

The Lottery Winner's Challenge



By
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Credits and License

Codes: MF MM cons lght humil oral anal mastrb toys ws exhib

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Authors Note

A truth-or-dare fanatic sets up a series of challenges with her Internet friends where the top prize is a cool million. This contains story codes that I have not written before and the entire story was written at the request of a person a few years back on a forum. She liked it, and it is a giggle, but it is not a masterpiece; I know there are some grammatical errors. I think I may have posted it at the time to a newsgroup.

I would like to thank my wife for her understanding while writing all of my stories. Alas, as I choose to remain semi-anonymous I cannot name her but without her support I would not have got it finished.

While I don't think this is my best ever work I had fun writing it and am happy with the final result, despite its clichés; I hope you have as much fun reading it.

This eBook, has been released to be freely downloaded and I would ask my readers to drop me a line and let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed! I can happily accept criticism, but I do need feedback.

Kind regards,
John D

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Feedback: johndstories@gmail.com

Introduction

I have known Angelina, or sexy_girl, for several years since I was thirteen but have never actually met her! She was a couple of years older than me, but had been one of my best friends on the Internet. I first met her on the Truth or Dare chat channels and we had maintained good contact, partaking in a number of games with other members.

Just after I had finished my final exams at University I got an unexpected but not unwelcome e-mail from her addressed to myself and a few other members of our forums. We hadn't participated in any games for a number of months with my studies taking precedence over any leisure activities I enjoyed doing.

Dear All,

Sorry I haven't been online recently but have good news! Two months ago I won the big rollover jackpot on the lottery and am going to give one of you a cool million.

The winner of a giant game of challenges, set by me, over one week beginning on the first Monday of August. It will be in and around my new estate in Sussex.

Let me know if you are in. There are eight places - first come first served.

Lots of love,

sexy_girl

P.S. Only play if you want to accept my limits ;-)

I replied almost instantly that I would definitely want to be counted in and went back to the business of celebrating my end of year exams with sexy_girl's offer still in the back of my mind.

Angelina had been in touch the week before and sent us details of what I would need to pack, arranged train tickets for me and the details of the accommodation provided. I can't deny I was excited but slightly apprehensive. It is very different playing a game of Truth or Dare with people hundreds of miles away to those in the same room, but I had "won" my fair share of games and by and large was quite looking forward to it.

I was nearly fourteen stone, so a few pounds overweight for someone who was six foot tall but other than that was in fairly good shape. I had seen photos and webcam footage of most of the other contestants but would not recognise them by sight. In fact, I knew six of the seven other contestants - the forums had been buzzing with the rumours that someone was feeding them and six of my fellow gamers had 'fessed up that they were going. bigboy19, tord_phreak, flashergirl, londonjames82, big_boned_lucy and icum4u were being joined by myself, southernmark and one other mystery member. I guessed that sexy_girl had set up the game so that there were equal numbers of boys and girls which meant that the missing person was definitely female. I did toy with the idea that it was sexy_girl herself, but then dismissed it.

The train journey took less than two hours on the Sunday afternoon I was given the ticket for. The rural train station was a fifteen minute walk to the little village and hostel where I was to be staying. To say that it wasn't even a one-star outfit wouldn't be unkind, but certainly was geared for hikers and walkers who would not be entering the establishment clean. An outdoor toilet and shower was provided along with rubber mats to the sparse bedroom for those who were muddy and dirty.

Lying on the bed was an envelope addressed to "southernmark" containing Angelina's spidery handwriting. I had only seen it once before when she had to write out "I must swallow after sucking cock" 100 times and leave it in a University library book after

admitting she didn't allow her boyfriends to come in her mouth. Photographic proof was provided!

"I hope you enjoyed your journey and you can have tonight to rest. In the morning, be at the remains of Sizewell Abbey by 9am. Lots of love, sexy_girl"

It was gone 5.30 when I had finished and ordered a takeaway from a local outfit that had left a leaflet in my room. I ventured out to see if I could meet anyone else here that would be playing but wasn't sure who was who in the bar and made an early night for it.

Chapter I: Getting acquainted

I asked the receptionist where the remains of Sizewell Abbey were before breakfast and were reliably informed that they were a mere twenty minutes walk away up the footpath directly opposite the hostel. After a meagre breakfast of cereal, orange juice and toast I visited the toilet and made tracks at quarter past eight.

The footpath, despite being predominantly uphill wasn't too tiring and I reached the top just after half past. I was the first one there and sat on top of the hill, from which the entire area was visible. I climbed about twelve feet on top of the ruins and watched as a large girl - big_boned_lucy and an unknown guy was also walking up the hill. I had worn shorts and T-shirts but I noticed they were both wearing trousers and a jumper. While it was a bit chilly on top of the hill and I had a few goose pimples, it was due to get consider warmer as the day wore on and I didn't want to be carrying out around unnecessary clothes.

I jumped down from my vantage point to greet Lucy, who was tired and out of breath already and londonjames82, who was around three years older than myself.

It took Angelina another twenty minutes to arrive, and by which time all seven of us who we knew were arriving was at the top of the hill. When she finally did make it over the brow of the hill, she was accompanied by two gentlemen and a younger looking girl. Beaming, she greeted us.

'Welcome, to my ultimate game' she called out as we broke off from our little conversations to listen. 'There was supposed to be another player - Helen, or hotstuff - but a family emergency has come up so after much begging my little sister has asked to take her place. Yes, she is a virgin at this, but I won't be giving her specialist treatment. This is Josie'

Josie was an exact copy of Angelina only half a foot shorter. She had wavy brown hair down to her shoulders and an ample chest with impossible toned legs. I smiled at her, but Josie was blushing and looking away. 'To business', Angelina called. 'The first challenge. A checklist of ten items, each worth a set amount of points and twenty pounds in cash. The loser - the lowest points total and they do a forfeit. Be back here by 3pm or be disqualified. Any questions?'

Angelina's minders were busy handing out envelopes to each of us while she spoke and Lucy asked a question.

'What's the forfeit?'

Angelina laughed. 'That would be telling. You'll see'.

I tore open the envelope and read the check-list:

Used, unwashed underwear from a local resident - 20 points

The exact address of the memorial to Timmy Williams - 20 points

A bottle of Deep Heat - 15 points

A leaf from a horse chestnut - 10 points

A pack of flavoured condoms - 10 points

A cucumber - 10 points

A pair of cycling shorts - 5 points

A strong branch from a tree - 5 points

A packet of sweets - 3 points

A stone from a building - 2 points

It was immediately apparent, as I walked down the hill, that I needed to pick up a stone

when I returned to the finishing point for the two points, but I did not want to carry it around with me as I tried to fulfil the rest of the task. The first two would be the big ones to get, and hopefully keep me in the competition.

The first port of call for me was the post office. The old woman behind the counter asked if she could help me and I asked her where the memorial to Timmy Williams was. She looked at me blankly and so I bought a packet of Fruit Gums from her little display for 45p and crossed that off my list.

The tiny village shop was next to the post office, but was obvious that they did not stock either condoms, clothing or Deep Heat and the vegetable rack was nearly empty. Without embarrassing myself by asking the young girl who worked there, I left the shop and walked into the village square. A large obelisk stood proudly as a memorial to those who died in the wars but despite there being a plethora of names, Timmy Williams was not one of them.

I noticed Lucy and Jolie walk into the village shop and smiled to myself. It was then that I noticed a little bus parked on the corner of the green and ran over to it. It was going to the big town five miles away and asked the driver when he would be returning.

'Bus leaves at noon, arrives at half past', he told me and I paid the £3.00 return fare before climbing aboard.

The larger town was far better. I found a sports shop and bartered the price of a large pair of cycling shorts on a discontinued line and the pack of Deep Heat for just £7. The cucumber was just 50 pence from the local market, and it was barely half ten when I totted up I was already at 33 points. Walking back down the High Street, I noticed a faded sign down one of the back alleys 'LAUNDRETTE' and almost ran down it to the tatty shop with open doors.

I peered in through the open door and was amazed to find that only two people were there. One was busy with their washing and their back to the door, while someone else was reading a newspaper. On top of the machines were baskets of dirty washing waiting for their owners to come back and empty the finished load.

I saw my opportunity as in the corner of the room was a dirty vending machine, next to which was a basket of washing. As I approached the vending machine I noticed a pair of frilly knickers on top and hoped that they were unwashed. A dirty football sock hanging over the end of the basket confirmed this and I proceeded to put my fifty pence in the machine to get a can of Pepsi. As I knelt down to collect the drink I swiped the knickers and stuffed them in my envelope without anyone noticing.

A walk around the adjacent park didn't find any horse chestnut trees, and so out of luck, tried a few residential streets hoping to find such a tree, but this too was also fruitless

The big pharmacy in the town were out of flavoured condoms and although I caused a couple of sixth formers behind me to giggle when I turned down the normal or ribbed varieties felt that I could get these in the pub toilets back in the village. With just 45 minutes to spare until the bus went back to the village I walked into the library next to the bus station and into the reference section.

'Can I help you?' the librarian asked, peering over her large tome.

'Do you know where the memorial to Timmy Williams is?' I asked, more out of desperation. She shook her head and thought for a moment.

