



*Pepper's Boat Party*

## Pepper's Boat Party

Word travels fast on the college scene. Me, and two of my three BFFs – Isabelle and Ellie, all are now starting our Freshman year at USA in Mobile. Our third BFF, Reagan, has gone the opposite direction and is at Florida State in Tallahassee. Sophie, my live-in slave-girl, is starting her Freshman year at Bishop State College in Mobile. Before she met me, her grades were just shy of getting her into a four-year school, and I didn't have time to get her GPA up. So she does two years there, then transfers to USA. Her GPA will be up. I'll see to it.

So far, all of two weeks into classes, she's doing very well. Those who know her credit my supervised study sessions for that. I credit it to Sophie's burning desire to never disappoint me, and it's plain I want her to do well.

Normally I have Sophie dressed in something that's on the slutty side of porn-star slutty and equally revealing. No matter who I have over to my apartment. Well, except for when her family comes over, then I dress her like the 18-year-old girl she is. For class, I've been dressing her about the same as everyone else on my campus dresses, which is to say in youthful fashion. With one very notable, and well noticed, exception. Sophie is never, ever, under any circumstances without her collar. It's a soft leather dyed pastel green and fringed with a frilly white lace. It has a medium-sized shiny gold padlock fastening it, which she keeps well polished. And it has a dog tag on it, also polished shiny, which identifies her as "Property of Miss Rodgers."

It took exactly one day for the word of Sophie's collar to make it across town to my campus. Once it did, the gossip mill into overtime, especially since Sophie had told those who asked that I went to USA, and yes, she was my slave-girl, and very happy to be. Her first day three guys asked her out, all getting the same answer: they'd have to ask me, Sophie only dates whomever I tell her to date. But if I were to tell her to date one of them, she'd be a very good date. As good and fun of a date as I told her to be.

Her first day I dropped her off and picked her up, which gave everyone a chance to see that I am real, not just something Sophie made

## Pepper's Boat Party

up. After that, I bought her a pastel pink little moped to ride to and from school. Her mom laughed when I sent her a picture of it, saying that it was perfect. Sophie has always wanted a little moped like that. I knew, which is why she got that instead of a car from me. Plus it's only about a mile from the apartment to her campus. She loves it. Her classmates don't, at least the male ones, several of whom are trying to find me to ask if they might take Sophie out. I won't let them. I know they only want to date her because they think she'll be easy and kinky, and thus very fun.

The very day word made it over to USA about me, or rather the "girl student no one knew yet who owns a pretty slave-girl at the state college," both of my BFF's heard it. Izzy told me about it after our classes. It was one of the days we weren't in the same classes. When a junior year girl told her about it, Izzy just laughed, "Oh, you mean Pepper and her slave Sophie."

That was met with the natural response: "OMG, you know them!" to which Izzy said, "Uh, yeah, Pepper is like my BFF#1! And every time I go to her apartment Sophie serves us!" Which led to a request for an introduction, to which Izzy responded that I'm particular about whom I meet, but maybe she could arrange something. Although an invitation to my apartment, which always includes humble service by a barely-clad-to-butt-naked Sophie would be much harder of an ask.

Since then Elise, the junior-year girl, has been doing everything she can possibly think of to get into Izzy's good graces. Izzy and I have laughed about it a number of times. Not so much that she's trying to get in Izzy's good graces to get to me, but how obvious she's being about it. Izzy chalks that up to her slight social-awkwardness, a trait her computer science major of a boyfriend has even more of.

But Izzy thinks Elise is a good girl, just rather quiet. And socially inept. And she knows it. She doesn't have many friends, and fewer still that are close. We both wonder why she's so hot to meet me. Especially since it's obviously a reaction to hearing the rumors about my lifestyle.

Then comes Labor Day. Which obviously, by college-girl standards, demands a party. Even better, a toy of my mom's is an

## Pepper's Boat Party

executive for Airbus who lives most of the time in France but keeps a very nice sailboat in Mobile which she has use of. She politely tells him that she's loaned it to me. I'm certain she told him, not asked him. But whatever, it's waiting on me. And it's an 80-footer with a 19-foot beam and four cabins. Perfect for a good party.

The four of us, Izzy, Reagan, Ellie and I, all agree it's going to be an awesome party. Then kind with videos that go viral. Videos I will make, edit and post to ensure no one on my a list (which includes Sophie) is humiliated by them. B list guests... had best behave. Reagan wants to bring her boyfriend, whom she followed to Tallahassee. So I suggest that Izzy and Ellie might want to invite a date as well. That brings the number aboard to 10. the eight of us, plus the two sailors that come with the boat and can actually sail it. A party, but not a blowout. According to its captain, the Coast Guard will let up to 35 board the boat, so we all agree we have a little ways to go.

We decide to invite one friend each, plus a date. That boosts the total to 18. And obviously, we'll need some entertainment, so I offer to provide a few "toys," and everyone agrees that a couple of toys to tease might make for a fun party. And that'll boost the number to 22. We agree on three of our closer friends to add to the guest list, plus a date for each. That bumps it up to 28.

That's when I have a brilliant idea. I suggest we see just what Elise and her boyfriend are after. I have Sophie print up a very fancy invitation for "Elise plus one." It looks as good as anything a printer could have turned out. Amazing what you can do on a laptop nowadays. It invites them, but it also warns them that they are invited as the "special guests and property of Mistress Rodgers," to attend an "adult-themed" aboard the "Sail Yacht La Princesse Catherine." It tells them in finer print, but not so bad they'll need a microscope to see it, that they are permitted to bring "absolutely nothing but their bodies aboard." And it tells them when and where to meet the Yacht's tender.

Izzy delivers it the next day, lining up her guests as well. Her guests she promises them a fun time. Elise, she has no answers for, just

## Pepper's Boat Party

the invitation. I hire a party planner to decorate the living room area of the boat and make the arrangements for a memorable party. It necessitates adding a DJ to the manifest, but that's well worth it.

The boat is huge by Mobile bay standards, but not so big it won't fit into the marinas. Heck, it lives in one of those marinas. But we still arrange for the DJ to board with us and our dates, Sophie and the four toys I've instructed to attend in the marina. The other guests we arrange for them to meet the tender at a little marina off Bayou-Le-Battre at 2:00. Elise's invitation said for her to meet the tender at 2:30, which will be plenty of time for the little boat to make a trip out and back. Well, if you consider an 18-foot speedboat to be little. It looks little when tied up and drifting behind the yacht.

I don't know if Elise knows what the boat is like, but I'm guessing she does. One Google search will bring up plenty about it, including its ownership. And pictures. I'm guessing her computer science boyfriend would think to Goggle it if for no other reason than curiosity. And to see if the boat is really going to make for an awesome party.

I've already asked the few people I know about Elise, and none really know her. She's a good student. She's quiet. She's been dating Paul "forever." She doesn't party, but no one is sure if that's because she doesn't, or because she's not invited. She doesn't hang out much either. She just studies and hangs with Paul. But everyone agrees she's friendly enough.

If I had any question whether Elise was going to show up, that's gone in a few hours when I hear the rumor mill wondering why she, of all the girls, would get that invite instead of a "popular" girl who would obviously be so much more fun at a party! If she wasn't going to attend, she wouldn't have told everyone she knows that she scored an invite. And all of our email boxes quickly fill up with notes from people we know, most of which we barely know, letting us know they're "making their party plans." in other words - *invite me!*

When Labor Day comes, the crew takes care of everything for me, so all we have to do is board just before noon.

