**ONE WILD WEEK:**

(***THE ADVENTURES OF CASSANDRA AND LEONARDO)***

CHAPTER 1:  *Meeting New Friends*

It began as a road trip from Toronto to New York City where my friend Cassandra and I planned to spend several days catching a Broadway play or two and participating in the city's upcoming Fourth of July festivities.

At least, that *was* the plan.

Not being in any hurry, we chose a ten-hour route that would take us east to Montreal and then south on Interstate 87 through the scenic Adirondack Mountains. After driving for seven hours, we decided to spend the night at the Mountain Lodge in upstate New York, arriving there in the late afternoon.

We checked in and, after dumping our bags in the room, used the Inn's hot tub. Hot tubs always bring out Cassie's horniness, so an hour later there we were in bed screwing our brains out. Now in our fifties, with failed marriages long behind us, we were fuck buddies with a very compatible and varied sex life. There was little we hadn't done - from vanilla sex to oral sex to anal sex to role-playing, bondage, water sports, and even the occasional bi-sexual threesome.

However, little did we know how much more we'd soon be doing.

Spent with post-orgasmic pleasure, we sat on the bed while probing each other’s mouths for the final traces of our combined juices.

"I'm getting hungry," Cassie said.

"Same here," I replied. "Let's shower and head down for a drink and some dinner."

Our shower took some time, since it began with our usual golden one, followed by a cleansing one.

Cassie slipped into a soft cotton dress and sandals and, as she often did, decided to go commando. I had on my usual well-worn jeans, soft denim shirt and deck shoes.

We entered the combined bar/restaurant for a pre-dinner drink; Cassie with the flushed and contented look of a woman who has just been well fucked in all three of her orifices, and me with a silly grin on my face and my legs a bit unsteady. We took a seat at an oval leather banquette at the rear of the bar and ordered two Grey Goose vodka martinis on ice with a bowl of olives on the side. From our vantage point we could scope out the others in the dimly lit bar – mostly middle-aged couples or singles, presumably on holiday or business here in upstate New York.

As we looked around and sipped our drinks, I felt Cassie's hand on my jeans, idly stroking my thigh. I reciprocated with my hand on her bare thigh under the thin summer dress. As I moved higher, I realized she wasn't wearing panties. Damn, I thought, she's an incorrigible slut.

We weren't even half finished our martinis when the waitress brought two more, telling us they were from the gentleman at the bar. We looked over and he turned around, smiled and raised his glass in a toast, as did the woman sitting beside him. We returned the silent toast, and took a better look at them. They appeared to be in their mid-sixties and were fashionably and expensively dressed – he in a light gray Armani summer suit and Gucci loafers, and she in a silk print dress and gold strap-on Prada sandals.

I felt Casssie give my thigh a slight squeeze as the couple left the bar and headed towards our table.

“Mind if my husband and I join you?” asked the woman in a soft sultry voice.

“Not at all,” I replied, transfixed by her long shapely legs and low-cut neckline that barely concealed her impressive breasts.

“Please join us,” Cassie said.

I could tell that Cassie was also attracted by the couple, especially the man who was tall, well built, and had an engaging friendly smile.

They introduced themselves as Bill and Monica, and we gave them our names. Monica, with her Campari and soda, settled into the banquette beside me; and Bill, with his Knappogue Castle single malt on the rocks, beside Cassie.

“So,” asked Monica, “You two on your honeymoon?”

 “No, what makes you think that?” asked Cassie, blushing slightly.

“Well,” said Monica in her sexy voice, “Like most folks, Bill and I are people watchers, and we try to guess the stories behind strangers. It’s sort of a game with us.”

“And,” said Bill, “you two have that aura of a couple who’ve got something real special going on. That’s what my wife and I figured when you first walked into the bar.”

Now it was my turn to blush. “Yeah, it’s special all right. But in fact, we’re just two close friends driving from Toronto to New York.”

“That is so sweet,” purred Monica as she gently patted my arm.

“Ain’t it though, honey,” smiled Bill as he winked across at his wife. “Now, let’s have a special drink with our new Canadian friends." With that he called the waitress over and ordered a bottle of Moet champagne.

Over the next two hours and a second bottle of champagne, the four of us exchanged information about our lives. We learned that Bill and Monica were retired investment bankers from New York who’d made a bundle of money in the late 1990’s bond market; had been married for thirty years, had no children, and were now living on a 30-acre hobby farm nearby where they housed and bred Arabian racing horses.

By eight o’clock we four had become bosom buddies, exchanging anecdotes about our careers and travels. And we were all more than a little tipsy, to the point that Monica was leaning her left breast into my shoulder, and Bill was stroking Cassie's right knee. Neither of us minded, and in fact we were rather turned on by this engaging couple.

That’s when Cassie and I realized we hadn’t yet eaten. I called the waitress over, only to find that the kitchen had just closed.

“No problem,” said Bill. “You shall dine at our ranch. It’s only a half-hour drive from here.”

“Definitely,” exclaimed Monica, pressing her soft breast into my arm. “I’ll call Maria right now and tell her to expect two guests for dinner.” With that, she took a cell phone from her purse and left to make the call.

“Gee, I don’t know,” Cassie said, slightly slurring her words. “Leo and I have to check out of here early tomorrow.”

“That too is no problem,” said Bill. “We have a huge house with lots of room for overnight guests. I insist that you two spend the night, and then be on your way to New York in the morning.” As he said this, his hand drifted higher on Cassie's knee. I saw her smile, and wondered if he’d discovered that she'd gone commando. But I didn't care, and Cassie didn’t seem to either.

“Okay,” I said, “Sounds like a plan. Lemme just run upstairs and get our overnight bags. We’re already mostly packed and pre-checked out, so should be no problem."

I exited the elevator five minutes later to find Cassie and Monica in the lobby giggling drunkenly and embracing one another like old school chums.

Bill looked on with a smile and clapped me on the back. “So, Leonardo, we got only a short drive from here. You and your girl just follow my car and we’ll be there in no time at all.”

Cassie and I got into our car and pulled up behind Bill’s silver S600 Mercedes sedan. We were soon on a winding country road through the Adirondacks. As I drove I was thinking of Monica’s full breast pressed into my arm. And Cassie's thoughts were probably still on Bill’s hand on her bare thigh.

“Such a nice couple,” Cassie sighed as she lay her head on my lap and slowly unzipped my fly. Judging from the pulsing of my cock and the faint scent of Cassie's leaking pussy, I knew we were both curious to see what was going to happen next.

CHAPTER 2: *Introduction to The Playroom*

We eventually arrived at a large iron farm gate suspended on two stone pillars. We followed a tree-lined drive with white rail fences on either side, and entered a circular drive to the front entrance of a beautiful stone and timber house that was large but not overly pretentious.

As we got out of the car, a large goofy dog came bounding up to greet us. He stuck his cold wet nose up under Cassie's dress and gave her a little sniff. As she let out a small squeal, Bill gently nudged the dog out of the way and with a twinkle in his eye said, “We don't do that to our guests; at least not out here.”

We were led into a beautiful front entrance where Maria, a young Mexican dressed in a tight-fitting butler’s tuxedo was ready to take our bags upstairs to our room. The bedroom, with a queen-sixed canopied bed on which lay two white velour robes, was drop-dead gorgeous. Maria informed us that after we freshened up we were to come to the dining room in our robes, adding that it was standard dining attire in this household.

After all the champagne, Cassie desperately needed to pee, so she entered the marble-tiled bathroom to relieve her bursting bladder while I unpacked our bags. When I heard the toilet flush, I entered and knelt in front of Cassie, offering to wipe the pee from her hairy bush with my tongue. Naturally, she agreed.

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 In another room in the house Bill and Monica, dressed in bathrobes similar to ours, were seated barefoot side-by-side on a leather couch watching a large flat-screen monitor. The screen showed our empty bed as seen from the ceiling. With the push of a button on the remote, Bill switched to a hidden camera in our bathroom, where Cassie was getting off the toilet and I was on my knees licking the remnants of pee from the folds of her pussy.

“Mmm,” moaned Monica as she opened her robe to pinch her hard nipples. “We got us a couple of kinky ones this time.”

“Yeah babe.” said Bill, absentmindedly stroking his semi-erect cock that protruded from his bathrobe. “You guessed that when we first saw them walk into the bar, didn’t you?”

 As the camera shot switched back to us in the bedroom donning our bathrobes, Monica gave her husband a peck on the cheek and said, “I guess it’s time to join our guests for dinner.” They then tied their robes and left the room.

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Soon Cassie and I were seated barefoot next to one another at a massive oak table in the dining room. Across from us our hosts were holding hands and smiling benignly. The four of us were chatting and sipping Dos Equis beers straight from the bottle when Maria entered the room with plates of guacamole salad.

My jaw almost dropped when I saw her, now in a maid’s uniform – a starched white pleated skirt that barely covered her delightful bubble butt, and a loose low-cut Mexican blouse, beneath which she clearly had no bra. As she made the rounds of the table, bending and reaching to place the dishes in front of us, I was transfixed by the fact that she was panty-less and had the hairiest black armpits and crotch I had ever seen on a woman. Cassie caught me gawking, and softly dug an elbow into my ribs.

Monica noticed, smiled across the table and said, “Our darling Maria is one of those girls who you can go down on and floss your teeth at the same time. And her twin brother, Carlos our groom, has one hell of a talented tongue that can tickle your bellybutton from the inside.”

Cassie and I laughed self-consciously, and began to eat our salad as Maria brought four more bottles of chilled Dos Equis. The combination of the drinks and champagne at the bar and now the beer had all of us relaxed, chatting, and pleasantly drunk.

As we savored our main course of chicken-and-cheese enchiladas, I felt my cock being rubbed into hardness. Surreptitiously glancing down, I saw Monica’s ruby-red toenails pressing into my crotch through my partially open robe. And beside me I noticed that Bill’s bare foot was also pressed into Cassie's crotch. She appeared to be ignoring it until I noticed her shifting her butt slightly closer to the table and slowly gyrating her hips. Then, as she placed a forkful of chicken in her mouth, she started to quietly moan.

Monica pressed her toes harder against my growing cock, licked her lips, looked over at Maria who was standing close by, and said, “I’ll have what she’s having.”

All of us, including Maria, burst out laughing. This led to a discussion of our favorite movie sex scenes, and it turned out that we all shared the same ones.

“Well, on that note,” said Bill, rising from the table, “I think it’s time for Monica and me to show you two our favorite room in the house.”

“Oh goody,” squealed Monica, clapping her hands like an excited schoolgirl, “Let’s adjourn to the Playroom.”

As we all got up, Cassie and I glanced at one another. The flushed look on her face told me that she was still coming down from her foot-to-pussy orgasm. And we were both eagerly curious to see whatever is they called a “Playroom”.

We were led downstairs to a large teak-paneled room which was like none either of us had ever seen other than in porn movies. With its head against one wall, a king-size four-poster bed dominated the room. At the base of each post was a leather strap connected to pink fur-covered handcuffs. On another wall hung an assortment of paddles, whips and feathers, beneath which was a table of various lubricants, battery-powered vibrators, and rubber and latex dildos of every imaginable size. In a corner of the room was an oversized child’s wading pool. The ceiling and two of the walls were mirrored, while a third wall contained a 52-inch plasma TV monitor.

“Wow,” Cassie exclaimed. “No wonder you call it a Playroom.”

“Yes, my dear Cassie,” answered Monica as she gently untied the sashes of their two robes and let them fall to the floor. “But besides these toys, there are other things that are fun to play with.” With that, she cradled Cassie's head between her large natural breasts with dark areolas and engorged nipples that were at least half an inch long.

I could see by Cassie's own perky nipples and glistening juice between her legs that she was extremely turned on by this gorgeous sexy woman, especially when Monica reached down and gently fingered Cassie's pussy. Cassie wasted no time in reciprocating, and the two of them were soon sucking the juices off their fingers.

Meanwhile, Bill and I took a seat on a soft velvet couch and leaned back to watch the two women make out. Bill reached to a side table and took a fat joint from a mahogany humidor. He lit it, took a deep drag and handed it to me. It was powerful weed, and I felt light-headed after a single puff.

Monica was now moaning loudly as Cassie suckled on her left breast and took the large nipple between her teeth. “Don’t be afraid to bite, honey; I like it rough,” Monica murmured. She then guided Cassie over to the bed and onto her back.

Bill and I couldn't keep our eyes off the two women, and were slowly stroking our cocks which were getting harder by the second. And soon he was stroking my cock, and I his.

Monica slid down the bed and ran her tongue down Cassie's belly towards her quivering cunt. Cassie, I knew, had only limited experiences with a woman, and I could see that she was a bit nervous. Monica, on the other hand, had obviously done this before. While she began to explore Cassie's clitoris with her agile tongue, she raised her ass towards Bill and me. I took a long haul off the joint, dropped my robe, and filled my lungs with smoke. I approached the bed and blew it into Cassie's mouth, tonguing her deeply while Monica's tongue continued to work magic on her pussy.

Meanwhile, Bill shed his robe and slipped up behind his wife where, after licking her ass, he slowly entered her cunt with his hard cock. As he did this, I slid my cock into Cassie's mouth. Together we seemed to have the same rhythm and all of us were moaning with delight.

Bill then slowly backed out of Monica and offered me his hot cock to suck. I began to lick Monica’s juices from his penis and balls. The sight of me with a cock in my mouth turned Cassie on even more.

With all of us breathing hard, we disentangled ourselves. Bill gently lifted Cassie up and snapped handcuffs on both her wrists. While she was on her knees attached to the cuffs, he slid under her to tease her cunt with his tongue. When he had her dripping with juice, Bill got up, grabbed her by the hips and gently lowered her down on his throbbing member. She was groaning with pleasure as she lowered herself on him.

Meanwhile, Monica had locked me in the lower bedpost cuffs, forcing me to watch Cassie and Bill fucking. She then began to suck my prick while pushing a well-lubricated dildo up my ass. Thankfully, it was one of the smaller ones in their collection. The double pleasure I felt in my cock and prostate soon had me erupting in Monica’s talented mouth. Instead of swallowing, she grabbed my hair and fed the sperm into my mouth. She then slid the dildo from my ass, moved over to Cassie and told her to suck it, which she gladly did.

We then un-cuffed Cassie and flipped her over on her back with her legs raised high. Bill started to lick her ass, causing her to writhe with pleasure and whimpering, “More, more!”

Being only too happy to oblige her slutty craving, I bent over her face and let my cum which Monica had deposited in my mouth drip into Cassie's. We kissed passionately as Bill and Monica took turns forcing Cassie's legs towards her chest and driving their tongues into her ass, lubricating it for what was to come next.

Monica moved to the head of the bed and hung her pendulous breasts over Cassie's face. She pulled them down one at a time, sucking on the long rubbery nipples like a starving baby. Monica then got on her knees facing the foot of the bed with her fury cunt inches above Cassie's face, and asked me to get Bill lubed up with my mouth. I eagerly sucked on his cock, getting it nice and wet for the onslaught of Cassie's asshole.

Monica pulled Cassie's legs up high and settled her pussy on her mouth as Bill slowly penetrated her ass with his seven-inch cock. Cassie’s muffled yelp of pain soon gave way to pleasure as the cockhead slipped past her sphincter. Bill started slowly, then faster and faster, driving deeply in and out of her ass.

I had my head on Cassie's stomach, transfixed by the sight of Bill's plunging cock. I moved my mouth down and began to lick her clit. She was soon writhing in ecstasy while slurping Monica’s juicy cunt. Every so often Bill withdrew and shoved his pussy-and-ass-juice coated cock into my mouth. The taste was divine, and I felt my cock, which Cassie was pumping with her right hand, coming back to life.

Within a few minutes Bill let out a groan and drove as far up as he could, spilling his seed into Cassie's bowels. Almost simultaneously Monica let out a loud screech as she ground her pussy on Cassie's face and started to come. Cassie realized that she was a squirter when copious amounts of juice filled her mouth. As Monica raised her hips and Cassie swallowed the delicious nectar, I had Cassie's clit between my lips and sucked on it furiously. This put her over the top, and she screamed like I'd never heard her before. I suspected that she had just had one of the best orgasms of her life.

After the requisite cleanup, which involved Monica sucking Bill’s spunk out of Cassie's ass, Cassie bathing Bill’s cock and balls with her tongue, Bill licking the semen and sweat from my scrotum, and me sucking the rest of Monica’s juice from her cunt, we fell back on the huge bed; four very happy and exhausted campers.

“Wow,” said Monica. “You two are the most fun Bill and I have had in a long time.”

“And you two are the most fun Leo and have *ever* had,” Cassie replied with a dreamy look on her face.

“But there’s even more fun to come,” Monica said as she left the bed and pressed an intercom button on a nearby desk.

“Si, senora,” answered a voice from the speaker.

“Maria, traer mucho cerveza, por favor. Y traer Carlos contigo.”

“Si, senora,” replied Maria with an excited giggle.

My Spanish was good enough to realize that this sexy foursome was soon to be a six-some. I was almost drooling at the thought of my face buried in the steamy jungle of Maria’s black bush. And as I looked over at Cassie, her grin told me that she was curious to test-drive Carlos’s reputed tongue that we’d heard about at the dinner table.

Bill sighed contently, got off the bed and retrieved another thick joint from the humidor. Smiling at us, he said, “You two are in for a long hot night. You ready for it?”

“Oh yeah!” we replied in unison. Cassie leaned over to give me a wet sloppy kiss while Monica and Bill sucked on her breasts. The two of us were hornier than we could ever remember being.

CHAPTER 3: *Cassie Is Punished*

Maria and Carlos soon entered the Playroom with a large tray of cold beers. She was dressed in a Merry Widow with holes exposing her generous breasts and jet black furry pubes. Carlos had on only a pair of leather chaps, showing off his lean muscular body and a very thick erect cock. They were eager to play, and promptly stripped naked.

Maria made a beeline directly to me with Monica at her side. They led me to the bed, pushed me onto my back and cuffed my hands and feet to the corner posts. Monica started working on my already hardening cock as Maria lowered her breasts to my eager lips. I couldn’t seem to get enough of them. She then adjusted her position to lower her hairy bush over my mouth.

As Monica sucked on my cock, she released my feet and pushed my legs up to insert her tongue in my ass. Maria was squealing with delight as I licked her pussy and explored her with my tongue. She was also a squirter, and came with her hot juices all over my face; not once, but several times. Not satisfied, she shifted forward, pulled her ass cheeks apart, and reached down to slap my face until I had my tongue deeply impaled deep in her sweaty but clean asshole. She groaned with pleasure as she wriggled over my mouth, and suddenly her juices were erupting again.

When Monica heard the moans of pleasure, she moved up to lick my face and Maria’s hot bush. Meanwhile, I had already come in Monica's mouth, so the two women began to kiss and share the taste, exchanging their saliva back and forth.

On the other side of the room Cassie was seated on the sofa between Carlos and Bill, hungrily watching the torrid scene on the bed while she stroked their cocks and they squeezed her tits and pinched her engorged nipples.

The two women un-cuffed my wrists, gave my wilting cock a final lick, and went to the sideboard for a couple of frosty beers. I lay there for a moment in a daze, still savoring Maria’s sweet taste. Then I climbed off the bed and joined Monica and Maria for a beer.

As we watched Cassie fondling the two men’s cocks, Maria murmured something in Spanish to Monica who smiled broadly and nodded.

Maria barked out something to her brother in Spanish and he grinned. The men then roughly grabbed Cassie by her arms and steered her over to the bed. She had a stoned look on her face, wondering what was about to happen.

Meanwhile, I was standing between the women alternately drinking my beer with one hand and inserting a wet middle finger into their willing asses with the other.

As Cassie was thrown face down on the bed, Monica put down her beer, walked over to her selection of toys, and in her purring voice, said, “Cassie darling, while we were entertaining your friend, I noticed you sexually fondling my two favorite men without my permission.”

Cassie started to speak, but Monica cut her off. “Shut up slut! Now you must be punished.” With that, she fingered the array of whips, and selected a riding crop. “So my little whore likes to ride, huh? Well, ride you shall! But first you need to be broken in.”

She ordered the two men to hold Cassie down, with Carlos pinning her arms at the head of the bed and Bill sitting on the back of her legs. Monica then went over and gently tapped Cassie's ass with the crop. When Cassie whimpered a bit, she was smacked hard on the ass. She screamed out in pain. Or was it pleasure? After two more strokes, Cassie, with tears rolling down her cheeks, was begging Monica to stop.

“Shut the bitch up, Carlos,” Monica snapped. With that, Carlos pulled back on Cassie's hair and shoved his thick cock into her mouth, warning her not to bite. The crop came down again and again on Cassie's ass, and Bill was roughly shoving three fingers in and out of her cunt. He looked up and said, “My god, Monica, the bitch is sopping wet. I think she’s enjoying it.”

Standing beside Maria with two of my fingers in her ass, I too wondered if Cassie was getting off on it. Her twitching body and screams muffled by Carlos’s cock make it hard to tell. But my rising cock and Maria’s juicy fingers which she alternately dipped into her snatch and then into my mouth were proof that at least *we* were enjoying Cassie's pain.

Monica poured a bit of beer on Cassie's very rosy butt and bent down to gently lick it off. But she was not through with Cassie yet. She told the men to turn her over and hold her down. She then moved to the sex-toy wall where she selected a large feather duster, using it to slowly caress Cassie's breasts, stomach and pussy. Cassie's ass was still on fire, but now she began to purr with pleasure, her nipples hardening and her pussy lips swelling with each pass of the feathers.

“We can’t have that,” snarled Monica, dropping the duster to the floor and picking up the crop. Without warning, she brought it down fairly hard on Cassie's breasts as well as her exposed cunt. As Cassie’s screams echoed around the room, Monica motioned to Maria who knew what to do. She climbed on the bed and, facing the wall, lowered her hairy bush onto Cassie's face – not for pleasure but to drown out the screams. Monica again started slapping Cassie tits and pussy lips with the crop, though not as hard as she did her ass; her cries muffled only by Maria’s pussy grinding on her face.

I found myself transfixed by the sight, feeling a bit sorry for Cassie, but at the same time vicariously enjoying her predicament and wishing that it was my face under Maria’s woolly cunt.

“Okay boys, she’s broken in. It’s time to take this fucking whore for a bareback ride,” said Monica, throwing the crop to the floor. “She’s all yours. You know what to do.”

Maria reluctantly climbed off the bed to join me for another cold beer.

Cassie's buttocks, breasts and cunt lips were still tender as the men helped her to her knees. Then Bill lay on his back in the center of the bed and stroked his cock to full erection. Monica told Cassie to mount him with her knees facing forward. At last Cassie was expecting some pleasure as his cock slid into her pussy.

But Monica’s was not finished yet. She beckoned Carlos to kneel behind Cassie and lick her upraised ass. It felt good. That is, until Cassie sensed what was coming next as Monica squirted some lube into her asshole and rubbed some on Carlos’s thick cock. “Okay, my slutty horsy, now you’re going to carry two riders, and the biggest one is at the back.”

With that she aimed Carlos’s cock at Cassie’s asshole and pushed him all the way in. The suddenness took Cassie's breath away and she felt a stab of searing pain in her rectum. But with Bill holding her shoulders and the weight of Carlos on her back, there was no escaping the double penetration. The two men started easy at first, and then gradually picked up the tempo of their fucking.

Monica went to the head of the bed and knelt with her ass against Bill’s mouth. She grabbed Cassie's hair and pulled her face into her sloppy wet cunt. “Okay horsy, I’ve got you by the mane so that no one falls off. “Now let’s all go for a ride."

Bill started bucking his hips to thrust his cock in and out of Cassie’s cunt, and Carlos shoved his cock deep in her ass. Other than with a dildo, it was Cassie's first double penetration. But her initial fear soon turned to pleasure as she felt the two cocks rubbing against one another through the thin membrane separating her two fuck holes. She felt a powerful orgasm building up inside as she sucked on Monica’s pussy. Suddenly, both men simultaneously came and Monica squirted her juice down Cassie’s throat. Cassie found herself in the throes of a multiple orgasm, like rolling thunder that curled her toes and drove her into a wild frenzy.

“Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!” she screamed again and again and again. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

Maria and I were standing at the foot of the bed, both of us transfixed by the wild carnal scene. I was leaking pre-cum and she was madly fringing herself. She smiled at me and said, “Mucho bueno por senorita, no?”

“Si,” I replied. “Mucho Bueno.”

The four on the bed slowly fell apart, all breathing heavily – especially Cassie. Maria and I dutifully dove in to clean up the cock, cunts and asses, licking and slurping as much fuck juice as we could swallow.

“Now everybody,” said Monica, still coming down from her orgasm, “it’s time to wash down our valiant steed after her hard ride.”

We all agreed, and I bent down to give Cassie a long hard kiss on the mouth. “You were fucking fantastic, baby!” I exclaimed. Still reeling from her multiple orgasms, she grinned and collapsed contentedly in my arms.

But a fresh water washing was not what Monica had in mind, which Cassie realized when Monica steered her over to the large plastic wading pool and pushed her to her knees. I now figured out what the pool was doing in their Playroom.

Monica beckoned Carlos over and said, “Now Carlos, as a groom you know that a horse should always be hosed down after a hard sweaty ride. So go to it.”

He grinned and directed his semi-hard penis at Cassie's body. A powerful stream hit her chest and down to her thighs. He then aimed for her face, but she turned away. Monica stepped into the pool behind her, grabbed her hair and forced her mouth open so that Carlos could piss into it. As his flow lessened, he stepped into the pool and put his cock in Cassie’s mouth to finish off. She gagged and spluttered, but it was clear that she'd swallowed some of his urine.

“Very good Carlos” said Monica, adding, “Now everyone to the pool.” Holding Cassie down on her knees, she asked, “Who's next?”

“Me,” I replied, grinning down at Cassie. She stuck her tongue out at me, but she of all people knew how much I enjoy golden showers. I began by pissing on her tits and then on her face and hair while she tightly shut her eyes. Monica again forced her mouth open so I could direct a final stream down her throat. To everyone’s surprise, Cassie readily gulped it down.

Next up was Bill who ordered Cassie on her back and told Monica to pull her legs as far back as possible. This way he could piss directly at her cunt and asshole. In fact, he inserted the tip of his cock into both gaping holes so that his stream was giving Cassie a warm piss enema and a douche.

As soon as he’d finished, Maria stepped in, straddled Cassie with her feet on either side of her hips and started peeing all over her from her feet to her hair. Because Maria had consumed more beer than the rest of us, her pissing seemed to go on forever.

“And finally,” said Monica, “it’s my turn to water down our poor little horsy.” She sank her nails into Cassie's fleshy breasts, twisted them and held her down on her back in half an inch of the pale yellow urine. “Poor horsy must be thirsty after that ride,” she said, squatting over Cassie’s face. With her urethra pressing on Cassie's mouth, she began to piss down her throat. Cassie tried to turn her head, but the more she did, the harder Monica twisted her tits and pinched her aching nipples. So she finally gave in to Monica's sadistic pleasure, which we could all see from the way Cassie's throat muscles expanded and contracted as she swallowed every drop.

With a sigh of relief now that her bladder was empty, Monica stood up and helped Cassie to her feet. She patted her wet bum and said, “Welcome to our Playroom, Cassie. Wasn’t that fun?”

What nobody noticed except me was the look of vengeance in Cassie’s eyes. So I was the only one not surprised when she gently turned Monica’s head as if to kiss her, and then suddenly spit a mouthful of piss in her face. At the same time, she knocked Monica to her to her knees in the fetid pool and, with her legs gripping Monica's waist, she straddled her, facing her rear. Then, with the fingers and thumb of her right hand closed in a Vee, she viciously thrust her fist into Monica's cunt while two fingers of her left hand hammered in and out of her gaping asshole.

With a final deep shove of her fist, Cassie yelled, “This if for the whipping, bitch!” And with a hard thrust of her fingers deep in Monica’s ass, she snarled, “And this is for the double horsy ride, cocksucker!” She then pushed Monica's face into the pool, holding it down until she was forced to gulp in some of our combined urine.

We were all gaping in astonishment until Bill started clapping. Monica rose unsteadily to her feet and smiled at Cassie. “Do you realize how many times you just made me cum, sweetie?”

Cassie grinned, shook her head and said, “Oh, and this is for the pool party, you fucking skank!” With that, she grabbed Monica's left tit and bit down hard on the pliant flesh, leaving teeth marks and a small trace of blood.

“Bravo!” shouted Bill, and we all joined in clapping.

“Jesus, I love it rough, girl,” Monica said as she took Cassie gently into her arms and the two of them embraced in a passionate kiss.

“Okay gang,” Bill announced, “how about we all shower and then have a midnight snack that Maria has prepared. There’s chilled champagne, caviar, and oysters on the half-shell upstairs. And for desert we’ve got chocolate amaretto mousse and some primo Colombian coke that should keep all of us wired for more fun the rest of the night."

With that, we all grabbed our robes and retired to our respective rooms.

On the way upstairs, Cassie's knees were a little wobbly, and as I steadied her, she grinned and said, "Hey Leo, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

I chuckled and asked if she'd been seriously angry at Monica. She squeezed my hand and replied, “Nah. Some of it was scary, but so far tonight I’ve had more orgasms than I can ever remember.”

CHAPTER 4: *Brunch On the Deck*

Back in the room we quickly shed our robes and stepped into the roomy stall shower. The warm water sliding down Cassie's body and the jets aimed gently at her pussy and ass relieved some of the sting from the whipping she'd taken.

I gently rubbed soap over her still engorged lips and ass. She in turn stroked my cock with her soapy hands.

"Jesus, Leo," she said, " I can’t believe you're getting hard again. Maybe we should slow down until we’ve had some nourishment. And I'm dying of thirst since all I’ve had to drink is lots of salty pee... Speaking of which, on your knees lover boy!"

Cassie then pushed me down by my shoulders and squatted over my face. Pulling back on her swollen pussy lips she gave me the full force of her pale yellow urine. I lapped it up eagerly, a little disappointed when the stream ended.

We exited the shower and dried off with large fluffy towels, and then donned fresh robes, which seemed to be the required attire in this house.

Hand in hand we descended the steps, both wondering how it could get any better. Following the sound of laughter, we passed through a modest sitting room and through French doors onto a marvelous deck beside the pool. The pool was a dark royal blue with the full moon reflected on its placid surface. At one end was an elevated Jacuzzi which overflowed down a rock surface. There was also a short slide from the hot tub to the pool, along with a retractable diving platform. The area was perfectly landscaped with rocks and plants.

Bill and Monica, their robes open, were lounging on chairs set up near a wonderful buffet table laden with oysters, caviar, a salmon platter, homemade baguettes and a fruit platter. Next to that were a chocolate mousse and magnums of chilled champagne, plus an assortment of single malts and other fine alcohols. They waved us over to two lounge chairs next to them and asked us to open our robes. .

I noticed that on a low table near the chairs were two monogrammed cigarette boxes, neither of which, I was certain, contained cigarettes.

Maria, dressed in a white velour robe, handed us flutes of champagne and gave us each a big smile and an air kiss.

As we settled back on the comfy chaise lounges, Carlos, also in a white robe, brought over the platter of oysters. But instead of using a plate, he gently placed several on Cassie's body, and invited me to suck them off. I started with the one between her breasts, and slowly worked my way towards her pussy. The last oyster I held in my mouth to insert between Cassie's lips and into her awaiting cunt. Then I sucked it out as Cassie giggled.

I swallowed it down, looked around with a grin and said, "Who'll feed me next.

“Me, me,” squealed Maria, who had removed her robe and had a dozen oysters inserted into her pussy and ass by Monica. She came over to my reclined chaise lounge and straddled my face with her feet on either side of the chair.

“Watch this, Cassie,” Monica said, gently stroking her cheek “We never do scat here; that’s too perverted even for us. But this is the next best thing. Maria has the most talented vaginal and rectal muscles I’ve ever come across.”

 Maria then used her pussy muscles to deposit six oysters one at a time into my waiting mouth. As I slurped them down, she shifted forward a bit with her bubble ass now over my face. With a tiny grunt she forced another six oysters from her clean puckered asshole and into my mouth. As soon as I'd swallowed all twelve, Maria bent her knees so that I could happily lick the combined oyster-cunt-ass juice from her two holes.

Cassie and Monica laughed and clapped your hands. “Hey, Leo," shouted Cassie, “Now I know what a shit-eating grin looks like.”

Monica giggled and gave Cassie you a soft peck on the lips. “Am I forgiven, sweetie?”

“Only if you promise to do those things to me again,” Cassie murmured as she licked Monica's soft lips.

Monica smiled and answered, “And only if you treat me rough like the bitch that I am.”

“Deal!” said Cassie. The two women then entwined their tongues in a passionate kiss, softly fondling each other's breasts.

“Enough of that, you love-struck beaver-eaters,” called Bill from the buffet table. “Carlos and I have the next appetizer ready to serve.”

With that, both naked men approached with strips of smoked salmon wrapped around their jutting pricks, plus a ring of onion circling their cockheads, and even a caper which Maria had inserted into their pee holes.

“Our seafood specialty tonight is fish on a stick,” said Bill as he approached Cassie, and Carlos moved over to Monica. They both sat up with eager mouths to receive their treat straight off the fleshy skewers.

“Mmm,” Cassie murmured, licking her lips. “Best seafood restaurant service I’ve ever had."

Over the next hour we polished off the midnight snack in erotic, if unconventional, ways, including licking chocolate mousse off one another’s bodies. Cassie was now seated face forward on my lap, as were Monica on Bill’s, and Maria on her brother’s. We were fondling the women's breasts from behind, while the four of them casually toyed with their pussies. The moon had dropped behind the high granite mountains and the soft summer air was perfectly still.

We were all at peace and about to drowse off when Monica leapt to her feet and said, “Okay sleepyheads, the night is far from over. We don’t want our sexy Canadian guests to think that we’re party-poopers, do we?” With that she went to the side table and retrieved one of the monogrammed cigarette boxes. She removed a tiny sterling silver spoon attached to the inside lid, scooped a bit of cocaine from the box, and took a snort. She then passed the spoon and box to Cassie.