'No. You could try the Internet', she pointed towards the computer in the corner of the room. I thanked her, and spent 20 minutes on Google, all to no avail.

As I went to leave, she collared me again. 'Did you find what you want?'

`No', I shook my head. `Nothing. I just know it is somewhere in the local area'

`Well, that gentleman over there is a local historian', she said pointing towards a bespectacled man pouring over a newspaper. `If he doesn't know, no-one does'

`Excuse me', I said tentatively and the old man looked up at me. `The librarian said you might be able to help me. Do you know anything about Timmy Williams?' I asked.

`Oh yes', he said. `Sit down'. I looked at my watch and reasoned I had around 15 minutes so sat down to listen.

`Timmy was quite famous round these parts many years ago. He fought in the first world war and was decorated at the Somme among other battles. He was in the artillery and rose to become a Sergeant very quickly. In the closing days of the war he had his arm shot off, and although he lived had no left arm underneath the elbow. He came back to the local area and ran the post office in Sizewell for a number of years before becoming councillor and then MP. He was given an MBE in the seventies but when he retired he moved to Bournemouth and then died in the eighties. Why?'

`Do you know where his memorial is?'

He shook his head and said, `apart from his grave in a Bournemouth cemetery, I've no idea'. I thanked him and then left for the bus.

The drive back to Sizewell was uneventful but I was mulling over the story trying to find anything which might indicate where the memorial might be. It was as I was disembarking the bus and walking towards the pub that I saw it. The name of the establishment was "The One-Armed Bowler" and I just couldn't stop laughing. The pub toilets did indeed stock flavoured condoms and I swapped two of my English pounds for ten points. As I left the pub I asked the landlady for the address which I wrote on the envelope with her pen before bidding her farewell.

The rest of the day was fruitless except finding a suitable stick in the wood. Horse Chestnut trees were rare and I was sure ninety points would be fine. I arrived back at the abbey fifteen minutes early and picked up a brick from the rubble and awaited the arrival of Angelina.

In fact, it took her just two more minutes to return armed with her minders. She greeted me like an old friend as I presented my finds. `Wow! Ninety points' she exclaimed.

`Where is the Horse Chestnut tree?' I asked.

`At the back of the church' she told me and I kicked myself having walked past it a number of times.

I felt better when Lucy arrived and scored a meagre thirty points. In fact, she was lowest total as everyone else arrived and there was almost panic in her eyes as tord_phreak - a big guy from Yorkshire scored 32. At 3pm, Angelina looked round and smiled.

`Icum4u isn't here' she exclaimed and then told Lucy she was off the hook. `He's disqualified and we have a loser'

I had scored the highest with my trip to the town but wasn't the only person to get used underwear or work out the pub was the memorial to Timmy Williams. Ten minutes later, a wiry 18 year old came running up the hill carrying a full Tesco plastic bag

`I got everything', he cried out in a Welsh accent, and emptied it on the ground. `100 points'

`...which is twelve minutes too late. You score nothing and have a forfeit to do', Angelina called out. His face dropped.

`No, but...my bus was late leaving'.

`Not my problem', Angelina said steadfastly and held out a blue card, having put the pink card in her pocket moments earlier, which he tentatively read out.

`Strip naked, and then wear the cycling shorts if anyone has procured any, filled with Deep Heat, if anyone has procured any. Then, on the male member to have scored the lowest (except yourself), place a flavoured condom and then give a blow job to completion. While you stay in the village to watch the rest of the competition you must wear the underwear collected each day to remind you of your dreadful performance in this contest.

`That'll be James', Angelina said tossing him the condoms from icum4u's bag and then gave icum4u the Deep Heat and the cycling shorts.

Slowly, and with his protestations continuing, he stripped in front of us to reveal his tiny penis and unruly mass of ginger pubic hair. Angelina ensured a generous portion of Deep Heat was applied to the cycling shorts before he pulled them up.

Apprehensively, he approached James who had put the condom on his erect member and was awaiting icum4u to start giving it some attention. I am very open-minded but it took icum4u no time at all to get into a rhythm and it wasn't long before James was filling the rubber at the end of his cock with his sticky mess.

`See, I come for you', James told him, to much amusement as icum4u began to pull his cycling shorts away from his genitals.

`All over guys. Tomorrow, be at my mansion on the main road at midday for the next game. All of you' Angelina called and started walking down the hill.

This is like nothing I have every experienced!

Chapter II: Each way betting

We had dinner at a local cafe before I went to bed early. Other members of the contest stayed up and while it was great comparing notes, and enjoying the company of the people I have played games with for years, I had walked a long way and just wanted to rest.

My lie-in almost cost me my breakfast but I managed to just wander down in my pyjama shorts, without my top and eat the awful meal before the end of service.

Angelina's mansion was big and imposing. Her sister claimed it had cost her a meaty five million pounds, which I couldn't really doubt. I felt a little underdressed in my shorts and T-Shirts in the hot sun as eight of us meandered up the winding drive to the large house. We were shown in via a side-door to the impossibly large conservatory and into a marquee in the back garden.

Angelina was waiting for us with six female minders - all dressed in french maids' outfits. 'Today, is about betting. With a twist', she said, scanning our faces for an emotion. 'You will each get fifty chips to start with and have to make as much money on the poker, roulette, horse racing, blackjack and craps tables. You can stop playing at any time and if you decide to take off any part of your clothing for the entire game before you place your first bet, we will add extra chips to your score at the end, depending on how much you strip. Highest amount wins. Lowest amount loses. Forfeits of course. You have until 4pm.'

The maids then spread out to the six tables - a poker table with five seats in a circle, the roulette wheel, a TV on a racing channel, a blackjacks table, the craps table and a Bankers table. I was next to flashergirl, or Maria from Scunthorpe, who looked at me and began to remove her clothes. I followed suit, as this is for one million pounds and was certain that everyone would be naked.

I was wrong - flashergirl and myself were naked, everyone else was topless except big_boned_lucy and bigboy19 who didn't remove anything. I followed Maria to the Bankers table and withdrew fifteen chips and then walked over to the blackjacks table. Minimum stake, one chip. Returns were the number of players plus one per chip staked. With just me and the banker, I quickly won six out of the eight games staking two chips per game giving me a profit of twenty chips and we had barely started. The cold chair and draughts weren't doing my ego much good so I moved away from the blackjack table which was near the doorway and walked over to the horse racing in the corner.

I staked two chips apiece on the next five races on horses I selected simply because I liked the name - 'Dare to be brave' at 11/1 was suitably apt! I wanted to pocket my betting slip but given I didn't have a stitch on, this was near on impossible!

Having spent half my winnings already, I came up behind flashergirl who was on the roulette wheel with most of the contestants and squeezed her hips. She jumped and then turned round to look at me.

'How are you doing?' I whispered.

'Forty chips up' she replied. Fuck!

I sat down on the chair next to her and put one chip on red and one chip on 18. Black 33. I had another three goes winning nothing, before putting my last two chips on the red three. Which promptly came up and gave me 36 chips. I deposited 25 of these with the banker and then went back to the blackjack table.

Although it was draughty, it was also profitable and by 1:30 I was another 100 chips better

off. icum4u was walking around in just the women's underwear flashergirl had got yesterday and had even managed to grab a few chips to bet with even though he couldn't win.

The poker game, with flashergirl and big_boned_lucy was also profitable but at 3:00, when I was another fifty chips better off, Annabelle made an announcement.

`For the next sixty minutes, any part of your competitors which aren't covered by clothes can be touched. If he or she has an unfettered opening which is lubricated then you may use it, as they have given permission for you to do so by making it available, but you may not do so if their openings are not ready. They are not obliged to help you but cannot object or attempt to cover themselves if you are able to use it. No one can redress, but can you remove yourself from the game and forfeit this challenge if you wish'

Flashergirl and I looked at each other in dread as we listened to Annabelle's announcement.

`Oh fuck', she said, as bigboy19 began to take off his trousers behind her and then began fondling her breasts. It definitely affected flashergirl's game, as I won the next two games easily but did not want to bank any of my chips as I saw someone had given icum4u some KY Jelly and knew they it could be easily smeared into my anus while I queued up. I didn't want to take the chance!

I did however have a sizeable number of chips and didn't want any to get stolen. I waited until big_boned_lucy started toying with my penis and make a bit of a dash for it. Flashergirl had fallen off her chair and was currently being taken by bigboy19 while I presented the banker with over 100 chips and made it to the blackjack table.

I tried to concentrate on the game and not the orgy which was developing by the roulette table. Londonjames82, who finished unloading into flashergirl's rear only to find that Annabelle's no-redress rule applied to him as well as and icum4u had lubed his ass up good and proper. He was now fearful of revenge by icum4u given the dare forfeit on top of the Abbey.

With ten minutes to go I banked another twenty chips and then went back to the horse racing table to claim any prizes I had. Although my 11/1 hadn't come in (each way mind), a couple had and she was bashing away at a calculator. I heard someone come up behind me and pushed me over the table. My ass got lubed before I could do anything and tord_phreak - a slightly overweight 20-something was positioning his erect cock into me.

