## What’s a Girl to Do? - A Halloween Story

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*Introduction:*

*In this story we follow a young woman’s adventures as she crashes the Tri-Delta’s annual Halloween party. She has heard that it would be the greatest fuckfest of the year and is determined to experience it all.*

I really shouldn’t do it. I know what I am getting myself in for, but it’s been a long time and I really need some relief. I’m desperate and even the best vibrator can’t satisfy me most of the time. I need a man... or a woman. I know going to the party is risky, but what’s a girl to do? I really need some relief, and everyone normally treats me like they don’t even see me.

They’ll see me tonight, though. The Tri-Delta’s are having a Halloween party and it is going to be out of this world. They got kicked off campus for their continued debauchery, but once they moved off of the campus itself, there wasn’t much the powers that be could do. Tri-Delta House is just a bunch of young men who decided to live together while at college. They don’t have official status at the school, so there’s nothing the university can do about it. As long as they don’t violate city or state laws with things like this Halloween party, everything’s good.

Actually, short of rape or murder, they don’t have to worry about that either. Several of the boys’ parents are really well-connected politically. Three off-duty police officers - two men and one woman - will be indoor security for the party. They will respond to anyone who thinks they are getting pressured into something they don’t want, and will keep drunks from leaving the party and driving. But other than that, they will mainly be keeping out uninvited guests and telling the invited ones to “keep it inside.” Two additional off duty officers are stationed outside to handle anything that might overflow into the front yard or street.

I’ve had eyes and ears inside the Delta house for the past several weeks. In private, the guys are saying that this will be a fuckfest to top all fuckfests. The girls know it too. I’ve also got eyes and ears over at the Kappa Taus, and they are all horny as hell and ready to get laid.

But back to the matter at hand. I’m not an invited guest. I’m not a student at the university either, but I could pass for one, or, at least, I will pass for one tonight so I can attend this Halloween party. The trick is to get inside the door and past the security people.

First, I have to get up to the door more or less unseen. Usually that isn’t a problem for me, but tonight my costume of choice doesn’t exactly pass local law approval and my plan requires that I arrive in nothing but it. Right now, I’m sitting waiting in a car close to the end of the sidewalk that leads up to the Delta House. I don’t have to worry about anyone seeing me through the tinted windows, but once it gets dark, I will have to run up the sidewalk to the door before anyone can react. Then it’s showtime.

The sun is slowly setting. Little costumed kiddies are running from house to house participating in their yearly candy extortion racket. The Tri-Delta’s have set up a small table at the end of their sidewalk and have one of the newer members in a gorilla costume handing out treats. That guarantees that no precious snowflakes or their nosy mothers accidentally see anything inside the house. There isn’t anything going on yet, but the gorilla will stay on duty until all the kids have disappeared from the neighborhood, just in case.

It’s dark now. The sun has set and it is officially Halloween. I know that I will be visible when I open the door and the light comes on, so I have to move fast. I prepare myself and pull on the door latch, rapidly opening it and standing up on the curb.

“What the hell!” the gorilla yells, and I take off running for the house. The sound of my heavy footsteps as I run up the stairs startles me. Then I pound on the door as hard as I can.

It opens slowly and a middle-aged policeman with sergeant stripes on the sleeves of his uniform looks out at me.

“Get in here!” he says brusquely, and I hop inside.

“Shoulda worn a coat,” he continues. Then he glances down at a small notepad in his hand and says, “You are?”

“Eve,” I respond. “Can’t you tell by the fig leaf?”

“That’s kind of small to be a fig leaf,” he responds, not even cracking a smile. “Do you have your invitation with you in paper or electronic form?”

He has obviously been a cop for a long, long, time.

“Does it look like I’ve got pockets in these?” I ask, touching the two cherries that act as nipple covers.

“Let her in,” a male voice calls from the other room. Another adds loudly, “I’ll invite her if she isn’t on the list.”

In response, the sergeant nods his head in the direction of the room and enters something on his notepad.

“I don’t remember seeing you around,” one young man says as he hurries up to me.

“But you invited me, Jeremy,” I reply. “Don’t you remember? You said this would be a world class fuckfest and you wanted some real nympho women here so you could take one up to your room.”

“They all slapped his face and said no,” one of the other boys says with a laugh.

“But I didn’t,” I say with a smile. “Let’s go upstairs and fuck.”

