The Slut

[Part 1: The Slut] [Part 2: Many Consequences] [Part 3: More Sluts are Born]

Amy enjoys herself immensely as she submits herself and allows her exhibitionist

fantasies to be explored.

"I just didn't think you were that kind of guy, is all," she said as

she tried to undo the damage she had done. "You seem so nice."

Heph ignored that last comment. His anger was palpable despite his

level voice. "Amy, exactly what kind of guy do you mean?"

"All I mean is, you shouldn't have let her suck your dick. She's just

a stupid little slut."

"And why do you think that?" he asked.

"Didn't she prove it? I mean, she knows you for less than an hour and

you two disappear into her room."

"Maybe we just knew what we wanted, and weren't afraid to do it.

Maybe you could learn something from that."

Her eyebrow raised. "And what exactly is that supposed to mean?"

"You have too many rules. Especially about men and women."

"And what does that have to do with getting what I want? I make the

rules, after all."

He smiled gently. "When you lie in bed, late at night, and you think

of things which make your whole body tingle, are you thinking about

things which follow the rules, or break them?"

She was silent.

"You're afraid of what other would think. That's why you have rules.

Not to protect yourself. Just once you should let yourself go, do

something exciting. Explore your strongest fantasy, and not care what

anyone else might think."

"I can't do that," she responded quietly after a few seconds. It

wasn't that the idea didn't excite her; it was what her wildest

fantasy was that scared her. Ever since she was little, she had had

this strange fantasy about people watching her get fucked. Not having

sex; getting fucked. She was a very attractive young woman, and had

everything that came with the territory. She had always been popular

in school, dated the guys she had wanted, and more importantly, gotten

everything she wanted in bed. Seeing her body was a privilege she

granted selectively to those who gave her what she wanted. She had

even strung along a poor boy for a month last year, telling him that

if only he gave her the best oral sex she had had, maybe she would

sleep with him. The night she dumped him, his pleadings had made her

so horny, she had gone out to a club and gone home with the sexiest

guy she could find. It was an indiscretion she was glad no one knew

about.

His voice interrupted her thoughts. "Yes you can. You just have to

be brave." She looked up into his eyes. She was shamed that he had

more faith in her than she did. She had been taught she could do

anything. Where was that confidence now?

She felt like he was there to help her. "Tell me what you are afraid

of," he asked. All of a sudden, it came blurting out of her. "I've

always wanted someone to take me and fuck me in front of other people.

I want everyone to know I'm his slut." Somehow, it sounded much more

crude when she said it out loud. She blushed, and looked away, but

she knew she was getting aroused.

His touch felt like electricity as he gently turned her face back

towards him. "Don't be embarrassed," he said, "lots of women fantasize

about that. I think I can help you with that."

She knew men, and she knew that twinkle in his eye. What he was going

to suggest would be no selfless act of kindness, not by a long shot.

"In your dreams," she laughed, but her laugh sounded hollow. As he

smiled slightly, she knew he had her. Did he know yet, she wondered?

"I have brought you this far, and I doubt you have the courage to

continue without me. You will be my reward for helping you." She

knew it was true. Her skin tingled and grew hot at the thought that

he was going to have her.

"This Saturday works for me," he said. "It has been a while since

I've thrown a party. I'll invite all of our friends. Are you in?"

She wasn't sure she liked the sound of that. Endless possibilities

about what exactly he intended assaulted her mind. But she was too

far gone to care. "Yes," she stuttered. "Is there anything I need to

do?" The answer she expected came: "Just show up; I'll take care of

everything." He winked slyly at her.

On Tuesday, she ran into him in the mail room. Her heart skipped a

beat every time she saw him now, but she wasn't a shy girl. She could

handle this. "How are you doing?" she asked.

"Just sending out the last of the invitations," he smiled. "Wanna see?"

She took the paper he handed to her. The formal language strongly

contrasted with the content of the brief message. "Amy Carpenter, an

honest girl, knowing she can no longer hide her secret desires,

cordially invites all her friends to watch her get her brains fucked

out." The time, location, and directions followed. "And here is the

guest list," he said as he handed it to her. "Have I forgotten anyone?"

For the second time in a few days, she was shocked at what came out of

her mouth. "My ex-boyfriend."

He laughed. "Yes, that would be most appropriate, wouldn't it? I

heard what you did to that poor soul."

She glanced downward, "I was a little mean."

"Don't worry," he responded. "I have a suitable punishment. I have

decided I would like a video tape to commemorate our encounter. He

can be the cameraman."

She almost fainted. The thought of it leaking out onto the internet

scared her. But she found herself asking a different question. "Will

I get a copy?"

"No," he laughed. "Don't worry. I wouldn't do that to you; I'm

keeping the only copy to myself. You'll be able to see it whenever

you want, though, under one condition. I get to have you while you

watch it."

Her knees went weak. "Do you have any idea what you do to me?" she

asked. He chuckled. "Sorry, I've been preoccupied thinking of what

I'm going to do to you."

By Thursday, she could tell the invitations had arrived. Most of her

friends acted normally around her. But the boys were obviously

undressing her with their eyes, and many of the girls became somewhat

shy, as if they didn't know how to deal with her. The hours slowly

passed as they all waited.

Soon, Saturday came. She arrived early, and was shown to the bedroom.

"Why don't you wait here, while everyone arrives and gets settled."

During the next hour, she could hear the noise in the living room

building as guests arrived and greeted one another. The excitement in

the air was tangible. She could hear snippets of conversation: "Do

you think she'll really do it?" "She's got a lovely ass." "This has

got to be a joke, don't you think?"

Soon, Heph slipped into the room. "Are you ready?" The reality of it

hit her. This wasn't a dream. She found she couldn't move or speak.

He walked behind her with a short length of rope in hand. "This is

your last chance to back out. Otherwise, put your hands behind your

back." She slowly complied. She felt his hands on her wrists,

pulling them up to each elbow and tying them securely.

He gave her light kick to the back of her legs, and she folded

downwards until she was kneeling. Her head hung downwards

instinctively. He stepped around her, and let his dick spring from

his shorts, only inches from her face. "This is the dick that will

fuck you," he said. "Before I take you out there, I want to remind

you of who you belong to. Kiss it."

Slowly, she planted a few tender kisses on the shaft, moving upwards.

She was completely his. She moved to take the tip into her mouth.

"No," he laughed, pulling her head back by the hair. "I'll let you do

that later after it's covered with your juices." She blushed at how

good he was at pushing her buttons, and wondered if he knew she had

never tasted herself before.

"Let's go have some fun," he said, as he led her towards the door.

Behind it, she knew everyone was waiting for her. Before she knew it,

she was there, and she could see the waiting crowd as the door opened.

