing had made me thirsty, as well as hot in all sorts of places. I made

my way to the bar and bought an iced coke, that I sipped as I wandered around

the club again. Two men looped their arms through mine and tried to guide me

back to the bar, and for a moment I was tempted, but with a smile and a promise

to "catch them later" I moved on.

In the competition area, some sort of beauty contest was just ending. I smiled

as the winner tugged her tee shirt back down over the lacy bra that barely hid

her full breasts, and for a moment I wondered what I'd missed. But then my

attention was caught by the disc jockey that was running the competitions, a

tall, dark Spaniard who just oozed with a confident sex appeal.

"Okay," he called out to the waiting crowd in his heavily accented English,

"It's the boys turn now ... or should that be the girls turn?"

He paused as the crowd laughed and cheered.

"Do we have any contestants?" he asked.

More cheers went up as a man was pushed onto the dance floor by his mates, and

then another as two more strutted forward, soon to be joined by a fourth. The

disc jockey called them over to where he was stood, while four chairs were

quickly lined up with numbers on them.

"Okay," the disc jockey called, "we have our contestants."

Another cheer went up as the four men waved to the crowd, which was noticeable

bigger than it had been.

"Now," he asked the four of them, "You know why you're here?"

They all nodded, a couple confidently, the others nervously. The crowd was

pushing forward now, and I felt another hand curling around my ass.

"Right," the Disc jockey called out, "all we need now is a Judge! Come on

ladies, who will judge Cock Of the week?"

A mixture of laughing and cheering went around the crowded room, but no

volunteers. In the end, he called out to Angel, one of the bar staff, to come

and help out. A tall, dark haired girl, clearly prepared for her role, sauntered

onto the dance floor, quickly applying some red lipstick before reaching for the

edge of her short, tight tee shirt.

"I'll do it!"

Angel stopped dead, a mixture of relief and disappointment crossing her face as

the disc jockey looked around. It was only when I felt his eyes burning into me

that I realised it had been me who'd spoken.

With the cheers of the crowd ringing in my ears, I stepped forward, someone

taking my drink from my hand. I walked over to the disc jockey, who wrapped an

arm around me and asked me my name.

"Okay, folks, this is Ellie and she's going to judge Cock Of The Week."

Another cheer, even louder this time.

"Gentlemen, draw a card."

My knees were trembling as I watched him hold out four cards for the men to

choose from, each with a number on it. The contestants took their cards and went

so sit on the allocated chair, all of them looking more nervous than they had a

moment ago.

"Let's begin!" yelled the disc jockey, his cry drowned out by another cheer.

As one, the four men stood up and pulled their tee shirts over their heads. As

they stood looking around, I ran my eyes appreciatively over their bare chests,

and, as they stripped down to their underwear, over their strong legs -- and

everywhere else. They stood, naked except for the bulging underwear, waving

again, expectant grins on their faces. Angel passed me the lipstick, and only

then did it start to really sink in. But suddenly my pussy was on fire again --

and I knew that this was what I'd been waiting for.

I stepped forward and waved back to the cheering crowd before quickly applying

some lipstick. I handed it back to Angel, who still held her hand out. I

remembered then how she'd been reaching for the edge of her tee shirt.

With a roar echoing around me, I turned to the crowd and tugged my tee shirt up,

stopping as it reached the bottom of my breasts. And then I swept it over my

head, standing with my arms stretched, showing off my swaying breasts to

everyone who wanted to look. And I wanted them all to look. I tossed the tee

shirt to Angel, and then walked across to contestant number one.

I dropped to my knees in front of him, reaching out to run a hand over the bulge

in the front of his boxers. I tugged them down sharply, freeing his already hard

cock. I stared for a moment. His cock wasn't very long, but it was very thick,

and very hard, the bulging tip exposed, his balls like two hard stones nestling

beneath. I leant forward and without hesitating took all of him into my hungry

mouth.

I sucked hard, my hands on his hips, and then his ass as my head bobbed up and

down, red lipstick smearing along his thick shaft. I looked up at him, past his

hard, flat belly and strong, hairy chest, to his face. His eyes were closed, his

head thrown back. As my tongue and lips worked on his strong cock, I heard his

moans even about the cheering crowd. I felt him tense, and knew that I could

make him cum if I wanted to. But I guessed that what the crowd wanted to see was

all four cocks standing proud, so reluctantly I gave number one a last suck,

kissed the tip of his cock as it stood out from his body, and then shuffled

across to number two.

Even as I arrived in front of number two, he was already dragging his cock free

from his boxer shorts. If number one was short and thick, then number two was

definitely long and slender. His cock hung down over his balls, just waiting for

some attention. I could feel him throbbing as I wrapped my hand around him and

drew just his cock head into my mouth. He groaned as I cradled his balls,

massaging them slowly with one hand, while reaching back across to number one

with the other, determined to keep them both hard.

