

**"THE TOUR"**  
(M+/F: illustrated)

By

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It was the day after the Leeds gig that some PR woman from a clothing company showed up at the band's hotel. God knows if anybody had actually invited her. Anyway, she came; and quite a wench as well, if you don't mind something around thirty. Reddish tinted hair, tanned face, bright blue eyes behind her fashionable glasses, wearing a neat business suit with a pair of tits underneath her tightly buttoned jacket that looked big enough to fend off a cruise liner. Oh yes, nice and tasty, especially with a skirt split on both sides to show off legs that went all the way down to a pair of high black boots.

The problem was, when she knocked on the door it was Posso, the band's sound technician, who opened it. And the problem with Posso was that he was still half smashed from an all night celebration party, he was having a very sexy conversation on his cell phone with one of his girlfriends, and for some reason he can't recall now he was bollock naked. And a bollock naked Posso has what you might call a distinguishing feature -- it's kind of long and tight, and when Posso is having carnal thoughts it's obvious why the band guys all call him King Dick.

So there's this chick standing there with a specimen leather jacket she's hoping to get one of us to wear on the next photo shoot, her mouth's hanging open and there's Posso in all his morning glory: Posso never misses a word on the phone, but the sight of that opened mouth seems to get him switched into immediate action mode. Because he wanders back into the room holding the PR girl's hand and she's still in a state of shock, especially when she sees the state of the place. Sean grabs her shoulders and sits her down on the armrest of her sofa, and then Sean hooks his finger through the chick's earring and Posso is telling his girl on the phone exactly how he's going to fuck her the next time he sees her. And while's he talking to her this PR bird is getting the point of his conversation in her face.

I guess we were wondering how hard Sean was going to have to pull on the earring to get Posso's cock where it obviously wants to be, but this saleswoman has obviously decided she's fallen in with the most dangerous set of dope fiends in the music business, so she puts her lipstick around Posso's old bill without even waiting to introduce herself. The rest of the band and the main men started wandering out of bedrooms to check out the scene. Heinie, the guitar technician, he came over, sat down on the sofa and put his hand inside one of the slits in the woman's skirt and she got even more red faced than ever, believe it or not, even with her mouth already full of Posso's meat: those bright blue eyes began sticking out like chapel hat pegs. Oh yes, and somebody had taken her glasses off by that stage.

Anyway we mostly decide we've all got one more fuck left in us, and Sean tells Posso to take his prick out of her mouth, and Posso's girl hears him on the phone and wants to know what the fuck's going on, so Posso throws the phone out of the window. Then Sean tells the PR woman we'll all wear one of her jackets for the shoot if she'll give us all some headwork in return

It seems like we've got a good negotiating point, especially as there's now a finger hooked through both of her earrings ready to pull on them like ring tabs. I guess she feels like she really needs to keep her ears to hang her glasses on because she agrees. Well, she doesn't squeal very loudly, put it that way.

So about ten minutes after she's knocked on the door, our visitor is down to her bare essentials and on her knees in front of the sofa, giving a better suction demonstration than a supercharged vacuum cleaner. Somebody asked if we should get room service to send us up some breakfast but Sean said we'd give the PR bird something to swallow first before we bothered about our orange juice -- the guy is one of nature's gentleman, no doubt about it.

So those of us that haven't got one of the hot seats open some beers for breakfast and watch what this pubic relations expert is doing. She's not bad, not bad at all, especially when she starts getting a helping hand or two from behind to concentrate her mind on the job in hand -- OK, hand and mouth, to be precise. She's got a pair of sexy blue stockings on, no panty hose, and there's a general opinion being voiced that she came up to the room already willing to do whatever it took to fix a deal. The problem for Posso was that once she'd clocked Sean as the lead singer she seems to want to give him all her attention, which pisses Posso off a tad. So he gets down behind her and shows her who's really got the best fingerwork of all of us.



"How about we gangbang this bitch?" he suggested and the chick nearly chokes on Sean's cock as all the guys sound off happily. They fancied her -- whatever her name was, I don't think anybody ever asked.

The thing is, you soon get tired of a diet of brainless Tourie teenage chicks and this PR piece was a touch more sophisticated. It's great when you can pounce on some of these older birds who've had



a fairly normal life until they fall into a band's hands. Then they find themselves getting fucked up, over and under by

everybody from the main players right down to the latest roadie recruit. By the time they've finished performing for one and all their minds have been blown so far into orbit they never come down again. Three months later you find the same women at the other end of the country, still hanging around at every gig and still waiting for second invitation to come backstage.

