
GUILTY
PLEASURE
RedJohnDoe

Guilty Pleasure

Chapter 1

HANDS OFF, Season 7

On the nineteenth night Dawn Pickering was sitting on the kitchen marble with her husband's T-shirt torn open and Reece's fingers in her cunt.

"Listen to that," said Reece. He pulled his fingers all the way out and pushed them slowly back in, and she could hear how wet she was. "That's eighteen days of fuck off, Reece, that is. How long has your cunt been like this?"

"Shut up."

"How long?"

"Since the first week, all right? Oh, fuck. Since the first week. Every night I've been up there thinking about your cock. Now will you get on with it?"

"I'm in no rush," he said.

The marble was cold under her bare ass and his fingers were hot, and it made her crave his warm fingers. Two of them were curled up inside her, pressing on a place she had forgotten she had. Every time they moved, her whole body tightened around them. She had been wet before she ever came into the kitchen. If she was honest, she had been wet since she woke up at three and lay there in the dark, listening to the house and knowing he was down here.

He squeezed one of her tits until the nipple stood out between his fingers. "Look at these. You've had these under my nose every morning."

For eighteen days she had told ten best-looking men to fuck off, and thousands of gamblers, most of them women, had put their wages on her to keep doing it. The first man to get her into bed won a hundred thousand dollars, and if none of them did, the money was hers. The men had to stop any form of physical contact the moment she said stop. That was the rule on Hands Off. Dawn was forty-one, a mortgage broker from Fresno, and she had been married for sixteen years. Nobody before her had lasted past Day 12.

Now he sucked her nipple into his mouth and bit down, and the sting went straight to her clit. She grabbed his hair and pulled his face in harder. His thumb was going round and round on her clit, and his fingers were stretching her open. She was moaning louder than she had ever moaned in her life, and she couldn't make herself stop. Her thighs had started to shake, and she was going to come already. She was going to come all over his hand in a kitchen with cameras in every corner, one over the fridge, one over the sink and one in the ceiling looking straight down at the marble, and she didn't care.

"You guys got a good view?" said Reece.

Dawn opened her eyes and saw them.

The other men were standing in the doorway, and more of them were crowding the stairs behind, some in boxer shorts and some in nothing. Marco from New Jersey was there, and Brett from Texas, and Ryan from Portland with his beard, and Kofi. Declan was leaning on the door frame with his arms folded and his cock standing straight up.

She went cold all over, clutching at the torn T-shirt. "Oh, no," she said. "Oh, no, get out. All of you, get out. Don't look at me." She tried to close her legs, but Reece held her knee where it was and kept her spread open for all of them to see her humiliating position.

"You can send them back to bed," he said, his fingers still sliding in and out of her. "It's the same word. Say 'stop' and they all have to go, and I have to take my hand out of your cunt. Go on, boys. She's going to say it now."

Nobody moved. They stood there staring at her tits and at his hand going in and out of her, and she had never been looked at like that in her life, here were all these men staring at her pussy as if there was nothing else in the world. Her face was burning, and her cunt clenched on Reece's fingers so hard that he felt it and laughed. She was so ashamed, and the worst of it was that the shame only made her wetter, until she could feel herself dripping onto the marble while they watched.

"Would you look at her," said Declan. "We've been listening to you. I told you on the first day I'd see those tits, and you told me I'd be dead first. Well, I'm not dead, am I?"

"Fuck off, Declan. Oh, God. Fuck off."

"I will not. Ask her, Reece. Ask her does she want me to fuck off."

"Do you want him to fuck off, Dawn?" said Reece, and rubbed her clit in slow circles, making her hips jerk up off the marble. She opened her mouth to say yes, and what came out was a long, wild moan.

They came in and stood around the marble with their cocks in their hands. Every one of them was hard and pointing at her.

"Look at that. She's dripping on the marble."

"Is that your husband's T-shirt? Poor guy. We're going to use that as a rag on you."

"I've jerked off to those tits every night, and they're even better than I thought."

"You can smell her from here."

"Do you still think I'm all hat and no cattle, Dawn?" said Brett. "Have a good look at what I brought with me."

Marco came right up beside her, stroking himself. "Hello, Dawn," he said. "Are you all right? You look so hot like this."

She couldn't answer him, because Reece's thumb had found exactly the right spot and the pleasure was building low in her stomach, winding tighter until she couldn't hold it back.

"I'm gonna cum," she said. "Oh, God, I'm going to... don't stop. I'm nearly there..."

