

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **A Night to Remember**

**Argus**



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by

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It was like a dream come true, a wild sexual fantasy sprung to life.

Erin had been as normal in her sexual lusts and inhibitions as any other young woman before marrying last year Scott. But he had introduced her to a darker side of sex, a darker and yet wildly exciting side she had barely known existed. She had had sex with other men, and then other women, and then he had found the club.

The Club was a place made for those of dark passions, and some masochistic part of her had felt a thrilling sense of recognition as she had been bound and used in small dark rooms.

But every time she thought she had plumbed the depths of her lewd and lusty soul someone drew her down deeper. She lay on a bed between two women, naked. They had used her for over an hour while Scott was off with another. If the other teachers at her school could only guess how she was spending her weekend! But they never would. And yet, Kathleen, the tall, slim, short haired redhead, and Erin, the tough looking young bisexual who had used her so violently, had even more twisted ideas.

'Auction?' Amanda squeaked.

'Yes,' Kathleen said. 'It keeps dues down if we auction off the occasional slut to the members.'

Amanda stared at her, eyes wide.

'But I...'

'Your precious Scott will have plenty of company tonight night if that's what's worrying you,' Kathleen said with a smirk.

Amanda's eyes widened still further, and she stared at Kathleen stupidly.

'Dress her and bring her to the stage,' Kathleen said.

Erin nodded, then pulled on her arm, pulling her from the bed.

"I-I don't know," Amanda said anxiously.

“Put this on. I bet it’ll look lovely with your hair.”

She slapped at Amanda’s leg and she almost instinctively raised her foot and stepped into the lacy green teddy.

“But I -.”

“Other foot.”

She raised her foot and Erin tugged the teddy up. It was nearly sheer everywhere but the crotch and breasts, and she tugged the top up over Amanda’s full breasts and snapped it together behind her back. The thong bottom pulled up tightly between her buttocks, and the crotch pressed heavily against the soft, sensitive, newly shaven sex.

“But what do I do?” she asked anxiously.

Erin smirked. “Whatever you’re told.”

She produced a thin, soft rope and moved behind her, taking her left wrist. By the time Amanda realized what she intended her wrist was wrapped in rope and Erin was pulling the other behind her back. She gasped and pulled, but feebly, and the rope was already around her other wrist, binding them together.

“But - but Erin I don’t think Scott -.”

“We don’t care what Scott thinks,” the girl sniffed.

She took her arm and pulled her to the door, then opened it. Amanda drew back, but the girl was much stronger and pulled her through into the hall, then down the short way to the open bar.

Her stomach was swirling with butterflies, and yet a dark side of her mind was blazing with excitement as the door opened and the girl pulled her out among the other women. For this was the lesbian bar, and none of the club’s men were permitted.

She blushed deeply now as women looked up and watched her, eyes focussing on her from all sides as she was led towards the little stage in the middle of the room.

Amanda was almost trembling with her excitement, and yet she felt a rush of shame, as well. She had always been competitive with other women. She had been a captain on most of the sports teams at college, and always tried to one up her friends in looks, style and fashion. To be paraded virtually naked, like a cringing slave girl before all these strong women was - a new experience.

In fact, sex with women was a new experience, one only introduced to her by Scott a few weeks earlier. Now she was among hard core dykes who saw her as a piece of meat, and while a part of her was filled with angry indignation, that part of her was submerged by the wildfire lust gripping her mind and body.

Two women who had been dancing stopped and climbed down, and the stage was bare as Erin led her up onto it. The light brightened and Erin clapped her hands to gain everyone's attention. Amanda looked down at the floor, face burning as all eyes in the room turned to look at her.

She blinked her eyes in the overhead light, painfully aware of how close to nude she was, of her bare buttocks and the thinness of the lacy teddy.

She heard several whistles and catcalls, and gasped as Erin pulled her head back.

'Nice tits on that cow!' someone yelled.

'Ladies,' Erin called out. 'It's auction time.'

There was applause, and she felt her chest flutter as women gathered around, looking her up and down.

'What we have here is a sweet little housewife...'

Many of the women booed and laughed.

'Up until a few weeks ago she was perfectly satisfied getting hubby's peter inside her now and then...'

There were more boos, along with a smattering of obscenities directed at Amanda.

'You like that cock, little girl?'