Cassie followed her example, then turned and passed the spoon and box to me. I could see from her dilated pupils that she was instantly awake. I took a hit and handed the box and spoon to Maria on the chair next to us. As the coke made the rounds, we were now six very wired and horny people sitting by the pool.

“It’s a bit too chilly to swim,” said Monica. “What say we take our asses and the champagne and coke down to the Playroom?”

There was instant agreement as the six of us quickly tied our robes and headed inside. When I reached down and stroked Cassie's leaking pussy I could tell that she was eager for the next episode to begin.

CHAPTER 5 : *Playing Porn Director*

No sooner had we arrived in the Playroom when Monica, who’d make a perfect - though sometimes annoying - social director on a cruise ship or at a children’s camp, announced, “Okay boys and girls, we are now going to play a little game of Porn Director.”

“Goody, goody,” squealed Maria. “I love this game!”

Cassie and I looked at one another through a coke-induced haze and shrugged. “How’s it go?” I asked.

“Simple,” said Monica, getting a pack of cards from the drawer of a side table. “There are only hearts in this deck, from the two to the Ace. We each choose a card, and whoever picks the highest one decides what depraved thing he or she wants the rest of us to do either individually or in unison with one another for a period of fifteen minutes.

Apart from scat or debilitating injury, there are no barriers. That is, the five losers *must* comply with the Director’s wishes, or immediately be banned forever from this room. And that includes me. Any toys, props or devices that you see here, or that I may at my leisure introduce, may be used to inflict shame or pain, as long as no permanent scars are left. And no person can win twice, so that we each can get a turn playing Director. Do you all follow?”

Cassie and I frowned, realizing that we were the only ones who’d never played the game, and were therefore at some disadvantage.

“I can see what you two are thinking,” said Monica. “But we’ve had Porn Director newbies play before, and so far no one has been exiled from our Playroom. I do hope you won’t be the first.”

Cassie snorted another spoonful of coke and handed the box to me. “I’m fuckin' in!” she announced defiantly.

“’Me too,” I gamely agreed.

“Very good,” said Monica. “And, by the way, all of this will be filmed so that at the end of our session we can watch the monitor and decide which of the directors was the most creative.”

Bill stepped over to the TV console and pushed a couple of buttons which bathed the Playroom in soft white light and activated the blinking ceiling video cameras.

Monica shuffled the thirteen cards and fanned them in a line face down on the table. “We’ll choose alphabetically by first name. Bill, as usual, you go first, and hide your card.”

He chose one from the middle, then Carlos, Cassie, myself, Maria and Monica in that order. We showed our cards. And Cassie, with beginner’s luck, held the Queen of Hearts, beating us all.

“Congratulations Cassie,” said Monica, handing her a director’s megaphone and stepping over to set an analog chess-game timer for 15 minutes. “We are now all actors in your play, and the cameras are rolling.”

Cassie had obviously already thought about her intended scene and chosen her lead actor, for she ordered me to lie with my chest on the end of the bed, for Bill to sit with his legs spread in front of my face, and Carlos to lube my ass, first with his talented tongue and then with a tube of Astroglide.

“Fuckin' bitch,” I thought, when I realized that Cassie wanted to watch me being sodomized. She then told Monica and Maria to select a couple of short five-stranded flogging whips and baby oil, and had them stand at either side of the bed.

“Okay Bill,” Cassie barked through the horn, “Shove it into his cocksucking mouth! And Carlos, shove that thick cock of yours into his pussy hole!”

The two men didn't need to be told twice, and I was suddenly skewered like a roast pig on a spit.

“Now girls,” Cassie shouted, “make sure our suckling pig is well basted.” With that, Monica and Maria squirted baby oil on my back and buttocks and commenced to gently flog me. Just as I started to feel the cock in my ass stimulate my prostate, Cassie shouted to the women, “Harder, you master-basting cunts. Harder!”

Their flogging tempo picked up and I felt the searing pain. I glanced over to see Cassie grinning and madly frigging herself. The bitch was obviously getting off on my pain and humiliation. I glanced at the clock and was relieved to see it winding down to a final five minutes.

But Cassie saw it too, and wanted to end the scene with a flourish. So she told Monica and Maria to start flogging the two men’s asses to help make them come. It worked, for soon Bill grunted, grabbed my head and pumped gobs of semen into my mouth and throat, while Carlos let out a whoop and shot his load deep into my asshole.

With less than a minute to go, Cassie ordered Carlos to suck his cum out of my ass and to grab my head and spit it into my mouth. In the dying seconds of the scene Cassie had me sitting on the bed, showing my open mouth full of Bill’s and Carlos's semen. And just as the clock timer rang, she commanded me to swallow.

Cassie received a round of applause from everyone in the room. Except from me.

Monica took Cassie's arm and held it high above her head. “That was a truly inspired film debut, my precious. Now let’s see who our next Porn Director will be. Yours shall be a hard act to follow.” With that she again shuffled the cards, splaying them face down on the table. And, except for Cassie, we each got to choose one.

This time Bill won with a measly eight of hearts, and became the new Porn Director. He pushed a button on his remote, and three frames with cuffs attached magically slid out from a wall. He ordered the three women to step into the frames, and for Carlos to fasten the cuffs. Then he tied a ball gag across each of the women's mouths.

“Bill baby,” Monica complained before her ball gag was fitted. “You’re the director; not an actor. You know the rules.”

Bill slapped her across the face and said, “Fuck you and your rules, bitch! If Clint Eastwood and Woody Allen can act and also direct in their own movies, so can I.”

Monica looked startled, but at the same time apparently turned on by her husband’s harsh slap.

“Okay boys,” said Bill. “We will each choose one girl. I will take the last, and every five minutes we'll change, until we’ve used up our fifteen minutes. Choose any aids that you want.”

I went to the shelf and chose a double-ended dildo and riding crop. Carlos picked a feather wand, and Bill a leather bullwhip. The clock started to count down. Carlos began with Cassie, I chose Monica, and Bill had Maria.

Knowing that Monica liked it rough, I started by kissing her breasts and stroking her pussy with the double-ended dildo. Both her cunt and ass were well lubricated, so I wasted no time shoving it into both holes. As I did this, I whipped her ass hard and bit her nipples. She struggled in pain and pleasure as I made her juices flow.

Meanwhile, Carlos was stroking Cassie's body with the feathers. He moved around behind and licked her ass to prepare it for his stiff cock. He thrust deep inside Cassie's asshole; with the ball gag making it difficult to know whether she was screaming in pain or pleasure. Knowing her, I suspected it was both.

Bill was very experienced with the bullwhip. He stood back and with a sharp snap allowed only the tip to hit Maria’s ass. He did this several times as her muffled shouts became lost among those of the other women. He then approached Maria from the front and shoved his cock into her pussy.

The five-minute timer clicked, and it was time to trade partners. Bill moved to Cassie; Carlos to Monica, and I to Maria.

I'd been waiting all night to again lick and suck Maria’s hairy bush. I began with her firm erect nipples which I rolled around in my mouth, occasionally giving them a little nip. Then I ran my tongue down her belly to her swelling nether lips and probed her cunt with my tongue. I could tell she was cuming by the juice that squirted into my mouth.

Bill again waved the bullwhip, this time using it to flick the tip against Cassie's ass, cunt and nipples. Ignoring her screams through the gag, he grabbed her by the hips and thrust his cock into her cunt. Her screams soon turned into a whimper as she reached an orgasm.

Carlos decided that Monica needed some more roughness. So he got to his knees, sucked her clit into his mouth and bit it a few times. He then moved behind her, and with no preliminaries, grabbed her by the hips to violently ram his thick cock up her ass. Her screams too were muffled.

The five-minute timer sounded again, and each of us moved to our third and last woman. This time I had Cassie, Bill had Monica, and Carlos had his sister Maria.

I started by whipping Cassie's butt with the riding crop, raising a few pink welts. I then went around to her front and took her erect nipples in my mouth, gently biting them while my fingers explored her moist cunt. Then I picked up the flexible double-ended dildo and pushed it into both her cunt and ass. While she squirmed and tried and to resist, I continued to ram both ends of the dildo in and out. She finally exploded with a shuddering orgasm.

Bill and Monica were also into some rough stuff as Bill stood back and cracked the tip of his whip all over her body, particularly her breasts and pussy. She obviously enjoyed the pain, and she soon came so hard that her vaginal secretions were dripping down her legs.

Carlos was much gentler with his sister, and it was obvious they'd done this before. He stroked Maria all over with the feathers, and as she moaned and dripped with pleasure, he shoved his rock-hard cock into her cunt while gently squeezing her puffy nipples.

The clock alarm sounded for a final time, and Bill's fifteen minutes as Porn Director were up.

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As Carlos removed the women's ball gags, Bill opened the Playroom door and gave a sharp whistle. The big goofy dog who’d greeted our arrival came bounding into the room. He approached each of the women, their legs still spread apart in the frames, and eagerly licked them clean.

“Mister Ruggles here is on clean-up detail,” laughed Bill, scratching the large Belgian sheep dog behind its ear.

CHAPTER 6 : *Ruggles Joins The Porn Directors*

After stretching their cramped limbs, the women gently rubbed soothing balm on each other’s whipped asses, tits and pussy lips. When I jokingly asked for some to be applied to my tired whipping arm, Cassie instead grabbed my scrotum and squeezed hard, making me wince in pain while everyone else laughed.

While Maria scurried upstairs to fetch more cold beers, Monica again shuffled the deck of thirteen cards. “Okay, that’s two Porn Directors down and four to go,” she announced, spreading the cards face down on the table. “But from now on the director can *only* direct!” she warned, glowering at her husband who just shrugged and smiled.

Maria returned with a large tray of frosty Dos Equis cerveza, and, except for Cassie and Bill, we all selected a card. This time Monica, with Ace high, became the next Porn Director. I looked over at Cassie and read a mixture of fear and curiosity in her eyes.

“Hmm,” Monica murmured, looking at Ruggles who was on the floor licking his balls “Seems we’ll have a sixth actor in my scene.”

I heard the sharp intake of Cassie's breath while Maria and Carlos smiled at one another. It appeared that they and Ruggles were what one might call very intimate friends.

We all took large swigs of beer as Monica led Ruggles by his collar to the center of the room where he lay at her feet. Then she told the five of us to sit with our legs spread in a wide circle around the dog. She looked up at the ceiling to make sure a camera was directly above, and ordered us to start playing with ourselves. Ruggles immediately lifted his head, sniffing the aroma of male pre-cum and female pussy secretions that he knew so well.

Monica picked up the director’s bullhorn and set the timer for fifteen minutes.

“Now Ruggles, I want you to meet these nice people,” she said as she led him by his collar inside the circle. As she stopped in front of each of us, Ruggles immediately stuck his nose into our crotches, first sniffing and then licking pussies, balls and cocks with his long raspy tongue.

I looked over at Cassie seated next to me when it was her turn to be introduced, and saw her drool while a tongue that was even bigger than Carlos’s was close to bringing her off, especially when she pulled her nether lips open and he lapped at her clit. When my turn came, I said to no one in particular, “This dog can sure lick, but he can’t suck worth a damn.”

“Now,” commanded Monica, “Everyone on their knees and foreheads with their asses facing the circle and their cheeks pulled wide open.”

We complied, and soon were rewarded with Ruggles and his amazing tongue greeting us at our back door.

“Okay folks, it’s reciprocation time,” said Monica, ordering us back to our sitting position, with Ruggles lying in the center of the circle.

With raised eyebrows, Cassie and I worriedly glanced at one another.

“Okay, Maria, action!” shouted Monica. Maria leant forward and began to gently stroke the dog’s belly, causing it to whimper softly and roll on its back. She moved her hand down to its furry sheath and rubbed some more. Within seconds, the red tip of its cock emerged, and Maria leaned down to give it a tiny lick, causing the cock to come out even farther.

“Bill, you’re next,” said Monica. He replaced Maria, leaned forward and continued to lick the ever-growing penis. Ruggles was now completely on his back, hind legs splayed open, and grunting softly with pleasure.

“Now Carlos,” said Monica. He took over from Bill and started to lick up and down the dog’s enlarging member which was now a thick blue-veined cock twitching and emitting short spurts of colorless pre-cum. He put the cock head in his mouth and sucked gently, gulping fluid down his throat.

Cassie and I watched in fascination, realizing that Ruggles had been through this many times before. As we looked at one another with doubtful expressions, Monica barked out, “Leo, you’re on!”

I hesitated, but only for a second or two. I certainly didn't want to be the first person ever barred from the Playroom. Working up my courage, I replaced Carlos and tentatively began to lick the pulsating cock. I must have been doing something right, for it started to grow even longer and thicker. The taste was different than a man’s cock, yet not too bad.

“Come on, Leo,” admonished Monica. “You can do better than that!”

In for a penny in for a pound, I figured as I wrapped my hand around the slimy cock and engulfed it in my mouth. Hot pre-cum squirted down my throat; salty but not unpleasant. Ruggles was now arching his back and humping my mouth. While still sucking, I slid my hand down the cock and felt his knot forming at the base. I realized that Ruggles had a prick that would put even Carlos to shame.

As I found myself wondering what this eight-inch monster must feel like to a woman in her pussy, I heard the timer go off.

“Damn it!” exclaimed Monica. “Our darling Cassandra still hasn’t had her fun, and poor Mister Ruggles hasn’t yet had a real orgasm. “But,” she added brightly, glancing at me and Maria and Carlos, “we still have three Porn Directors left to make their 15-minute debuts. So what say we all have another round of beer, champagne and coke before we resume.”

There was general agreement as we all got up from the floor. Cassie glanced at me curiously, smiled and then licked my lips and stuck her tongue into my mouth. “I always wondered what it tasted like," she muttered, giving me a pat on the bum.

Ruggles, meanwhile, had rolled over on his side, contentedly licking his balls and glistening cock as it slowly withdrew into its furry sheath.

Maria, Carlos and I were now the only ones left to play as Monica shuffled the cards and laid them face down on the table. Maria chose first, followed by Carlos and me. The winner was Maria with the Queen of Hearts.

She went over to reset the timing clock for fifteen minutes, smiled and said, “You are now all my sex slaves... Carlos, lie on your back on the floor, and Monica, start sucking his cock. Leo, you start working on Ruggles And Cassie, let the dog lick your sweet pussy... And as for you, Bill, I want you move around and make sure that everyone feels the sting of the bullwhip.”

Following Maria's orders, I gently stroked Ruggles sheath until his penis emerged, large and engorged, with the bulb at the base now outside the sheath. Meanwhile, the dog was licking Cassie's cunt with its long raspy tongue as she spread her legs in an open invitation.

“Now Leo,” ordered Maria, “hold Monica’s head firmly on Carlos’s cock. Cassie, you move over and sit on Carlos’s face.”

Carlos's tongue lapped eagerly at Cassie's snatch, making her juices drip all over his face and into his hungry mouth.

Meanwhile, under Maria’s direction, Bill led Ruggles to Monica’s upturned rump which he immediately mounted. With his paws around her waist, he frantically began to dance and stab until his thick blue-veined cock entered her waiting pussy. He humped hard, and finally inserted his knot so that he and Monica were locked tight. After a few nips on her back, Ruggles finally climaxed with a yowl. It took a few minutes for the knot to contract, and with a loud squishy slurp the dog released his bitch.

Filthy pervert that she was, Monica immediately swung around under the dog’s belly to lick and suck its slimy cock. And her equally perverted husband wasted no time in shoving his mouth onto Monica’s crotch in order to suck and swallow huge gobs of doggie cum.

As Cassie and I watched this depraved scene, we were masturbating one another while I suckled and nibbled on her nipples. Neither of us had ever seen or experienced anything quite like this, and we both came in unison as the clock timer rang.

There were now only two potential Porn Directors left - me and Carlos. But first we all took a break, drinking beer and shots of single malt, plus sharing a joint and some cocaine before the next round.

CHAPTER 7 : *Indulging In Horseplay*

While we lounged around naked and getting even more stoned, Monica again shuffled the cards and lay them on the table.

I drew the ten of Hearts, but Carlos narrowly beat me with the Jack. He was now calling the shots, and it was obvious by the way he licked his lips and grinned that he had something special in mind.

“Before we begin, I want everyone out to the barn!” he announced. This had his sister Maria giggling gleefully, as she presumably had guessed what was coming next.

On Carlos's instructions, we collected the beers, joints and cocaine, several dildos and whips, restraints, and the chess clock timer. We crossed a short courtyard still naked in the warm night air, and entered a large dimly-lit stable where several horses in paddocks whinnied at our approach. The barn was immaculately clean, with the intoxicating scent of fresh hay and warm horse flesh. Even Ruggles followed us in.

I noticed Monica sidle up to Carlos and mutter something in Spanish. He smiled and briefly nodded.

He moved to a wall where he toggled several switches. Immediately the barn was flooded with soft light, and the red glow of camera lenses were blinking from the high wooden beams.

“Very good,” said Carlos as we deposited everything on a workbench against one wall. “Maria, bring out El Nino.”

She went to one of the paddocks and returned to the center of the barn with a sleek Arabian stud on a halter harness which she attached to a horizontal post.

“Are either of you familiar with horses and horse breeding,” asked Carlos, looking at Cassie and me.

“Oh yes,” Cassie proudly said. “I grew up on a farm.”

Monica, standing next to me nudged my arm. “Wrong answer,” she whispered with a giggle.

“Wonderful!” exclaimed Carlos. “Then you shall show us how it’s done.”

“What?” Cassie asked, looking slightly confused.

“Why, artificial insemination, of course,” said Carlos. “You do know how to stroke a cock, do you not? You certainly had plenty of practice with me and Bill and Leo tonight.”

“Yes, but, but...,” Cassie stammered.

The rest of us were grinning as Maria grabbed Cassie by the arm and forced her to her knees by the horse’s flank. I could swear I even saw a grin on Ruggles’ furry face.

“Bueno, mi putita, make El Nino happy,” said Maria, forcing Cassie's wrist to the horse’s groin and stroking it with her hand. The horse was obviously ready for breeding, for his huge member emerged from its sheath within seconds. And it continued to grow as Maria urged Cassie to wrap her hand around it and stroke it up and down.

As we others stared transfixed, we were as horny as El Nino. Carlos and Monica were on their forearms and knees watching the action, with me driving my cock up Monica’s ass, and Bill doing the same to Carlos who was still directing from the sidelines. Even Ruggles joined the fray as he humped Maria's leg and tried to slide his slick penis into her ass.

The horse’s curved cock was now almost fully extended – at least eighteen inches of thick slippery meat that Cassie smoothly pumped with both hands. I noticed a glazed and fascinated look in her eyes.

El Nino suddenly whinnied and nervously stamped his front hooves. Carlos informed Cassie that the horse was about to ejaculate.

Bewildered, she looked up at him and asked, “But where do you put it?”

“Show her, Maria,” shouted Carlos.

With that, Maria grabbed Cassie's hair with one hand and the cock with the other, pushing the head of it to Cassie's face. She tried to turn away, but Maria held her fast, and suddenly a massive spurt of creamy horse cum covered Cassie's face, hair and chest, dripping all the way down to her crotch.

As Maria pumped the huge cock, Monica pulled her ass off my cock and scurried over to assist. She helped Maria pull Cassie's head back, and squeezed her jaw to force open her mouth. Maria then shoved the thick bulbous head into Cassie's mouth and kept pumping the rubbery shaft. The horse ejaculated once again and, with Monica cackling and pinching Cassie's nose, she could do nothing but gasp for air and swallow a huge load of viscous horse cum.

Despite my cock no longer being in Monica’s ass, I was maintaining my erection just by watching what the two women were doing to Cassie.

With a triumphant cry, Monica released Cassie and exclaimed, “Boys and girls, may I introduce you to Cassandra, our new horsy sperm bank.” With that, she returned to me where I re-inserted my cock in her ass.

Maria helped Cassie up and eagerly licked horse cum off her face and tits, while Ruggles licked it off her stomach and pussy.

Cassie was close to retching, and after spitting some of the horse sperm into Maria’s eager mouth, she looked over and glared at me and Monica just as the timer bell rang.

“Well done my pet,” Monica said, grinning at Cassie.

I had just come in Monica's ass and Bill in Carlos’s. Bill and I then shifted places so that I could pull Carlos’s cheeks apart and suck the sperm out of his upturned asshole, while Bill did the same to Monica’s.

Our mouths and throats were full of slimy ejaculate, although Cassie, of course, had the lion’s or, more to the point, the horse’s, share.

“Finally,” announced Monica, “we have Leo as our last wannabe Porn Director. So there is no need to draw cards.”

“Hmm,” I said as more beers and cocaine were passed around. “I rather like this film studio, so I think I’ll do my directing right here.”

Everyone took a few minutes to regroup and let me set the scene.

Monica was fuming in the corner because Carlos had taken part in the scene, even though he was still directing while Bill was fucking him. She grabbed a riding crop off the wall and with strong strokes, whipped Carlos’s ass. She thought she was punishing him, but the rest of us saw his member rising, so much so that it was firmly against his belly. We started to giggle, and Monica realized what was happening. So she stopped before he could come.

"Too bad,” she said as he whimpered in sexual frustration.

I then brought Carlos into a corner to ask him some questions. He took a jar of something, opened it and placed it on a shelf near the horse.

“Okay,” I said, setting the timer. “It’s now time to play. Maria, since you have the most experience, please work on the horse.”

She moved in and gently began to stroke its cock. This time, however, El Nino had a full erection of about 20 inches.

At my instructions, Bill and Carlos pushed two bales of hay beneath El Nino’s belly.

“Okay, Monica,” I snapped, “lie your back on the bales with your head facing the horse’s neck.”

I heard Cassie gasp. I knew she was wondering if what she thought, and perhaps even hoped, was about to happen.

“Carlos,” I said, “since you are the groom, continue to stimulate El Nino and direct his cock. Bill, you’d better stay by its head to keep him calm. Cassie and Maria, each of you take Monica's legs and bend them back towards her chest.”

Cassie could not believe that I was doing this, but the thought of it was already making her wet. There was pussy juice running down Maria’s legs as well. And we three men were sporting growing erections.

As Maria and Cassie pushed Monica towards El Nino’s cock, Carlos began to insert it into her pussy. She let out a small scream and tried to protest. This made Carlos shove the cock in even harder while stroking it at the same time. We were all amazed at how much Monica could take in. The horse began to snort and stomp its front hooves, and we all knew what was coming. Ruggles was also excited and inserted his tongue up both Cassie's and Maria’s crotches in turn. It seemed he just couldn't get enough of their flavorful secretions.

Just as the timer rang, El Nino climaxed. Hot juices spurted out from around his cock and Monica’s swollen labia, with her legs, ass and furry mound covered in jizm. The bitch was also cuming almost as hard as the horse, and so were Cassie and Maria. They let Monica's legs go, and she flopped to the floor in a daze.

As Monica rose unsteadily to her feet, Bill came over, gave her a pat on the ass, and then led El Nino back to his stall.

All of us were laughing, although Monica not so much.

“Leo,” Cassie asked, “how did you get the horse to perform again?”

“Pheromones,” I answered with a grin. “Hey, did you get off on what we did to Monica?”

“Boy, did I ever!” Cassie replied, kissing me on the cheek. “You are now my favorite Porn Director.”

Cassie looked over at the cum-soaked Monica, smiled and sweetly said, “Monica darling, some people have to pay big bucks for stud fees. You just got it for free! Ha Ha!”

Monica simply flipped her the finger.

I found myself wondering how this bitchy one-upmanship rivalry between the two women would eventually end.

It was now time to clean up. We all headed to the sundeck, took a fast outdoor shower and moved into to the Jacuzzi to soak our sex-ravaged bodies and sip a bit of single malt whiskey.

CHAPTER 8 : *Monica's Erotica Research*

The Jacuzzi felt wonderful and was almost lulling us to sleep. The eastern sky was turning from black to gray over the distant mountains, and far off we could hear the crowing of a rooster.

“Mmm,” Cassie murmured to me. “We still got a three-hour drive before we hit New York.

On my other side in the Jacuzzi, Monica pinched my underwater flaccid cock and sternly said, “You two are going nowhere without some sleep.”

“Besides,” said Bill, “what’s so important about New York. Hell, that city is full of perverts.”

This elicited a roar of laughter from all of us.

Monica reached across my chest and lightly flicked Cassie's rosy nipple and looked her straight in the eyes. “You and I still need to get better acquainted, honey. Please stay a day or two longer.”

“Yes, please do,” chimed in Maria and Carlos.

“And I promised to take you riding later today, didn’t I,” said Bill, adding with a grin, “but this time on a *real* horse.”

“Well,” Cassie replied, looking at me. “What do you think?”

“Sure,” I shrugged. “I guess we can always catch those Broadway plays some other time.”

Secretly, of course, I’d already made up my mind, and I suspected that Cassie had too. The past twelve hours had been an erotic experience like none other we'd ever known. And I wondered what could possibly transpire next in this garden of delights. Had we known, we might have left immediately. But then again, maybe not.

“It’s settled then,” said Monica cheerily. “Now let’s all hit the sack; our own beds this time, and get some much-needed sleep. Then we’ll have a late brunch, after which Bill can take Cassie riding while I show Leo some of my short stories that he can help me edit.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said Bill, rising from the now tepid water. “Maria and Carlos, why don’t you two clean up, get some shut-eye, and maybe have brunch ready for us, say about eleven or so?”

“Si,” they answered in unison.

We all left the Jacuzzi and you and I headed straight to our room. Not even bothering to brush our teeth, we fell exhausted into bed, both of us sound asleep within minutes. And boy, what erotic dreams we had!

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"Wake up you sleepy heads," came Monica’s voice over the intercom in our bedroom. "Brunch is in half an hour. Just wear your robes; we’ll dress after we eat."

Both of us were horny, and immediately positioned ourselves in a sixty-nine for a morning snack.

"I said half an hour!" snapped Monica’s voice over the intercom. Oops, we’d forgotten about the cameras.

We rolled out of bed for a quick shower. We both had to pee, so took turns empting our bladders on each other, even slurping down a bit.

“Hey, you two piss pots,” came Monica’s voice again. “Why not try the Mimosas at brunch instead.” Oh shit, we’d also forgotten about the bathroom camera. So we showered, dried off and slipped into our robes to head downstairs.

Brunch was served on the deck in the warm late morning sun. There was hot steaming coffee and a wonderful spread of crispy bacon, poached eggs on toast, with a side of smoked salmon and a variety of rolls and fresh fruit.

Bill asked Cassie if she'd be comfortable riding bareback. He would use the bareback saddles.

"It’s been a long time," she said, “but I can give it a go."

"Good, then you only need shorts, a Tee-shirt and shoes."

Monica turned to me and asked if I was up to reading some of her material.

“Sounds good to me,” I said. “Can we work here on the deck?"

Maria, in her skimpy maid’s uniform, slipped in to refill coffee and remove the dishes. “Bad boy!” she teasingly admonished as I slipped a hand under her skirt and then spread fresh pussy cream on my croissant.

Carlos, meanwhile, had gone to the stables to get the horses ready.

While I was savoring my ‘buttered’ croissant, Cassie went upstairs to dress. She soon came down in a pair of exercise shorts, Tee shirt and deck shoes.

I followed her and Bill out to the stables where Carlos had prepared two quarter horses that were used for work and training the Arabians. One was a large dapple grey and the other a beautiful chestnut, a bit smaller than the grey. They had comfy bareback saddles to soften the ride. Bill gave Cassie a leg up on the chestnut and hopped easily onto the grey.

Bill told us his property was surrounded by 400 acres of protected government land on which he had permission to make riding trails, and that they'd probably ride to the lake and would be back in a few hours.

As I waved goodbye, I wondered how long it would take Bill to find a spot where the two of them would get it on. Knowing Cassandra and her insatiable sex drive, I could use my imagination. And I was certain that Cassie would tell me all about it in graphic detail after they returned.

Meanwhile, Monica and I had some reading and editing to do.

I met her on the pool patio just as she was coming from the house with several typed manuscripts under her arm.

“I’ve been trying my hand at writing,” she said. “These are a few short stories I’ve done. Perhaps, as a writer yourself, you can give me some pointers.”

“Glad to,” I offered, taking the manuscripts. I scanned through two of them and exclaimed, “My god, Monica, this is pornography!”

“Ain’t it, though,” she said, beaming with pride. “So what do you think?”

“Well,” I said, “You certainly have a creative mind. But your punctuation and syntax leave a lot to be desired. And the direct quotes and dialogue breaks between speakers could use some work.”

“Yeah,” I figured so,” she pouted, biting her lower lip. “But do you think they might be publishable?”

“Not without a lot of work,” I replied. “I’d be happy to help you revise them if you want. Where do you get these filthy story ideas, anyway?”

“Oh, as you might have guessed by now, through first-hand research, both here at home and with some of our sexy close friends. In fact, I’m putting you and Cassandra into my next story, with your names changed, of course.”

“Of course,” I said, blushing slightly. “And what other close friends?”

“Well, there’s Maria and her brother for starters. Then, Bill and I have some other special people that we want you to meet soon.”

“So tell me about Maria and Carlos. How’d you meet them?”

Maria then explained that the twins had grown up poor as church mice in a small Mexican village with a father who was an abusive alcoholic and a mother who was the town whore. So at the age of fifteen they’d run away from home, crossed the Rio Grande as wetbacks, and gotten work in southern Arizona – she as a cook and he as a gaucho on a ranch owned by some conservative rich people.

“One day, the lady of the house caught them in bed together and fired them on the spot,” continued Monica. “So they hitchhiked east, picking up shitty temporary jobs here and there, always in fear of being picked up by Immigration agents. They are inseparable, as you can see, and the kindest and hardest-working pair you could ever meet.”

“But how did they end up here?”

“Well,” about eight years ago, shortly after Bill and I had retired and bought this place, we were driving back from the city in the rain and saw these two hitchhikers with backpacks. It was Maria and her brother. They looked like drowned rats, so we felt sorry for them and picked them up. Their English was pretty good and they were extremely polite, so we invited them to spend the night in our barn.”

“Go on,” I urged.

“Well, early the next morning we heard a commotion out in the yard, and looked out the window. There was Carlos exercising and brushing down two of our horses. And there was Maria on her hands and knees, scrubbing the patio tiles. All without being asked to.

“We were very impressed, so we invited them in for breakfast, which Maria insisted on making. And, oh my god, what a cook!

“At that time we only had a part-time groom and cook, both of whom were rather surly and came out three times a week, provided they were sober enough. So Bill and I looked at one another and decided on the spot that we’d just found a live-in cook and groom. We hired them on the spot, and the rest is history.”

“Their incestuous relationship didn’t bother you?” I asked.

“Hell no,” snorted Monica. “In fact, as you’ve seen, we ended up hiring two young people who came with benefits. Life has never been better for the four of us.”

“That’s a nice story. By the way, where are they now?”

“Good question. Let’s see.” With that, Monica picked up her Android device from the table and used it to connect to the ranch’s closed circuit network. After roaming through a few rooms, she smiled and handed it to me. On the screen were Carlos and Maria naked on a pile of straw in the barn. He was on his back madly stroking his cock with his sister squatting over his face and pissing into his open mouth. I immediately feel my cock begin to stir, while Monica dipped her hand into the folds of her robe.

“Those two are insatiable rabbits,” laughed Monica. They can’t seem to get enough of each other. And Bill and I can’t get enough of *them*.” With that, she activated the speaker in the barn and barked, “Hey you lovebirds, save some of that for me and our guest here.”

Minutes later, brother and sister, still naked and looking only a little sheepish, joined us on the patio.

Monica and I discarded our robes, with Maria offering her pussy to my mouth and Carlos his cock to Monica’s mouth. After we’d cleaned up their piss and cum, Monica said, “How about a daisy chain before the others get back?” She then positioned us in a circle on the cool tile floor, with Carlos’s face buried in her cunt, my mouth enveloping his prick, Maria’s mouth swallowing my cock. And to complete the circle, Monica was flossing her teeth in Maria’s furry snatch.

We were all licking and sucking away when Cassie and Bill came around the side of the house and smiled benignly down at us.

“How was your ride? I asked, licking jizm from my lips and noticing the telltale stain that covered the crotch of Cassie's shorts.

"Oh my god, it was absolutely the best ride I have ever had." Cassie replied, blushing a little. "But you guys seem to be having a great time yourselves. Is this how you edit?"

Cassie then slipped out of her shoes, Tee shirt and cum-soaked shorts, and dove into the pool. Bill stripped naked and was right behind her, and soon were the rest of us. We all had a refreshing dip and climbed out to air dry on the lounge chairs.

 After all her riding exercise, Cassie said she was starving, and asked Maria if there was anything ready to eat. With suggested offerings coming from all of us, she laughed and said, "Wrong thing to ask in front of a bunch of sluts! I meant food."

While Bill got up to mix some cool drinks and Maria departed for the kitchen, Monica moved over to Cassie's reclined chair and straddled her.

"So," she purred while fondling Cassie's pussy and nibbling on her erect nipples, "I want to hear all about your ride. Like, what you did to my husband, and what he did to you."

Cassie blushed and began by describing the beautiful scenery and the ride to the lake. But she started to moan with Monica's fingers inside her. So Bill took over the story, describing how he had fucked Cassie in both her cunt and her ass while both of them rode the same horse.

His graphic description soon had me aroused. So as soon as Monica had climbed off Cassie, I went to her chair, lifted her legs and sucked on her quivering pussy. I then flipped her over and fucked her doggy style as she came again and again.

Bill, Monica and Carlos were also aroused. So with Monica on her hands and knees, the men did her simultaneously in her mouth and ass.

When Maria arrived with hors d'oeuvres, we were all panting and lying about. She asked what she'd missed, and insisted that we owed her one.

We then lay back and sipped mint juleps and sampled the wonderful platter that Maria had whipped up while the rest of us were sucking and fucking.

"Don't eat too much since we'll be having a nice dinner later,” said Monica. “Also, I may have a surprise for you two Canucks."

At this point, neither Cassie nor I were sure how many more surprises we could take. But so far, this had been far better than any surprise birthday party either of us ever had as a kid.

CHAPTER 9: *Preparing for Bacchanalia*

We eventually finished another delicious dinner, with Carlos and Maria orally servicing the four of us under the table as we drank our coffee and sipped snifters of 16-year-old cognac.

