

# The XXX Olympiad



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**Codes:** MF, oral, exhib

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## Preface

There is currently the 30<sup>th</sup> Olympiad – also known as the XXX Olympiad taking place in London, but what if the XXX wasn't Roman numerals, but something else? This is a short flash story of some commentary that might be being said!

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and **will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org, Feedbooks and my website**. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

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## The XXX Olympiad

“And welcome to Day Two of the round-up show of the Olympiad here in London,” a smart suited gentleman said to the camera in a clear voice with a cheesy smirk. “And what a programme we have lined up for you today. It's been thrills, excitement and plenty of action.”

His co-host, a beautiful young lady with bouncing brunette hair and an infectious smile nodded. “There's some great events coming up,” she agreed and the host leant back on the red sofa.

“First a look at the medal table.” A screen popped up next to the autocue and he turned to his co-host. “So Brittany. Did after the events yesterday – the handjob and oil wrestling – did you expect to see the European teams do so well?”

The girl – dressed in a skimpy bright bikini gave a cheesy smile to her host. “Of course. You see on the oil wrestling that it's dominated by the European countries and to have the Canadian team disqualified for use of soap, it was always going to be tough.” The screen cut to a video of two girls fighting in a giant paddling pool of transparent goo and she coughed. “You see here, a local fighter, Chrissy Olumbo really going for it against the gold medallist in the final – Anna Nordstrom – look at the concentration on her face.”

“And look at those titties,” the presenter told her and Brittany giggled.

“Of course. Those shining beauties are sure to be a distraction and that's what the crowd in East London have come to see and expect. And if you look here, yes, it's where she loses her bottoms. And the crowd loved that.”

“Is that Gold pubes?”

“Absolutely. A lovely touch from the Scandinavian competitor to dye her hair down there and the crowd here. They just loved it. It set them off.”

“I can see why.” The presenter adjusted his trousers and rubbed his hands. “So that's Day One and with the European countries winning 26 of the 30 medals up for grabs, there's plenty of work for the rest of the world to catch up. First up today is the synchronised doubles blow job final. It's USA versus Russia. Who's your money on?”

“Well I would have to say that both of these teams have performed near flawlessly in the heats on day one and we always expected it to be close but it was two hundredths of a point separating them after the heats, bookies couldn't call this one. And there's some beautiful girls in the final.”

“And of course from this year, it's all about the costumes too ...”

“Some of the costumes have been brilliant and there's points there for that. The Dutch team had vibrating dildos in their outfits that just really caught the imagination with the judges. Unlucky not to go through with that but they needed to work on their technique – all slobber no direction.”

The screen cut to a packed arena and two teams walking onto the mat. Each team considered of four people – two male and two female – all with large dressing gowns on. The Russian team were pointed to the right hand side of the mat and the American team to the left.

The judges on the end nodded and the lead judge – a slightly ageing gentleman addressed the two teams. “And just going through the rules,” the voiceover said. “And watch out for the young Dmitri on the Russian team. He's come in a bit last minute and he doesn't have quite the control in the heat. Could cost the Russians if he does that again.”

“Absolutely. But the Russians are more adventurous, it'll be close.”

The talking stopped and a piece of classical music started. The teams had a few seconds to get in position and all eight members of their teams quickly discarded their outfits; the men hairless and naked and with prominent erections, and the girls dressed provocatively.

The American team had tight blue leotards on with holes for their pendulous breasts, that extended into leggings and a white bushy tail that waved as they moved. They both smiled at the camera as they sank to the mats and gave each other a full-on snog. “Ahh that's nice to see,” the voiceover crowed. “And look at those outfits. They'll get marked for style. Judges love to see creativity and imagination.”

The Russians were going for a different “look” - black leather harnesses, attached to which were two dildos that went inside their women – both of whom had short black hair and tattoos. “And that's sexy ... I can't choose,” the presenter muttered.

“I'd have all four of 'em,” Brittany boasted. The classical music introduction stopped and a flute took over. Both couples moved in to their partner, taking the cocks in their mouth.

