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Story: DRAFT - Jenny : Three Hours

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DRAFT - Three Hours  
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written by Max  
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Mdom, Gangbang, Vaginal, Anal, Fist, Bondage  
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Jenny knew it was going to be a special day. Tom had sent her a note with some flowers as well as directions to a small nightclub. It was an odd night to go out, but he said it was something very special. When she called the club to see what was playing, there was no answer.

At 10p, Jenny changed into her going out clothes. She wore a push up bra, a thong, a top and skirt combo, and thigh highs. Her shoes were low heels, and comfortable to trot around in. Then she drove down to the club, getting there about 10:45p.

Tom was in the parking lot waiting. "Glad you could come, let's get inside. I've got some people for you to meet." He wrapped her hand around her waist, and they went inside.

It was really early so there wasn't much going on. Tom got drinks and then took Jenny to a back room to sit on a couch. After a while, a bouncer came around and asked for Tom. "I'll be right back," Tom said to Jenny. Then he got up and went to the main bar.

Jenny watched as Tom, the bouncer, and the bartender engaged in a quick conversation. Then Tom returned to her with a sheet of paper from the bartender. "Jenny, I need you to sign this. I would rather you not read it and just trust me, but that is your choice."

"What is it?" Jenny asked as he began to hand it to her.

"Just sign it here on the bottom. It's a surprise for you, and to take possession of it you have to sign an agreement. I've already signed it, but they want your signature too." Tom then handed the agreement to Jenny and a pen. "I hate to rush you or ask you to go on blind faith, but it will ruin the surprise if you read about it first."

Jenny nodded, the drinks she had already had made her disinclined to read a five page document. She signed next to Tom's name, and then handed it back to him.

"Thanks. I'll show this to the bartender, and then we can go into the upstairs party room and you'll see what you get." Tom smiled and kissed Jenny, then strode off to the bartender. The bartender, Tom, and the bouncer returned together.

"You'll have to put these on miss, it's a rule about the party room that all women must be blindfolded. Your man will stay at your side, and John and I will be upstairs so if you want to leave you just holler 'I want out' and we'll bring you back downstairs." The bartender's tone was one of everyday business, and the blindfold he had in his hand was still wrapped in the cellophane.

"Take it and I'll put it on you. You'll love the surprise," Tom said. Jenny took the blind fold and opened it, then Tom took it from her hand and put it on her head. His hand joined hers and he said, "Watch your step." Then Tom began leading her toward the stairs beside the couch.

Jenny stumbled a little but it was fairly easy to get to the top of the stairs. The blindfold fit poorly over her eyes, and she could still look down and see the floor. Tom led her up and then John or the bartender opened a door. A murmur of voices from the room could be heard, and occasionally Jenny could see feet and chairs as she was led by Tom.

Tom kissed Jenny when they stopped. "I need you to lean forward, Jenny. There are some arm rests right in front of you. I know you can see, but don't say anything because you aren't supposed to be able to." Tom whispered in her ear, and then led her a step forward and guided her arms into cushioned restraints.

She paused as she saw the straps on the floor. Still, Jenny had nothing to fear, and she could see even though she wasn't supposed to. Tom was confident beside her, and she could holler out if she wanted to leave. Nothing could go wrong per se.

Jenny allowed Tom to guide her arms individually into the arm rests, and didn't struggle when he closed the plush cuffs over her forearms and strapped them down. "I hope you enjoy this. Like the Jim said, if you want out you just have to shout it. But if you opt out before time's up, there will be unfortunate consequences. So try to enjoy this."

Then Tom pushed Jenny's legs apart, and slid a out bench between them. Lifting her up, he fit one leg at a time on to small risers extending from the bench, and then strapped her lower legs into position. Jenny was half stooped at this point, and began to feel uncomfortable about how short her skirt was. Leaning forward any further would probably cause her to flash everyone in the room.

Tom smiled at the progress he was making with Jenny. Of course, the drugs in the her drinks to numb out her inhibitions had helped a lot. But now would be the final struggle. He had paid the bartender and bouncer an additional \$200 each to guarantee their aid in getting Jenny out of here if she wanted out. Plus he had a couple of friends mixed in the room who would support whatever course of action was necessary - just in case money wasn't good enough for a guarantee of safety.