Reece pulled his hand out, and the emptiness was so sudden that she cried out, her hips coming up off the marble after his hand in front of all of them. Somebody laughed while her pussy clenched on nothing. "No," she said. "No, no, what are you doing? You can't stop there!"

"I know." He held up his hand, wet to the wrist, and pushed two fingers into her mouth. She sucked them clean like an desperate slut and tasted herself slurping around his fingers, and she didn't even think about it. "You asked me to fuck you, so I'm going to fuck you. You can cum when my cock's in you and everybody can see you begging for more like a slut."

The towel came off, and his cock was as thick as her wrist, curving up toward his stomach, so big that Dawn couldn't look at it without gasping. This was nothing like Greg. Knowing it was going to be inside her any second made her pussy squeeze. Reece dragged her to the edge of the marble and rubbed the hot, smooth head of his cock up and down her slit, sliding it through her wetness so easily, but he didn't put it in.

Every time it slipped away her hips went after it, desperate for something to clench around.

"Look at this cock-hungry slut. She's trying to get it in by herself."

Nobody had ever called her that, and she should have been insulted, but the word went right through her, leaving her so turned on she could barely breathe.

"Go on, Dawn, lift your ass up. You can do it."

"What do you want, sweetheart?" said Reece. "You'll have to tell me. I'm not a mind reader."

"Please," she said. "Reece, please put it in me."

"Say it so they can hear you."

"Please put your cock in me! Just fuck me. I don't care who's looking!"

He pushed, and the head stretched her so wide she couldn't breathe, burning with a sweet, stretching burn that made her eyes water. Then an inch more went in, and another, and she could feel every bit of it opening her up. It was too big, so fucking big, and she wanted it so badly she was crying. "Wait," she gasped. "Oh my God, wait. It's been so long. Greg's nothing like this. Wait..."

He stopped with half of it in her and held her knees apart.

"Do you want me to stop?" he said.

The kitchen went quiet, the men all around her was looking with their cocks in their hands, until all she could hear was the fridge and her own breathing.

"You only have to say it. Say stop and I'll pull out, and you can go up to bed. It's up to you, Dawn. It always has been."

The door was open, and the cameras were watching her from every corner of the kitchen. She thought about Greg on the couch at home watching this devastated by her betrayal, and about the money, while her pussy stayed stretched around half of his cock, squeezing it. The word she needed was the easiest word in the world, and she couldn't find it anywhere.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?"

"Don't stop. Don't you fucking stop, you bastard. Please. Please don't stop."

He drove the rest of it into her, all the way to the base, and she screamed. It filled her so completely that there was no room left in her for anything else. There was no Greg and no money and no cameras,

only his cock, and pleasure pouring through every nerve she had as the speakers came on over her head. "Hands Off, Season Seven, has ended," said a recorded voice. "All bets are now settled. Thank you for playing."

She heard it, and she knew what it meant was her life is ruined, and she didn't care at all.

The men cheered and banged on the marble. Reece shoved her knees back by her shoulders and started to fuck her.

He slammed into her from the first stroke. Every thrust went up into her stomach and knocked the breath out of her, and the wet smack of it came back off the walls. Her tits bounced until somebody grabbed one and squeezed it hard. She could feel the head of his cock drag along the inside of her every time he pulled back, and then he slammed in again and hit something so deep that she saw white light.

"Oh, God, it's so deep," she moaned. "It's right up in my stomach."

She had never been fucked like this in her life. Greg made love to her in the dark, asking if it was all right, and this was nothing like that, because Reece was using her and her body loved being used without respect. She was so turned on to think logically.

"Look at me, Dawn," said Reece. "Look at me while I'm doing it." She looked up at him and saw that he wasn't even out of breath. "Does Greg do this to you? Does he get you up on the side like this and split you open?"

"No. Oh, fuck. No!"

"What does he do, then? Tell them."

"Nothing. He doesn't do anything. Oh, fuck me. Fuck me. I'm going to cum!"

"I know you are, you dirty slut. I can feel you squeezing. Go on, then. Cum on my cock in front of all your friends"

It started somewhere deep under his cock and tore through her. She came so hard her heels kicked at the air and her back came up off the marble. "I'm cumming," she wailed. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming on it!" Her cunt clamped down on him again and again, and she could feel every inch of him through it. They were all watching her face, and she knew how she must look, mouth hanging open and eyes rolling back, but she couldn't stop. When she could see again she was crying against Reece's chest and saying fuck me.

He pulled out and flipped her over on the marble. Her tits squashed on the cold stone, and her ass was up in the air for all of them to see. She could feel the air on her wet pussy and knew they were all looking at it. Then he rammed back into her from behind so hard her toes came off the floor. "I'm not greedy," he said. "Who wants this end?"

