



Hershey's Thursdays

by Kristen Kathleen Becker
May 15th 1999

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*LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL
THE WRONG PLACES.
WISCONSIN!*

Maya felt a little queasy as she watched the women tugging at each other's hair in a desperate attempt to overpower their opponent. Everyone was cheering them on, as usual.

She often wondered how much Hershey's syrup the club used every Thursday during this event.

The two women where covered from head to toe in chocolate, you couldn't even see where their bikini's ended and their skin started.

Maya was startled for a moment when the man next to her shouted encouragement to his favorite wrestler. She looked sideways at the man sitting next to her, idly speculating on what he might be like in bed.

As the man enthusiastically jumped up shouting at the top of his voice, Maya noticed that he was hard, she could see that he was aroused.

She looked back at the action where the women were tussling in the big oversized

wading pool full of Hershey's syrup. They were tearing at each other in earnest now. Maya could see one of the women pull away as the other one tore her bikini top loose and held it up triumphantly.

That brought roars of approval from the spectators, but you couldn't really make out any details, the chocolate was smeared all over their bodies and had seeped under the material of the swim suits making both of them all brown.

Maya was glad that Murphy's had the Hershey's wrestling matches each Thursday night, it really brought the guys in and that's what it was all about, wasn't it! She almost never went home alone on Thursday nights.

The feeling of nausea shot through her gut again making her double over slightly. Pregnant at 38 and she didn't even know who the father was. Maya knew that she was going to have to change her lifestyle soon, but partying had become almost a way of life for her.

Life had been one big party since she had moved out of her parents house at 28. It had almost become a routine -- get off work at 5:30 each afternoon, home for a quick shower and change and then hit the clubs. Her favorites were either Murphy's or Charlie's Forever because both clubs gave a girl the best chance of being picked up.

She mentally cataloged the men she'd had over the past 10 years, what was it? It was important to keep track, if a girl didn't know whom she'd slept with, well -- then she was no better than a slut. It was just that with so many years of parties and men behind her, it was getting harder to keep track. It must be 266 she thought. Yes, 266 was the exact number of men she'd had sex with.

Maya was jostled by the man sitting next to her, in his exuberance he'd accidentally shoved against Maya making her spill her beer in her lap.

She screamed at him, "Dammit, you fucker! Look, what you've gone and done!" she screamed at him. Standing, she swung on him, hitting him squarely in the right eye with her small fist.

The man fell back into his seat holding his head and looked up at her in surprise.

Maya jumped in surprise as big beefy black hands gripped her biceps from behind. Seymour's raspy voice spoke quietly in her ear, and she realized that she'd broken the house rules about violence and struggled to get loose from the bouncer's hands.

"Okay Maya! You know the rules, either you take it to the ring or you leave the club and don't come back for a month," the bouncer said with a wide smile on his shiny black face.

Maya knew that she'd put herself in hot water by striking a fellow patron, but she complained anyway. "That bozo knocked my beer out of my hand and all over my lap, how'd you take something like that Seymour?" Maya looked up at the big hulk of a man noticing his bloodshot eyes and white teeth in the darkened audience area.

"Rules is rules Maya, whasit gonna be?"

"Fuck, he's too big... it's not fair, " Maya whined.

The two women in the ring had finished the match when the topless one had finally given up. Many of the crowd had begun to leave since it was almost 2 a.m. and on a weekday too.

Looking at the few customers that were still hanging around Maya thought to herself, 'What the fuck, this could be fun. I've wanted to jump in there more than once, and Hershey wrestling with a guy might be interesting,' and at closer inspection he wasn't all that bad looking.

"All right Seymour, if he wants to get messy, I'm game."

The man stood and said, "You owe me, I ought to knock your block off for what you did."

Seymour turned to the man and said, "Take it into the ring or shut up. I don't like men who threaten women. Now whasit gonna be, you in or out?"

The man looked at Maya and said, "I don't have a swim suit, and I don't think she does either."

"Not to worry, we got those in the back, go on and get changed, I think the late crowd's interested in this grudge match." Seymour looked around at the growing crowd. He was enjoying himself, this sort of thing didn't normally happen, and besides it had been almost a year since the last male-female match, and that had definitely been fun to watch.



Maya sat on the chair in the dressing room wondering what she had gotten herself into. 'This is probably the stupidest thing I've ever done,' she thought, as she felt another shooting pain run through her midriff.

But there was no way she was going to back down now, and besides this was probably the last time she'd be showing off for a long time. Once she got big with the baby she'd probably have to stay home all the time.

"God I need a drink," she mumbled to herself as she stripped.

Within a few minutes Maya entered the main room to appreciative shouts from the audience. One thing Maya could be sure of was that men liked her body, even at 38 it was great looking. She strutted barefoot down the narrow aisle to the chocolate filled wading pool in the middle of the room.

Hamming it up, Maya posed for the crowd. To her surprise there seemed to be more people than before. She didn't really care, maybe she'd had a little too much to drink that night, but whatever it was, this was a real turn-on to be standing in a tiny bikini in front of a crowd so close up.

Then the catcalls started as the man came trotting down the aisle toward Maya. She was pleasantly surprised -- he was well muscled and although there was a little pouch around his waist he looked good.