The American girls openly swirled their tongues in unison and at the same speed, causing the cocks to bob slightly in time to the music. As the flute solo was joined by other instruments they impaled themselves at the same speed and to the same depth causing comments from the commentators.

“And look at that precum and sheen already. These girls have been in training!”

“I know the director of Sex USA said he tried 400 girls personally until they picked these two – Chantelle Harris and Divina Drake. And they have been practising every day for the last three years. Pure dedication. And all their efforts have come to this.”

The camera cut to the Russian team who were devouring their cocks with passion and lust, frantically suckling their team-mates manhoods in perfect sync. “They look sexy,” she cried and the music moved onto a crashing solo.

“Preparing for the finish,” the male presenter announced as the American girls shook their rears in tune to the music and their bobbing heads. The faces of the men were a mixture of concentration and enjoyment. “They're in control.” The same was not said for Dimitri whose face was almost panic. “She needs to be careful with him.”

“Keep the stroke rate up but not put so much pressure on,” the girl told her host. “When I did this in 2008 there are tricks. It's all about finishing right and looking good, what goes on in her mouth, the girl needs to be so attuned to the guy she's blowing. One wrong move and he's gonna blow when she doesn't want it.”

They watched as the music built up to the climax; it was approached and all four girls were giving head in perfect synchronisation with their teammates. The music crashed and all four men came, pumping semen in strings across their colleagues' faces. The Russian girls also orgasmed from the vibrating dildos in them, their sound echoing in the hall that erupted into a sea of cheers and shouts.

“Wow, let's have a look at that replay. And you can see,” the girl cried. “Both men coming at exactly the same time for America. Now that's technique from the American girls. That's ... even getting the same cum stains across their faces, up the nose and into the hair. Perfection. Now the Russian ... ah Dimitri he's half-second ahead. This is going to be close on the scores. The Russian girls might have done enough here.”

The camera cut back to the mat and the two teams were busy cleaning themselves up with wet wipes and tissues. They waited and the two American girls kissed each other again. “Close. Very close.”

The board flashed up and the cheer turned into a deafening roar. “It's a tie. Six point nine

two. What the Russians did in outfits and passion, the Americans made up in synchronisation and technique. It's a tie for the gold."

"Wow! We haven't seen that before."

"No. And it just shows there's more than one way to suck a cock."

The camera cut back to the reclining studio host. "A word about these games then," the presenter asked. "Is London a good place for them. I mean we've seen all the stories of British prudishness over the years. Was that a factor to bring the games here?"

"Maybe. It's certainly not come out this week, the opening ceremony was excellent with 204 spurting dildos pointing to the sky but really, it's about building a legacy and the spectators here, they'll love it. They'll be doing dogging and swinging all over the Isles before these games are out. And that's what we want to see. Teenagers, young people and married couples, getting out there and getting their end away everywhere. In public, at home, at college, at work, everywhere. Facilities shouldn't be an issue any more." The director frantically waved his hands and looked at Brittany to continue; the feed from the next venue wasn't ready and she coughed. "Of course there's been some controversy. The shooting events that's been cancelled. I mean, it's disappointing – who doesn't like religious bigots being gunned down but gun laws are strict here. The games are off to South America next so that'll be back. Obviously, certain teams have expressed anger at the minimum age of 16 but you have to take the age of consent of the host country."

"And that's really disappointed a few countries, hasn't it?"

"Especially France. Young Carla Austoir, champion in the speed trials at the World Championships in Paris this year. Their big hope and a world record two minutes twelve seconds for four guys in the final up against German opposition. Those German guys were built of stone and she went through them in a world-record time. But she turns sixteen on the day of the closing ceremony. And you get that every year and we can't just look at London for that. Of course in Rio in 2016, it'll be fourteen but then that could upset Argentina and Mexico. We think sixteen isn't a bad age for these competitions and hey, the facilities are great here, the crowd have been up for it and it's such a fitting place. Just down the road from an area full of debauchery and sex, the crowd are lovin' it."

"Indeed," the host crowed. "Jack the Ripper walked the streets of East London."

"That he did," she told him and the director gestured with his hands to move onto the next sport.