`Care to give up?' he asked me as I felt him touch my cheeks.

`No' I cried back and he rammed his member into me. It felt like I was being split in two and I cried out in mild pain and strange pleasure at the same time.

The maid, calmly informed me that I had eight chips profit, while tord_phreak was hammering away at my arse. It was the first time I had received anal sex and it felt quite pleasurable, but I still preferred the openings of a woman. That said, I wasn't going to give up on the one million and let him fire his seed deep into me.

My own member was very erect, with him pushing on my prostate and desperate for relief. I staggered over to the banker to deposit all my winnings and waited for Annabelle to blow her whistle, which she did two minutes later.

Flashergirl was covered in semen, but was looking defiant. She wanted the money also, and as we milled around waiting for Annabelle and her maids to count up a winner.

`In reverse order', Annabelle said, `with 450 chips - including 200 bonus chips, its Flashergirl.' Flashergirl looked relieved and received her round of applause. `A close second with 442 - including 175 bonus chips, its southernmark'. I got a more muted round

of applause and Annabelle

continued. 'Tord_Phreak got 212, including 50 bonus chips. Josie got 177 with 50 bonus chips. Bigboy19 got 112 with no bonus chips.' Annabelle stopped and brought londonjames82 who was naked and big_boned_lucy who was still attired together in the centre of the room. 'Big_boned_lucy. You opted not to removed any clothes and lets see if that strategy worked for you. The last qualifier for tomorrow is.....Londonjames82 who picked up 88 chips including his fifty bonus points.'

Lucy's face sank as James breathed deeply in relief.

'And your forfeit today is this', Annabelle said passing Lucy the card.

'I can choose. I can take the spare PVC french maids outfit, as modelled by our croupiers, and wear it all week during the dares, or roll the die and wear no more than that number of items of clothing all week during the dares.'

'Does this include getting to and from the dares?', Lucy asked and Annabelle shook her head.

'No it's just like icum4u here. He walked here in tracksuit bottoms but had to undress when he got here.'

'I'll roll the dice' she said and one of the croupiers passed her a dice.

As with everything that afternoon, it didn't go well and she rolled a one to much cheering.

'Two down, five to go!' Annabelle called out. 'See you tomorrow, at Park End Farm at 11am. It's just a bit closer to the village on the main road'

I got back to my room, giddy in spirits. I knew flashergirl was next door and knocked on. Her door wasn't locked and spun open as I rapped my knuckles on the faded pine. She was there, in the middle of her bed, with her vibrator buzzing away between her slit. She smiled when she saw me.

'Come in and close the door', she said, which I did. 'You didn't come today did you?', she asked me.

'No'.

'Soon rectify that' and she beckoned me over.

'Can't have my favourite player not seeing any of the fun', and took my penis in her hand and began devouring it frantically with her lips wrapped around the erect member.

Never have I had such a welcome blow job and came almost instantly. With my seed dripping down her chin, she finished herself off with her rabbit and then put it away.

'Something to eat?' I enquired, and I left the hostel with a date with a fellow competitor.

Well, you've heard of sleeping with the enemy, right? ;-)

Chapter III: The barns challenges

I woke up on Wednesday in flashergirl's bed, her body entwined in my arms. We barely had time to run down before the dining room closed, and dressed in just her short pink dressing gown I accompanied flashergirl in her (short) frilly nightie to get the pitiful breakfast.

The walk to the farm wasn't great. The weather was colder and the winds were stronger. I almost missed my coat but after about twenty minutes the group of us made it to the little farm on the edge of Angelina's estate.

The farm manager showed us to a large barn where Angelina was waiting with three of the girls in french maids outfits. She smiled as we entered, a wicked grin which made me a bit uneasy.

'Icum4u and big_boned_lucy need to be suitably attired before we can begin', Angelina said, and we turned to watch icum4u strip to a pair of big womens underwear and Lucy remove everything except an impossibly large T-Shirt she had acquired which just made it to below her crotch.

'Excellent.', Angelina continued. 'The challenge. Its simple. I will place you into pairs using my dice. The losing pair do a head to head and someone is eliminated with a forfeit. Everyone strips to wearing one of my large T-Shirts. One of the pair sits on top of the other one and drinks as much water as they can. The other member must drink their piss and then pass it. The last pair to reach two pints loses. Does anyone want to drop out?'

I looked around at some horrified faces but there was no takers for Angelina's offer. She unveiled a board with our names on, next to a number (our placings in the last game)

1. *Flashergirl*
2. *Southernmark*
3. *Tord_Phreak*
4. *Josie*
5. *BigBoy19*
6. *LondonJames82.*

She rolled the die and got a five followed by a one. 'Flashergirl will be playing with BigBoy19'. She rolled then rolled a two, followed by a one, which had already been taken. Then a five. And finally a four. 'Southernmark is with Josie and its all boys with tord_phreak and londonjames82. Get undressed and take your places on the bench.

I was somewhat relieved to be with a girl, but didn't know Josie at all. We stripped, as requested and put on plain white T-Shirts she had provided. They were big, and nearly covered my knees. Josie's outfit went to her ankles and I laughed at her.

'Take your places' Angelina called and I laid on the bench as instructed. As I lay down, Josie lifted up my T-Shirt and fitted a loose-fitting hose to my semi-erect cock, brushing the sides slightly as she slipped it on.

'Time starts now', she called out and Jose immediately lowered herself onto my face. I heard her gulp down a large amount of fluid at once and then keep drinking.

It took less than five minutes for it to start to come through and although she gave me a warning, I could not prepare myself for my first taste of piss. It was salty but pungent and was glad to swallow it to get it away from my mouth. She filled up my mouth time and time again before she was happy and it was all gone.

I had not been to the toilet since breakfast and with Josie resting her hands on the lower

half of my stomach, it was pressing on my bladder. It felt odd, but I released and heard the liquid hit the bucket next to us.

'Come on' Josie called out and began to fill my mouth once again. 'You got to have more than that!'

I wanted to reply but was too busy swallowing her stream of hot piss to be able to. I felt my bladder filling and the urge to pee and began to let go and the liquid soon began hitting the bucket with some force.

'It's close', Angelina called out after I had passed water for the third time. 'Not too much in it. One pair is just short of the two pints'

Josie began drinking again. She could see how far away we were.

'Come on!', she cried. 'We'll lose. Piss'

My bladder was empty but she was filling up my stomach again with so much force that it was spilling out of my mouth. I tried to tell her to slow down but was in danger of drowning. I trying to muster up the control to go when Josie started pressing on my stomach again.

'We have a winner! Flashergirl and BigBoy19' Angelina called out and Josie shrieked.

'Come on', she cried and I suddenly felt the urge to go filling up the tube.

'And a Second Place' Angelina called out. 'Well done Josie and Southernmark'

Josie got up from me and I saw that I was lying in a puddle of her piss. I unclipped the hose and then got up to give her a cuddle. The bottom of her T-Shirt and the top of mine were stained a very pale yellow.

Londonjames82 (who was on the bottom) and Tord_Phreak were arguing but when I looked at the required red line in their transparent bucket, they were barely short. We were very lucky.

'The final challenge', Angelina called out 'is for each of you, to take a bucket of piss from our winners to the end of the room and you have to throw it over your competitor. We will weight the T-Shirts and which ever one of you has the most liquid absorbed loses. Remember, you only get one shot at it'

Londonjames82 and Tord_phreak took a bucket each and Angelina collected their bucket while we watched from a distance. I didn't want to get covered in any more urine that I already was and watched as they walked round in circles dummying each move.

Angelina tutted. 'Twenty seconds left', she called out and Londonjames82 turned for a split second. Tord_phreak launched his bucket of liquid over him. Although he avoided a large chunk of it, his back was covered.

'You didn't say it was timed', I told her.

'It wasn't going to be', she replied. 'But I am not waiting all day'

With time against him, londonjames82 tried to get nearer to tord_phreak before tipping his bucket over the retreating Yorkshireman - to little success.

'I don't think we need to weigh the shirts', Angelina called out, 'Tord_Phreak - you're safe!'

Londonjames82 looked desolate as they walked back to the group of us. 'Your forfeit, james is to line up against the wall. She picked up the spare bucket and launched the smelly liquid against the immobile guy and drenched him in his own urine.

'For the rest of the week, you will wear what I give you on the day and will not be allowed to use the toilet. Be here, same time tomorrow', she bellowed and left.

The farm manager showed us to the outdoor showers, but the water was cold so I darted in and out before getting dressed and walking back with flashergirl, Josie and BigBoy19 to the hotel.

That evening, we played a game of truth or dare together in BigBoy19's room - he had the double room. I was asked the amount of times I masturbate (not very hard) and then dared to walk to reception naked. The young girl on reception didn't seem to mind too much and simply giggled at me and then got me to pose for a picture on her camera. Flashergirl was then dared to kiss Josie, before Josie dared me to suck BigBoy's cock, which I reluctantly did although it was barely for a few seconds. The game ended when Josie took on a dare to go downstairs and find a non- game player to give a good time to.

From the sounds coming from her room that night, it appeared she hit the jackpot!