Marco came around and stood in front of her with his cock in his hand. "Only if you want to, Dawn," he said.

She looked at his veiny cock, then up at the camera over the fridge, and opened her mouth as wide as it would go, wanting Greg to see it.

His cock was salty on her tongue and got bigger as she sucked it. Every time Reece rammed into her it drove her forward onto Marco until he hit the back of her throat and she gagged. "Sorry," said Marco, and pulled out. A long string of spit came out with it.

"Don't be sorry, for God's sake," she said. "Just fuck my mouth."

The whole kitchen laughed at her, and the laughing made her hotter. Marco took her head in both hands and fucked her mouth smearing her face with precum and her saliva. "That's so good," he groaned. "All the way down, Dawn. You can do it."

Brett came up on her left and put his cock in her hand, and when she squeezed it he swore. "That's it, jerk me off. You don't know how many times I've cum thinking about you." Somebody was pulling her nipple while somebody else spanked her ass. She had a cock in her cunt and a cock in her mouth and a cock in her hand, and she couldn't tell anymore where one feeling ended and the next began. It was all hands and cock and heat, and she was pushing back onto Reece without anybody telling her to.

"Look at her backing up on it," said Ryan. "She can't get enough, greedy slut."

"Look at her face. She's loving it."

She was loving it, more than she had ever loved anything.

Reece grabbed her hips, going faster. "I'm going to fill you up now, Dawn," he said. "I want you walking around with it at breakfast." He rammed in as far as he could and held there. She felt his cock swell and twitch, and then his cum shot up inside her, she could feel its warmness. It set off an orgasm again, and she came while moaning around Marco's cock, until Marco pulled out and came over her face. When Reece pulled out, his cum ran down from inside of pussy. She felt empty and used, and she loved it. "There you go, Brett," he said, slapping her ass. "She's all yours."

Brett rolled her onto her back, dragged her to the edge and put her legs over his arms, going straight in. "Oh, man," he said. "She's so sloppy. I can feel where he's been. Is that all right, Dawn?"

"Harder, pls."

He laughed and fucked her harder, grunting, and his sweat dripped on her tits. When somebody rubbed his cock on her cheek, she turned her head and sucked it without even looking to see whose it was, and that shocked her more than anything, because she didn't know whose cock was in her mouth and she didn't care. Somebody else came on her stomach.

"You love this, don't you, you slut?" they were saying. "Go on. Tell us you love it."

She let the cock slide out of her mouth. "I love it," she moaned. "God, I love it. Give it to me. Don't you dare stop, any of you."

"Oh, fuck, Dawn," said Brett. "Oh, fuck, here it comes." He shouted and came inside her, on top of Reece's cum. Before he had finished, Declan had her by the wrist.

"Down here, you," he said. He was lying on his back on the kitchen floor with his cock standing up. "Get on that, you filthy bitch."

Her legs were shaking so much that Ryan had to help her down. She knelt over Declan on the cold tiles, took his cock in her hand and sank down on it. It went in so deep she groaned, and she was so full of cum that it squelched, making her face burn.

"Bounce on it, then. Say it. Say you've been wanting cock."

"I've been wanting cock!" She was riding him hard now and couldn't have stopped if she tried. "Oh, fuck, I've wanted it so much. Every night I've been lying up there with my hand between my legs. Keep talking. Don't you dare stop talking."

"Every night? We know, babe. There's a camera in the ceiling."

She should have died of shame, but thinking about the men down here watching her touch herself every night only made her ride him harder.

He pulled her down onto his chest, and her ass came up in the air. Two big hands took hold of it and spread her open. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Kofi kneeling behind her with the bottle of olive oil from the counter.

"Has anyone been in here before, Dawn?" he said.

"No. God, no. Greg asked me once, and I told him not to be so disgusting."

"Do you want me to?"

They were all waiting, Reece sitting back on the counter to watch and Declan gone still under her, and she was shaking, because she would have to ask for it out loud. Part of her was screaming at her to say no, but the rest of her wanted to know what it felt like.

"Yes," she said.

"Sorry?"