'She must be pretty stupid if she married a man.'

`Look at the size of those melons! She's got no room for brains.'

`Nor needs them,' another voice laughed.

`But since then she's seen the light,' Erin continued. `She realizes now her proper place is as a slave to any strong woman who wants her.'

`If she's married she sure knows what it's like to be a slave,' someone shouted to much applause and laughter.

`Before that happens, however. She's pleased to offer her services to anyone here with sufficient money to pay for them.'

Women started calling out numbers then, as Amanda looked around dazedly.

`We get to keep her overnight?' someone called.

`You certainly do,' Erin said.

`Hubby doesn't mind?'

`Hubby is busy entertaining another girl.'

There were more boos.

`Hundred pounds,' a woman called.

`Two hundred,' shouted another.

`Let's be serious, ladies,' Erin said. `Look at this little nymph. You don't get many opportunities to get your hands on such lovely girl flesh.'

`Three hundred.'

`Four!'

`Five hundred pounds!'

`Are those boobs for real?' someone called.

`Quite real. No plastic involved,' Erin said.

She reached over and tugged one side of the teddy back, letting Amanda's breast come free. She squeezed it as the women laughed and applauded, then twisted the rigid nipple.

'Six hundred.'

'Eight.'

'A thousand pounds.'

'Sold to Lenore Maxwell.'

The woman Lenore, who had bought her, was about her own age, with fine black hair pulled in under her chin, a sleek black leather dress and narrow brown eyes. Amanda swallowed nervously as she was handed over to the woman, looking for Kathleen.

'I can do anything I want to you,' she whispered into Amanda's ear. 'And I'm going to give you exactly what you deserve.'

She took her arm and led her out of the bar to much applause. Amanda gasped as they stepped onto the street, looking around wildly. But the street was dark and empty but for the cars parked near the club's entrance.

She pulled her along relentlessly, Amanda's heels clicking on the sidewalk as the cool air blew straight through her lacy teddy and made Goosebumps rise on her ivory skin.

'I know just where you'll be happy,' Lenore said with a chuckle.

She led her into the parking lot next to the club, then into the dark shadow cast by a Mercedes sedan. She opened the rear door then pushed Amanda in so she lay on her belly.

'Where are we going?' Amanda asked.

'Don't ask questions.'

The Mercedes pulled away and drove for fifteen minutes or so. Amanda rolled onto her back for comfort, but when she tried to sit up was ordered back by her "owner".

They came to a darkened area and Lenore pulled the Mercedes over. She got out and came around to the rear, undoing her dress as she did. She pulled it down and stepped out of it, then climbed into the rear, straddling Amanda and pressing her softly furred mound against her mouth.

Amanda began to lick, her tongue pushing up and out strongly as the woman looked down at her through slitted eyes. Amanda felt Lenore's clitty hardening under her tongue, and heard her breathing grow rougher and faster as she began to grind her sex down into her mouth.

Lenore came with surprising quickness, suddenly beginning to bounce up and down wildly before shuddering and sinking down.

She rested for long moments, and then climbed off her and out of the car, putting her dress on again. Amanda sat up, but was yanked back down by the hair.

She dressed, then closed the door and got in the front again and resumed her drive. Another ten minutes passed before she stopped once more and got out of the car. This time Amanda was left on her own for several minutes.

She sat up and saw that they were parked in what looked to be a very rough part of the city. A boarded up shop was next to them, and a bright neon light just up the block showed a strip club, which appeared to still, be open. Directly across the street was a bar of sorts, with a long row of motorcycles parked in front.

She tugged at the rope. Its strength filled her with a sense of helplessness and dark, hungry excitement. Her insides were squirming with anticipation and lust even as anxiety and fear gripped her mind. There was something distinctly hot about not knowing what was to happen to her. She was sure she would be safe, that Kathleen wouldn't have allowed her to go otherwise, so the fear was more of exposure and embarrassment than danger.

Still, she looked around at the poorly paved street and badly maintained buildings and worried.

Then she saw Lenore coming out of the bar, accompanied by another woman wearing a short studded leather jacket and leather pants. She sat down quickly but not before they had seen her.

She heard their footsteps, then looked up as the door was opened. Lenore pulled her out, standing her up on the street as the other woman, who had a crew cut and a ring through the side of her nose, looked on.