Chapter IV: Diving into the barn

For once, I made it to breakfast on time given the fact that I did not wake up in someone else's bed! Josie, dressed in just her (very) short nightie, Flashergirl, who was wearing just a thin T-shirt and Bigboy19 who was in his shorts were already down there and I passed a nice hour talking to them while the staff gave them funny looks. I am sure Josie slept with our waiter as he did give us a more hearty breakfast than usual.

The weather was fantastic with the strong English summer sun beating down upon us as we trekked the twenty minute walk to the farm. Arriving just before eleven, and nearly getting squashed by a couple of farm vehicles we were showed to the same barn as before where Angelina was waiting for us.

'Morning', she said brightly as we crowded around her. 'I've tested your ingenuity, your logic and your squeamishness. Today, I am going to test your desire for the one million. The next barn is filled with mud from the farm including animal shit and stagnant water.' Angelina paused dramatic effect before continuing. 'In there I have hidden a number of stars about four inches big. Gold ones are worth double the silver ones. There is one red star which is an automatic bye to the next round if found. The contestants have fifteen minutes to find as many stars as they can and put them in their bucket. Top four go through, with contestant with the lowest number of stars going out'

'The contestants must be naked, except for a pair of crocs for safety reasons and our eliminated contestants are wearing far too much!' she added.

Icum4u stripped down to a pair of white male boxers which were far too small for him, and caused the fly to be gaping open at the front. Lucy was wearing just a long skirt, exposing her large breasts hanging down to her chest.

'This is for you', she said and gave londonjames82 a French Maids outfit which her helpers had been wearing all week. It was in shiny PVC and came with rubber "knickers" and he struggled to get into it.

'Suits you', flashergirl said laughing at him.

It didn't take us long to strip and to put the plimsolls provided on. The barn next door was incredibly pungent, with my nostrils recoiling the moment the stench hit us as Angelina opened the door. It used to hold poultry and was about 50 metres long and twenty minutes wide with a raised platform two metres wide, and around half a metre from the ground at the back and front of the barn as well as down both sides. This meant that the non-players could meander around the barn without getting their feet dirty. Not fair really.

One of Angelina's maids (no, not londonjames82), handed out buckets to us which had the lid glued on, and a tiny slit in the top. I guessed this was to stop us losing all our stars if we slipped over.

The barn was actually quite warm. Its transparent roof let in lots of light and heat and this added to the foul smell inside. Slowly I slid down into the squelchy mud and headed for the centre. I could see flashergirl and bigboy19 to my right and tord_phreak to my left in acres of room. Josie was hanging around in the corner, barely touching the disgusting mud.

As I walked, my feet sank into the mud and it came up to above my ankles. It would take a lot of Dove to get the smell of that out of my skin. Angelina counted down from three and then blew her whistle.

I immediately put my bucket down and began searching through the mud with both hands. It didn't take long before I found my first star, and then my second. I couldn't tell what

colour they were as they were covered in mud but simply the light reflected off of them and they were hard.

As I moved forward I began to kneel in the mud. It was easier to get to the earth in front of me, and was quicker. As I leant over, I felt the cold wet goo touch the tip of my penis and it felt slightly arousing, if somewhat dirty.

It wasn't long before I was into double figures and looked round at my competitors. They were all now going for it, kneeling in the foul stench, desperate to find the stars. I approached my task with renewed vigour and didn't even stop when my bladder was full, just urinating into the mud.

This caused Angelina to whoop in delight. 'Southernmark has just added piss to your mud' she cried

'You dirty bastard', Tord_phreak called over to me and I chuckled.

'Two minutes left' Angelina called out and I moved a few metres to a new spot and began digging fervently for more metal stars. The mud was up to my shoulders, up all my legs and had splashed all over my face and body. I was getting used to the smell but still disliked it.

Angelina finally blew her whistle and told us to make our way to the end of the barn. She had a hose, and she asked for tord_phreaks bucket first. She turned on the taps and water flooded the bucket, draining out of lots of little holes at the bottom. We all gave her our buckets in turn and then she ordered her maids to begin counting them.

'Line up', she told us, and we did against the wall as she spoke in hushed tones with her maids.

'Winner was flashergirl - ten gold and seventeen silver' Muted applause echoed around the barn and Angelina continued. 'Tord_Phreak was second with eight gold twelve silver.' I was getting nervous now and looked at bigboy19 and Josie. One of us was going to leave.

'Third place goes to southernmark with two gold twenty-two silver stars.' Phew. 'Now Josie, bigboy19. Josie has four gold and eight silver and bigboy19 has five gold and seven silver, which puts bigboy19 through' Bigbou19 gave a huge sigh of relief and threw his head back but Angelina continued. '...except that Josie collected the red star. Bigboy19, you are OUT!'

Josie's eyes opened wide and we looked at bigboy19.

'Come here' Angelina said and then pushed him backwards into the pit. 'Your forfeit, is to be naked at every event from now on!'

'Now I have a business meeting in an hour, so my maids will help you clear yourself up. The next challenge takes place at the manor at 10.30 tomorrow morning. Don't be late'

It was 2pm by the time we arrived back at the hostel, and although I had hosed myself down with the farm's freezing cold shower, I wanted a proper shower and disappeared after a lunch of supermarket sandwiches to get clean.

This was almost in vain as flashergirl, bigboy19 and Josie wanted a rematch of the game of Truth or Dare. I reluctantly agreed after we had made the short walk into the village to procure wine and dinner.

We never got round to playing the game as both Flashergirl and me separated from Bigboy19 and Josie to settle down for the evening. Can't have too much of a good thing. And Flashergirl is one hell of a good thing!

Chapter V: Aim steady fire!

Flashergirl and me retired earlier and spent a passionate night fucking in a number of positions. She is an excellent cock sucker, and I devoured her slit multiple times. Her tight, wet hole was perfect for good vigorous penetration and haven't had sex like that for months.

We staggered down to breakfast dressed only in our shorts. The hostel was fairly empty and only a handful of guests were not part of Angelina's game, but these did include three bike riders making their way across Britain. I whispered that her toplessness was attracting their attention and she smiled.

'You three', she called out to the group as they left the room. 'Don't stare at my tits. Touch them'. They looked at each other uneasily and I shook my head. 'You may need to go with them to get what you want' as I downed my drink and headed towards my room.

'See you outside at ten' I called back.

Flashergirl made it to front of the hostel with the rest of us with her hair unruly. I smirked at her and she shot a fearsome glare back.

'You didn't object to my libido when you were getting a good screw last night', she said. 'And anyway, this game is making me sooooo horny'

'Me too', Josie added and BigBoy agreed. I can't deny my hormones were a little overactive this week.

I enjoyed the walk to the manor house as it was another baking hot day and there was plenty of banter on the way down. Icum4u, who had said very little all week was flirting with Lucy while londonjames82 was taking the piss out of Josie. I did ask Josie why she was playing, as after all, we all had no chance of every seeing that sort of money while her sister was going to give her a sizeable chunk of cash anyway.

'I don't think Angelina will let me progress past this game or the next - I won't be in the final. It would be unfair but I am enjoying this week' she replied. I mulled the words over in my head. There were four players left. Myself, Josie, Flashergirl and Tord_phreak. If Josie wasn't going to be in the final, or at least unlikely to be, it meant that it was two from three - or a bloody good chance I would make it.

Angelina was waiting for us at the end of her garden before it reached the wooded area of her grounds.

'Morning. I now want to test your intelligence, speed and agility. This is a simple game but an enjoyable one. Each one of our four contestants will be given a white shirt and helmet only, a paintball gun and then take it in turns to run around the football pitch, with the other three contestants remaining in the centre circle and fire. The player with the most of paint on their shirt loses'.

We all stripped into the white T-shirts which her maids provided, leaving little piles of clothes of the side of her lawn. Bigboy19 stripped completely and londonjames82 was given a Victorian frilly dress to change into. I guessed that this would be a short game and so he wouldn't have to humiliate himself too much. Lucy was feeling brave and wearing just one garter, while icum4u wore a very tight thong. It was all set and we would run with boys first and girls second.

tord_phreak ran first and although we got a few hits the three of us were too unused to paintball, and the guns to make serious damage to his T- shirt. The neon pink paint hit too

many trees behind him and he was satisfied, that despite running quite slowly he wasn't completely covered.

The next one to run was myself and I gave my gun to Angelina at the start line and made off as she blew her whistle. I felt a couple of paintballs hit me almost at once and nearly keeled over as the pain tore up my body. I didn't dare look at the damage and just kept running as fast I could as low to the ground as possible to make myself a smaller target. The helmet didn't help too much for my speed, but my large frame was not designed to be running fast.

As I rounded the third corner, I felt an avalanche of balls bounce off my helmet, side and legs. Panting I made a sprint for it, to get hit again in the chest and then again in the buttocks Angelina blew her whistle as I made it over the finish line, with one side of me covered in paintballs (and bruises). I was mightily relieved to hear the shrill sound echo from the trees!

tord_phreak was smirking. He was obviously a paintball player and was certain to go through. Josie was up next and although she ducked and weaved as she ran, tord_phreak hit her time and time again with his neon pink bullets. I think I caught a couple of shots, but knew that unless flashergirl had a really bad round I would be out and set to face a forfeit.

tord_phreak kept hitting Josie on her home straight and even caught a couple of hits after Angelina had blown for the end of the game. She launched a stinging rebuke at us, screaming that we could only fire our guns until the whistle had been blown.