All eyes were on her. Chairs and couches lined the edge of the room,

and they were filled with people. Behind them, another row of people

were standing. In the center of the room, she saw what appeared to be

a large, sturdy coffee table. She was walked forward to the edge of it.

"Greetings, ladies and gentlemen! We've come to the part you've all

been waiting for. There is no need to be shy; I know many of you have

fantasized about a brief glimpse of her body, but knew you would never

get the chance. Tonight, your dreams, and hers, will come true. So

let's start the show. How many of you think she has nice tits?"

General agreement all around. The boys leered; some of the girls

snickered. She could see a friend of hers sitting across the room,

staring at her chest with envy.

Heph turned her towards him and pulled a pair of scissors from his

pocket. His other hand grabbed the bottom of her top and pulled it

out of her jeans. Surprisingly, she hadn't paid too much attention to

how she had dressed; she had been too nervous. She was dressed as if

this were a normal party. Jeans, a light top that fit well but not

too tight, and not her best underwear, but underwear she wasn't afraid

of having seen. Just in case. Only in this case, it would inevitably

be seen. Soon.

The scissors started slicing up through her top, along her stomach.

As it reached her chest, she nervously pulled her head away from the

approaching blades. A low murmur ran through the crowd as her back

arched and her chest thrust forward. Soon, the two halves of her top

were draped helplessly across her shoulders as the neckline was

stretched upwards on the scissors. Her black bra heaved up and down

below them, plainly visible now, as she breathed heavily. The last

snip tore through the neckline, and the ruined garment fell back to

her body. Careful snips along the shoulders caused one half, then the

other, to fall from her body. The front of the bra slipped downward

slightly as the straps were split. An instinctive glance downward

confirmed that the edge of one nipple had decided to peak out as her

tits struggled to escape.

Heph placed the blades of the scissors between her tits, straddling

the last thin piece of material which held her bra in place. He

waited, slowly pulling the helpless strip up on one blade, exposing a

thin line of flesh below her bra. She knew with her bra pulled out

like this, most of her tits were exposed to him, but the sides still

blocked the view of the audience. But not for long. With a smile, he

squeezed the scissors closed, and her bra floated to the floor.

She desperately wanted to cover herself, and suddenly she became aware

again of the ropes holding her arms. She couldn't help herself as she

tested them and felt their strong grip holding her firmly in place.

Her firm tits, now free, slowly bounced back and forth as she

squirmed. She composed herself, and looked down, and not a single set

of eyes met hers. She had never imagined that she would be this

turned on even before her pants came off. Her thoughts had always

centered on the later action. As those thoughts came to her now, her

nipples hardened and the tender pink flesh lifted up off of her

exposed globes, high into the air. She desperately hoped no one would

notice.

Heph gave a low chuckle. "It looks like our slut is enjoying

herself." She blushed bright red, and the light hue of her arousal

spread across her chest. Hungrily, the video captured her tits from

every angle as her ex moved around her. She shivered as she realized

how Heph would be able to see her tits any time he wanted now, and the

camera captured every movement of her body as the realization swept

through her.

"Let's see if she's shaved," came his voice, bringing her back to the

present. She knew the answer; soon everyone here would know. Heph

knelt in front of her, his hands moving to the sides of her hips. He

ran them back and forth across her flat stomach, then moved towards

the button on her jeans. Slowly but firmly, he unsnapped them, and

pulled the zipper down as far as it would go. Her ex moved behind her

shoulder, making sure he would have an excellent view of what was

about to come into view. Her toplessness hardly even registered now;

she had never felt such much attention focused on her crotch. Her

knickers, the last piece of fabric covering her helpless pussy, were

clearly visible, framed by a diving vee of denim that met between her

legs. His hands were back on her hips, now, and she felt his fingers

slide not just under her jeans, but under the band of her knickers as

well. This was it, she realized, as she felt both of the last two

defenders of her modesty move down along her hips. She couldn't help

but watch the camera focused straight at her as the knickers moved

downward, revealing a thin trail of carefully trimmed hair. Her jeans

were around her thighs now, have long since ceased blocking the view,

but the bottom of her knickers stuck between her thighs as they were

pulled inside out, as if they were trying to cling to her pussy for as

long as possible. But a second or two later, they too continued their

journey down her long, toned legs. Turning her head, she glanced at

the TV where the feed from the camera was being displayed. That horny

ex of hers had decided to zoom in tight, and the sensitive triangle of

flesh between her thighs that had just been revealed almost filled the

screen. Only the top of her slit nestled between her lips gave any

hint that there was more of her to be seen.

"Nicely trimmed, but I've always preferred my girls shaved bare,"

frowned Heph. "Somehow it makes them seem more submissive." She

shivered in anticipation as Heph headed towards the bathroom.

"Please, don't," she mumbled as he returned and knelt before her.

Suddenly that small patch of hair became very important to her. She

was naked now, but it was her body they were seeing. Her firm tits,

he smooth curve of her body, that she had worked so hard to keep, the

carefully trimmed pussy that she thought looked so sexy. Somehow,

without that hair, she would be how he wanted her, and could no longer

convince herself her body did not belong to him.

She squirmed as she felt the shaving cream being spread along her

racing stripe. "You've already given yourself to me. If you wanted

to be in control, you wouldn't be here now, like this. You want me to

take your body and use it however I want. Now be a good girl and tell

everyone who your body belongs to."

She looked around the room at all her friends. A concerned look found

its way onto a few faces; she knew they wouldn't allow anything to

happen that she really didn't want to do. As the powerful emotions

rolled over her and a tear came to her eye, she looked her friends

straight and said, "My body belongs to him. He can do whatever he

wants to it."

The tension melted immediately, and Heph grabbed her ass firmly and

held her in place while the razor slowly removed the last of her hair.

The last of the shaving cream was wiped away, and suddenly she was

completely bare. She had never felt so exposed in her life.

"That's better. Now we can get on with business." He lowered her

onto the table, and eased her onto her back. The arms behind her back

forced her chest upward. The lovely cones of her firm tits sat

exposed on her chest. Her math tutor, seated just a foot away from

them to her right was in heaven. He watched them hungrily, knowing

soon he'd see them bounce up and down as she got fucked.

She felt Heph's hands on her ankles as they moved up and apart into

an all too familiar position. She knew in this position, her spread

legs would pull her small lips slightly apart, revealing her hole to

him. His target was in sight now. It would be his when he chose to

take it. A glance at the monitor confirmed Heph wasn't going to wait

much longer. She watched him move his hard cock towards her hole.

Between her spread lips, a little milky cream was leaking out of her

exposed opening. With her legs up like this, nothing would be left to

anyone's imagination when he entered her. She felt the tip pressing

against her. Slowly, as he increased the pressure, her lips were

spread outward to make room for the intruder and there was nothing

left to stop him.

