**The Tiger Within**

by **[MidnightDream](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=345614&page=submissions)**©

When I was in college, a fraternity on campus held an annual raffle to benefit two local charities. The year before my freshman year, they raised $25,000 selling $5 tickets. The hook was that each ticket entered you into a lottery for a grand prize of $5,000! That was a huge amount of money to a student like me. Needless to say, I scraped together the $5 for a ticket freshman year. Frankly, I needed the money badly.  
  
About a week before the drawing, my girlfriends and I were talking at lunch when the raffle came up. We all said what we'd do with the money, and how badly we needed it. When we finished lunch, my girlfriends got up to go to class but I stayed at the table to do some work since I didn't have class until later.  
  
I was reading when Rosa from the cafeteria caught my attention by clanking her mop on my chair. I smiled and said hello. Rosa did the same. After a little chit-chat Rosa said she could tell me something about the raffle if I swore to keep it secret. I agreed naturally.  
  
So she told me the secret: the raffle was fixed! The money went to charity as promised, she told me, but the student prize was decided in advance! I asked how, but she said she was not at liberty to say. Then she said something about how I would "qualify" and to talk to Carla, last year's winner who was sitting with some friends three tables away. I asked Rosa for more details, but she said that was all she knew.  
  
After Rosa walked away, I took a few minutes to think about what she'd said. Eventually I decided it couldn't hurt to find out more. I mean, $5,000 was a lot of money! I walked over to Carla's table. I knew one girl sitting with her, so I figured I could start there and then get to Carla. I pretended to be walking by and saw my friend at the table. I made up some reason to sit down and talk, and then found a way to talk to Carla. We talked a little and then when everyone got up to go to class, I said I had some business in Carla's direction. The other girls went in the other direction.  
  
That's when I brought up the contest and what Rosa had said. Carla was reluctant at first, but her expression changed when I mentioned Rosa. Finding a private place to talk, she told me much of what Rosa had already said and more. The fraternity held a contest the night before the drawing announcement. Several girls competed and the fraternity chose a winner, who was then announced as the random drawing winner the next day! I couldn't believe it. I pressed her for details, but she would only say you had to be sexually open-minded and competitive to participate. I told myself I definitely qualified!  
  
I told Carla I wanted to do it. She made me repeat it three times. Then she warned me that if I told anyone, they would say it was just a practical joke on me. Again, I promised I wanted to participate. Assured, Carla told me when and where to meet, what to bring, and what to wear. Carla would meet me there. She said she was going to be the hostess of the "show." I asked her what she meant by "show." Carla looked embarrassed, as if she had said more than she was supposed to. She asked me again if I wanted the money. I insisted yes.  
  
"Then I'll see you at the time I gave you!" Carla smiled and walked away. As she was about to turn a corner, she yelled back to me. "Good luck! You'll have fun with the money if you win!"  
  
After a week of anxious anticipation, the day finally came. I met Carla at the designated spot at the designated time early in the afternoon. As I was told to do, I was wearing a tight dress and heels. My hair was up in a braid too. I had my ticket, some food in a paper bag and my bikini with me, also as instructed. Carla and I arrived at the exact same moment. She had told me not to arrive early and to leave after 10 minutes if she did not show up, which would have meant I was not in the contest. I was relieved to see her.  
  
We walked to the fraternity and entered through a back entrance. She walked me through to a room upstairs. A few of the boys walked by but mostly ignored me, even though I looked at each of them with an eager-to-please smile. I figured I might need their vote or help or something later on, but when they barely noticed me I figured this would be an uphill battle. Carla took me into a small room and closed the door.  
  
"I'll be back for you in four hours. Do NOT leave the room or you'll be out of the contest. Eat your food if you get hungry. The t.v. works and I left you a diet coke on the table over there."  
  
I barely had time to thank her before she disappeared and the door closed. With each hour that passed, I grew more and more nervous. I could hear the frat boys being, well, frat boys. There was a constant rumble of boys coming and going, throwing stuff (or each other?) around, etc. It grew louder at times, then would die down, and then get loud again.   
  