Number two rocked his hips, pumping his cock slowly into my mouth. I grasped his

shaft, stopping him from going too deep, especially when he speeded up, just as

I knew he would, just as I wanted him to. I let my mouth hang loose as he fucked

it, only pulling away when he tried to grasp my head and pull me tighter.

I rocked back on my heels, staring at his long cock as it jutted from his body,

dripping from my mouth and his pre cum. With a grin, I gave it one last stroke

and shuffled across to number three. I looked up at him for the first time, and

my already over heated pussy went into overdrive. I rubbed his bulging cock as

my eyes raked over his broad, muscular chest and flat belly, over his powerful

thighs, and then back up to his bright blue eyes.

With my eyes still on his, I grasped the elastic of his underwear, and slowly

peeled them down his thighs and off. I heard an appreciative gasp from the crowd

around me, and I knew why when I looked down and saw his cock for the first

time. It looked thick and heavy, hanging over his taut balls. His skin was

already peeled back, a drip of pre cum forming. He wasn't as thick as number one

or as long as number two, but his cock looked just perfect.

A searing heat seemed to shoot through my hand as I touched him for the first

time. I pushed his cock up against his flat belly and ran my tongue slowly along

his shaft. The second time I started as low down as I could reach between his

balls, and licked slowly up to the very tip before drawing him into my mouth. He

tasted amazing, his cock fitting me perfectly. I swirled my tongue around him,

licking and sucking, feeling him grow inside me.

I glanced across and saw that one and two were both slowly stroking their own

cocks, so I concentrated on number three, reaching behind him to caress his firm

ass as I sucked hungrily on his swollen shaft. I pushed him back up against his

belly and licked his balls, drawing them into my mouth one at a time. His hips

moved gently as I took his cock back into my mouth, working with me, and I

wanted nothing more than for him to pump his cum into my wanton mouth. Somehow I stopped myself, pulling away from him as his deep moans began to echo around me.

I moved back and looked at his cock again. It jutted from his body at a right

angle, perfectly straight apart from a gorgeously curved tip, and I knew that I

had to feel it inside me. I reached out for him again, but stopped as the disc

jockey called out "number four".

I shuffled across again, this time looking up at a tall coloured man who looked

pretty confident that he had the competition sewn up. He looked at me, smirked,

and then tugged his own boxers down. I gasped and sat back on my heels. His cock

hung long and limp over his huge balls, but even as I reached out tentatively to

touch him, it reared up, straightening at an alarming rate.

"Go on then," he murmured, reaching out and pulling me forward as the crowd

cheered.

I licked across his big purple cock head, just catching the taste of his salty

pre cum before his cock jerked away, swaying menacingly before me as he held my

head still. He rocked his hips, his cock swaying in front of me until he guided

my mouth onto it, his fingers caught in my hair. He thrust forward, driving his

cock into my mouth before I could grab his shaft. I felt him hit the back of my

throat before I could jerk my head away. He calmed down then, and I stroked him,

both my hands wrapped around his shaft, pulling on him until he stood massively

erect.

"Do we have a winner?" the disc jockey called out.

I stood up, my legs shaky and started at the four cocks, all standing erect. My

pussy was throbbing unbearably, and my nipples were aching and erect. I could

still taste all of them in my mouth, and I wanted more, I didn't want this to

end. The crowd was closer now, closing in with their excitement.

"Do we have a winner?" he shouted again, above the cheers of the crowd as they

watched number four preening in anticipation.

I reached out and stroked his cock quickly, and then the others, holding and

caressing them as if I was picking a winner.

"Sit down," I hissed to number one.

He looked at me, a puzzled look on his face, so I pushed him in the chest

gently. He sat, his cock hard and upright. Before a word could be said, and

maybe before I fully realised what I was doing, what I was planning, I was

straddling him, reaching down to drag my thong to one side as I settled down on

his rock hard cock.

I rode him quickly, his cock buried deep inside me one moment, and then almost

falling out of me the next. I moaned as I wrapped my arms around his neck and

held him tight, my nipples scraping against the thick mat of hairs on his chest.

I sat up higher, pushing my swollen nipples towards his mouth as I bounced up

and down. He didn't last long, his cum gushing into me moments before my orgasm

hit me. I squirmed down on his lap, keeping his cock embedded inside me as a

warm glow rushed through me.

The crowd was cheering again now, though Angel and the disc jockey were looking

around frantically, wondering what to do. I didn't care, I knew what I wanted. I

stood up, number one's cock falling from me wetly. The crowd cheered as number

two sat down in anticipation, slowly stroking his long, slender cock. I stepped

across to him, cum on the inside of my thighs, and stood in front of him. With a

wiggle of my ass, I pulled my thong right off and turned around. Reaching

between my legs, I guided him into my pussy, wriggling down into his lap to take

him as deep as I could.