Everyone watched as Heph suddenly drove his full length into her.

They could see her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft, swaying

slightly as she wiggled from the intense feeling of being penetrated

so deeply. She didn't have to watch; they could only see the

outermost edge of the action. She could feel him filling her up

completely. Her pussy tensed involuntarily, but he was hard as rock.

She felt her insides wound tightly around him, squeezing his cock as

it spread her open.

"God, she's tight," he muttered. Her eyes rolled back and met the

eyes of her roommate. As she sat there watching, she could almost

feel his cock buried deep in her own hole. It was a struggle not to

drop a hand into her shorts and imagine she was there in her friend's

place, spreading her own legs so she could be used like Amy was being

used.

Amy expected him to start rocking back and forth inside her, but she

wasn't in control. She felt her pussy finally contracting as he

slowly pulled out of her, until only the tip was still in her, then

slammed back into her. She felt the impact against her lips, his body

slamming into her exposed clit. The force rippled up through her

throwing her chest upward and her head back. Thrust after thrust

slammed into her, as her body squirmed and moved up and down in time

with his thrusts. There was nothing gentle about how he was using

her. Her tits, free of any restraints, slid back and forth on her

chest as she gasped and tried to catch her breath.

Her legs spasmed reflexively, but he had too good a grip on them. The

more she kicked, the harder he pressed on them, and her legs just

wiggled helplessly over her chest. The constant pounding against her

clit and in and out of her opening were too much for her; she felt

herself lose control. Long ragged breaths turned into moans. The next

thrust was too much. It pushed her over the edge and she exploded.

Spasms rocked her body as all her muscles contracted, lifting her ass up

off the table and causing her whole body to rock. But she was held

too firmly. She gasped for breath as Heph continued to pound away at

her.

She had just caught her breath when she felt it building again.

Building quicker this time, she looked desperately around her as a

hard stroke pounded into her. Her eyes met her tutor's, his face

completely consumed with lust. As they stared into each other's eyes,

she just had time to moan, "Oh, god, it's happening again," as wave

after wave of pleasure filled her mind.

Heph's firm grip guided her over onto her side as he lay down behind

her. Slower now, he lifted her leg up as he spooned her. His other arm

came over her shoulder, his hand squeezing her firm tits. She could

feel his dick angling up into her, massaging her G-spot with every

thrust. She arched her back, pressing her body and ass back against

him so he could get deeper into her, knowing that half the room was

getting a wonderful view between her spread legs. Slowly, the most

intense of the three orgasms built within her, slowly escaping out of

her in loud moans as she shook for a minute or two.

"My turn," he said, and she gave him a puzzled look as she felt him

pull out of her. Soon she understood as she saw him round the edge of

the table towards her head. Her juices made his cock glisten as it

bounced in front of her. Hungrily and without hesitation, she took it

into her mouth, wanting to reward him for what he had given her. She

leaned her head back and gave herself to him, the taste reminding her

that this was the cock that she had cum all over; now it was his turn

to cum inside her. She didn't have long to wait. Swallowing eagerly,

she felt him pump spurt after spurt down her throat, and she carefully

licked the tip when he was done to make sure she got every last drop.

As he helped her sit up, the reality of it all hit her again. Four fully

clothed people sitting on a couch only a few feet away from her

somehow made her feel even more naked than she already was. She

smiled shyly as they passed her a bottle of water. After a long

drink, she looked around at her friends. "So what did you all think?"

Many Consequences

During the week that follows, Amy and her friends find that nothing can ever be

the same, as they each deal with their feelings about the experience.

Heph had just finished putting away the dinner dishes when he heard a

knock on the door. It was Amy. "I can't stop thinking about what you

did to me. I really, really enjoyed it."

He smiled. "Why, thank you. But why did you come over? If you just

wanted to thank me, you could have called."

Shyly, she glanced downward. "I want to watch the tape."

"I thought that might be what you were here for. You remember what

you have to do?" She nodded. "Ok, why don't you bend down over the

coffee table here while I pop it in the VCR."

When she was in position, Heph felt her ass through her sweatpants as

she watched him slowly cut her clothes off on the screen. He had

always enjoyed the feeling rubbing his hand across soft, smooth

material while feeling the firm flesh beneath it. Grabbing the

waistband, he pulled them down around her thighs.

He chuckled. There really was no reason to take her top off; closeups

of her tits were currently being featured on the screen. Not often

you get to see a girl's tits and ass at the same time, he thought.

Rubbing his dick along her slit, he found she was already quite wet,

so he pressed forward into her.

Amy watched as her pants started down her legs and the camera zoomed

in on her pussy. She felt Heph thrusting inside her as she remembered

how nervous she had been.

Grabbing her ass and moving his thumbs into her crack, Heph pulled her

open and watched himself disappearing inside of her with each thrust.

He could see thin flap of skin above her hole being stretched out

along his dick as he pulled out, then disappearing back inside her as

he pushed back in, her most sensitive flesh stretched around his dick

as he relentlessly fucked her. He opened his legs slightly, forcing

her thighs apart as one of his thumbs found the tight pucker of her

asshole and pressed slightly inward.

Amy shook as she felt herself being opened up and penetrated. On

screen, she could see herself standing completely naked now, with her

arms bound behind her and her long slender body filling the screen.

She heard herself say, "My body belongs to him. He can do whatever he

wants to it." Unable to control herself, she came hard knowing that

it was true.

Heph gave her a good smack and kept fucking her. As she squirmed, she

looked up and saw her legs spread, with his hard dick hovering over

her helpless pussy. Slowly, he pushed her knees forward. Human

anatomy had conspired against her; she had seen porn before, but had

never been able to get a good view of her own pussy being penetrated.

She watched as first the tip, and then the rest of his long shaft

disappeared into her waiting hole. Watching the whole length of it

disappear into her reminded her of exactly how deep inside her a man

was when he fucked her.

Her onscreen self started moaning as Heph repeatedly drove deep into

her. Already warmed up from her previous orgasm, she can't help but

start to loose control of herself again as she hears how aroused she

had been. She felt a second orgasm rip through herself as she watched

herself buck and moan, impaled on Heph's dick.

Heph started fucking her faster and harder now, clearly enjoying

watching both her real and taped orgasms. As she came onscreen for

the second time, she felt him lose control, filling her with his cum.

She felt one of his hand snake up her loose t-shirt and cup her tit as

he relaxed inside her. Together, they watched the rest of the action,

and he leaned down and kissed her neck as they watched her swallow for

him. "Feel free to come back and watch it any time," he said as he

pulled out of her.

Monday morning came, and Heph found himself in Amy and Wendy's room

between afternoon classes, discussing all the odd looks they had been

getting since the weekend. After a few good laughs, it was time for

Amy to head off to her next class.