The rumble started getting much louder in the last hour before Carla was supposed to arrive. That's when I turned on the t.v. to block out the sound. I started getting really nervous. So nervous that I was pacing when Carla walked back in right at the 4 hour mark.  
  
Carla didn't show a lot of sympathy for my nervous state.  
  
"Look, if you're going to be chicken shit about this, you should leave right now!"  
  
"No, no, please Carla, I'm fine. Just a little nervous."  
  
"If you're nervous you should go then..."  
  
"NO! Carla, I didn't mean nervous, I just mean excited!"  
  
"You better not be lying!"  
  
"I'm not, Carla, really. I'm here to win!"  
  
Just saying the words calmed me down.  
  
"Ok then. Put on your bikini, and keep the heels on."  
  
I guess I expected Carla to leave the room while I changed. When I realized she wasn't going to leave, I nervously jumped up to start changing. Carla rolled her eyes, not fooled by my faux coolness with having her watch me get naked.  
  
When I finished, Carla went into a closet in the room and produced a plush bathrobe. Holding it up to me to for size, she nodded slightly and told me to put it on. I was more than happy to do so, since it was too cold in that room for just a bikini. The bathrobe fit me nicely, reaching all the way down to my ankles. It felt like a little hug when I wrapped it around me and tied it in the front.  
  
"What name will you use tonight?" she asked.  
  
That was not a question I was expecting. I stammered so she decided for me.  
  
"You look like a 'Heather.' Yup, that's it. You're Heather tonight."  
  
"Ok." I shrugged my shoulders, not knowing what to think.  
  
Carla went back to the closet. She came back with something in her hands.  
  
"I'm going to blindfold you now. Sit on this chair!"  
  
I didn't want to be blindfolded, but I didn't want to make the mistake of looking prudish like before so I sat in the chair and played it cool. Carla took my head in her hands.  
  
"This is your last chance, Heather. Are you going to be a tiger out there or are you a scared little girl who shouldn't be here?"  
  
This time I was ready for the challenge.  
  
"I'm going to be a tiger, Carla. I'll do whatever it takes to win!"  
  
And that's when Carla put two eye patches up to my eyes and told me to hold them there. She tied some kind of scarf around my head to hold them in place and I pulled my hands away. She walked around in front of me and adjusted the patches. She then stepped back behind me and tied the scarf tightly. That apparently wasn't enough. She wrapped another scarf-like thing around me. I could feel this one go from the end of my nose up to my forehead. It was pitch black underneath all that.  
  
"Don't worry, hottie. They can still see your blond hair. You'll get points for that!"  
  
I didn't know what to say.  
  
"Heather, I'm going to walk you to your waiting place. You'll be there for about 30 minutes. You will not move or make a peep, do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Carla."  
  
"If you move or make a sound, you will be disqualified. If, at any point in the evening, the blindfold comes off, you will be out of here. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Carla."  
  
"I'm going to take you to your spot now. I will position you on a stool. Consider yourself mute from the moment we walk out of this room. Do NOT screw up, Heather!"  
  
"I won't, Carla!"  
  
Carla took me by the hands and told me to stand up. I did as I was told. She opened the door and walked me out into the hallway. She led me by the hands and I trailed behind, walking gingerly for fear of tripping. I felt strangely turned on by this. She said nothing, even when we got to a staircase. She just slowed down, took one hand and put it on the railing, and then pulled me slowly by the other hand. Eventually, I heard us walk into a room. It sounded big. Our shoes clicked as we walked along on what was surely a hardwood floor.  
  
Carla stopped walking. She began pushing me back. I hesitated and then began stepping back lightly. On the third step, my ankle bumped into the stool. Carla grabbed me by the hips and pushed me to the seat. I sat up on the stool. It was just tall enough that I had to do a little hop to get on, and it had little bars where I could rest my feet. I pulled my legs close together to keep my robe from opening up. I felt her finger push up to my lips as if to say "shhhh." Then I heard her walk away.  
  