"Jenny," Tom whispered, "you've been slightly drugged. I needed for you to be artificially comfortable up to this point so your surprise would not be ruined. As you can feel, your cunt and ass are nearly in the air. This room has around forty men in it - a few friends of mine, some others paid to protect you. The blindfold and poor lighting in here prevents them from knowing who you are - so your identity is safe."

Jenny started to speak, but Tom cut her off by putting his finger to her mouth. Then he continued to speak in her ear.

"Hear me out. Then I only want to hear one of two words, 'Yes' or 'No' - ok?" Jenny nodded and Tom continued. "The contract you signed relieves these people from any obligation to you other than precluding violence, harmful acts, or damage to your person. They are here to fuck you, rape you, and make you into their slut for the next three hours." Tom had to place his finger to Jenny's lips again to stop her from speaking out. "This may be a once in a lifetime chance for you to be a whore for one evening, and feel every part of it, but be safe during and afterwards come home with me. Condoms are being strictly enforced for safety reasons - although everyone here had to pass VD/STD testing before being allowed in. But you will be thoroughly used."

Tom paused, giving Jenny a chance to digest everything. Then Tom asked her the final question: "Jenny, are you ready for me to put in your gag?"

Jenny could feel the sensation from her legs and chest. If she allowed Tom to gag her, she couldn't protest anything further. The muddle in her head was clear now - a mild intoxicant to keep her from knee-jerking in response to the series of events leading her to this stand. Tom's hand on her arm was reassuring - but she wanted out. "Tom, I don't know" was all she managed to get out.

"I'm sorry Jenny, but that wasn't one of the options." Tom said coolly. "You cannot escape your fate, and tonight you are going to be thoroughly fucked. Open your mouth." Tom's tone changed, and Jenny knew she had no choice. She opened her mouth and accepted the small plug between her teeth.

"Good. I'm going to wheel you forward a bit and replace your blindfold with a mask. The you'll be able to watch." Tom pushed Jenny's hair to one side of her head, and then replaced the blind fold with a Mardi Gras style costume mask. She could see as he rolled her forward toward four TVs laying on the ground.

"I didn't want to deny you the opportunity to see your lovers." Tom stated matter of factly, and then switched on the TVs. Each showed a picture of her - one camera looking over her back behind her, one looking at her ass from above (her skirt blocked her view), one looking at her cunt (she could see her thong was slightly damp), and one looking at her right hip from an angle (she presumed this was to make up for the view that would be lost when someone was directly behind her). "These will be recording of course. I didn't want you to miss a minute of this."

Then Tom moved away from Jenny's torso. As she watched on the cameras he moved behind her and pushed her knees forward into another set of straps. Jenny could not plainly see her ass and cunt, and Tom helped that by pushing her skirt to her chest. Her thongs he removed with a knife cutting each strap.

"The line starts here," Tom said to no one in particular. Then he pushed a small bottle of lube into Jenny's already wet cunt. Jenny felt the lube rushing into her and spilling out like a douche. Tom pulled it from her cunt and Jenny watched/felt as he pushed its narrow head into her ass and did the same. On the camera she could see him take a permanent marker from his pants pocket - and as the first man walked up to her, Tom marked his right hip and her right thigh with a tally mark.

The first man roughly shoved his cock all the way into her, and Jenny shook in the restraints as his dick began to pound in and out of her cunt. Tom moved toward her and whispered "The marker doesn't come off. I think you'll enjoy being able to count how much you were fucked by reading the tally off your own

legs. By the way, the right is for your cunt. The left will be for your ass."

Then Tom began petting her hair and rubbing Jenny's back - only stopping to mark the next fucker who came up to her.

#### Epilogue:

The TV monitor had a clock in the corner. Jenny felt it took forever for it to get past 1:00:00. She looked at it every time someone paused. Then she started to think about how easy she was to fuck with her ass in the air, and how many people were left to fuck her. Jenny didn't even notice when it passed 2:00:00. Tom had to call it quits when he noticed it had hit 3:24:22. Jenny asked for more when the ball gag was removed. At 4:07:43 the recording stopped when Tom finished off the night by fisting Jenny's cunt while fucking her ass for her final orgasm.

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