His hands came around me to grab my breasts, pulling roughly on my nipples. I

cried out as he pinched one hard, but then moaned softly as he caressed them

more gently. Beside me, number one was stroking his still semi erect cock, while

number four was grinning confidently. But my eyes were locked on number three,

on his body - and his rigid cock with its curved tip.

I gestured to him, and reached for his cock as he moved in front of me. To the

wild cheers echoing around the room, I drew him back into my mouth. He moaned

out loud, a long drawn out moan that just made me want his cock even more. I

desperately wanted him inside my pussy, but for now this would have to do. I

grinned around his cock as the thought "the night is young" flashed through my

mind.

Beside me, I heard number one cry out and twisted my head slightly to see him

leaning back in his chair, with Angel, now topless, on her knees sucking his

already recovering cock. By now, number two was driving upwards, his cock

reaching deeper inside me with every thrust, while number three was fucking my

mouth slowly. As I lifted my ass a little to that he move more, number two

grabbed my hips and slammed upwards, deeper than ever. I reached down and rubbed my clit, my other hand stroking number three's wonderful cock until we all came together.

I sank back down onto number two, taking his cock and his cum deep inside me

while my orgasm set my body alight. Number three moaned and threw his head back, crying out as his cum filled my mouth. I swallowed hard and clamped my lips

around him, but still some cum spilled from the corners of my mouth.

I slumped back to the roar of the crowd, the cock slipping from my mouth. I

wiped the cum from my face with my finger, and then carefully licked it. I don't

know how he did it, but number one was cumming again, this time in Angel's

mouth. Her hand was inside her skirt, her full breasts jiggling in time with her

fingers, and soon her cries mixed with everyone else's.

I stood up slowly, and pulled Angel to her feet, hugging her tight, our breasts

mashed together. I kissed her quickly, and then again more slowly, our tongues

dancing together as we shared the taste of cum.

"It ain't over yet ... and we ain't got a winner yet!"

I spun around at the sound of number fours growly voice. I'd totally forgotten

about him and the competition.

"Come here," he added, his cock waving about in front of menacingly.

At first I hesitated, but then I crossed the few feet to where he was stood, his

cock looking bigger than ever as he stroked it slowly. I could feel the cum

slipping from my pussy as I moved to the chair he was indicating with a nod of

his head. I knew exactly what he wanted, and quickly leant over the back of the

chair. I crossed my arms along the rigid back of the chair and rested my head on

them, my ass in the air.

I sensed him move closer, and then felt my already short skirt being flicked up.

He nudged my feet apart, and I knew that my ass and pussy, with cum already

dribbling onto my legs, were being shown off to the crowd. A shudder went

through me, but was then forgotten as the huge tip of his cock nudged against my

pussy. With a cry of pain, and then pleasure, I felt him slide into me in one

long, steady stroke.

For a moment he held still, his hands resting on my hips. But then he was gone,

leaving me feeling empty with just the tip of his cock inside me. He held still,

and I tried to push back, wanting that cock back inside me. But number four held

still, and only then did I fully realise just how much he was showing off. Now

he was showing off his cock, slick and shiny with my juices and cum. I pushed

back again, and this time I got my wish -- his cock back inside me.

This time he didn't hesitate -- he fucked me hard and fast, his hands reaching

under me for my breasts at first, but then leaving them to sway wildly as he

grabbed my hips and pounded into me harder than ever. I felt faint as another

climax ripped through me, and then he was cumming, a torrent of cum flooding me.

Triumphantly, he cried out, sending jets of cum into me before pulling out and

sending the last few dribbles onto my naked ass.

I slumped onto the chair, but was only there for a second before Angel was

beside me, passing me my tee shirt and grinning as she quickly led me away. I

held my tee shirt to my breasts as she led me to the bathroom, where I quickly

cleaned up, thoughts of what had happened rushing through my mind -- and body.

My tee shirt clung to my damp body, my still excited nipples threatening to

escape through the thin material. Angel had retrieved my thong from somewhere,

so I pulled that on before letting Angel lead me back to the dance floor,

quickly finger combing my hair as I went.

A roar went up from the crowd, which was bigger than ever, as I crossed the

room. The disc jockey took my hand, and I made a mock bow and waved. The four

contestants were dressed now, the wide grins on their faces telling me exactly

what they thought of what had happened!

"And now the winner is .... " the disc jockey yelled out, before turning to me

expectantly.

I looked across at the four of them, thinking about their cocks. It was, after

all, them that I was meant to be judging. I looked at number four, thinking what

it was like when he was pounding into me. And then at number two, remembering

how deep he'd reached, and number one, how hard and thick he was -- and how

quickly he recovered.

But there could only be one winner -- and I wanted him inside me.

"Number three," I called out.

The disc jockey gave him his prize, but I got the kiss. And his mouth tasted

just as good as his cock.

"I'm Simon by the way," he murmured, his mouth close to mine, "Fancy a drink

now?"

"You bet," I told him, "and the night is still young ....."

And yes, if you're wondering, the rest of the holiday was just as much fun!