## Pepper's Boat Party

I've invited four toys. Greg (21), Allan (27), Marcie (19) and Kim (29). All four board along with Sophie and me, and we're the first aboard. As soon as we board, I take all four of the experienced toys below decks and watch them undress. Both of the guys are cute, with short dark hair, nice manly builds, but not muscle-men, and cocks just over six inches long and better than an inch across. Both circumcised, too. Their cocks are the entertainment, so that's really what I selected them for. Both Kim and Marcie are brunettes. Kim is about average in build with long light brown curly hair and a pair of 34-B's. Marci is a little smaller of a woman, but she has breasts that are perky, slightly cone-shaped, with wide nipples, that are the same size as Kim's. And therefore look larger on her chest. She has darker brown hair that's straight and hangs halfway down her back.

These four are toys, not my slaves, so I'd never honor them with an actual collar. Instead, I just use a length of brass chain which I lock around their necks. Then I plaster little name badges on their bare chests that read "Hello, I am the fuck-toy ... Feel free to amuse yourself with me." Yes, Sophie printed them up herself. I love them.

I put the toys on a sofa and tell them to sit properly and wait. As the crew casts off, Sophie prepares a nice lunch for me and my guests. I allow Sophie to join us at the table. The toys serve the table, attending to our whims, while we dine on a nice sub stuffed with grilled steak slices, peppers, onions, and lots of cheese. As we eat, the boat slowly makes it way out of the bay and into the gulf where it stands off about a mile from the coastline, directly south of the pick-up point. Only once we've all finished and the meal cleaned up to I instruct Sophie to "feed my pets." She makes them a bologna sandwich, without even mayo on it, and serves it to them with a cup of tap water. Nothing like reminding them of their place early on.

The tender, driven by one of the crewmen, makes the first trip and returns to the boat around ten after. As the guests board, the DJ starts up some music, even though the party really isn't going to get going until dark. When the tender leaves for the second trip, to pick up Elise, I send

## Pepper's Boat Party

Sophie to greet them properly.

She assures me that she understands exactly what I want her to do and will "see to it." So when the tender pulls up to the dock, she's ready for them. They arrive a few minutes later, maybe ten minutes before their appointed pick-up time. Sophie tells me that Elise grinned wide when saw Sophie, whom she'd only heard about, waiting for them aboard the boat. She warns them again to "lock everything they have in their car and give her a single key to it." they get the hint and she sees Elise lock her purse in the trunk. When they return to the dock, Paul hands her the trunk key. Hopefully, he thought to lock the other keys in the trunk.

Sophie says she welcomes them aboard. Then she tells the crewman to head out to the boat. The crew knows me. I've been aboard before, And I've borrowed the boat before. They know what I might do, which is to say anything. So when I asked the crewman not to pull the tender alongside on this trip, but to stay back about 20 feet, he said sure. And he had a grin that said he just knew this was going to be amusing.

When he comes to a stop just off the stern I'm waiting at the back of the boat to greet my new... amusements. Izzy and Reagan are there, too as are a few others. I watch as Sophie turns to Elise, and says "You first, girly, strip and give me your clothes." She holds her hand out. I see Elise's face look shocked. "My Mistress did tell you. You may bring absolutely nothing. Panties are something. Now strip."

Elise looks up to see the crowd watching her. I have the toys confined below decks, so they're not up here. Which means that everyone watching Elise is fully dressed. She hesitantly starts taking her clothes off and handing them to Sophie. Naturally, her panties are the last to come off.

Once Sophie has her panties, she asks Elise "do you have anything at all left on your body that God didn't personally attach?" When Elise says no, Sophie tosses her clothes over the far side of the boat. Elise shrieks with horror as they start drifting away.

"Can you swim?" Sophie asks her with a bot of her eyes. Elise says yes, she can swim. Sophie tells her to swim then, to the boat, not after her

## Pepper's Boat Party

clothes. Elise jumps in the warm gulf water. "Let me know if you see any big sharks!" Sophie teases. Elise swims quickly for the dive platform at the stern and climbs up on it.

Like most nicer boats, this one has a little shower on the dive platform to rinse the saltwater off before coming aboard. I just point Elise to it. She gets under the water. I hand her a bottle of shampoo. "I only allow clean pets aboard. And it's a long swim to shore."

Elise starts washing her short medium-blond hair. We all watch, our attention divided between Paul stripping for Sophie, and Elise showering. She's around 5'7", which is a hair tall for a girl, but she's thin and curvy. Her face is what I describe as "girl-next-door." nothing especially cute about her, but cute enough. Just like an average girl. Her boobs, however, are a little on the small side. I'd guess about a 36-A, but I'd bet she wears a loose-fitting 36-B. Not too many girls will admit to an A cup, and any girl I know that small will try for a bigger size just for the letter if she can get away with it. But they're nice and rounded, firm as they stand up off her chest. Her dark pink nipples, about the size of pencil erasers, are fully hard atop those boobs.

She's thin enough that I can make out her hip bones. Her pubes are fully shaven, letting me see a flat pussy mound with narrow lips that leave a wide gash. After the shampooing, I hand her a bottle of body wash and a rag. We watch her shower. She washes and tries to hand it back to me. "Don't be so filthy, skanky!" I scold her, "You missed the bottoms of those feet." I name a few more places, then make her wash her pussy again, suggesting it could use it, since it's obviously as skanky as she is. Only then will I take the soap and rag from her. I have her move to the other side of the dive platform to dry herself off, making way for Paul to crawl onto it and stand under the shower.

Paul isn't tall. He looks to be about the same height and build as Elise, which means wiry for a guy. And his chest is boyishly hairless. He has short medium-brown hair. He has only a sparse fur of lighter brown hairs around his cock. And not that much of a cock. I'd guess around five inches, but he is decently thick, maybe about an inch. But he's not



## Pepper's Boat Party

circumcised, which is a no-go for me. He has enough foreskin that it completely covers the deep-purple head of that shaft. Behind that, he does have a nice set of balls hanging low and loose, also sparsely furred. I make him wash that very thoroughly, especially pulling back that nasty foreskin before he's done.

I leave them both standing on the dive platform. Naked, with their hands behind them so everyone can get a good look at their bodies. I run down the rules for them. "In case you haven't guessed, I am Miss Rodgers. You two now belong to me. You will speak only when spoken to, and then, you will be very polite, humble and formal. No matter who you are speaking to. If your mouth opens, 'Sir' or 'Ma'am' had better come out of it. You will do whatever any person tells you to do. People have clothes, so you should be able to tell who they are. Pets and toys do not have clothes. You obey everyone.

"You will never speak to each other. You will never touch each other. Except under proper supervision and then only if you are specifically told to. You will not ask anyone for anything. You will not question anything. Do not ask a single question. Do not hesitate, stall, delay, balk, or drag your feet either. And whenever anyone asks you anything, you will answer honestly and fully, like it or not.

"And so you know, I demand obedience from my pets. Disappoint anyone and you will suffer the consequences of your misbehavior. Your place is to serve and please the people I've invited to my party. No one cares what you want. Anyone here may do whatever they fancy with you. With your body. Or make you do whatever they can imagine. You don't get a say in it.

"Oh, and once you board my boat, there's no turning back. There's no mercy, either. You're here until I decide to put you ashore somewhere, sometime. You can't leave. And you don't get a say in anything, not even what's done to you. So either come aboard now and get on your knees or start swimming - the shore is *only a mile* that way."