Jeremy’s mouth opens and closes a couple of times before he is finally able to stutter out, “You get right to the point, don’t you?”

“Why don’t you come with me instead?” the boy who had taunted him says as he comes over and stands next to me.

“I can cum with you later,” I say, matching his laugh. “Jeremy will wear down pretty fast, and I’m good for all night.”

Jeremy’s eyes are wide with fright as I pull him up the stairs. “Your room is the second one on the left?” I ask as we reach the top of the stairs.

“Right,” he answers, then sputters, “no, I mean correct... yes, it’s on the left side.”

I push him through the door and kick it shut with my foot as we move to the center of the room. He’s dressed in a loose-fitting shirt with a vest over it and a huge wig with black hair. “Does anyone else know you are Weird Al?” I ask as I rub my body against his front and take off his vest at the same time.

I pull on his shirt and it pops open. He has almost no hips, so as soon as I loosen his belt, his pants slide to the floor. I push him back onto the bed and pull his pants– and his socks– off him in one move.

I then reach down and pull his tighty-whities down to his ankles. I laugh a little because he lifted up his hips like a girl letting a guy take off her panties.

“You’ve got to lift your feet,” I say softly.

He does so, and then looks embarrassed. “Don’t worry,” I tell him. “When you tell your Delta brothers about this, you can say that you jumped on top of me.”

He gives me a weak smile and I jump on top of him. One of the realities of sex is that it can go as fast as the woman is ready for. Once a guy is hard, it can go in anytime, anywhere, and the only thing he has to worry about is maybe a little lube. The woman has to be ready.

I was definitely ready. I had been ready for months. I push down on his chest and grind myself into his groin. He is trying to thrust up into me, but I have him pinned to the bed so the only thing that is moving is me.

He starts groaning, and then in a few moments he spurts up into me.

“There,” I say, “you aren’t a virgin anymore. And since I fucked you that time, we will change places and you can fuck me. That way when your frat brothers tease you about losing your virginity tonight, you can truthfully tell them that you weren’t a virgin when you fucked me.”

He looks a little confused, but when I roll over, he rolls over with me and ends up on top of me between my legs. His little Johnson is trying really hard to come back to attention, but he seems to only be able to get it to half-staff.

“Play with my breasts,” I tell him and he reaches tentatively for the cherry on my left breast. “Take it,” I say and he pulls it off my nipple. “Eat it,” I say firmly and he pops it into his mouth.

I laugh. “Now you can even pass a lie detector test and say that you took my cherry.”

He reaches down and grabs the cherry off my right breast and pops it into his mouth. “Twice,” he says with a grin.

“That feels good,” I purr as he begins to massage my breasts and tweak my nipples. “Softly, softly,” I remind him as he starts to get a little too ambitious.

He is starting to poke at me with little Jeremy. It feels like it is now very hard. He pushes into me and tentatively starts thrusting. I thrust back up against him and he increases the speed and power of his thrusts. Soon we are slamming against each other and there is a loud thunking noise as the top of the bed repeatedly bounces against the wall.

He startles, but I say, “Don’t worry. Yours isn’t the only headboard bounce in the house tonight.” He looks down at me and returns to his almost violent thrusts. A short time later he collapses on top of me and we lay there a sweaty tangle of naked limbs.

“Got some lube?” I ask.

“Uhhh,” he replies.

“KY? Baby oil? Vaseline?” I ask.

“I’ve got Vaseline,” he answers, “but you can’t use that with a condom.”

“Who said anything about a condom?” I reply.

He pads over to a small cabinet and comes back with a tube of Vaseline. “I need it sometimes in the summer for... you know... between my legs.”

I laugh and say, “Well, that’s where it’s going again, only between my legs.”

I turn over on the bed and stick my ass up in the air. “Put a bunch right on the spot,” I say, “and then slowly work in one finger. When it loosens up, use two, and then three.”

I laugh again and say, “If you were bigger, you might need four, but three should loosen me up enough.”

As he is slowly pumping his fingers in and out of me, I say, “Rub my clit.”

He looks at me with a blank face and I add, “The love button? The bump at the top of my slit that gets bigger as I get turned on?”

“Oh,” he mumbles as he moves his free hand under me and searches for my clit. He finds it, but his fingers are slick with Vaseline, so he isn’t doing me much good. It feels nice, but I need a little more stimulation.