"So what did you think of Saturday's activities?" Heph asked Wendy.

She blushed. "It was interesting."

He smiled. "Interesting?" She nodded, but said nothing.

"The way you were squirming around in your chair made me think you

found it more than just interesting."

"Perhaps."

"In fact, I got the feeling you would have jumped at the chance to

switch places with Amy."

She couldn't admit to that, no matter how true it might have been.

Playfully, she responded, "And what would give you a crazy idea like

that?"

"Other than the fact it was written all over your face? You two have

been friends for a long time, and similar women often have similar

fantasies."

"Perhaps, but you can't prove anything!"

"I suppose, but there's also the fact that Amy said that afterwards,

you told her you were dying to trade places with her."

Her jaw almost hit the ground. "She did not!" Now it was his turn to

silently smile. She had told Amy that, but hadn't dreamed Amy would tell

Heph.

"Look," Heph continued after a while, "I'm thinking of doing an encore

party. I know Amy won't be able to resist. Why don't you come early,

and I'll take care of the rest?"

"I don't know ..."

"Too embarrassed to say yes, even if you wanted to?" She nodded.

"How about this: If you're wet right now just thinking about it, I'll

take that as a yes."

"But how ..." her sentence trailed off as he slid over on the couch

and put his arm around her. She knew what the answer would be; as she

felt his hand on her stomach, she gripped his shirt and buried her

head on his shoulder and waited for him to finish. She felt his hand

move under her jogging shorts and down through her bush. As she

leaned back and opened her legs slightly to let his between her

thighs, she felt his finger find her hole. Her soaking wet hole. She

relaxed; There was no use trying to hide it any more.

He stroked her neck as he whispered into her ear. "It's ok, all you

have to do is show up, and I guarantee you'll have fun." She felt his

finger rotating along the walls of her slick pussy. "And don't worry,

I won't let you chicken out." She tilted her head backwards. She

wanted him, right here, right now, on her couch. She squirmed as his

finger slid past her clit as he pulled his hand out of her shorts and

stood, walking to the door. She was still sprawled out on the couch,

ready to be taken.

"Ok, well, I'll see you Saturday, then." He turned towards her as he

reached the door. "And Wendy, shave that bush before then. And don't

tell Amy." He left.

Wendy ran to the bathroom to finish herself off.

When Heph ran into Jen and Tom at lunch on Tuesday, they teased him

about not being invited to his party. "I'm sorry," he replied, "you

don't know Amy. The party was for her friends, not mine."

Jen nudged Tom, "It looks like we better make friends with Amy, fast!"

Heph wasn't feeling too sorry for Tom. With her long, dark hair and

slim figure, Jen was easily one of the most attractive women on

campus, even if she was almost completely flat chested.

Tom ribbed her back. "Or just get you to take Amy's place. Then

Heph would have to invite me!" Jen laughed. "I doubt Heph's going to

be having another party like that any time soon."

Heph grinned. "Actually, I'm in the middle of planning one for this

Saturday, right now."

Tom laughed. "It's settled then! I volunteer Jen!" Heph looked

over to her. "How about it?"

"Are you serious?" she asked, turning to Tom. Tom ignore her.

"Don't worry, Heph, she'll do it. I promise."

As Heph looked back to Jen, he noticed she had an odd look on her

face. "So what do you think? Would you be willing to do it?"

"If he says so," she replied quietly.

Tuesday night was the night Amy met with her math tutor, Bill. When she

showed up at his room, he was understandably a bit nervous. Amy

smiled, and gave him a hug to try to make him more comfortable, but

her body against his seemed to have the opposite effect. He sat down

with her, and answered her questions in a business-like way.

"I'm sorry," he said when they were done. "I'm a bit distracted.

I've been thinking about you all week."

She laughed. "That's ok, I understand. In fact, I was going to give

you a little private show to thank you for tutoring me."

Standing up, she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up over

her head. Standing just a foot or so away from him, she reached back

and unsnapped her bra, letting it slide down off her tits. Bill's

eyes were all over her. After unbuttoning her jeans, she put her arm

on his shoulder for balance, and bent over to slide the rest of her

clothing down her legs, dangling her tits right in front of his face.

When she stood back up, she stepped over him and sat on the desk in

front of him, legs straddling his body. His eyes ran up and down her

body, eventually settling on her tits. "You can touch them if you

want." Instantly, his hands were on her. She sat back and enjoyed

the attention.

"Ever touched a girl's tits before?" He shook his head. "Do you like

them?" she asked, fishing for a compliment. "They're wonderful."

Standing slightly, he lightly pushed her backwards as his hands went

to his shorts. "Will you let me ... ?"

"No. Just play with my tits for now." She sighed. He shouldn't have

asked. If he knew anything about women, he would have sucked on her

tits and felt her up more. If he had been persistent, it wouldn't

have taken him long to get her hot enough that she would have given in

and let him have her. But giving in out of sympathy wouldn't help him

either. She knew he would learn sooner or later. For now, she let

him have the time of his life massaging her firm tits.

When she tired of the attention, he took his hands from her chest, and

slowly got dressed. He watched her carefully. "Thanks you very much,

Amy, that meant a lot to me. Can we do this again some time?" He was

so sweet, but he did nothing for her. Still, she felt he deserved

some hope, if only as a reward for thanking her for her favor. "We'll

see," she replied, knowing the possibility would fuel his fantasies

about her, even if she had no intention of fulfilling them for him.

Heph had taught her that if you wanted your fantasies to come true,

you had to be willing to do what was necessary to make them possible,

and he still had a lot to learn. She left the room, leaving him to

dream about what he would never have.

Tom, on the other hand, was having better luck. He leaned back and

relaxed on the couch as he felt Jen's lips moving up and down on his

dick. "That's a good girl," he said as he ran a hand through her

hair. "You're going to be pretty busy this week, Jen. Thinking about

what is going to be done to you is making me really horny."

Her hand continued to stroke him as she looked up. "You really are

going to make me do it, aren't you?"

"You did promise you would always do whatever I wanted you to, no

matter what it was."

Moving forward, she positioned herself above him, ready to sit on his

erect cock. "And you know I always will." She lowered herself onto

him, feeling him fill her up. "Why does this turn you on so much?"

"I've always dreamed of watching you get fucked. I guess I'm just a

bit of a voyeur."

She could see how turned on he was. She lived for that feeling,

knowing how much he was enjoying himself, and that she was the one who

was giving him that gift. Pumping hard, she slammed his dick deep

into her, again and again. "Then imagine Heph here now, fucking me,

because you'll be seeing it soon. If that's what you want, I'll do

it. My body is yours to use as you wish." Unable to resist as she

reminded him to whom she belonged, he exploded inside her.