Both glance toward the coastline, visible, but looking distant and desolate. Both climb up the ladder onto the aft deck and kneel down.

## Pepper's Boat Party

"Good little pets!" I say with a little tease in my voice. They get brass chains for collars locked around their necks as well. I have little plastic dog tags for their collars. Elise gets a pastel pink one, shaped like a set of boobs and engraved with "Pet Girl. Please Use This Body For Your Enjoyment." Paul gets a baby blue one shaped like a cock and balls, which names him "Pet Boy" and has the same offer of his body on it.

As I'm dealing with those two, the crew gets the tender tied up to the back of the boat and the crewman comes aboard. He signals the captain and the sail is quickly reeled in by an electric winch. Soon we're cruising along at a leisurely pace. I tell the crewman to make sure he lets his captain know that my pets here are available, for whatever, should either fancy a little fun. "I know all about sailors and those long, lonely voyages at sea. Pet Girl has a cute little pussy. Help yourself. Or Pet Boy, if that's your thing." As he heads forward, I see the 30-ish sailor has his eye on Elise's naked body. Or rather her firm boobs with their slightly upturned and stiff nipples.

I didn't invite a date. But I did invite a couple of really cute guys from one of the frat houses, who brought more guys as their plus one. My only rule for "plus ones" is that they have to be 18, lest we break some law out here. Which... well I'm not even sure who's law applies out here! Are we still in Alabama? Or the US? Or open waters, where I guess French law - whatever that might be - would apply since this is a French-flagged boat. I decide to find out, so I ask the captain. "We're in Mississippi." He answers. We've already cruised westward enough that we've crossed the state line. Which wasn't but a few miles anyway. "Up to three miles out is state waters. From three to twelve miles is US waters. After that, it's international waters where the law of our country of registry applies, which is France. However, the US Coast Guard may stop us anywhere. They have some agreement with France, and really most civilized countries, to enforce international standards against drug and human trafficking. Usually, they don't give us a second look, though." He suggests we should get over three miles offshore, since state laws are far more stringent than US admiralty laws, and vary as we cross imaginary

## Pepper's Boat Party

lines on the sea. Not wanting any trouble I agree and he steers us a little further out. We'd discussed the course for this trip, sailing westward to New Orleans, which is only about 100 miles, where we'd arrive around 8:00. but there's little reason to go ashore since not everyone is old enough to get into any of the clubs. Instead, we'll reverse and cruise back towards Florida, before reversing course again and coming back to our starting point around 8:00 am. He figures we'll get at least as far east as Tallahassee before he reverses. Maybe all the way to Cedar Key.

I've locked out the four cabins. The master for myself, the others for Izzy, Reagan, and Ellie. The others will just have to borrow one or make do. There are some very nice lounge chairs set up on the bow deck.

The party company has done an excellent job of turning the living room and aft deck into a night club. We have everything but a disco ball, and let's face it, the '70s are long dead! Luckily, the boat has wide glass sliding doors that allow the living room to open almost fully to the deck, making it one big club. We have neon lights that can pulse with the music. We have a real DJ, one who actually knows EDM music. The boat has a full bar, which is now open! Free drinks and a college crowd... and they've set up a small buffet table with everything from a salad to sandwiches and shrimp. Sophie assures me that she'll make sure the toys I've brought keep that well-stocked.

The party begins as soon as we start sailing. The DJ plays music, but at a slightly lower volume as everyone gets going.

Izzy brought a guy she likes as her plus one. Ellie brought a friend of hers, a woman named Flower who looks to be around 18 or 20 and is most definitely a full-blown hippie. In all, of the 30 passengers on this trip, there are 14 men and 16 women, a ration that I'm sure the frat guys appreciate. Of the 14 males, 3 are toys, and thus off-limits. Two more are "taken:" Reagan's boyfriend and the guy Izzy is after. That leaves me a potential pool of nine possible guys to hook up with, should I decide to. Or should I say, when I get horny for some real cock. I'd bet a couple of those are dates of some of the girls we invited, but I'd bet at least five, and looking around maybe six or seven are available for a short-term cock

## Pepper's Boat Party

loan.

Of the 11 men (toys don't count as men, they're toys!) I'd guess all are roughly college age, and all could easily be frat boys. All, less so the obviously taken ones, but all the guys can't help themselves. They're eagerly eyeing up the naked ladies. And many of the girls are checking out the cocks on display. I'd expected that none except for the BFFs, have really partied with me, or even know me that well. More just my reputation, which is rather clouded and unspecific. More like everyone knows I play kinky games, but no one can actually say anything I've done or with whom I've done anything. But even the murky reputation was enough to ensure that once word got out about this boat party, everyone assumed it was going to fun. In the girls gone wild kind of fun way.

I know my BFFs are comfortable enough with me having nude toys are to cater to use. It's nothing they haven't seen before, like at my apartment-warming party when I had two naked boy toys to serve us. And Sophie, who is perpetually there and almost always nude or very close to it. Except now, she's in her maid's outfit, which covers nothing, but looks slutty-cute on her. It's just an all lace stretchy dress, this one in pastel green, that runs from boobs to maybe an inch below her butt, accented with a tiny white lace apron not much bigger than her pubes, lace fingerless gloves, a lacy horseshoe clip to hold her long honey-blond hair back, and high-heeled boots on stiff lace instead of leather.

I want this party to get rocking sooner, rather than later, and I want everyone to have a very good time. I wouldn't have brought the toys if I didn't want them played with, either. These particular toys, I know want to be played with. Even Greg and Marcie, who are a couple. Both have some interest in swinging, in being shared with others, preferably when combined with a little D/s.

To set the mood, I grab hold of Marcie's very pert left boob. I let everyone watch me stroke it softly while Marcie just stands there, and after a few seconds purrs lightly. Then I pinch it's nipple firmly and say "come." Marcie obediently follows her boob as I lead her over to a pair of frat guys, at least I'm pretty sure one of them is. I've seen him around

## Pepper's Boat Party

always wearing a shirt from the same frat. "Wayne, right? Who's your buddy?"

"Hey, yeah, I'm Wayne. This is Jeremy."

"Hiya, Jeremy. I'm Mistress. You know Wayne from campus?"

"Yeah, we're both Delta Gammas. We're both Juniors."

"Got a girlfriend?"

"Not at the moment..."

He could easily have one. He's cute. A little stocky, which I kinda like, with short hair. Not exactly a football player, we do have a division I team, but definitely kind of hunky cute. I'd bet he's into some form of sports, maybe not on the teams, but definitely a player. He's a hair older, maybe around 24? "Oh, that's a shame. A big manly man like you and no girl to take care of your... needs." I say it with a tiny bit of a tease to my voice, but a lot of honey.

"You're not shy are you?"

"Not really."

"Slut, be a good slut. On your slutty knees."

Marcie very quickly and obediently drops to her knees, spreading her knees and feet wide, but also the same distance apart. She gets her hands behind her back, and her back up straight. She looks forward, her eyes up a little.

"Isn't Slut" - that's the name on her name badge (Kim's is Skank, Greg's is Dick, and Allan's is Pecker) - "kind of cute for such a cheap gutter slut?"

"Yeah." He doesn't hesitate.

"With no lucky girl for a girlfriend, I'll bet it's been a while since you've had a good blow job. Doesn't Slut look like she can really suck a cock?"

"Uh, yeah, she does." What else could he say, she is on her knees in front of him and butt-naked.