“Now enter me,” I say. “Slowly. And stop when you feel like you are hitting a wall. Let it relax and then push on in.”

He’s good at following instructions and soon we are ready to go. “You have to keep it slower,” I tell him, “and it would help me a lot if you rubbed my clit while you fucked my ass.”

When I said “fucked my ass,” his prick twitched like he was hit with a thousand volts. It also grew a lot bigger. Maybe I should have had him use four fingers in the warm up.

It was too late for that now. He was inside me and moving. He was also leaning against my back with both hands in my crotch rubbing and pushing. His fingers were almost fucking me from the front while his prick took care of the back.

“I’m getting there... “ he grunts. “I’m getting there... I’m getting there... Aaaaahhhhhh!” His loud groan adds to mine as we both climax.

He suddenly stops massaging my love button and starts whimpering, “I’m stuck, I’m stuck.”

“Don’t panic,” I say. “Once my body relaxes– and little Jeremy deflates– you will be able to slide out.” We lay on our sides spooning waiting for that to occur. After a few minutes, I relax again and he deflates and his prick pops out of me with a noise like a very quiet pop of a cork.

“You need time to recover,” I tell him as I get up and start walking to the door. “I’m going to go see if any of your frat brothers is up for some fun.”

The boy who had been teasing Jeremy was waiting just outside the door. “What’s your name, Freddy?” I ask with a smile.

“Fred,” he says and then startles as he realizes I had already called him by name.

“You broke up with Charlene because she wouldn’t go down on you,” I say quickly. “Why don’t we go back downstairs and show the boys that you can get a girl to deep throat you?”

“Uhhh, yes, well...” he sputters, but I grab his hand and start leading him down the stairs.

“We came down so I can have a beer to rinse my mouth after I deep throat Freddy here,” I say as we tromp down the steps. Again I am surprised at how loud footsteps can be.

We get to the bottom of the stairs and I pull him toward the living room where the kegs– and several more girls– are located. I hear a buzz of comments as I walk into the room. One of the girls huffs at me and says, “I see you already lost your costume. Isn’t it a little early even for a slut?”

“I’m Eve,” I replied. “I arrived naked. This is my costume. Ask Sargent Grumpy at the front door.”

Several of the boys laughed at that. Evidently Sargent Grumpy was a regular fixture at Tri-Delta parties. “Freddy here wants to prove to you guys that he can get a girl to deep throat him,” I say to the whole group. Then I unbuckle Fred’s belt and take down his pants.

I had expected him to be wearing tighties, but instead he was wearing a pair of black boxer briefs. His prick was trapped against one leg and was trying to escape. It was only half hard, but the tip and at least two inches of it were visible before I began pulling his underwear down his legs.

“I can see why Charlene wouldn’t go down on that,” one of the girls said. “It’s big enough to choke a horse.”

“Or fuck a horse,” one of the other girls said.

“Or fuck me,” another voice said softly.

I pulled the tip of Freddy’s massive prick into my mouth. It was by far the largest prick I had ever attempted to get in my mouth. With it just a little way into my mouth it was already starting to cut off my airway. Luckily for me, my experiences of the past couple years have taught me ways around that. I heard several of the girls go “ooooo” as I slid that monster farther back into my throat. I could feel it all the way in the back of my throat– and possibly part way down my neck.

“You can see it,” one of the girls gasped. “It’s moving up and down in her neck.”

Another girl said fearfully, “She’s going to choke. She can’t get air.”

Freddy meanwhile was starting to ram himself balls deep into my mouth. After a few minutes he started grunting and then suddenly pushed himself against my face and held me tight. At least I didn’t have to worry about swallowing. He shot directly into my stomach.

“He’s going to kill her,” one of the girls shouted.

I held up my hand to signal that I was OK and started moving on my own as Freddy’s prick slowly deflated. After he became limp, I slid my mouth off of his prick and left it dangling between his legs.

I turn to the girls who were gathered watching and say, “That was nice, but I’m really in the mood for something with a little less testosterone. Any of you up for a daisy chain? It would only take three of you... or five... or maybe seven.”

Most of the girls just laugh, but two of them step forward and one of them says, “That’s something I’ve always wanted to try.”

The other turns to a somewhat plump redhead and says, “What do you say, Sylvia? You’ve wondered about it yourself.”

Sylvia looks around and says, “Do we have to do it out here where everybody can see?”

