



# Callie's Wild Sorority Days

[by Kristen Kathleen Becker](#)

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*This story describes sexual acts and should be considered adult entertainment. If you are not a consenting adult, please read no further.*

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Today is my birthday, and I'm 40 years old. I look back on my life in the late 60's and early 70's, when I attended San Francisco State, and wonder how we all got through it in one piece. Of course, there was nothing like AIDS back then, which helped.

My story is a true one. It took place in 1974, when I was 22 years old. We were a wild bunch and thought we knew everything and had done everything. I was quite reckless back then.

We had this tradition of daring each other to do crazy things, and I was regarded as the "bravest" one in our sorority house. We did some really strange things, like betting each other who could seduce which professors, or who could have sex with the oldest man. (By the way, I won that one. My sex partner was 79!)

This story really starts with a visit from the president of our sister sorority at UCLA. She came to talk to us about a problem they were having with their house. It seems that a fraternity house wanted the sorority building for expansion, and the frat guys had filed a morals charge against them with the college government.

Since the UCLA girls were as wild as us, the sorority was vulnerable. If it actually came to charges the girls might be evicted from their house, and the guys would then get the property.

After we'd talked over a number of ideas I came up with a proposal to "fight fire with fire"; get the boys into a compromising situation and then blackmail them into withdrawing their charge.

Some time ago our house had bought a closed circuit TV system for security, but it had soon been turned to another purpose. We set it up so that a sister could bring an intended victim home and do her thing with him while the rest of us watched from another room on the closed circuit TV. Well, it made a change from network TV.

Anyway, I suggested installing our closed circuit camera and recorder in a house off the UCLA campus, and holding a "special" party for the frat guys. I told the UCLA chapter house president that if she did this we'd take care of their problem for them.

She agreed, and some days later several of us drove down to LA with the equipment and set it up in a borrowed house just off campus. I took time to scope out the fraternity brothers, contriving to meet Gene Benjamin, the house president, at a dance the first night.

After dancing a couple of times with him, I said I was new in town and was having a get-to-know-you party. Would he and his house brothers like to come?

He made it plain that he would. He said I was beautiful, and that if the other women at the party looked half as nice as me he could get most of his fraternity brothers to come.

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Party night came round, and everything had been set up. I was disconcerted to find that I had become central to our plan. I couldn't back down now, however; it was a matter of pride. I was expected to greet however many guys showed up, and somehow get them to gang-bang me, all in the same room; on camera, of course. (I couldn't believe I'd talked myself into this!)

It was necessary to film all the boys with me to demonstrate, if necessary, to the college government the hypocrisy of the fraternity house's morals accusation against our sister sorority.

Well, you can imagine how I was feeling by this time. Here I was, setting myself up to be screwed by as many men as happened to walk through the door, and pretending I was cool with it. I tried not to think beyond the moment and threw myself into setting the scene. We got hold of a huge, thick, white throw rug, placing it where the camera could get all the action, then set the lighting as low as it could be set without losing necessary detail.

To tell the truth, I was losing my nerve, big-time! In fact, I was scared to death -- for all I knew, a hundred guys might show up.

The day before the "event", all I could hold on to was that I mustn't lose face now! I did make a silent pact with myself that if more than ten guys showed up I'd chicken out and take the flak. (This tells you something about me as I was then -- I didn't consider having sex with ten guys in a row out of the question.)

The hour arrived... We heard the doorbell ring and my heart jumped into my throat. The other girls all ran into the "monitor room" and locked themselves in, so that no guys looking for the bathroom would inadvertently stumble on them.

At the door was Gene, with five other frat guys, and I thought: 'There goes my excuse for chickening out.' Leading them into the room where everything was supposed to happen, I was already contemplating what it would feel like to have sex with six guys in succession in one night while being watched by seven girls as well as by the other guys. I wondered if all the guys would be able to perform in front of each other. Thoughts like that were running through my head.

The guys all came into the room, and Gene looked around and asked if they'd arrived early. I looked bashful and said I'd invited them under false pretenses; and that I was really a nymphomaniac, who needed to have sex with a number of men to have an orgasm. While telling this crazy story I had been undoing the strap of my sun dress from behind my neck, and now let it drop to the floor, leaving me completely nude.

Guys today would never fall for that story, but things were different then. (Also, back then, I had the kind of body that glowed with health, and "exuded sexiness" - or so I'm told.)

Gene said at once that he'd be glad to help me out, and one by one the guys with him intimated that if I really needed sex with them, who were they to argue?

Anyway, Gene took my hand and was leading me to the bed- room, but I pulled back and said I had to do this with other men watching, otherwise I couldn't "get off".

He seemed a trifle disconcerted by this, so I ribbed him a little, suggesting that perhaps he couldn't manage it in front of his pals. He took the bait and pulled his pants down immediately.

As I watched, this gorgeous erect cock, all slick and swollen, sprang into view! All of a sudden I was calm again. This was my home turf, and I could handle it; at least, I hoped I could.

I stepped up to Gene and pushed him up against the wall, rubbing my body slowly against him, quite enjoying myself. I often looked at myself in the mirror then, and I was goddam

proud of my body. I used to fantasize in those days about having a great many lovers, and here I was, about to live that fantasy!

