

Birthday Submission

Alexis Alexandra

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It was a quarter after ten and I was relaxing on the couch watching TV when I was startled by a knock on the front door. Jumping up, I pulled my robe closed, walked over and looked out the peep hole to see my best friend Alyssa. I opened the door and she bent down to pick up a tote before coming in.

“What brings you by so late? And what’s in the tote?”

“Late? It’s not even ten-thirty on a Friday night. Good grief Zoe, were you in bed?” she asked, looking at my robed body.

“Just relaxing on the couch. So, what brings you by?”

“Can’t I visit my best friend just for the hell of it?”

“You know you can visit anytime you want. I’m just surprised you didn’t call first is all.”

“I didn’t call because I know you all too well and you would have made one excuse after another why you weren’t up for it. The time being the biggest factor.”

“Well, I have been up since five so, yeah, it’s been a long day. So, you going to tell me what’s in the tote or do I have to guess?”

“This,” she said with a mischievous grin “is what I’m going to use to break you out of your celibacy.”

“What are you talking about? I’m not...”

“Don’t give me that crap. You haven’t dated anyone since Dylan died. Believe me, I understand, as I can only imagine what I’d do if I ever lost my husband, but you cannot live the rest of your life locked away from society.”

“I think you should go,” I said, barely able to hold back the anger welling up inside. It had been three years since my husband – the man I had been with for nearly all of my adult life, passed away from a sudden heart attack and despite what my best friend or anyone else thought, I was not ready to get involved with anyone else and may never be.

“I’m sorry, Zoe, I really didn’t mean to upset you, but you can’t spend the rest of your life alone.”

“Can’t I? I’ve been doing it for three years, what’s another twenty? Besides, I’m too old to think about dating.”

“Too old? For crying out loud, you’re fifty, not a hundred. And a damn hot fifty if I do say so myself. I bet I could make one phone call and have ready and willing men lined up at your door.”

“Yeah, right. Look, it’s late and I really don’t want to be having this conversation. If you want to stay and watch a movie or talk about other things, fine, but drop the dating advice.” Opening her purse, she pulled out her cell phone. A moment later and it was pointed at me and she was taking pictures. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?” She answered by holding up a finger and then went to texting.

“There, I’ve just sent your picture to everyone on my contacts list.”

“What in the hell did you do that for? Are you out of your damn mind, I’m half freaking naked!”

“I know, but under the circumstances I didn’t think it likely I could talk you out of the rest so it’ll have to suffice.”

“What the actual fuck, Alyssa? Why would you do that?”

“To prove a point.”

“Well you need to tell them to delete it right god damn now!”

“I can tell them, but do you honestly expect them to listen? Just relax and trust me, I know what I’m doing.”

“Well I sure as hell don’t. Normal people don’t send half-naked pictures of their best friends to complete strangers without permission.”

“They’re not complete strangers. Well, not to me anyways and soon not to you either.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning they’ll be here in about fifteen minutes to see you in person.”

“WHAT! God damn it, Alyssa! You better text them right back and tell them to forget it. I swear if even one of them steps foot on my property I’ll...”

“Calm down. I asked them to come over to answer a very simple question and then they’ll go if that’s what you want.”

Glaring at her, I turned and started to storm off to the bedroom to put some clothes on, but a hand on my shoulder stopped me. “If people are coming over I need to go get dress so let go of me.”

“I’ll let go, but you need to remain just as you are.”

“Like hell!”

“Would you please just trust me? Besides, they’ve already seen you in your robe so what’s the big deal?”

“The big deal is it feels like my best friend is trying to pimp me out,” I scoffed.

“That couldn’t be further from the truth. Though, to be honest, I think we could both make a killing off that arrangement,” she winked.

“Don’t make me hate you anymore than I already do.”

“How about I pour you a glass of wine to calm the nerves while we wait?”

“No thanks. The last thing I want is to be drunk in a room full of men I don’t know.”

“You assume they’re all men.”

“You know I should boot you out and never talk to you again, right?”

