Return to the Bar

As Sharon drove down the road, she reviewed her misgivings about returning to work in a bar again. The pay was always good with all the tips that she made. Her big boobs and long blond hair had always been assets that drunken men appreciated, but the constant barrage of lewd suggestions and grabby hands got so old after a while.

This particular place had certain other memories that she’d rather forget (see The Bar). The activities that had taken place that night were never mentioned again by the owner and Mr. Ice Blue Eyes. A thick envelope of cash every once in a while certainly made life easier too.

Still, she just needed a break from her vanilla lifestyle occasionally. This last call to tell her that she was needed and there was some “bonus” money waiting for her made her realize that working at the dollar store was getting old and she was ready for some new excitement in her life.

So as she pulled into the parking lot, a mixture of feelings washed over her, both excitement and a twinge of fear for what might be waiting for her. She just knew that the two of them had some new scheme going.

Bev greeted her warmly as usual. She was just such a nice person and seemed so out of place running this redneck metal bar. Mr. Blue Eyes was sitting in his usual spot emanating a combination of calm and intensity.

“We’re so glad to have you back, Sharon. Everyone has missed you so much.”

“Well, thanks, Bev, I appreciate that; I just had to have more regular day hours while Mom was recuperating.”

“That’s understandable. Here, this is probably the last of it, but I hope it helps with some expenses.”

The white envelope felt so thick as she put it in her purse. “Once copies of these DVDs hit the internet, people stop buying them and the money dries up until you make a new one,” he said.

“I don’t think I want to do that again. Once was enough.”

A quick smile was all he gave her although those blue eyes twinkled in amusement.

“That’s not why we asked you back,” Bev said. “I really want you back since you’re such a great server and the customers love you.”

“Well, thanks, I appreciate that.”

“Although…………………..”

Shit!

“We do have a private party using the place this weekend. You don’t have to do anything except serve them drinks and food like usual. But they may party a bit and we thought you’d be able to handle it better than some of the other girls.”

“I don’t have to do anything, but serve right?”

“Exactly, they just want a pretty girl to wait on them and it will be men and women so they should behave just fine.”

“Ok, sounds fine.” So Sharon worked that night like usual and enjoyed taking care of her old customers once again. The tips were great and the week passed quickly until the day of the private party.

Sharon arrived early and had worn her tightest shirt to encourage a nice bonus for her good service. Bev let her in and asked her to come to the office for a minute.

Her friend was sitting at the desk quiet as usual, but she could feel a slight frisson in the air.

“Look, you don’t have to do anything except serve these people. But they’ve asked for something extra and I told them I’d ask you about it. They wonder if you’d serve them topless. They’re offering a cash bonus of $500 if you do it.”

“Shit, I fucking knew it. I just knew this would happen.”

Blue Eyes interrupted, “If you don’t want to do it, that’s fine, they just asked and we’re passing it on to you. They have their own women with them and they just want the atmosphere of a club to have some fun. I expect there may be some sex involved among them, but there’s no reason for you to get involved.”

“Exactly,” Bev added, “They’ve been warned and if they bother you in any way, you just walk away and if they try to stop you, we’ll be out there to give them a love tap with a club or something to make them behave.”

Shit, Sharon thought. This always happens: her mechanic just told her this morning that she needed new brake rotors for her car and it might cost $400 to do it all. Well, hell, she had certainly shown her tits for nothing before so how could it hurt?

“All right, just no touching!”

So a small group of men and women slowly entered the bar, less than a dozen people altogether and things went smoothly. They drank, they ate, they eventually started touching and feeling each other up until a dark haired woman started undressing her thin blond companion.

People stopped what they were doing and paid more attention to this couple’s activities.

The blond was eventually naked and lay back on the table to allow her companion to kiss and suck her hard nipples. Fingers were buried in the blond’s crotch as the other women took turns kissing and fondling the blonde’s perky breasts.

Sharon had forgotten what it felt like to be part of group of sexually charged people. Her own nipples got hard and she could feel herself getting damp too. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see some of the men take items out of one of the large bags that had been brought in and attach leather cuffs to chains dangling from the ceiling. Apparently, they knew what to expect next.

She started when she felt a soft touch on her leg from a woman sitting next to where she was standing with her mouth open and watching. The hand moved slowly up her thigh until it touched her hot and wet cunt. It felt so good so she just leaned over, pulled her shirt and bra up and offered her tits to be suckled. The wet warmth of the other woman’s mouth sent such a nice shiver down her body.

Sharon could hear herself moan as she dropped her pants and allowed those fingers to probe and tickle her cunt. She could also see the naked blond being led over to the waiting cuffs and was fastened tight to them with her hands high over her head.