I was now very wet, and just had to feel Gene inside me! I put my hands on his shoulders and lifted myself onto his big, warm, stiff cock. He held me by the ass and manhandled me, in and out, side to side, hitting it perfectly right from the start! The thought that so many people were watching felt incredibly sexy to me.

I came before Gene did, and really let myself go, screaming and clawing at his back as he came inside me. (I thought it would look good on tape.)



I dismounted from one exhausted male body, and went down on all fours. I said to the intently watching crowd of young college men that I wanted them all to undress; if we were to have a party, everything must be stripped for action! You should have seen their clothes fly into the air!

Meanwhile Gene stumbled to the couch and slumped down on it, his chest and cock a deep red.

I called out: "Next!" and one of the guys dropped down behind me and slipped his cock into me. It went into my pussy very easily because I was dripping with both Gene's and my come.

The guy was so worked up he started slamming me real fast, and spurted in less than 30 seconds. Pushing him backwards to get him off me, I rolled on to my back and stretched like a contented kitten. I looked at the guys and picked out a horny looking, surfer type, all tan with hard muscles.

I pointed at him and held my arms wide. He quickly stepped forward and knelt between my legs, then went down on my pussy.

I couldn't believe this guy! Two men had already come inside me, and here he was, licking and sucking me with a vengeance! But I soon stopped caring why he did it, because he was really good.

Just before bringing me off he plunged his dick into me, and came almost immediately. (I figured he must be a "quick cum", and that's why he did face.) It didn't matter to me, though, because I came right along with him. Couldn't believe it; I usually have just one orgasm a night...

Well, surfer boy gently disengaged and slowly licked his way out of me.

I was thinking that I now had three different kinds of sperm mixed up inside me, and how fantastic it felt, when the tall dark guy came forward. He knelt down and began to French me while very lightly fingering my cunt. Then as he pushed me back I saw his beautiful cock was hovering near my face, and I guessed what he wanted. We looked into each other's eyes and I smiled wontenly up at him.

He smelt like heaven, and his cock was so smooth and clean that it seemed the right thing to do. I moved my head two inches across to take that fat purple head into my mouth, and to my surprise he moved his head down to put his lips on my clitoris.

We stayed like that, massaging each other with our mouths, until he came all over my face.

(These guys were STRANGE!) As soon as he was over his orgasm, and could move, he turned back and licked his own sperm off my face. Weird, huh?



Recovering from my latest partner, I thought: "This is it; we've got all the material we need to screw this fraternity. Why go on?" I was thinking about getting up and making some kind of excuse for ending the party when the youngest-looking guy jumped me, slamming his cock into me without any preamble.

I could tell right away he was a virgin, and nervous about screwing me in front of his buddies, so I made it easy for him. I always like being the first for a guy; I make sure he feels like Mr Wonderful. I "oohed" and "aahhed", squirming under, and pushing against him. I reached under his left leg and took hold of his cock in my special "thumb-forefinger" hold, and felt him going in and out of me. I've found that when both partners are real wet, men love this hold. It enhances their sensations - and I like the feel of it too.

Having a virgin inside me turned me on again, and when he finally pumped his seed into me I had, wonder-of-wonders, yet another orgasm!

Well, I was about ready to stop after five guys, but I didn't want to leave the sixth with some kind of complex. So, while my sweet ex-virgin lay beside me in a sated daze, I looked invitingly at the sixth guy.

When he saw I was ready for him he just dropped down on me and started fucking me. That's all you could call it, "fucking." He was hard and violent, with an appetite for sex like none of the others. He fucked me so hard it hurt. I wanted to cry out, but he knew what he was about, and even though it hurt, somehow the hurt was nice, not something to complain about. He was all over my body at once, moving like an eel.

We came together, and I felt quite shaken up. My pussy was really sore after he'd finished with me. He bit my asshole and my lips, and he nipped my clitoris. It was real

painful, but fantastic too.

I vaguely thought of asking him to move up to San Francisco with me, but didn't follow up on the thought.

When we'd finished, I lay stretched out on the rug, covered in sweat and sperm. The guys were all standing around, still naked, some with new hardons, all looking rather pleased with themselves. I felt used up and whorish, but somehow pleased with my performance.

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When I'd ushered all the guys out of the house (pleading a sore pussy to Gene, who had wanted another go), I went back into the house and found all the girls cheering for me. I guess at least half of them, after what they'd seen, had to relieve themselves by masturbating, or being masturbated; I don't know which. They'd all loved my performance.

We left the next day for San Francisco and anonymity. I was walking a little funny for a couple of days, but quickly got back into the swing of things. I no longer felt I needed, or wanted, to prove myself, and I never did anything quite as crazy as that again.

Oh, by the way, the fraternity brothers mysteriously dropped all charges against our sister sorority.

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*Acknowledgments: All my thanks... to Stephen for his encouragement and proofing and to Ian for editing this story.*

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WARNING! NEVER, NEVER practice unsafe sex. In this day and age, it is just plain stupid to have unprotected sex with strangers. This story is for entertainment not to be imitated. You only have one body per lifetime... Take good care of it... Kristen

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