“Okay, my pets, come up now,” said Monica. “Time to tell our guests about the surprise – this weekend’s Bacchanalia.”

The twins crawled out from under the table and held hands while they grinned and licked ejaculate from their lips. They obviously knew about the surprise. But Cassie and I didn't, and we were anxiously waiting.

“Every Fourth of July long weekend,” explained Bill, "our home is host to some of our, ah shall we say like-minded, wealthy friends from New York, Boston and Los Angeles. They’ll be arriving Friday evening, two days from now, and will be here until Monday. These are interesting people whom you two will be delighted to meet, as they shall be equally delighted to meet you.”

Cassie and I looked curiously at one another as Monica continued, “Yes, you are about to experience the party of all parties; something I think you will remember the rest of your lives.”

She turned to Bill and asked, “How many confirmations, darling?”

“Twelve,” he answered.

“Perfect!” said Monica. “With our eight bedrooms, we can fit everyone in just nicely…And Maria, I take it the caterers and other suppliers are all arranged?”

“Si,” replied Maria, “Everything will be arriving from New York tomorrow, right on schedule.”

“Ooh,” exclaimed Carlos, “Is Smotherfucker coming?”

“And King Dong too?” interjected Maria excitedly.

“Yes, my dears. Even Gretchen and her slave, and also the Pussy Posse, plus some of your other favorites will be here as well.”

 Noticing our confused look, Bill said, “You two are about to meet some the wildest kinky people we know… You will stay, of course?”

It seemed more of a demand than a request. So, without a moment’s hesitation Cassie and I nodded enthusiastically, both of us wondering what could possibly be wilder than what we’d experienced so far.

“That’s great,” said Monica, clapping her hands. “Our chance meeting with the two of you could not have been timed better. And I just know you both will make a wonderful addition to our annual Bacchanalia.”

“Now,” suggested Bill, “I think we should all retire to our respective beds. There’s going to be a lot of preparations to make when the caterers and other suppliers get here tomorrow. And it would be a good idea if we get plenty of rest and recharge our batteries before the guests begin arriving on Friday.”

“Amen to that,” added Monica. “I for one am going to hit the hay right now.” She bid us all a good night and headed upstairs, with Bill soon behind her.

As Maria and Carlos started to clear the table, we said good night and headed to our room.

Once inside, Cassie winced at me and said, “Smotherfucker?”

I grinned and retorted, “King Dong?”

“And,” she added, "the Pussy Posse?”

We burst out laughing and headed for the bathroom to perform our nightly ablutions.

We tumbled into bed, and after a little snuggle we were both asleep almost instantly.

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The next thing we knew, it was morning. The smell of fresh cut grass was wafting through the window and I heard the distant sound of a lawn tractor. I looked out just in time to see Carlos heading towards the tool and machine shed on the John Deere. He must have been up at the crack of dawn, as it was now only half past seven.

The lawn beyond the pool looked like a golf course. I figured that this must be where the party would take place.

Cassie and I put on our robes and headed down to the breakfast room where Bill was having coffee and reading the paper. Maria came in and asked us what we'd like. We decided on a light continental breakfast of croissants, bagels and cream cheese, and some of her wonderful coffee.

Pervert that I am, I again reached under Maria’s skirt for some of her special cream to lather on my bagel.

"Monica will join you soon if I can get her out of my kitchen,” said Maria as she slapped my wrist and refilled our cups.

Monica entered in a flurry and took a chair at the table. She was keyed up, and probably shouldn’t have too much coffee.

"Is there anything I can do to help with the preparations?” Cassie asked.

"No," replied Monica. "I want you both out of the way. Maria will direct the caterers in the kitchen and I will direct the others in the garden. Bill and Carlos are going to take you both up to the lake. Maria has packed a picnic lunch. She and I'll ride up to join you when we’re finished here."

And so it was settled. We finished our breakfast and went upstairs to change and to meet Bill and Carlos at the stable.

As we approached the stable, Cassie noticed that I was acting more than a bit nervous, and asked me why.

“There is no way you’re getting me on a horse!” I replied. “I’m terrified of them.”

“What?” Cassie asked in surprise. “Why?”

“When I was a kid visiting my grandpa’s farm, he wanted to teach me and my sister to ride. Or at least he tried to, because I was no sooner in the saddle than the horse bucked me off and then reached down and tried to bite me. I’ve never been one since.”

“So, big deal,” Cassie said. “Maybe it was just an ornery horse. These ones are quite tame.”

“Yeah, I noticed that when you were giving El Nino a blow job. But, uh uh. You guys go ahead. I’ll stay here and give Monica a hand with the outdoor work."

Bill and Carlos laughed at my timidity, and Cassie called me a big wuss. But I’d made up my mind, and there was no changing it. The three of them headed off, with Ruggles following behind.

I wandered over to the large garden. Monica seemed a bit disconcerted by my staying behind, but shrugged and said that as long as I was there, I might as well help out

Shortly after, a large truck and two vans, one of which was refrigerated, pulled into the drive. Monica directed the truck onto the lawn where the driver and two burly companions began to unload an enormous 40-by-60-foot tent, the kind used for outdoor wedding receptions. They also, with my help, unloaded chaise lounges, an assortment of wicker side tables, two dozen Tiki torches on bamboo poles, a portable bar, stainless steel serving table, and a commercial-sized propane barbeque. We also took out eighteen plush dining chairs and a disassembled redwood banquet table which would later be put together. Curiously, a collapsible ten-foot-square wrestling ring with a rubber mat was also unloaded from the truck.

While the men began setting up the tent, the driver of one of the vans and I unloaded cases of premium liquor, mixers, beer, and the finest of red and white wines. There were also ice buckets, boxes of bubble-wrapped Spode china plates, sterling silver cutlery, and crystal goblets and wine glasses, all to be brought to the bar area once the tent was erected and the furnishings moved inside. The barbeque and serving table were placed under a large canopy connected to the rear of the tent, and accessible through a wide back entrance flap.

Meanwhile, the refrigerated van had backed up to the kitchen door where Monica and Maria directed the driver and his helper to carry everything inside to the kitchen’s walk-in refrigerator and freezer. I was amazed by the amount of food. There were huge sirloin roasts, T-Bone steaks, racks of lamb, a complete roasting pig, venison, quail, fresh Coho salmon, bowls of different salads, and platter upon platter of assorted canapés. Large bags of ice cubes were also transferred to the freezer. I noticed from the lettering on the side of the van that all of it was from Delmonico Gourmet Foods, New York’s finest, and certainly most expensive caterers.

“My god,” I said to Monica, “You guys certainly go all out!”

“Nothing but the best for our friends, sweetheart,” she replied, giving my cheek a pinch. “That includes you and Cassie… And tomorrow afternoon, our usual barbeque chef, waiters and waitresses will be driving up from the city to get things ready before the party guests arrive.”

Within four hours the tent was up and the furnishings inside. As the drivers and their helpers got ready to leave, Monica handed each a hundred-dollar bill. They all smiled when she beckoned Maria over and said, “But you can't leave yet without your *special* annual tip.”

With that, the six men grinned and nudged one another while they quickly dropped their trousers and underwear. I watched as the two women got on their knees and gave each man a double blow job, one mouth on his cock and the other licking and sucking his balls. Once all six had climaxed, they politely thanked the two women and climbed into their respective vehicles. As they disappeared down the driveway, Monica and Maria were probing one another’s mouths with their tongues for the last traces of spunk.

“Phew,” said Monica, licking her lips, “We three have put in a hard morning’s work. So let’s forego joining the others at the lake and get some rest… like maybe in the Playroom?”

“Yeah, right!” I thought, still in awe of the licentiousness of these two women. I was also wondering what Cassie, Bill, Carlos and Ruggles were getting up to at the lake.

CHAPTER 10: *Omar Brings Supplies*

When the three horseback riders eventually arrived home, Cassie went to the Playroom to find Monica, Maria and me asleep on the king-size bed. The women were on their sides facing one another, their heads buried in each other’s bosom, while I was asleep further down, with my head sandwiched between two very sticky crotches.

“Ahem!” Cassie said sarcastically and loud enough to wake us.” I see that you’ve all been working hard.”

“Actually, "said Bill as he and Carlos entered in the Playroom. “They really have. The garden is all set for the party, and our walk-in fridge and freezer is full to the brim.”

The three of us sat up and shook our drowsy heads.

“Oh my god,” exclaimed Monica, glancing at her gold Cartier watch. “Omar is due any time now with the rest of the supplies.”

 “Who’s Omar?” I asked, rubbing sleep from my eyes and pussy juice and pubic hairs from my mouth and cheeks.

“Our trusty pharmacist,” said Bill. “No Bacchanalia would be complete without him.”

It then struck me that the three of them were as naked as jaybirds. “Where’re your riding clothes?” I asked.

Cassie pouted and said, “Alas, we were mugged and robbed by a band of nasty highwaymen on the ride back.”

“Oh yes,” added Carlo in mock horror. “It was simply dreadful!”

“But at least they took only our clothes,” added Bill gravely. “Carlos and I did everything we could to prevent them from gang-raping Cassie… Not that she wouldn’t have enjoyed it, mind you.”

“Okay you clowns; enough of that,” said Monica. “We've got to shower and dress before Omar gets here.”

We headed to our respective rooms. While Cassie and I were drying off after our shower, she filled me in on the horseback ride and picnic. Not sparing any details, she told me about their lunch break in which she and the men and even Ruggles ate more than just food, and how all three had taken turns filling each of her love holes. Galloping home naked and experiencing multiple orgasms on the vibrating saddle between her legs, was merely the final icing on her cake.

The erotic narrative had me turned me on to the point where I soon had Cassie bent over the end of the bed and was on my knees licking her pussy and ass, getting ready to fuck her.

But I was interrupted by Monica’s demanding voice over the bedroom intercom. “Hey Leo, get your tongue out of her ass and get down here to meet our pharmacist.”

"Damn cameras," I thought, as Cassie and I put on shorts, Tee-shirts and sneakers, and then headed downstairs.

We were outside with Bill and Monica when a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud purred up the drive and came to a stop. The driver, a hulking black man in a dark suit with the bulge of a weapon obvious under its right breast, stepped out of the car. He nodded to us, and opened the rear door. A thin Latino with a wispy goatee and dressed in an immaculate white silk suit and wing-tipped alligator shoes, got out and gave Bill and Monica each a peremptory kiss on the cheek.

“Good to see you again Omar,” gushed Monica. “Even if it’s only once a year… You have everything?”

“But of course, darling,” said Omar, snapping his fingers at his driver who opened the car’s trunk. “Absolutely everything.”

As the trunk lid yawned open, we saw a large cherry wood portmanteau, with ten small drawer handles facing its gilded front.

“Where do you want it?” Omar asked.

“The usual place, in the Playroom,” answered Bill.

Omar again snapped his fingers. The burly driver took the portmanteau by its side handles and carried it, as if it were as light as a feather, into the house and down to the Playroom. At Bill’s direction, he placed it on top of a credenza, and stepped back.

“Now,” said Omar, “let us check the merchandise.” With a single key inserted into the top of the large trunk, all ten drawers slid out, each one containing neat rows of recreational drugs. There were baggies of hydroponic marijuana and magic mushrooms, small bricks of hashish, boxes of cocaine and LSD tablets, vials of amyl nitrate poppers, ecstasy, speed, Red Dragon uppers, valium downers, and even opium; each drawer clearly labelled.

“Holy shit,” Cassie murmured to me. “No wonder they call this guy the pharmacist.”

“Yeah,” I nodded. “Gotta be enough hallucinogens, barbiturates and amphetamines in there to keep a herd of elephants stoned for a week.”

“Oh, and for some of the gentlemen,” said Omar, “We also have *this* drawer.” In it were boxes of prescription Viagra and Cialis. “Just in case,” he said, winking at Bill and me, but not at Carlos.

“As for paraphernalia,” he continued. “Whatever you don’t already have, you’ll find here. With that he pulled open a larger drawer which contained rolling papers, hash pipes, roach clips, ivory cocaine-snorting tubes, vaporizers, and even a hookah and a water pipe.

“Jesus, Bill,” I said, “This guy’s thought of everything.”

“Yup,” said Bill, “Everything but heroin and crack, which we and our guests make it a rule never to do.”

Bill then opened a wall safe behind a framed tastefully-done oil painting of a nude Monica, and extracted a stack of crisp one-hundred dollar bills, still with their bank band attached. He handed it to Omar and said, “I believe this should cover it, my friend.”

Without even bothering to count the money, Omar tossed the stack to his driver and bid us all a good day. “You all have yourselves a great party as usual,” he shouted and waved as Maria showed him out to their car.

“Well,” that’s done,” Monica chirped. “The only thing left are the usual servers who’ll arrive at noon tomorrow for last-minute preparations… Now, who’s for a dip in the pool before dinner.

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After having gone to our room and changed into our robes, we met the others outside. Everyone was in the Jacuzzi, and Bill had whipped up a tray of colourful martinis. There was a choice of Green Apple, Lychee. Blueberry and regular vodka with a garnish of olives and pickled onions.

Cassie and I each took a glass and slipped into the warm bubbly water. The jets felt good. As I gazed across the garden to where the large tent was set up, I noticed a six-foot plaster replica of Michelangelo's famous sculpture of Bacchus, the Roman god of wine, holding his goblet high, while a naked satyr with a prominently erect penis crouched at his feet.

"How appropriate for this garden of carnal delights," I said to no one in particular.

Bill pulled out a loaded vaporizer and proceeded to pass it around. "We may as well sample some of the new product," he suggested.

We were soon all feeling quite buzzed, and hands began exploring the bodies of whomever happened to be next to them. This escalated to group groping, then group licking and sucking, and finally to group fucking by six horny sluts, both in and out of the Jacuzzi.

"Okay you filthy beasts, it's time for dinner," announced Monica, as she lifted her face from Maria's sticky crotch.

We each in turn slithered down the slide into the pool which revived us from the lovemaking and warmth of the hot tub. We climbed out, dried off and slipped into our robes.

There was a light buffet of cold meats, hot roasted potatoes, Yorkshire pudding and a Waldorf salad set out. There was also a side table of fruit and desserts.

As we served ourselves and sat around a table by the pool, Bill poured us all a 1948 Chateau-Neuf-du-Pape red burgundy.

Cassie turned to Bill and Monica and asked, "So, what kind of people will we be meeting this weekend?"

“Well,” replied Monica. “You’ve already heard about King Dong, Smotherfucker and the Pussy Posse. But those are just silly, if appropriate, nicknames. I can assure you that they and the others you’ll meet are intelligent and fun-loving people like my husband and me. Some of them are straight, others gay. But all of them, like the two of you, are quite happy to occasionally play for both teams.

“What brings us all together each July Fourth weekend is our shared love of the god Bacchus and our uninhibited taste for total sensual pleasure. Much like what the Roman Forum senators shared over two thousand years ago. In those days it was referred to as an orgy. And today it still goes by that name.”

“Rest assured,” interjected Bill, "you two are in for the wildest weekend of your lives. And, as they say in movie credits, ‘no animals or humans were injured in the production of this film’. You may leave here perhaps sore and slightly bruised, but at the same time more sexually satisfied than you have ever even fantasized in your dirtiest wet dreams.”

“Si, that is very true,” chimed in Maria, giving us an encouraging smile.

“So that’s all we can tell you for now,” said Monica. “The rest you will discover for yourselves once the first of our guests begin arriving late tomorrow afternoon. And by dinnertime they should all be here.”

“Now,” said Bill, assuming his wife’s role as bossy social director, “Let’s get to bed. I’ve got a hunch that as of tomorrow, sleep, even with amphetamines, will be a rare commodity for the next seventy-two hours.

CHAPTER 11: *Meeting the Chef and Servers*

“Did he say seventy-two hours?" Cassie gasped with trepidation as we entered our bedroom.

"That he did," I answered, rolling my eyes. "Think you can handle it?"

"I dunno," she shrugged. "What about you?"

"Well, we've survived this sex marathon so far. How much wilder could it possibly get? I only hope there's enough Viagra and Cialis that box of pharmaceuticals to keep me going."

"You mean to keep you *up*?" Cassie giggled. "But hey tiger, you've been doing okay so far."

After a quick shower and brushing of teeth, Cassandra and I were snuggled in bed, and soon into the arms of Morpheus.

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I awoke to see the mid-morning sun shining through our window and to feel Cassie's mouth on my hardening cock. I looked down to find her mischievous smiling eyes glancing up between my legs.

"Just practicing for what's to come," Cassie laughed as she swiveled her body to place her furry mound over my mouth.

"Hey, why not eat breakfast first," came Monica's irritating voice over the intercom. "You'll have plenty of time to eat each other later."

"Fucking bitch," Cassie yelled as she looked up at the ceiling camera and flipped it the finger.

"Now, now, sweetie," cooed Monica's voice. "Be nice to your hostess... Anyway, our chef and the servers will be arriving soon, and I know you will both want to meet them."

We showered, put on clean white robes and headed down to the patio where Maria had huevos rancheros and refried beans ready on a hot plate.

Bill and Monica, with her ever-present Android monitor on the table, were just finishing breakfast. They looked up and invited us to join them while Maria poured us both strong Mexican coffee.

"Did you both sleep well?” Bill asked. “We have to be in good shape for the weekend."

Noticing that Cassandra appeared a trifle nervous, Monica stroked her hand. "Don't worry, Cassie darling. You are really going to have fun this weekend; I can guarantee it... And you needn't change out of your robes, for that will be everyone's garb all weekend. Much like the Roman Bacchanalians in their togas."

While Cassie and I wolfed down the delicious Mexican breakfast, Bill and Monica slipped away to take care of some last minute details.

As soon as we'd eaten, we removed our robes and had a refreshing dip in the pool, with Cassie doing some graceful jackknives off the one-meter board. We then returned to our room to finish where we'd left off before being so abruptly interrupted by Monica.

After another shower, both golden and cleansing, we dressed in fresh robes and went outside.

We found Monica standing on the front lawn as a white stretched limousine with tinted side and rear windows pulled up to the house. The passenger doors flung open and three girls and three guys, all in their early to mid-twenties, came bounding out in a cloud of pungent marijuana fumes. The uniformed driver, with his slide partition closed, luckily made it up from New York City without getting totally wasted.

Monica sweetheart, here we are!” exclaimed one of the girls, giggling and prancing up to her; even doing a cheerleader cartwheel on the driveway. The others followed, prancing about like excited puppy dogs.

Cassie and I stood transfixed by this bevy of nubile young flesh - buxom girls in tight Tee shirts and short pleated white skirts, and muscular boys in equally tight Tee shirts and even tighter-fitting white short shorts. Embroidered above the left breast of each of their shirts was the emblem of Bacchus. This, apparently, was their serving attire for the party.

“Shit,” Cassie muttered, “Looks like a reunion of Hooter girls meet the Chippendales!”

“Yeah,” I said, smacking my lips, especially when I noticed that the girl who did the cartwheel had a shaved pussy that was unencumbered by even a G-string. And Cassie, no doubt, was checking out the hefty package in each of the boys’ short shorts.

“Okay kiddies, settle down,” exhorted Monica, smiling broadly. The tent is set up, the food and booze has arrived, and you all know what to do.”

“Same as always,” smiled a handsome blond-haired young man, giving her an exaggerated bow. “We are here to serve and wait on madam and her weekend guests.”

“Exactly,” said Monica. “Same as always. And as usual, we’ve reserved rooms for you all at the nearby Mountain Lodge. And again as usual, your working hours will be sporadic. That is, you are to be at our beck and call for food and refreshments, whatever the time of day or night. I leave it up to you to set your own rotating schedules. The limo will be here all weekend to ferry you back and forth.”

Cassie and I glanced at one another, in awe of Monica’s organizational skills. Meanwhile, the six servers scampered off to the tent and kitchen to check everything out.

“Monica,” I asked. “where’d you find these hot waiters and waitresses?”

“Oh, here and there,” she shrugged. “Some years ago, Bill and I scouted the popular bars around New York’s several universities, scoping out the most attractive and personable servers and barkeeps in each place. Once we’d decided on the three girls and three boys we liked best, we made our pitch to them.”

“Which was?” Cassie asked.

“That each Fourth of July weekend they would make themselves exclusively available to serve at our party, at a salary ten times what they could possibly make on that same weekend in wages and tips at their regular part-time jobs.”

“Jesus,” I said, “that’s some incentive, especially for a kid struggling with student debts.”

“Exactly,” said Monica. “But of course, there was a proviso attached. Once we explained that our parties were, shall we say, somewhat unconventional, they each had to sign a waiver never to discuss what went on here, other than among themselves… Not that anything illegal happens, mind you. We are, after all, consenting adults… As for those youngsters that I’ve seen you both ogling, they are off limits to you and our other guests. Unless, of course, the kids themselves choose to initiate anything. After that, it’s up to you.”

“I see they’ll be staying at the same hotel where you and Bill ran into Cassie and me,” I said.

“Yes, it’s all been arranged. So too will the limo driver who’ll soon take their suitcases to the Lodge. And our regular barbeque chef also stays there… Speak of the devil; I believe that’s him coming now.”

With a squeal of tires, an antique Bugatti convertible sports car rounded the final corner of the country lane and skidded to a stop not three feet in front of us. A large elderly black man sporting a scraggly gray beard and a Stetson hat hopped out and gave Monica a big hug, roughly grabbing and squeezing her ass.

“Dwayne, you big oaf, that’s not polite!” Monica squealed.

“Monica honey, the first thing a barbeque chef has gotta do is to check the quality of the meat. And you, babe, has got some right tender flesh on dem bones.” He laughed and again squeezed her ample butt cheeks.

Monica introduced Dwayne to us, saying, “This big lug has won every state barbeque cook-off from Louisiana to Arizona. And each year at this time we get him all to ourselves. You two are gonna have orgasms just by tasting the magic he can do on a grill.”

“Enough of your dirty talk, girl,” laughed Dwayne. “I’m off to the tent and see what you got set up for me. Then I gotta prepare whatever you and your guests want to eat tonight.”

With that, Cassie and I were left standing in the driveway, wondering what sort of guests would be arriving first. It was clear to me, as Cassie had noted earlier, that we were not in Kansas anymore.

CHAPTER 12: *Cassie and Monica Turn Up the Heat*

We still had several hours until the guests arrived, and Casssie and I found ourselves wondering what to do until then.

Bill came out to the drive and suggested that we go to the Playroom where he and Monica would join us shortly. “Maria and Carlos can look after the help," he said. "They’ve done these setups lots of times before.”

As Cassie and I headed into the house, I asked, “Gee, I wonder what we can do for our hosts who've been so gracious to us?"

With a twinkle in her eye, she said, "I'm sure we’ll think of something... Let’s check out the toys."

We went immediately down to the Playroom to prepare for Bill and Monica’s arrival.

"How about we please Monica first while we think about what to do with Bill?" suggested Cassie.

"Sure, why not," I agreed.

Cassie went to the toy shelf where she selected a double-ended battery-powered strap-on dildo, and smeared it with lubricant. She then had us get on the bed, rump to rump, and inserted the dildo into each of our assholes. This got us both extremely excited, especially when she turned up the power on the vibrator so that we were both moaning and cuming.

We suddenly realized that we were no longer not alone when we heard Monica say, "That looks like fun. Mind if we join you?"

 "By all means." I replied.

Cassie was ready for Monica, and guided her to the bed where she cuffed her wrists and ankles, leaving her spread-eagled on her back in the center. I crawled between her legs and started licking her honey pot while Cassie sucked on her large nipples. As Monica began to moan, I moved up to stick my cock in her mouth.

"One cock deserves another," Cassie chuckled as she shoved the dual dildos into Monica's two holes and then turned up the power.

Bill, not wanting to be left out, came up behind Cassie and filled her willing cunt with his firm cock, at the same time reaching around to squeeze her nipples. As Cassie turned up the dildo speed even more, Bill slammed harder into her pussy. And Monica's screams of pleasure were muted by my cock in her mouth.

We all exploded at about the same time, and then proceeded to clean up each other's love juices with our tongues.

“Now,” suggested Cassie, “It’s time for Bill’s treat.”

“Hmm,” I asked. “What’s Bill not had in the past couple of days?”

“I know, I know,” Cassie eagerly said. “How about a total piss bath?”

"Jesus", I thought to myself, " Cassandra has become one sick puppy."

Monica, on the other hand, slapped her ass and said, “Cassie honey, I love the way your filthy mind works. Let’s do it!”

Cassie ordered Bill into the wading pool which had since been cleaned. We three moved to the side table and each chugged down two bottles of Dos Equis left over from yesterday. They were slightly warm, but hell, they’d be coming out of us even warmer. Bill, meanwhile, was patiently waiting in the pool.

After our beers, we approached the pool where Cassie told Bill to lie on his back with his legs in the air. With a look of anticipation, he gladly complied.

“Monica," ordered Cassie, "sit on his mouth facing my ass while I stand over his waist and hold his legs up. Bill, grab your butt cheeks and open wide. And Leo, get on your knees and get your cock ready for his asshole.”

"Good god," I thought, "My favorite slut is becoming as bossy as that pushy broad Monica."

Monica, however, had no complaints as she lowered her bush over her husband’s open mouth.

“Okay gang, time to unload,” Cassie shouted as she began to piss on Bill’s stomach and cock. Simultaneously, Monica let her bladder go, and I started to piss into his gaping asshole. I couldn't resist but bend down and take the end of his cock into my mouth while Cassie continued to direct her stream on it. The combined taste was delicious, and gave me a partial erection that I manipulated into Bill’s ass while continuing to pee.

Monica, meanwhile, was about to cum, and at the same time wiggled two fingers into Cassie's backside. This set Cassie off, and now she was squirting a mixture of pussy juice and piss onto Bill’s cock that was still partly lodged in my sucking mouth. As if on cue, we all erupted at about the same time.

“Now clean up this mess,” Cassie ordered, directing me to suck my piss and spunk out of Bill’s ass, for Bill to lick the piss and cum from her pussy, and for Monica to use her tongue to mop up the urine on the floor of the pool.

As Monica, on her hands and knees, began lapping up the piss, she turned her head to Cassie and said, “Hey wait a minute, what are *you* going to clean up?”

“This,” Cassie replied as she roughly shoved two fingers into Monica’s ass, pulled them out and sucked them into her mouth. “See,” she said, showing Monica her fingers. “All clean!”

Bill looked at me and slowly shook his head. “You get the feeling that it ain’t over yet between these two skanks?”

“Yeah,” I answered. "I think it's just heating up."

“Well,” announced Monica who had finally recovered her composure. “That was fun. But perhaps we all need to shower before our guests begin to arrive.”

With that, the four of us headed upstairs to our respective bedrooms.

CHAPTER 13:  *Some Unconventional Guests Arrive*

Showered and in fresh robes, Cassandra and I headed down to the pool deck where we joined Bill and Monica to await the guests. Maria and Carlos were upstairs, preparing the rooms and laying out the mandatory white velour robes the guests would wear once they'd checked in and freshened up.

Meanwhile, Monica arranged for Dwayne to make a few delicacies for us to sample with our drinks. He had prepared small skewers of grilled shrimp and mango, plus scallops, marinated chicken and beef. Also, there were fresh oysters, cheese, pate, and fresh crusty baguettes.

Just as we started on our drinks, the first couple, Dan and Becky, arrived. Bill informed us that they were from Lon Angeles, where they owned a private jet-leasing company. Dan was the chief pilot and Becky ran the business. They’d flown a 12-seater Lear Gulfstream G550 from L.A. to a nearby regional airport, and rented a car for the rest of the trip.

Dan, at six foot two and a very buff body, was a dark, handsome fellow with jet black hair and intense blue eyes. Becky was a petite brunet with lime green eyes, and the shape of a body trainer. Two young men with blonde hair stood shyly behind them, holding hands and smiling.

Dan hugged Monica and said, "Meet our friends Chad and Darren who flew here with us. They're female impersonators in one of the most upscale gay clubs in L.A. They are going to simply love your party."

After introductions all around, Maria ushered the four guests upstairs to show them their rooms.

They soon returned in white robes and took their drinks to the Jacuzzi where they cast off their robes and slipped into the warm bubbling water.

I noticed Cassie staring with unconcealed lust as she took in the men's well proportioned nude bodies; especially their jutting cocks. And I could not help but almost drool over Becky's large natural breasts and neatly trimmed auburn bush.

As we sat back to wait for the next arrivals, chatting and sipping our drinks, the conversation was suddenly interrupted by the *pata-pata-pata* sound of helicopter rotors. We all looked up to see a four-seater Bell Jet Ranger, painted a shocking pink. It swooped low overhead to circle us, and then came to a soft landing fifty feet away from the tent.

“That would be the Pussy Posse from New York,” grinned Monica as the rotors gradually swished to a halt. “My, but they do love to make a grand entrance.”

The helicopter’s front and rear doors swung open. Four women, dressed in matching pink jumpsuits and pink-framed Hermes sunglasses, hopped out. One of them, the pilot, removed her flying helmet and radio headset, tossing them onto the front seat. As she shook her long blond hair loose, I found myself staring at a Farah Faucet look-alike. Her companions were also tall and blond. And even with their jumpsuits, it was obvious there was plenty of breast flesh under the bibs.

The girls trotted over to give Monica and Bill hugs and passionate wet kisses.

“Girls,” said Monica, nodding towards you and me, “meet Cassandra and Leonardo, our newest friends from Canada. Bill and I have only known them three days, but we’ve had plenty of time to get acquainted, and they’re going to fit in perfectly at this weekend’s Bacchanalia.”

We were then introduced to Allie, Bobbie, Carly and Dawn, aka the Pussy Posse. As the girls moved over to greet the others whom they knew from July Fourth weekends past, Monica told us about them. We learned that all were in their mid-forties, had enormous family-inherited trust funds, went to Vassar College together, and had been lesbian lovers and close friends ever since. “Not that they don’t occasionally swing both ways,” added Monica, winking at me.

Just as Cassie and I were taking all of this in, a bright red Ferrari Sergio convertible pulled into the drive, whipped around the house, and onto the lawn. Behind the wheel was a large woman with a floppy red hat and designer sunglasses. We did a double take when we saw who was in the passenger seat. With its paws on the dashboard was a huge Great Dane, sporting a Red Sox baseball cap and sunglasses. The dog immediately leapt over the passenger door, shook off its hat and glasses, and ran over to sniff Ruggles who was crouched on the lawn with his ears up and his tail wagging in welcome.

The woman, who appeared to weigh at least 250 pounds and was wearing a Mumu the size of a tent, extracted herself from behind the wheel and with a loud whoop trundled towards the pool deck, blowing kisses to Bill and Monica and the other guests.

“I see you’ve acquired a new friend,” said Monica, giving the woman a hearty hug and kiss on the mouth.

“Yeah, that’s Brutus,” she said. “Moxie my pit bull just wasn’t enough, if you know what I mean,” she added, giving Monica a poke in the ribs.

Monica introduced her to us, saying, “This is my oldest and dearest friend Jean, otherwise known as the ‘Smotherfucker’.”

While Jean went over to mingle with the others, I asked Monica, “Where did she get *that* nickname from?”

“Leo my pet,” she answered, patting me on the cheek. “I’m sure that someone who enjoys dining out on hairy pussy as much as you do will eventually find out.”

She then filled us in on her friend Jean whom we learned was Boston’s top interior decorator. “In fact," said Monica, "she did this place; even the Playroom. She selected the home’s interior color schemes, wood paneling and tiles, plus all of the furniture, appliances, fixtures, linens, tableware, drapes and carpeting; absolutely everything. And her taste, as I’m sure you’ve noticed, is exquisite.”

We both agreed as Monica left to join the others. We noticed that, after sniffing each other’s butts, Brutus and Ruggles had instantly become friends, now romping around the far end of the yard as if playing tag.

“So,” Cassie said, looking around, “that’s nine party guests so far, not counting Brutus of course. I wonder who the remaining three are, and if they’re as wild and crazy as this lot.”

“I sure hope so,” I laughed as I took her hand and we joined the others.

“Me too,” Cassie giggled, giving my hand a hard squeeze.

Soon after, a shiny black Cadillac Escalade with tinted windows came up the drive.

"Oh! That will be Hawke, otherwise known as King Dong,” squealed Monica in delight.

We couldn’t see him right away, since he entered by the front door to be shown to his room. When he finally appeared on the deck, he was in a plush black terrycloth robe.

Monica leaned over and whispered to me, "He only wears black."

Hawke, a mulatto with smooth soft chocolaty skin, was about six foot five and extremely well built. He had black hair that was combed back tightly on his head and tied in a ponytail. His eyes were slightly almond shaped and very dark. They were not sinister, and even twinkled a bit when he almost smiled. But I could tell that he didn't miss a thing.

Monica informed us that Hawke owned a very lucrative private security firm just outside of New York. "When we bought this place, Bill and I hired him to do security. He and his crew installed the camera system and alarms, and to watch the house when we're away. We’re connected directly to his security firm, so it’s possible he may have reviewed some recent tapes before he got here.”

I could see Cassie was a little apprehensive knowing that Hawke may have already seen the six of us in action, and I noticed that she blushed slightly when he took the chaise next to us and smiled at her knowingly.

"Well," announced Monica, "we're almost all here. So freshen up your drinks, because soon the dinner and fun will start."

No sooner had she said this when a white Lincoln Navigator, driven by a tall sixties-something woman with short-cropped grey hair, came to a stop on the circular drive.

By this point, Cassie and I shouldn't have been surprised by anything. Nevertheless, we gaped when the driver stepped out. She was dressed in a form-fitting black leather bustier, black fishnet stockings and six-inch stiletto heels. We stared even harder when she went to the rear of the SUV, opened the hatch and yanked on a heavy silver chain. A handsome naked young man, perhaps no more than twenty-two, was tethered by a diamond-studded collar at the end of the chain. He cowered submissively on his haunches at her feet.

“Gretchen darling, so glad you could make it,” exclaimed Monica, giving her a passionate kiss. “I see you’ve acquired a new boy toy.”

“Yeah,” said Gretchen, “this is Rupert.” With that, she yanked harshly on the leash and snapped, “Rupert, where are your manners? Say hello to our charming hostess.”

Rupert gently lifted one of Monica’s bare feet and proceeded to lick and suck her toes.