"Yes, I want you to. Put it in my ass. Go slowly pls”

The oil ran down cold between her ass cheeks, making her shiver and clench, and then Kofi's thumb was pressing against her, sliding in a little at a time until her whole body tightened around it. Nobody had ever touched her there, and it felt so dirty that she pushed her face into Declan's chest, moaning. "Breathe out for me," he said. "All the way out." She did, and his thumb slid out, leaving her twitching, and then she felt the fat head of his cock pressing against her in its place, pushing and pushing while she held her breath, until all at once her body gave way and it sank inside her. It burned all the way around, a deep, hot sting that stretched her wider than she thought she could go, and she let out

a long, broken cry, digging her nails into Declan's shoulders while her ass throbbed around him.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, stop!" she cried.

Everything stopped at once, Kofi holding still with only the head inside her and taking his hands off her hips, Declan going still underneath her, and all around the kitchen the men standing with their cocks in their hands.

The burn was already fading, and in its place came a full, stretched ache that spread up into her belly and down to her clit, and she wanted more of it so badly she couldn't stand it.

"Did you say stop, Dawn?" said Kofi.

"No. No, I didn't mean it."

"We all heard you. We have to stop if you say it. I'm coming out now."

"No! Don't! Please don't. I didn't mean stop. Put it back in!"

"Tell him properly, sweetheart," said Reece from the counter. "Tell everybody, so there's no mistake."

Declan's cock twitched inside her while the head of Kofi's cock stretched her ass and didn't move. With nobody touching her and every

man in the room waiting on her, she had never felt so humiliated, and she had never wanted anything so badly.

"I want you to fuck me in the ass," she said, her voice shaking. "I want you both to fuck me as hard as you like. Then I want the rest of you, all of you, and I won't say stop again. Please. Please, somebody move!"

"Atta girl," said Declan.

Kofi pushed in an inch at a time. She could feel his cock sliding past Declan's inside her, with only a thin wall between them, and it felt so filthy that she sobbed. Nothing had ever filled her up like this, and she felt split open and owned.

"That's all of it, Dawn," said Kofi. "How does that feel?"

"I'm so full," she moaned. "Oh my God, I can feel you both in me”

Kofi started to fuck her ass in long strokes, and Declan thrust up from underneath, so that one cock was always going in as the other came out. It hurt a bit but Every thrust ground her clit against Declan, and she moaned without stopping. She had no thoughts left in her head at all. She wanted them to use her until it got light.

"Look at her taking two at once. What a fucking slut."

"Does your husband know you like it up the ass, Dawn?"

"Are you watching, Greg? This is how you have to fuck your wife, buddy."

"Open your mouth, babe," said Ryan. He knelt by her head and turned her face to his cock. "But say good morning to me first. I said it to you every day, and you never once said it back."

She looked up at him with two cocks in her and spit running off her chin.

"Good morning, Ryan," she said.

“Time to brush your teeth, Dawn" he said, and pushed his cock into her mouth.

They fucked her all at once with no rhythm at all. Kofi was going faster and breathing hard, Declan was swearing that he was going to cum, oh, you dirty bitch, you dirty bitch, and Ryan held her head and fucked her mouth until she couldn't breathe, and she didn't care. They were using every part of her, and she wanted every one of them to have her. Then the biggest orgasm of her life went through her. It started in her ass and her pussy at the same time and rolled up through her until she was shaking from head to foot. Every muscle in her body locked around the three of them, and she screamed around Ryan's cock. Declan came first, bucking up under her with his fingers digging into her tits. Kofi pumped his cum into her ass, and then Ryan filled her mouth. "Swallow it all, babe," he said, and she did.

They had to lift her off, and she lay on her side on the cold tiles while cum ran out of her pussy and her ass, her legs twitching. Then a hand came down on her hip, and it was Brett, hard again.

"Dawn? do you want a break?"

"Come here pls," she begged.

After that they took turns, and every one of them asked first, because they had to. She told them all to get on with it, losing count of them after a while. One of them fucked her on her hands and knees on the tiles and kept asking her what her husband would say, until she told him to shut up and fuck her harder. Another one sat her on the edge of the sink and fucked her there with her head banging on the cupboard. She had cum in her hair and down both legs. Somewhere in all of it she stopped being embarrassed at all.

"Do you want a rest, babe?" somebody said.

"Noo, Who's next?" said Dawn.

Over the sink the sky had started to go gray. At last Reece got down off the counter. He turned her onto her back and pushed her knees up. "You still with us, Dawn?" he said, and slid his cock into her again. Every part of her was sore, and she still wanted it. All she could do now was lie there and take it and moan.

She was terribly thirsty, and Ryan must have seen it, because he took the glass she had come down for out of the drying rack and held it up so they could all see it. "You came down here for a drink, didn't you, babe?" he said. "Well, we'd better give you one."