"This is the home clothed speed trial. Now for Great Britain we have a young lad called Eric Marsden and his partner Theresa Watson. About them Brittany?"

"Yes, every games brings up fairytale stories and none more so than this. Eric's a third year Engineering student up in Norwich and he was set up on a blind date by his friends to cure him of his virginity with the local girl Theresa Watson. And she started dancing with him at the club and he came in his trousers."

"Severe form of premature ejaculation," the presenter muttered.

"Awful, but she was hoping to get into the games and her blowjob skills just didn't make the cut but with Eric they've been trailblazing through this competition."

"Quite. Still no girlfriend for him though," he replied.

"Course not. But he could win his country the gold medal here. And he's bound to get some pussy with that." The stage was set and the crowd in the small intimate arena shouted. A curly-haired young man entered the stage dressed in the dressing gown looking nervous alongside a tall blonde girl. They waited until they were on the mat and looked at the judges. "Interesting technique here. She doesn't disrobe until the buzzer

goes.”

“No. We had that problem two months ago in the Euros when he came just before the buzzer started. That Theresa looked so sexy and they got disqualified.”

“Indeed. Play it safe.”

The buzzer reverberated around the hall and Theresa threw off her gown and parted that of her partner. He was dressed in a lycra bodysuit and she ran her hands down his pecker and kissed him. His face contorted and squeezed his thighs together. “This is good. This is very good,” the commentator cried and Theresa pushed her naked body against him. He shuddered and Theresa fell back. “Sixteen seconds. We have history in the making here. That's great.” The blue lycra had an ominous wet patch and Theresa held up her partner's hand. “And it just shows there is an event for everyone,” the commentator cried. “And that got Team GB the Gold, he's gonna get laid tonight.”

“Maybe,” Brittany replied. “If he can control himself.”

“Now over to the highlights from yesterday and there is some disappointing news for Team Austria. What's up Brittany?”

“Well this is the home cunnilingus final and it's Austria versus Italy. The lady there, is Rita Schwengler and her partner is Marcus – a seventeen year old from Vienna. Now, obviously he's got to make his team-mate orgasm in the quickest time.” Four booths opened on the screen and four naked people stepped out. “Keep 'em in isolation for an hour 'forehand. And shackled. There's no warming up in this event.”

The two couples walked to a giant bed and the two girls lay down next to each other, opening their legs to delight the crowd which whooped in delight. The buzzer sounded and the two naked men jumped onto the beds, and pushed their faces into the crotch of their partner, pushing their hands out “as per the rules.”

The faces of the women on the bed screwed up as their male partners eagerly lapped at their cunts, the slurping and mewling barely audible in the hall but picked up with the bedside microphones over the din of the crowd. “She's going, the young Italian girl. Her guy has found her clit big time and she's going but look at Rita. Suddenly, she cries out, her hands shake and her body ... that looks a powerful one.”

“Really?” The male presenter asked

“Yeah, but look at the wetness on the Italian's face – he looks like his been swimming, but little on the Marcus's. So that caused some concern, 'specially as Rita is a gusher so they sent Rita Schwelenger for a blood test.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. No endorphins in the blood stream. It was a fake orgasm.”

“And we don't like to see cheating like that.”

“No we do not. But they've taken action. They've disqualified them and Rita is spending the rest of the week at the Olympic Park Brothel.”

“There's always one isn't there.”

“Yes there is. In 2008 we found Viagra in the the Greek team, we don't like cheating but it's been dealt with.”

“So onto, our next event. Talk us through this one.”

“This is a new event and it's a time trial. It's called the Warwick Blowjob 'cause that's that University where the game came from. Two teams – each with six girls and four guys line up. The girls have to get all four of the opponents off in the quickest time. And the two girls

not on her knees will be doing a show to entice their opponents to cum. Sounds complicated?”

“But the guys could close their eyes?”

“Of course they do. It's for the crowd really that bit. But it works nicely and it's a popular addition and we have a packed arena here. Look at that.” A section of the crowd all had people between their legs receiving oral sex – all combinations of straight and gay. The givers of the oral sex all came up from the laps in a long line, only to go back down again. “It's a Mexican Wave. Now that is cool. And the Brits are favourites here.”

