**Violated on Stage**

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**Violated on Stage Ch. 01**

'Bring her onto the stage'.

I flinched in shock as the authoritative voice rang out. Strong hands grabbed my arms from either side and dragged me towards the light. I could feel tears prick at the corners of my eyes. Shuffling on bare feet, I tried to pull backwards, but it was no use. My captors were too strong. As we stepped out onto the stage, my eyes focussed on the source of the voice.

It was a man, tall, with a narrow frame, wearing a dark suit and an expressionless black mask covering his features. My eyes moved over him, trying to solve the puzzle of who he was, but all I could make out was a full head of grey hair and a glimpse of a square jawline.

His eyes were fixed on my face, and his hands were outstretched as if in welcome.

'Come my dear, and say hello to my friends.'

The hands released me and I stood alone. No applause had greeted me; the atmosphere was strangely silent. I crossed my arms over my torso protectively and peered out towards the audience. I started in surprise.

Gazing back at me were over 100 men, dressed just like the man on stage, sat in neat rows all the way to the back of the auditorium. They sat still and silent; some leaning back with legs crossed, some sitting forward eagerly. Beyond their identical masks and dark suits, I could spot all shapes, sizes and races in the crowd.

I felt a further wave of unease wash over me. What did they want? Why was I the only one up here?

The man on stage seemed to sense my panic.

'Just relax sweetheart. Put your arms down and stand up nicely for us.'

He moved behind me and gently pulled my arms down by my sides. His hands were strong and warm, and I could smell expensive cologne as his body moved close to mine.

'Now gentlemen, look at the lovely plaything we have for you today. Only 18 years old.'

There was a stir in the crowd, with some men nodding their approval or shifting in their seats.

'Take a look at this beautiful, unspoiled hair. So soft and shiny!'

He gently lifted a portion of my blonde hair and let it spill through his fingers. His hands were so close to the pale skin of my neck.

'A beautiful face, with blue eyes and full lips'.

With that, his hand moved to cup my chin and lift my bowed head. For a moment, a finger brushed against my lips. I shivered.

'Now, let's take a look at her body! My dear, please remove your robe'.

I looked at him in horror. Backstage, they had taken my clothes by force and dressed me in a translucent white linen robe. I was horribly aware of my nakedness underneath it. I was sure the audience could already clearly see my nipples pointing through the fabric.

When he noticed I hadn't moved he said; 'Come on my darling. You know there's nothing you can do. Just play along and show our audience what they want'.

I knew he was right. With trembling fingers, I reached to the front of my robe and undid the buttons one by one. Then I pulled it from my shoulders and let it fall, crumpled, to the ground around my feet.

Instinctively, my hands moved to cover my breasts and I hunched at the waist. I could feel the tension in the audience as they stared fixedly at my naked body. I almost thought I could hear their breathing become heavier.

Wordlessly, the man on the stage moved behind me again, grasped my wrists and pulled them behind my back. He pushed at the back of my waist to straighten my posture, and took both wrists in one hand. Now they were locked together behind me.

My breasts stood out in front of me, my back arched. Feeling so many gazes on me, I was terrified, but strangely excited. I felt so... desired. My nipples started to harden.

I looked down as the man's other hand reached around my body to cup one of my breasts, bouncing it slightly up and down.

'Just look at these gentlemen. So firm, so pert. They feel...' He squeezed gently; 'Delightful'.

His hand moved from one to the other, fingers brushing each nipple as he went. I wasn't sure if it was deliberate, but my nipples were standing to attention now, and I felt a twinge between my legs.

'Well... I think she's enjoying our attention, don't you? Her nipples are hard, we can all see that'.

With that, he firmly grasped a nipple and tweaked it. Shocked at the sudden movement, I gasped out loud. Low sounds and stirrings came from the audience.

'I think that settles that. Let's see what else she has to offer. Bring out the table!' His last words were directed off stage. Two men walked quickly out, holding a heavy wooden table between them. They placed it behind us in the centre of the stage.

The man let go of my wrists and pulled me back towards the table until my buttocks hit the edge.

'Hop on dear.' I did as I was told, knowing now that I was truly helpless. I sat on the wooden surface, legs together and arms wrapped around them.

