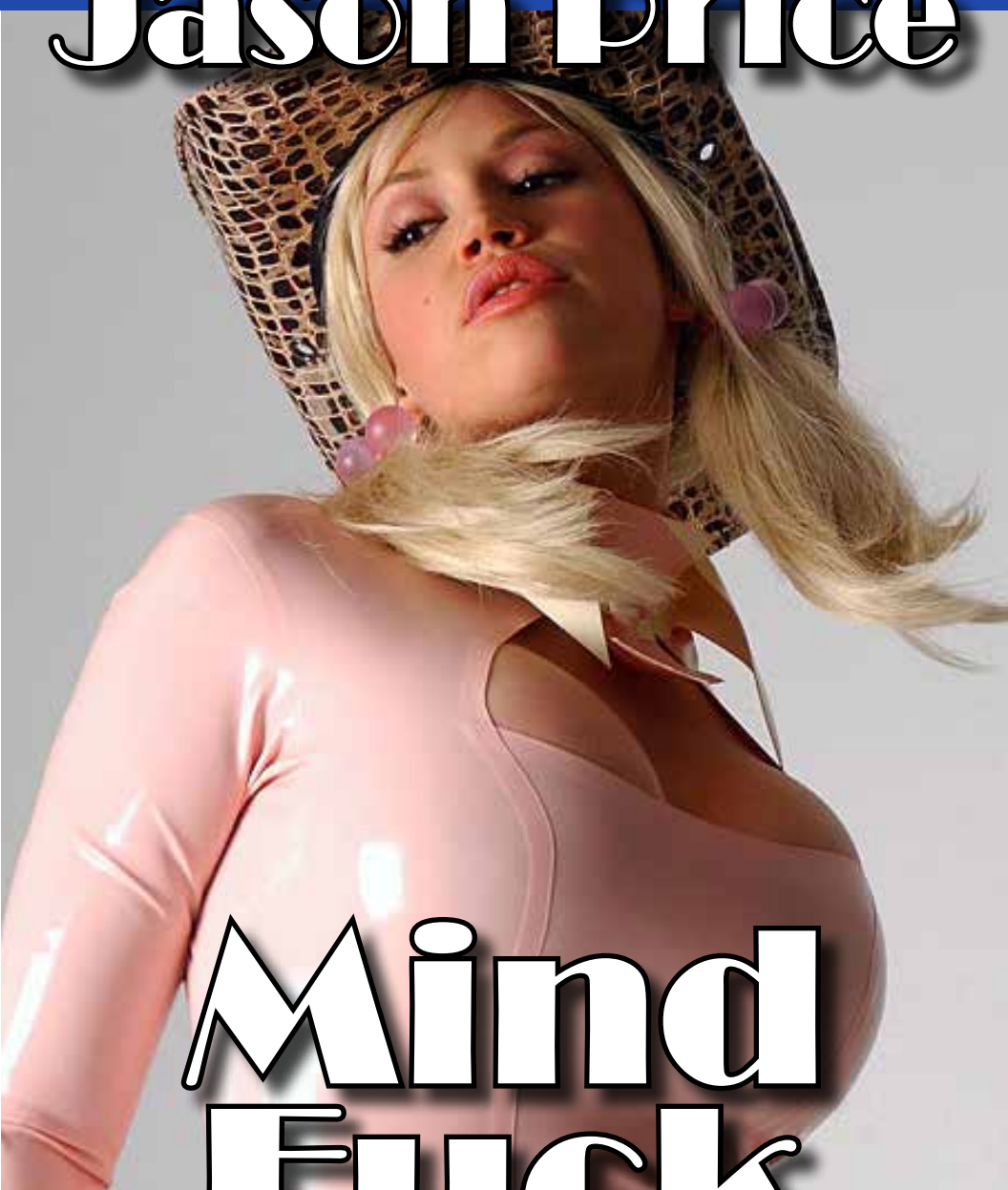


Burping Frog Publishing

**Jason Price**



**Mind  
Fuck**

# Mind Fuck

From what I remembered, it started at a party I went to one Saturday night with my friend and roommate, Vicki. I haven't had a chance to let loose and have some fun since I had my daughter almost five years ago and wanted to take advantage of my free time.

The party happened at a lakeside cabin in Winfield with no one around for miles. This kind of party has booze and party drugs which led to open nudity among the party-goers as well as sex. In the first hour of arriving, Vicki was already dancing between two half-naked men wearing only her thong with a bottle of beer in her hand. But I was still somewhat hesitant to even take off my jacket.

I took a walk to the lake where I decided to start things slow, so when I got to the dock, I stripped out of my clothes and dived in the lake. The water was so cold but it made me feel so alive. Soon, my body adjusted and I swam around for a while, savoring this feeling of liberation.