“Eeek, that tickles,” Monica squealed as she shoved her toes further into Rupert’s mouth.

“Okay boy, that’s enough,” ordered Gretchen, yanking the chain. “Now come say hello to Monica’s friends.”

In a cowering crouch, a flaccid penis and smoothly-shaved scrotum dangling between his legs, he was led to the rest of us on the patio deck.

Gretchen hugged and kissed the others whom she already knew, and was introduced to you and me by Bill as “Our new Canadian friends and playmates.” We also got hugs and kisses from her, as well as a toe sucking from her slave.

“Oh, and don’t forget Ruggles and Brutus,” said Bill, whistling for the two dogs. They scampered over to exchange mouth licks with Gretchen, while Rupert lifted their tails to sniff their butts and lick their balls. Bill then tied the two dogs under the shade of a maple tree where, exhausted after their game of tag, they immediately fell asleep.

“Well, my dears,” said Monica, putting her arms around Cassie's and my waists. “You’ve finally met Gretchen who is probably the most sought-after dominatrix in all of New York. You’d be surprised at the names of the influential politicians and businessmen, and sometimes even their wives, who regularly visit her Soho dungeon.”

Cassie and I glanced at one another with raised eyebrows, partly in disbelief, but mostly in awe of these twelve guests with whom we’d be spending the long weekend along with our hosts and Carlos and Maria.

Just then came the clanging of a loud cow bell from the rear of the tent.

“That’s Dwayne telling us that he’s ready whenever we are to put the meat and fish on the grill,” said Monica. “So I suggest we move this party to the tent.”

She looked over to where Maria and Carlos were chatting with the Pussy Posse girls and said, “That’s means you two as well. As of this moment, you are, as usual, part of the Bacchanalian guest list. There is plenty of hired help to carry us through the weekend.”

CHAPTER 14: *Dinner Is Served*

We all crossed the lawn in our robes to the tent’s broad front opening. And between the home’s back kitchen and the rear of the tent, four of the servers in their white uniforms were efficiently transferring platters of raw T-bone steaks, red snapper, scallop and veggie kabobs, tinfoil-wrapped Idaho baking potatoes, bowls of salad and risotto, baskets of rolls, trays of condiments, pitchers of ice water, and bottles of red and white wine.

The other two were already inside, lighting Tiki torches, putting out vases of freshly-cut garden flowers, and setting the banquet table on which were gold-engraved place cards; one at each end for the hosts, and eight on each side for the rest of us. On a side table, they’d even laid out silver salvers of rolled joints, loaded vaporizers, and lines of cocaine, should anyone need to stimulate their appetite before dinner.

We gazed about the tent, astounded by the furnishings and décor. Around the walls Tiki lamps flickered, casting shadows across the immaculately laid 24-foot-long table with its damask tablecloth, Spode china, polished silverware, and crystal water and wine glasses. The ceiling was draped in Indian cotton to mute the lights above, giving a soft rosy glow to the entire room.

“Monica darling, “gushed her interior designer friend Jean, “you have outdone yourself once again!”

“Absolutely!” chimed in Chad and Darren, as they headed to a side table to snort two lines of the laid-out coke.

I took in the rest of the room where chaise lounges, large throw pillows and small wicker tables were scattered about. I was also curious to see a wrestling ring folded up at one end of the room, as well as a stainless steel go-go dancer’s pole and even an adjustable sling swing.

“Looks like this place is set up for more than just dining,” Cassie commented to me as we and the other guests made our way around the table, looking for our place names.

We finally sorted things out; taking our seats where Monica, always the organizer, had directed us. She and Bill were at either end of the table, while Cassie found herself seated between Dan and Hawke. Across from her, I was between Jean and Gretchen. And Rupert, the only one naked and still on his leash, was next to his mistress. The rest were scattered about the table, presumably seated where Monica intended them to be.

The young servers soon began taking our dinner and wine orders from a selection embossed on gilt-edged cards on each of our dinner plates.

As the first of the wine began to flow, Bill and Monica simultaneously lit fat joints in cigarette holders and proceeded to pass them around the table. "Just in case anyone’s not hungry yet," smirked Bill.

Dan took a large hit and passed the joint to Cassie. She took a very long haul and, just before she let it out, Hawke grabbed her and sucked the smoke out of her mouth. She was clearly buzzed by the dope and feeling weak from the Hawke Attack. He had broken the tension and everyone was laughing.

We were all in fine spirits and ready to dig into our meals.

Being Irish, I of course ordered a T-bone steak, medium-rare, and a baked potato with lots of butter and sour cream, plus a potato salad on the side. The waitress who leaned to place it in front of me was the same one I saw doing the cartwheel earlier today. As I commented on her athletic abilities, I felt her rub her ample breasts into my shoulder.

Across from me, a young man was serving Cassie a red snapper and scallop kabob on a bed of risotto with a side of green salad. Her left hand happened to be dangling beside her chair, and her eyes and mouth snapped open as he pressed his crotch firmly into her palm.

The rest of the guests received their meals, and we were all eating heartily when Monica announced, “I’d like to propose a toast to the newest members of our annual Bacchanalia weekend: Cassie and Leo."

Glasses were being raised when Carly of the Pussy Posse asked, “But how can we be sure they’re really one of us?”

“Good question,” answered Monica. “So let’s see some evidence.” She nodded towards one of the waiters who happened to be an IT major and told him to run the tape. Everyone was transfixed as a large screen descended on a wall at one side of the tent, and images began to appear.

“Bill and I met these two strangers only three evenings ago, and invited them to stay at our house for the night. They were no sooner in their room than this happened," said Monica.

On the screen Cassie was finishing peeing in the toilet as I knelt in front of her, licking the remaining drops from her hairy crotch.

“And there’s also this,” said Monica as even more compromising scenes of you and me sucking, fucking and pissing into every possible orifice in the privacy of our bedroom and bathroom flashed across the screen.

I looked across the table to see Cassie with her hand over her mouth and blushing beet red. I too was blushing.

“Well,” laughed Monica, “as the rest of you already know, and now our Canadian friends do as well, whatever happens in the privacy of your bedroom or bathroom is your business. But also ours!”

As the others erupted in gales of laughter, Cassie felt a hand on each of her thighs. Both Dan and Hawke turned to her and smiled. Hawke then took her wrist and gently placed her hand on his robe-covered lap. “I hear you’re curious about my nickname,” he whispered. “Why don’t you go ahead and find out.”

Startled, Cassie let him move her hand inside the folds of his robe. “Oh my god!” she exclaimed, loud enough for the rest of us hear. Her hand was wrapped around a semi-hard penis that was almost as thick as her wrist and, as she involuntarily squeezed, it started to come to life. “Oh my god!” Cassie again exclaimed, her eyes almost bulging out of their sockets. She snuck a peek down at his open robe and, while gently stroking the still growing cock, looked into Hawke’s smiling face and said, “That’s not a cock; it’s a fucking baseball bat!”

“Ain’t it though,” said Hawke proudly. “And if you play your cards right honey, I might even let you try for a home run later tonight.”

Meanwhile, Cassie had simultaneously been stroking Dan with her other hand. She realized that he had a hair trigger when he suddenly erupted all over her robe and hand. Pretending to be wiping food off her lips, she casually licked her palm clean.

I took all of this in from across the table, and noticed Cassie's glazed eyes and a bit of drool forming at the corner of her mouth. But I too was preoccupied, for Gretchen and Jean, seated on either side of me, had each taken one of my hands and inserted them into their open robes beneath the tablecloth. Both women were extremely wet as I fondled their pussies. Jean then shifted her huge ass closer to the table, clasped my wrist, and shoved my entire hand into her gaping hole. Moving her hand higher on my forearm, she then started pumping my hand and wrist in and out, at the same time mewling with pleasure.

As I was fist-fucking her, she leaned toward my ear and whispered, “I hear you love to dine on super hairy snatch. That true?”

I could only nod my head in assent, because Gretchen had my other wrist locked in a tight grip between her strong thighs as my fingers probed her G-spot.

“Leo,” whispered Jean again, “sometime tonight I intend to show you where I got my nickname. You up for that?”

“Hell yes!” I muttered as I withdraw my slime-coated hand and wrist from her gaping hole and proceeded to lick it.

But Gretchen grabbed the same juicy arm and said, “You filthy pig! Don’t you know that ladies should be served first?” She then shoved my hand into her mouth, hungrily sucking Jean’s juices off it. As soon as she'd licked it clean, she glowered and said, “I think I shall have to punish you later tonight for your rude table manners.”

My eyes were now as glazed as Cassie's, and she smiled at me secretly across the table. And looking about us, we noticed that we weren’t the only ones with our hands under the tablecloth, for there were beaming grins on most everyone’s face. Clearly, it wasn't due only to the delicious meal that each of us had just finished.

As the empty plates, cutlery and vases of flowers were being taken away, Monica made another announcement: “Ladies and gentlemen, before we retire for our coffee, liquors and other stimulants, it’s time for that special digestif that we have each year to personally thank our waiters and waitresses.”

There was a chorus of “Hear! Hear!” around the table, while Cassie and I wondered what the digestif was.

We soon found out when all six servers stripped naked, climbed on the table and lay on their backs. Their heads and necks overlapped, so that the entire length of the table was taken up by their exquisite nubile bodies. Bill then took a bottle of calvados and dripped a dollop on each breast, pussy and cock.

Cassie and I rose from our chairs with the others and followed their lead. The digestif involved all of us slowly circling the table and bending down to lick the liquor off the boys’ and girls’ sex organs. Following each round, more calvados was dripped, and the circle continued until each of us had a taste of all six young men and women.

A few of the guests, including Cassie, weren’t satisfied with merely licking a cock, but instead deep throated it, even making one of them cum. And some of us didn't merely lick a plump breast or cunt, but sucked it hungrily into our mouths. Two of the waitresses even humped their asses off the table until they came in someone’s mouth. Moreover, Gretchen being Gretchen, none too gently used her teeth on each of the cocks, nipples and clits on display in this erotic moveable feast.

The six thanked us before climbing off the table to use the outdoor shower to wash the calvados and other sticky fluids from their bodies and put their Tee-shirts, skirts and short shorts back on.

CHAPTER 15: *Judging The Porn Directors*

The robed guests were now sprawled on chaise lounges and throw pillows, while being served coffee, liquors and various recreational drugs.

Cassie and I sat on adjacent recliners. She was ingesting some magic mushrooms, and I popped some amphetamines to keep me alert and wired for whatever was to come next.

Gretchen and Jean came over to join us. "I understand that Leo likes deep muff diving,” Jean said to Cassie.

“He may need a snorkel," giggled Gretchen, who then informed Cassie that I had been rude to her at the table, and asked her if she could punish me later.

“By all means!” Cassie exclaimed. “But only on one condition.”

“And what is that,” Gretchen asked, arching her eyebrows.

“That I get to watch, and maybe even help out.”

The two women laughed and moved off to mingle with the others.

A grinning Hawke then plopped down on a chaise next to Cassie and said, "I like what happened at the table. Are you ready to take it any further?"

 "If it’s baseball you’re referring to, I’m game,” Cassie answered with a smile. “Though maybe I should get acquainted with some of the guests who are new to me… But please don’t stray too far."

Meanwhile, Chad and Darren were in a corner, sucking each other’s faces, their hands inside each other’s robes. And Gretchen had the naked Rupert chained to a tent pole which he was frantically humping.

Soft music was playing from hidden speakers in the tent, and all of us, having consumed our drugs of choice, were becoming more relaxed and animated by the minute.

Cassie and I were hanging out with the Pussy Posse girls who’d opened their robes and formed a tight circle on their sides, licking each other’s pussies while thrusting fingers up each other’s ass.

Dan and his wife Becky joined us to ogle this erotic lesbian daisy chain which was clearly turning us on. Becky then opened her robe and asked Cassie to kneel down and eat her out, and for Dan and me to play with her breasts while she watched the four women at play.

She was pressing our heads into her soft melons and humping Cassie's mouth when Monica stood up, put two fingers in her mouth and let out an ear-piercing tweet.

Everyone looked her way as she announced her next party plan. “Those of you who’ve been here before know the game of Porn Director.”

“Yeah, but not now,” whined Becky. “Can’t you see we’re busy?”

“Yes dear, but that can wait,” said Monica. “Our IT expert, Bart, is still here,” she added, nodding toward one of the waiters, “and he has assembled a PowerPoint presentation of our most recent Porn Director game; one which most you have never seen. In fact, it took place only two nights ago in our Playroom and the stable.”

This caught everyone’s attention, so Monica continued, “As you regulars know, Porn Director normally ends with all the players reviewing the tapes and then voting on who was the most creative during their fifteen-minute debut … Well, what with preparing for the Bacchanalia and all, we had no time to do that. So now, instead of only six voting members, tonight we have 18 to look at the films and vote on which director was the most creative. And this year” she added, pointing toward Cassie and me, “we were fortunate to have two newbies playing the game.”

Everyone was now standing or sitting up, eager to see the PowerPoint presentation.

Hawke approached Cassie, pinched her butt and whispered, “Me and the boys back in the security office seen this already, and we all voted for you, honey-pie. Shit, we even jerked off to some of the stuff you did.”

I noticed Cassie blush demurely, no doubt wondering whether to take that as a compliment or not.

“One other thing,” announced Monica, “Bill and have decided that this year the director with the most votes will receive a prize, the nature of which is at this time a secret.”

With that, she told Bart to get things ready while some of us refreshed our drinks or consumed various drugs. We then sat as the wall screen slid down and Bart dimmed the lights and switched on the projector.

Over the next 90 minutes, each of our fifteen-minute director sequences played on the wide screen, sound track and all. Each ended with rolling credits, giving the name of the director and the actors, including Ruggles and El Nino.

At the end of each film there was cheering and applause among those in the tent. Even the servers and Dwayne, who all stood at the back of the room, joined in the accolades. There were also oohs and aahs from the crowd during the particularly perverted scenes, and I could hear the squishing sound of sex organs being manipulated either by their owner or the person next to them.

As the final credits rolled and the lights came on, we six directors received a standing ovation.

Now it was time to vote. All eighteen of us were handed a printed ballot and a gold Parker Rollerball pen by two of the waitresses. On the form were six names – Cassie's, mine, Monica’s, Bill’s, Carlos’s and Maria’s, each with a check box beside it.

As each person checked a name on his or her ballot, it was folded in half and deposited into a silver goblet passed around by the third waitress. She in turn brought it to the back of the room where Dwayne, who had been appointed scrutineer, was seated at a side table.

We all sat back in anticipation as Dwayne glanced at each ballot and jotted numbers on a steno pad.

He rose, picked up a mike and, in his deep rumbling voice, announced the number of votes each Porn Director got, beginning with the least to the most.

Bill was the first one out with only one vote, presumably his own. He was followed by Monica and Maria who each had two votes. Carlos came in fourth with four votes, which left nine votes.

"Well,” said Monica grouchily, “that means the Canucks have beaten the Yanks. Now, which one is the winner?"

"Sorry Cassie, but Leo has beaten you by one vote. That means he is the big winner!" Dwayne said as he passed the mike to Monica.

"Leo,” said Monica, “as the winner of best Porn Director, your prize is that you get to direct us all. You can use props from the playroom or elsewhere, and they will be brought to the tent if needed. You have half an hour to work out your scenario and if you want, you can pick one person as your assistant. Your time starts now."

CHAPTER 16: *Leo Wins a Prize*

I accepted the wireless microphone from Monica and told her that my assistant would in fact be a group – the Pussy Posse. She agreed and told me to go ahead with my thirty minutes of preparation. She then joined the others while I called the Posse to my side.

“You ladies know how to wrestle,” I asked.

“Shit yeah,” said Bobbie. “We do it all the time. Naked, of course.”

“Perfect,” I said. “Here’s what I have in mind for my big production.” I then laid out my plan, and they squealed in delight. I sent Allie, Bobbie and Carly to quietly speak to the waiters and waitresses, and Dawn to have a word with Dwayne.

While the other guests were busy drinking and chatting, I was getting broad smiles and thumbs-up signals from the Pussy Posse girls in various parts of the room.

“It’s a go with everyone,” exclaimed Allie excitedly as she and the others ran to my side.

“Hell, more than a go,” blurted Carly. “It’s like the best fuckin’ idea they ever heard!”

“Leo, you is da man,” cooed Bobbie as she took my hand and inserted it inside her robe to her full breast.

I reluctantly withdrew my hand and said, “Okay ladies, we've got only twenty minutes of prep time left. You all know what to do.”

As they scurried off to their assigned positions and tasks, I went through the back entrance of the tent where Dwayne was methodically scraping the barbeque grill. “So Dwayne, I guess Dawn filled you in?”

“Yup,” he answered seriously. “And even though as a God-fearin’ Baptist I don’t participate carnally at these parties, I sure does like to watch, and even help out where I can. So I’m your man!”

“Terrific,” I said, clapping him on the back

Back in the tent, I glanced at my watch to see there were ten minutes left in my prep time. Taking the wireless microphone from the pocket of my robe, I called everyone’s attention.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” I intoned, “As the Bard of Avon once wrote, ’All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players’. Well, my friends, thanks to the generous prize awarded me by our hosts, you are about to become actors in my own version of ‘As You Like It’.”

Ignoring the confused murmurs in the room, I continued: “Shakespeare, of course, directed his plays in the Theatre of the Round. But I shall be directing mine in the Theatre of the Square.”

On that cue, several of the servers moved the dining room table away, and brought the collapsible ten-by-ten foot wrestling ring and mat from against a far wall and proceeded to set it up in the middle of the tent.

“Yes, my friends,” I said, looking around the room, “you are to be thespians in my six-act play, the likes of which I daresay this tent has never before staged. You will notice that this wrestling ring, or stage as I prefer to call it, has four corners – one for each actor. And since our servers have graciously - indeed eagerly - accepted to join this troupe, that means we have, including me, 24 performing actors, hence our six-act play of four actors each.”

The more stoned of those in the room were still trying to do the arithmetic when I continued: “What is drama but a contest of wills, and sometimes strength. All of which shall be tested tonight as each of you vies to defeat your opponents in the ring.

“The production is quite simple. There will be a total of six bouts of ten minutes each for teams of four per bout. The Pussy Posse will lead off to show us how it’s done. That will be Act 1. The four contestants in each of the remaining five acts will be chosen at random, their names drawn out of a bowl. Dwayne will be the ring referee to start and finish each 10-minute round. The winners of each bout will then engage in a final free-for-all to determine the single overall victor in this year’s Naked Wrestling Bacchanalia.”

Everyone was murmuring among themselves, the stoners still trying to absorb everything I’d just said. So I continued: “There are, of course, certain rules of the ring, which our referee here will explain.”

 I passed the mike over to Dwayne who announced, "Here are the rules that Leo, the Pussy Posse gals and I have agreed upon.

One: The fighters will enter the ring naked and oiled.

Two: There is to be no eye-gouging, limb breaking, or any choking to the point of unconsciousness. Apart from that, there ain’t no other holds or tactics barred.

Three: Once a wrestler gets pinned flat to the mat for more than ten seconds, they hafta leave the ring. As referee, I got a stopwatch for that.

Four: The other three will then keep at it until the last person is standing and declared winner of the bout. And, if a fight don’t end afore I ring the 10-minute bell, I’ll declare it a no-decision. So y’all best come out fightn’ fast ‘n furious.”

The excitement in the air was palatable as Dwayne then moved about the room with a silver bowl in which were 20 index cards randomly labeled Act 2; Act 3; Act 4; Act 5 and Act 6. Act 1, of course, was the Pussy Posse. We each selected a card and were told to hold it high above our head. We gazed about the tent to see who our three fellow combatants would be.

I was holding Act 5, and groaned when I saw Jean, Gretchen and Rupert with the same card. Cassie was holding Act 6, as were Hawke, Dan and Monica. Seeing the latter combatant brought an evil smile to Cassie's face, and an even nastier smile to Monica’s.

The Act 2 cards were held by the three waitresses and Bill, which caused him to smugly roll his eyes and chuckle. Act 3 were the three waiters and Maria, who smiled in delight. And Act 4 was held by Carlos, Chad, Darren and Becky.

“So,” announced Monica, taking over the mike, “we now all have the order in which we shall appear in Leo’s bizarre production, as well as knowing our ring foes. I should point out that there’s an outdoor shower with soap and shampoo at the side of the house where you can clean up and put on your robes or serving uniforms after your bout. And now, may the best, and probably dirtiest, fighter win!”

With that last sentence, Monica glared at Cassie, only to find an equally wicked look in her eyes.

Bart, the IT guy, went to the A/V console where he set in motion a camera that was directly over the wrestling mat. A boom mike and a four-sided digital box clock also dropped silently from the ceiling. Bart then toggled a switch that bathed the ring in a bright glow, and another that dimmed the lights in the room.

 Allie, Bobbie, Carly and Dawn then dropped their robes and entered the ring, each taking a corner. Dwayne, with a cowbell and stopwatch in the bib of his coveralls, climbed in. He took a spray bottle of baby oil from his pocket and squirted some on each woman. They in turn rubbed it all over their bodies.

Meanwhile, after refilling our glasses, bongs and vaporizers, we all eagerly pulled up recliners and pillows to encircle the ring.

Seated next to me, Cassie took my hand and said, “Leo, you have a brilliant, if somewhat twisted, mind!”

“Yeah maybe, I answered. “But look who I got paired with for my round.”

She laughed and said, “Serves you right, you sicko! And look who I’m stuck with; the fuckin' queen of cunts herself!”

We all leaned forward as Dwayne moved from the center of the ring, looked at his stopwatch and clanged the cowbell for ACT 1. The overhead clock immediately began to count down.

CHAPTER 17: *Dirty Wrestling*

The four naked women dashed to the center and immediately grabbed each other’s hair, twisting and pulling. Allie went down on her back, and the other three immediately pounced on her, with Bobbie sitting on her face, and Carly and Dawn on her legs. Bobbie suddenly let out a yelp and screamed, “You fucking bitch, you bit my clit!” She then slapped Allie hard across the face.

The other two, meanwhile, had raised Allie’s legs and were savagely thrusting fingers into her well-oiled pussy and assshole, making her scream in outrage. Bobbie then swung around and locked Allie’s head from behind in a scissor grip, at the same time leaning down to spit in her face. As Dwayne stood by with his watch, they held her flat on her back for ten seconds. He waved his hand and motioned her out of the ring.

We all looked up at the clock and saw that only four minutes had passed. The three remaining girls were rolling in a heap on the mat, biting breasts and punching stomachs and pussies. Soon Bobbie was on her stomach, with Carly sitting on the back of her neck and Dawn on her butt. She was exhausted, and in ten seconds Dwayne ordered her from the ring.

With less than five minutes left in the round, Carly and Dawn circled one another face to face, panting and snarling like caged animals. Then Carly grabbed Dawn’s hair, pulled her forward and delivered a knee solidly to her solar plexus. Dawn let out a gasp and fell to her knees, with Carly immediately jumping on her back to hold her flat on her stomach. She was too exhausted to move as Dwayne counted her out.

As Dawn groggily left the ring, Dwayne held Carly’s hand high and declared her the winner of Act 1.

We all applauded, and noticed that the entire fight had lasted less than eight minutes. Carly then left to join the others in the outdoor shower.

“Fuck,” Cassie whispered to me, “I thought those four were close friends.”

“Not in the ring, they aren’t,” I answered with a smile. “By the way, I noticed you had your hand inside your robe during the whole fight. You got off on it, didn’t you?”

“Well, maybe just a little,” she murmured with a shy smile.

The Pussy Posse returned from the shower in their robes, laughing and with arms around each other’s waist. It seemed hard to believe that only moments before they’d been doing their best to kill one another.

Dwayne then announced Act 2 and the next contestants – Bill and the three waitresses, Suzi, Suzanne and Suzette - and told them to strip and get ready.

Bill entered the ring before the girls and, after being oiled down, strutted around, showing off his biceps. However, he was unaware of the fact that the three girls were on their university tag-wrestling team.

The girls took their corners and Dwayne sprayed them with oil which they rubbed over their young bodies that were impressively fit.

The bell rang and, as Bill came out of his corner; the girls formed a human pyramid, with Suzi on top of the others’ shoulders. With a rebel yell, Suzi was projected through the air. She slammed feet first into Bill's upper torso, knocking him to the floor and then pinning his shoulders to the mat with her knees. She yanked his hair and slammed his head to the mat.

Meanwhile, Suzanne and Suzette jumped on him, one grabbing his scrotum and squeezing while the other sat on his legs. Bill was down for the count in only three minutes. “Out!” shouted Dwayne, forcing Bill to sheepishly crawl from the ring.

That left the three girls as the bell rang again to start the seven minutes remaining in the round. They cautiously circled one another until there was an opening where Suzette grabbed Suzi under the arms, forcing her head down to the mat. As she was going down, Suzanne kicked her legs out from under her and smacked her to the floor. Suzanne sat on her and pulled her legs back to her ass, pinning her to the mat. "Out!” shouted Dwayne as he checked his stopwatch.

Suzi, although defeated, did an agile summersault to exit the ring over the ropes, and headed for the shower.

 Suzanne and Suzette were left, with only three minutes to go on the clock. The moment the bell clanged, Suzanne, using the ropes as a slingshot, launched herself at Suzette. She hit her squarely on the chest, knocking the wind out of her and flattening her to the mat on her back. Then she proceeded to bite each breast and sit on her face, while pinning her down for the requisite 10 seconds.

Dwayne raised Suzanne’s arm high and, to a round of applause from all of us, declared her the winner of Act 2. She was smiling triumphantly as she left for the shower.

I noticed that Cassie still had her hand inside her robe, and commented, “This is getting you off, huh?”

“Shit yeah; especially seeing that smug look wiped off Bill’s face.”

Bill and the three girls soon returned. He was in his robe and they in their waitress uniforms. They were needling him mercilessly as he headed to the bar to pour himself a stiff scotch. Even Monica gave him a mocking look.

Next, Maria and the three waiters, Biff, Bobby and Bart, stripped and entered the ring for their respective corners. As they rubbed oil over themselves, now it was both Cassie and I with hands beneath our robes. I was totally turned on by Maria’s glistening breasts and the sheen of oily fur between her armpits and legs. As for Cassie, she couldn't take her eyes off the young men’s glistening pectorals and oiled cocks which shone as they stroked them to semi-hardness.

I looked down and saw her pumping her fingers in and out of her cunt, and drool had formed at the corner of her mouth. “Ahem,” I sarcastically said, “Are you paying attention to the play, Cassie?”

She looked at me, wiped her juice-covered fingers on my lips and answered, “Boy, am I ever!”

It was clear that the boys had planned to first eliminate the girl in the ring. While still in their corners, they began to taunt her. Big mistake!

“Hey, you fucking wetback skank,” jeered Bart, the largest of the three young men, waving his cock at her. “Before we put you down, I’m gonna make you swallow this.”

“And I’m gonna plow this into that hairy snatch of yours,” laughed Biff, also waving his cock.

“And mine,” sneered Bobby, “will be up your stinking spic asshole,”

The three grinned and exchanged silent high fives just as the bell rang and the ten-minute clock began for Act 3

As the three of them charged toward her, Maria deftly stepped aside and grabbed Biff and Bobby by their fashionably long hair, slamming the back their heads together. It was not a gentle slam, and both fell on their backs, dazed and barely conscious.

Bart was staring in astonishment when Maria gracefully pivoted on her right foot and delivered a savage kick to his groin. He yowled and doubled up. As he was about to rise, she clasped her hands together and slammed them down in a karate chop to the back of his neck. He flopped to his stomach, moaning in pain.

Dwayne was running the stopwatch on all three. Although they were stirring and groaning, none of them was able to rise before their ten seconds were up.

To loud cheers from all of us, especially the Pussy Posse, Maria pranced around the ring with her arms held high and beaming with triumphant pride. We looked at the clock to see that she had taken all three waiters down in two minutes flat. Even Dwayne looked impressed.

As Maria headed to the shower, her brother Carlos ran up and gave her a warm hug. Meanwhile, her three defeated foes, still groaning, slowly got up from the mat and groggily followed her.

“Well, ladies and gentlemen,” announced Dwayne, “that’s three acts down and three more to go. And so far, the three winners to be entered in the final six-person elimination bout are all women.”

“Pussy power! Pussy power! Pussy power!” chanted the Posse, pumping their fists in the air. And every woman in the room joined the chant.

Act 4 was about to begin. Chad and Darren climbed into the ring first. They were both rather slim and their bodies, which were completely waxed, shone when they spread on the oil.

Then Carlos and Becky entered. Becky, although petite, was in very good shape with well-defined muscles. Dwayne sprayed her and she slowly stroked her body, covering it with oil.

Carlos, of course, was magnificent, and I knew that Cassie was rooting for him. So was I, since I hoped there'd be at least one man in the finals.

As the bell rang, Carlos and Becky each took on one of the L.A. boys. Becky headed straight for Chad, while Darren and Carlos circled each other on the other side of the ring.

Chad lunged for Becky, but she dove and slid between his legs, grabbing his scrotum on the way. With a tight grip and the momentum of her slide, she took him down as he screamed in pain. As he rolled on the floor, Becky released her hold, spun around and firmly planted her ass on his face, muffling his screams and almost smothering him. It was obvious that she had won this part of the round.

Meanwhile, Carlos tackled Darren and pushed him to the mat. He pinned his legs up against his stomach and rammed three fingers up his ass. As Darren gasped in disbelief, Dwayne counted him out.

This left Becky and Carlos to finish the round. Each was back in their corner when the bell rang, and they came out eager and slippery.

As Becky reached for Carlos' scrotum, he grabbed her generous breasts, twisting her nipples while she yelped in pain. She in turn grabbed Carlos by his cock. He began to pump it in her hand and as it grew, it became too slippery for her to hold on. Carlos then twirled around behind Becky and slammed her face down to the mat. He then shoved his erect cock up her ass, pumping away until the ten-count from Dwayne, wining Act 4.

Carlos helped Becky to her feet and, as they headed to the shower, there was a large cheer for the first male winner.

Cassie was still clapping for Carlos when I leaned over and said, "Looks like I’m next.”

“Good luck with that,” she grinned, noting who I was up against.

Jean, Gretchen and I dropped our robes and joined Rupert at ringside. He was already naked and was humping one of the ring’s stanchions. Gretchen cuffed him behind the ear and told him to get his skinny ass into the ring and take a corner. The rest of us followed.

Dwayne reset the clock and clanged his cowbell for the start of Act 5. Rupert, diagonally opposite me, was the first off the mark. Like a ferret, he was on me when I’d barely left my corner. I tried to twist him off, but his oily body made it almost impossible, and I found myself down on my knees. He was on me in a flash, panting and drooling on the back of my neck while frantically humping my thigh in an attempt to insert his penis into my ass.

“Jesus,” I thought while trying to extricate myself, “Where did Gretchen find this weirdo; in a dog pound?”

Thankfully, my humiliating situation was saved, not by the bell, but by Gretchen who grabbed Rupert by the scruff his neck and ass cheeks. She lifted him off me, raised him high and slammed him to the mat where he lay stunned for the count of ten. She and Jean then picked him up by his arms and legs and tossed him to the grass outside the ring.

“Sorry about that, “Gretchen said as she helped me to my feet. “He does get a bit unruly when he’s off his leash.”

Yet I suspected that hers was no act of mercy. She wanted me for herself. And so did Jean who waddled over, grabbed my hair and gave me a sloppy kiss, at the same time knocking my legs out from under me. The two women, both bigger and stronger than me, had me on my ass, with Jean leaning forward and trying to smother me with her enormous 40DD breasts squashed into my face. Being an unabashed tit lover, I greedily latched onto one of her long nipples and started to suckle.

My greed was my undoing, because I was not paying attention to what Gretchen was up to. Not until I felt a pain in my groin as she took my scrotum in her mouth and started to suck on my testicles. She was gentle at first, but then sucked and nibbled harder, making me shout in pain.

To shut me up, Jean grabbed my hair and pulled my face to her pussy. Her labia was as wide as a barn door, and I soon found my mouth and face being forced inside the folds of her very sloppy cunt. She then forced the back of my head onto the mat and began to grind my face with her pussy which was squirting fluids down my throat. Between not being able to breathe and the grip of my balls in Gretchen’s mouth, I was pinned down for the ten-second count and ordered by Dwayne to exit the ring.

As I headed for the shower, I looked over to where Casssie was sitting with Hawke, the two of them doubled up with laughter. I was quick to shower off the oil, sweat and pussy juice and get into my robe, since I wanted to get back to see my two tormenters in action.

I returned soon after the bell had sounded, and saw Gretchen and Jean circling and snarling at one another at the center of the ring. The clock showed there was only five minutes left to end the bout.

Gretchen made the first move by solidly kicking Jean in the crotch. But Jean quickly responded by grabbling Gretchen’s calf and forcing her foot into her cunt, twisting it around in pleasure.

“You fat fuck; here, have some more!” Gretchen screamed as she drove her foot and calf even farther info Jean’s gaping hole, almost reaching her cervix. Jean’s mouth gaped open in shock, as this was more than even she could take in her roomy twat.

Using her imbedded foot as leverage, Gretchen pushed Jean onto her ass and leaped onto her stomach, grabbing her huge saggy breasts with both hands and, digging her nails deep into the mammary flesh, twisted as hard as she could. Jean responded by snapping her knee hard up into her opponent’s crotch. To which Gretchen retaliated by lowering her head and savagely biting each of Jean’s nipples.

Unfazed, although in pain, Jean grabbed Gretchen’s hair, yanked her head back, spit in her face and, with her superior weight, rolled them both over on their side. She then twisted around, putting the two women in the classic sixty-nine position. Using their nails to roughly scratch each other’s backside, they sunk their teeth into the lips of one another’s pussies, eliciting muffled yowls from both of them. Their grunts of pain became even louder as each found the other’s clitoris and bit none too gently. Simultaneously, each woman inserted and twisted three fingers into the other’s ass.

We in the crowd were now on our feet. Some were cheering for Jean; others for Gretchen. We were fascinated, and even turned on by their savagery in the ring. But as we wondered about the eventual outcome of the very close match, Dwayne clanged the cowbell and pointed up to the clock that had just hit the ten-minute mark.