My senses went into overdrive at that moment. When she walked out and closed the door, I noticed there was a murmuring sound. Like people in another room or behind glass or something. I also had the sensation someone else was in the room with me. The helplessness was exciting and scary. I hoped I had not made a big mistake trusting Carla.  
  
Probably fifteen minutes later, I heard the door open and footsteps again. They sounded like Carla's but I wasn't sure because it sounded like more than one person walking. The walking sound stopped and then a minute or two later one person walked back out of the room. I did everything in my power to stay ultra silent.  
  
The rumbling sound from the other room started getting louder. This made me nervous. Another fifteen minutes or so later, the door opened and one person in heels walked into the room. Her steps stopped somewhere near me, probably within five or ten feet. My hands went cold at that moment. I started telling myself to be strong and fight back an enormous urge to reach up and pull off the blindfold and run away.  
  
Suddenly the blaring sound of some kind of public address system rang through my ears. I almost fell off the stool from the fright! I gathered myself and told myself encouraging words for not screaming from the scare.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, it's contest time!" said the announcer.  
  
The murmur in the next room turned into all kinds of cheering and whistling. I heard some kind of mechanical sound, like something opening. The more the mechanical hum proceeded, the louder the cheering grew. Eventually the mechanical sound stopped. It's show time, I told myself.  
  
That's when Carla's voice, simultaneously projected through the public address system and from a few feet from me, began.  
  
"I want to hear a big welcome for our contestants when we turn on these lights. Ready boys?"  
  
A big cheer. It sounded like there were hundreds of them but there was something between them and us. It sounded like they were behind glass.  
  
"Lights!!!!"  
  
And then a huge cheer. There was whistling and then some banging on what had to be glass. The banging reverberated around the room. Carla began with introductions. I heard her walk by me.  
  
"Boys, this is Sandy, contestant number one!"  
  
A cheer from the crowd.  
  
"And this is Stacey, contestant number two!"  
  
A bigger cheer with hooting. I felt Carla get close to me.  
  
"And this is Heather, contestant number three!"  
  
A big cheer. I was disappointed not to hear more hooting. Carla walked away.  
  
"Here we have Dawn, contestant number four!"  
  
A big cheer with no hooting. I felt better.  
  
"Boys, say hello to Christy, contestant number five!"  
  
A big roar.  
  
"Finally, here we have Sue, contestant number six!"  
  
The biggest roar yet, but I figured it was because that was the end of the introductions. It took a few minutes for the crowd to settle down. A bell rang out which sounded like the bell in a boxing match.  
  
"Ok boys, round one! Who likes a good strip tease?"  
  
This time the cheering and whistling sounded like it was coming from every direction.  
  
"Girls, when we start the music, we want to see you do a strip tease. Everything should come off except for your heels. For the first thirty seconds, you have to stay on your stool. When I say the word, you can leave your stools. Three of you will survive this round and three of you will go home, so you better turn on these boys!"  
  
My mind was racing. What would I do? I didn't have a clue how to strip tease.  
  
"Ready boys?"  
  
The cheers rose again.  
  
"Start the music!!!"  
  
And that's when the music started. I had no idea what to do, but I wasn't going to lose. Staying on my stool as Carla had instructed, I started by stretching out one leg. I reached down and pulled the robe away to reveal it. I ran my hand along my leg down to my ankle and then back up. I wondered what the other girls were doing and I hoped this was enough. The crowd cheering and hooting, that was for sure.  
  
I pulled back the robe some more to free both legs. I swung them both up in a scissor-like kick. Then I ran my hands up the insides of my legs up towards my bikini.  
  
"Time! Off your stools, girls!"  
  
Carla's announcement startled me. I stepped off the stool and started swaying my hips. I began to untie my robe.  
  
"Stacey's robe is off. She's a hottie, right boys?" Carla announced suddenly.  
  
I got angry at myself for not being the first out of my robe. I gritted my teeth like I was some kind of animal and ripped the robe off and threw it behind me.  
  
"Heather's got her robe off! What a body, eh boys?"  
  
The crowd volume picked up. It felt good!  
  
"Sue and Christy have their robes off... now Dawn and ... Sandy bringing up the rear!"  
  