I was at a short distance from the dock when I notice someone standing there, watching me. I swam over to the dock and recognized him as someone I would call a "party acquaintance". His name was Dillon, we went to the same parties, we danced a few times but it never got passed him grabbing my ass. He had some rugged looks but he was handsome, like a young Mickey Rourke. He was also shirtless, showing his ripped chest and tattoos.

When I climbed back on the dock, I put side my modesty

and let Dillon look at my naked body. His smile showed he liked what he seen. I wanted to look sexy but I couldn't help but shiver and needed a towel.

"I don't have a towel, but there's a hot tub at the cabin," Dillon said.

As we left the dock and walk to the cabin, Dillon and I started talking to catch up. I learned that Dillon did so time in prison for drug possession and distribution and was released the previous month. I told him about my ex-boyfriend leaving me and my daughter when she was barely a year old but I've moved on just fine.

When we got to the hot tub, Vicki was in it, completely naked, making out with a guy. I think his name was Gary. Or was it Larry? I went in the heated water to rid myself of the cold shivers. I watched Dillon get out of his jeans to get naked with the rest of us. I was impressed when I first saw the magnificent length and girth Dillon's cock. Dillon noticed me noticing.

After Dillon joined us, Gary/Larry wanted me and Vicki to make out. This was a usual party piece with me and Vicki, we would kiss each other to rile up the guys and sometime get free drinks out of it. At first, it started with us sitting next each while we kiss, but later Vicki had us standing in the middle of the hot tub. As we kissed, she kissed my neck and pawed my ass, she even slapped my ass with both hands. The guys really liked that.

I'm not a lesbian, I prefer guys. I think of Vicki as a friend and just that, nothing more. The girl-on-girl show was I was doing was nothing more than an act, something to entertain the men. But some part of me did like feeling Vicki's lips on my neck.

After Vicki slapped my ass for the fifth time, the men in the hot tub were getting restless. It was our time to strike. Vicki immediately went cowgirl on Gary/Larry. I had Dillon sit up on the edge of the hot tub so I could suck his awesome cock. I may have been a little out of practice in the art of sucking cock, but Dillon enjoyed it all the same as he came in my mouth.

After that, Vicki left with Gary/Larry to find a room, Dillon put his jeans back but I just put on my sandals, staying naked,

ready to get laid. And not just once. I was on a good start in my night of booze and wild sex. Just a few tequila shots and some ecstasy and I would be back to the party girl I was before I got pregnant. But before I could move on to my next reckless act of sexual fulfillment, Dillon talked me into coming with him to his car, telling me he has a new party drug he wanted to show me.

“Okay,” I immediately said.

Walking to Dillon’s classic Mustang, he tells me the drug, he called ‘mad trip’, would be like peyote and GHB rolled into one, completely new. I became eager to be the first to try it.

At Dillon’s car, Dillon gets this ‘mad trip’ from the glove compartment. I decided to do another show for him and climb on the hood of his car, getting in touch with my inner porn star. My tits weren’t big enough for me to press them on the windshield since I’m practically flat-chested, but people say I have cute nipples, so I kneeled on the hood with my thighs spread, showing my shaved pussy. Dillon stops to watch me tweak my nipples. I had his full attention when I licked two of my fingers and diddled the folds of my labia while slowly swaying my hips. I raised the bar for Dillon by leaning forward, pressing my pussy on the hood, humping it, like I was making love to the car, bringing new meaning to the term auto erotica. I kissed the windshield and Dillon clapped his hands.

As I waited for Dillon and his new drug, I turned over and leaned my back on the windshield, feeling my bare ass on the cold metal of the hood. I looked up at the stars, feeling so happy and free.

“Got it,” Dillon said, getting out of his car with a small black cardboard bag. “Get really for the trip of your life.”

I don’t remember much after that.

\* \* \* \*

I’m walking through a dark forest, lost and naked, trying to find my way back to the party. I can’t see the stars in the sky, like they’re not there. I try not to panic and keep going the same

direction I was going. I'm cold, goose bumps formed all over my body, my nipples are standing out. I see a campfire nearby and hurry to it. There's no one around the campfire, or nothing other than a wool blanket. I sit on the blanket and let the heat of the fire warm me up.

No longer cold, I lay back with my parted thighs to the fire. I'm horny but I don't know where the sex party is, so I'll just have to pleasure myself. I slowly tease my clit to build up my pleasure before circling it with my fingers. Soon, I feel my body really to climax.

But as my orgasm nears, I spot someone in the wood, standing outside of the light of the fire, covered in darkness. I'm suddenly excited by someone watching me masturbate. I'm focusing on this dark voyeur, hoping to make who he is. I know it's a man.

My moans get louder until I'm finally cumming. I take a moment to savor the delight of my orgasm. The dark voyeur waves to me to follow him. I get up from the blanket and walk to him. The campfire begins to dwindle as I leave.