Amid groans of disappointment in the crowd, Dwayne announced: “These two ladies; and I use the term loosely…” He was interrupted by gales of laughter before continuing, “have fought a good fight. But according to the ten-minute rule, I hereby declare Act 5 a no-decision. That is, none of the contestants in this round will be in the final winner-take-all elimination bout.

As we took a break to refill glasses and hash pipes before Act 6, Cassie grinned at me and asked, “So what it’s like to be smotherfucked?”

“Like someone pushing your face into a banana cream pie that’s been garnished with pubic hair,” I answered with a shrug.

Cassie laughed and got up to go. “I’m on next for Act 6. So I better get dressed - or actually undressed.”

“Go get ‘em, tiger!” I said, slapping her ass. -

As Cassie prepared for her debut in the final act, Monica took her aside and murmured, "We have to get Hawke down first or he will cream us. Are you in?"

"Sounds like a plan, ‘cause I sure wouldn’t want to face him alone."

Hawke and Dan entered the ring first and were oiled down. Cassie gasped when she got a good look at their huge semi-hard cocks, and hoped she wouldn't get too distracted.

She and Monica climbed into the ring and, during their oil-down, rubbed their pussies seductively, hoping to distract their opponents.

As soon as the bell rang, Dan lunged across at Hawke and knocked him off balance. Seeing their chance, Monica dove in and grabbed Hawke by the scrotum, while Cassie slammed three fingers up his ass. The three of them got him to the mat where he almost succeeded in shaking them. Then Cassie used her other hand to jab her fingers deep into his inguinal area, knowing that few people can endure being probed in that very ticklish area.

She had found his Achilles heel, and Hawke was giggling uncontrollably as his three opponents pinned him to the mat for the ten-second count.

Next, Monica and Cassie turned on Dan. Monica jumped from the ropes and slammed her large breasts into his face. Then Cassie dropped him by running into the back of his knees. As he bit into Monica's breast, making her scream, Cassie took his scrotum between her teeth and bit hard enough to make him let go of Monica.

Together the two women flipped Dan onto his back. Monica sat on his face and pulled his legs back to his chest. This gave Cassie the chance to move her mouth to his cock which she bit and held tightly in her teeth. They held him down like that for Dwayne's count of ten and his ejection from the ring.

Now, with only three minutes left in the round, Cassie and Monica were facing one another. They cautiously circled, staring into each other’s eyes. Monica made the first move, grabbing Cassie around the waist. She in turn bent over and locked her arms just above Monica's hips. They both fell on their sides in that position.

Cassie slid on top and forced Monica's legs apart, viciously yanking on a handful of pubic hair. Monica retaliated by ramming four fingers into her opponent's lubricated ass.

Cassie pinned Monica's shoulders with her ankles and shoved her pussy into her face. Monica used the opportunity to bite Cassie's labia, But she in turn bit Monica's clitoris. Their combined painful screeches were almost drowned out by the clang of the 10-minute limit bell.

Once again, Dwayne called for a no-decision.

Glowering at one another, the two women made their way to the shower, accompanied by applause from the crowd. It was clear that Cassie and Monica still had issues to settle.

CHAPTER 18: *A fight to The Finish*

With the last two Acts having ended in a no-decision, that left Carly of the Pussy Posse, Suzanne of the waitresses, and Maria and her brother Carlos to fight to the finish in the elimination round.

Dwayne called for a brief intermission to allow the combatants to confer with their cohorts and for the rest of us to refill our drinks and partake in our drugs of choice. He then went to Monica who was beckoning him over to ringside.

While I was snorting a line of coke which Cassie had placed between her breasts, Bill announced that he was making book with even-odds bets on the eventual winner. There was no up-front cash needed; just a personal IOU to be settled up later that weekend.

One of the waiters then circulated around the room with a clipboard on which people wrote down one of the four fighter’s names, inserted a dollar amount, and signed their name.

Casssie and I gasped when the clipboard reached us. We were certainly way out of our league financially because, apart from the servers, the others were betting amounts ranging from a thousand to ten thousand dollars on their chosen fighter. But since the winnings would be paid out in proportion to the size of the bet placed, we gamely put in a hundred bucks each; Cassie on Carlos and I on Maria. We noticed too that the betting was pretty well evenly divided among the four contestants, with no clear favorite.

Dwayne then took the microphone to make an announcement: “Ladies and gentlemen, now that you’ve placed your bets, there are a couple of rule changes that our hostess Monica has asked me to add to this final elimination bout. The 10-second pin-down rule still applies, but the bout itself will last for a period of fifteen minutes, instead of ten. Next, again at our hostesses’ suggestion, our naked combatants will be armed.”

This caused a stir in the room, some of it in protest, but most of it in excitement. Monica, meanwhile, stood at the back of the room with an angelic smile on her face.

“Not to worry,” continued Dwayne. “It’s not lethal weapons. Instead, each fighter will bring into the ring a short-handled leather flogger which can be applied anywhere below the neck. And each will also be armed with an 8-inch silicone dildo to be used in any orifice. All of this has been supplied by our gracious hostess from her Playroom.”

Cassie turned to me and muttered, "Fuck, but that bitch sure loves to ramp things up!”

“Yeah, she sure as hell does,” I answered, aware of the barely concealed excitement in Cassie's voice.

In various parts of the tent, the four contenders were huddled with their handlers who were discussing strategy and prepping them for action.

The Pussy Posse were feeding Carly lines of cocaine off their upturned breasts, getting her totally wired and raring to go.

Suzanne had two waitresses kneading her shoulders, arms, thighs and calves, limbering her up for another acrobatic performance.

Maria and Carlos were simply drinking beer and watching the others.

The four final contestants were oiled and in their corners, ready for the match to begin.

At the sound of Dwayne's bell, Maria, armed with a whip, drove the two girls away from Carlos and into a corner.

She began with Suzanne, whipping her legs, pussy and breasts. As Suzanne started yelling and crouching, Carly escaped towards Carlos.

Maria dropped the whip and grabbed Suzanne by her waist. She flipped her onto the mat and locked her legs around her head. She grabbed the dildo that Suzanne had in her hand and shoved it deep into her pussy.

Suzanne arched her back in an effort to buck Maria off, and succeeded in loosening the grip on her head. They rolled over several times, with the dildo still in Suzanne. Maria was able to get hold of Suzanne’s legs and, tucking them under her arms, pulled them up toward her chest.

Suzanne, meanwhile, was trying to bite Maria's labia, but Maria had her pinned for the count of ten. So Dwayne counted Suzanne down and out.

That left Carlos, Maria and Carly who headed back their corners. The siblings were kiddy-corner to one another, both glancing sideways at Carly who wore a contemptuous sneer on her face.

“So,” shouted Carly, “I’m now up against two Mexican wetbacks whose mother’s a whore and father’s a drunk!”

“Speaking of whores,” retorted Carlos as he waved his dick at her. “Down in Cancun I used to see lots of you rich American princesses parading around in your string bikinis, hoping to get a taste of some hot Mexican meat while your husbands or boyfriends were in the bar or casino.”

“And,” sneered Maria from her corner, “some of those skanky wives and girlfriends were looking for the same sort of Mexican treats from me; if you know what I mean.”

Their trash talk ceased when the bell rang to start the round. Carlos went to center ring and beckoned Carly on. She wasted no time dashing at him and flogging him below the waist. But immediately behind her came Maria, whipping Carly’s butt and then wrapping her forearm in a strangle hold around her neck. Carlos smiled and, with his sister pinning Carly in a vice grip from behind, began to whip Carly’s breasts, stomach, crotch and thighs. She screamed in pain as the flogging continued, especially when Maria roughly shoved a flogger handle up her well-oiled asshole.

It was clear to us in the audience that brother and sister were fighting as a team. It became even more obvious when Maria pushed Carly to her forearms and knees and sat on the back of her legs, while thrusting both the dildo in her cunt and the handle of the flogger in her ass. Carlos then started to piss all over Carly’s back.

“So who’s the wetback now?” Maria sneered, ramming both tools even harder up the two holes. This elicited loud laughter from us spectators.

But they were not finished with Carly yet. Maria yanked the flogger from her ass and bent forward to lick her brother’s piss from Carly’s back, taking care to slurp up any that had flowed between her ass cheeks. Then, instead of pushing her to her stomach and holding her down for an easy ten-second count, they flipped her onto her back, with the dildo still lodged in her pussy. Carlos sat on Carly’s legs while his sister, facing forward, got on her knees to straddle Carly’s face, using one hand to grip her hair and the other to clamp her jaw open.

Carlos, after first sucking the juice off the handle, again used the flogger on Carly’s very sore breasts. As Carly howled in pain, Maria started to piss directly into her mouth, all the while squeezing her mouth open. It was a long and powerful stream, causing Carly to gurgle and choke. But she was forced to swallow most of it just to keep her air passage clear.

It was now obvious to us why Maria and Carlos chose to chug several beers while the other contenders were getting stoned on coke and weed in preparation for the elimination bout.

As the last of Maria’s dribbles subsided, Dwayne announced the ten-second pin-down. But before getting off Carly, Maria yanked on her hair and used her face to wipe her hairy pee-coated pussy. “Muchas gracias, Chiquita,” she laughed as she dropped Carly’s head to the mat and got up with her brother to each take a corner.

As Carly exited the ring, bruised and swollen and coughing up urine, her Pussy Posse cohorts rushed over. They gently applied a soothing balm to her breasts, ass and pussy lips as they helped her stagger to the shower. All four glared back at Maria, with Carly yelling, “It’s gonna be a long weekend, you fucking wetback cunt!”

Maria and Carlos ignored them and simply grinned at one another from their respective corners in the ring.

There was a buzz of excitement in the room as Dwayne announced the final elimination bout. “Okay folks, looks like we got us a brother and sister act to see who tonight’s champion will be.”

“So,” Cassie asked me, “who do you think is gonna take it?”

“Hard to say,” I answered. “Carlos has the size and strength, but then again, she has those tricky karate moves.”

“Anyway, that’s not going to be the end of the evening,” Cassie said with a sly smile as she got up to find the waiter with the clipboard.

I was wondering what she was up to when Dwayne called for a brief intermission to allow the Pussy Posse time to return for the winner-take- all bout. They’d most certainly be eager to see brother and sister beat the crap out of each other.

The Posse soon returned in their robes and, after refreshing their drinks and snorting lines of coke, squatted on the floor at ringside.

Dwayne set the 15-minute clock and clanged his cowbell to begin the final round.

The oiled-up Maria and Carlos stepped into the center of the ring with their dildos and floggers and grasped one another around the waist. Then they kissed passionately, probing one another’s mouths with their tongues.

We were all wondering what was going on. But then Carlos pushed his sister to her knees and she grabbed his semi-erect cock and slipped it into her mouth. But instead of biting, she sucked on it gently, making it grow hard. She also took his hairy hanging balls in her hand. But rather than squeezing them, she removed her mouth from his cock and licked his balls before feeding them gently one at a time into her mouth.

“Bite them! Bite them hard!” one of the Pussy Posse girls urged.

Instead, Maria sucked and licked them lovingly while at the same time stroking the cock to its full eight-inch hardness.

The crowd’s murmurs of disappointment diminished when Carlos roughly grabbed Maria by the hair, turned her around on her hands and knees, picked up a dildo and slammed it all the way into her lubricated asshole. He then got on his knees and shoved his cock into her pussy, at the same time picking up a flogger and whipping her ass.

“That’s better!” Carly shouted from ringside. “Whip that cunt’s filthy ass hard as you can.”

He *was* whipping her hard. But Cassie and I noticed a look of joy on her face. And the look became almost one of ecstasy when Carlos pulled the dildo from her ass and replaced it with his cock. He then yanked her hair back and shoved the dildo into her mouth. Still pulling on her hair, he continued to flog her while pounding his cock its full length into her ass, making her scream loudly.

“Oh my god,” Cassie whispered to me. “Look under her legs.” Sure enough, Maria was screaming not in pain, but in orgasmic pleasure, evidenced by the juice squirting from her cunt and onto the mat.

“Boo!” yelled the Pussy Posse in unison. “Let’s see a fight!”

It seemed they were to be rewarded when Maria pulled herself off her brother’s cock, spun around, grabbed his head and forced his face into the puddle of her cum. She then straddled his back in a scissor grip and, facing his rear, used the dildo to brutally sodomize him with one hand, and the flogger to whip his ass with the other.

“That’s better,” someone yelled. “Now beat the shit out of him!” As if in response, she whipped him even harder, while at the same time reaming his asshole vigorously with the dildo, making him yelp and groan.

Cassie nudged me again, bringing my attention to the fact that if Carlos’s cock was hard when it came out of Maria’s ass, it was even harder now as it twitched between his legs and emitted little squirts of pre-cum. I looked up at the clock and saw they’d already used up nine of their allotted fifteen minutes. With only six minutes left, I wondered what these two were up to.

It looked like a fight again when Maria yanked the dildo out of Carlos’s ass, turned around, pulled his hair and shoved the slime-covered sex toy into his mouth. He jumped to his feet, knocked Maria to her butt and then grabbed her ankles. He lifted her high into the air upside down, twisting her around so that she was eye level with his crotch, and he to hers. Holding both her slim ankles with one large hand, he took the dildo from his mouth and shoved it down into her pussy.

But Maria had the other dildo as well as a whip; and although suspended in the air, she managed to shove the dildo part way into his ass which she then started to flog. Carlos in turn used his free hand to reach for the other flogger on the floor. He then removed the dildo from her cunt and inserted it into her ass, using it as a butt plug. Maria retaliated by doing the same, forcing her dildo into her brother’s asshole, while at the same time grabbing his cock that was inches from her face.

Now, with only three minutes left on the clock, and neither combatant pinned down, I turned to ask Cassie what the hell was going on.

As she furiously got herself off under her robe, she smiled and said, “I think I know *exactly* what’s going on.”

The two contestants, in the same position with butt plugs in their rears, glanced up at the clock. With the final two minutes winding down, Maria slurped on the end of her brother’s cock as she frantically stroked it with one hand and used her other hand to flog his ass as hard as she could. And Carlos now had his mouth buried in his sister’s furry pussy, sucking out her juices while at the same time whipping her ass.

Their timing was perfect. Because, just as they erupted with shuddering orgasms in each other’s mouths, Dwayne clanged the 15-minute end of the bout, calling it a no-decision.

There was a mixture of applause and boos around the room; applause from people like Cassie who had just had her own finger-licking-good orgasm; and boos from those who had bet heavily on Maria or Carlos.

But the biggest boos came from the Pussy Posse, with Carly screaming, “You fucking cocksucking spic cheaters. That was no fight!”

The ever so cocky Maria sauntered over to her, leaned over the ropes and spit a wad of Carlos’s sperm into her face. “Here, gringo lady, a little present from my brother to me to you.”

The Posse girls had to hold Carly back from climbing into the ring as Maria and Carlos kissed deeply and then raised one another’s arms in triumph. “Sorry to disappoint you folks,” said Maria to the spectators, “but you just witnessed what in our country we call a Mexican Standoff – no winner, but also no loser.”

This broke the ice in the room, and Dwayne gave the siblings each a big bear hug before they made their way to the shower.

CHAPTER 19: *The Rape of Monica*

As I was about to get Cassie and me another drink, the waiter came up to her with the clipboard which, during Maria and Carlos’s non-fight, had been circulating around the tent. On it was a printed statement, beneath which were signatures. Cassie handed it to me with a mischievous grin and said, “Here Leo, sign this.”

I took the clipboard and read the statement, a declaration actually:

*WE THE UNDERSIGNED DECLARE THAT BECAUSE MONICA INTERFERRED WITH LEO'S PRIZE OF DIRECTING HIS SIX-ACT PLAY BY CHANGING THE RULES FOR THE FINAL BOUT, SHE MUST BE PUNISHED. AND AS LEO'S SOULMATE, I HAVE HEREBY TAKEN IT UPON MYSELF TO DICTATE THE NATURE OF THE PUNISHMENT, WHICH IS: TONIGHT MONICA SHALL PLAY THE VICTIM OF A SIMULATED GANG-RAPE BY EVERY MAN IN THE ROOM, IN THE PRESENCE OF US LADIES.*

 “Jesus, Cassie, you really do have a hard-on for that woman, don’t you,” I said as the waiter handed me a pen.

“Just a little,” she replied with a giggle. “Now sign the fuckin’ thing.”

As I added my name to the list, I noticed that only Monica’s signature was absent. No surprise there.

While the waiters dismantled the wrestling ring and moved it to a far wall, Cassie went to the center of the room and picked up the mike.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” she began, “most of us, I daresay all of us in this room have had rape fantasies. Well, as you read in my declaration, that fantasy shall become reality for one woman here.”

There was excited laughter in the tent from everyone but Monica before Cassie continued: “The setting and scenario is simple. This lawn we are on is now a late evening park in some urban ghetto. Monica, a wealthy good-looking woman from the classy part of town has had her Mercedes break down, and none too brightly chooses to walk through the park in search of a taxi on the other side. Unbeknownst to her, a group of local toughs are sitting around smoking crack and drinking cheap wine when she stumbles upon them and…. Well, just use your imaginations.”

There were now lascivious smiles on everyone’s faces; except Monica’s of course.

Cassie then asked Maria to go to Monica’s room and bring down her finest clothes and shoes. And, with the exception of Dwayne, Cassie asked all eleven men in the tent to approach. We were to be the gang of rapists, and she told us to make it as authentic as possible, with the proviso that we were not to inflict any serious injury to Monica’s person. “Otherwise,” she said, “anything goes.”

We got ready to do our part, although we were wearing robes rather than ghetto clothes. We lit up joints instead of crack pipes, and in lieu of cheap plonk, we passed around bottles of Bill’s expensive dinner wine.

 Maria returned with Monica’s garments in a Louis Vuitton handbag and handed it to her. As she took the items out, Monica screeched, “Maria, you stupid cunt, that’s an eight-thousand-dollar Christian Dior dress, and those Prada shoes cost almost a quarter as much.” She went even more ballistic when she saw the underwear Maria had selected - pantyhose, plus a matching black lacy strapless bra and panty set from Victoria’s Secret most expensive line.

Maria simply shrugged and said, “Cassie's orders, ma’am.”

Monica shot Cassie menacing daggers as she dropped her robe, put on the fine clothing and slung the bag over her shoulder.

Ignoring her, Cassie asked Dwayne to dim the lights and start the overhead video camera rolling. She then told Monica to go out the tent’s front entrance and re-enter slowly through the ‘park’. As she did this, we men crouched together, chatting and passing joints and bottles of wine near the center of the now dimly-lit tent.

Cassie and the other women lay back on their chaises and pillows, eager to observe what was about to transpire.

On cue, Monica sauntered into the ‘park’, playing her role well while she nervously looked about her.

She was suddenly confronted by a group of men who gave her cat calls and hoots and made obscene remarks. “Hey baby,” shouted Bill, “you out for an evening stroll?”

Monica, looking faux startled, gave him the finger. But then she saw how many of us were there, and turned to walk away. “Come on, sweetie,” I shouted to her, “Me and my friends are having us a little party. You wanna join us?”

Now she played scared and started to run. But Hawke had slipped around her in the gloom and stood barring her way. As she smacked into him, he grabbed her shoulders and spun her around to face the rest of us. With his huge arms circling her chest and his hands groping her breasts through the dress, he propelled her towards us. She screamed, leaned down and bit his hand. He ignored it and shoved her into our midst where we formed a circle around her, all of us using the opportunity to feel her up.

She spit in Dan’s face and told us all to fuck off. Dan slapped her face and said, “Well, that wasn’t polite of you.” We were all snickering and guffawing as we pushed her around inside the circle. As she bounced off each man, he grabbed a handful or two of tit flesh.

When she was thrust towards me, she delivered a solid kick to my crotch with her pointy designer shoe, making me double up in pain. I got up, glowered at her and spit in her face. Then, with two guys holding her arms, I grabbed her crotch through the dress and panties and gave it a vicious twist. She screamed again, even louder this time, and gave one of the men holding her a sharp elbow in the gut, making him release his grip. She kicked off her high heels, dropped her handbag, and tried to make a run for it. But Darren made a flying tackle to her legs, bringing her to the ground.

Hawke lifted her to her feet by her hair and, moving behind her, locked her neck with his forearm, returning her into our circle. With froth flying from her mouth, she lashed out with her panty-hosed feet, until Rupert dropped to the ground and pinned both ankles with his hands. Then Hawke took her arms and locked them behind her back. “Okay boys,” he laughed, “let’s see what the pretty lady is hiding under these fancy clothes.”

With that, Bart, one of the waiters, grabbed the top of her dress and pulled down hard, making pearl buttons fly and revealing her black lace bra. The other two waiters, Biff and Bobby, each grabbed a side of the ripped dress and yanked it fully open, exposing matching black lace panties under her sheer pantyhose. We all ogled her voluptuous figure and panted like hungry wolves moving in for the kill. We passed around a joint as we continued to push her around inside the circle. This was fun, and we wanted to prolong the experience.

Monica, playing ever the tigress, screamed at us again, calling us a bunch of pathetic losers who probably couldn’t get it up with a willing woman.

We laughed in her face and continued to taunt her with suggestions of what filthy plans we had for her tonight.

Bill went up to her and tugged the strapless bra down to her waist. “Check out these love bags guys,” he said, “Looks like enough tit meat here for all of us.”

With her arms held back by Hawke and her feet pinned to the grass by Rupert, the rest of us moved in and started to roughly fondle her breasts; squeezing, pinching, bouncing them in our hands, and then licking and sucking on them.

Dan grabbed the bra at its center and gave it a sharp tug, ripping it off Monica’s body. We moved in for more breast-licking and sucking on her puffy half-inch nipples.

I gazed out at our audience of eleven women, most of whom, including Cassie, had their robes open and were playing with their pussies. They were all quite obviously enjoying the show.

Monica, now half naked, began to yell, “Help! Police! Help! Police!”

“We can’t have that,” said Dan who grabbed the waist band of Monica’s pantyhose and ripped it open down to her feet. Rupert then lifted one foot at a time and slid the rest off. Dan tied the tattered pantyhose around Monica’s mouth. “There, that’s better,” he said now that Monica’s screams were muffled.

We were all rubbing our crotches outside our robes, anticipating our next move. That began when Bart got on his knees and sniffed Monica’s panty-clad crotch. He stood up and said, “Yup, sure smells like fresh pussy to me. Check it out gang.”

We all took turns dropping to our knees and breathing in the aroma of a pussy that seemed to be leaking. I relieved Hawke to hold Monica’s arms behind her while he took his turn at her crotch. “Mmm, sure does smell fine,” he exclaimed, and then licked the panty crotch which we’d noticed already had a wet spot on it. “It tastes even better than it smells,” he added, “even from the outside.”

“I bet it’ll taste even better once it’s out of the package,” said Carlos. He used his fingers to pull the panties down, and Rupert lifted her feet to completely remove them, now exposing her hairy bush. Carlos tossed the panties over to us and said, “Here’s something to sniff and chew on.”

We took turns inhaling the musky odor of the panties, even sucking on the crotch before tossing them back to Carlos who then pulled them over Rupert’s head. “Here’s a nice silk hat for you boy.”

We all laughed as Rupert beamed with pride at his new acquisition.

“Hey,” said Chad, “I’m hungry. Anybody know of a good diner in this park, one with fresh delicious food?”

“Yeah,” said Darren. “And there’s even a picnic table in this crummy park.” With that he dragged one of the high serving tables over to the circle. The naked Monica, struggling vainly, was then hoisted to it on her back, her legs hanging over one end and her arms and head over the other. Someone produced lengths of rope which we used to tie her wrists and ankles to the four table legs, rendering her exposed and immobile.

“Okay gang, dinner’s being served,” announced Chad as he leaned into Monica’s pussy at the edge of the table and started licking it. We all took turns licking, and when it was mine I noticed that she was really juiced up. Those waiting their turn amused themselves by slapping her breasts and suckling on her nipples which were now as hard as pencil erasers. It appeared she was being turned on by her role of rape victim.

Again I looked over at our female audience. Now, it wasn't just open robes. All the women, including the three waitresses, were naked and madly frigging themselves, their eyes glued to the scene. Obviously, they were watching their own secret rape fantasies being played out before their eyes.

“I’ve had my fill of food,” said Bill after eating his wife’s cunt. “Now for some more fun.” He then moved to Monica’s head and said, "Hey skanky whore, I’m going to remove your gag, but if we hear one peep out of you, it goes back on, along with one hell of a beating from all of us. Do you understand?”

When she made no move to nod her head, he slapped her hard across the face, knocking her head to the side. “Okay,” he repeated, “I’ll ask just one more time. Nod if you understand.”

As he raised his hand to slap her again, she nodded emphatically. “Good girl,” he said gently, and untied the panty hose.

Monica gulped air into her lungs and looked around at us all. “Why are you doing this?” she whined. “I have lots of money, and if you let me go, I’ll bring one of you to an ATM machine where you can take as much as you want.”

“Honey,” growled Hawke, rubbing his cock through his robe, “we already got a lousy two hundred bucks and credit cards outta your bag. Right now there’s something we’d rather have than your rich bitch money.” And turning to us he said, “Am I right boys?”

“Oh hell yeah!” we all shouted while dropping our robes and stroking our cocks to get them hard.

“Since you spotted the rich bitch first, why don’t you go ahead,” Hawke said to Bill. “The rest of us can get in line.”

Bill approached the table where his wife was spread eagled, her pussy hanging invitingly almost over the edge. With no foreplay he drove his member into her cunt, pumping several times, but withdrawing before he came. Next in line was me, and I followed suit.

As each man gave Monica's pussy a quick pounding, he moved to the head of the table to stick his cock into her mouth where her head was conveniently hanging over the edge. When she was forced to suck her cunt juice off each sweaty cock, the man then moved to one of her breasts to suckle on it. Soon she had a cock in her cunt and one in her mouth, with two men pinching, slapping and sucking her tits. She was also made to lick our butts, as we pulled her head up by the hair and forced her mouth into our assholes.

All of this continued for fifteen minutes, with none of us cuming yet. Except for weird Rupert, that is. Instead of fucking Monica, he merely humped each of her bound legs, eventually spewing his seed over one of them and then licking it off.

When I again checked on our audience, I saw that things had progressed there as well. Cassie was on her hands and knees on the grass, shoving a dildo into her cunt, while Maria was behind Cassie with her tongue up her ass, and Gretchen was behind Maria, doing the same to her. Next to Cassie, Joan, and the Pussy Posse were in similar positions, and next to them were the waitresses in the same pose. And as the women were all facing forward, they weren’t missing a thing.

The show got even hotter as we rapists decided to ramp things up with our victim. Monica was untied and taken off the table for what we guys called a five-way fuck. With one man lying on his back, Monica’s pussy was impaled on his prick while another cock was shoved in her mouth and a third one in her ass. The fourth and fifth men were kneeling on either side of her chest; roughly twisting her nipples while she was forced jerk them off against her dangling breasts. We continued to rotate positions until each of us had cum in either her mouth, cunt, asshole or all over her tits. The last man in her ass was Hawke with his huge thick member. With so much semen dripping out, he needed no lubrication, and slammed it in hard and fast and deep, all in one thrust, making her scream in alarm.

I looked over at Cassie, her mouth and eyes wide open. I wondered if it was because she felt sympathy for Monica, or if she envied her position. Knowing what a slut she was, I figured it was the latter.

We pulled Monica onto her knees and ordered her to scoop the jizm out of her cunt and asshole and off her breasts, and then eat it. She did so reluctantly, sticking gobs off it into her mouth and opening wide so we could all see. Then, with one big swallow, she gulped it down her throat. She then ruefully shook her head and said, “Well, now that you guys have had your perverted fun, what about me?”

“What do you mean, skank?” asked Dan.

“Geeze, don’t you think it’s a bit selfish to have your way with a girl, and not let her have an orgasm of her own?”

“Lady, you gotta be kidding!” said Dan in disbelief.

“No,” Monica pouted, holding her thumb and forefinger an inch apart. “I came this close several times, but you fucking bastards were interested only in getting your own rocks off. And now that you’ve all shot your loads, what’s a girl to do?”

“Can you believe this crazy cunt?” exclaimed Hawke, shaking his head. “Anyway, lady, we’ve all cum once or twice already, so there’s no way we can get it up again now just to please you.”

“Maybe we can help,” said Chad and Darren together. They each had an empty wine bottle which they shoved neck first into Monica’s cunt and ass. “How’s that?” they asked as the bottles were driven halfway in and twisted around, causing her again to scream in pain and outrage. And it was clear that she was still frustrated at not having had an orgasm.

When Chad and Darren removed the bottles and licked Monica’s juice off them, Bill smiled and said, “Actually, lady, we do have a couple of friends who’re smoking crack on the other side of the park. You want me to get them?”

Monica, looking suspicious, nodded apprehensively.

Bill raced off, and returned to the tent two minutes later with Ruggles and Brutus on a leash.

“No!!” Monica screamed while the rest of us laughed.

“Okay you stinking whore,” snarled Bill. “You put out for us; now you can do the same for our friends Mister Ruggles and Mister Brutus here.”

“Fuck you!” she shouted. “I did *not* put out for you assholes; you goddamn raped me! And there is no fucking way I’m letting those dogs near me!”

“We’ll see about that,” I said as I shoved two fingers into her pussy and brought them over for the dogs to sniff and lick. They instantly picked up their ears and followed me to where Monica was seated on the grass, quietly sobbing.

“Please don’t do this,” she begged. “Please don’t. I take back what I said about you guys not getting me off. I was just kidding; honest.”

“Sorry lady,” said Bill, but I already told our two friends here what a great lay you are and how you’d be happy to share your favors with them.” With that he unleashed the dogs and they trotted over to Monica, sniffing the source of the pussy juice they’d sampled off my fingers.

As Monica tried to get up and run, four pairs of hands grabbed her arms and ankles and pinned her to her back on the lawn with her legs spread wide. Ruggles and Brutus approached and stuck their noses into her gooey crotch, then eagerly began to lick. She twisted and turned, but was no match for the men holding her down. The two on her legs then bent them back to her chest, giving the dogs access to her well-fucked asshole where they discovered more treats to lick and slurp. The rest of us were passing around a third and fourth bottle of wine while we watched the amusing spectacle.

The female audience was also amused, as well as turned on. I saw some alternating between sitting on someone’s face and having them sit on theirs, so as not to miss the show. As for Cassie, she was lying on her side with Maria, both joined by a two-foot double-ended dildo that they forcefully rammed in and out of their pussies while they watched the rape scene. Behind them, Jean had her fingers in Cassie's ass, and Gretchen in Maria’s. Every so often the women pulled their fingers out and offered them to one another to suck clean.

Watching the women at play was getting me hard again, but I turned my attention back to the job at hand.

“So, you filthy tramp,” I said. “You do know how to get a man ready to make love to you, no?”

Monica simply shook her head in despair.

“Of course you do,” said Carlos, whistling Ruggles over to stand bedside Monica’s head. He then took her arm from one of the men who was holding her down, and forced her hand onto the dog’s sheath. “That’s it. Now gently stroke it,” he ordered.

She refused until Hawke delivered a stinging blow to her exposed pussy with a length of braided rope. She yelped in pain and, as he got ready for another blow, she started stroking the sheath. Within seconds, a red tip emerged, leaking pre-cum. “Very good,” said Carlos, “Now keep stroking.” As she did, Ruggles’ prick slipped further out, and he started humping her hand. “You’re doing fine,” encouraged Carlos. “Now, what’s the next thing a whore does to excite her lover?”

“No, no, no!" Monica shouted. "I will *not* do that!” But another stinging rope lash to her pussy from Hawke quickly changed her mind. Carlos lifted Ruggles so that he was straddling Monica’s face, his dripping cock inches from her mouth. To avoid another slap of the rope, she took the slimy cock in her hand and began to lick it.

“In your mouth, whore!” ordered Carlos. So she did just that, and now an excited Ruggles was panting and drooling as he fucked her mouth almost all the way up to his knot.

“That’s pretty good for a beginner,” commented Bill. “But I think our slut is ready for something more challenging.” With that, he lifted Ruggles of his wife’s face and whistled Brutus over.

Monica was still spitting out doggie cum when the Great Dane loomed over her. “Oh my god no! Please no!” she begged. But when Hawke delivered another blow to her burning cunt, she sighed in resignation and reached to stroke its sheath. This time a far thicker cock emerged, with a wedge-shaped red tip and a blue-veined love muscle.

Bill then had Brutus straddle her face and said, “I believe he likes his balls licked.”

Monica glanced to where Hawke was casually swinging the rope, and she started to lick a scrotum the size of two lemons. Brutus obviously enjoyed it, for he wiggled his ass, wiping his sac all over Monica’s face. His pungent dog smell had her close to retching as she continued to lick.

“Good,” said bill; “Now his cock.”

As she started stroking, it grew longer and thicker, squirting jets of clear fluid on her face.

“Jesus,” said Hawke. And I thought *I* was well hung.”

“Now give him a proper blow job; the kind you whores give to all your johns!” commanded Bill.

Monica grasped the huge slippery cock and fed it into her mouth, a half inch at a time. But she was too slow for Brutus’s liking, and he used his haunches to drive his prick down her throat. She gasped and choked and tried to back away, but the dog would have none of it. He growled menacingly and started face-fucking Monica with quick jerky motions. He soon came, and with one final thrust ejaculated a cup or more of doggie cream into her mouth and down her throat. He then trotted over to Ruggles where the two lay on their sides, licking their privates.

Monica was released, and rolled over on her side to puke on the grass.

The female peanut gallery was now going wild. And Cassie seemed to be the wildest of them all. She was on her elbows and knees watching the rape scene. She had a forearm halfway up Joan Smotherfucker’s cunt, and the fingers of her other hand jabbing in and out of Dawn’s juicy pussy. And her ass was being fucked by Gretchen with a strap-on dildo. At the same time, two of the waitresses were on their backs under Cassie's raised chest, greedily sucking on her hanging tits. And below her waist, Maria’s face was being squashed by her erupting cunt that Maria was slurping with gusto. Never had I seen such look of wanton rapture on Cassie's face as she had one orgasm after another.