'I thought you had learned by now that that's not how you give a good show'. For the first time, there was an edge of irritation in his voice, and he looked at me with glittering eyes.

'Lean back on your elbows, and spread your legs.'

Reluctantly, I did as I was told. I spread my legs slowly, intensely embarrassed. 'Wider'.

I felt the air hit my inner lips as I spread wide for the audience. I could feel their eyes focussed on me like a heavy, pulsing heat.

'Now, how beautiful. So small and neat. A lovely colour. A bit flushed don't you think gentlemen? Do you think she's excited, or just blushing down there?'

He chuckled and moved closer, so close to that place, but to the side so that the audience had a clear view.

My eyes were fixed on his hands. They were large and masculine, with clean nails and the hint of veins bulging up to his wrist. He moved them closer to my lower lips. One finger touched my outer flesh, and moved gently to trace a circle from one side to the other. He was tantalisingly close to my most sensitive place.

I twitched, and felt my wetness start to leak out.

'Ah, I hope you can all see - she's starting to get wet down here. Let's see how she reacts when I tease her'. I heard a shifting sound in the audience, as if they were craning forward.

His fingers circled lazily, closer and closer to that place but never touching it. My head was spinning. The gaze of the men, and his adept attention was too much. I forgot my fear. I just wanted his finger to touch. that. place.

I felt more wetness leak out of me until it started to run down my buttocks. Unconsciously, my hips moved forwards, trying to meet his finger.

'She wants it! What do you think, should I give her her wish?'

For the first time, the audience spoke. A few men shouted 'yes' or grunted their assent. Some were standing now, craning to see my wetness glinting in the lights.

Finally, his fingers' circling motions rested on my clitoris. The feeling was like electricity. I gasped and thrust my hips forward, but he was already touching slowly and expertly, dipping into my wetness down below and rubbing gently over my clitoris again and again. His touches became more insistent and moans escaped my lips.

'Mmm, look at that. How many fingers do you think I could fit inside her little hole?'

The audience started shouting answers but he cut them off. 'Let's start with one. It's only polite.'

I looked at his face, now desperate for more. He turned to me and I thought I saw movement beneath the mask, as if he was grinning. His eyes still on mine, he slipped his index finger inside me.

Shockwaves ran through my body. It felt incredible, but I still wanted more. I bucked my hips against his finger and he moved his thumb to my clitoris, moving to meet my thrusts.

I heard him moan quietly as he fitted another finger inside. He was moving intently now, stretching my entrance and thrusting deep inside.

'Her wetness is drenching the table. Look at all those juices'.

Another finger thrust in until it felt like a wedge was driving me open. But it was still not enough. My insides clenched down on his fingers, grasping at the sensation, trying to reach a release.

Just then, in one horrible movement, he pulled his hand away and stood up, leaving me empty, trembling and panting on the table.

'What a naughty girl. She was trying to come already. You know, the show has barely begun.'

What did he mean? Fear pervaded my mind again, and I pulled my legs closer together.

He walked out to the edge of the stage, arms out wide.

'Now it's time for our first participant. Come up sir, and get acquainted with our naughty plaything. I can tell she's very excited to meet you.'

A man in the front row stood up and strode quickly up onto the stage. He walked with a confident swagger, and he seemed younger than the first man. Beyond that, I couldn't tell much, but as my eyes roved over him, I noticed a sizeable bulge standing out in his black trousers.

'Mmmm'. I moaned and gazed transfixed as he walked towards me, laid exposed on the table.

As he reached me his hand reached out and grabbed me roughly by the chin, turning my face from side to side as if to inspect me from closer up. After the first man's gentle teasing, I was taken aback and started away from his grasp.

'Don't try to get away from me. I know you want it'. His voice was deep and gruff.

He released my face and moved both hands to my chest. He squeezed my breasts and pulled both nipples with his fingers before moving down my body, over my hips, to spread my legs firmly open and push them down onto the wooden surface of the table.

I felt so helpless as I gazed up at him. He was in total control, and was going to take what he wanted. There was no place for pleasantries.

He moved his hips forward and pressed his bulge hard against my wet opening. I cried out as he ground it roughly back and forth, his hands grasping my thighs tightly. Then, still bent over me, he reached down to unzip his fly.

