**Sam’s Release**

She drank an entire bottle of beer. She felt nothing. Her mind seemed both clear and numb but not in a drunk way, it was as if her hormones were going crazy. Sam was euphoric and filled with arousal.

* Sam, you okay? — Asked Mary — That was insane girl! We’re selling so much now and many people are coming in…and just coming in general — She winked.

Samantha laughed, she was in a mix of shock, excitement and amusement from her own actions. Even though she was on the back side of the part, she noticed people still directing looks at her. What Mary said was true, the bar was getting more and more filled with people, she wasn’t sure she had seen so many people coming in before. The other girls had her hands full with clients. Grinning, she looked at Mary.

* Guess you were right, being nice to the clients is the best marketing tool after all —
* Well, I didn’t mean going so above and beyond but damn, you took one for the team —
* Aha, did you enjoy it? —
* You know I did girl — Mary poker her with her elbow — what about you, how much did you enjoy it? —

Sam took a deep breath, she realized she was panting and covered in sweat, she closed her eyes for a bit, remembering what she had just done. Remembering how her clothes came off, how she danced and exposed herself and how she took a couple of dicks in her mouth.

* It was quite the experience — She admitted.

Mary smiled in response and soon enough they heard one of the girls calling them.

* Well, we’re still full of clients so… —

Sam was quickly to stop her putting her hand on Mary’s shoulder.

* Look, I’m still… I think I need to take a breather —
* Of course you do — Mary nodded —Don’t worry, after that, I don’t think anyone will have a problem with it, take as much time as you need, we’ll cover you —

Sam nodded as Mary marched back to work. She bit her lip and turned around, pressing her forehead against the wall. It was as if her world was still going in rounds but it didn’t feel bad. As she continued recovering, she felt her hand traveling down her body. Not long after, she could feel her fingers in her crotch. She pressed on it.

After a few seconds she removed her fingers. What was she doing? Touching herself at work. No, she couldn’t do that, but she couldn’t deny just how aroused she was. Her whole little party had left her completely stimulated. With all the eyes, hands and even dicks on and in her. It was such an incredible experience.

Sam licked her lips, she couldn’t believe just how wet she was. What was happening with her? When she had parted to work that day, she couldn’t have imagined just how horny she would be. The bartender realized she had to deal with it someway, somehow. Just not in public.

People were still looking at her. She could tell. Sam had to get out of there. Biting her lip she thought and considered, the best place was the bathroom, she couldn’t wait anymore. She looked around, her friends were busy, but she still had to wait for a good chance. Luckily for her, a new distraction seemed to have caught everyone’s attention. Without time to check it out, she decided to rush out.

Samantha walked fast, trying to hide her face as much as possible. She entered the bathroom, and as if she was blessed no one was there.

* Yes! — She whispered under her breath.

She considered her next move for a few seconds until she decided to go to the last stall, furthest from the door. The bathroom was the perfect spot, or at least the best she could get considering the situation. It was dirty as one could imagine. Random writing on the walls and humidity but she wasn’t in a position to be picky.

The girl locked the door and got ready. Sam knew anyone could enter and identify her quickly, she also wasn’t exactly sure how it would work. She took off her clothes, it was the second time that night. She put them above the tank. Thinking, she closed the lid completely and sat there. In order to avoid anyone looking at her boots underneath, she brought her legs above it as well.

She once again bit her lip. Was she really going to do it? Was she really going to masturbate on her workplace’s bathroom?

* Oh fuck it — She whispered to herself.

Her fingers were already caressing her pussy even with her underwear on, she didn’t have much more time to wait. She had done far worse things that night after all.

Her fingers moved her underwear aside revealing her pussy, naked and wet. She wasn’t sure she had been so aroused before. Sam licked her lips, she could still feel the flavor of the guys penises and their cum. She could still feel their cream on her face.

The thoughts were enough to turn her on more and more until she begun. Her fingers started caressing her labia. At that point her mind was still trying to identify if anyone came through the door, how careful she had to be. She couldn’t imagine being found there. And yet, somehow the prospect of someone finding her there, with her legs fully opened like a total slut, touching herself was even more arousing, was making her body feel even hotter.

Her fingers started to play with her sex even more. She spurted a small moan. Immediately, she bit her lips, she couldn’t make much noise, she couldn’t be found out, or could she? Her mind once again traveled to the idea of her being found. Of everyone knowing what she was doing. This time, she moaned even harder.

Little by little her finger penetrated her. She begun to move it, feeling her walls, feeling her juices, feeling her sensations heat up to eleven. Her moans were now more frequent.

This time, she stopped trying to suppress them, instead, she tanked the bar’s music for how loud it was, she could feel as if no one could hear her at all, even if they were in the bathroom. Surprisingly enough, despite the heavy sound of the music, it was as if she could hear the moisture and the movement of her labia around her finger every time, she penetrated herself.

The sound and the sensation of her finger weren’t the only factors. She could also smell herself, oh she could tell, that was the smell of arousal, that was the smell of full sex permeating the ambience around her and filling her lungs.

*“The smell of a true slut”* She thought.