The eight naked men, eight naked women and four very sluttily dressed women all walked onto the canvas and the British men lined up on the right. The French girls – all in their late teens walked over to them, kissing each other and being openly lewd. “All part of the game plan,” the commentator told the audience. “And the French are very good at this.”

“They are in indeed,” came the response as the two French dancers took their place behind the now-kneeling French girls.

“And they are blowing onto the cocks, just in front of them. They can't touch them but – and look at the British. She's holding her fingers out in front of his nose – you know where they have been. They've studied his weaknesses, we know that worked for the Latvian girl in the heats. And ...” There was an eruption of laughter as one of the British dancers ripped off her shorts to show a big patch of fake pubic hair. “They are going for the French guys. They know what they like!”

The referee blew his whistle and the eight pairs of female lips eagerly wrapped themselves around the foreign cocks in front of them. “This'll be tough,” the commentators announced as the French “dancers” took out dildos from their costumes and gave a rendition of the Vagina Monologues in front of the British four.

The British “dancers” were no less-explicit but adopted a 69-position that drew the attention of more than one French man. They were desperate and the sounds of sucking and stroking filled the hall.

“He's gone,” the commentator cried and there was a close up of the British girl with semen on her face. “Lizzie Pollitt. What a slut that girl is. I met her in the bar last night in the Olympic Park and she was doing some last minute practice on a stag do here for the games. Ahh her technique is ... and another one.”

“We know the British girls are excellent cocksuckers but would you see that. Her lips were a blur. And she's smiling through the cum.”

“And one of the French girls has done it too.” The camera zoomed in on a seventeen year old covered in semen and a panting British guy leaning back against the wall. The French “dancers” were crying out in fake orgasm when the commentator screamed. “Ahh and two more British guys have gone. Those French girls know what they are doing.”

“And Phillippe – the world record holders gone for France. It's nineteen year old Ryan from Stockport against 21 year old Frank from Nice. This will be close. Look at the concentration on Ryan's face. And that's wonderful to see. He's trying to pace himself.”

The British girls, plastered with semen came up behind their colleague and started playing with her to entice her to go faster and more lustfully, while the British “dancers” played with themselves in front of the nose of the French guy. He was crumbling, sweat dripped down his body and he cried out. “He's going. He's going.”

“Don't write off the French yet. She's really sucking on his cock. Ryan is holding out though, look at that breathing control.” There was a shudder and the British girl jumped up as he pumped semen into her mouth. “Gold for Britain.”

“Now that's a masterclass in cocksucking, right there.” The screen changed to an interviewer on the mat, rushing over to the British team. One of the British girls had taken the place of the French girl and Ryan had a look of pleasure about him.

“You OK?” She asked Ryan and he nodded.

“One minute,” he panted. The camera watched as the youngest British girl – Lizzie Pollitt - expertly sucked Ryan as the crowd cheered and whistled.

“That's good. That's team bonding. A victory blowjob,” Brittany cried as Ryan added a load of British sperm to a face covered in French.

“Ryan, great result for Team GB,” she asked as Ryan came down from his orgasm.

“Excellent,” the young man cried. “Excellent. I mean we've put so much practice in. And as the little Frenchie, she was so good at it, but as she went down, she got skills, it was going to tough. Hard. But we came through it.”

“How did you resist her?”

“Ahh well it was Ann Widdecombe on a cold day.” He laughed and the young female presenter giggled with him. “It's hard but we did it as a team.”

“And a word about Michael. We heard some rumours in the semi final?”

Ryan laughed. “Yeah, well he's a bit hardcore and he smothered his cock in mustard. Said it stung like hell but the Danish girl couldn't stand it and that's why we are here.”

“And that's been disallowed now?”

“Yeah, they've changed the rules,” the winner moaned. “Pity as it was a good tactic but it's gone and we're back to doing what we've always done.”

The camera cut back to the studio and Brittany – now inexplicitly naked – giggled. “It's hot in here.”

“It is,” the host told her. “And I might be joining you.”

“Now, big medal hope now for Team USA in the Watersports but first, we are off to the Beach Volleyball ...”