The pressure was picking up. I began to rub my thighs. Was I really going to strip naked?  
  
"Stacey's going for her top boys. Hold on to your dicks, uh I mean seats!"  
  
Someone started banging on the glass.  
  
"Look at those tits! Have you ever seen tits like those, boys?"  
  
The crowd was going nuts. I had to do something.  
  
"Whoa, Heather and Sue are going for their tops now. Who's got the better rack, eh boys?"  
  
I pulled my top up over my head, careful not to touch my blindfold.  
  
"Wow! Who says Heather?"  
  
A big roar.  
  
"Who thinks Sue is stacked?"  
  
A big roar too!  
  
"Everybody has their tops off. Uh oh, boys, Stacey's going for her bottom!"  
  
I felt this enormous pressure to do something. But what?  
  
"Uh oh, Sue has turned around and is shaking that ass for you boys!"  
  
I heard a chant start up behind the glass. A muffled "Shake that ass! Shake that ass!..."  
  
"Who's going to turn you on boys? Who's going to let go and really turn you on?"  
  
She was right. I realized at that moment I had to let go of my fear and go for it. I dropped to my knees. I pushed my hands inside my bikini bottom and began to pull it down. While I did so, I began to move my ass around to the rhythm of the music.  
  
"Look at Heather go, boys! She's even turning me on!"  
  
The chant suddenly changed. It became "Hea-ther! Hea-ther! Hea-ther!"  
  
"Whoa, boys, look at Stacey with her bikini bottom in her teeth! Wouldn't you love to be that bikini bottom boys?"  
  
I calculated in my head that we had to be getting close to the end of the round.  
  
"Look at all these naked beauties. Who's turning you on, boys? Last thirty seconds!"  
  
I really went for it. I started rubbing my nipples with my fingers while I pumped my pussy back and forth to the rhythm of the music.  
  
"Heather's in the groove boys. So is Stacey. Wow, where is she putting that finger???"  
  
I wasn't going to let Stacey steal my thunder! Rubbing my tits wasn't enough.  
  
"Dawn is finally in the game boys. Who wants a piece of that ass?"  
  
I put one finger in my mouth and started licking it and then rolled onto my back. I spread my legs in the air as wide as I could. I then took both hands and started rubbing all the way down my belly to the insides of my thighs and then to my pussy. I actually got lost in the moment. Hundreds of strangers were watching me spread eagle and naked on my back rubbing all over my pussy.  
  
"You go, Heather, you horny slut!"  
  
I felt a little rush at the thought of outdoing "sexy Stacey."  
  
"Time!"  
  
The music cut. I was exhausted. The crowd was roaring. There was whistling snd banging on the glass.  
  
"Back to your stools girls. How's that for round one boys???"  
  
While the crowd hooted and hollered, I fought my way back up onto my feet. Because I couldn't see anything, getting back up on the heels was a bit of a challenge. All these mixed emotions went through me as I picked myself up. I felt the thrill of outdoing Stacey at the end, but I also felt like a whore for exposing myself that way. Once on my feet I took a few small steps and felt for the stool. It wasn't there.  
  
"Oh NO!" I thought. I felt around with both hands. Nothing! I began to panic. I didn't want to be disqualified after all that.  
  
"Looks like one of our sluts can't find her stool, boys!"  
  
The crowd exploded with laughter and people yelling crude things at me. I was mortified! A chant started up "Slut! Slut! Slut!" I was desperate to find my stool and the taunting deepened the embarrassment. I felt a hand catch me somewhere between my belly and top of my pubic hair.  
  
"Let's give her a little help." said Carla into the microphone and my ear.  
  
I felt safe again. I wanted to hug her. She guided me back to the stool. When I grabbed onto it with my hands, Carla gave me a slap on the butt.  
  
"Get up there you horny slut!" she hollered into the microphone.  
  
I sat back onto the stool and nodded in the direction of the insults. What else could I do? I was breathing hard from the ordeal. I tried to sit up straight and slow my breathing to look in control. Things eventually calmed down a bit. Then Carla started speaking again.  
  