"Wanna make a little bet? I'll bet you she's so eager to suck that cock, that she'll swallow every bit of it and kiss your balls while it's down her throat. If she does... you serve me a drink in your undies. If she

## Pepper's Boat Party

doesn't, I serve you one in my undies." I bat my eyelashes. OK, it looks like I'm playing it up, but I am. Unless a horse is hung like a mouse compared to this guy, Marcie is going to swallow it. I know. I taught her to do it. But besides setting a tone for my party, I want to see what this unknown guy has in those undies. I never borrow a cock without knowing what I'm borrowing.

He looks at me with a bit of a question on his face. I know that he's doubting this girl, pretty and young with very nice boobs, is going to be so eager to blow a guy she's never even meet. Who doesn't even know her name. His buddy eggs him on a bit, and finally, he says "sure."

"Slut, suck cock," I say it firmly, but not loud or harshly.

Marcie immediately frees his cock from his pants. Even soft he has about four inches that's rapidly springing to full attention just from the touch of her fingers. And those soft inches are already close to an inch thick. Marcie gets those hands behind her back again and puts her lips to the tip of his shaft. She sucks lightly and pulls every bit of it into her hot mouth. Her first stroke is slow, a little unsteady, but by the time she's starting to take it into her for a second time, he's at full stiffness.

Marcie takes every bit of it, her lips going right to his balls. She gags only slightly as it's thickness pushes into her throat. As she makes her leisurely strokes on him, I figure that he has something around seven inches, and it's a good inch and a half across. That is truly a nice cock. I'm glad it's not going to waste. Like a true slut, Marcie lives up to her name. She manages to get enough of her tongue put between his shaft and her teeth to tickle his balls with it.

Jeremy moans so happily. The rest, or at least almost everyone, gawks at the sight of him getting a blow job right there in front of everyone. The guys have noticed just how easy it was to get the cute Marcie on her knees, too.

I leave him there to enjoy his blow job. I head for Allan, taking hold of him by his cock and lead him over to a group of three girls. There's a girl there named Hannah, whom I know pretty well. She went to high school with us and now goes to college with Sophie. She's barely

## Pepper's Boat Party

18, as in her birthday was last week. She's being quiet, as she tends to do in new situations, but once she gets comfortable with it, she'll be fun. And she's pretty. And not dating anyone at the moment. But she does have a little modest streak to her, one that only tends to come out when sex is involved. I kind of wonder if she's still a virgin. I could see that, totally.

"Hiya, Hannah. This is Pecker. Doesn't he have a nice pecker?"

"Uh... I guess..." She says, but her eyes are locked on his stiff shaft, as it now lies atop my palm.

I take the tips of my fingers and lightly stroke along the shaft. It quickly twitches on my hand. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see that Hannah is watching everything, eyes wide in shock, but equally eager. "Go ahead if you want, touch it... do whatever you want with it. Go on, Hannah, it won't mind."

She hesitantly reaches down and lets her fingers brush very lightly over the cock, just as I had done. It twitches for her, too. "See it likes you!" I move quickly to take my hand from under the cock and put it atop her hand. Before Hannah knows what's happening, I have her hand closed around his cock. She tries quickly to release it, but I hold her. Then she accepts it, and I start stroking her hand up and down his cock slowly. "See, you can do whatever you fancy with my toys. They don't mind. Or I don't care if they do! Don't be so shy, amuse yourself! Whatever you want to do, or see, just do! I brought some of my toys for you girls to play with!"

I leave her there, releasing her hand. She continues stroking his cock, her two girlfriends stare down, gawking at her stroking the cock. After a second I hear a giggled "OMG!!!" I look out and see that Kim is on her knees serving a guy a drink. Obviously, he's gotten the message to make use of the naked ones. So I head for Elise. Time to teach her a few things.

Since she's shaven I don't have a bush to grab. Instead, I roughly shove my hand between her thighs and pinch hold of a pussy lip, which lets me feel it's slippery hot wetness. "Come, Girl Toy." I don't wait for her to think, just start pulling her. She follows her pussy as I lead her to

## Pepper's Boat Party

the center of the room.

"On all fours, Girl Toy." She gets down. I start tapping her body with my crop, lightly, but enough for her to feel it, as I instruct her into the position I want her in. I have her get her thighs straight up and down, crop swats on her thighs encouraging her. Then swats to her knees and feet urge her to get them spread nice and wide. Crop swats to her arms encourage her to get those forward and out until her back is flat. A single swat to her cheek gets her head up, which has her staring out the back of the room onto the deck.

I grab Greg by his cock and lead him over, standing him behind Elise. His cock, but my eyeball guess, is about an inch longer, and somewhere between  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch thicker than her boyfriend's. "Guys, this is 'Girl Toy.' She's not even a gutter whore, she's just a straight cum dumpster! It has three holes, mouth, pussy and butt. Plus some baby-little boobs. Feel free to make use of any of them. Or whatever else you dare to risk the skank of. Since I know most of you haven't likely ever seen a good fuck-show before - let's face it, most people prefer to fuck in private - I'm putting on a show. This is Girl Toy's first time getting fucked in front of an audience. We're all going to see for ourselves just what a complete skanky slut she is.

"Dick, fuck this bitch."

"Yes, Mistress." Greg/Dick answers as he drops to his knees. A few seconds later his cock in her pussy, stroking her slowly while she kneels there.

A few more seconds and Elise is moaning. High-pitched, girly, almost squeaky moans that grow louder by the stroke. I give her a few swats with my crop, warning her "You were not told to climax. Do not. You were told to stay. So stay. Still. Just get fucked. A whore like you should be able to handle that."

I definitely have some attention now, a good part of the crowd watching the shameless show of Greg fucking Elise doggy-style.

Elise's moan takes at most a minute before I consider them screams. Loud, girly, screams. But hot screams from her gaping mouth.



## Pepper's Boat Party

After maybe another minute she's trembling as she screams out. "See how slutty it is?" I have to raise my voice to almost shout over her moans. "So clearly she likes getting fucked for our entertainment!"

I let it go on another minute, her light white skin flushing a light pink as her trembling becomes even harder. Her screams couldn't get any louder. "Any of you boys want to finish fucking this whore? Dick doesn't count as a man. He couldn't cum if he were allowed to!" I pull him back from her and order him up to his feet. I leave Elise on all fours. "Come on, guys, surely someone can spare a little cock for this gutter whore! Show her what a real man's cock is like, not the little toys ones she's seen!"

One of the frat-looking guys comes up and looks down at the nude girl panting breathy moans. He shrugs and gets down to his knees. Out comes a very nice cock, definitely seven inches, maybe even eight, and close to two inches thick. *Gonna have to try that cock*, I think as I see it.

Elise screams out another moan as he pushes into her pussy. When he starts fucking her she keeps screaming, squirming hard, and trembling just as hard as ever. I see her toes curling up, her fingers trying to grip the floor hard enough to turn her knuckles white. "Sorry, I don't know your name. Once you're finished, just tell her she can climax if you want to see her cum. Or leave her, I don't really care."

I flick the tip of my crop up, very lightly landing a swat on the stiff nipples atop each breast. "behave that slutty butt, Girl Toy, climax only when you're told to. Pretend those boobs depend on you being a really good bitch!"

It doesn't take him long to cum. I hadn't figured it would, Elise looks to be somewhat on the tight side. I stop him from allowing her to climax and leave him to finish. Once he does, I grab hold of Marcie as she passing me by, her blow job now completed. Without a word, I push her down to the spot the frat boy has just vacated.