‘Some meat,’ the new woman said.

Amanda could hardly believe what was happening. She was standing on a city street like as if it were perfectly natural to be virtually naked in public, dressed up like a sex kitten ready for bed.

Or to be bedded.

Her nipples were hard and erect, her pussy lips swollen and moist, and a murky sexual haze that made her feel ready to do anything gripped her mind.

‘Isn’t she? She loves cock, though. She’s married.’

‘Oh really?’ The other woman sniffed derisively. ‘Well we can give her enough of that.’

She put her hand under Amanda’s chin, jerking it up and forcing her to her toes as she squeezed painfully. ‘My name is Beth,’ she said in a sneering hiss. ‘But you can call me mistress. Got that?’

‘Y-yes, mistress,’ Amanda moaned, her breasts throbbing.

‘How do you feel about being jumped on by a pack of wild, horny bikers, slut?’

Amanda stared in shock. She had expected to spend the evening with the nameless women and now -.

‘I asked you a question!’ Beth snapped.

‘I-I don’t know,’ she gasped.

‘Make up your mind now. Otherwise it’ll be a pain in the butt to try and pull them off you. It’d be like yanking off hungry dogs from fresh meat.’

‘Good analogy,’ Lenore said, smirking.

‘You ever pulled a train?’ Beth demanded.

Amanda stared at her in confusion.

‘Ever been gang banged?’

She jerked her head from side to side anxiously.

‘Just by women,’ Lenore said.

‘Inside that bar is a mass of hot, horny, smelly, rough, mean, bikers who will do you until you drop,’ Beth said, sliding her hands down her body and into the top of her teddy. She pushed aside the cups, squeezing her breasts together and fingering her nipples.

‘Think you’re ready for that, little wifey?’

Amanda’s head spun with shock. On the one hand she’d been a state of high, heady sexual arousal since walking into the club with Megan. On the other hand the idea of being mauled by a pack of wild men was terrifying even while being shockingly exciting.

You’re only young once, she thought dazedly. I should find out what it’s like. But what if Scott -. What if they -. I should -.

“Too late,” Beth sniffed.

She pulled her hands back, pushing Amanda’s breasts back into the cups and then pulling her across the street. Lenore followed, sliding a hand up to squeeze her bare behind.

A car drove by, a man staring at her as he passed, mouth wide. She burned with embarrassment, her mind swirling in helpless excitement.

‘We’ll see if you’re still so fond of men and their big cocks after tonight,’ she said with a satisfied sneer.

“W-Wait!” Amanda gasped.

Beth pushed the door open and pulled her in after her, and Amanda looked around wildly at the crowded bar.

It was much rougher than the club. The tables were rough wood, the chairs hard plastic. The place was brighter, showing dirty floors and a long, scarred bar. The patrons were mostly men. Most looked large and rough, with plenty of tattoos and surly faces.

There were some women there, though, most looking like Beth, tough and cat-like. All eyes turned on them as Lenore eased to one side to watch and Beth led her in among the men.

Amanda felt shamed, but almost feverish with the raw, carnal desire filling her mind and body. She stared around her dazedly, seeing the eyes boring into her, eyes ravishing her body, the men leering and staring in undisguised lust for her. She was trembling with the thrill of it, gulping in air as the men shouted obscenities and catcalls.

This would be something, she knew, that she would never forget. She inhaled, smelling the stale beer and sawdust, felt the grit on her bare feet, the stickiness of the wood floor. She was starting to sweat from the hot, sultry air, and shifted her weight from one foot to the other, swallowing repeatedly.

‘Here’s the deal,’ Beth said. ‘This little slut is from an upscale dyke bar. She was auctioned off to the highest bidder and so she’s ours to do with what we want for the night.’

‘Why?’ a large, muscular man with a beard demanded.

‘Cause that bitch at the door there wants to see if she can’t cure her of this nasty mental problem she has,’ Beth said.

‘What mental problem?’ one of the other women called.

‘It seems she likes cock,’ Beth said with a smirk.

The place erupted with howls of laughter and obscene taunts as Amanda squirmed in shame. Beth smiled around her, then reached behind Amanda and untied the catch at the small of her back that held the lower part of the teddy together. An instant later she unsnapped the catch behind her neck too and the teddy was gone, leaving her entirely nude before the eager, hungry eyes of dozens of men and women.