It then occurred to me, that nowhere did Angelina state that we had to aim at the runner and with tord_phreak seemingly going to be distracted shooting the runner, I could fire at him from behind him and he wouldn't realise until it was too late. If I timed my volley of shots until a few seconds before flashergirl was set to cross the finish line then he couldn't retaliate.

Tentatively, flashergirl made her way to the start line. I positioned myself so that I was lay down, like a sniper, in front of tord_phreak and began firing at my lover as she sprinted round the pitch. She was fast, and had covered half the pitch in no time. As she rounded the last corner, I raised my gun and began covering tord_phreak's back. He was way too keen to hit flashergirl as she made her last frantic dash.

Before tord_phreak had realised I had covered his back in paint and he turned to face me so I caught some of his left side. At that moment, Angelina blew her whistle and came running over.

'Well done southernmark, I wondered if anyone would use that loophole' Angelina said.

'What?!', exclaimed tord_phreak. 'He cheated'

'No I didn't' I retorted. 'The rules didn't say I had to aim at the runner and you turned your back on me'

tord_phreak glared at me while the maids handed towels to wipe ourselves down.

'The forfeit, tord_phreak, is simple. You will go into the stocks for ten minutes'. Two maids disappeared and came back with a set of medieval stocks which they helped him into and a few buckets of goodies.

'Just wait Mark. I'll get you!' he snarled as Angelina threw the first bucket of water. This was soon followed by custard from myself, baked beans from Lucy and tomato sauce from londonjames82, who also found some KY Jelly and was threatening tord_phreak in his compromising position.

Josie and flashergirl lifted his T-Shirt up and began toying with his erect penis before bigboy19 and lcum4u doused him in yoghurt.

`Next challenge. Midday. The farm. Don't be late', she called as she walked back down the grounds. Tord_Phreak was left to walk back to the hostel covered in goo and had to use the cold outdoor shower.

Everyone agreed that what I had done was mean and so I went to see Tord_Phreak in his hostel room with flashergirl and Josie to make a deal

`Look, I had to shoot you as I want to be in the final rounds with Josie and one other. If you had been running I would have shot flashergirl' I reasoned and he looked at me, still annoyed. `But what I propose is this. Each set me a dare. As bad as you want. It can't be illegal, it can't be dangerous and it can't damage my health. If I do all three, I go through. If I don't I will withdraw from the competition and you go through'.

Tord_Phreak thought about this for a moment and then nodded. `Three dares', you say.

`Three dares. Not challenges. Dares.' I reply. `After dinner'

`OK. Meet me here at 6pm'

It didn't take long to come around and I knocked onto his room to find everyone in there - all seven other contestants. I felt quite daunted but everyone was in high spirits - if somewhat tense.

`Your first challenge', Josie said, `is to go downstairs to the night receptionist naked. Pose for her if she wants and ask to use her toilet as you have been locked out of your room and your friends have the key.

`No problem', I said defiantly and stripped. I had been naked in front of them all several times and this was no problem. Discarding my underwear and throwing it at Josie I left the room, shortly followed the rest of them some distance behind.

I strode confidently down the hallway and descended the stairs. I froze as I rounded the corner to hear voices coming up. Female voices coming up. There was no time to hide so I just carried on. Two shocked shrieks of excitement followed and I continued. I felt their eyes watch me as I crossed the reception to the night receptionist who was looking for something under her desk.

`Can I help you?', she asked and then jumped back in fright. She was the same young receptionist as last time and she smirked.

`Can I use your toilet. I have been locked out of my room'.

`Certainly, she said smiling and let me behind her counter staring at me as I disappeared inside her toilet and pulled the chain.

`You can't go wandering around the place naked', she tried to explain as I emerged but I laughed at her.

`No photos this time?' I asked her and she giggled.

`One moment' and she retrieved her phone and dialled a number.

`Amanda' she shouted down the phone. `Watch this' and she pointed the camera towards me. I heard laughter from the phone. Little witch had a video phone and I made a sharp exit blowing her a kiss as I left.

The rest of the gang were watching from the top of the stairs and had to begrudgingly admit I had completed my first dare.

`My dare', Tord_Phreak said as I had barely entered the room, `is to let us whip you across your bare body. 28 times, or four each.'

`I'll take the dare', I said at once and icum4u pulled out a Cat O' Nine Tails from behind the

bed. I was positioned so that I was leaning over the windowsill and then it started. CRACK!
I felt my back tear apart in sharp pain and I squealed.

`Want to give in?' Tord_Phreak enquired.

`No!' I squealed as the whip came down. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! My eyes began to fill up with water and I gritted my teeth. I felt the hits move down to my legs and became not as powerful. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! I heard icum4u ask for it and then fly down onto my arse. `Ahhhhhhh' I yelled in pain as he hit me for a second time and then again.
`Ahhhhh'

CRACK! When Lucy took over it wasn't as bad, she swooshed it before it landed on the backs of my legs and wasn't as strong. BigBoy19 and LondonJames82 all had turns and they didn't hurt as much as Tord_preak or icum4u. Josie was last and made me turn around to whip me across my chest. This was nowhere near as painful but I looked her straight in the eye as she did it.

`The last dare Mark is from me.', flashergirl said as Josie delivered the last stroke. `I shared my bed with you. I've played games with you. I've known you for years and yet today you cheated'. I went to protest and she held out her finger. `I like you, and I want to forgive you but first you must bring every guy in here to orgasm with either your mouth or your arse.'

I looked at her. `Sorry?'

`I want you spit roasted and only then do I believe you will you see the error of your ways. And I can trust you again'

Seven pairs of eyes were looking at me intently and I shook my head. `I'll do it.'

Someone fished out a tube of KJ and my arse was lubed. The chair was placed in the middle of the room and I was bent over it. BigBoy19 was the first to approach and he gently entered me from behind. It wasn't as painful as when I was taken at the casino challenge but it wasn't that pleasurable. Icum4u then presented his cock to my mouth and I let it in, tasting his sweaty and acrid flavour. I began to bob up and down on his penis while bigboy19 worked up a rhythm on my arse pounding it with some vigour.

My tongue darted around icum4u's penis and he soon reached the point of no return and flooded my mouth with his semen. His place was quickly taken by londonjames82 who grabbed hold of my hair and began to impale my throat onto his six-inch member. I was trying to concentrate on getting him off as quickly as possible when I felt bigboy19 unload into my rectum and his place was taken by tord_phreak who had smeared some lubricant on his dick and was now entering my hole mercilessly.

Londonjames82 deposited a full load of his juice into my mouth. I felt tord_phreak gripping my hips and force himself into me faster and faster. My rear was aching and set to explode. I felt him brush against my prostate. It was weirdly pleasurable. Tord_Phreak grunted and then stopped thrusting his hips into me.

For a few moments there was silence as we separated and then flashergirl spoke.

`Shall we tell him now'

`Tell me what?'

`I was mad at first' tord_phreak said, as he was cleaning himself on some toilet tissue, 'and then I realised you were just smarter than me. I would never have seen the loophole, so I was going to call the dares off but the girls wanted to go through with it. I was never going to take your place

tomorrow'

I looked at Josie and flashergirl before smirking. 'You bastards' I cried out shaking my head.

Lucy then took a picture. 'Its for the site', she said with cum dripping from my rectum.

'Maria. You better give me one hell of a blowjob tonight', I told her, held out my hand to pull her down from the bed and then leaving my clothes were they were walked out of the room and into mine. Lover en tow.

Every cloud and all that!

Chapter VI: Round the assault course

I woke up on Saturday in flashergirl's bed having had the most unbelievable night with her. She seemed as unrepentant about her trick as I was with what I did to tord_phreak the day before.

Breakfast was mediocre as usual although for the first time since I arrived, we acted as a group. For years we would play together online and send e-mails to each other but when put in the same hostel it was as though we had never spoken. I partially blamed Angelina keeping her distance but also reasoned she needed to be neutral and understood why this was.

Either way, we pushed two breakfast tables together and acted like long lost friends. We all got teased and it was the most enjoyable breakfast I had had all week. The night receptionist was just going off duty when I left and I winked at her as we left the hostel.

It was another glorious English summers day with the sun beating down on us as we crossed the farmers fields to reach the main road out of the village and past the farm gate. Although it was only just gone eleven when we arrived, Angelina was already on site, in the farmhouse and greeted us warmly as we walked up the drive.

'The semi-final', she said excitedly. 'Who would have thought, the débutante, a little young girl who was frightened to describe her first boyfriend and a little boy who wasn't prepared to tell us when he had his first kiss'. There was a titter of laughter as Angelina recalled some very early games we had had years previous.

'Come on, lets get set up'. We walked past the barns used before and into a large courtyard. 'Our losers need to go in there', she said and pointed to a half-open stable door 'Tord_phreak, your forfeits and to wear just a T-shirt with handcuffs restraining your arms. I forgot yesterday'

Slowly, the troop of eliminated contestants made their way into the stable and began to get changed.