I looked down anxiously as his bare cock sprang free. It was flushed with blood, hard and curved upwards. Circumcised, it was a good size, and I could see clear pre-cum smeared at his tip from leaking against the fabric of his trousers during the performance so far.

Despite my shock and confusion, I knew I wanted his cock inside me. But he gave me no time to do a thing; quickly moving the head against my opening and pushing savagely inside, right to the hilt.

'Ahhhhhh!' my cry rang out in the auditorium as I felt his thickness thrust easily through my insides, hitting me deeply. The feeling was incredibly intense, but there was no pain, thanks to the first man's tender attentions.

I felt myself open easily to accommodate his cock as he pulled out and thrust in again. My juices made his movement slick, and his thrusts were fast and hard.

My cries of pleasure rang out with every thrust, and his moans and grunts sounded alongside. I felt my orgasm approaching as his cock hit deep again and again. I bucked my hips to match his movements and arched my back against the wooden surface. My eyes were closed as the climax cascaded through me, the most intense I had ever felt.

'The first orgasm of the night! There we have it gentlemen. She's a naughty slut who loves to perform.' The first man's voice echoed out to the audience, but my mind was far off as I felt the warm afterglow radiate over my body.

The man's breaths were becoming ragged as he continued to thrust inside me. His hands gripped my thighs hard until I feared they would leave bruises, and he pulled my body to him again and again. His hands reached out to grab my breasts roughly once again and his speed quickened. Just as I felt I could no longer bear the onslaught, I felt his seed erupt within me, the warmth spreading quickly deep inside.

Panting, he pulled his softening cock out quickly, and moved his hand to my face, pulling it towards him as he looked into my eyes, as if displaying his power over me one last time. He pulled his hand away, turned, and walked back down to the audience.

'Well my dear, spread your legs and show the audience the present he gave you'.

I had learned by now, and did as I was told; looking out at the rippling crowd of men and holding my thighs open with my hands. The hot seed spilled out of me onto the table and I bit my lip to stop another cry of pleasure escaping. For the first time, the audience started to clap, and before I could help myself, my lips twitched upwards into a smile at their approval.

'Don't worry dear, we've barely started. You'll just love making friends with our next participants...'

**Violated on Stage Ch. 02**

'Don't worry dear, we've barely started. You'll just love making friends with our next participants...'

At the host's words, two more men rose and strode onto the stage. One man was huge: rising well over 6 feet with broad, hulking shoulders. He lumbered with a slow purpose as he approached. The other was small and skinny, with a fast and irregular gait.

Two men. My heart sank. What were they going to do to me now?

'Aren't you lucky sweetheart? Two new friends to give you attention!'

The man on stage chuckled heartily and turned to address the audience.

'We've seen how this naughty slut reacts to big things in her pussy. But... what about her other holes? Who wants to see my friends here try her out?'

The audience clapped and jeered, stamping their feet on the wooden floor.

The skinny man let out a high pitched whoop and pumped an excited fist in the air. The large man merely nodded and placed a giant hand in his suit pocket.

Seed still spilling out of me onto the table, I felt my muscles tense in anxiety. My other holes. A blowjob I was pretty sure I could handle, but no one had ever gone near my ass. Remembering the savagery of the last man who had used me, I was terrified that they would split me open.

'My dear, get on your knees and show us a pretty pose, will you?' The host cocked his head towards me; mask shifting above what I thought must be a smile.

I couldn't help but obey, shifting to rest on my hands and knees. I made sure to arch my back as much as I could, breasts hanging down with nipples hardening once again.

Sighs of approval rose from the audience.

'She seems to be ready to go! Have fun gentlemen.'

I looked over at the men to see the huge one stride towards my head, and skinny one walk behind me. Nervous, I tried to keep my eye on the skinny one, but I was soon distracted as the large man slowly unzipped his fly, reached into his pants with a broad hand and pulled out the largest cock I had ever seen.

'Look at that. Let's see how she deals with this challenge!'

It was incredibly wide, and rose straight like the trunk of a tree to a circumcised mushroom head. It must have been 8 inches long, and reminded me of a club or a baseball bat. Instantly, I felt my pussy soften into a warm dripping mess. This man's cock looked incredibly delicious.

As he looked down at me expectantly, I knew what to do. Hands still resting flat on the table, I moved forward to lick his cock from root to tip, pausing to twirl my tongue around the massive head. He let out a soft, low moan.