Her face burned but her insides were almost as hot as the men howled their approval. She had to fight to control her breath, to keep from hyperventilating. She closed her eyes and shuddered, drawing her head back, consciously arching her back as the crowd shouted and whistled and stomped their feet. She could sense their hunger for her, and she squeezed her thighs together in anticipation.

‘Who wants a piece first?’ Beth demanded.

‘Me!’ shouted two-dozen men.

Beth pulled her towards the back of the room as the men yelled and argued. A table crashed over and several men began to fight.

‘All right! Knock it off!’ an immensely powerful voice shouted.

Amanda saw a giant of a man come from a back room and glare around at the crowd. His eyes lit on her and he rolled his eyes then came forward.

‘Beth,’ he said.

‘Hi, honey,’ Beth said coyly.

‘What in hell is this?’ he demanded.

‘This girl here wants a gang bang.’

His eyes narrowed and he looked her up and down.

‘That true?’ he demanded. ‘We don’t want no more trouble with the cops.’

Amanda hung her head then yelped as Beth slapped her behind.

‘Answer the man.’

‘Y-yes,’ she whispered.

‘Louder.’

‘Yes,’ she said breathlessly.

‘Louder. We want everyone to hear. Say it.’

‘Yes,’ she said again.

‘Yes, you want us to gang bang you.’

She bit her lip, sexual exhilaration warring with terrible embarrassment, and then nodded shakily. ‘I-I want you to gang bang me,’ she said.

‘Okay then,’ he said. ‘I can guess what the fighting’s for then. I’ll settle it. I’m going first.’

‘What do you mean you’re going first?’ Beth demanded. ‘You don’t need this big titted sow! You’ve got me!’

The men around howled in amusement as the big man smiled down at her. ‘That’s true, baby, but you brought her in here so you gotta expect me to have a taste I gotta make sure she’s good enough for my boys, after all.’

‘Who goes second, Mike?’ someone called eagerly.

‘I’ll decide that when I’m done,’ he said.

He cupped her breasts, and she gasped, looking down at his hands, then up at the ceiling, breathing faster as the entire room looked on. She felt his fingers stroking her nipples and groaned aloud as they pinched them, tugging up, forcing her to her toes.

He squeezed one breast hard as he leaned in, chewing roughly along the side of her throat, his other hand clamping in on her small behind and fingers mauling her.

He lifted her up, turned and sat her roughly on the edge of a table, then jerked her legs high so she slid onto her back, her bound arms beneath her. He spread her legs wide, and then let his big, rough hands move up her body and squeeze her breasts.

Amanda’s head jerked from side to side, then up at him, her insides churning violently as she realized he was going to take her right in front of them all. The crowd gathered around, shouting encouragement and advice as he grinned lewdly down at her. He unzipped his pants and pushed them down, and she stared as his tool sprang up, red and hard.

She gasped as he pressed the head against her, as she felt his soft flesh meet her own swollen mons and rub back and forth against it. She felt her body tremble with anticipation, and then groaned aloud as he sank into her. She felt the slick opening to her sex pushed apart as his hard tool slid into her, felt his cock pushing up deeper and deeper.

His hands moved up and down her body as he drove himself in to the hilt. Then he drew back and thrust in hard, making her cry out. A cheer of approval from the men and women surrounding them drowned her cry, and he grinned smugly as he buried himself in her tight sheath a second time, kneading her round breasts.

‘You like that, baby?’ he taunted.

He bent over her, squeezing her breasts and mouthing her nipples, chewing roughly as he began to drive himself into her. He lifted his lips and found her own. His tongue thrust into her mouth; sliding back and forth over her own, then up along the roof of her mouth.

His hips moved in a steady motion, but he sped up and slowed down as he ground himself against her.

Amanda’s legs jerked in mid-air to each thrust. Her knees were back and spread wide, and her body burned hotter and hotter with each passing second as the crowd watched his thick tool pumping inside her.

‘Harder, man!’

‘Do her, Mike!’

‘Give it to the slut, man!’

‘Show her what those dykes are missing, boy!’

The men and women cheered him on, and even through her shame Amanda gloried in being the centre of all their attention, in being seen as a hot, sluttish sexual animal. She grunted as Mike pumped harder, her knees drawing back more, elevating her buttocks as his hips slapped into them.