By now Sharon’s partner had dropped to her knees and was digging her tongue into Sharon’s snatch. So she just grabbed her by the hair and held tight as she watched a rather wicked looking single tail whip being handed to the dark haired tormentor and then she raised her arm back and with a swish landed it across the poor blonde’s back.

The whip continued to snake across the woman’s body. Thin red welts were left behind yet no sound came from her. Her eyes were closed and she seemed to really enjoy the whipping that she was receiving. The other party goers were undressing and enjoying each other. There was lots of fondling, touching, kissing, licking and sucking going on. Sharon had lain back on the table to allow her companion better access to her cunt and finished undressing. She kept watching the whipped blond as she enjoyed the attention that her pussy was getting.

“Are you enjoying what you’re watching?” Sharon looked down at the woman between her legs. “It looks exciting, but I’m afraid it would hurt too much.”

“Nah, Karen is really good at understanding your limits,” the woman said. “We’ve all been there and trust me the excitement overwhelms everything else and just gets you higher. Come on, try it.”

Sharon couldn’t understand why she wanted to do this. It seemed so wrong to be abused in front of a crowd like this yet her cunt was hungry and it felt like this would help satisfy it.

So with a nod of her head, she was led over and quickly the dark haired woman fastened her wrists to the blond so they were face to face. At first it felt awkward then the blond leaned over and started kissing Sharon’s mouth, gently at first then with more passion with lots of tongue.

The first strike of the whip hurt, but warmth began in Sharon’s cunt as well. She could feel the other woman’s breasts pressed up tight and her own nipples responded. She leaned back a little and could feel her nipples rub against the blonde’s and it felt great. The sting of the whip was lost in a swirl of sensations and sexual excitement. Her mind wrapped around the fact that there was an audience watching her being whipped and humiliated like this and it just felt so good.

They kissed and rubbed their breasts around each other’s chest and enjoyed the feelings this stirred. It went on for several minutes until they both felt frustrated in their hunger for real sexual satisfaction.

Finally, it ended and Sharon was removed from the shackles. The blonde stayed where she was and the dark haired woman knelt between her legs and stuck her tongue into the gushing hole waiting for her. Her fingers started digging into the blonde’s crotch too and as Sharon was forced to kneel she could see the beginnings of s serious fisting under way.

Two of the men had undressed and their rather large cocks were standing straight out waiting for her ministrations. So one went into her mouth while she stroked the other and teased it with her hand to stay hard for her.

Occasionally, she glanced over and noticed that the blonde had one fist in her pussy and her asshole was being fingered rather seriously too.

But Sharon had her own concerns to worry about. The two men swapped places once in a while taking turns skull fucking her furiously while she played with the other’s cock and balls.

Finally, they grew tired of that and together they lifted her up and impaled her cunt on one of the dicks. They both held her up while she was fucked hard. By now the blonde had a fist in both her holes and her moans were echoing around the nearly empty club. She spasmed and jerked trying to get away from the stretching that she was enduring, but she was also slamming her body down on the huge intrusions in her holes.

Sharon could feel the head of the second man’s cock placed at the entrance to her anus and then began to feel it slide in and move against the cock in her cunt. Slowly, but firmly he continued to push until he was fully in her ass and they slowly started fucking her holes in and out until their balls were slapping against her crotch and each other’s nut sack.

Sharon felt incredibly full and the sensation was terrific, she knew it wouldn't take long before she came. She looked over at the two women and as she watched the blond started screaming her orgasm out as she gyrated her hips around the two wrists stuffed inside her. Sharon felt her own orgasm starting at her toes and work up her body quick as a flash from this incredibly nasty turn of events. As she wrapped her arms tight around one man’s neck the other furiously fucked her ass and she felt the flood of sperm fill her. In seconds, the other cock grew larger before emptying itself in her cunt and that was all it took as she expressed herself vocally from the huge rush of pleasure that flooded her senses…………………………..

“I told you it would work out as planned,” Blue Eyes said as he looked over the computer and the images of the two women being comforted by everyone. Only a few of the participants knew there were HD video cameras placed in the ceiling and elsewhere to capture the action.

The blond was still having some sort of convulsions from the sensory overload she had just experienced although Sharon seemed to be coming back to earth. “She never even noticed Susan walking around with the camera taking footage.”

Bev frowned a little as she said, “Yeah, maybe, but it still feels wrong to not to tell her or ask.”

“Probably so, but I think when she sees her share of the cash advance from the Arab for this she’ll feel better. I’ll handle it and talk to her, it will be fine.”

“Yeah, you always have a way with words, don’t you?”

Blue Eyes laughed as he turned the camera feed off. “I’ve got other ways to communicate too. Come over here and sit down for a minute.”

Bev giggled herself as she locked the office door and walked over to him. Mmmmmm, yes, magic hands indeed!

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