“But you’re not going to are you? Admit it, you’re intrigued.”

“I’ll admit nothing of the like,” I said as I paced back and forth, my eyes constantly going to the front door.

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When I heard the knock on the door, I instinctively pulled my robe tighter as my best friend walked over and pulled it open – the door, not my robe, and in marched a group of twenty men ranging in ages from eighteen to sixty. When the last of them were in, Alyssa closed the front door and walked over to stand next to me. I was far too embarrassed to say anything or even make eye contact with them as she spoke.

“Alright gentlemen, I asked you here to answer one very simple question. But before we get to it, let me introduce you to my best friend for the last forty-three years, Zoe.”

“That picture doesn’t do you justice,” a twenty-something man with a goatee said. “And I mean that in the best possible way. You are gorgeous.”

“Alright, keep it in your pants and let me finish, Steve,” Alyssa said. “Zoe stands five-foot-seven inches and weighs in at a very healthy one-thirty-two. And believe it or not, this stunning beauty has had six kids. Unfortunately, she’s taken a vow of celibacy and has barely left the house in three years. On top of that, she thinks she’s too old to start dating again and was content spending her fiftieth birthday alone. Now, by show of hands, who here would date my best friend?”

Twenty hands went up and I felt my cheeks growing even hotter as the men began circling around us like vultures. Alyssa moved in front of me and raised my bowed head with a finger under the chin. She winked and I felt my robe fall open. I scrambled to pull it closed again, but she lowered it off my shoulders. Leaning in, she furthered my humiliation with a kiss on the lips. It was enough for the robe to fall to the floor. Frozen in place, my nightie followed and I was standing there butt naked.

“My god! You are stunning,” one of the men said.

“Stunning doesn’t even come close,” Steve added. “Not gonna lie, I have a thing for much older women, and you are the picture of perfection in my book.”

I felt a body press against my back and I gasped. “W-What are you doing?”

“Sshhh...” Alyssa said, pressing a finger to my lips. “I know you’re embarrassed, but you have no reason to be. These men are here to make you feel better so relax and let them do their job.”

“M-M-Make me feel better? What in the...OH MY GOD!” I shrieked when I felt a dick suddenly sliding along my vulva. “Please...please don’t do this. I’m not ready to...I can’t...Jesus Christ, Alyssa, you want me to have sex with all these men?”

“Why not? They certainly want to have sex with you.”

Steve’s hand gently pressed between my shoulders and my body bent of its own accord. The head of his cock was poised for entry but he did not penetrate me. “If you want it all you have to do is push back and take it,” he said. “But know that if you do we’re not stopping until every last one of us has pleased you. If you don’t want it then all you have to do...”

I have no idea why I did it. Maybe it was three long years without sex. Maybe it was the fact they all found me attractive and I desperately sought the attention even if I refused to believe or admit it to myself. In any case, I pushed back and took him into me. My knees went weak and I dropped to the floor. He put the head of his cock against my vulva again and before he could speak I rocked my hips back. “Oooohhhh god!”

“I was thinking the exact same thing,” Steve said as he fucked me.

Looking up, I saw men undressing all around me. Going to the tote, Alyssa removed the lid and pulled out two bottles of lube. Sitting them on the coffee table, she looked down and smiled at me as she began stripping out of her clothes. “What, you didn’t think you were the only one getting fucked tonight did you?”

“But what about your husband?”

“Whose idea do you think this was? We can talk about it later, for now all I want is for you to enjoy your first gang bang.” Getting on all fours, she pushed one of the guys out of the way before he had a chance to put his dick in my mouth. Crawling forward, she kissed me again. I still hesitated, but did not pull away as her tongue slid into my mouth. “After the men fill us with their loads we’re so going to lick each other clean,” she said moving back.

I parted my lips to remind her I was not bisexual, but my mouth was filled with dick and I was taking it from both ends for the first time in my life. I will admit it felt good to have sex again, even if it was in the form of a gang bang. Making a mental note to tell my best friend she could lick herself clean, I tucked it away for later and let the men have their way with me.