His name was Mel, and according to the announcer he was an accountant from New Jersey. Maya was introduced and the couple stepped into the wading pool.

It was a strange feeling to step barefooted into 6 inches of lukewarm chocolate syrup. The syrup closed over her toes and surrounded her ankles. She playfully kicked syrup at Mel, splashing some on his swimsuit.

Maya noticed that he was hard again, bulging under his suit, and she couldn't help saying, "Is that a gun you've got in there," pointing at his bulging crotch, "or are ya just happy to see me?"

Sure it was an old cliché, but the crowd roared with laughter and even Mel smiled back at her. Then he stepped up to Maya and grabbed her hair in his fist. She was totally shocked by this move, not knowing what to expect; this wasn't something that she was prepared for.

Mel bunched her hair in his fist even tighter, almost painfully, as he pushed Maya to her knees in the pool of chocolate. She reached up trying to loosen his hold on her hair, but she wasn't strong enough.

The crowd was laughing and cheering their encouragement to him now. Maya was forced onto her hands and knees with Mel standing over her. Then without warning he let go of her hair and sat on her back forcing her face down into the syrup.

Things happened quickly after that. Maya pulled her face up from the pooled chocolate sputtering and cursing, but was given only long enough to spit syrup from her mouth and cough, then Mel was down on top of her again, this time hugging her to him.

They wrestled around slopping chocolate syrup over the pool's edge, Maya kept trying to find a handhold, she wanted to teach this beast a lesson, but she couldn't seem to make any headway. She ended up just holding on to Mel's thrashing body as he rolled them over and over in the sweet brown syrup.

Maya could tell that Mel was putting on a show for the crowd, he was in control and she was only able to respond to his moves while trying to keep her head above chocolate level.

Then it happened; Maya felt Mel's larger body on top of her smaller frame. She panicked, her only thought was to keep her head above the syrup level, but then she felt Mel's arm cradling her head, and his hips begin to push at her.

At first this relieved her of her fear of drowning in chocolate, but the feeling of relief didn't last for long.

They were totally covered with chocolate syrup from head to foot, and all the audience could really see at first was two syrupy people thrashing around in the pool, it was hard to tell who was who, and what they were doing.

But Maya knew what he was doing! Mel was holding her down in front of the crowd and humping her, holding her chocolate covered hair tightly, making sure that she couldn't move. She could feel his erection pressing against her as he moved on top of her.

What happened next is a perfect argument against drinking too much alcohol. Nothing like this could have happened if the people in the room hadn't been drinking all night, and if they hadn't been enjoying the sight of semi-clad women covered in chocolate all night too.

Mel began to hump on top of Maya making it obvious what he was doing. Maya could only push at him, trying to dislodge him, then someone in the crowd shouted, "Fuck her man! Fuck, her!"

Maya started to struggle under her opponent now, to kick out and push at him desperately. Then another person in the crowd yelled, "C'mon fuck her Mel, do it!"

Then almost everyone around the struggling couple started to chant, "Fuck her, fuck her, fuck her..."

Maya was almost dazed by what was happening. She could even hear women's voices in the crowd, demanding that her opponent screw her. She was fighting him with all her strength now, but he was too slippery for her to successfully grip him, and his strength was too much for her.

Then she felt her attacker fumbling between them, and as they struggled -- him on top of her. Maya felt his fingers at her chocolate covered pussy opening.

Panic! 'What the hell did he think he was doing?'

She wanted to scream, but all she could do was pant as she struggled under his larger body pressing her down into the syrup.

The chanting grew louder -- Maya hoped that the club management would do something to stop this. But at that moment she felt Mel sink into her unprotected sex. He must have pulled his chocolate cover cock out and now he was fucking her! She felt momentary pain as her opening stretched to accommodate him.

'God how could this be happening to me, how could these people let him do this to me!' She wondered. She stopped struggling and as she did the crowd went quiet.

The only sound in the room was of Mel thrusting into his victim, splashing chocolate with each downward thrust, and the sound of Mel's grunts of satisfaction as he ground himself into her helpless body.

It seemed like it went on forever; the spectators watching her being publicly fucked in a pool of chocolate syrup, but it was probably only a minute or two. Maya didn't know what to do, nothing like this had ever happened to her before. She lay under Mel's thrusting body accepting his attack numbly.

Mel was so worked up, that when he felt his opponent stop struggling he began deep thrusts into her and the combination of the bizarre circumstances and the sensation he was experiencing fucking Maya brought him to an intense orgasm.

Grunting loudly as he came in her, Mel thrust away savoring each spasm as he jettied his come deep into his vanquished opponent.

After he was through coming, he sensed the quiet crowd watching. Self-consciously he pulled out of the splayed female body under him. And as his shrinking dick pulled free from her well-fucked, chocolate covered pussy he noticed his white come smeared between Maya's thighs and around her sex.

Without thinking, Mel joked loudly, "Gee, we could make smores!"



Thank you "Professor" Stephen



(c) May 1999 Kristen Kathleen Becker - email:Kristen078@hotmail.com

This story was written as an adult fantasy. The author does not condone the described behavior in real life in anyway shape or form. Anyone tempted to act out any of the scenarios in this story; should seriously consider seeking professional help.

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