"Anyone want to see a little girl-on-girl?" I ask.

Of course, the boys want to. "Slut, eat that skanky thing," I command.

Marcie inches forward, putting her lips to Elise's pussy. A half-

## Pepper's Boat Party

second later, Elise screams as the shudders return to her body. Her hips squirm hard. I swat her bottom with the crop scolding her loudly to keep her hips still so Slut can eat her pussy. My guests wish to see a "dyke show." She stills a little, but not that much. I really hadn't expected her to, Marcie is good at eating pussy. She's had some practice, which Sophie has thanked me for.

I turn away, leaving them there. "Y'all just enjoy the show. Feel free to take wither, or both, if you want to use them. Or tell Girl Toy she can finally cum whenever anyone fancies seeing just how slutty that's going to be!"

I grab Greg's cock and walk him over to where Paul is standing. The least hunky of the guys, he's been somewhat ignored by the crowd so far. And now he's busying himself watching Elise get her pussy eaten. Boys!!!

"Time for a little something for the girls to watch!" I announce. Then I order Greg down to his knees and watch him drop just as Marcie had. "Suck cock, Pecker."

Greg takes Paul's smaller cock in his mouth and starts sucking it.

Paul cringes hard. As he starts to pull back from it, I swat him hard on his bottom with my crop. "No. I said get your cock sucked. Just stand there like the little fairy Boy Toy you are and get sucked. Just don't climax, I didn't tell you to do that!"

He cringes even harder. A few of the girls squeal "OMG!!! Look at him suck it!" then Bethany squeals, "I love it! Not he knows what it's like for a girl!"

"Good point." Another girl giggles loudly, "let him know what it feels like to have a cock in his throat! What he wants us to do for them!"

A few girls, around six gather close to watch Greg give a blow job. It's maybe half a minute before Paul can't resist any longer and finally purrs out a little groaning moan. But a happy moan, at least at Greg's skill. And he is skilled, I teach all my toys all of the trick just the same way. He learned to suck a cock just as Marcie and the other girls did, which is to say very uncomfortably, and very pleasingly for the cock.

## Pepper's Boat Party

In another minute or so, it's evident that he's ready to cum. And equally evident that resisting that urge is a new experience for him, one he's not going to last very long at. So I look him in the eye and ask "aw... does my little Boy Toy want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" he blurts out very anxiously.

I pull Greg's head back, making Paul's cock slip from his mouth. Paul groans out a deep frustration. "Earn it," I tell him firmly. "On *your* knees!" I don't wait for him to get down, knowing that he's smart enough to figure out I'm about to make him suck a dick, and that's decidedly an unmanly thing to do. I shove him down, and firm crop swats get him into position. I just pinch the corners of his jaw to stretch his mouth wide, and before he really can do much about it, Greg's larger cock is in his mouth.

He tries to suck it, at least after a few very good croppings to his bottom urge him on. But it's a pathetic blow job. Not even close to getting Greg moaning, and maybe not even good enough to bring him off. "Come on, Boy Toy! It should taste just like Girl Toy's pussy since it just taught her what a not-pitiful fuck was like! Suck that thing!"

Behind me, I hear Elise's screams take on stuttering. I glance back and see her lying on the floor, her body snapping hard as the wave of orgasm crash over her, and her pussy weeping honey onto her thighs. Behind that, I see one guy fist-bump another and say something like "I told you her cumming would be hot!" It is, in a slutty graphic way. Even on her back now, she keeps shuddering crisp and hard, her hands now flailing everywhere.

"Girls, I think Boy Toy needs to learn how to suck a cock." I take hold of Paul's head, one hand on his jaw to keep him from biting down, the other on the top at the back. I use a firm, hard grip. I steady his motion, setting a leisurely pace. And with each stroke I make him take a little more of the cock into his mouth. It's not long before he's gagging hard on the fat shaft. Which doesn't bother me one iota. I just keep him going, forcing another couple of millimeters of man-shaft into his mouth with every stroke. It's not long before the girls are giggling hard as he starts choking on it, the same point where I feel the hard resistance of his

## Pepper's Boat Party

throat. I ignore that, too, and keep going until his throat can't fight me any longer and Greg's cock forces it to stretch wide. He almost pukes, might if his throat weren't so stuffed he couldn't. I just keep going, making that cock creep down his throat a little more with each stroke. Eventually, his lips get to Greg's balls. I keep him going, making him suck it just the same way guys always want girls to do it. After a minute or more, he gets used to it enough that he's not choking any longer. I give both of his butt cheeks a decent tap with my crop, then I bring the crop up from behind him, right between his legs and give the backside of his balls a tap that's so light he barely feels it. I warn him to behave and keep sucking cock like a girl. Then I release his head and watch him go.

Now Greg is getting eager to cum again. But he's a well-used toy and can hold himself for a good while. Especially since he knows I'll crop that cock if it cums without my permission. But he does moan out, letting the girls know his cock doesn't mind a guy sucking it. The girls watch it eagerly. I wait until I'm sure that Greg won't handle it much longer, and to where Paul is now barely gagging on the shaft violating his mouth. To separate them.

I pull Paul back up to his feet. I turn to Elise, who is now struggling up to her rubbery legs. She caught the end of the show, too. "Girl Toy, has this Boy Toy so much as hinted that he wants anal sex?"

"Yes, Ma'am." She answers.

"Have you done that for him?"

"NO! Ma'am."

"Hear that, guys? Girl Toy's asshole is a virgin! Don't let her leave here with anything virginal!"

"Pecker, show these girls your hairy little asshole."

With a snappy "Yes, Ma'am," he leans over and spreads his legs wide, then pulls his cheeks just as wide. I grab Paul by the base of his cock and pull him forward, putting his cock to Greg's asshole. Even his cock, on the smaller side of average, is enough that not a bit of asshole can be seen around it. "See that, girls? She how much bigger a cock is than that tiny little hole? I'll bet it's really tight on a cock." the girls actually

## Pepper's Boat Party

look, and I mean get a close good look.

Once they've seen it, I push Paul's head down so he can see how little hole there is for so much cock. Then I turn Paul quickly and roughly to his side and push him over the end of a chair. With a snap of my fingers, Greg is back standing up. I spread Paul's cheeks wide, and silently guide Greg's larger cock up to press lightly against Paul's asshole. It eclipses all of his hole and most of the dark ring around it. The girls get a good look at that, too.

I ask Paul, "doesn't that cock feel so huge against your asshole?"

"YES! Ma'am!" Paul blurts out very nervously.

"Well, too bad. Since you want to fuck a girl in her ass, I think you should know just what it is you want to do to her."

"NO!" he cries out desperately.

I swat his back with my crop. "Shut up, bitch, I own that ass, I'll decide what gets rammed up it."

"Come on!" One of the frat boys calls out tauntingly, like a bully, "take it like a man!" That gets a good laughing giggle from the girls.

I lean forward and whisper some instructions into his ear, telling him to allow it into him without it hurting. "Relax or not, I'm shoving it up that butt. Either way, I won't feel a thing." then I urge Greg forward. As the pressure increases against his tight muscle, I see him make a pathetic attempt to relax it, but only when it's apparent it's about to force it's way into him anyway. He cries out a loud pained grunt as Greg's moderately thick shaft pushes into his bottom. Greg has done anal any number of times, and he doesn't hesitate to get going and set a leisurely rhythm.