As continue my trek through this unusually dark forest, my dark voyeur is nowhere to be seen, but I keep going. Finally, to my relief, I found the cabin where the party is. There's no one around the cabin, I think maybe everyone left or the party is still going on inside. Hoping for the latter, I run to the front door and burst in.

The first thing I notice inside the wood cabin is the polished marble floors and the fancy white pillars reaching up the high ceiling, where the chandeliers lights up a ballroom bigger than my house. I'm not in a cabin anymore but some fancy Victorian-era mansion. The people around are dressed in Victorian clothes wearing masquerade masks.

"There you are."

I turn and see Vicki walking to me, wearing the same kind of dress.

"We're about to get started," Vicki says.

Vicki puts a black masquerade mask over her eyes, the only thing I now wear.

“Are you ready?” Vicki asks.

“Yes.” I answer, not knowing what.

Vicki takes my hand and guides further in the ballroom. The party guests slowly gather around me as I walk to the middle of the ballroom. I start to worry as I am surrounded by the masked guests as they look at me silent.

Just when the silence is about to make freak out, they all clap their hands. I’m overwhelmed by their applause, so at be gracious, I walk around my admirers, spinning around to give everyone a good look at my unclothed body.

I walk to a canopy bed and kneel in the middle of mattress, facing my adoring fans. Even though I’m not told what to do, I know what to do. I spread my thighs and slip my finger in my pussy, beginning my performance of self-pleasuring. I play with one of my poking nipples to help excite myself more while the guests are gazing upon me intensely, turning me on even more.

As I orgasm, the audience applauds, louder than before. I lay back on the fluffy pillows to catch my breath. The applause still continues, like they want more. I notice a glass dildo next to me and I’m horny again. I take the dildo and sit up. The audience instantly goes silent.

I playfully suck on the glass sex toy, wetting it. I then slowly insert the dildo in my pussy. I hold the dildo steady as I buck my hips against it, repeatedly, until I came again. The guests applaud more, which somehow makes my pussy ache for more.

For my next performance, I get on my hands and knees, showing everyone my ass as I finger-fuck my cunt, leading to another orgasm, leading to another applause, leading to me to masturbate again.

I wanted to get creative for next act, so I grind my pussy on one of the posts at the foot of the canopy bed. After that, I did the same thing on the other post to show the audience on the other side of the bed what they missed.

Going back to the bed for another, I took one of the pillows and hump my pussy against it like it’s a lover and I’m going cowgirl on it.

Throwing the pillow away, I sit in a lotus position in the middle of the bed. I pull my foot close to my pussy and slowly grind my pussy against the heel of my foot.

I continue to masturbate in as many different ways as I could think of, but I eventually got tired. Exhausted, I lied back on the bed, waiting to fall asleep. A man walks to the bed, he's wearing the same kind of Victorian clothes as the others as well as a full-face masquerade mask covering his entire face. Despite the clothes he wears, I can see the muscular build of him. Vicki walks to him and undresses him.

I'm watching Vicki striping this masked man one piece of clothing at a time. I love the firm muscles of his arms and the buff pecs of his manly chest and his perfectly chiseled abs. I move myself to the edge of the bed where he stands, just as Vicki move to his trousers. I can't believe my eyes when I see the magnificent member this man has, almost of big as Dillon's. I feel my pussy begging to be penetrated by this incredible cock.

I'm taking the cock into my mouth and suck on it, slowly bobbing my head. Soon, I go a bit faster, and faster. I'm tasting his pre-cum, indicating he's ejaculation is nearing. I open my eyes and look up to the man I'm blowing. He looks down at me for a moment, then he begins to pull his mask off. I hope to see the face of Brad Pitt or Hugh Jackman revealed, but to my surprise, my absolute shock, the man I've giving head to ... has no face.

No eyes, no nose, no mouth, no ears.

I want to pull away, but I can't. Like auto pilot, I continue to suck his cock until he comes. I can't help but look at that faceless man as I taste the massive burst of semen in my mouth. I can't believe I still want to have sex with him.

I swallow as I'm removing my mouth from his cock. His cum tastes like ... napalm with Novocain. I lay back on the bed, despite my fear, I part my legs, inviting him to have me.

As I'm eagerly waiting to have sex with the man with no face ... he smiles.

The morning sun woke me up. I found myself lying on my stomach on the dock, with one of my sandals missing. I rolled on my back and sat up to get my bearing. I felt like I got off a bad acid trip while on a tilt-a-whirl going at Mach-3. Luckily, Vicki was looking for me and helped me up. I got on my clothes and left the cabin, not bothering to find Dillon.

Since I got back from the party, I tried to return to my life as a working single mom. I spent the whole week focusing on work and my daughter without any incidents like I had with Dillon. Until Saturday.