She rolled from side to side on her arms; feeling the light pressure of the rope around her wrists and wishing it were thicker and stronger.

'Yeah, yeah, yeah!' he panted, thrusting in harder, abandoning anything but hard, furious rutting as he drove himself down into her relentlessly.

She arched her back, pulling at the ropes, moaning in heat as her body boiled in the sexual steam surrounding her. Her body jerked on the table as he drove himself into her, and her head rolled from side to side as she panted for breath.

She saw the sea of faces surrounding her, leering, laughing and hungry, and knew she was going to climax right there in front of them all. She thought to restrain herself, to hide it, and then she abandoned the last traces of her inhibitions.

She came with a soft cry, a cry she immediately raised higher, wanting them all to hear it, wanting them all to know she was coming, basking in her their reaction as Mike cursed and pounded down harder still.

He gave a final flurry of strokes and then groaned with release, slowing and stopping.

A dozen men yelled to be next but Beth jumped in instead.

'I get to decide!' she shouted.

Amanda lay back with her legs spread, chest heaving as she looked around her. She felt like a pure sexual animal - almost. Something was missing, something important.

She sat up as Beth looked around with a smirk, trying to decide whom to give her to first.

Then Lenore moved forward, grabbed Beth and whispered in her ear as she motioned towards Amanda. Beth looked thoughtful, then smiled and nodded.

She reached forward and grabbed Amanda by the arm, yanking her off the table and leading her up towards the bar. She paused next to a fat biker who had a long chain for a belt, undoing the clip as he grunted in surprise, then yanking it out of the loops.

She spun Amanda around and cut the rope, then spun her back again, pulling her wrists together in front of her and looping the chain around them several times, then pulling it up between them to bind the loops in place. She pulled her wrists high.

The fat man who'd lost his chain sniggered then, reaching forward to help her, taking the end of the chain and tossing it over one of the blades of an unmoving, ceiling fan. He pulled on the chain until Amanda was forced to her toes, then took the clip from Beth and locked it off there.

The chains were not nearly as comfortable as the leather padded restraints Scott had hung her with, yet somehow the tight steel made her feel even more the prisoner, and she gasped as a thrill of heat moved up her thighs.

The babble in the room softened somewhat, and more of the men licked their lips and looked at her hungrily as Beth moved forward in front of her.

Beth took a belt from her waist and doubled it, then slashed it across Amanda's bare bottom. She squealed and twisted in pain as her bottom flared red.

'The lady dyke would like to make back some of the money she bought this slut with,' she said, 'So she's willing to sell pieces of her for a very reasonable price.'

Amanda stared at her, then at the crowd.

'Who wants to pay for a chance to be first to stuff himself up into this hot, tight little fuck toy?' Beth called.

She swung the belt again, and again it cracked against Amanda's bottom with a sound heard around the bar. She yelped and twisted, then again as Beth, laughing, swung the belt a second time.

"This filthy little suburban fuck toy wants to be used by dirty men," Beth cried. "She gets off on it because she knows he's so much better than you! She's having a weekend trip to the gutter!"

The belt cut across her bottom again, and Amanda yelped in pain, the sound drowned up by curses and catcalls from the rough men watching.

Again the belt cut across her bottom, and again, and she whimpered and moaned, her eyes flicking out across the room, seeing the hunger and arousal filling those watching her as they saw Beth strap her bottom.

I can't believe this is happening, she thought in shocked excitement.

“Look at this tender ass!” Beth called, gripping Amanda’s bottom tightly. “You can bet it hasn’t been used very well. You can bet this suburban slut hasn’t gotten her ass fucked by hairy bikers!”

Cheers filled the bar, and Beth slashed the belt across her bottom again, making Amanda yelp and jerk.

“She needs to pull a chain!”

Amanda closed her eyes and shuddered, letting more and more weight fall on her arms, laying her head back as gloried in the dark sultry eroticism gripping the room. Her skin glistened with a light sheen of perspiration as men approached and moved around her, licking their lips and letting their eyes move over her.

She gasped as a hand cupped her behind; then again as another man reached out and pinched one of her nipples. Men laughed and made jokes as she turned her eyes this way and that. Another man groped her, squeezing her breast firmly, while another hand drove up beneath her buttocks to finger her sex.