This one is already making noises like a cow that's finally getting her udders attended to, and that's before Posso lets her get a feel of the tip of the day. But then he gets sent to the back of the queue as Sean and the rest of the musicians decided to assert their right to first helpings of any cunt going and grabbed hold of the PR wench to get her ready. Her bra disappeared somewhere, she went down on her back on the floor and her knickers got the red card treatment and were taken off the playing field.



"Oh, you beasts, no, don't," she started calling out, which was well too late in the proceedings.

Anyway you could tell it was only for show, because she was going crazy at being the center of all the attention, and the rougher it was the better she was liking it. The 'beasts' bit was dead popular with the gang though. It made her sound like real smooth trade, Cheltenham Ladies College or something. It became a catch cry for all of us -- every time somebody dropped a fart in the tour bus for weeks afterwards there were guys calling out in mock falsetto voices: "Oh, you beast, you!"



Anyhow, beasts or not, it didn't stop her from giving Stag's cock a good rub up as Sean got ready to give her a public fucking. Then he started shoving his length up her while everybody else cheered him on and the woman on the carpet becomes an officially approved and mounted Tourie of the '*Chattering Skulls*' band. And if being screwed in front of a crowd of strangers was a 'beastly' thing to do to a woman, well, this one seemed to getting a lot out of the experience -- especially from Sean.



She kept calling out names though, as if we're a real bunch of bastards for fucking her. In fact that's what we're

being called now 'bastards' instead of 'beasts', which is a slight comedown in the suave department. So Stag rubs his balls in her face and makes her lick them until Sean comes, and then we hear some well muffled squawks coming from between Stag's legs as she gets a full strength spunk injection from Sean's cock.

Stag reckons it's great, she's blowing bubbles up his arse like a jacuzzi and we can see she's shaking all over like a racehorse that's just come into the unsaddling enclosure, only in her case there's another jockey waiting to take her over straight away for another gallop.

The next one in the saddle was Rick, the band's bass player, but he didn't bother to introduce himself before he got into the damp patch that Sean had left behind. Just as soon as he'd got his target nicely set up on a cushion that was at the right height for his hip work to be free moving. Apparently he was right on the spot as well because Stag said she was running her tongue around his nuts like a dog licking its own balls after running them into a patch of stinging nettles. But Heinie wasn't happy, he wanted to have her sucking on his cock, and he was stroking the bint as if persuading her to come out from underneath Stag and get down to some serious business.

Truth was, Heinie was being a bit cheeky. Backup guys like him are supposed to wait until the band members have had first turn at the goodies and Touries before they pick up the crumbs. On the other hand, Heinie is the number one guy in the business at fettling up a band's guitars until they sound just the way they're supposed. He's a real artist at his job and everybody respects him for it. So Stag backed off and let Heinie get in close and personal with the saleslady. And, give her due, she grabbed hold of his boner like it was a pink piccolo and she was the only one with the sheet music. I guess Rick's pounding meat had put her in the right frame of mind for a few depravities.





We all gave her a cheer for being a good sport and getting into the party spirit. "Let's tie the slut down on a bed and spend all day fucking her," Stag suggested and with Rick getting onto the short strokes about then, our gal started baying like a foxhound on a hot scent. Two of the guys got down and started scratching away with their nails at the bottom of her feet and behind her knees. For some reason that always seems to really hit the spot with the Touries getting into the 'all ways at once' sex scene for the first time.

Heinie starts sealing up her gob with his big cock. We're all leaning over watching this happening and it's a genuine laugh because by the time he's down her throat she's gone crosseyed. I haven't seen anything like it since the time I was working in a shipyard and one of the lads fed a seagull a two inch bolt wrapped in a slice of bread. This bird has exactly the same sort of bewildered '*what the fuck do I do now*' look as that bird had. The problem for both of them was that they'd both got a foreign body so far down their gullet there was nothing to do but keep on swallowing it.

Of course the gull didn't have a couple of hands twisting its tits to make sure it kept its beak open. On the other hand it knew it was going to have a real problem sooner or later getting that big lump past its shit hole. Then again, the saleslady has that problem coming her way as well, whether or not she knows it right now. Still, she had enough to think about already as she gets creamed way down over the back of her throat, with most of Stag's spunk making her cough as she swallows it and some jetting back



up out of her mouth and down her cheeks.

"Hey, check this out, the cow's got cock and mouth disease," somebody says and we laugh at her.



Judging by the look on her face, she doesn't know by then whether she's in Leeds or Harris Tweeds. One thing every guy in the room could see at a glance was that she was right through the inhibition barrier. That's when you've got a Tourie so far along there's nothing, absolutely nothing they're ashamed of doing, and the bigger the audience the better they like it. By now our friendly visitor would chew

and screw anything we decided to give her: yeah, and she'd ask for an encore as well.