'Wow, look at this technique! She's a tease, isn't she guests?'

I moved my face down towards his balls, and slowly lapped at them, allowing the heavy weight of his cock to rest against my head, which suddenly seemed tiny next to it. I moved to the head again, and this time opened my mouth to take it inside.

My lips stretched, trying to accommodate his width with difficulty. Boyfriends had told me in the past that I was pretty good at blowjobs, but I'd never faced a cock like this. I pushed further, until it hit the back of my throat, and then pulled up again, attempting a steady rhythm.

The man groaned and rested a heavy hand on the back of my head, stroking my hair. Pre-cum started to leak from his tip, leaving a salty taste on my tongue. As I took his cock in my mouth again and again, I felt my eyes start to water and tried to stop gagging noises escaping my throat. I was trying my best to worship this cock.

Arousal built through me at the tastes and sensations in my mouth, and I squirmed, wiggling my ass slightly. In shock, I felt eager hands grab onto it. I had almost forgotten the presence of the other man behind me.

As I kept up my steady pace, the second man started to massage my ass, pinching and squeezing mercilessly as he went. He took delight in making me squirm, and reached around to tweak my nipples between his fingers.

Ignoring my pussy completely, his fingers circled around my asshole. He sniggered before pressing a wet finger against the opening. I could feel his body jolting to a rhythm, suggesting he was frantically pumping his cock in his fist as he touched me any way he wanted.

Suddenly, his finger pushed inside. I started in pain, almost choking on the huge cock in my mouth.

'She's a busy girl isn't she?'

Wrapped up in the sensations running through my body, I had almost forgotten the audience. Head still locked by the man's cock, I turned my eyes towards them, and saw that many were now touching themselves; pulling, pumping and playing with cocks of varying shapes and sizes that all looked very hard.

The skinny man's finger was now deep inside my ass. The pain was beginning to subside as my entrance relaxed, and with surprise, I felt delicious jolts of pleasure moving straight from my ass to my pussy, causing it to leak uncontrollably.

He pumped in and out quickly, before pushing another finger inside. My entrance was stretching more and more, while all the while my mouth was stretched with the huge cock slamming down my throat. Fear faded from me and I gave into the pleasure, moaning and bucking my hips. I wanted more in my ass.

The man behind me let out a high pitched, mischievous laugh, and I heard him spit on his hand, before the slick head of his penis pressed against the opening of my ass. I steeled myself, and tried to relax the muscles as he eagerly pushed inside.

Ohhh... The sensation was so new, but so delightful, as I felt my ass being spread open and filled up.

'Gentlemen, I think she likes it! She's even more of a slut than I could ever have hoped.'

The skinny man was ecstatic with the sensation of my tight asshole gripping on his cock. He pumped in and out like a jack rabbit, causing me to let out a muffled cry as I felt his head hitting inside me faster and faster. As he moved, he gripped and squeezed my buttocks, then slapped them, hard. I was sure red marks would be left all over my skin as he spanked me again and again, yelping in delight each time as his cock pulsed and twitched inside my ass.

With cocks slamming into me from both ends, I thought I would pass out. The huge man's cock was growing even more at my attentions and the sight of my ass being pounded by his companion. He pulled out and gestured to his friend, who, reluctantly, stopped his onslaught and pulled out of my ass.

I sighed with relief and started to relax as my breath slowed, but horror spread through me as I realised the huge man was walking behind me to take his place.

'Did you think you were getting off the hook? Oh no my dear, it's only just beginning!'

The first man chuckled and clapped along with the audience as the huge man moved behind me, pressing my face gently but firmly onto the table so that my ass was pushed up, bruised and defenceless. I felt the huge weight of his cock tap each buttock gently, causing them to bounce.

I bit my lip and closed my eyes in anticipation. As I resigned to the sensation of his massive head pressing against my asshole, I moved my fingers to my clitoris, starting to rub. If it was going to happen, I might as well try to enjoy it as much as I could.

He moved with purpose, pressing the head inside. My entrance stretched out slowly and agonizingly, causing my eyes to widen and mouth to open until I realised that drool was spilling out onto the table.