And that was true, she was a slut after all. Who sucks off guys they don’t even know the names of. She cherished the flavor on her mouth, the flavor of their cocks. She could still remember how it felt, advancing through those penises inch by inch. The feeling of their skin between her lips. How her tongue explored them.

* Ahh….ahhhhh! — She let escape from her mouth.

Sam continued to remember. The texture of their foreskin, the way she bobbed her head. How each felt inside her throat. How it felt to have a cock shot line after line of semen on her pretty face in front of everyone. How it felt to be chocked by the amount of cum forced into her throat.

* Ahhhhh!!! — She moaned even harder and thanked the music as much as she could for drowning the noise.

As she penetrated herself, the stimulus continued growing. It was too strong, she could barely keep one eye open, but she was unable to focus her look. The smell of sex was overwhelming her. She remembered the way the cocks smelled, combined with the tobacco and alcohol smells around. It was such a strong smell. She realized her breath smelled of cock and cum as well, and so did her face.

Yes, she smelled like a true slut, she smelled like a slut who was used in front of everyone. And so, like a true slut, she accelerated, fucking herself more and more. In time, she started introducing a second finger. Little by little.

Sam thought of the girth. It was true, both cocks were each girthier than both of her fingers combined. She imagined how they would have felt inside, stretching her labia. Hitting her inside, punishing her for being such a whore that she stripped for everyone and sucked off two clients right in the middle of her work area.

* Ohh god, yesss it … it…ahhhhh!!!! —

She continued exclaiming. Her two winders were deep inside her at that point, but she quickly removed them and quickly inserted them again. She wasn’t even thinking on the discomfort her body was feeling in that position. No, the pleasure was first, it was too good.

All her senses had been turned to eleven. Her skin was too sensitive as well. She could feel the light of the bathroom warming her up, though she didn’t need it, she was feeling as if she was on fire already. She was feeling as if her entire body irradiated waves of heat.

Sam licked her lips, they felt so good. Everything felt so good. She could feel the semen dried up on her face, she hadn’t cleaned herself well enough and she was thankful for it. At that point, she loved the idea of her covered in semen. How amazing it had felt, the hot, warming feeling of being facialized. His seed traveling down her face.

Her nipples were hard. It didn’t take much longer for her other hand to travel to her breast. She pinched her nipple, she massaged her breast and she moaned in the process.

Samantha’s delicate skin was completely red now as flustered as she was. Even biting her lips sent waves of pleasure through her body. She could feel her knees hitting the walls of the stall as she opened her legs more and more.

Her mind traveled to that moment; how could it happen so quickly? Was she always lying to herself? Was she always such a slut inside? Of course she was, such a slut that could only think of sex.

The sensation was numbing. This time her fingers were hitting her g spot, faster and faster. In the midst of a wave of pleasure, she screamed. Immediately she brought her hand to her mouth to stop herself. It didn’t take long for her index finger to find its way inside her mouth and soon enough she was sucking it, sucking it as if it was a penis like the cocksucking whore she was.

* Mmmm — She let escape, enjoying the sensation, imagining it was a big meaty rod to pleasure as her head was held down.

Her fingers continued on as another finger outside caressed her exposed pussy. She continued sucking on and on. Her finger was now drenched in her saliva as much as the fingers in her other hand were drenched on her sexual juices.

Moaning on her hand she could feel the pleasure traveling like electricity through her. She accelerated, fucking herself on both sides with both hands. Over and over, time and time again until finally she started orgasming. The sensation of the orgasm was too much, hitting her entire self over and over. But she didn’t stop.

Her finger left her mouth now to press and play with her breast again. She was massaging all over it as her other hand was still fucking her at the same pace as before.

* Ohh uhh…yess…ahhhh —

She was saying loudly now. This time she wasn’t even bothering in calculating if the sound of the music outside was enough to drown her noises. She couldn’t care. Her mind was focused on all the pleasure she was giving herself, all the pleasure she needed.

Another orgasm arrived as she arched her back backwards. Her ass shaking as her body continued to respond strongly to the treatment of her hand. And so, she introduced a third finger. It was tricky but was what she wanted, what she needed.

Her eyes were completely shut now, only able to focus on the sensation invading her body. Imagining the guys outside looking for her. She remembered the pictures they took, she wondered if they would masturbate to her later? Pass them to their friends to do the same, upload a video of her whorish ways on the internet? Of course they would. The thought of thousands of men masturbating to her turned her on more and more.

She was now shaking from the pleasure. Her mind traveled to her friends, she imagined all the other girls doing the same, sucking dicks for money. A bar of whores it would be. The business turned into a brothel and she would be the cheapest bitch.

* Ahhhhh!!!!!!!!!! —

It was to much, with a loud scream she had the biggest orgasm followed by a few smaller ones. It was like an explosion.

Her hand fell to the side, she took a deep breath. Her feet fell to the floor, loudly because of the boots. She panted exhausted, feeling how her sweat turned cold on her. She could only stay there and rest. Her head was having trouble focusing.

As she regained her energies, she smiled. She would be sat down there for a while. Was she had done was too much, but damn, it had been way too pleasurable.

It was definitely a great night.