

GLORY HOLE



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I am a dirty fucking slut. Well, at least that is what my friend Suzie called me when I told her about my new side job. It all started a couple of months ago when I was showing off some awkward moves on the small dance floor near the college I attended. While I was shaking my groove thing, I suddenly felt a presence behind me. Turning, I saw an incredibly sexy, slightly older redhead dancing behind me. Neither of us were coupled up so we spent the next 4 songs just grooving and grinding with each other. When the last song ended, Charlotte, that was her name, asked me if she could buy me a drink. I told her I was straight but she said she chuckled and said she just wanted to chat.

Two drinks later she began quizzing me on my sexual limits. I couldn't believe I was spilling my guts about my kinks to a stranger. When the bartender called for last call, Charlotte asked me if I was interested in a job where I could make a shit-ton of money having sex with strangers. My first instinct was hell no, I am not a hooker, but she told me to hear her out.

So here I am, for the third weekend in a row laying on my back on a very soft twin mattress located inside a cubicle just barely large enough to stretch my arms out to the side. My clothes are folded neatly on a shelf protruding from the wall to my right, next to a water bottle and a glass of whiskey, my drink of choice.

Looking down at my naked body, my legs disappear through a round hole in the wall in front of me. I can feel them standing straight up into the air, held in place by soft velvet ankle cuffs. I am in the "high bed" which means I am at face level with the guests of my new employment. Each customer pays several hundred dollars for the privilege to lick and finger my pussy and ass.

I know, you think it isn't safe, but Charlotte and her staff have very strict rules which include some of the best-trained security money can buy as well as health checks for both the staff and the guests. This is not the dirty Czech places you see on internet porn sites, rather it is a very upscale private mansion.

A buzzer signals that a guest has entered my chamber. Aside from my tanned, shaven legs and lady parts, they see a printed photo of my face. I guess they like to know who is behind the wall even though they will never get past my waist.

The person, I have no idea if they are male or female, takes their time, licking my thighs as they caress my legs. I am already wet with anticipation, and I know they can smell my arousal. Their hands trace the curves of my round bottom, squeezing and spreading my cheeks as their tongue inches closer to my sex.

When their tongue flicks over my folds, I hear them compliment how sweet I taste. It sends a thrill through me to know they are getting aroused. I imagine they are playing with themselves as they run their tongue through my folds, savoring my nectar. The sensations have worked their way through my abdomen and my nipples begin to stiffen. I begin to feel the flush creep over my chest as the licker finds my clit. A soft moan escapes my lips and I am rewarded with a male voice, "Do you like that?" My only response is to moan louder as his fingers deftly part

my labia. In my mind I can picture the string of cum stretching across the opening as his fingers tease the outer skin that leads to my core.

Oh god, that first finger feels so good. He knows what he is doing. Just the right amount of pressure as he probes, searching for, and finding my sensitive spot. His finger is long and thin but it pushes into me deeply before he curls it as he brings it out. My own hands are pinching my nipples in rhythm to his thrusts.

“Oh fuck yes,” I say loudly as his finger is joined by another. My clit is engaged in a tango of passion with his mouth. I can feel my climax rising, surprisingly quickly. I cannot believe I am going to come already but it is happening. I call out, “I’m coming” as the orgasm wracks my body causing me to arch my hips as much as this position will allow.

I hear a thank you and the whir as a tip is typed into my account, then he is gone. I am almost disappointed he left, but I know there will be more. I barely have time to take a sip of my whiskey when a buzz signals another guest has arrived. My cunt pulses at the buzzer, a Pavlov response, I presume. I am aroused by my image of this person’s view, my pussy lips slick with the previous guest’s saliva and my copious juices.

This customer is more focused, diving right into my pussy as if they were in an eating competition. Their tongue is long and wide. I am responding quickly, a sign of my own desires being fanned by the anonymity. Unexpectedly, they stiffen their tongue and begin fucking me with it. It feels like a small cock, but warmer, fleshier. I am squirming. Involuntarily, my hand is crushing my breast, my rigid nipple grazing my palm. As my second orgasm erupts, my hand moves up, wrapping itself around my neck. Choking is a kink of mine and my desire has my mind lost in 1000 fantasies at once.

I expected them to leave when my orgasm subsided, instead the tongue slides slowly down my slit, over the flesh below and darts inside my tiny rosebud. This is new for me, I’ve only ever had fingers in there before. It is a different sensation, but just as powerful. I feel their head bumping my cleft as they fuck my ass with their tongue. Oh god, is this another orgasm? “YES!” I yell, accidentally biting my lip in the process.

Another tip and then they are gone, leaving me alone with a dripping cunt. The three orgasms have not drained me, instead, I feel my pussy clenching as if it were a mouth silently begging for more.

The buzzer comes again, this time my display lights up warning me my room is being lowered. I can decline if I choose, but I am so aroused that I am craving something more than a tongue crammed into my tightness. I feel my juices flow as the mechanism whirs to life, descending my body until I am lined up with the guest’s waist. I feel his lips on my calves, kissing my flesh as he presses his cock against me. He feels thick, but honestly, it is difficult to tell without seeing it. The tingles I get when he slides the tip through my cum, getting it nice and wet before entering, send ripples of excitement through my body.

His cock presses into me, sliding in easily, a testament to the flow of my passion. I hear him moan as I clench my core tightly around him, feeling every inch. His hands are wrapped around my legs now. Each thrust is a bit harder and faster, his heavy balls slapping against my flesh.

I almost wish condoms weren't required but the rules make sense and I really don't want to be pregnant anyhow. The pill, the condoms and the after cleaning should ensure I am safe.

His grunts have turned into loud profanities as he nears his orgasm. He fills me. My orgasm is building but slower than before. I am lost in the sensation, my pussy taking control of my body until my entire being becomes an extension of my cunt.

The final straw sending me over the top is when his thumb presses between our bodies and pushes my throbbing clit. My world becomes a swirl of stars as I have a shuddering orgasm.

As he leaves with a tip and a thank you, a bell sounds signaling the end of my shift. 2k for 2 hours of work and now I get to go soak in a jacuzzi shower/tub before going home.

I enter the showers, only to see Suzie there before me.

"How was your first day," I ask before climbing into the tub to join her for a relaxing end to our evening.