'And our challenge?' Josie asked.

'You'll see', she muttered and waited for the ex-contestants to emerge.

Bigboy19 was the first to emerge, naked except for his trainers proudly displaying his hairless body and semi-erect cock. Lucy was wearing just a jumper, tied around her waist which gave seductive glimpses of her pubic hair. Icum4u and tord_phreak emerged from the dark stable together. Icum4u sported a see through g-string which looked just uncomfortable while tord_phreak was wearing his handcuffs out in front.

'You have got the key to this, haven't you?', he asked Angelina and she nodded.

Tord_phreak slammed the cuffs shut before Londonjames82 was next wearing a roman soldiers' costume, complete with armour and short shorts.

'That's fantastic!', Josie exclaimed and shot him a seductive glance.

'The challenge is designed to test your brain and your brawn', Angelina explained as we gathered round. 'To begin with, we will have a quiz of 20 questions from Entertainment, Science, The Arts and General Knowledge. You can score 25 points. We break for lunch, and then after dinner we have a 2000-metre assault course where there are another 25 points on offer. The lowest total number of points goes out. Plus, in the quiz, if the ex-contestants work together as one team and chalk up more points than every one of the final three, I will give each of the eliminated bunch £1,000'

Angelina lead us into a big stable where there was a big table facing three chairs at the front, and then two large sofas at the back. She passed round four clipboards with a pen attached and I wrote my name at the top.

'Listen to these five clips and I want to know what the song and artist is, or the film they came from.' She pulled up a hi-fi from the floor which was plugged into the wall and pressed PLAY.

A few seconds later, the CD whirred into life and the speakers filled the hall with its' tinny music.

'Don't let me down, Don't make a sound, Don't throw it all away, Remember me' squawked a melodramatic voice over a drum beat. Easy - it was the Klaxons and I'll let you down - one of my favourite bands. I heard frantic whispering behind me and then scribbling on the paper.

The following excerpt was a trombone solo which was playing a dance track. I recognised the song immediately and began humming it but my mind was blank.

'All that it takes, One more chance, Don't let our last kiss, Be our last, Give me tonight and I'll show you'. I had no idea and it sounded like a girl band. I am sure I recognised the song but had no idea who sang it. I put down 'Girls Aloud' and was still humming the tune for the second one.

'You're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!'. Michael Caine. Italian Job. Thank you Angelina.

'All right, but apart from the sanitation, medicine, education, wine, public order, irrigation, roads, the fresh water system and public health, what have the Romans ever done for us?'. Monty Python's Life of Brian.

Angelina turned the sound system off and then picked up a piece of paper from a plastic wallet and began reading.

'Number 6: What is the chemical symbol of Mercury?'. Easy it's Hg'

'Number 7: What is the name of the bone in your ear which sounds like a handyman's tool?' The hammer.

'Number 8: What is Pi equal to?' Ah. As I racked my brains for the answer, I remembered the answer to Number 2 and eagerly filled in Alex Guardino - Destination Unknown.

'Number 9: What is the cube root of -27?' No idea. So I put nine. Maths wasn't my strong subject

'Number 10: What does DC stand for?' Ahhh. Direct Current.

'Number 11: Who wrote Hamlet?' William Shakespeare. Easy.

'Number 12: Who paints swimming pools?' Fuck.

'Number 13: Who were the three tenors?' Pavorotti, Dominguez and Fuck.

'Number 14: Where is the European Capital of Culture 2008?' Fuck! I was really struggling with the Arts

'Number 15: Where were Captain Maynard's children?' Clever. The New Forest.

'The next five are worth double points, Angelina explained. Number 16: What was the German secret code during World War II called?' Enigma. Read the book I thought as I swirled my A

'Number 17: What is the highest mountain in Africa?' Kilimanjaro and swirled my o

'Number 18: Who plays their home matches at Roots Hall?' Southend. My ex-girlfriends

team.

'Number 19: Who was the Prime Minister of Great Britain until 1997?' Major.

'Number 20: Where is Havana?' I was in two minds. Was it Cuba or Barbados. I went my gut instinct and put Cuba but wasn't sure.

'Bonus question, for those at the back for an extra point: Who is going to get eliminated today?'. I laughed and turned around. They started whispering again and then came to a consensus and Lucy scribbled down an answer.

'Lunch will be in the stable next door' Angelina said and collected the sheets before giving them to one of her maids. Lunch was a drab buffet but Josie, myself and Flashergirl were dragged off half way through to get changed into lycra cycling shorts and brightly coloured T-shirts. We were also given a pair of brightly coloured plimsolls.

I was red, flashergirl blue and Josie yellow.

Twenty minutes later we were at the start line, which was at the edge of a field.

'Right, from here, go over the rope bridge, two points if you don't fall off. Over the cargo netting. That's another four and then across the beam for another three. Sprint around the field and through the sand and then over the stile and round this next field. It's a shade under a mile. Six points for under five minutes, five for six, and so on. Up the wall for another two and then jump down into the water for two, mud for one or down the ladder for none. Now, pick on of the inflatable slides to come down. One is worth six, another one four and last one two crashing into something which is covered but will be a nice surprise before staggering over the line. Any questions?'

I shook my head and she told me to get ready. She was sitting on top of the gate between the two fields where the course had been set up and was looking out over it. 'Blindfold those two', she said and the maids did, so that Josie or flashergirl had no idea how well I had done.

'Now remember, you don't have to tackle every obstacle.', she reminded me.

She blew a whistle and I set off. Barely three metres in and there was a rope bridge with two ropes for my hands. I edged onto it and then built up some speed running along the coarse line for the remaining fifteen or so metres. I had barely jumped off the rope bridge when I had a twelve foot high cargo netting to tackle. My weight caused the netting to swing wildly as I climbed it and nearly fell off twice before reaching the top. Swinging my right leg over I was down it in no time and was tackling the beam, arms outstretched.

The wooden beam was slippery and only two inches wide and I had to edge along slowly wasting lots of time before I reached the end safely. I was now on the sprint section and running out of breath very quickly. I had barely made it to the 100m long sandpit which was just exhausting. I had to wade into it as it was quite wet and I felt my limbs ache. Slipping I fell to the ground and heard the ex-contestants shout encouragement. My limbs aching I made it out of the sandpit and began half-jogging, half-staggering up to hill and to the wall on the edge of the second field. It was about nine foot high and I had to scale it using a rope. I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and began climbing up the wall using the thick rope. I fell first time but made it the second onto the platform. I had three choices of descent, and choose the first rope into the icy water which was waist deep.

Sending shivers down my spine the freezing water gave relief to my tired limbs and woke me up. Jogging the thirty metres I was now at the top of the field and had to choose one of the three inflatable slides which ran down the hill and into a covered section yards from where Angelina was. I chose the middle slide and began hurtling towards the paper-

covered section at some speed, the cold water on the slide acting as a good lubricant.

I crashed through the paper wall and closed my eyes I felt myself falling and then into cold gloopy liquid. Struggling, and it felt like quicksand I was up onto my feet and wiped my eyes. Opening them, I made out an outlet a few feet away at the opposite end from where I came in and climbed through it onto the grass and Angelina blew her whistle. I looked down at me and I was covered head to toe in custard.

'Excellent effort. If Suzanne could remove Mark from the game area, we'll start Josie off'. One of the maids ushered me out of the field and towards the main stables. I was provided with a towel and cleaned myself as best I could when I got the big room.

Ten minutes later, Josie arrived exhausted, covered in mud and I laughed. She went to give me a hug but I managed to dodge her just in time. We talked and she confided in me that she found the questions hard. I did wonder if Angelina had done that to make it harder for Josie, just as she thought she might, but put it to the back of my mind.

Flashergirl walked in drenched in neon pink. 'Gunge', she explained and was towelled down.

We barely had a few minutes to ourselves when Angelina arrived flanked by a couple of minions.

'The winner of the quiz was flashergirl with 23, Mark was second with 19 and Josie finished last with 11.' We gave flashergirl a round of applause and Angelina continued.

'Top spot on the assault course with 23 was flashergirl, giving her a combined total of 46 and into the final'

'Well done' I called but was drowned out by everyone doing the same.

'Second place was Mark with 21 and Josie hit 20. Mark goes through'. I breathed a huge sigh of relief and hugged the muddy Josie before cuddling the gunged flashergirl.

'Now, the group score in the quiz was 26 - full marks, so here are your bundles of cash and Josie - you have a forfeit. Come with me.

Josie followed her sister with trepidation across the courtyard and into another stable.

'Stand over there, and get undressed', she was ordered and Josie did so. Angelina picked up a hose and began hosing the unfortunate girl down, wiping all trace of her previous ordeal from her body. Josie squealed and tried to dodge the icy water but Angelina was merciless

'Now put this on', she said to her sister shivering with the cold and threw her a large threadbare towel and a pair of knickers. Josie dried herself and then slipped the seductive but not revealing thong over her hips and upto her waist.

'These are remote control vibrating knickers and I am giving the two finalists the controls. You must wear them at all times including when you are sleeping for the next 24 hours.' Angelina passed us two fobs from her pocket with four buttons - OFF, 1, 2 and FULL. I pressed 1 and Josie jumped.