The first girl puts her hands on Sylvia’s shoulders and says, “All you are going to see is twat, so who knows if someone is watching.” Then she grins and says, “And by the time we’re done, the guys will be so horny you can get your brains fucked out all night.”

One of the guys yells, “Make room!” and several other guys start pushing back the couches and tables to make space for us in the middle of the rug. I lay down and patted the thick carpet next to me.

Surprisingly, Sylvia is the first one to lay down with me. As we are starting to arrange ourselves, she says loudly, “This would be a lot easier with at least two more girls.”

I hear someone say, “I’ll do it if you will,” and two more girls kneel on the carpet.

Another voice says, “Are you up for this, Makayla?” and another pair of girls join us.

It is a lot easier with eight girls. With four we would have had to almost lie on our sides; with six we would still be twisted awkwardly; but with eight, the four on the bottom can remain almost flat while the other four lower their heads between their legs and their own twats down to the next girl’s mouth.

I am face down, so all I can see is a red-haired twat and feet standing in a circle around us. A lot of the feet– and legs– are bare. As I start working on Sylvia, I can see that some of the legs are starting to rub against each other.

One of the girls in the circle calls out, “Stay in sync. We all go together.”

Sylvia has a very pleasant taste and I lap eagerly as she begins to writhe and bounce beneath me. I have no idea who is between my legs, but she must be getting close because her lapping is starting to get almost violent and she is starting to suck and bite at my clit.

I don’t know who popped first, but her screams triggered someone else and more screams filled the room and suddenly I’m losing control. I don’t usually lose it, but evidently the smell of so many hot twats popping off is enough to take even me over the top whether I want to or not.

We all lay on the floor panting heavily. Sylvia is the first to stand up. “Anybody got a bedroom we can go to?” she asks. “I really need to fuck.”

“I’m Dave,” a deep voice says. “My bedroom’s on the third floor.”

“Then let’s go,” Sylvia replies and they take off for the stairs.

Hands were reaching down all around me to help the girls to their feet so they could go somewhere and fuck. But no one offered me their hand.

“What’s the matter?” I ask. “Everyone afraid to take me on?”

Freddy looks down at me and says with a smile, “Guest bedroom has a queen-sized bed.” He reaches down to help me up and adds, “Only problem is that it is normally reserved for tonight’s whore. We have a tradition of every member getting a crack at our Halloween Whore.”

“So who is your whore tonight?” I ask.

“Cops won’t let us bring in professionals anymore,” Freddy says with a shrug. “And no one has volunteered this year.”

I look at him and say, “I really shouldn’t, but I don’t get this opportunity very often.” I smile back at him and add, “And what’s a girl to do?”

The guest bedroom is at the top of the steps. There is a big, old-fashioned street light standing just outside the door. As I go through the door, Freddy reaches over and flips a switch on the side of the pole. The glow of the red light fills the hallway. He calls out, “Line forms on the left” and closes the door behind him.

Freddy doesn’t seem to get as big this time, but he is still a lot larger than anything I have ever had in my cunt before. He pounds into me for almost seven minutes and then falls almost unconscious on my body.

The rest of the night starts to blur together. As it gets closer to morning, I start losing count. I know there were more than a couple dozen frat members and at least a dozen sorority girls. Two of the girls had dildo harnesses and wanted to ram into me from the back. I think it was a feeling of power for them, but it still gave me what I wanted. One girl wanted to try the scissors, “Just in case I need to know how some day,” she said. The other girls just wanted me to eat them out. I think they thought I would get grossed out because they were full of cum, but I’ve seen– and done– just about everything, so it was no big deal.

It’s time for me to go. Halloween is almost over. The sky is starting to change from black to gray, and soon the sun will be on the horizon.

Officer Grumpy is still at the front door and says gruffly, “You can’t go out there like that.”

He grabs at my arm and misses.

“What the hell!?!” he yells as I go through the door.

He swings the door all the way open and stands in the open doorway. “You come back in here, young lady!” he yells at me.

I turn at the end of the sidewalk and blow him a kiss.

The expression of surprise on his face tells me that the sun has come up and I am no longer visible. I sigh and start walking down the sidewalk. My feet no longer make any noise as I walk. I probably shouldn’t have told Freddy that I would be their Halloween whore again next year, but I have to make the best of it. Halloween’s the only time I’m visible, and what’s a girl to do?