Wednesday morning, Heph ran into Amy between classes. "Hi Amy, I'm

throwing another party on Saturday, and you're coming."

Amy laughed. "I suppose I'm going to be the main attraction again?"

Heph winked. "And I have some company for you."

"Just remember, I've never been with a girl before, so be careful what

you force me to do."

"When I get you going, you'll do anything."

She blushed. "You're probably right. See you Saturday, then."

"Why don't you come on in, I need a picture for the invitations."

Without thinking, she stepped into his room as he held the door for

her.

"Why don't you strip, and stand over there by the window?" It was a

first floor room, and the path between the buildings ran right outside

the window, packed with students returning from lunch. She felt a

tingle run through her. What the hell, she thought, as she quickly

stripped and walked over to the window.

"Now turn and look towards me, while facing out the window," Heph

suggested, as he aimed the camera. The light streaming in the window

ran across the outline of her body, the profile of her breast and

erect nipple clearly visible as she turned her upper body to look

towards him. As she ran a hand through her hair, he snapped a

picture, capturing a look of surprise on the faces of the walkers

behind her, who had just turned to see the stunning young woman

standing naked in the window.

More Sluts are Born

Amy comes back, along with Wendy and Jen this time, for an experience even more

intense than the first one.

The invitations went out on Wednesday, with Amy's lovely body featured

prominently on the front. When Saturday rolled around, Amy was the

first to arrive. This time she had paid more attention to how she was

dressed. She had on her sexiest black underwear, a short black skirt,

and a tight grey top with a plunging neckline. Heph brought her into

the living room, and proceeded to tie her arms tightly together behind

her back. Moving around in front of her, he ran his fingers along the

inside of her top's neckline.

"I like the idea, but I don't think it goes quite far enough."

Grabbing a pair of scissors, he cut downward, extending the already

low neckline to well below the bottoms of her tits. Pulling the

fabric forward, he ran the scissors along the top of her tit, cutting

off the strap. After repeating the procedure, he cut the narrow strip

which held it together in front, and it fell to the ground, leaving

her much of her tits visible through the long slit in her top.

Reaching down the sides of her skirt, he pulled the sides of her thong

up and cut them. Running his hand up the inside of her thigh, he made

a point of rubbing her slit a few times before pulling her knickers

off. "That's much better."

Moving behind her, he pulled a thick black cloth around her head and

tied it, fastening the blindfold in place. Leading her to the

bedroom, he let her lie down on the bed. "Why don't you remain there

while the guests arrive."

Wendy was the next to arrive, looking very nervous. Pinning her arms

behind her back, he asked, "A bit nervous about what's going to happen

to you tonight?" She nodded. "Maybe I can relax you a bit," he said

as he tilted her head back and leaned down to kiss her. Quickly, she

loosened up as she passionately returned his kiss. A strong

passionate kiss always seemed to calm the shy ones down. He ran his

hand up her shirt, and rubbed her quickly hardening nipple. He played

with it until he felt her squirming in his grasp, unable to push him

away from her unprotected chest. She panted for more when he stopped

kissing her.

"Let's see if you followed your instructions," Heph said, sliding his

hand downward. He soon found his hand sandwiched between her silky

knickers and her soft hairless skin. "Good girl," he said, as he gave

her clit a quick flick.

Turning her around, he tied her wrists in front of her and sat her

down on the living room floor. Just as he finished, the doorbell

rang. It was Jen and Tom. Jen had evidently decided to go all

out, wearing low cut tight leather pants and a very short t-shirt.

"Just in time." Heph smiled, as he took the time to run his hand

across the exposed flesh below Jen's belly button. Tom smiled.

"Don't go too easy on her."

As Heph brought her into the living room, he forced her down onto her

knees and quickly tied her wrists behind her. Pulling her head back,

he pulled her long hair and attached it as well, leaving her chest

arched and her neck exposed. Moving her onto her side, he pulled her

legs behind her, and tied them to her wrists. Her pants, not designed

with this position in mind, inched downward until half an inch of the

top of her red thong was exposed. "Is that good enough?" Heph asked.

"For now," Tom replied.

Soon, the guests started arriving. About half had been to the

previous party, but that still meant the entire situation was brand

new to the other half. The atmosphere was entirely different. The

air of skepticism was replaced by anticipation, as no one had any

doubts they would be seeing a lovely show.

Several of them were taking the opportunity to check out Jen's

predicament, her slim body forced forward against her tight clothes.

Through her shirt, her nipples could be seen poking out from her flat

chest, and the long expanse of bared flesh from her ribs to her mound

was stretched out in a nice arc in front of her.

Others had their eyes on Wendy. Despite being fully clothed, many

found her predicament quite erotic. Unlike Amy and Jen, who knew they

were attractive, Wendy was less self confident. She had always been

shy, so she had had less experience with men, and less of a chance to

get comfortable with her body. She knew they would enjoy it when she

squirmed nervously while she was stripped and moaned despite her

embarrassment when she finally got fucked. And she knew many of them

would be keeping an extra close eye on her, if only because her tits

were larger than Amy's or Jen's. Self-consciously, she pulled her

tied wrists up to her chest, as if they could cover them.

Heph saw her, and gently pulled her arms away from her chest. "Up you

go, honey, it's time to give them what they came for." Her, she

thought. She felt like a helpless captive, about to be used for the

entertainment of some decadent uncivilized tribe. She felt his

scissors on her back as he started cutting up through the back of her

shirt. With her wrists trapped in front of her, all she could do was

wait. She felt the scissors press against her back as he made sure

the he cut the back of her bra as he finished cutting her top in two.

Slicing her bra straps, he pulled the ruined garment from her body.

As he pulled her shirt against her tits, he addressed the audience.

"I've always said there are three types of women: Those with small

nipples that never show no matter what they wear, those with large

nipples which almost always show, and those who are self-conscious

about whether they show or not. Guess which type Wendy is." With the

shirt pulled tight against her, her hard nipples pressed upward

through it, making their presence known. Wendy blushed, knowing they

could see every detail of them through the thin shirt. She breathed a

sigh of relief when after a few minutes Heph let go of her shirt.

Her shirt now hung from her shoulders at her sides; she could feel him

pressing up against her bare back as he ran his hands along the sides

of her body. As the reached her tits, she leaned her head back and

rested it on his shoulder as she enjoyed his fingers digging into her

soft flesh. He kissed her on the neck. "Watch her, guys, she gets

hot really fast when you start touching her." She knew he was right.

She had almost forgotten she was being watched.

It all came back to her as she felt him slowly pulling her top upward

along her stomach. She clutched her arms to her chest, trying

desperately to salvage any scrap of her modesty, but he grabbed her

wrists and pulled them up behind her head, thrusting her chest

forward. Her shirt had just reached the bottom of her ribs as she

struggled; she knew he was dragging this out just to prolong her

torment.