I kept my fingers busy as he pushed himself steadily inside. Pleasure and pain ran through my body, and my pussy was slick with juice as I struggled to relax my muscles around his enormous instrument.

Finally, he succeeded, and I felt his pelvis hit my buttocks as he entered me right up to the hilt. Just as he did, I felt an orgasm hit me hard like a freight train, and I screamed, fingers frantically circling my clitoris. I felt my asshole spasming around its immense intruder, and the deliciously full feeling caused my orgasm to extend until I was shaking, limp on the table.

The audience clapped and I opened my eyes for a second to see that the host had also opened his suit trousers and was pulling on a handsome, reddening cock.

The man inside me let out a low, contented growl, and moved back to thrust inside again. Thankfully, his pace was less frantic than his companion's, but he drove me open steadily with each powerful movement. Sensations were overwhelming me, and I merely sobbed and drooled onto the wooden tabletop, with no control over the sounds coming from my lips.

After several minutes of this, I vaguely noticed both men exchanging gestures. With no warning, the huge man placed an arm around my belly, and the other below my legs, to lift me up, still pinioned on his cock. In my final position, I was spread with my back on his chest, held up and displayed like a rag doll. He wrapped both hands around my thighs and seemed to hold me effortlessly in front of him as he stood.

Still in ecstasy from the feeling of his huge cock deep in my ass, I gazed at the skinny man through half closed lids. He moved up against me, and, squeezing and bouncing my breasts in his hands, and kissed me wetly. His tongue invaded my mouth and swirled inside, while I felt his hard cock throbbing against my bare pussy.

No...no...he couldn't. He wasn't going to was he?

For the first time that night, I spoke out. 'Please no, I can't fit anything else! I'm full!'

I turned my face, slick with tears and contorted with fear, to the host. He shook his head.

'You have too little faith in yourself dear. You've given us an admirable performance so far. Just push on and give us what we want!'

The skinny man was laughing softly under his breath, and with one savage motion, shoved his cock inside my pussy, wet with my own juices and remnants of semen from the last man.

My head flung back and I shrieked until it echoed to the rafters. I thought I would split open as the second cock filled me up completely. I felt overwhelmingly helpless as I was pinned between the two men, their hands holding me in place as they rocked back and forth, pounding into both my holes.

I thought I would go crazy with the intensity of the sensations I was feeling - terrified, defeated, dehumanised, but also completely surrendered to an indescribable pleasure.

Orgasm rose quickly inside me as the two men stretched me out and used me to their hearts' content, and I shook and cried in pleasure. I couldn't stop it rising again straight afterwards, until I lost count of the orgasms and felt my juices dripping all the way to the wooden floor.

'How does it feel my darling?'

I heard my voice, breathy and unrecognisable; 'It feels i-incredible! Thank you, thank you for using me!'

As he fucked my pussy, the skinny man toyed with my breasts, pinching my nipples and every so often moving his fingers down to tweak at my clitoris, laughing and growling all the while.

The huge man was slow and steady as his enormous cock thrust deep inside my ass.

But, after what seemed like an eternity of overwhelming pleasure, coming again and again, I felt the men grow unsteady and start to quicken their pace inside me.

Their desperate thrusts were more than I could bear as their cocks twitched and throbbed, until they finally cried out in unison. The huge man let out a loud, shuddering groan, and the skinny man whimpered in a high pitched tone as they both let their hot seed explode deep in my holes.

'Yes, yes, yes!!' I screamed wildly.

The warmth spread through my body, limp from my own orgasms, until my eyes were glassy and my mind was blank.

Panting, the men laid me back onto the table, the skinny man squeezing my breast one last time as he passed, and descended to the darkened audience.

'Thanks you gentlemen for that incredible performance. Now, we have one final set piece for your amusement!' The host's speech was incongruous with the sight of his hand stroking the cock emerging from his trousers.

Suddenly I heard a loud scraping noise, and turned my head limply to see two men dragging a huge white ceramic bath onto the stage. I had never been so confused. What was to come next?

'My dear, did you think you were going to get away with three men using you? There are a lot of guests here tonight. And to keep the stage nice and clean, I think it would be best if you climbed in there'. The host's spare hand pointed authoritatively to the bathtub. 'There is some dramatic effect to it as well!' He chuckled.