She twisted on the end of the chain, panting and moaning as the men crowded around her, more hands sliding over her. Fingers slid through her hair, rolled her nipples and drove into her soft, heavy breasts. Others pried at her sex, driving up inside her or rubbing against her clitty.

‘Hey! Get back, you clowns! Joey goes next!’ Beth called, showing the crowd back as a short, stocky man came in and cupped her breasts.

‘Want me to get her down?’ Beth asked.

‘No need’ he said in a gruff voice.

He slapped his hand down on her behind, and then squeezed his fingers in against her left buttock, lifting her leg up and out as he undid his pants and pulled his tool free.

Amanda balanced precariously on the toes of one foot as he thrust himself into her. Then his other hand clamped down on her behind and he yanked both legs up, holding her in his powerful hands as he began to unceremoniously pump himself into her.

He worked her back and forth against her as he pumped, a sneer on his face as his friends urged him on.

She groaned and let her mind float, revelling in the crude way he used her, in the degrading way they were all treating her. Then she saw the door open and watched Kathleen and Yvette come through, accompanied by Scott.

She felt a torrent of passion and shocked excitement wash through her as Scott's eyes widened, and felt her insides twist and roil as the man using her humped faster and harder.

He came with a long groan of release, then dropped her, letting her legs swing before she got her toes back on the floor.

'Did you like that, wifey?' Beth purred, pinching and twisting one of her nipples. 'Did the little wifey like getting a stiff one up in her pussy?'

Amanda groaned, body jerking as the woman continued to pinch and tug and twist at her nipples.

'You want another one?' Beth growled, pulling one hand back then slapping her breast painfully.

Amanda groaned low in her throat.

"Slut."

She slapped her breast again, harder this time, and then slapped the other one as Amanda groaned and jerked her head back drunkenly, throwing her chest out.

Again she felt her burning nipples plucked and pinched and twisted, crying out in pain as Beth taunted and tormented her. She yelped as her breasts were slapped again, then Beth moved back.

The next man moved in, using her in much the same fashion as the first, running his hands appreciatively over her smooth, soft flesh, then cupping her behind to thrust up into her and swing her against him. When he was done, the next man lifted her ankles up over his shoulders to pound himself against her.

Beth moved in when he was done, turning her back to most of the men, gripping her buttocks and pulling them apart.

'Who wants to be the first to ram his cock up her asshole?' she crowed.

There were more shouts and laughter, and money changed hands as a man moved up behind her. She found herself facing Scott, and stared at him, gripped by a dazed wonder as she felt the man working his prick up into her rectum. She grunted and moaned as he forced her sphincter open and ploughed his way higher, gasping as his hands came around her and roughly groped her breasts.

She could feel his cock forced deeper and deeper, going higher and higher into her belly, giving her soft, aching cramps. Then he was in all the way and pumping as the crowd watched, laughed and shouted advice. Her insides rapidly turned to mush under the constant rutting of his hard tool, her buttocks reddening as his hips slapped against them again and again.

His hands slid down to grip her thighs, yanking them apart to spread her buttocks, lifting her toes off the floor as he jammed himself deeper inside her.

The crowd whistled and shouted its approval, and then another man moved forward, pressing his erection against her open pussy and thrusting up inside. He gripped her behind as the man in back of her shifted his hands up to her breasts, and the two of them took turns rutting into her.

A dozen more men took her from both sides as she hung there, getting more and more dazed as her body was battered and used. Then she was pulled down, and Beth led her around by the hair, pushing her face into the laps of both men and women to suck and lick at their cocks and pussies.

They cursed and derided her as she licked them, tugging on her hair and roughly groping her breasts as others slapped at her buttocks and pinched her soft, swollen pubic lips.

Then she was sprawled back on a pool table as more men leered down at her, plunging themselves into her with lust and hunger, their hands pawing and mauling at her body until every inch felt bruised and raw.

At one point the green felt of the table rubbed her face hard, and she looked up dazedly to see Scott watching her. A large, heavy man was atop her back enthusiastically sodomising her, and her mind rolled and burned as Scott and she locked eyes momentarily.

Then she dropped her head again, grunting as the man atop her drove himself up into the deepest pit of her belly.

It was definitely a night to remember.

The End.