Using both hands now, he pulled the bottom of the shirt tight across

her body so she could feel where it was as it traveled up her chest.

She glanced around the room nervously at all the people who would soon

see her large tits. Her shirt was pressing against the bottoms of her

large tits now. As it continued to move upward, it lifted them from

where they rested against her chest. Soon, it they had risen as much

as they could and the hem of her shirt started moving forward along

the bottoms of her tits. Quickly losing any support from below, her

heavy tits crept downward and out from under her shirt. She tried not

to move, knowing any movement might expose her, trying desperately to

delay the inevitable. With half of her firm globes already exposed,

Heph started pulling her shirt back towards her chest. Her erect

nipples tried to help hold her shirt in place, but with half her tits

below the shirt already, it slid upward along the tops of her tits as

it was pulled towards her chest. As her nipples popped out, first one

tit, then the other bounced into view. Heph quickly cut the shoulders

open, pulling the rest of the shirt up over her head. Suddenly, she

found herself topless in a crowded room. She blushed.

"I think we need something small to compare these lovely tits to. A

bit of contrast will really show their size." He looked over at Jen,

still lying helpless on the floor. "Jen, do know where we could find

anything ... small?"

Jen ignored him, but inside she felt her stomach leap as she knew her

chest was about to be exposed. Lying there helpless had already put

her in a submissive mood; now that he was going to start actively

exploiting and humiliating her she started to get wet. A few snips

later, she was topless too. "Come over here, Wendy." He led her by

the arm, and then forced her to kneel behind Jen's stretched and

exposed top. Pulling her head down, he made her bend over until her

tits rested along the side of Jen's shoulder.

"You know what tits are for, Jen?" He ran his hand across her chest.

"Tits exist to make sure a woman's nipples get enough attention. You

have pretty sensitive nipples, don't you." His hand circled one of

them, sending shivers down her spine. "But Wendy has sensitive

nipples too, and if I play with hers," she let out a moan as he did,

"I can play with her tits while I do it."

Jen lay there helplessly, as Heph played with Wendy's tits, only

inches away from her face. She could feel her squirming as she

enjoyed the attention. She had never been insecure about her flat

chest, but the dream of having tits had never left her mind, ever

since she was a girl and hope maybe, just maybe, there was still time

for them to grow. She wasn't insecure, but a sense of regret was

unavoidable. Why did he have to be so good at getting into her head

and using her feelings against her?

"Ok, guys, who's ready to see some pussy?" Wendy sighed as cheers and

applause filled the air. "What's the matter Wendy, are you worried

I'm going to show them yours first?" In fact, she wasn't sure what

she was worried about. Things were obviously about to move to the

next level, and somehow, that made the fact that she was closer and

closer to getting fucked seem even more real. She wished Amy were

here with her.

Heph led her to the coffee table in the center of the room and laid

her down on her back. He undid her jeans and massaged her mound

beneath her knickers. When he was done warming her up, he put his arm

beneath her knees, and slowly rotated them up towards her chest until

her ass lifted off the table. Her jeans-covered knees were know just

inches away from where her large tits sat exposed on her bare chest,

her legs swaying back and forth above her.

Reaching under her with his other arm, he grabbed the back of her

jeans and knickers and started pulling. Down they slid, over her ass,

then up along her thighs. He stopped with them around her thighs, his

arm resting on them, holding her in position. She felt like a

helpless little baby, waiting to have her diaper changed.

With her legs up like this, her bare pussy lips stuck out from between

her thighs. Viewers on both sides of the room could see them peeking

up between her legs just above where her ass hung in mid air, and they

unconsciously leaned forward to get a better view. A few lucky

viewers at the end of the room could see the whole length of her slit

running down between her legs between her cheeks, both her dark holes

clearly visible against her pale skin, hanging unprotected and

vulnerable.

Heph's other hand moved along her thigh, caressing her soft skin. As

she lay helplessly on her back, she felt it moving downward towards

her exposed pussy. She watched helplessly between her legs as his

middle finger slipped between her lips and into her hole. She felt

her pussy contract as she reacted to the intense sensation of being

penetrated in a vulnerable position like this. Her breathing grew

deeper, as she adjusted to the feeling of his finger sliding in and

out of her. Another finger slipped into her. Her toes curled and her

eyes rolled back into her head. Yes, she decided, this was what she

wanted. And when you're ready, bury your dick in my hole and fuck me

senseless.

Her chest heaved as she imagined him fucking her. She felt his

fingers start rotating inside her, brushing her G spot each time they

came around to the front of her slick canal. Overcome with lust, she

pushed her hips towards his hand, moaning as she impaled herself

deeper and deeper on his fingers.

Holding her firmly in place, he curled his fingers as started firmly

stroking her G spot as he rocked his hand back and forth, pressing

against the sensitive flesh around her hole. When she felt him bend

down and take her clit into her mouth, she went completely nuts.

Kicking and screaming at the top of her lungs, her body shook

violently as he held her down.

Breathing deeply, she slowly regained control of herself. As she

looked around, she realized where she was. She had just had an orgasm

on a table in front of a room full of spectators. As her face turned

bright red, she rolled over on her side and tried to hide her face in

her hands. The fire between her legs had distracted her for a while,

but reality now came crashing back to her. It had all seemed so

unreal when Heph had suggested it, but now, here she was, in the

middle of it, naked and exposed, with her hole filled.

"Having fun, Wendy?" She nodded. He hugged her as he pulled her

pants the rest of the way off, then untied her wrists. "You're doing

great. Ready to try something else?"

"Are you going to fuck me now?" She knew was all warmed up and ready

to go. She would love to feel him slide into her right now; she felt

so close to him after what they just did and wanted to feel his body

against hers, to feel as close to him physically as she did

emotionally.

"Just be patient, and I'll make sure you get fucked real good, but I

have something else in mind now." He walked to the bedroom door, then

looked back at her. "Spread your legs and be quiet, I don't want her

to know it's you."

When he reappeared in the bedroom door after retrieving Amy, the

audience applauded. "I see many of you remember Amy." Amy fidgeted

nervously, unable to see what was going on around her. She was pretty

damn sure at least a few people were checking out her tits, though;

she could feel the loose fabric of her shirt billowing outward where

it had been cut.

Slowly, she was led forward, and forced to kneel at the edge of the

table. Heph motioned for Wendy to scoot toward him, until Amy's face

was just a few inches from Wendy's crotch. Gently, he guided her face

into position.

Amy had been eaten enough times to have a good idea what to do,

although paying close attention to the details of proper technique had

never been high on her priority list at the time. She ran her tongue

up one side, then down the other, lingering at the bottom where she

expected to find an opening. Exploring with her tongue, she separated

the folds of flesh, and licked around the hole as a quiet sigh

informed her her efforts were being appreciated. Moving upwards, she

quickly found the clit, and started licking and sucking on the

protruding bud.