My mind still empty, I didn't fully process what he meant, but walked over to the tub and clambered over the cold edge to settle myself inside.

Without any more words from the host, in horror I saw the audience start to stand up and move towards the stage. More and more of them came, until the chairs quickly emptied.

Men walked up to the stage, some large, some small. Some white, some black. Some almost ran, and some strolled nonchalantly. As they moved closer, I heard a litany of noises rising from their mouths, from growling, to sniggering, to nervous gasps.

The only thing they had in common was a hard, impatient cock standing out from their suit trousers. As they gathered around me on stage, I looked up in amazement at the crowd of cocks pointing right at me. The husky, masculine scent became overpowering, and just when I thought it was impossible, I felt my pussy leaking with desire once more.

The host eased his way through the crowd until his handsome cock was bouncing in front of my face.

'Do you really need any more instruction dear?'

I didn't. Eagerly, I moved my head forward and took his cock confidently in my mouth. At the same time, I reached out my hands to grasp two others and stroke them up and down, feeling the velvety skin and iron hardness beneath.

As I worked, I felt more cocks moving closer until my entire line of vision was an array of dark suits and throbbing flesh. Some poked into my breasts, teasing my nipples with moist pre-come. Some rubbed over my buttocks, tapping and smacking them with their hardness. Some men merely gazed intently at the scene before them, stroking themselves frantically.

The sounds of desire all around me caused my arousal to build, until I felt myself dripping onto the white ceramic. All of this; all of these sounds, all of these feelings, for me and me alone. My mind was reeling, but I kept myself intently at my work, bobbing my head and hands steadily and gazing open eyed up at the men around me.

Then, they started to come. The frantic sounds of the crowd built into yelps of ecstasy as the host exploded in my mouth; so much that the hot seed spilled from my lips and onto my chest. The two men in my hands twitched and shuddered, sending more come dripping down my arms and onto the ceramic.

In delight, I felt more hot liquid explode on my breasts, my buttocks, my hair, until men started to retreat and more men took their place. I was in heaven as the wild scent invaded my nose, and I felt cocks of all shapes and sizes use my body endlessly. I never knew when or where the next orgasm was coming from, but my naked body quickly became spattered all over with their tribute.

Time passed, and soon rough fingers reached to my pussy, breasts and ass to probe, squeeze, spank and rub me, causing me to cry out in orgasm again and again, mouth and hands still jammed with hot, pulsing cocks. The ceramic beneath me became slippery with seed, and I switched my position to better serve the guests; first on my haunches, then on all fours, then lying languorously back in the tub, head bent back over the rim with a wide open mouth.

I lost all concept of time as the men used me for their pleasure, and I started to forget my life before I stepped onto this stage. My name. My job. All I knew was the ecstatic high of their scent, their sounds and their thrusting organs surrounding me.

Until...the crowd started to thin. As my skin became drenched in white seed, the taste of salt running down my throat, more men retreated back to their seats, spent. Finally, I sat bathed in come, with only the host in front of me on stage.

'Well, well well. What a performance! Haven't we been spoiled tonight gentlemen?'

The host moved towards me and leant to press his mask against my face as if he was kissing my forehead.

His strong hands encircled my face and stroked it soothingly as he spoke. 'I knew we were in for a treat with you darling, but you really surpassed my expectations.'

'Stand up and show them the result of all your hard work! Show it off!'

I stood up in the tub, body dripping and feet surrounded by the pool of come. I felt exhilarated, and for the first time, gazed confidently towards the audience. I posed, arms in the air, and wiggled my hips teasingly. I turned, bent over, and slapped my ass, causing a moist shlucking sound as come flew off the skin at the impact.

The audience erupted again in claps, whoops and cheers.

'Incredible. Give us a bow dear!'

I obeyed him, bowing low as the host spoke.

'For tonight gentlemen, it is time to return to your homes and your lives. This young lady needs time to rest. But I can't wait to see all your lovely faces-' he chuckled slightly at the absurdity of this statement; 'at our next celebration very soon'.

As I stood, I felt the bathtub lift up, hoisted by a group of men and carried towards the wings. I waved and blew kisses at the audience one last time, heart heavy that I would be leaving their presence, their gaze and their desire.

I heard the sound of the applause retreat, and the bright lights fade, as I was carried off the stage and into the darkness once more.