Paul leans over the chair, grunting hard. But his grunts slowly ebb off. The girls squeal and try not to watch, but can't help watching as they have such a close-up view of Paul getting anal sex. A view that lets them see all of Greg's hard shaft slipping in and out of his butt.

When Greg gets close to cumming, I stop them with Greg's cock fully buried in Paul's bottom. It has their hair-covered balls touching as the hang against each other's loose and low. I put a zip tie around the top

## Pepper's Boat Party

of their balls, pulling it snug and binding their balls together.

The girls laugh heartily at that. The plastic tie isn't tight, but it's tight enough that they have no hope of getting their balls out of it without killing themselves with pain. So they'll stay. "If you ask my slave nicely, maybe she can find something in the kitchen to cut that strap. And maybe if you ask all these people here, someone will be kind enough to cut it for you." I say it with a laugh to my voice.

I spin them so Paul doesn't get the chair to lean over, just leans over. He quickly braces his hands on his knees. The guys are laughing heard at the pair. Harder than even the girls are, which says something. "I were you, I'd go find my slave. Unless you want to stay there with that hard cock up your butt, that is." They get the hint. It's absolutely amusing to watch them try to walk like that. So amusing everyone is laughing as hard as they possibly can. As they half-walk half-stumble toward Sophie across the room, it's obvious that they've haven't mastered staying in step. Which gets Greg's cock wiggling around in Paul's bottom. Which gets some grunted moans from Paul.

Cell phones are out, videos being taken of the amusing walk. As they near Sophie, she walks over to the farthest side of the room, going about her duties. But it makes the pair reverse course and crosses the room again, their balls bound together. With them moving, and Greg's cock wiggling in Paul's very tight butt, there's no chance of it getting soft. So Sophie makes them cross the room again. Finally, when they get to her, Greg very humbly asks her if she has anything to cut the strap and free their balls. Sophie sets a pair of scissors on Paul's back, high up between his shoulders, and tells them to go find someone willing to cut them free, she's not "touching anything that close to a skanky-filthy-man-butt!"

They hobble around the room, asking a few people to cut them free. The first, a guy, has no pity and says "dudes, I'm a man, no way am I play with balls!" then he laughs at them. The second, a girl, squeals and runs off. Finally, Reagan has pity on them and reaches down. She's careful to separate their balls and cut the strap between them. Immediately Paul

## Pepper's Boat Party

slides forward until Greg's cock pops out of his butt. I'm right there to stop him from straightening up, point out to the girls how his butt is now just gaping open after "such abuse!"

"Now, come on, everyone, let's have some fun! Play with my toys! Dance with... whomever you want! Get laid if you want, with your choice of willing guest or always-available-for-whatever toy! Get a couple of toys and put on whatever show your heart desires! Heck, get two toys. Get your pussy licked while you get a massage - I highly recommend it! Have some fun!" Sophie giggles at the last. She knows very well how much I enjoy that. It's usually her tongue taking care of my pussy.

I head back to Wayne and ask if he can dance. He says yeah, so I ask if he'd like to "take me for a spin." He does. I let him feel my butt up through my pants while we dance. I figure it's only fair because when the second song starts, I dance as dirty as a dumpster. My ample 32-D boobs are all over him, as is my hard round bottom. And most of the rest of me. It does what I want it to do, lets me gauge how much cock he has in those undies. On the high side of average, but I've seen better already. I give him a good long kiss before I move along and pick the next guy to dirty dance with. It doesn't take me long to get through all of the single men.

Now I just want to dance for a while. With the music building, the dancing is getting going, more and more people joining in. all of the naked toys are out on the dance floor, snagged by someone as a dance partner. I dance, dirty dance with Sophie, who dirty dances right back at me, with my permission, of course. But she doesn't get a kiss, just gets to give me one on the cheek.

As I spin I almost bump Izzy. "Double?" I ask her quietly. She's dancing with the boy she's interested in. she nods, mouthing a silent "behave!" So I swing around into place, squeezing the guy between us as our hands find each other's shoulders. He definitely notices and just as surely doesn't complain. I mouth "get dirty!" to Izzy, and she starts dirty dancing with him. She's good, not quite as good as me, but I've had a lot more practice at it. Soon we're double-dirty-dancing on the boy. Then we spin him around, giving me his front. Which lets me feel that he's

## Pepper's Boat Party

definitely on the good side of average. Definitely. Enough that I don't doubt he'll keep Izzy happy if he ever gets the hint and goes for her. "enjoying my party?" I ask and he nods.

As I spin away Flower is there, dancing by herself. I join her and we dance together. I don't know her, just that she's Ellie's hippie friend. I think I've seen her like once before with Ellie. But she's a pretty girl, with light blond hair, wavy and long down her back, with just the slightest reddish tinge to it. I don't know her, or what's into, so I just slowly make my way close to her until the two of us are dirty dancing. Flower getting just as dirty right back at me. "You like girls?" I ask her quietly when we have our heads close.

"I like everyone." She tells me. I assume that means she's bi. Or maybe she's like me, completely comfortable with her heterosexuality, and while I'm not attracted to girls, I don't mind using one for a little pleasure either, at least as long as I'm using her, not screwing her. She's just a little taller than me, maybe 5'3" or 4" and she's thin. She appears to have small boobs, at least I think. Her loose-fitting tie-dye shirt makes it really hard to tell.

But since I know now that she won't freak on me, as the song ends, I lean up and give her a long hot kiss. She kisses me back just as passionately, and it gets some attention. She kisses me hotly enough that I keep dancing with her. And now I put a little more dirt in my dirty. When I go down, I go far enough that I can plant a soft kiss atop her pubes, through her clothes. But then as I slowly slither my way up her body, I let my hands slide under her shirt and along her feminine-soft skin. She doesn't flinch from it. My hands keep going, and I don't find a bra. So on my way back down, I let my hands move to her front where I find bare breasts that are definitely small, but fully rounded, like half melons, and topped with very stiff wide nipples.

That's all I do then, but when the song ends I give her another kiss, letting my hands slide slowly down her back until they're on her bottom. She doesn't mind, so I stay there and kiss her until the beat is going full-force again. This time, about mid-way through the song, I let my forearms



## Pepper's Boat Party

take her shirt up to expose those boobs. They look as good as they felt, with dark purple-brown nipples, with wide rings around them. Nipples that stick out well over a ¼", I just put my mouth to one and kiss it sweetly. She purrs. I grab hold of whoever is next to me, feeling that it's a man and pull his head right to her other boob. He must not be with anyone here, because he kisses her other nipple hotly for me. Flower moans, arching her breasts forward towards us and her head up. Everyone watches that.

That's the last song with Flower for now. I move on and joining another guy.

After a couple of hours of that, I'm so horny I can't stand it. I find a guy, I think he said his name was Mitch, with the nearly two-inch-thick cock. "Hiya. Here's the deal. I'm horny as hell. I want you to slowly do me in my bottom while my slave eats my pussy. You game?"

He just looks at me for a long second. "Seriously?"

I reach down and grab a handful of crotch. "Slave, Come, Now!" I snap and Sophie rushes to my side. Keeping my handful of goodies, I lead him back to the master cabin and let us in. It's a boat, not a recording studio, so the music pounds away in here almost as loud as it does on the other side of the door. "Slave, strip this cock-volunteer very sweetly for me."