Meanwhile, Heph had moved behind her, and she could feel him sliding

her skirt up around her hips. She was eager to have him in her; the

anticipation while lying helpless in Heph's bedroom had gotten her

quite hot as she thought about what might happen. She had been

expecting to get forced to eat one of the other girls, and had been

speculating about who they might be. Who had Heph convinced to be

part of this twisted game?

She groaned as she felt him slide into her. It was easier, she

decided, with the blindfold on. In her head, she knew all the people

watching her were still there, but it was easier to ignore them when

she couldn't see their faces. She relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of

Heph's dick sliding up into her. As she grew more and more aroused,

she found herself licking the pussy in front of her with increasing

enthusiasm. The moans and sighs which resulted inspired her to try

knew things, resulting in even more moans of pleasure. Whoever it

was, she was quite vocal when she got excited. Amy was really

starting to enjoy herself. She had always enjoyed making men happy,

but the enjoyment they felt when she sucked their dicks or let them

pound away at her tight little hole was something she could only

distantly related to. This, the bliss of having an enthusiastic

partner sucking and licking at your pussy, was something she was well

acquainted with herself.

Heph was already quite exciting from his earlier fooling around with

the other two girls, and knew he wasn't going to last long. He pulled

Amy's shirt back off her shoulders, letting her tits swing out the

front of it as she got fucked. As he watched her eat her roommate, he

relaxed and let himself explode into her.

Heph whispered into her ear, "Want to see who it is?" Slowly, he

removed her blindfold, and her eyes met her roommate's. Shocked, Amy

lifted her head up for a moment. Wendy stopped trashing about, and

looked down expectantly, clearly close to coming again. Her eyes

begged Amy to continue. "What they hell," Amy thought, "she seems to

be enjoying herself." Amy zeroed in on her clit and finished her off.

"What's next?" Amy asked.

"Oh," mused Heph, "I've been feeling rather guilty over the last week

about everyone being nice enough to come here and all, and only

getting to watch. How about we let them have some fun with you, Amy?"

Before listening for a response, he turned to the rest of the room.

"Line forms by the couch, guys." By the time Heph had her lying down

on the couch, a sizable line had already formed. She lay there like a

deer in the headlights, while the first guy removed her skirt, and

started to fuck her.

Heph turned to Wendy. "Ready to get fucked, Wendy?" Wendy smiled and

started moving towards him. "That's nice. But I think Jen needs some

attention first." Wendy's jaw dropped, but she was too shy to say

anything.

After untying her, Heph brought Jen to her feet and brought her to the

center of the room. All eyes were on her now; too many of them had

fantasized about her to miss this. Even the guy who was fucking Amy

turned his head to watch as he shoved his dick in and out of her hole.

Jen, however, was watching Amy.

"Ready to get nailed like that, Jen?" As she glanced over at Tom, who

had gotten her into this mess, she felt a stabbing pain in her left

nipple. "Don't look at him. You're mine, for now," he whispered as

he pinched her sensitive flesh.

She struggled to keep her arms at her sides like she had been trained.

She had had submissive fantasies since she was very young, but hadn't

thought about doing anything about them until she had met Tom. On

their first date, he had held her down and rubbed her clit, never

letting her orgasm, until she begged for him to fuck her. When she

finally did, he had told her that he would, but she had to promise she

would be his slave and do whatever he wanted.

In fact, that was how she had gotten into this situation. It was

Tom's idea, and she felt like she no longer had the right to choose.

It had been a wild ride since she had met Tom. She remembered how he

had trained her to do what he wanted, pinching her nipples when she

disobeyed. He had taught her that she deserved to be punished when

she misbehaved, and not to fight it. She couldn't help but respond

the same way when Heph punished her.

Releasing her nipple, he looked her over carefully, pondering her

response. "I didn't realize you were this submissive."

"Yes sir."

"Does Tom make you obey him?"

Again, "Yes sir." She admitted it. In front of everyone, no less.

Previously, it had been something private between her and Tom. Now

everyone knew her status.

"Did you agree to do this because it was what Tom wanted?"

Hiding the truth wasn't even an option in her mind. "Yes sir."

"And you are going to willingly and enthusiastically do whatever you

are told, to please me?"

"Yes sir."

Heph smiled. "I suppose, then, the first order of business is to get

the rest of your clothes off." He pulled up a chair and took a seat.

"Why don't you dance for me while you strip."

Tom had taken her to strip clubs on occasion, so she knew what she was

doing. She was determined to give Heph the best experience of his

life. Turning around, she bent over with her hands on her knees, not

to far, just enough to stick her ass out while he could still see her

slender waste and naked back.

Rotating her hips to make her ass sway from side to side, she pushed

forward along her knees to make her pants slip down a little, exposing

the top of her ass where her red thong dove between her legs.

Standing up quickly and turning around, she walked towards him with

her pants well off her hips, her thong the only thing left covering

the top half of her mound. Grabbing one side, she slid it down slowly

and back up again, revealing a glimpse of the curve where her inner

thigh met her mound and a little bit of her carefully trimmed bush.

Standing with her hips inches away from his face, she rolled them

forwards and back as she arched her back and ran her hand through her

long hair, glancing downward to make sure his gaze ran between her

nipples along her chest as she made eye contact with him. Looking

away, she let his attention return to her hips as she used her other

hand to slowly slide the tight pants downward.

Stepping out of her pants, she sat down on his lap, making sure her

tailbone found the tip of his erect dick. She arched her back and

rested herself on his shoulder, feeling her hips move above his as she

squeezed his trapped dick against his flat stomach. As she turned

herself toward him, she gave him a brief kiss before she started

sliding downwards, holding his dick against him first with her hip,

then her stomach, then her chest, until finally she was rubbing her

cheek up and down the length of his shaft, glancing up at him and

giving the tip of his dick an innocent little lick whenever he was

least expecting it.

Sliding away from him, she curled up on the floor like the most

innocent little girl he had ever seen. Running her hand along her

chest, she gasped with pleasure as her hand slid past her nipple,

heading down along the side of her body. Continuing down along her

side, her finger hooked in the side of her thong as it passed her hip,

pulling it along as she rubbed her hand along her thigh, letting her

pussy peek into view between her legs.

Opening her legs, she let her pussy come fully into view, and ran a

finger along her slit and then up across her mound, where Tom had made

her trim her thin bush into a 'T', to remind her who it belonged to.