They laughed and gathered around her on the tiles, stroking themselves over the glass while Reece kept fucking her, and she lay there with her head in Ryan's lap and watched them do it. Brett came first, groaning as he spurted into the bottom of it, and then Marco, and then Declan, swearing, and one after another the rest of them stepped up and emptied themselves into it until the glass was half full.

"There you go, babe," said Ryan, lifting her head. "That's what you came down for."

She should have been sick at the sight of it, but she was so far gone that she only opened her mouth, and while they all watched, Ryan tipped the glass against her lips. It was thick, warm and salty. It filled her mouth and ran down her chin, and she swallowed with every one of them cheering her on until there was nothing left. She drank it all.

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HANDS OFF, Season 12

Nick Sayle pressed pause, and the picture stopped with the glass at Dawn Pickering's mouth. The TV was the size of a door, in an office over a vape shop in Cleveland.

"So that's more or less how that one goes," he said. "It carries on till about seven in the morning, but you get the idea. Does anybody want another coffee?"

Nobody did. On the other side of the table Jess Tolland sat very straight with the contract in front of her. She was twenty-nine, a dental assistant from Toledo, Ohio.

She was petite, five foot and half an inch, and slim, with a small waist and round hips. She had a round, firm ass and full tits, big for a woman her size. Men always noticed them. She had long black hair that came down to the middle of her back in loose waves, light brown eyes, full lips and skin that went brown as soon as the sun came out. She was beautiful, and she knew it. Men had stared at her all her working life, and she could stare any of them down.

She had watched the whole video. They had cut it together from every camera in that kitchen, close-ups and wide shots and one looking straight down from the ceiling, so there was nothing she hadn't seen. Mostly she felt sorry for the husband. The silly woman only had to say one word. Beside her, Rob was staring at the ceiling whose hand had gone limp in hers.

She had asked to see it. Nick had offered them the nice reel with the drone shot of the pool, and she had said no, she wanted to see one where it had gone really badly for somebody. "You don't have to do that to yourself, hon," Mel had said from the end of the table. She ran Contestant Care.

Somebody had to say something now, and it wasn't going to be Rob.

"She's got a bridge," Jess said. "That woman. Upper left. You could see it when she had her mouth open around the guy with the beard. It's really nice work, actually."

Nick turned around with the remote in his hand. He was a friendly man of forty-six. He stared at her, and then he started to laugh.

"Sorry," he said. "No, that's great. You've got a good eye." He pulled her file toward him. "That's Reece with her, by the way. He's back for your season." He wrote something on the front of her file. Jess had been reading patients' charts upside down for a long time.

"'Will never cheat,'" she read. "Is that what you've put? I thought you wanted them to cheat. Isn't that what all that fucking was for?"

He looked delighted. "I'll be honest with you, Jess. I've had eleven wives in that house, and every one of them ended up on her back with somebody's cock in her. Nobody lasted longer than Dawn. So my gamblers have stopped betting on anybody holding out, and there's no game in that. I need a woman they can look at and think, she might actually do it. Then I saw your video."

She had filmed it in the staff bathroom at work. *Hi, I'm Jess, I'm twenty-nine, I've been married six years and I've only ever been with my husband. Ten men? That's fine. I spend all day with men lying on their backs trying to sleep with me. Send me the form.*

"And if I get to the end?" she said. "If I say no the whole way through? I want Rob to hear it from you."

"Then on August seventh I put a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in your bank account, and on top of that you get ten percent of

whatever the house makes on your season. You'd be the first woman who ever took my money."

That was the house on Sylvania Avenue. Rob had talked about that house ever since he rewired the place for the old lady who lived there. She had died in March, and her son would take $178,000 cash if they could find it by the end of the summer. Jess and Rob only had $4,106 in the bank.

"Hang on," Rob said. It was the first thing he had said in half an hour, and his voice cracked. "Sorry. That woman had already lost when all those guys came in. So why didn't she just go up to bed?"

"She could have, buddy. That's the thing. She could have said stop to any of them, any time. Nobody made her suck anybody's cock. Nobody ever makes anybody do anything."

"And what if Jess wants to come home?"

"She can walk out whenever she likes. She just wouldn't get the fee, and she'd have to pay back what the season cost us. That's about four hundred grand."

"Four hundred thousand dollars," said Rob.

"Yeah."

"So she can't leave."

"She can leave. She just can't afford to." Nick smiled at him. "Honestly, buddy, nobody's ever wanted to."

Jess thought it was the easiest money anybody had ever offered her. It was six weeks, and one word she had been saying to men all her life.

"Right," she said, and picked up the pen. "Where do I sign?"

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