Back in the ‘park’, Monica was forced to her forearms and knees with her ass high in the air. She was sideways to the audience, and rough hands had her securely pinned. The dogs were again whistled over and, after pausing to lick up Monica’s vomit from the grass, they approached her from behind to sniff and slurp her pussy and ass. She sensed what was coming next and tried to move away. But she was held down tight; and a sharp crack of Hawke’s rope across her back had her resigned to her fate.

“Ruggles first,” said Bill while a drooling Brutus was held back by his collar. Ruggles needed no prompting, and immediately climbed up on Monica’s back, madly humping away with his now fully extended cock searching for her pussy. He found it and drove it home; his front paws wrapped around Monica’s waist and his back legs dancing as he jabbed in and out. He soon inserted his bulbous knot inside Monica's pussy lips, and lay his head on her back, panting and slobbering as his sperm pumped steadily into his reluctant bitch.

Meanwhile, we men were all laughing and taking turns to feed our cocks into Monica’s mouth. Finally, Ruggles’ knot diminished, and he pulled out with a squishy plop. After licking Monica’s cunt and ass one last time, he moved away to lie on the lawn and lick himself clean.

Brutus was led behind Monica next and, after a few tasty licks, promptly mounted his bitch. Because of its height, the Great Dane didn’t have to climb on her back, but simply straddled her with its front paws on either side of her chest. His cock was far longer and thicker than the other dog’s, and he had no trouble finding her pussy before ramming ten inches of hard meat inside. To our surprise, Monica began to mewl with pleasure, even rocking her hips in time with the Great Dane’s thrusts.

“Jesus Christ,” exclaimed Dan, “I think the bitch is finally getting her rocks off.”

“Well then,” said Hawke, “let’s make it even better for her.” With that he grabbed Brutus by his haunches and slowly pulled him back before he could tie with his bitch.

Brutus and Monica were both whimpering in frustration. But the dog was quickly rewarded when Hawke again placed its front legs on either side of Monaca, and guided the tip of its cock to her raised asshole.

“NOOO! Not there,” Monica screamed. "It’s too fucking big!”

“Naw,” said Hawke,” it’s only a tad bigger and fatter than mine… Though of course, I don’t have me one of those cool lock knots.”

Brutus wasted no time with preliminaries, but rammed his cock straight into Monica’s semen-lubricated ass, causing her to screech in pain. With only half of the cock inside, Monica rocked her hips, seemingly enjoying herself. That was, until Brutus decided it was time to make puppies, and shoved the full length of his prick, including his knot, into his bitch’s asshole.

“AARGH!” Monica screamed, much louder than she had all night, and now with tears streaming down her cheeks. “Get it out of me!”

“Sorry babe, but he’s got you knotted. If pull him off now, he’ll turn your asshole inside out,” said Hawke calmly. “Just wait till he finishes his ride and the knot should shrink on its own…. ‘Course, it does take a little while.”

“And while you’re waiting, maybe you should have something to eat and drink,” said Bill. He then picked up Ruggles and grasped him under his forelegs so that the dog’s rear paws were on the ground with its crotch an inch from Monica’s face. “Go ahead, you dog-sucking slut, enjoy your meal.”

Monica snapped her head to the side until she felt the sting of Hawke’s rope on her hanging breasts. Not wanting a second whipping, she stuck out her tongue and began to lick the dog’s furry sheath. Ruggles’ cock quickly emerged, and Monica took it into her mouth, while Bill rocked the dog back and forth.

Meanwhile, Dan and I crawled on our backs under Monica’s raised chest and latched on to her dangling tits, sucking hard and giving her nipples occasional none-too-gentle bites. Her whimpering moans of pain were muffled by the doggie cock in her mouth.

The ladies in the audience were going wild with orgiastic delight, and I could hear the squishing sounds of their pussies and asses being eaten or violated with fingers, fists or various sized dildos.

With a few final thrusts, Ruggles came in Monica’s mouth, and she was told to drink it down. Brutus, meanwhile, was panting and slobbering all over her neck and shoulders as his jizm shot from his balls to deep inside her rectum. With a satisfied yelp, he backed away; his shrunken knot exiting with a squishy plop. A huge amount of sperm was dripping from Monica’s ass, and she was made to reach back with her hand and catch it in her cupped palm. Then, of course, she was ordered to eat it.

“Well boys,” said Bill, “I think we can call it a night. This whore is too smelly and dirty to touch anymore.” He then used his foot to roll a sore and moaning Monica onto her back.

“Hey, maybe we should clean her up a bit,” I suggested, holding my cock and beginning to piss on her bruised tits.

“Great idea,” chimed in several of the others. And soon all eleven of us were empting our bladders all over her abused naked body. As soon as I had finished, I went to her head and squeezed her jaw to open her mouth where more streams from others were directed. Even the dogs, as if mimicking us, came over and lifted their hind legs to piss on her.

We all gave each other high fives, and strolled off through the ‘park’ with Ruggles and Brutus on their leash. Only two people were left behind: our dazed and aching rape victim, and Rupert who was on his hands and knees, sucking and lapping up as much piss, semen and sweat as he could from her prostrate body.

As the lights came back on, there was a standing ovation, with clapping and cheering from the female audience.

Maria went to the center area and, after shooing Rupert away, helped Monica to her feet, promising to give her a nice warm bath and a soothing massage.

I went over to Cassie and congratulated her on her brilliant idea. She inserted the fingers of both hands into my mouth, and told me to taste the juicy combination of virtually every cunt and female asshole in the room, including her own. The erotic flavor was scrumptious.

Bill then returned with the other men to retrieve their robes. He announced that since it was two in the morning, tonight’s Bacchanalia night was over. “But,” he added with a grin, “We still have two fun-filled days and nights ahead of us. So get some sleep.”

He then directed the servers to work out a schedule whereby some would stay to clean up, while the others would take the limo back to the Lodge and get some sleep so as to be ready to serve brunch tomorrow.

With that, we all headed to our rooms, more than a bit drunk and stoned, but sexually satisfied and eager to see what Saturday would bring.

CHAPTER 20: *Playing Strip Poker*

I awoke a little after ten, hung over and still a tad stoned, to find Cassie already out of bed. The slut’s probably in some other bedroom sucking cock or eating pussy, I mused while taking a cold shower in an attempt to bring my body and mind back to life.

After putting on a fresh velour robe, of which there appeared to be an endless supply in this madhouse of erotica, I went downstairs to the tent where brunch was to be served.

I was the first guest to arrive. Two uniformed waitresses, Suzie and Suzanne, looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, were busily laying out pitchers of juice, freshly baked croissants and Danish rolls on the large banquet table that had again been set up. The waiter Bart was placing a huge samovar of delicious-smelling hot coffee on a side table.

“Good morning, sir,” chirped Suzie. “Dwayne is whipping up some of his delectable omelets; what would you like on yours?”

“Good god no!” I answered, still shaking the cobwebs from my head. “Just coffee, please, and lots of it.”

The two girls tittered as Suzanne poured me a cup from the samovar and set it in front of me. “Rough night, was it?” she asked with a giggle.

“Yeah,” I groaned. "I think I'm getting too old for this shit."

Maria then swept into the tent, looking as bright as the two waitresses. She took a seat beside me and smiled. “Good morning Leo,” she said cheerfully. “Want some milk in your coffee?” she added with a wink as she opened her robe and squeezed a plump breast.

“Thanks but no, Maria sweetheart; I’ll take it black,” I mumbled, despite the fact that I felt the brain between my legs waking up a bit faster than the one in my head. “So,” I asked, “Where *is* everybody?”

Maria informed me that Cassie and Monica were in the Jacuzzi, and that Bill, Carlos and Hawke were out riding. “As for the others, she said, "I just took a peek at the video monitors. They’re awake and are now either taking showers or doing unspeakable things to one another. They should all be here soon.”

“I hope they’re in better shape than I am,” I sighed.

“Oh, some of us like me and Carlos, Bill and Monica, Dan and Becky, and you and Cassie, went right to sleep. But the others played on a bit longer.”

“They did?” I asked in disbelief.

“Yeah,” said Maria, taking an Android device from the pocket of her robe. “I downloaded a few nice shots from the mainframe monitor. You wanna see some dirty pictures?”

With that, she flipped through night-time sequences from several of the bedrooms. In one, the Pussy Posse were in a daisy chain on their king size bed, mouths glued to each other’s cunts and dildos shoved up their asses. In another, Chad and Darren were in a sixty-nine, deep-throating one another. In yet another, Gretchen had Rupert pinned naked on his back to the floor with a plug up his butt, while she squatted over his face, pissing into his mouth, and at the same time whipping his prick and balls with a velvet flogger. And finally, there was Jean on her knees at the foot of her bed, mauling her drooping floppy tits while Brutus, with the knot of its 10-inch cock locked in her asshole, was slobbering and panting on her back,

“Glad to see some of us still had energy left,” I said. “But where did Hawke sleep last night?”

Maria laughed. “Seems like Biff, Bobby and Suzette who were on the cleanup detail convinced him to join them for the limo ride back to the Mountain Lodge when they’d finished. And you can bet Suzette wasted no time in getting all three holes stuffed with cock... Anyway, he got back this morning with Dwayne and the brunch servers, and promptly went riding. The man doesn’t seem to need any sleep!”

As Maria finished her narration, people began staggering into the tent, and soon all eighteen guests, some looking even more haggard than I felt, had taken seats around the table.

Across from me Cassie and Monica were chatting amiably and digging into cheese and mushroom omelettes. I cringed at the sight of the food, but even more so when I saw the faint slap marks on Monica’s cheeks. I thought back to last night's simulated rape, and could only imagine the bruises and welts on her ass, tits and pussy lips beneath her robe. I caught her eye to see her frowning at me while Cassie grinned and blew me a kiss. Had those two actually become friends, I wondered, or was there something else afoot?

Monica, noticing that several people were still under the weather, stood up and announced, "The afternoon will be free time, but I want everyone back here in the tent at four o'clock for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. She then added, "Our Bacchanalia will begin again after dinner at six."

With brunch finished by one o'clock, Hawke and the others who'd not had much sleep retired to their rooms for a siesta before the four o'clock cocktails. However, Cassie and I, as well as Carlos and Maria, were wide awake, especially since we'd each just snorted a line of coke.

"Hey," suggested Maria, "you guys have yet to see me and my brother's room. You want to come up?"

"Sure," we said in unison. I figured that Cassie was probably anxious to again try out Carlos's magic tongue. And I was obsessed by the hairiest female I'd ever met.

So, bringing some cocaine with us, we proceeded upstairs to their room. It was much like ours, with a queen-size bed and plush wool carpeting. On the walls were photos of the twins as children in Mexico, as well as paintings of horses of all sizes and breeds.

Now," said Maria, "How about a game of strip poker?"

Cassie laughed and said, "Sure; but since we're all wearing only one thing, it's gonna be a short game."

"No problem," said Carlos. "Maria and I have a way of stretching it out."

"Yeah," Maria explained, "Once the three losers of a hand are already naked, the winner can then direct them to do whatever he or she wants." She got a deck of playing cards from a bedside drawer and instructed us to kneel in a circle on the carpet. “Okay," she said, "it's simple five-card stud. Best hand wins. I'll be the dealer."

I won the first hand with a pair of aces, and ordered the other three to remove their robes, which they did.

Cassie won the second hand and told me to remove my robe, and for Carlos and Maria to lean over and French kiss one another. We were all now naked as Maria re-shuffled and dealt the cards.

Cassie won again, and told Carlos and me to stroke one another's cock to get them hard, and for Maria to shove three fingers into her pussy and then to offer them to us all to lick clean.

Maria won the next hand and lay on her back on the carpet, her arms and legs spread. She told me to go down on her furry cunt, and for Cassie and Carlos to lick her hairy armpits as well as her erect nipples.

On the next deal, Cassie won again. Her orders were for me to kneel and give Carlos head as she and Maria looked on while fondling and sucking each other's breasts.

I could tell that it excited Cassie to see me with a prick in my mouth, and I was turned on by watching the two women play with one another's tits.

The next hand was won by Carlos. He put the girls in a sixty-nine with Maria on the bottom, eating each other's pussies. Then he knelt behind Cassie to lick her ass, and I was told to kneel behind him and lick his. I heard Cassie squeal in delight when he spread her cheeks and shoved his long tongue as far as it could go up her asshole.

I won the next hand and lay on my back, telling Maria to sit on my face facing forward and to plant her bush on my mouth. Then I had her brother place his knees on either side of my chest and fuck her ass while Cassie lay between my legs and sucked my cock. Every so often Carlos pulled his cock from his sister's rear end to slide it between her pussy and my lips where I licked and sucked it clean. Maria ground her cunt on my face and was squirting her juice into my mouth. Meanwhile, I was humping my hips to drive my cock into Cassie's throat. But I didn't come just yet, and neither did Carlos.

Once again Cassie won a hand. This time she had Carlos on his back while she bent forward to feed his thick cock into her cunt, and told me to insert mine into her ass. Meanwhile, she ordered Maria on her knees over her brother's face so that he could eat her out while Cassie rimmed her asshole with her tongue. We all rocked in unison until, with a loud moan, Cassie and Maria both climaxed. Seconds later, Carlos and I both erupted inside Cassie's pussy and asshole. For a finale, Cassie had me suck Carlos's cum out of her pussy while Maria sucked mine out of her ass. This inevitably brought Cassie to another orgasm.

The next hand was taken by Maria. She told us all to take a large drink of water from a jug on the bedside table and to have another hit of coke. She then ordered me to lie on my back while she squatted over my face, and had Cassie kneeling with her legs on either side of my chest and her cunt pressed against Maria's mouth. She sent Carlos to the bathroom to turn on all the taps, and to return and take my flaccid cock in his mouth.

"Okay gang,” Maria said, "it's time to whizz. But I warn you, not a drop on the carpet!"

Encouraged by the sound of the running water, we let go of our bladders. I swallowed enthusiastically as Maria's stream splashed down my throat. And with Maria pressing the back of Cassie's head to her urethra, she drank down all of her golden pee. I in turn was pissing into Carlos’s mouth, and he swallowed without spilling a drop.

"Three down and only Carlos to go," said Maria as she licked remnants of her pee off Cassie's lips. With that she had Cassie and me lying on our backs with our heads side by side and Carlos with his limp cock hanging over our face. "Open wide," she told us, at the same time giving her brother's lower abdomen a slight push with one hand and holding his prick with the other.

He began to pee, slowly at first, and then in a steady stream. Maria, by squeezing and releasing the base of his cock, was able to control the flow, inserting the cock into our open mouths each time a jet of his salty urine spurted out. We drank it all down, then turned on our sides and licked each other's lips.

"Well," said Carlos as he wiped his cock across Cassie's and my face. "That sure was a fun game of poker. Now maybe it's time we shower and get ready for cocktails."

"They won't be as yummy as the cocktails we just had," I said as we all got up from the floor, satisfied to see that not a single drop of urine had soiled the carpet.

The four of us climbed into the spacious shower to soap each other inside and out, making sure not to miss any fun parts. Carlos and I even used our tongues to ensure that Cassie and Maria had rinsed all the soap from their lower orifices.

We dried off and put on our robes to go downstairs for cocktail hour.

CHAPTER 21: *Eating with Our Hands*

We found the others who’d had a good rest already assembled in the tent where there were Margaritas and snacks, all with a Mexican flavor.

As we arrived, everyone was on chaise lounges and pillows, their eyes focused on the big monitor screen where we four poker players were front and center. Monica was making sure they didn't miss a thing, and had the video on a loop. Even the servers were watching and laughing.

"Chalk up another one for Monica," muttered Cassie to me. "That cunt gets off humiliating me any chance she gets."

But we four, only slightly embarrassed, simply shrugged and poured ourselves Margaritas which we threw back in one gulp before going for refills.

The large table was being set for dinner. Dwayne had cooked a roast suckling pig with all the trimmings, as well as sea bass and marinated roasted Portobello mushrooms. There were also salads of all kinds, and again the shrimp and oyster appetisers.

We still had more than an hour before dinner, and Cassie was convinced that the bitch Monica had something planned.

Her suspicions were well founded. Monica looked over at us, smiled and rose to make an announcement: "Fellow Bacchanalians, I've prepared a little treat for you all prior to our sitting down to eat... As you can guess, my simulated rape last night was harsher than even I expected... And who, would you all agree, initiated it?"

"Cassie, of course," shouted several guests in the tent.

"Yes," Monica answered. "And who would you agree was her principal accomplice?"

"Leo!" a few others shouted out.

"Quite correct," said Monica, adding, "So, do you think they deserve to be punished in front of you all for what they did to me?"

"Hell yes!" came an excited chorus from the entire room.

"Very well," said Monica with a wicked smile. She then asked Gretchen and Jean to seize me, strip off my robe and pin me face-down across an end table and manacle my arms and legs to the four legs. She had Chad and Darren do the same to Cassie on an end table next to me.

Cassie and I looked at one another in fear, wondering what that vindictive bitch Monica had in mind. We soon found out when she strolled up behind us with a flogger and began to whip our respective asses, softly at first and then harder until we were both yelping in pain.

To our relief, she stopped the flogging and moved to face us. "So, my two Canucks, do you think that's enough punishment?"

"Yes, yes!" we both exclaimed, tears rolling down our cheeks.

"Hmm," she said, gentling teasing our butts with the flogger. "Then again, perhaps not." She called over to Bill and said, "Bring them in."

Bill, who apparently was atoning for his role in the gang rape of his wife, brought Ruggles and Brutus into the tent. We watched in horror as he led them behind us. They started licking Cassie's pussy and ass, and my ass and balls. What we couldn't see were the cocks emerging from their sheaths as they became sexually excited.

"Being raped by a gang of men was one thing," said Monica softly. "In fact, I quite enjoyed it. However, being raped by two dogs was another thing altogether... By the way, have either of you ever had a doggie cock up your ass?"

"No!" we both shouted, cringing with fear.

"Well then, this is your lucky evening," Monica laughed, adding, "As you saw last night, Ruggles has a seven-inch cock about an inch around, and Brutus has one that's almost twice as long and thick... So, being an equal opportunity mistress, I shall let the two of you decide which prick goes in whose ass. Fair enough?"

"Stick Brutus in Cassie's ass," I immediately squealed in terror, ignoring the contemptuous look that Cassie gave me.

"That was not very gentlemanly of you, Leo," said Monica. "So I think I shall give my friend Cassie the lesser of two evils; or cocks as it were."

With us both pinned across the end tables, the dogs mounted us and began to frantically jab with their cocks until, with Jean and Gretchen's help, they found our respective assholes. I screamed in pain as Brutus thrust deep inside my unlubricated ass. However, next to me, Cassie was moaning in pleasure and rocking her hips as Ruggles pumped in and out of her willing asshole.

Almost simultaneously the two dogs, without locking their knots in our rectums began to spurt their seed. We looked at one another where I saw a combination of anger and yet orgasmic satisfaction in Cassie's face.

The dogs finally slipped out and flopped onto the grass to tongue-bathe their respective cocks and balls. I was groaning in pain, but Cassie was moaning with pleasure. She smirked at me and said, "So Leo, I guess that wasn't Toto in your ass, huh?"

I ignored her attempt at humor as Monica bent down and gave us each a passionate kiss on the lips. Meanwhile, there were cheers and whistles from the rest of the Bacchanalian guests - both for us and for the huge platter of suckling pig that was now ceremoniously being carried by two waiters to the table.

But before we were set free, Gretchen led her slave Rupert on his leash and pushed him to his knees behind us. He knew what was demanded of him, and immediately spread Cassie's cheeks to slurp up Ruggles' cum from inside her ass. When he moved over to me, his mouth felt like a vacuum pump as he sucked and swallowed Brutus' thick gooey cream from my asshole.

Gretchen then yanked his chain and ordered him to the table, while Monica removed our cuffs and had one of the waitresses apply a soothing balm to our freshly beaten and buggered butts. "I wouldn't want you to have to eat standing up," she said in a sarcastically kind tone.

As we all moved to the table, resuming our original places, Monica announced, "This meal is to be eaten with your hands only, since you'll notice there are no utensils on the table."

Every one removed their robes when we tucked into the pig, since we'd have grease on our hands and probably running down our chins and our chests.

Jean leaned over and asked me to lick the grease off her humungous breasts. I didn't disappoint, and with much slurping, sucked on her very large nipples.

Everyone seemed to be getting grease all over their bodies. I saw Hawke lean to Cassie and with a grin said, "I seem to have gotten grease on my dick. Could you please help me out?”

She obliged his request, and bent down to lick and suck. As soon as she was finished with him, Dan said that he too needed cleaning.

When I next glanced across, I noticed that Cassie seemed to be spending more time bent under the table than over her plate.

"Oh dear," Jean whispered to me, "the grease is now dripping below my waist. Would you be so kind as to take care of it?"

On my other side, Gretchen said she had the same problem, and roughly grabbed the back of my head, forcing me to my knees under the tablecloth. I found myself staring into two very greasy cunts; Jean's a gaping hairy maw, and Gretchen's a cleanly-shaven camel's toe.

As my eager tongue alternated between the two, the women raised their legs and planted their heels on the edge of their chairs. This caused pork grease to dribble into their ass cracks. A slap to the side of my face from Gretchen made it clear where they want my tongue next. I complied, but apparently not energetically enough, for both women slid their asses further forward and shoved the back of my head until my tongue was as far up their assholes as possible. Meanwhile, each had a hand on the other's cunt, frigging away like mad until they both came, squirting their juices all over my face.

As the two women sighed with post-orgasmic relief, I crawled back into my chair to be met by their slobbering tongues licking a combination of pig and pussy juice off my face. I looked across the table to see Cassie smiling at me while licking pork grease and semen from her lips.

When the meal came to an end, Bill rose to make an announcement similar to the one at the end of last night's dinner. "The time has come to thank our servers with another special digestif," he said to applause from us all.

Again, the table was cleared, and the waiters and waitresses stripped off their uniforms and climbed on top. But this time Bill had them on their knees and forearms, with the girls on one side and the boys on the other, all with their asses high in the air. And the calvados was now in a bowl with a turkey baster lying beside it. As each server pulled his or her ass cheeks apart, Bill inserted the baster into their rosebuds and squirted in a small dollop of calvados.

Like last night, we eighteen guests rose from our chairs and circled the table. But this time we used our mouths to suck the calvados out of their clean firm buttocks. Once the circle was completed, more calvados was injected, and we continued until each of us had a taste of all six delicious assholes. Soon the servers were supporting themselves on one forearm, with their other hand either stroking their cock or frigging their pussy. A few of them even came all over the table.

When the aperitif course was finished, the servers headed to the outdoor shower to clean up and put their uniforms back on. We then retired for coffee, liqueurs and assorted recreational drugs on the chaise lounges and throw pillows that were scattered about the tent.

Only Rupert was still at the table since, with Gretchen's permission, he was busy licking up the waiters' sperm and waitresses' pussy juice.

CHAPTER 22: *The Slave Traders Arrive*

While I lay exhausted on a settee, popping another little blue pill, I noticed Cassie leave the tent with Hawke, Gretchen and Carlos.

They returned fifteen minutes later. But instead of being in their robes, Cassie and Gretchen now each wore a leather bustier, and the two men had on leather chest harnesses and wrist bands. All four also sported soft leather Buccaneer boots and studded dog collars. They'd obviously been to the Playroom to select their role-playing outfits, and had also brought an assortment of leather floggers and dildos with them.

We all looked on with interest as Hawke picked up the wireless mike and announced: "We four are Barbary slave masters, and you miserable souls are all our slaves. You shall obey our commands or else suffer the consequences."

 Gretchen was the first to move, and ordered all slaves to remove their robes. She then told Bill to lie on his back on the tent's grassy floor where she gently stroked his cock with a flogger. As he began to get hard, she had Maria kneel between his legs to suck on his cock and balls.

She smacked Maria hard on the ass and snapped, "Take his whole cock in your mouth, slave! And Becky, come over here and sit on his face."

Then she directed Chad to fuck Maria from behind while Darren was to bugger Chad at the same time.

Cassie joined Gretchen and began to flog everyone in the chain. Spurred on by the whipping, the five slaves in the chain soon came at about the same time.

Carlos and Hawke then took over for their turn at playing slave master. Following a brief consultation, they grinned and gave each other high fives.

"Fellow Bacchanalians," announced Hawke as he took the microphone. "During the past 24 hours we have witnessed debauchery as only the Roman senator Claudius could ever imagine. However, my fellow slave trader Carlos and I agree that there are two slaves among you who have received harsher treatment and humiliation than most of the others."

Carlos took the mike from Hawke, and continued, "We refer, of course, to slave Carly and slave Cassie, both of whom suffered at the hands of their principal tormenters... Carly by Maria; and Cassie by Monica."

Hawke again took the mike: "My wise friend and I have thus decided that we shall sell Maria to Carly, and Monica to Cassie, with their owners free to deliver any retribution they see fit in the presence of us all... And they may employ any of you slaves to assist in whatever degradation they have in mind. May the god Bacchus be pleased!"

As I looked about the room, I saw Cassie almost drooling with pleasure, and Carly smiling wickedly as her Pussy Posse cohorts slapped her on the back and chuckled with anticipation.

"I now call upon slave Maria and her new owner Carly to come to the center of this forum," said Hawke.

The two women approached the middle of the tent to face one another, with Maria appearing slightly nervous, and Carly wearing an evil grin.

"Mistress Carly," said Hawke, "In last night's wrestling tournament, your ultimate humiliation was delivered at the hands of your now-indentured slave Maria. You are now in a position to retaliate. What is your wish?"

With no hesitation, Carly grabbed Maria's robe, ripped it off, and used the sash to tie her hands behind her back. She then pushed her to her knees, dropped her own robe and, grabbing Maria by the hair, shoved her trimmed bush into Maria's face. "Here, you hairy spic, eat some of this!"

As Maria licked Carly, the three other Pussy Posse girls approached, each armed with a dildo and flogger. On a signal from Carly, they began to flog Maria's ass, back and pendulous breasts. Her cries of either pain or pleasure were muffled by Carly who ground her cunt as hard as she could until, with a satisfied groan, she finally came all over Maria's face.

"That's just a bit of sauce for your tortilla," Carly sneered. "Now do my asshole, you fucking skank!" With that, she turned and got on her hands and knees, her butt raised high, while the other girls grabbed Maria by the hair, forcing her to ream out Carly's sweaty ass with her tongue.

After a few minutes of forced ass licking, they untied Maria's hands and spread her on her back on the lawn, with Allie sitting on one arm, Bobbie on the other, and Dawn sitting on her thighs. The three then grabbed handfuls of Maria's hirsute armpits and pubic hair, savagely pulling and twisting until there were tears of pain rolling down their victim's cheeks. Dawn then got off of Maria's legs and pulled them back to her chest to enable Carly to roughly shove dildos into her slave's pussy and ass. After twisting and ramming them a few times, Carly pulled them out and handed them to Allie and Dawn to lick. Carly then replaced the dildos with her fingers; first two, then three, and finally all her fingers in Maria's two holes. "I’ve heard you Tijuana whores can take a donkey cock up your cunt or asshole," Carly laughed as she double-fisted her slave. "So now you've got a donkey cock in each!"

The rest of us watched with erotic excitement; but also in wonder when we realized that Maria was taking her abuse with hardly a whimper. She was either enjoying it or, more likely, not wanting to give Carly the satisfaction of hearing her scream.

Carly withdrew her hands and wiped them over Maria's face to lick clean. Then she moved up Maria's torso to squat over her face. While Allie squeezed Maria's jaw to keep her mouth open, and Bobbie and Dawn bit into Maria's tits, Carly let go with a stream of piss in her slave's mouth, at the same time pinching her nose so that she was forced to drink it all down. The four girls rotated, until each had emptied her bladder down Maria's throat and had bitten into her tender tit flesh.

When they were finished, the Pussy Posse spit on Maria's face and walked away arm in arm. Carly paused in front of Hawke and Carlos, made a slight bow, and said, "I give thanks to my slave traders and to the god Bacchus for the opportunity to avenge the wrongs committed upon me by that piece of Mexican shit Maria."

The rest of us were applauding when Hawke announced, "Justice has been served in the case of slave-owner Carly. Yet there still remains another wrong to right; that of slave Monica at the hands of her new owner Cassie."

As Maria painfully rose to her feet, Gretchen yanked on Rupert's chain to stop him from scrambling over to lap up spilled juices from her body.

"Casssie," said Hawke, "you are now the proud owner of Monica the slave. Should the desire of retribution be coursing through your veins, now is the time to serve it, with the assistance of any here that you might require. I order that both of you come forward."

The two women approached Hawke and Carlos and bowed in servitude. I found myself wondering what Cassie might have in mind as a suitable punishment for her newly acquired slave. And no doubt, Monica was nervously wondering the same thing, especially when she saw Cassie move over to the adjustable sling swing at one end of the tent.

" Hawke," Cassie said, "help me put this wretched slave in the swing."

They lifted Monica up and fastened her hands to the swing ropes. Hawke put her feet in the stirrups and raised her spread legs up to her hands.

"Now we have a trussed duck, so it's time to baste it," Cassie said. "Leo, I want you to orally lubricate all of the slave's openings so we can stuff this duck. As for the rest of you female slaves, choose your favorite toys from the basket that we brought from the Playroom."

I eagerly began to lick and suck Monica's three fuck holes, and then impetuously shoved my cock deep inside her asshole.

Without warning, Cassie struck me hard across the ass with a flogger, making me yelp in shock. "That's not what I meant by lubrication," she snarled. But since you started you must finish the job."

She continued to whip my butt until I moaned and shot my hot cum into Monica’s ass.

Meanwhile, the women had donned their various strap-ons; some double-ended and others hand-held, and were lining up to have a go at Cassie's indentured slave who was swinging helplessly before them.

"You will each have a turn to do what you want with your toys, and as you finish you will have Monica clean them for you while the next girl takes her turn," Cassie explained." Then she added, "Leo will be in charge of pushing the swing, and Carlos and Hawke will make sure you women are doing a good job of abusing my slave. Anyone who needs more encouragement will feel the sting of their whips."

Becky was first up and, because of a little hesitation, was immediately whipped by Carlos. She wore a double-ended strap-on, and the whipping had got her hot. As Becky entered Monica, Cassie told me to push the swing, which resulted in the dildo being thrust well into the two pussies. Becky soon climaxed and pulled both ends of the dildo out, leaving Monica wanting more.

Becky then shoved each end of the dildo into the slave's mouth while Gretchen began to lick Monica's pussy. Since licking was not part of the game, Carlos flogged Gretchen hard across the ass and legs. She yelled out in pleasure and turned to feel the whip on her breasts, belly and pussy. She obviously was a dominatrix who enjoyed receiving pain as much as delivering it.

Next up were the Pussy Posse. Bobbie rammed a strap-on dildo into Monica. Carly and Dawn and Allie lined up behind Bobbie, and each in turn pushed their dildos into the other.

"Leo," ordered Cassie, "push that swing harder, because you now have to impale four girls." She then used her whip to make sure I did what I was told.

Around the tent, the men were stroking either their own or someone else's cock. The squishing sounds were in sync with the swing.

Next up was Jean the Smotherfucker who had chosen a double-ended dildo. She shoved one end into Monica's pussy and the other into her ass, meanwhile inserting a fist deep into her own cunt. She looked at me and said, "Give that fucking swing a real hard push."

Jean soon erupted all over her fist, withdrew it and, while pushing the double dildo in and out of Monica's two holes, made me lick her fist. Monica meanwhile was moaning, but before she could come, cum, Jean withdrew the dildo and made her lick both ends clean.

When Maria stepped up to the swing, Monica had been brought to near orgasm several times and was desperate to be satisfied.

Maria had us lower Monica's head so that she was hanging horizontally. She then straddled Monica's face and reached down to shove a large black dildo into her dripping pussy. She rubbed her cunt on Monica's face while reaming her with the dildo. Maria soon came in Monica's mouth and followed it up with a stream of hot piss. She removed the dildo before Monica could get off, and forced her to lick it.

The only one left now was Cassie who'd chosen a triple strap-on dildo which she slid into herself and then in Monica's cunt and asshole.

"Leo,” Cassie said, "since you've done such a good job with the swing you may fuck my ass as I fuck Monica. Carlos will push the swing and Hawke will make sure you perform well."

As the swing started to rock, Cassie doubled fucked Monica while I fucked Cassie's asshole and Hawke whipped my ass. As Cassie became increasingly aroused, she had Carlos push faster until she came all over her end of the dildo just as I erupted into her ass.

But Monica had been left hanging, both literally and in frustration. She was begging for sexual release when Cassie yanked the dildo from her two fuck holes. When I withdrew from Cassie's ass, she told me to bring my cock over to Monica's mouth for cleaning.

Hawke and Carlos then released Monica from the swing and lowered her to the ground. She was whimpering and begging, "Please someone get me off! I need a cock, a dildo, a mouth. Anything! Please!"

"Hey bitch, get yourself off," laughed Cassie. "Looks like we've all had our jollies except you."

We all joined in Cassie's mocking laughter while Monica was reduced to laying on her back, frantically frigging herself as she glared with venom up at Cassie.

CHAPTER 23: *Playing Musical Bedrooms*

Satiated with our delicious meal of suckling pig, ass-licking aperitifs, and post-dinner game of slave abuse, we were all lazing about on chaise lounges and pillows with our respective partners as we indulged in some recreational drugs and wine. Some of us were beginning to nod off.

Meanwhile, the servers and Dwayne were cleaning up and anxious to ride the limo back to the Mountain Lodge before returning to prepare tomorrow's late breakfast.

Cassie and I were wondering what could possibly come next when our hostess Monica rose to announce: "My fellow Bacchanalians, it's now getting late, and we have another full day of debauchery ahead of us tomorrow. However, as per tradition, Bacchanalian newbies, that being Cassandra and Leonardo in this case, must play musical beds tonight. That is, beginning at the stroke of midnight, they will move together from room to room and spend exactly one hour with whomever is in that room and will do anything asked of them by the room's occupants. Meanwhile, the rest of us can get a good night's sleep."

As Cassie and I groggily raised our heads, Cassie muttered, "Fucking cunt intends to wear us down."