Amy watched from the couch as the third guy ripped her shirt open and

entered her. A girl she didn't know sat down on the couch beside her,

and started fondling her tits and whispering in her ear, telling her

what a slut she was for letting everyone use her like this. Amy felt

herself getting more and more aroused as she was told how bad she was

being. Closing her eyes and listening, she came quickly. When she

opened her eyes, she found the guy inside her had finished, smirking

at her as if he had been responsible, and moved out of the way so that

the next guy could have her.

As he moved towards Jen, Heph glanced over towards Amy, and saw what

she probably hadn't noticed yet: Bill was next in line to fuck her

now. His attention returned to Jen. Lying down his back, he motioned

for Jen to come to him. Obediently, she straddled him and prepared to

impale herself on his dick. As she let her weight drive him into her,

she spread her legs as far as she could to make sure he could watch as

her lips parted to allow him into her. Watching Heph carefully, she

started sliding up and down, doing her best to allow him to enjoy her

as much as poosible.

As Amy felt her latest partner cum inside her, she looked up

expectantly to see who would be next to have her. When her eyes met

Bill's, her heart dropped. She couldn't bring herself to say no after

fucking everyone else. Bill would get what he wanted, and she would

have to lay there and let him have her. She felt more helpless than

she had at any time up to this point.

She nervously watched him as he pulled down his pants and kneeled

between her open legs. She watched as he leaned forward towards her,

and his hips started moving towards her exposed hole. She flinched

when she felt the tip of his dick touch her pussy, and looked away

towards where Jen was busy fucking Heph, trying to distract herself,

but she found the sensation of his hard dick sinking into her

impossible to ignore.

She felt his hand on her side, running lightly up and down above her

hip, moving downward to caress the firm side of her stomach before

heading back up to her chest. She tensed, and prepared herself to

endure him squeezing her tits. But his hand only lingered slightly on

the side of her exposed breast before continuing up and lightly

stroking the side of her neck while he kept slowly fucking her.

Reaching behind her, he started untying her arms. Arching her back to

give him better access, she felt her nipples brush against his shirt.

The unexpected stimulation made her pussy tighted around him, causing

him to press deep into her while he struggled to control himself, his

weight on her clit as his body trembled. She looked up at him while

he finished untying her arms, wondering why he was treating her like

this. She had expected him to exploit the opportunity he had, with

the girl of his dreams lying naked and restrained in front of him.

That he hadn't was ... nice. She leaned upwards and gave him a light

kiss on his neck.

She felt him continue fucking her with long, hard strokes, her body

sinking into the soft couch with each thrust. Her arms free now, she

wrapped them around his waist, pulling him into her. As his gentle

hands found her breasts, she moaned slightly, realizing how aroused he

was making her. Running her arms up under his shirt to his shoulders,

she enjoyed the feeling of his soft skin and strong back, knowing it

would only be a short time before she came with Bill deep inside her.

Each thrust drove her closer and closer to the edge as she clutched

Bill to her. Arching her back to press her chest against hers, she

felt herself shake as her orgasm tore through her. Struggling to

catch her breath, she looked up at Bill and saw him struggling to

control himself as he felt her body squirming beneath him. It was a

struggle she wanted him to lose. Wrapping her legs around him, she

looked deep into his eyes and moaned as she pressed her hips up

towards him. Unable to get away from her with her young body wrapped

around his, she soon felt his entire body tense as he came deep inside

of her.

Wendy watched as she sat naked with her knee pulled up against her

chest. The sights and sounds of fucking all around her only reminded

her of how badly she needed to be fucked.

Heph laughed as he saw Wendy watching him. "What's wrong, Wendy,

getting a little horny? Wanna get fucked?"

She nodded, unsure whether he was just teasing him again. Heph

continued, "I don't know, you'll have to convince me, Jen here is

doing a pretty good job ..." Jen threw her head back and arched

forwards, giving him a good view of her slender body as she slid up

and down on his dick. She knew she was willing to do whatever it took

to make him happy, just as she had been trained. Heph smiled at her.

"That was your cue to start begging, Wendy." Jen slid her hand up his

thigh, and starting fondling his balls as she aggressively forced

herself down onto him with long hard strokes. Tom loved it when she

did that.

Wendy took a deep breath. "Please fuck me, Heph."

Heph didn't take his eyes off of Jen. "Why?"

"Watching all of this is making me really, really horny."

Heph gave Jen a good slap on the ass. "Show me."

Wendy sighed, "Come on, Heph, please? I really need to be fucked."

Heph motioned for Jen to bend over so he could whisper in in her ear

as Wendy looked on. Suddenly, both of them started moving towards

Wendy, who scooted backwards on the floor a bit.

Jen got to her first. Pushing Wendy down on her back, Jen took a

nipple into her mouth and and started sucking furiously, ignoring the

Wendy's squirms as her nipple was assaulted. As Wendy struggled to

regain control, she felt Heph grip her ankle, lifting it up and

forward. Pinned down with Jen on top of her, she couldn't bring her

arms into any useful position. Overwhelmed by the suddenness of the

assault, she gasped for breath, struggling to think clearly as she

felt Heph's dick slam deep into her soaking wet opening.

Unable to control herself, Wendy started moaning and writhing as the

two of them relentlessly fucked her. There was nothing else she could

do. Jen was holding one of her arms down, and had the other trapped

between her legs. Jen met Wendy's gaze as she let the nipple she was

sucking slip from her lips. "Finger me or I'll start biting."

Unwilling to find out what it would be like to feel teeth sink into

her sensitive pink flesh, she slid her trapped arm up Jen's thigh,

found her hole, and slid two fingers up into her.

Meanwhile, Heph has his weight on her thighs, spreading her open as he

fucked her. When she tried to kick her legs, her hips just rocked

back and forth slightly, causing Heph's dick to enter her slightly

differently each time, stimulating a different part of her well-filled

hole.

Jen slid her hand down to Wendy's clit. As Jen started to rub it,

Wendy came instantly. For a moment, she forgot to keep her fingers

moving in and out of Jen's hole, until Jen's teeth on her nipple

reminded her.

Looking around, she saw everyone watching her, but she no longer

cared. Another orgasm ripped through her, her orgasms quickly

beginning to run together as she felt Heph pounding away at her

exposed hole.

Heph relaxed, enjoying the feeling of tight pussy contracting

rhythmically around his dick. When he couldn't stand it any more, he

let himself go rocked himself in and out of her as he pumped her full

of his cum. Jen had her mouth around him as soon as he pulled out,

extending his enjoyment as he leaned on one arm. Wendy curled up into

a ball and didn't stop shaking for a minute or two. "That was

incredible," she gasped when she finally could speak.

Looking up, Heph saw Amy curled up in Bill's arms on the couch, with a

line of disappointed boys still hoping for a chance. "It looks like

Amy found what she wanted. Would you like to take her place, Wendy?"

As the next three boys in line helped Wendy up and laid her to the

table, the look on her face confirmed she too felt she was in heaven.