"Gladly, Mistress," Sophie says with a huge grin on her face. She likes boys. A lot. And loves any chance to get her hands on one, even though I'm sure she's figure out by now that her pussy and butt are mine, and will be remaining virgins. She starts undressing the guy, her very silky hands gliding over his body as he lips plant soft fleeting kisses everywhere. She doesn't rush it, letting me enjoy watching him undressed.

Then she turns to me and I nod. "Strip." Sophie starts dancing to the beat, and strips like a stripper would. She stays between us, turning enough to let him get a good full view of her body every bit of the way. Then I allow her to undress me, which she does even sweeter than she undressed him. That's a show he doesn't mind watching either.

## Pepper's Boat Party

I order Sophie to lie on the bed with her head hanging over the edge. She does it, never questioning anything. I stand over her, straddling her lips as they begin to grin widely now that she realizes what's destined for her mouth.

I have the guy get behind me. I turn and give him a huge kiss, rubbing my boobs over his chest. "slow and steady. Do what I tell you. Hurt me and you'll go overboard." But I say it sweetly. I mean it, too. I guide that thick shaft into my pussy, letting him take a few strokes in there as I lean over Sophie. Oh does that cock feel good, too. Maybe five strokes and I already feel the hot sparks shooting through my body and the swelling ache in my clit. I reach behind my bottom and get a hand around his fat cock. I push him back, until his slickened shaft slips free, and guide it up to my butt. I keep a snug grip on it. "Let me do this," I say that firmly, but still sweetly, as I guide it forward until I feel just the right pressure against my tiny asshole. Then I force it to relax fully, and his shaft glides right into my bottom.

It's one of the bigger ones I've had, but not impossibly big. Getting there, but not quite there. I feel it stuffing me so incredibly full. I hold it snugly, keeping it's entry steady and leisurely. And I take all of into my bottom without any discomfort for me. I just purr a little sweetness as it slides in and I feel it stroking the backside of my pussy. Or rather know that it is as I feel more of the hot sparks exploding in my pussy. I keep a snug grip around the base, guiding him through a couple of strokes until I'm satisfied he knows how I want it. "Just keep going just like that for a minute. But give me every inch of that cock! Slave, tongue my pussy, and do a very hot job of it!"

Sophie starts eagerly licking my clit, forcing herself to keep her tongue's pace leisurely. Now on his own, Mitch? He starts giving me that cock in my butt, and he behaves himself. In less than half a minute, I'm moaning out as much as I ever do. I'm not like some girls, like Elise. I don't scream. I more breathe hard deep fast breaths with a throaty moan to them. "harder!" I cry out in my breathy voice and he starts going just a little harder. I repeat. Then repeat again. "Give me that cock! Give it to

## Pepper's Boat Party

me as hard as you can. Come on, give me all you've got!" I cry out. He does, pounding it into me good.

I rest my hands on Sophie's boobs. As it gets good, I no longer feel my pussy, just the burning heat of those ten-zillion sparks exploding all at once, sweeping outward to fill my body. Icy tingles along every nerve I have. And that unbearable ache, like I'd hit my finger with a hammer or something, that keeps swelling in my pussy. I knead Sophie's boobs as I near my climax.

Since this guy doesn't know me, I warn him "I'm gonna cum. Keep pounding me! Don't you dare stop!" then I cum with a long whiskey moan. As I do, my bottom thrusts back hard, impaling itself on his cock. He keeps going. So do I. I manage to sneak in a second orgasm before he cums with a very satisfied grunt.

After he's done, like all men it seems, he slips his sated cock out of my butt. I stand up then and turn to drop on the bed. "Slave, clean that cock off and get him dressed. Then you can massage me."

"So gladly, Mistress!" Sophie answers. She drops to her knees in front of his still-hard cock and unrolls the rubber from it. Then she swallows his cock, taking every bit of its hugeness into her mouth. She sucks it a half dozen strokes, that definitely catch his interest, then releases it with nothing left on it but the thinnest film of her spit. She dresses him and walks him the single step to the door.

"On second thought, I want more, slave. Go find me a toy."

Sophie is back in a minute with Marcie. I roll over onto my stomach and tell Marcie to come massage me. Once she gets going I make Sophie twist around and get her head in between my thighs to tongue my pussy. I get three more orgasms before my vise-tight thighs manage to throw Sophie's head off my pussy. After that, I treat myself to a two girl massage for a bit, before I get back up, dress and return to the party, I'm sure the dreamy look in my glassy eyes is enough to tell the world what I've been up to. And I don't care.

An hour later I notice Flower slipping up to the bow with one of the boys, arm in arm. Obviously, he got lucky. Then again, maybe Flower is

## Pepper's Boat Party

into the whole free love thing. She's definitely hippie enough. But it gives me an idea.

I give them a few minutes, then I look around and see that currently, no one is using Kim/Skank. So I grab her by the bush and walk her along the side up to the bow. As I'd figured I would, I see the guy and Flower, no naked, embraced in one of the loungers, and right about to fuck. I whisper instructions, the release Skank and slip back to the shadows. Kim goes over to the pair, drops to her knees, and says "Excuse me, Sir, Ma'am, Miss Rodgers offers me to enhance the pleasure of you both however I may be allowed to do so. Ma'am, Miss Rodgers wonders if you've ever been treated to the pure bliss of having your pussy eaten while it's being serviced by a man. I would be very happy to eat you while he has sex with you, Ma'am, if that interests you."

I slip off, and about two minutes later I go to peek back. I get about halfway before I hear Flower moaning like a porn star. When I peek, she's sitting on Kim's face, leaning forward while the guy is taking her from behind. And she's squirming, wiggling and screeching as sweetly as imaginable. Even her head is thrashing wildly. I leave them there to enjoy themselves.

Twenty minutes later Flower leads Skank over to me by her hand and thanks me for being so thoughtful. She adds that it was a wonderful treat. "You're welcome. That's what the toys are here for! Play with them!"

By now it's the dark of night. The lights are off, except for the pulsing neon lights which give the entire boat a club-like atmosphere. And the crew fires off a few fireworks every hour or so. The party goes on. As the night progresses, and alcohol loosens up those inhibitions, I see the toys getting more and more use. More and more creatively slutty uses, too.

One of the boys thinks of a two-girl blow job on his own, and to his pleasure, Marcie knows exactly how to do it.

Somehow, one of the girls talks a very drunk boy into fucking her, then cumming not in her, but in Allan's mouth. I know he's going to get

## Pepper's Boat Party

teased about that! I'm not the only one who has a video!

Right at 1:00, I decide to play a game. On the aft deck, I assemble Elise, Marcie, Paul, and Allan. Then I get out ten 100-dollar bills, the ultimate motivation for broke-college students. "I call this game, how slutty can we go!" I announce. "It's one of my favorite party games. Here's how it's played. I have four toys up here, two with cocks, two with pussies. Whoever thinks up the absolute sluttiest thing for them to do, wins this thousand bucks. You can offer one suggestion, and everything suggested, we'll watch the toys do. You're welcome to join in as well if you want. Once we've seen all the sluttiness, we'll vote. The winner is whoever gets the loudest applause. Any contenders?"

Duh. The frat boys are eager to see how skanky these four can go. The winner, one of the frat boys, has Elise riding Greg, he deflowers her butt, while Elise eats Marcie's pussy, which gets Marcie squealing hotly, and all while Paul stands over them jacking his dick. At least for Elise, that is definitely slutty. But he tops it off by cumming in her butt, then have the unsatisfied Paul tongue his cum from her asshole. Which gets the most desperately needy shrieking moans from Elise. Naturally, I picked a place where the cameras I installed catch all of the action. Well worth the grand, I'll bet I make triple that off the video.