Monica continued: "So, you lucky Canucks, you will first visit me and Bill from twelve to one; then Carlos and Maria from one to two; the Pussy Posse from two to three; Dan and Becky from three to four; Chad and Darren from four to five; Jean and her dog Brutus from five to six; Gretchen and Rupert from six to seven; and finally Hawke from seven to eight. That'll give you a final two hours in your own room to grab some sleep before breakfast at ten. Got it?"

Cassie and I looked at one another and shrugged. "Why not?" I said. "It’s only ten o'clock now, so we can still have a nap before we get started."

As everyone rose to head for their respective bedrooms, Cassie and I went upstairs to rest and clean up for the night ahead.

At 11:30 I woke up and went to the bathroom to prepare for our night of musical bedrooms. I woke Cassie at 11:45, and after her shower, we slipped into fresh robes and headed for room number one.

 Monica and Bill answered the door wearing nothing but big smiles, and invited us in. They had a table with lines of coke already spread out, plus an assortment of drinks and finger food alongside.

 "You two have a long night ahead of you, so we'll try to go easy. But I am in charge," said Monica, adding, "Remove your robes, and Cassie lie on the bed. Leo, start licking her pussy."

Facing Cassie’s chest, Monica lowered her pussy to her face, pulled her legs back, and told me to stick my cock into whichever hole I liked, and to also suck Monica's erect nipples.

Behind me, Bill, was licking my ass and balls while I slid my cock into Cassie's asshole.

Monica started to rock on Cassie's face and said, "Okay Leo, are you ready for the Big Time?"

As she said this, Bill gently pushed his firm cock into my ass. I couldn't yell, since Monica was pressing my mouth into her breasts. But the pain in my butt gradually gave way to pleasure.

We were all rocking in rhythm and, as the pace increased, we came simultaneously with spurting juices filling our orifices. We fell back on the bed and untangled ourselves in a sweaty pile.

"Now let's shower and enjoy some refreshments before you move to the next room," said Monica who then exclaimed "You two have been the best newbie guests we have ever had!"

After showering, which included peeing on one another, the four of us wolfed down some oysters and cheese on crusty bread, and had a shot of single malt and a snort of cocaine from the bedside table.

Cassie and I then put on our robes and, at the stroke of one, headed for our next appointment with Carlos and Maria.

Like all of the mansion's bedrooms, their door was unlocked, and we stepped quietly inside. Carlos and his sister were asleep, their arms draped around one another, but they immediately woke up as we approached their bed.

"Hi," said Maria, wiping sleep from her eyes. "I guess it's now our turn to entertain the newbies."

"And for you to entertain us," said Carlos, as he cast off the sheet to reveal their nakedness. "My sister and I had a few beers before going to bed, and we've been saving it for your arrival."

"Off with your robes, and both of you on your backs with your heads end to end on the carpet!" ordered Maria, adding, "And not a drop of our precious nectar is to be spilled."

We lay head to head on the soft woolen carpet to await the deluge. But first the twins brought pillows from the bed and had us lift our hips so they could be placed under our raised buttocks. Facing one another, Carlos lowered his ass above my face, and Maria above Cassie's, telling us to rim them while they passionately kissed one another. We did so, while Carlos stroked his cock and Maria frigged her pussy.

After a few minutes of this, the twins shifted their haunches, putting Maria's cunt over Cassie's mouth and Carlos's semi-erect cock and balls hanging over mine. We were told to lick and suck, while brother and sister continued to embrace, the two of them rocking their hips and moaning with pleasure.

"Here it comes," announced Maria as she began to piss into Cassie's open mouth. She drank steadily, as did I when a gush of Carlos's warm piss filled my mouth. We kept gulping it down until they had emptied their bladders.

As the twins climbed off our faces, Carlos said, "That was treat number one. Here comes number two." With that he crawled between Cassie's legs, lifted them high, and thrust his sinuous long tongue into her hot pussy. Maria, meanwhile, was between my upraised legs, sucking on my cock and fondling my balls. Suddenly Carlos shoved his tongue far up Cassie's asshole, with his nose rubbing her clitoris. With a guttural scream she came all over his face. I came at the same time, since Maria was now deep-throating me and twisting two fingers in and out of my sensitive rectum.

Maria and Carlos sat up and leaned forward, exchanging our combined cum in each other's mouth. Maria glanced at the bedside clock and saw we had only ten minutes left in their room. "My brother and I will now give you treat number three," she said as she and Carlos rose and sat side by side on the end of the bed. She beckoned us forward on our knees and towards their spread legs.

I immediately headed for Maria's tantalizing furry bush, but she pushed me aside and down to her brother's crotch. "I think Cassie enjoys seeing you with a cock in your mouth, and I know you like to see her mouth on a cunt," she said. "So go ahead both of you, and eat your fill."

Carlos grabbed the back of my head and started humping his cock in out of my willing mouth. Cassie was watching this with excitement until Maria grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face into her pussy. As we orally pleasured them, Carlos leaned over to suckle on Maria's tits. She in turn was pumping the base of his cock until he erupted in my mouth, while at the same time she squirted a load of pee-flavored pussy nectar into Cassie's.

"Please keep our love juice in your mouths," Maria said. "It's a present from me and my brother to a special person in the next bedroom on your list." She and Carlos giggled, knowing that their nemesis Carly was next on our visiting list.

With our mouths tightly closed and full of semen and cunt cream, we smiled and nodded, then left their room for our two o'clock appointment with the Pussy Posse.

As we opened the door to the next room, we were greeted by a very awake naked foursome, with Dawn and Allie wearing strap-on dildos.

Cassie grabbed Carly and with a deep kiss forced her to swallow all the love juices that she'd carried from Maria. As Carly gasped in surprise, Cassie said, “That's a gift from your friend Maria next door.”

Before Carly could reply, I also kissed her and made her swallow the jizm I was carrying, saying, “And that's from her wonderful brother.”

“Well,", said Carly who still had a hate on for the Mexican twins, "you two are now at our disposal on our terms. Remove your robes and lie on the bed face up beside each other"

After our wrists were cuffed to the bed posts, Bobbie lathered our bodies with oil. Carly and Bobbie then lowered their ample breasts into our mouths, telling us to suck hard on their erect nipples.

Allie moved down to Cassie's pussy and began to suck on her clit and lick her swollen pussy lips. Then she slid a large double-ended dildo into her cunt, with the other end in her own fuck hole. As Allie pushed it in and out, Cassie was soon moaning with delight as she came several times.

Meanwhile, I was still sucking on Bobbie's warm tit while I stroked my cock. Then Dawn raised my legs and moistened my rosebud with her tongue before sliding her strap-on dildo into my vulnerable anus. As she slid in and out, I could feel my prostate being stimulated and I suddenly ejaculated all over my stomach and chest. My cry of release coincided with Allie's guttural moans.

The sound of us cuming had the four girls highly aroused. They climbed off us and started sucking and fingering each other on the carpeted floor. As this was going on, Cassie leaned over to lick the sperm off my chest.

We checked the time and saw we had only a few minutes to get to our next bedroom, and we were still cuffed to the bed. We finally got the attention of Carly who freed us before returning to her Posse sisters.

We put on our robes, and were ready to move on to our next assignment.

At the stroke of three, Cassie and I we eased our way into Dan and Becky's room, but were surprised to see their bed was empty. We looked at each other curiously and were about to leave when we heard a muffled sound in the bathroom. We approached cautiously and opened the door to find a naked Becky sitting on the floor, her mouth stuffed with her panties held in place by a silk stocking. Her heaving breasts were lifted by a kimono sash that was wrapped under each tit and tied behind her neck. Both her wrists and ankles were bound by a leather belt. She looked up at us pleadingly, trying to say something through her gag.

As we bent down to release her, the shower curtain was flung open, with Dan standing in the tub and sporting a stiff tent in the folds of his robe. "You two are just in time," he said, stepping out of the tub and giving Becky a slap across the face. “I caught this chambermaid going through my luggage when I got back to my hotel room. The slut claimed she was just looking for clothes that needed pressing, and then tried to leave the room. But I grabbed her before she could escape."

"But why is she bound and naked," Cassie asked in surprise.

"Simple," said Dan. "My Rolex watch was on the night table when I left the room, but had disappeared. I knew she had it on her person, and ordered her to empty her uniform pockets. When it wasn't there, I told her to strip, figuring she'd stashed it in her undergarments. That's when she kneed me in the groin and again tried to make a run for the door. So I had no choice but to rip off her clothes and search her myself."

"And did you find it?" I asked, slowly catching on to their role-playing scenario.

"Oh yeah," snarled Dan. The bitch had shoved my $4,000 watch up her filthy twat.

Cassie looked down at Becky who was frantically shaking her head, and said to Dan, "So you got your watch back; now what?"

"Now it's time to teach this thieving whore a lesson. I knocked her down and was going to give her a good spanking, but she's a fucking vixen, biting and scratching me and trying to lock herself here in the bathroom. As you can see, I managed to truss her up. But when I heard the room door opening, I thought it was the manager answering a noise complaint. Thank god it's just you two."

I saw an evil smile cross Cassie's face as she asked, "So you want our help to deal with the bitch?"

"Precisely," answered Dan, "This hellcat is too much for me to handle alone. She needs to be punished, and I think the three of us together can give her what she deserves."

He then yanked Becky to her feet by her hair and had us to each take an arm to drag her from the bathroom. Even securely bound, she wriggled and growled through her gag as we propelled her toward the bed.

Dan sat on the end of the bed and, with Cassie holding her neck and me her legs, we lay Becky across his lap. He began spanking her hard on the ass, with Cassie and I getting off on her muffled screams. We both reached for her trussed tits, squeezing them and pinching her erect nipples to make her moan even louder with pain. After a dozen hard strokes, Dan pushed her to her knees on the floor, opened his robe, and slapped her face with his stiff cock.

He pulled her head back by the hair, looked into her terrified eyes and softly said, "Okay, my little thief, here's the deal. You have two choices; The first is that we let you get dressed, followed by a phone call from me to the manager telling him that my friends and I came in to find you going through my belongings, and caught you red-handed with my watch... It will be our three words against your one, and so, of course, you will be immediately fired.

"The alternative," he continued, looking at the bedside clock, "is that you spend the next forty minutes submitting to whatever pleasures that I and my friends wish to inflict upon your worthless body, after which you shall be free to go, and we'll all pretend that none of this ever happened. Do you agree?"

The ‘chambermaid', realizing she had no choice but to be raped by the three of us, sullenly nodded her head.

"Very well," said Dan. He untied her gag while Cassie and I released her other bindings. The three of us then dropped our robes and spread Becky on her back across the bed.

Dan had Cassie pin down Becky's outstretched arms and for me to sit on her legs. He then took the leather belt that had bound her ankles, and began to flog her breasts and pussy; not too hard, but enough to make her yelp and bring tears to her eyes. I could see by Cassie's moistening cunt that she was getting off on Becky's pain. And my stiffening cock betrayed my own voyeuristic delight.

"There," said Dan, "that should take some of the fire out of the bitch." He then had Cassie squat on Becky's face facing forward, and for me to moisten Cassie's ass with my tongue. Once it was well lubricated with my saliva, he grabbed Cassie's hips and slowly inserted his cock into her asshole. He then asked me kneel at the head of the bed and to shove my hard cock between Cassie's pussy and Becky's mouth.

The feeling of my cock being sandwiched between Cassie's wet cunt and Becky's lips was delicious. Cassie was moaning with pleasure as Dan thrust in and out of her ass. I reached up and roughly mauled Cassie's breasts while Dan reached down and did the same to Becky's sore tits.

Just as Cassie was cuming, Dan slipped out of her asshole, raised her hips and stuck his cock next to mine in Becky's mouth. We both came, mixing our sperm with Cassie's ass and pussy juice, all of which Becky swallowed in a single gulp.

As we climbed off, Becky was thrashing in ecstasy, her hips pumping up and down. We stared in amazement as squirts of viscous cum pulsated from her pussy. "Oh my god," she moaned. "That has to be the first time I've ever climaxed without anything in my cunt or asshole; not even my fingers!"

Dan took her in his arms and gave her a passionate kiss. "So honey, was that the scenario you wanted?"

"Even better than I thought," she answered dreamily. Noticing our quizzical looks, she said, "Ever since I watched the rape of Monica last night, I've been wanting to be treated the same way. So my husband and I have to thank you for taking part in our little scenario."

We both grinned and shook our heads. "Becky, the pleasure was all ours," I said and blew her a kiss.

Cassie and I grabbed our robes from the floor and told the happy couple that we had a date in two minutes with the boys next door.

 Chad and Darren, both naked, had been anxiously awaiting our arrival. They greeted us with hugs and kisses, then removed our robes and placed them on a chair.

"We'll start with Leo on his back on the floor and Cassie with her pussy on his mouth," said Darren.

With me sucking on Cassie's swelling lips and exploring her hot box with my tongue, she quickly became very wet. Meanwhile, Chad was licking Cassie's ass, and Darren was sucking on my hardening cock.

"Now Cassie," said Dan, slide down and slip your cunt onto Leo's cock."

As Cassie lowered herself onto my stiff cock, Chad slipped his cock into her ass, rubbing our two cocks together as we double-penetrated her.

Darren then straddled my head and pushed his cock into Cassie's mouth. She was now being fucked simultaneously in all three holes and was rocking vigorously against all three of us. As the tempo increased, she soon had hot cum filling her every orifice.

Chad then told me to suck his cock that had just came out of Cassie's ass, while she sucked my cock, and Darren sucked the cum from her ass and pussy. He then planted a kiss on my mouth, forcing me to swallow the mixed juices from Cassie's two holes.

"Okay Cassie," said Darren, "go sit in the chair and watch."

Darren lay on his back on the floor and told me to kneel between his legs and suck his cock. Behind me, Chad slathered my ass and his hardening cock with Astroglide, and then pushed it deep into my anus, reaching under my hips to stroke my cock at the same time.

On the chair with her legs wide open, Cassie watched in delight as she frigged herself with one hand and pinched her erect nipples with the other. When she heard Darren and Chad moan as they climaxed in my mouth and ass, Cassie stroked her clit even harder until she finally came all over her fingers.

Instead of swallowing, I kept Darren's cum in my mouth while Chad was sucking his cum from my ass. Then he and I went over to Cassie, tilted her head back and filled her waiting mouth with sperm which she gladly swallowed.

With our hour just about over, the four of us moved to the shower where we fondled and washed one another.

Cassie and I then put on our robes, kissed the boys goodbye, and headed for our appointment with Jean and her Great Dane.

CHAPTER 24: *More Strange Rooms to Visit*

As we entered Jean's bedroom, we found her asleep and snoring loudly, naked on her back on top of the bed. A soft whine alerted us to the presence of Brutus who was lying on the floor, thumping it with his tail.

"Good doggie," Cassie murmured as we silently closed the door and the dog got up to stick his wet nose under her robe. She giggled and pushed him away.

This awakened Jean who yawned and propped herself up on one elbow. "It must be five already," she said. "Welcome to my kennel of love. Brutus has already had his fill of my cunt and ass, but stud that he is, I'm sure he's ready for more. Come here and lie down."

We dropped our robes and flopped on the bed on either side of Jean who grabbed our heads and pressed our mouths into her humongous breasts. We sucked hungrily on her engorged inch-long nipples as she reached down to stroke my cock and finger Cassie's pussy.

As she purred with pleasure, Jean said, "Cassie, I've not yet had a taste of your pussy, so sit on my mouth and let me eat you out. And Leo, stick your face into my cunt like you did before, and enjoy your meal."

The three of us were in the throes of passion as Jean sucked on Cassie's nether lips and clit and inserted two fingers in her ass. I was sucking copious amounts of cream from her pussy while fisting her plump ass with four fingers. That's when I felt Brutus with his paws on the end of the bed, licking my balls and ass and whining in frustration.

"Oh dear," said Jean, after lifting Cassie's hips from her mouth. “I’m afraid poor Brutus is feeling left out. And there's only one asshole in this room that he hasn't yet had."

"No fucking way!" Cassie shouted, realizing she meant her.

"Yes, dear," said Jean as she flipped Cassie on her back, sat on her face and pulled her legs up to her chest. She outweighed Cassie by more than a hundred pounds, and had her helplessly pinned beneath her.

"Leo," Jean said, why don't you lube up Cassie's asshole and then get Brutus ready."

I did as I was told, first sliding two pillow under Cassie's rump, and my tongue in and out of her puckered hole. And as Brutus leaped up on the bed, I started stroking his hairy sheath until the head of his thick cock appeared.

"Come on, Leo," ordered Jean, "get him good and excited. And let Cassie watch how you do it."

With that, she raised her buttocks from Cassie's face and tilted her head so that she could watch me between her spread legs. I kept stroking until almost all ten inches of the dog's cock emerged. I then ran my tongue up and down its semi-hard length.

Watching this was getting Cassie hot, and she said, "Okay cocksucker, if you plan on putting that monster in my ass, you'd better first get it good and hard and wet."

"The lady is right," said, Jean, reaching out to slap me across the face. "Swallow the fucking thing!"

I'd never had anything this big in my mouth, but I gamely bent down and took in a few inches. An excited Brutus started to face-fuck me, making me gag each time the tip of his cock hit the back of my throat, causing me to swallow his squirting pre-cum. Cassie and Jean were both cooing encouragement as they frigged their pussies and watched me deep-throat the dog.

"I think he's ready," said Jean as she again lowered her cunt to Cassie's face and pulled her legs back as far as possible.

Brutus knew what to do as he withdrew his cock from my mouth and placed his forepaws on either side of Cassie's chest.

I grasped the slimy member just below its knot, and gently eased it into Cassie's ass. Brutus was now in his happy place, and he began to thrust in and out of the tight hole while at the same time licking Jean's face. She opened her mouth and sucked on the dog's long tongue.

Nice guy that I was, I kept my hand on the dog's bulbous knot to stop it from sliding past Cassie's sphincter. Nevertheless, she seemed to be enjoying the ride, and was meeting Brutus's rapid humping with her bucking hips. With a shuddering scream that was muffled by Jean's squirting pussy, Cassie came as she felt the dog's hot sperm pumping deep into her bowels.

As Brutus pulled out with a satisfied yelp, Jean moved down to suck his gooey jizm from Cassie's asshole. This had the effect of making Cassie climax a second time, especially when she saw me get down on the floor to help Brutus lick his cock and balls clean.

"Jesus, Leo, you are such a fucking slut!" Cassie said, shaking her head while crawling groggily off the bed.

"Aren't I, though," I answered with a laugh as we gathered our robes and prepared for our appointment with Gretchen and her weirdo slave.

Gretchen and Rupert had been eagerly awaiting our arrival. She was in her full dominatrix regalia, and he was chained in a corner, wearing only a diamond-studded collar. The room was equipped with a canopy bed that had loops, holds and shackles around the four-poster bed.

As soon as we entered, Gretchen commanded, “Cassie, stand at the foot of the bed; and Leo, stand facing her.”

Gretchen placed our wrists in leather cuffs on lines attached to the bed's upper frame. Our legs were spread and shackled to the bottom frame. She then began to gently stroke Cassie's body with a peacock feather, starting at her breasts and down her belly and pussy. This was arousing Cassie who wiggled sensuously as pussy juice dripped down her thighs.

Similarly cuffed and spread-eagled, I began to have an erection. But Gretchen said, “It is not your time, my pet." She then flogged me until my buttocks were burning.

Gretchen then let Rufus free. He started licking the juices from Cassie, but before he could get to her pussy, Gretchen yanked him by the collar and made him lick my hardening cock and my burning butt.

Gretchen meanwhile was circling and flogging us with her whip. She then released Cassie's legs and pressed us together face to face. Cassie was so horny at this point that she wrapped her legs around my waist. Gretchen inserted the tip of my cock into Cassie's throbbing pussy, making her desperate to be fucked. She pulled herself up and down by the wrist tethers, trying to get my stiff cock all the way into her cunt. But since I was tied spread-eagled and immobile, copulation was impossible, and Gretchen laughed wickedly as she savored our frustration.

While this was happening, Rupert suddenly leapt on Gretchen, slammed her to the floor on her back and growled,” Now it’s my turn, bitch!” He then sunk his teeth into her left breast and savagely twisted her right one while he proceeded to brutally rape her. Her eyes and mouth were agog as she screamed in a mixture of pain, protest, and mostly disbelief.

Cassie and I watched with fascination as the usually submissive Rupert had now taken control of his mistress. I looked at Cassie and exclaimed, “What the fuck?”

Sweaty and smeared with cum, she and I managed to free ourselves from our shackles, and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

When we emerged, Rupert was still biting, scratching and fucking an indignant Gretchen. We decided to leave these two weirdoes to sort out their issues as we headed for our bedroom rendezvous with King Dong.

As we approached Hawke's room, we could hear laughter from within and wondered if we'd come to the right room. But when I silently pushed the door open, we both gasped in surprise.

On the bed were the three young waitresses, naked and piled tits-to-back on top of one another like a stack of pancakes, with their buff rumps and legs hanging over the end of the bed. Suzi was on the bottom, Suzanne was on her, and Suzette was on the top. Their serving uniforms, shoes and underwear were scattered about the floor.

From the foot of the bed all we could see was a vertical column of three firm asses interspersed by three moist pussies, all of which were being tickled with a feather duster by a naked Hawke.

We also noticed that someone, presumably Hawke, had used a felt marker to write the numbers one to six; beginning at the top, with the number **1**on Suzette's rump and **2** on the back of her upper thigh, and the rest of the numbers descending vertically to **6** on Suzi's thigh. Next to each number was an arrow pointing to either an asshole or a crotch.

The three girls were giggling hysterically and begging Hawke to stop.

"Not until all of you get your holes plugged," said Hawke who then noticed our arrival and told us that we were just in time to help out with his game of "Pin the tail on the Honky".

"Jesus, Hawke," Cassie said, "what the hell are you up to now?"

Hawke grinned and replied, "These three horny bimbos arrived a little while ago with Dwayne in the limo to get things ready for breakfast. They tried coming on to Dwayne in the limo, but god-fearing man that he is, he turned them down. So they snuck up my room hoping for a quick ride on some big black cock before work. I guess it's now up to me to give them what they want."

"What? To be tickled to death?" I asked, wondering what was going on.

Hawke laughed heartily, still stroking the girls with the feather duster. "Naw, I just figured I'd make a game of it. I got me six holes here just itchin' to be filled, and I couldn't make up my mind where to start, 'cause the bitches were all arguing among themselves to see who goes first. So I got them to lie in that position while I figured out a fair way."

Cassie, giggling and shaking her head, asked, “And how's your so-called 'fair way' supposed to work, Hawke?"

"Well," he answered, "I got me three college girls here, so I reckon they're smart. The way I figure it is with your help we'll come up with questions that can only be answered by the number One to Six. And if all three of these hotties can yell out the correct answer together, then that's the hole that I'll oblige first."

"And just how can Cassie and I help?" I asked.

"Well, for starters, you two gotta help me think of questions that'll work. But also, my pecker is gonna need some oral lubricating between each round, as will those six holes. You guys game?"

"Shit yeah!" Cassie exclaimed. "I got first dibs on pecker duty!"

"So that leaves me to lubricate the holes," I said, not at all surprised by Cassie’s eagerness for yet another chance to wrap her slutty lips around Hawke's ebony baseball bat.

While Hawke again tickled the girls with the duster, causing them to squeal and giggle, we three had a whispered conversation to come up with questions answerable only by a number of one through six.

"Okay girls," said Hawke. "Here comes the first question. But you all gotta yell out the correct answer at the same time. Otherwise, it's more ticklin' for y'all."

"We're ready," replied the girls in unison.

"How many Great Lakes in North America," asked Hawke.

"Five!" shouted out all three girls.

"That is correct," said Hawke. He then motioned Cassie to suck his cock to full hardness, while I got on my knees to lick and lubricate Hole #5, which happened to be Suzi's asshole. Hawke then inserted his cock into her ass, pumping it in and out until she came with a scream.

"One hole down and five to go," Hawke said, still maintaining his erection with the help of Cassie's mouth. "Next question: How many cups are there in a quart?"

"Four!" they yelled together.

"Very good," said Hawke as I knelt to lick Suzanne's pussy, which was marked on her thigh as Hole #4. He then pounded his member in and out of her cunt until she had an orgasm, and then withdrew to let Cassie lick him clean and keep him hard.

"Next, how many moons does the planet Mars have?"

"Two!" they shouted, with Suzi, a science major, adding, "Phobus and Deimos."

"Well done," said Hawke, motioning me to lubricate Hole #2, which was Suzette's clean-shaven pussy. He entered her quickly, and only had to pump twice before she came with shriek of delight. And Cassie was quick to eagerly suck Suzette's juices off his still-erect cock.

"Next," said, Hawke, "what is the cube root of 216?"

The girls murmured among themselves for two seconds before shouting out, "Six!"

"Right you are!" exclaimed Hawke while I got on my knees to lick Suzi’s pussy, the lowest hole of the six. After giving his thick cock one last slurp, Cassie guided it into Suzi's cunt and watched with envy as he thrust all eight inches of it in and out of Hole #6, until Suzi climaxed with a moan of satisfaction.

Cassie was eagerly sucking Suzi's juices off Hawke's hard cock when he announced, "So girls, that's four holes filled and two more to go. Are you ready?"

"Bring it on!" yelled Suzanne.

"Let's try a sports question now," said Hawke. "How many goals by a single player in a hockey game is called a Hat Trick?"

Suzi, the athlete among them, whispered in their ears, and then they all shouted out, "Three!"

"You win again!" said Hawke. "Three it is." I was then directed to tongue Hole #3, Suzanne's ass, before Hawke slid his cock in and vigorously pounded her until she came, wailing like a banshee.

Cassie was quick to again envelop Hawke's juicy cock in her mouth to clean it and keep it hard as he announced the final round of the game.

"Okay ladies, You've now had holes numbers Two to Six filled with my big black meat. Which, of course, leaves only hole number One at the top of the pile unfilled. I could ask a question like 'What's two minus one', which would please Suzette immensely. But that's too easy. Instead, as I have not yet dumped my load in anyone's ass or pussy, I’ll ask one question, and if all of you get it right, her fine booty will be the lucky receptacle for some of King Dong's prime baby batter."

"Jesus," I muttered to Cassie. "has this guy got a big ego, or what?"

"Yeah," she said with a wistful nod, "but one hell of a big cock too."

"Girls," announced Hawke in his baritone voice, "are you ready for the ultimate question?"

"Yes," answered Suzette, wriggling her ass at the top of the pile of the three girls. "What's the question?"

"What is the most popular name given to a Spanish baby boy?" asked Hawke.

The girls giggled and whispered among themselves before shouting out, "Juan!"

Cassie and I rolled our eyes and laughed. She then knelt to lubricate Hawke's cock, while I leaned over the top of the pile to do the same to Suzette's asshole, labelled Hole #1.

With no preliminaries, Hawke drove his cock into her ass, and pumped in and out while she moaned in pain and then pleasure. With his big hands clutching Suzette's thighs and his balls slapping against her pussy, he erupted with a force that had her screaming in orgiastic delight.

The three happy girls rolled off one another, with Suzi and Suzanne taking turns to suck Hawke's load out of Suzette's ass. They then retired to the bathroom to shower while an exhausted Hawke flopped onto his bed and fell asleep in seconds.

It was almost eight o'clock, so Cassie and I left for our room to get two hours of sleep before breakfast.

CHAPTER 25: *Cassie and Leo Become Voyeurs*

"Oh my god," Cassie muttered mutter as we crawled into bed. "Could this weekend get any crazier?"

"Let's hope so," I answered drowsily as I drifted off to sleep.

At some point I felt Cassie's soft lips going down on me. But then I heard her moaning softly on the pillow next to me, which didn't make sense. I opened my eyes and looked at her. She was asleep on her back with her eyes closed and mewling with pleasure. She definitely was not between my legs! So I threw back the sheet to find Maria with my cock in her mouth, and Hawke beside her, gently licking Cassie's mound.

As Cassie awoke, Hawke looked up with a grin and said, “We were sent to wake you two sluts up. Brunch has been delayed for an hour so you could get some extra sleep. But now everyone is waiting for you. So get your asses out of bed and meet us by the pool."

As Hawke and Maria left our room laughing, Cassie called out, "Hey, you two are the best damn alarm clocks anyone could wish for."

We rolled out of bed and into the shower where the rushing water began bringing us back to life. We toweled off, put on our robes, and headed for the pool deck.

As we arrived, we were greeted with claps and cheers. “Congratulations! You two are the first newbies ever to make it through all of the rooms,” said Monica, giving us each a kiss and a hug. "Now let’s eat."

Dwayne, as usual, had prepared a wonderful brunch, all of it laid out in steaming hotplates on a buffet table. Cassie was famished and helped herself to poached eggs, crispy bacon, and a bagel with lox and cream cheese. I too filled my plate with mounds of food. There was also plenty of hot strong coffee, plus champagne and freshly squeezed orange juice topped with a sprig of mint.

Cassie and I were wondering what surprises Monica had lined up for today. After last night's musical bedroom session, we both planned to have a short nap in the afternoon.

As brunch ended, Monica rose to announce: "Fellow Bacchanalians, we still have the rest of this day and night left in our orgiastic weekend. It's now almost one, and everyone is free to amuse themselves until we gather again for pre-dinner cocktails at five. The pool, Jacuzzi, Playroom, and even the stables are at your disposal... Then again, you might simply prefer to have an afternoon siesta. The choice is yours."

There were murmured conversations while the guests discussed what they'd like to do, and with whom.

I looked across the patio table and said, "Hey Cassie, how about you and I go to our room and fuck. But just each other this time."

She laughed and answered, "Now, there's a novel idea. I'm game."

We grabbed a bottle of champagne and a vial of cocaine, and wished everyone a fun afternoon as we headed up to our room. As soon as we got there, we began to neck like a couple of horny teenagers, with me cupping Cassie's breast under her robe, and she reaching into mine to grab my stiffening cock.

I ripped off our robes and threw her onto her back on the bed, then crawled between her legs and started feasting on her delicious pussy. Cassie bent her legs back as far as she could, grabbed me by the hair and pushed my mouth down to her puckered rosebud. As I stabbed it with my tongue, she madly frigged her cunt until she came all over my face.

Still not satisfied, Cassie told me to get on my forearms and knees, and then tied my wrists to the bedposts with the sashes from our robes. She sat on the back of my legs and start tonguing my asshole, at the same time reaching under to stroke my cock.

It felt terrific. That is, until she pulled her tongue out of my ass, grabbed the belt from my jeans next to the bed, and began to whip my ass. I yelped in pain, which encouraged Cassie to flog me even harder. But the pain soon gave way to pleasure, which Cassie discovered when her hand felt my cock getting rock hard. This made her even more excited, so she scooted to the head of the bed, untied my wrists, flipped me over and sat on my face, grinding her hairy wet pussy on my mouth. I then reached behind her and shoved two fingers into her ass. This had her cuming again, and I slurped down the delicious juice.

But I figured that one good flogging deserved another, so I forcefully grabbed her tits and twisted her onto her stomach, Then I sat on her back and tied her wrists to the sashes that had held mine. After pushing two pillows under her waist, I shoved my hard cock into her cunt, and started to whip her ass with the belt.

Cassie's screams made me whip her even harder, until her rump was a nice cherry red. I then pulled out, spread her cheeks apart, and drove my cock into her asshole, the only lubricant being my earlier saliva and the pussy juice on my cock. The sudden assault made her holler with pain, which, of course, encouraged me flog her back and ass even more, being careful not to strike my plunging cock.

With my other hand, I inserted three fingers into her wet pussy, and rubbed my cock through the separating membrane. Her screams had now turned into a guttural moan, and I could tell she was about to climax. But I wanted to come in her mouth and have her come in mine. So I quickly pulled out of her ass, untied her wrists, flipped her on her back and knelt over her face. Cassie eagerly enveloped my cock with her lips while I bent down to suck her cunt. With a few more thrusts from me, and she bucking her hips, we deposited our fuck cream into each other's mouths.

Panting hard, we rolled on our side and kissed, exchanging our delicious viscous spunk.

"Well," I exclaimed as I caught my breath, "That was jolly fun!"

"Mmm," Cassie said, still experiencing post-orgasmic bliss. "It sure was! Now what should we do?"

"Well," I answered, "we could catch up on some sleep, or..."

"Or what?"

"Or we could finish off this champagne, do some coke, and then see what the others are doing with their free time."

"Yeah," she said, "we could be sexual voyeurs."

"Exactly," I agreed. "Let me see; some went to the pool, others to the Playroom, and still others to the stables. Let's check out the patio and pool first."

With that, we polished off the champagne straight from the bottle, did a line of coke each, crawled out of bed and headed to the shower. But before turning on the taps, we both needed to pee. So with me on my back and Cassie squatting over my face while taking my limp cock in her mouth, we gargled on each other's champagne-flavored piss.

We followed that with an actual shower and another line of coke before putting on our robes and heading down to the pool to see who was doing what to whom; this time planning to get our kicks by watching instead of participating.

We arrived on the patio and took recliners beside the Jacuzzi where we could view the spa and the pool. While we removed our robes to catch some sun, the waiter Bart brought us refreshing rum punches.

The Pussy Posse were frolicking naked in the Jacuzzi, two of them with strap-on dildos. They were sucking each other's nipples and fucking vigorously with their dildos and fingers. In the pool below them was none other than Rupert, floating on an air mattress and sporting an enormous erection as watched the four girls at play.

The girls giggled and lined up on the slide, one behind the other, and swooshed down into the pool to accost Rupert. He was so excited that he tumbled off the mattress and sank below the surface. Dawn and Carly grabbed him and moved him to the shallow end. Bobbie swam up and pushed her dildo deep into Rupert’s ass, while Allie locked her legs around him, forcing his cock deep in her cunt. With help from Dawn and Carly, they bounced up and down until squeals of pleasure announced the cuming of the threesome. Then Dawn shoved her dildo up Carly’s rectum and reamed her pussy with her fingers. Soon they too came with orgasmic yelps.

While we were watching, Cassie had her fingers in her pussy, and then shoved them in my mouth to suck clean.

We were now ready to move on to our next stop. After putting our robes back on, we refreshed our drinks, and went across the yard to the stable.