'Lastly, everyone is to dress up and meet me at the little Italian's I have just bought in the next town at 6pm. We have two finalists to toast. We'll pick you up at half five from your hotel ', she said and left the stable.

I was a little worried about playing flashergirl in the final round. She was the person I was most close to at the event and wanted to ask her out, but instead I was playing against her. A minibus turned up at 5.30 as promised and we trooped inside dressed smartly. I was wearing my best trousers and shirt, while the girls looked ravenous especially Josie in a little black dress.

The Italian restaurant was closed for us - a private party - and we were seated in a large long table seating around 12 - eight contestants and four from Angelina's party. I was directed to head one end of the table and flashergirl was at the other end.

Our chairs were large backed chairs, like thrones and looked majestic and regal. Angelina sat in the middle directing everyone to their seats.

A waiter came and took our order. Angelina ordered champagne and then I subtly turned on Josie's underwear. She jumped at first and then settled down fidgeting slightly. She looked at me but I didn't make eye contact and then she looked at Flashergirl. As Angelina got up to speak I switched on two and Josie jumped again. I saw her start to clutch her chair and then look resolutely at me.

`This week, eight have become two. We've tested resourcefulness and Icum4u was found wanting with his timekeeping. We tested nerve and skill where Lucy wasn't brave enough to show us her body. We looked at how squeamish you were and londonjames82 struggled. Then we tested your desire. How far would you go to get those stars and BigBoy19 went out. Then we were looking at speed and agility but ended up testing how smart you were. Tord_phreak was lacking. Lastly Josie left us when it came to brain and brawn. Worthy finalists. Smart, cunning, brave and daring. I give you southernmark and flashergirl'. Angelina raised her glass and then the group repeated `Southernmark and flashergirl'

Josie closed her eyes as Angelina toasted and was squirming more and more in her seat. I set the panties to FULL and watched her face. She saw me watching and closed her eyes. I heard a mew and then a groan. Then a sharp intake of breath. Her hands went to her crotch.

She started screaming in ecstasy. `Ahhhhh', she called out and I called out to Tord_phreak who was between Angelina and Josie. `You are going to need to give her one'. He didn't need telling twice and stood up. Josie was too preoccupied to move and so I got up to help Josie up and got her leaning over the table.

Tord_Phreak unzipped his trousers and then hitched up Josie's skirt before dropping her panties to the floor which she stepped out of. She looked round longingly at him and he obliged, plunging his uncovered erect cock deep into Josie's sopping wet hole caused her to groan even louder. She was nearly on Lucy's side of the table but everyone was watching tord_phreak intently thrusting his hot rod into her.

Josie was coming to her orgasm when tord_phreak filled her with his own juice. Unsatisfied Josie lay there for a few seconds when the waiters returned with our meals. I looked at the youngest waiter, who wasn't more than 17 or 18 and who brought me my calzone, trying hard not to look at Josie laid out across the table `My friend here needs a good fucking. Can you oblige?'. He looked at Angelina who laughed and nodded. `Go on' she said

He had his trousers down in a flash and was approaching Josie who gleefully absorbed his rock hard penis and came within a few strokes. The waiter didn't last much longer and pumped her full of her second lot of sticky semen.

A few moments later, Josie got up and went to go to the bathroom.

`Where are you going?', Angelina asked. `Without your panties'

`Please can I clean up first' Josie pleaded and Angelina thought.

`Yes, if you give every waiter a proper blowjob on your way back'. The wine must have gone straight to her head as she skipped off to get clean and then pleasure our hosts.

Fifteen minutes later she returned to her cold pizza and flat champagne, white stains illuminating her black dress. The panties were still buzzing and I turned them off for her.

Flashergirl and I met before we went to bed. We were both drunk on the champagne Angelina plied us with but we were warned to keep our sexual activities to a minimum or else we would be `sore'! I smirked, but we crept to outside Josie's room and then turned the panties on. We heard a squeal and so we turned them up and then to FULL.

Josie came to orgasm a couple of times before we turned them off and went to our separate beds.

I must get any girlfriend I have a pair of those panties!

Chapter VII: Entering the forest

It took me a long time to get to sleep as my head was buzzing with the possibilities of what could be in store for myself and flashergirl the following day.

I was woken on by the sound of an envelope being pushed under my door at around 8am and got out of bed to open it.

`Dear finalist,

We have arranged a tray of breakfast to be brought to your room at 9am. Do not leave your this floor of the hostel for anything and do not talk to any other contestant or ex-contestant. We will collect you at around 10.30 and take you to the final.

Failure to abide by these rules will result in instant disqualification.

Lots of love,

Angelina'

I feel back on the bed and dozed until I was woken by a loud knock on my door. Breakfast had arrived and I got up naked to take the tray from the receptionist. Breakfast, was not cereal and milk but a full cooked breakfast complete with a morning newspaper. Well a News of World.

I took my mind off the impending challenge and flicked through the newspaper but before long I was torn from my thoughts by another loud knock at the door. One of Angelina's maids was there and I was ordered downstairs before being blindfolded and led into a minibus that was parked around the corner. We waited for ten minutes before I heard someone else getting in and the vehicle starting. About twenty minutes later, the minibus ground to a halt on a bumpy road and there door opened. The maid led me out, letting me catch my head on the top of the bus as I got down from the vehicle and then walked about ten minutes across uneven ground.

My blindfold was roughly taken off me and I opened my eyes to see Angelina and the two maids. Flashergirl was next to me and she threw us each a bag. We were surrounded by thick woodland.

`All six ex-contestants and two of my...ummm....friends are in this wood. Each of them have three cards - a pink one, a blue one and a gold one. The gold card is sealed in an envelope and contains a number from -1 to 6, dished out at random. The blue and pink cards have challenges or tests. You have an hour to approach as many people as you want and ask them for the dare. Mark takes the blue card and Marie the pink. If you complete the challenge in front of them you get the golden envelope which must be opened at the end of the game when we tot up the points.

The wood is about three quarters of a mile wide and a mile long and there are also four umpires who are dressed with blue sashes across their chest to ensure fair play. We have placed the ex-contestants and therefore you will find your challenges next to big wooden panels which are painted in white littered around the forest. Once you have done a dare, the other finalist cannot also complete the dare from the same person. Any questions?'

I shook my head and opened my bag.

`Get changed into those and I will blow my whistle in two minutes.'

Flashergirl and I hurriedly changed into a long T-shirt which only just covered my crotch and a basic set of plimsolls. I left my clothes in the bag I was given and stood on the edge

of the path looking into the wood.

'Good luck', I said to flashergirl and held my hand out.

'You too', she replied and hugged me instead.

'When I sound my klaxon after an hour you must be back here within five minutes.'

Angelina told us and we got ready to enter the wood'

'PEEEEEEEPPPPPP'

flashergirl and I ran off in opposite directions, tripping over branches I fought my way past the undergrowth away from the beaten track. The trees thinned out slightly and then started going downhill. I tried to look round for a white board and before long found a path worn out through the

bracken and fern which was growing. This led to a small copse, where bigboy19 was sitting on a chair opposite a big white wooden block, about three foot high.

'Hello mate', he greeted me as I walked fervently up to him. 'There ya go' passing the blue envelope across.

I tore it open and read out aloud.

'You do not have to complete this but your challenge is:

How many people of the same sex have you had sexual relations with?'

I smirked. 'Five. You, tord_phreak, londonjames, icum4u and myself.'

'Very good', he replied and passed me a gold envelope. As I went to leave he took a blue sash out of his pocket and put it on.

'Are you an umpire now?' I asked.

'Yes. I'll follow you if you like'

'Sweet. You can hold onto the envelope then. Its hardly though I have any pockets'. Bigboy19 put the golden envelope he had just given me into his inside pocket and he followed me out of the clearing.

'I can't tell you where any of the other people are, but I have seen the map', bigboy19 confided, 'and I wouldn't spend too much time walking in that direction or that direction if I were you.'. He pointed further down the track the way I had just come and further into the forest'

'Why are you helping me?', I asked.

'Oh come on. You've been a great sport all week. Both of you have. Pity you aren't going to share the million really'

'Hmmm' I hummed and we half-walked, half-jogged in silence for a bit.

'You two would make a good couple. Mind you, I'd have thought that about Josie but I am not so sure now.'

Glad to be changing the subject I pressed him for an answer, and it appears they weren't speaking at breakfast. We rounded a corner and saw big_boned_lucy waiting for me dressed in a Roman toga. She too was sat opposite a big white box in a clearing.

'Your challenge', she said a handed me the pink envelope. I lifted my T-Shirt up to reveal my flaccid penis.

'I need a blue one. Look'. She grinned and passed me the blue envelope instead.

Reading out loud, 'You do not have to complete this but your challenge is:

Fill the test tube the ex-contestant has with semen in front of him or her'

'You going for it?'

'Of course' I said and whipped my cock out again. I was already getting hard and began pumping furiously when I realised that I didn't have the test tube. I held my hand out and Lucy passed it to me giggling.

Stroking harder and harder I could feel myself getting nearer and nearer. With a tiny shudder, I felt my muscles contract and I pressed the top of the test tube onto my cock and let it dribble in.