I was home that night while Vicki was spending the weekend in Christine Lake with some guy. After putting my daughter to bed, I was about to turn in early with a glass of wine and my vibrator but that got interrupted by a knock on the door. It was Dillon. I saw no reason not to invite him in, so I just let him in.

We went to my living room and started talking about that night in the woods. I told him about the crazy dream I had from the mad trip about me in some Victorian party, entertaining the party guests by watching me masturbate and giving a blow job to a man with no face.

“I may have given you too much,” Dillon says.

Then he takes out that small black cardboard bag and puts on my coffee table.

“If you like, you can have a small bit of it,” Dillon suggests.

I must have said yes because I don’t remember what happened after that.

\* \* \* \*

I’m in a movie set with cameras, spotlights, and a bed. I figure out what kind of movie is being filmed here immediately. I’m wearing only a robe and my pink bunny slippers. The director, who looks like Ron Jeremy, tells me to undress and go to the bed. I drop my robe, slip out of the slippers and walk to the bed.

I’m sitting on the bed when I see the director is mad at me



Look for these other erotic ebooks from Burping Frog Publishing:

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Mind Fuck</b>                          | <b>Confessions of a Size Queen</b>                   |
| <b>The Gerry Series</b>                   | <b>Dans le Murs</b>                                  |
| <b>Eros Volume Two</b>                    | <b>Culture Shock</b>                                 |
| <b>The Stop Sign on<br/>Botsford Road</b> | <b>Lessons In Bondage</b>                            |
| <b>Seminary Slut</b>                      | <b>Confessions of a Cunt</b>                         |
| <b>Kuro Neko</b>                          | <b>Sexcapades</b>                                    |
| <b>Eros Volume One</b>                    | <b>The Disturbing Tale of<br/>Michelle and Bryce</b> |
| <b>The 180</b>                            | <b>Dominique</b>                                     |
| <b>Virgin Mary</b>                        | <b>A Night In Jasmyn's Garden</b>                    |
| <b>Making the Watermelon Queen</b>        | <b>Home Sweet Home</b>                               |
| <b>Rising to the Occasion</b>             | <b>Den of Iniquity</b>                               |
| <b>Handling Email</b>                     | <b>Christine is Cherished</b>                        |
| <b>Moist Moments</b>                      | <b>Shadow of Doubt</b>                               |
| <b>Cherry Pops</b>                        | <b>Yule Tied</b>                                     |
| <b>The Cerberus Incident</b>              | <b>Under The Bridge</b>                              |
| <b>Lubrication</b>                        | <b>A New Haunt</b>                                   |
| <b>Beach House of the Raven-Nymph</b>     | <b>The Hazing</b>                                    |
| <b>Animal</b>                             | <b>Ethan &amp; Carrie</b>                            |
| <b>Black in White Part II</b>             | <b>South Carolina for the Summer</b>                 |
| <b>Tied Together</b>                      | <b>The Third Pact</b>                                |
| <b>A Packaged Holiday</b>                 | <b>Blood of the First Night</b>                      |
| <b>Black in White</b>                     | <b>Two Thirds Virgin</b>                             |
| <b>Into My Life Book Two</b>              | <b>The Lust Factor</b>                               |
| <b>One for the Road</b>                   | <b>Molly's Little Sister</b>                         |
| <b>Dark Desire</b>                        | <b>Dad's Camcorder</b>                               |
| <b>Confessions of a Cheating Wife</b>     | <b>Good Girl Bad Girl</b>                            |
| <b>My Minotaur</b>                        | <b>Girls Not Named Mary</b>                          |
| <b>A Kink in the Marriage</b>             | <b>Desire &amp; Regret</b>                           |
| <b>The Summer Project</b>                 | <b>Grant's Big Day</b>                               |
| <b>She Made Me Do It</b>                  | <b>The Bigger They Are</b>                           |
| <b>The Education of Richard</b>           | <b>Black Panther</b>                                 |
| <b>Family Ties</b>                        | <b>Thumper's Friend</b>                              |
| <b>Into My Life</b>                       | <b>Trouble Maker</b>                                 |

Available only from Burping Frog eBooks: [burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com](http://burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com)  
**A Proper Baptist Part 1, Man of the House Part 1 and Fucked on Sight Part 1**

Also look for these mystery novels by from Burping Frog Publishing:

|                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <b>The Viper's Son</b>        | <b>Change of Heart</b>      |
| <b>An Innocent Among Them</b> | <b>Widow of Calcutta</b>    |
| <b>The Lennox Conspiracy</b>  | <b>Breathe of the Flesh</b> |

Please contact Burping Frog Publishing to receive sample chapters and to place an order for any ebook.

**Burping Frog Publishing**  
[burpingfrogebooks@yahoo.com](mailto:burpingfrogebooks@yahoo.com)  
[www.burpingfrog.com](http://www.burpingfrog.com)