As we entered, we gasped at the scene of wanton bestiality before us, with the humans as naked as the animals.

On a bale of hay beneath El Nino, Becky was on her back, with Carlos holding her legs to her chest while the horse plunged its cock into her pussy. Her screams were muffled only by Carlos's cock in her mouth.

Not to be outdone, Jean was in a similar position. But she was under a Shire draft horse which, at 17 hands, was significantly larger than El Nino. And so was his huge rubbery cock which appeared to be at least two feet long and as thick as a fence post. It was being fed slowly into her gaping hairy pussy by Monica who was laughing gleefully.

Monica, seeing us enter, exclaimed, "Hey you two, watch this! Jean is the only woman I know who can take our work horse Big Buck all the way up her cunt." With that, she pushed Jean forward and fed the monster cock into her friend's pussy. As Jean screamed in pain and pleasure, Big Buck stomped his front hooves on the barn's wooden floor and plunged his massive member in all the way.

Taking all of this in with great delight was Gretchen on her hands and knees, watching the horseplay. But she too was part of the bestiality orgy, since she had Ruggles on his back and was sucking his cock while at the same time she was being mounted by Brutus. The dog, its eyes rolled back in ecstasy, was slobbering over her back, with his knot buried deep in his bitch's cunt, injecting her with doggie sperm.

Cassie had her hand inside her robe and was madly frigging herself as she stared at the scene with lustful amazement; perhaps even envy.

"Welcome to zoophilia," said Monica to us while the two horses erupted in Jean and Becky, sperm gushing from their battered pussies. "You want to join in?"

"Nah," I replied. "We're happy just to watch."

"Suit yourselves," said Monica. "Because we're now all going to try it in the ass."

"Have fun," Cassie answered as she took my hand and muttered, "Let's go see what the rest of them are doing in the Playroom."

As we were leaving the stable, Carlos was sucking horse spunk out of Becky's pussy, while Monica was doing the same with Joan. As for Gretchen, she was on the floor, using her tongue to help the two dogs clean their privates.

Monica quickly wiped off her mouth and asked us to wait a minute so she could join us on the walk to the house. As we strolled back, she asked, “Where are you two voyeurs off to next? "

 “To the Playroom,” I replied.

When we reached the house Monica told us to follow her instead. She led us to a room that we hadn't yet seen, and opened the door to a magnificent media center. “Come in and have a seat,” she said.

The three of us shed our robes and sat in plush leather movie chairs. Monica switched on a huge theater screen showing the Playroom in which multiple cameras were focused at all angles.

We first saw Maria straddling Hawke who was on his back with his cock deep inside her. She was bent forward to allow him to suck on her ample breasts. At the same time, Bill moved behind her and impaled her ass with his cock.

While we watched the screen, Cassie began to stroke my cock while I fondled her pussy with my fingers.

Monica then used a zoom control to focus on the pussy, cocks and asses. As the shot pulled back, we saw Dan drop to his knees in front of Maria who promptly began to suck on his prick. Then Chad stuck his cock into Dan’s ass, and Darren shoved his into Chad’s ass. Almost every orifice in the Playroom was filled, and pretty soon Maria's three fuck holes were being pumped with spunk, as were both Dan's and Chad's asses.

The scene had the three of us quite horny, and Monica was now sucking on Cassie's breasts while I, after first licking Cassie's pussy, began to fuck her. It was not long before we both climaxed, and Monica started to clean us up with her mouth while frigging herself until she too came. On the screen, we saw a similar mouth-to-cunt and mouth-to-ass cleanup underway.

“Well," said Monica, "it's almost time for cocktails. So why don’t you two get cleaned up and we'll meet in the garden by the tent."

CHAPTER 26: *The Last Supper*

After our usual double shower - a golden one followed by a cleansing one - Cassie and I put on fresh robes that had been laid out in our room, and headed out to the garden. The rest of the Bacchanalian guests were already there, some sipping drinks and others smoking weed while sprawled out on lawn chairs or chaise lounges beneath the late afternoon sun. They were comparing dirty stories about how they'd spent their respective afternoon free time.

The six nubile servers in clean white uniforms were taking drink orders and passing around silver trays of delicious canapés. And their service appeared to come with additional oral treats.

Cassie and I settled into adjacent chaises and ordered extra dry vodka martinis. Biff brought her drink and Suzanne brought mine. As we sipped our drinks, Biff got on his knees, opened Cassie's robe and began to lick her pussy. At the same time, Suzanne dropped to her knees to insert my cock in her mouth.

Cassie turned to me with a dreamy smile and said, "Now this is what I call outstanding service."

"It sure is," I replied as Biff and Suzanne silently switched places to continue their oral ministrations; but not to the point of making us cum.

"That's just to keep you guys happy until dinner," said Suzanne with a smile as she lifted her face from Cassie's crotch and smacked her lips.

Looking around, we saw that everyone was receiving similar excellent treatment from waiters and waitresses who moved from guest to guest.

"Hey Canucks," called Monica who was sipping a cocktail while having her cunt eaten by Biff. "how are you guys enjoying our cocktail hour?"

"I can't think of a better way to whet my appetite," I answered.

"Me too," Cassie replied. "Speaking of which, what else is on the menu? I'm starved."

"So am I," said Monica. "This evening we're have a choice of Dwayne's famous barbequed leg of lamb, braised duckling, Portobello mushrooms, with skewers of green and red peppers and onions, plus a Caesar salad."

"I gotta hand it to you Monica," said Jean as she released Bobby's head from her cavernous pussy. "So far, this has been your best Bacchanalian weekend yet."

"And there's still all evening and night left to play," interjected Bill as Suzi slipped his cock from her mouth and closed his robe.

While we all finished our drinks and passed around a hash pipe and vaporizer, the servers began hustling between the kitchen and the tent, bringing out salad, freshly baked rolls, wine and condiments. They then laid out the china, silverware and linen napkins on the table. Meanwhile, wafting from the cooking area behind the tent was the delicious aroma of food being grilled on the barbeque.

Ten minutes later, Dwayne clanged his cowbell, announcing that dinner was about to be served. We all entered the tent where we noticed that Monica had rearranged the place settings. She and Bill were still at each end of the table. But now she had me sitting between Becky and Dan. Cassie, still across from me, was seated between Maria and Carlos.

Once again, the dinner was scrumptious. Cassie chose the roast lamb, roasted potatoes and salad. I too had the salad, but with braised duckling, green peppers and potatoes. Most of the others also had either the lamb or duckling with various sides. And the vegetarians among us dug into the delicious grilled Portobello mushrooms, skewered peppers and salad.

Unlike the previous night, we were now eating with utensils, just like civilized people.

Or, almost civilized!

At some point I noticed Cassie 'accidentally' drop a small spoonful of mint jelly onto Carlos's lap through his open robe. Naturally, she eagerly bent down to lick it off his cock. On her other side, Maria 'accidentally' spilled a bit of white wine down the cleavage of Cassie's robe. So she felt compelled to pull open Cassie's robe and suck the wine off her erect nipples.

Taking Cassie's cue, I too had a slight table mishap when a leaf of lettuce flicked off my fork into Becky's cleavage. She opened her robe and invited me to look for it. I clutched her large breasts and slid my head to where the runaway lettuce was nestled in her crotch. She grinned and held my head down until, after much licking and sucking, I emerged with the piece of lettuce in my mouth.

Becky then reached into her plate and dropped a slice of green pepper on my lap, then asked her husband Dan to please retrieve it. He was glad to do so, but only after opening my robe, causing the pepper to nestle in my crotch. He spent an inordinate amount of time searching for it with his mouth, perhaps because he was busy sucking my cock to rock hardness.

Similar silly antics were occurring all around us, the most outrageous being when Jean had an entire Portobello mushroom fall 'accidentally’ into her cunt, and her table mate Hawke chivalrously bent down to suck it out with his mouth. He then placed the six-inch-diameter mushroom, now slathered with Jean's pussy secretions, onto his plate, and delicately carved it into eighths. He and Jean each ate a piece, with the rest being offered to eager mouths across the table.

Monica, who'd been observing all of this with some amusement, looked over at Cassie and sweetly said, "Cassandra darling, do you see you see what you've started? You most definitely are an incorrigible slut!"

Cassie, of course, took this as the sarcastic compliment it was meant to be, and graciously thanked Monica. Meanwhile, the rest of us laughed and raised our wine glasses in a toast to Cassie.

With the meal winding down, Monica again addressed her guests: “How about we retire to the settees and cushions for coffee and liquors, and watch videos of what all of us were up to in our rooms or elsewhere this afternoon."

Amid a murmur of approval, Bill said, "But of course, we must first thank our waiters and waitresses by means of our traditional special digestif.

With more shouts of approval, the table was quickly cleared and the six young servers stripped naked. This time Bill had them lie on their backs on the table, three on each side, with their heads facing the center and their hands pulling their legs up towards their chests.

We all rose and eased our chairs back, faced with the delicious sight of six clean asses, three tight pussies and three twitching cocks on the table's edge. Could a digestif have looked look any sweeter or more erotic?

"This being our last night," said Bill, "we will make the rounds twice, with all of us using our mouths to sample as much digestif as we want from this fine display of nubile flesh." He then asked Maria to run to the kitchen and bring back "the surprise."

She returned moments later carrying two large stainless bowls. One was full of frothy whipped cream laced with brandy, and the other contained plump fresh strawberries with their stems removed. We watched with eager anticipation as Maria ladled dollops of whipped cream on the three cocks and into the three pussies and six assholes. She then inserted a strawberry into each orifice.

Cassie and I knew the routine by now, and we joined the guests circling the table, stooping to lick whipped cream off cocks and pussies and to suck strawberries out of the sweet holes. We took our time, since Maria had to occasionally add more whipped cream or fresh strawberries to this delectable moveable feast.

In line behind Cassie, I watched as, after licking off the cream, she took as much cock as possible down her throat, and also drove her tongue as far as she could into every juicy cunt and asshole. Meanwhile, her hand was moving feverishly inside her robe, and by the time she finished her first round of the table, she’d come twice. The rest of us were also highly aroused as we savored this delicious aperitif.

By the start of the second round, everyone had discarded their robes and were openly masturbating while feasting on the table of cocks, cunts and assholes. Some were even jerking off the man or woman next to them, while the favor was being returned. A few of the servers also reached orgasm, as evidenced by their humping hips and moans of delight.

At the end of the second go-around, the happy guests staggered to the pillows and settees while licking a mixture of whipped cream, semen and pussy juice from their lips or off the lips of someone else.

I could see the digestif had driven Cassie into a high state of horniness, because as soon as she flopped down on a pillow, she grabbed me by the hair and forced my head between her thighs.

"Eat me, you fucking bastard; and eat me good!" Cassie growled as she locked her thighs around my head.

She was juicier than she'd been all weekend, and within seconds she climaxed with a loud scream as I sucked on her swollen clit. But she didn't let me up for air until, to my surprise, I tasted a mixture of pussy cream and piss squirting down my throat. It was delicious!

"Well," I grinned, shaking my head and smacking my lips. "That was jolly fun!"

"You idiot!" Cassie laughed, punching my arm. "It was more than jolly fun; it was fucking fantastic!"

All around us the others were equally aroused. For there was not a pussy or asshole without a cock or a mouth or even a hand in it. Nearby, we saw Monica bent over Jean's face, pissing a steady stream into her mouth and at the same time driving her fist into her gaping cunt. Even weird Rupert was getting his rocks off by lying on the dining table and licking up every bit of whipped cream, semen or cunt juice he could get his tongue on.

The servers all politely thanked us while they retrieved their uniforms and dashed off naked to the outdoor shower to clean off, promising to return to serve our coffee and liquors, and to watch the video Monica had promised.

While we settled back on settees or cushions on the floor, a huge screen rolled down on one side of the tent.

"Now let's see what everyone did with their time off," said Monica.

As the lights dimmed, the video began with our private time in the bedroom. There we were, bigger than life, sucking, fucking and whipping each other. There were moans of delight from those in the darkened tent.

The camera then followed us to the pool area where the Pussy Posse and Rupert were. But what we'd missed after we left was the five of them getting out of the pool, with Ruggles and Brutus scampering up to clean them off. Then Carly and Allie got on their hands and knees and coaxed the dogs to mount them. The dogs had silly grins on their faces as they fucked the girls in their respective assholes. Following that, Rupert sucked canine spunk from both asses, and even helped Ruggles and Brutus lick their cocks and balls clean before the dogs trotted off to the stable.

The scene then changed to the stable where Cassie and I had already witnessed the first part when the horses fucked Becky and Joan. But now we saw Jean with her legs pulled towards her head by Gretchen while Carlos directed Big Buck's enormous cock into her well-lubricated asshole. As she screamed in pain and pleasure, the horse unloaded its spunk, where it spewed out around his thick penis. This had all of us, including the waiters and waitresses, gasping in astonishment; for only Jean would be capable of taking a Shire work horse up the ass.

Next the scene switched to the Playroom where Maria was being fucked in all three holes while Chad and Dan were being sodomized. The sequence then panned to Cassie and me and Monica in the media room, revealing what we three were up to with one another while snooping on the others in the Playroom. So much for us being merely voyeurs!

The screen went dark, and those of us not otherwise occupied, applauded for the erotic performances we'd just witnessed.

"Now, to end the night, Bill and I have something very special planned," announced Monica. "You might want to first take showers and partake in some pharmaceuticals. But please be back here in half an hour."

CHAPTER 27: *Happy Fourth of July*

We were all back by 11:30, but noticed that neither Dwayne nor the servers were around. I was starting to wonder where they'd disappeared to when Bill and Monica rose from their settees and moved to the center of the tent.

Bill picked up the cordless microphone and said, "It's been a wonderful Bacchanalian weekend so far, but the best is about to come!" With that, he snapped his fingers, and two waitresses, Suzi with a cardboard box, and Suzette with a gleaming gold chalice, entered the tent.

He handed the mike to Monica who continued, "We, of course, are all libertines in the degenerate sense of the word. However, now it's time to celebrate that hard-earned liberty on this Fourth of July weekend. So I ask you all to put on your mask."

While I was wondering if this was turning into some sort of hippie religious ceremony, Suzi moved among us, distributing black sleeping masks that she helped put over our eyes. With the exception of Suzi and Suzette, we were all now blind. And anyone wearing a robe was asked to remove it.

"Next," said Monica, "I want you all to rise and take the hand of the person next to you, forming a human chain of eighteen people, with me in the front and Bill at the back. And do not let go until I tell you to!"

"What the hell is she up to now?" Cassie murmured as she clutched my hand. Her other hand and my other hand were clasped in someone else's.

With Monica being led by Suzi, we left the tent in a long processional line to the outside garden. The night air was balmy and the grass still warm beneath our feet. Although we were blind, I sensed from the sound of shuffling feet that we were being positioned in a broad circle on the large manicured lawn.

"So far so good, my fellow Bacchanalians," came Monica's distant voice. "Now please sit, but remain blindfolded and holding hands."

We did as she ordered, and I was pleased to feel that the lawn was warm and soft beneath my butt.

"Now," said Bill from some other part of the circle. "It is time to receive Communion. Please extend your tongues." He again snapped his fingers.

I heard the rustle of linen and a murmuring woman's voice as someone approached me. I recognized it as Suzette, and when she reached me she intoned, "Dominus voscum", and placed a thin wafer on my tongue.

"Et cum spiritu tuo," I automatically mumbled as I swallowed the wafer; my mind flashing back to my early teenage years as a Catholic altar boy. I followed the sound of the rustling uniform and the intonation of her Latin as she placed a wafer on Cassie's tongue and then continued to move around the circle.

Cassie nervously squeezed my hand and whispered, "What the fuck is going on, Leo?"

"I dunno," I answered. "but I guess we'll soon find out."

From inside the tent came the opening notes of Ravel's *Bolero* through the huge Bose speakers. With the music still relatively muted, Monica’s voice rose from somewhere within our circle: "We have all just ingested tabs of the most potent LSD that our friend Omar has in his pharmacy of delights," she said. “So now, I encourage you all to lie on your backs and let the celebration begin!"

Following Monica's directions, we all lay back, still blindfolded. Meanwhile, the music was getting louder and louder, to the point where it felt like we were actually inside the *Bolero* bullfighting ring. I knew the acid was kicking in, as I could now actually hear my heart beating over the pulsating music. And in the darkness under my mask there were delightful constellations of stars that kept appearing and reshaping themselves into other galactic forms.

"Wow!" Cassie exclaimed next to me. "We definitely *have* left Kansas!"

Suddenly there was a booming sound high in the sky and, as if from a million miles away, I heard Monica shout, "Remove your masks friends, for we shall now celebrate our god Bacchus and the Fourth of July!"

We slipped off our masks to see the sky above us erupt into brilliant multi-colored stars with descending flashing streamers of light, all punctuated by staccato explosions. It was a fireworks display, ignited from the other side of the house by Dwayne and the waiters. But to me, tripping on acid, it was a spectacle that was both real and in my mind's eye.

Ravel's *Bolero* reached its crescendo and faded away, only to be replaced by Grace Slick's powerful voice from the tent's speakers. It was the Jefferson Airplane performing *White Rabbit* at Woodstock in 1969. And the fireworks display now became even more fantastic.

As the last of the Roman candles, whirligigs and explosions faded away, I turned to find Cassie totally stoned and staring into the sky, wide-eyed and mouth agape. "Hey Cassie," I said as I caressed a tear off her cheek. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," she answered tremulously. "It's been lots of fun, Leo. But do you think we maybe should have stayed in Kansas?"

Bacchanalia was almost over, and the totally wired guests were now wandering off in various directions.

Cassie and I headed to our room. We fell into bed and gently held each other as we listened to Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* coming from the far away tent. Clasped in one another's arms, we drifted off into a deep sleep.

CHAPTER 28: *Monica Has the Last Laugh*

The following morning after brunch Cassie and I packed our bags and were getting ready to drive home to Toronto.

Outside, the Bacchanalian guests were hugging one another goodbye and heading to their respective cities. As we watched the Pussy Posse take off in their shocking pink helicopter, Monica came out of the house and handed us a gift-wrapped package.

"A little going-away present," she said, giving Cassie and me a hug and a kiss. "Drive safely."

Bill, Carlos and Maria also kissed us goodbye, and said they hoped we'd return next year for another Bacchanalian July Fourth weekend.

As I drove down the long winding lane, Cassie, beside me, opened Monica's gift. In the box were two plush white velour robes and a double-ended dildo.

"Aw, isn't that sweet of her," Cassie remarked as we left the lane and joined a two-lane blacktop road, heading north through the mountains. "She and I did have some issues," Cassie sighed, "but I'm glad that we've parted friends."

I nodded in agreement. Cassie then tossed the package into the back seat, shifted her passenger seat all the way to its recline position, and was soon fast asleep. I patted her knee, realizing that she must be dead tired after these past five days and nights of debauchery.

By late afternoon we were still on the secondary road and heading for the New York Interstate. I too was bushed from our Bacchanalian weekend, and was keeping my speed down.

The traffic so far had been almost nonexistent until I noticed four motorcycles in the rear-view mirror, approaching fast and getting ready to overtake us. I slowed to let them pass. Two of them did, but the other two remained behind our car.

In front of us I saw that the bikes were Harley Davidson hogs, driven by two large bearded guys, each with a biker chick on the back. I noticed that the four of them were wearing sleeveless leather vests sporting the "Filthy Few" crest, which I knew was a breakaway group from the Hells Angels motorcycle club.

To my annoyance, the two bikers gradually slowed down to thirty miles an hour, so I put on my left flasher to overtake them. But as I did, one of the Harleys behind us pulled up on my left, blocking the lane. Soon all the motorcycles dropped their speed and came to a full stop. I was thinking that this did not look good, when the fourth motorcycle pulled up directly behind the car's rear bumper. We were now hemmed in with two bikes directly in front, one on our left, another behind, and a deep ditch to our right.

"Oh fuck!" I exclaimed. "Now what?"

"Where are we"? Cassie asked, sitting up and rubbing the sleep from her eyes. "Why’ve we stopped?"

"Lock your door!" I said, making sure the car's other doors were locked. "Seems we have us some sort of escort."

We watched as the two women got off the lead Harleys and walked casually to our car. The larger and older of the two had long black greasy hair sticking out beneath her helmet and tattoos covering both arms. She rapped on my window, telling me to open the door. The other biker chick, a pretty teenage blonde with a single snake tattoo on each bicep, went to Cassie's window and smiled in at her.

When I refused to open the door and gave the woman the finger, she simply shrugged and yelled something to the guy on whose bike she'd been riding. He slowly got off the Harley, walked to the front of the car and pulled a semi-automatic Glock pistol from his waistband, pointing it directly at the windshield.

The woman by my window yelled, "Okay hero, you got exactly ten seconds to open the fuckin' doors." She started to loudly count down.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I exclaimed, vainly looking for any traffic that might be approaching us from the front or the back. But we and the bikers were the only ones on the road.

"Leo, I'm scared," Cassie murmured. "What's going on?"

"Looks like a robbery," I answered. "Better do as they say and unlock our doors."

The two women yanked the car doors open and waited for the large bearded guy to approach. He pointed his gun at my face and told me to keep my hands on the steering wheel. The blonde then ordered Cassie out of the car and into the back seat.

"What the fuck do you people want?" I shouted. "If it's money, we got some. Just take it and leave us be!"

"Nah, you can keep your money, city boy," said the armed biker. "What we want is for you to follow us." He then handed the gun to the large woman and said, "Flora, you ride shotgun." And to the blonde he said, "Mimi, you ride in the back with the city cunt."

The four Harleys started their engines and lined up in front of the car while Flora got into the passenger seat with the gun on her lap leveled at me. "Just follow the bikes," she snarled.

Meanwhile, Mimi was in the back beside Cassie, ordering her to shut up and stop snivelling.

The motorcycles made a U-turn and so did we, now heading south again along the secondary road. I glanced into the rear-view mirror and saw Mimi pawing at Cassie's breasts through her thin summer dress. When Cassie pushed her hands away and told her to fuck off, Mimi slapped her across the face.

"Leave the cunt alone, Mimi," laughed Flora. "You can chew on her tits later."

My mind was racing with ideas on how to get out of this ugly situation. But with Flora holding a gun on me, there was nothing I could do but follow the four motorcycles.

After a few miles, the bikes turned into an unpaved road leading through a pine forest. I followed them, wondering where the hell we were going. Soon we were being led up a rutted one-way lane until it came to an end in front of a dilapidated two-storey farmhouse. The bikers rolled to a stop beside two other Harleys and cut their engines. Flora told me to pull up beside them. She took the keys from me and ordered us out of the car.

Heavy Metal music was pounding from within the house as we climbed the porch staircase and were ushered inside where the odor of marijuana, stale beer and sweat was almost overpowering. Seated on ratty sofas in the large main room were two other nasty looking members of the Filthy Few, both of them getting blow jobs from vacant-eyed topless women.

Still at gunpoint, we were shoved to the center of the messy room where one of the guys on the sofa looked over and shouted, "Hey Bear, watcha got there?"

"Been out huntin',” laughed Bear, the large hairy guy who seemed to be their leader. "And brought us all back some fresh pussy." He then took the gun from Flora and shoved it into his belt.

With Cassie fearfully gripping my hand, I said, "Mister Bear, or whatever your name is, this is kidnapping. I demand that you let us go!"

With a powerful roundhouse, Bear slammed his fist into my stomach. "You demand nothing, you city faggot punk."

As I doubled up in pain, two of the bikers grabbed me and forced me into a high-backed chair where my wrists and ankles were secured with rope. At the same time, Cassie was pushed onto one of the sofas across from me, with Flora and Mimi pinning her arms on either side.

Bear fired up a joint, took a cell phone from his pocket and went out to the porch. After a quick murmured conversation, he returned to the room and looked down to where Cassie was struggling between the two women who had now ripped open the top of her dress and were pawing and pinching her exposed breasts.

"Nice tits," commented Bear who then slapped Cassie's face and said, "If I were you, city cunt, I'd let my girls play with them. Otherwise, they might just wanna bite those nipples clean off."

"Leave her alone, goddammit!" I yelled.

Bear walked across the room and punched me viciously in the mouth. "Shut the fuck up!" he snarled. "You're both visitors in our clubhouse, so show some respect." He then smacked me again while the others all laughed.

With blood dripping from a split lip, I asked, "What is it you want?"

"Well, we been celebrating Fourth of July weekend here, but we're running outta fresh party favors like, for starters, your gal's sweet tits." He then turned toward the sofa and said, “String her up, girls."

Flora and Mimi with the help of the two other women dragged Cassie, kicking and swearing, to the center of the room. Two long ropes were thrown over a ceiling beam, with their ends secured to Cassie's wrists and ankles. Pulling on the ropes behind her raised her arms high, with her feet still on the floor.

As the bikers laughed and egged them on, the four women ripped Cassie's dress to shreds and unfastened her bra, leaving her standing there naked, save for panties and sandals. They then took turns slapping her breasts, as well as sucking and nibbling on her nipples.

Bear placed a video camera with a built-in microphone on a tripod and carefully focused it on Cassie.

Tied to the chair, I could do nothing but watch Cassie's torment. I was horrified by what was happening to her, but equally horrified by the fact that I felt an erection stirring in my pants.

"Hey, leave some of that tit flesh for us," said Bear. The women backed away, only to be replaced by Bear and the five other guys who slapped and groped Cassie's breasts, and then sucked as much as they could into their mouths. The women, meanwhile, were on the floor, removing her sandals and staring hungrily at her panty-clad crotch which they noticed was beginning to form a wet spot.

"Jesus," said Mimi, "the bitch is leaking. Either she's peeing her panties or is getting turned on."

"Smells like ripe pussy juice to me," said Flora as she knelt to stick her nose into Cassie's crotch.

I now found myself embarrassed, both by my growing erection and by the fact that Cassie's body was betraying her. I was struggling uselessly against my bonds when one of the girls who'd been in the room when we arrived, came over, pulled my head back, and spit a combination of phlegm and semen into my face. She then groped my crotch and said, "I think our hero here is getting off on his chick being tit-sucked."

"Then let's get him even more excited," said Flora who came over to me. The two women removed my loafers, undid my belt and slid down my jeans, first untying and then retying my ankles to the chair. The tent in my briefs gave my excitement away, and Cassie looked at it with dismay.

Flora pulled a switchblade from her pocket and used it to cut away my tee shirt and underwear. I was now naked, with a semi-hard erection.

"Can't waste this," said Mimi, stooping to take my cock in her mouth. But after a bit of deep throating, she pulled back and said, "Let's see how much harder he'll get while he watches the porn show."

The two women joined the others by Cassie's suspended trembling body. Flora cut away her panties so that she was now totally naked. With two of the women holding her legs apart, Bear got to his knees, grabbed her thighs and started licking her hairy pussy. Cassie twisted uselessly as he sucked voraciously on her cunt.

Flora then knelt behind Cassie and spread her butt cheeks apart to rim her asshole. When she drove her tongue as far as she could into her ass, Cassie began to moan, and found herself unwittingly cuming in Bear's mouth. "Hey," he shouted, licking juice off his lips." Looks like we got us a squirter here. "Who else wants a taste?"

I watched transfixed as the six men and four women took turns eating Cassie's cunt and tongue-fucking her ass. When they tired of that, they adjusted the ropes that suspended her wrists and ankles from the beam so that she was now hanging face-up with her head dangling down above the floor. Two guys started mauling and suckling her breasts.

Bear grabbed Cassie by the hair and shoved his cock down her throat, making her gag. And with two men holding her legs wide apart, two of the women rammed dildos into Cassie's pussy and ass, making her scream in outrage.

The women pulled the dildos from Cassie's holes and brought them to me with orders to suck them clean. I did, savoring the juices I'd tasted so many times during the past week.

Meanwhile, one of the bikers whom the girls referred to as Meatloaf, removed his vest and jeans and approached Cassie with his cock in his hand. She gasped when she saw that it was even longer and thicker than Hawke's. He stepped between her suspended legs and, with no foreplay, shoved his monster prick into her cunt. The women were laughing as they slapped Cassie's tits and rocked her back and forth on the huge cock. After a few strokes, Cassie let out an orgasmic screech as Meatloaf pumped his seed into her.

As the women took turns sucking jizm out of Cassie's pussy, Meatloaf approached me and told me to lick his cock and balls clean. Unwillingly, I complied, gagging on the smell of his putrid genitals. It was clear that, unlike the Bacchanalian guests, the Filthy Few were not into hygiene.

On orders from Bear, the ropes from the overhead beam were loosened and Cassie was lowered to her back on the floor. Her hopes that the ordeal was over were dashed when she was hauled to her feet with her wrists pulled high toward the beam and her ankles spread apart by ropes that were fastened to the legs of furniture on either side of the room.

Cassie was now spread-eagled and vulnerable, with the camera still focused on her body, while her tormenters flopped onto the ratty sofas, discussing what to do next. They were drinking beer, smoking crack and taking shots of tequila. The two vacant-eyed topless girls were injecting heroin into the veins of their forearms, and were totally wasted. They giggled and said something to Bear. He nodded his approval, and they rose from the sofa to get two leather floggers from a nearby table.

I watched in horror as the zombie girls stepped up to Cassie and started chewing on her breasts, leaving hickeys the size of quarters while she twisted helplessly and yelled obscenities at them. They laughed, and after spitting in Cassie's face, began to mercilessly whip her back and stomach, and especially her breasts and crotch.

Cassie's shrieks of pain were accompanied by guffaws from those on the sofas. When I hollered at them to stop, Flora came over, slapped me hard across the face and stooped to take my testacles in her mouth. When she bit down, I was shrieking almost as loud as Cassie.

Flora then stripped off her clothes, straddled my chair, and grabbed me by the hair to shove my head into her very hairy unwashed crotch. The smell of her female secretions, sweat, piss and dried semen had me gagging as she rubbed her cunt all over my face and mouth. She just laughed, slapped me again, and returned to the sofa to enjoy the beating.

Bear soon told the zombie skanks to stop their whipping and to untie Cassie's wrists and ankles. They began to pout in protest, but cheered up when he said, "Now it's time for girl’s night out."

Someone hauled a filthy mattress from one of the bedrooms and placed it on the floor under the focus of the still-running video camera. Cassie was shoved to her back on the mattress with two bikers pinning her arms and legs wide apart. All four women were now naked and leering down at her with lascivious glee. They then took turns lying on top of her and grinding their pussies on hers while kissing her on the mouth with their fetid breath. Cassie swore at them and did her best to turn away, but was held down by her hair.

Bear and the other three men on the couches were now naked and drinking beer as they watched the lesbian assault. I too looked on, mortified by the fact that my cock was rising to full hardness.

The four women then ramped things up. They took turns straddling Cassie’s face, yanking on her hair and rubbing their filthy cunts and asses on her mouth until each of them orgasmed came with a satisfied yowl. Cassie's stomach was churning, and when the last of the women climbed off her face, she turned her head and vomited in disgust.

"Okay girls," announced Bear. "Now it's boy’s night out."

The women were now the ones pinning Cassie down. They sat on her arms and, after shoving a thick pillow under her hips, pulled her legs back to her chest. The six bikers, all stroking hard erections, took turns raping Cassie’s mouth, pussy and ass while she hollered in pain and protest.

I was ashamed of the fact that, while watching Cassie being raped, my cock was throbbing at full mast and was in dire need of relief. Bear noticed, and once the men had all cum in Cassie's three holes, he ordered me to be untied and brought over to the mattress.

Cassie was lifted to her feet and Bear sneered, "Hey you filthy whore, look how much your boyfriend here has been getting off watching you being whipped, raped and sodomized. He's got himself a woody that needs some relieving, and you're just the one to help him out... And I'll bet he'd be glad to clean you out at the same time."

Cassie looked at me with dismay while I was forced to my back on the mattress. She was then made to squat over my face and take my erect cock in her mouth.

"Okay bitch, get your pathetic faggot boyfriend off," said Bear. "And make sure he swallows all our filthy spunk from your cunt and asshole."

While I normally enjoyed eating Cassie's pussy and ass, they now stank of the unwashed crotches and asses of the Filthy Few and their women. Cassie clearly was angry as she used her pelvic and anal muscles to force every bit of rancid sperm into my mouth. There was so much of it that I was forced to gulp it down as she ground her pussy and then her ass on my face. My only consolation was that in my heightened state of arousal, I came in her mouth quite soon. But instead of swallowing, she turned around and spit it in my face.

"Wow, this is one pissed-off bitch!" exclaimed Bear, adding, "Speaking of which..." His voice trailed off as he began to pee on the two of us.

With gales of cruel laughter, the others followed suit, and soon all six men and four women were relieving their bladders on our bodies, some of them yanking back on our hair to piss directly on our faces and into our mouths.

As Cassie and I lay on the soggy mattress, retching and gasping for breath, the bikers and their chicks moved about the room, grabbing their discarded clothes and getting dressed.

We were wondering what was going on when Bear removed the video card from the camera and shoved it into his pocket. He then tossed our car keys on the floor and said, "So long, losers. Have a nice day."

As Cassie and I helped each other up, the others left the house, and we heard the roar of the Harleys starting up. I went to the window to see the bikes heading down the laneway, led by Bear who had one hand on the throttle and the other with a cell phone cupped to his ear.

"Jesus, " I said, taking Cassie in my arms. "Let's get the fuck out of here before they come back."

We picked up our torn clothing, dressing as best we could, and ran out to our car. As we drove quickly down the lane to the blacktop road, Cassie noticed an envelope on the dashboard with her name on it.

She ripped it open and exclaimed, "Oh my god! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

"What it is?" I asked, doing my best to keep the speeding car under control on the deeply rutted lane.

"You can slow down now," Cassie answered quietly. "Listen to this."

With anger rising in her voice, she read the note to me:

*Dearest Cassie:*

*Thank you for a lovely time. However, you departed without us not quite having settled our disagreements. So, with the help of my ne'er-do-well brother John, (aka Bear who, as you can imagine, is the black sheep of my family), I thought I would settle the score. You cannot imagine how anxious I am to see the video I asked him to make for me, and to leave this note for you. On the other hand, try to imagine the orgasms I shall have while watching what he and his Filthy Few cretins put you through.*

*Love,*

*Monica*

 **THE END**