Rolling my fingers down my penis I drained any semen left and passed the tube to Lucy who put the rubber plug in and passed me the golden envelope.

Bigboy19 and I left very quickly with my distinctly unsatisfied. Lucy has always struck me as slightly desperate and I didn't really want her inviting herself to be with us for the next half an hour.

'Where now?' I asked as soon as we were out of earshot from Lucy.

'I don't know, but I would guess going this way', he said, subtly extending his finger further up the path.

'What a good idea!' I exclaimed in mock surprise.

'So tell me, what would you spend your money on?'

'If I won? I don't know. House. Car. Holiday and a night of drinks on me I suppose'

'A million pounds is a lot of money. I'm not I sure I would ever go to work. Or back to it'

'You'd get bored' I told him and he shook his head.

The path forked and Bigboy19 instinctively took the right hand fork deeper into the wood.

'Oh I'm sorry. Do you want to go this way?' he asked jokingly.

'Nah don't think so. I would have chosen right' I lied.

The path soon narrowed and then disappeared and I was beginning to doubt bigboy19's directional and navigational skills as we hacked our way through the thickening bushes and unseen trip hazards. I was about to question his knowledge of the map when we stumbled into a little clearing and Josie was waiting, dressed only in a see-through rubber apron. She nodded at Bigboy19 who was staring at her intently'

'Your challenge', she said holding a blue envelope out.

I took it from her and read it:

'You do not have to complete this but your challenge is:

To enter the buttplug provided into yourself and then perform oral sex to the ex-challenger. The buttplug cannot be removed until the klaxon has sounded and the points totalled.'

'No problem', I said and took the little bag from Josie, which contained a four inch buttplug and a bottle of KY Jelly. I smeared the plug in KY and then reached around and gently lubed my arsehole. I slid in no problem, but felt ever so uncomfortable, like I was ever so slightly contispated.

I looked at Josie and guided her onto the large beach towel she had just laid out. She spread her legs and I began devouring her slit, concentrating on massaging her hole and then up to her clitoris and back circling it as I went.

I heard her start to breathe out faster and then mew slightly. I used my hands to pop open her hood and began sucking on her clit and felt her muscles in her leg twitch. She sat up

or more likely hidden in the wood and since retrieved an blackboard and easel and this was set up next to her.

'Who has the buttplug?' she asked.

'Me. Can I take it out'

'Yes' and I unzipped the tight catsuit to be able to reach around and remove the sextoy. My ring muscle had it clenched in place and I had to relax to get it out. Not bothering to zip up I left myself slightly exposed but preferred this to the impossibly sweaty rubber suit.

'Before we get to the business of finding a winner, I would like to give this to everyone.' Angelina passed around an envelope to every ex-contestant 'Its a cheque for £5,000. You didn't have to stay. You didn't have to get so involved in these games but you did and this has been one of the best weeks of my life. When I was planning this I could not believe that it would have turned out the way it has. I have really enjoyed watching it unfold and you have all been part of that, so thank you. Now to business...'

'OK, girls first. Flashergirl open your first envelope.' Flashergirl tore it open and showed Angelina a four. 'Good score. Mark?'

Tenatively I picked my first one at random and ripped it open. Zero. 'Fuck!' I exclaimed and showed her the card.

Flashergirl then opened her second envelope. 'Two' she shouted and smiled.

I then took my bottom envelope and opened it. 'One. Fucking hell'.

'Well my dares were tougher', Flashergirl replied indignantly.

'These cards are issued randomly' Angelina reiterated. 'This is pure luck of the draw'

Flashergirl opened her third envelope and called out 'Three'. I sighed relieved and then opened mine.

'SIX!' I shouted. 'Right, this means there is a minus one and a five left. Flashergirl is on nine and Southernmark is on seven. Whoever gets the five wins the game'

'Wait!' I called out. 'Before you open that, do you want to share it?'

'Share it?' flashergirl asked.

'I mean thats allowed right?' I asked Angelina.

'Yeah, I suppose so', she said and looked at flashergirl

'The money. We go our separate ways with 500K each'

'I was hoping', flashergirl replied 'to share something more than money. I was hoping not to go our separate ways and to share a flat...or house. Our lives together. Give it a go' Tears started to well up in her eyes. 'But if its the money you want then I'll share it'

She began to open her envelope and I called out 'Stop!'

'Do you mean that? You want us to make a go of it?'

'Of course', she cried, wiping her eyes.

'I never knew...' I muttered. 'I would rather share my evenings with you than the money. I never thought I stood a chance'

She smiled at me and then opened the last envelope.

'Five' she called out triumphantly and ran over to give me a hug.

'A winner!' Angelina exclaimed and withdrew a cheque for a million pounds. It had 'Maria Robertson' written across the top and flashergirl made it dirty by touching it.

'Well done flashergirl' she said and there was an endless precession of people hugging her and congratulating her while I got the 'commiserations'

'Showers at my place', Angelina called out and started walking back down the path.

Maria stayed and looked at me. 'Well done!' and she launched herself into my arms kissing me furiously and enthusiastically.

By the time we had broken embraces, the walk back to the manor, hand-in-hand with her is one of my most treasured memories. The other contestants had long since run off and with the glorious English countryside mapped out in front of us it was almost perfect.

Angelina gave me a cheque for £10,000 as the losing finalist and we departed her manor slightly tipsy at gone nine. Flashergirl was so drunk, I barely got time for a kiss before she was asleep let alone anything else.

The following morning was frantic as we had to vacate the hostel by 10am. Breakfast was poured down my throat and I only just had time pack.

The young receptionist was on the daytime rota and I nearly left without saying goodbye.

'Here is my email address', I told her. 'Email me yours and I will respond with as many nakie pics as you want'

'Shouldn't make promises you can't keep', Josie told me.

'I can keep that one' I promised and she shook her head.

So, as I reflected on my week as my train pulled away from the station leaving most of the contestants behind for a different train, what had I achieved.

Well thats eight new friends. Good friends. Friends I could trust. That was a lot. £10,000 big ones going direct into my account. Thats very nice. But I also had a very hot date with England's newest member of the millionaire club. That was everything. Londonjames82 sat opposite me and and got out a pack of cards.

Placing them on the table he said. 'Last game. Highest card wins. Loser travels back with their shorts round their ankles.'

'Oh right, so table covering you and empty train carriage. Its 10.30. Hardly worth doing'

'So you game then?'

'Go on.'

I cut the cards and got a King. Londonjames got a three.

'Fuck!' he exclaimed as he slid his shorts down to his ankles. 'I've run out of underwear. I've gone commando'

'Never mind. Game of poker to win your shorts back' I suggested laughing and shuffled the cards.

Epilogue

The week after the game had finished, Maria and I met up in Scunthorpe. I had taken the early train and arrived at her little apartment overlooking the town just after 7pm on Friday.

'Nice place'

'It's my sisters. She is travelling for three months so I am housesitting' Maria answered. I spotted the computer in the corner of the room while Maria was cooking a curry in the little kitchen. Yes, a millionaire and we can't go to a restaurant.

'Is it OK to check emails?' I shouted through the open door and Maria replied that I could.

'Oh it's an email from Angelina', I called out and opened the envelope,

'Dear all,

I've been a very naughty girl!

I have been filming much of that week.

The abbey had two hidden cameras in the rubble. I did have three but Mark unsettled one of them when he climbed up it. In the casino the corners of the marquee, and the tables had cameras. In the barn we had cameras and a proper cameraman in the hidden roofspace. On Thursday, I put the cameras in the wooden decking and then in the ceiling and on Friday when we had paintball I had real cameramen with long lenses hidden in the trees. The assault course had them in the equipment and in the bushes but the naughtiest thing was hiding them in the white boxes. They weren't there to pinpoint the challenges to Mark and Maria but for me to put filming equipment.

I have hardly stopped playing with myself. The footage is soooo hot. I have blurred any faces which are clear and uploaded them for everyone to see. Get your arse down to the forums and check out the links. There have been rumours all summer and you guys will be legends.

If you want to know, I have plans for next year. A bigger, better set of challenges. Mark and Maria can't play but it is open to everyone else. Let me know if your interested.

Lots of love,

Angelina.

P.S. If anyone wants to come and spank me, you know my number. I AM a naughty girl!!

'Devious witch' Maria called back and came running in. I loaded the forums. Sure enough 'Week of Dares, Truths and Challenges' by angelina was the hottest thread and the links to the pictures and videos showed most of the week's depravities.

'Well at least your trick isn't on there' I told her and Maria scanned down the thread to find another link from big_boned_lucy, which sure enough showed a fantastic hunk with semen dripping from butthole. Now who could that be?

'Would love to do next year', I told Maria and she shook her head.

'No. We have our million, let someone have a turn' She was right of course, but it wasn't the million I was interested in. It was the dares. The adrenaline. The danger. Now where could I get that from?

'YES, YES, YESSSSS-----' Maria cried out as I plunged my rod into her. We'd have to hurry up of course as the next train was due anytime soon and we didn't want to get caught having sex on an empty station.

No, I have no idea where I will get my adrenaline fix now!!!!