So, when Stag tells her to start licking him clean after he's finished with her, she gets into it like she's auditioning for the job. That busy little tongue starts swirling around Swag's knob as if she's starving and licking off a plate after her first meal in weeks. Mind you she's still spluttering as Dippy Dave keeps on giving her his best shots.



Then she mutters:

**"Beasts," again and everybody in the room breaks up.**

**Still, what the hell did she expect, coming into a band's suite when the guys are all offloading all the tension from a humungous gig? It was as stupid as door knocking for the Seventh Day Adventists in Saudi Arabia.**



**"Keep it going, bitch, lick it all, right around the flange as well."**

**Stag was making sure she did a good job on him, but some of the other guys are getting impatient for their turn. Especially since Rick has finished with her and lets Dippy Dave take over pumping her cunt. The problem with Dave is that he takes forever to come, especially when he's batting on a sticky wicket. So a couple of**

**guys roll up newspapers and start battering Stag over the head with them to get him to move over. More times than not, being part of a rock band is like getting locked up with a bunch of substance abusing pre-schoolers. I don't think the PR bint notices a thing though -- the only pounding she knows about is the one that Dippy Dave's giving her.**

**Stag finally takes enough punishment to get out of the way and Mike the drummer gets his chance in the spot lights. The PR woman seems to have a set method of dealing with every cock that comes her way -- hanging onto it like it was a barbell and giving it a good tonguing from below.**

**Maybe she read a book or saw a diagram or something, or maybe she's only ever sucked one guy's cock before and this was the way they always did it. Whatever, our percussion practitioner isn't impressed and tells her to get it into her mouth before he loses his temper. Mike doesn't exactly say what he might do if he does get pissed off but our sexually challenged**



lady is in kind of a tight position -- well, OK, she is the tight position, and

she gets the message she needs to start providing another one, in a hurry. So she grabs hold of Mike's favorite play station and hauls it down to her mouth, then starts tickling his balls.



"That's the business, woman," Stag encouraged her. "Keep sucking away and get ready for another serve of sperm. The only thing is that around here it all comes beer flavored."

Our mutual friend is snorting away through her nose and spreading her legs as far apart as she can so that Dave can give her everything she's got. One of the lighting guys has found a camera and he's taking some happy snaps for the memories. Something to glance through when we're off the road and stuck in that dogs' bollocks of a recording studio in Birmingham putting together the next CD. In fact one of these days we're going to sell a CD with the

songs and our best backstage photos on together, and it'll come up really great on a computer. The fans will be able to blow their minds and their dicks at the same time.

Mike didn't a PC to do his business for him though -- all he needs to get his rocks off is a woman. In fact he's so computer ignorant he thinks cyber sex is what you get from partying on with a barrel of applejack. So when our unidentified fucking object got his download it was definitely a real time event.

This time around she's getting better -- hardly spills a drop. She takes everything Mike pumps into her mouth and it goes down like she was a main drain. In fact she behaves like a real guest by totally finishing off her meal, even down to licking his fingers as he squeezes out the last drops for her. Then she puts on a little convulsive fit for us as Dave finally lets rip into her cunt. Anyway, she can't complain, she's already had far more free samples from us than we've had from her.



**It's on for young and old now, with all the technicians getting ready for their share of the**

**action but first of all Stag wants another shot at her -- no wonder he's got his nickname he has, he earns it -- the always hard way. But not even Stag is ready for another bout on the floor so we lift her onto a couch while Shawn and Rick are knocking their knuckles on the glass table top and belting out a few lines of Thin Lizzy's 'The Boys Are Back'.**



**The saleslady finally has a chance to talk about what's on her mind: "Oh, God, are you all going to fuck me!"**

**I guess it was what they call a rhetorical question, seeing as she was already holding two stiff dicks and Stag was stretching her open for his stiffener. Maybe she just wanted to make sure she wasn't going to miss out anything.**

**"Why, are you late for the hairdressers?" Stag asked her. "Got an urgent appointment somewhere else, have you?"**

**"No," she says and then: "Yes, yes, I mean yes!"**

**Jesus, but that cracked us up. We're all laughing so much we can't do a thing for a while, not even the guys on the couch, and the woman's mouth is hanging open with cum still dribbling out of it. You'd have to say it was turning out to be a rough day at the office for her.**

**Then again, it soon got even rougher, when all the roadies got down to work on her. To tell the truth, I was wishing they'd hurry up because I wanted to get some breakfast sent up -- even musicians have to eat sometime. And I was thinking that it'd be fun to drop this saleslady on top of the cart when it came and say to the room service guys: "Send up another woman, boys, this one's fucked."**





## THE END

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