The party starts to die off around 6:00 as the focus shifts from drinking, dancing and fucking, to the buffet for breakfast. Right on schedule, we pull back up to our post just a mile offshore at 8:00. as a final goodbye to the guests, once the tender is back alongside the dive platform, I line all of the toys up, boys on one side, girls on the other, all on their knees. As the guests mostly drag themselves to the tender, I announce that, should anyone be the slightest bit horny, the fuck toys are ready to provide an oral relief on their way to the tender. Two of the frat boys take me up on, one stopping in front of Marcie, the other in front of Kim, and both getting very sweet blow jobs.

Now that the guests are gone, I decide to have a little fun of my own with Elise and Paul. Both of whom look rather tired out by now. I know Elise is well used. I saw her taking over a dozen cocks, and eating a

## Pepper's Boat Party

couple of pussies. Paul, like all of the boys, was less used. But even so, I saw him munch a few pussies. And I saw a few of the guys tease him, doing things like make him masturbate in front of some girls until he just couldn't stand it any longer. I saw one guy cum on his face, too. But if I missed that, the evidence is still in his eyebrows.

I decide to "reward" my other four toys for their exceptionally slutty service pleasing my guests. I have them line up along the side of the boat: Marcie, Allan, Kim, and Greg, in that order. Then I start with Elise and have her kneel in front of Marcie and eat her pussy for five full minutes, which Marcie spends screeching slutty moans. Then I allow Marcie to climax. "Thank you very much for letting me eat your delicious pussy, Slut." Elise obediently thanks Marcie before moving to Allan, who suffers a five-minute blow job. A blow job I use to teach Elise how to suck cock my slutty way. Then he gets to cum in her mouth. Then Kim gets hers, and finally, Greg gets to cum in her mouth. Then it's a very unhappy-looking Paul's turn to make his way down the line. Since he already learned how to suck a dick, my crop encourages him not to slack off.

Now it's time for Marcie and Kim to stand along one side of the boat, while Greg and Allan stand on the other side. I have Elise start with Allan, and bend over in front of him offering him "Will you please fuck this slutty pussy now, Mister Toy?" With my nod, he fucks her pussy, which quickly has Elise screaming moans. After ten minutes I tell him to cum, and he does. Then I have Elise offer her pussy to Greg, who fucks her again, and after his ten minutes, cums in her pussy.

Then it's Paul's turn, and I have Elise take him by his hand and walk him over to Marcie, then ask Marcie if "my boyfriend may please fuck your so much better pussy, now." I tell him to and he fucks Marcie for ten minutes before I tell Marcie to climax. Then he gets to fuck Kim for ten minutes, by the end of which, I can tell it's everything he can do not to cum in her.

Immediately after his cock is out of Kim's pussy, I have Elise walk him over to Allan, bend Paul over, and spread his cheeks before offering

## Pepper's Boat Party

Allan "to please use my boyfriend like a woman and fuck him very hard up his tight butt." Paul grunts and squeals hard through it, but his cock stays hard. Else offers his butt to Greg, who also gets five minutes in it, and also leaves a load of cum in it.

Then I have Paul offer Elise's butt to the boys, both of whom get ten minutes in it before they leave another, fairly small, load of cum in there.

That's when I decide it's time to end the torment. SO have Sophie fetch me six enema kits. I start with the boys and tell them all that they're going to get fully cleaned up before docking. I have them all line up and bend over the railing, staring down at the gulf water, while I slip nozzles up all three butts. I turn them all on together and let all of them slowly fill to a full liter. As they fill, I stand behind them with my crop, giving any cheek that moves a harsh swat. Naturally, I have them all standing side by side, their masculine bodies touching the man beside them. I focus on the hanging cocks, two of which are kind of hard, one of which is rock hard. Nozzles removed from their tightly clenched butts, I have them stand up and turn around.

Kim is told to kneel in front of Paul. On the other end of the line, Elise kneels in front of Greg. Which leaves Kim kneeling in front of Allan in the middle. I tell them all to clean the filth out of those cocks by masturbating. And I make them go at it for the entire fifteen minutes they need to wait for the enema to reach full effectiveness. I gotta say, I see some really strained faces. Then I tell them to cum and watch as three cocks squirt a load of cream onto a girl's face.

I send all three of the boys to the dive platform, where I have them line up with their backs to the sea. I have them all squat down, lacing their ankles around each other's, and with an arm around the man next to them, pulling themselves into a snug trio. With their butt's hanging over the back of the platform, I finally grant them a few minutes to relieve themselves.

I set out the soap, rag, and shampoo. I start with Paul, telling him to pick one of the other men and ask the man to wash him thoroughly, He asks Greg. He ends up washing Allan. Now cleaned, I have them trade

## Pepper's Boat Party

places with the girls, who get the same treatment with one addition. While washing each other in the shower, an act the guys are trying hard to watch without looking like they're watching, they also get to douche each other.

Once they've reboarded, I have Elise and Paul board the tender to ferry them ashore. Still naked. I don't bother to send Sophie this time, either. But I do have the crewman hand each a fairly small towel, white ones I got for \$3 at Walmart.com to cover themselves. Once they're ashore, he tosses their car key up, making sure it lands somewhere behind them on the pavement. He leaves them there, with nothing but the towels, hunting for their car key.

And then we sail back to the berth. Along the way, with Sophie serving us coffee, I edit out a few of the better clips from the cameras. I post a half dozen to my paysite, and two that are R rated, to YouTube. While those might be R rated, they don't leave much doubt that it's a heavily edited version. And at the end, it shows a fresh pay-site for the unedited clips, more clips coming every day for a full week! One price for unlimited access. A mere \$5, and you can download them all for a year!

Businessgirl that I am, I diligently post sluttier and sluttier clips to the site, 6 per day for six full days. And I post teasers, R-rated clips, to YouTube every day, too. On day seven I post the last 11 clips I intend to post. Including the advertised "winner of the Slutty Slut competition," which I've been teasing all week long. By the time the money is counted, I made a lot, several thousand dollars, throwing that party. And had a boatload of fun.

As the teaser clips hit YouTube, the first of them before Elise and Paul even get back to their dorm, they go viral. By lunch, I'd bet most of the campus has seen them. I know that Elise and Paul are instantly bombarded with phone calls, friends, people they kind of know, and even people who just found their number. All wanting to hear all about the party. By class time, they could hold court just by telling the stories. And I'm certain that, after seeing some of those clips, plus a few others that are circulated by others, those two will be invited to every party on campus



## Pepper's Boat Party

for the next several years. The clip of Paul and Greg, balls tied together, stumbling around the dance floor, is a definite favorite. And as expected, Paul gets a lot of teasing over getting it in his butt. Especially once the trolls point out that not only was he getting fucked in his butt, but his cock was hanging rock hard the whole time.

It's Thursday evening when Izzy forwards me an email at Elise's request since those two don't have my email. She tells me they "had fun" and just want me to know that, should I have any more parties, they "would hope I might invite them again." including "private parties."

I set up another anonymous email address for those two, and email them back with a very simple message. This time they're forgiven, but surely a computer science guy has a webcam. Thus, I will only entertain messages from them which are delivered on video, by both, fully nude, and very humbly respectful. I suggest they might send a proper thanks. Which they do that evening.