"Ok boys, it's time to choose your top three! Let's start with candidate number one, Sandy. Sandy was a little shy, eh boys? But look at this tight little body she has. How about this flat little belly of hers and look at this ass. I bet we can get her to loosen up in the next round, but it's up to you. Let's hear it for Sandy if you want her to go through to the next around!"  
  
The crowd cheered. I was sure my cheer would be louder.  
  
"And candidate number 2, Stacey. She sure was eager, right boys? And can a body get any hotter than this? Look at these tits, this little waist and this tight ass! Look at those long, sexy legs. She's the whole package, right boys? Let's hear you. Who wants to see Stacey make it to round 2?"  
  
The crowd roared for Stacey. She was definitely my main competition.  
  
"Wow, quite a cheer. And here's contestant number three, Heather! She was so hot for you boys that she spread these sexy legs wide open for you and begged you to fill her up!"  
  
As she said it, I felt Carla's hand rub down my leg. I flinched slightly at her touch. Carla kept talking.  
  
"No wonder she forgot where her stool was! But look at this hottie's scorching body, boys!"  
  
She grabbed my tit, squeezed it a little and then ran her hand down my belly. Carla then pulled my legs open slightly.  
  
"And look at this blond treasure for you down here!"  
  
Even if I had just volunteered my pussy to everyone, something about Carla showing it off was truly humiliating. Humiliating and a major turn-on...  
  
"Who wants to see Heather in round 2? Let's hear it!"  
  
I got a big cheer. It sounded as loud as Stacey's. I was pumped up. Carla went on to the rest of the group. I stopped listening, except to hear the cheers. Carla eventually got through all the girls.  
  
"Ok boys. Your vote is in. The three contestants moving on to the second round are Stacey..."

A big cheer.  
  
"Heather..."  
  
Another cheer! I felt proud.  
  
"And... Sue!"  
  
A final cheer.  
  
"Let's give a round of applause for our three departing contestants."  
  
The crowd cheered and then we waited a few minutes while, I assume, they were led away. Suddenly, I felt someone grab my hands, pull them behind my back and tie them. Nothing too tight or painful, but just enough that I knew I was not to move my hands. A few moments later, Carla started speaking again.  
  
"Ok boys, it's time for round 2!"  
  
Carla paused to let the boys get their excitement expressed.  
  
"Girls, I want you to turn to your left on your stools now."  
  
I did as I was told.  
  
"In round 2 girls, you will get off your stools and kneel. On your knees, you will crawl forward until you reach your partner. When you reach him, he'll be wearing boxers. First, you will pull those boxers down below his knees using your teeth. Then you will give the most important blow job of your lives! The first two of you to get your man to cum will join us for the next and final round. When you feel him explode into your mouth, you will let him pull out and squirt his next load on you. When his load hits your skin, you have accomplished your goal. I think we need music. When I say go, girls. Music!"  
  
Music started. I had done this before, but not blindfolded and not in front of strangers! I had no idea what to expect.  
  
"GO!"  
  
No time to plan. I jumped off the stool, fell to my knees and began to crawl forward. The crowd went nuts. It didn't take long before I banged into my man. I felt around with my nose and mouth until I bumped into his rock hard cock pushing against his boxers.  
  
'It feels huge!' I thought to myself. I moved up his shaft along the material until I reached the waistband. Careful not to affect my blindfold, I used my tongue and then my teeth to get the elastic into my mouth. As humbling as it was to be naked and blindfolded trying to rip off this guy's boxers, I felt totally turned on by every detail. Like the feel of his cock pushing against the material. The little hairs I felt against my nose just above his boxers. The delicious smell of his pubic hairs.  
  
"Sue and Stacey are pulling those boxers down! Heather better get moving!"  
  
'Focus!' I told myself. I pulled and pulled on his boxers until eventually I broke them free from the hook of his dick against the elastic. I kept pulling them down quickly until I felt his knees against my chin.  
  
"Sue is going to work on that cock! Here goes Stacey – it won't take long for her to make that dick squirt, eh boys?"  
  
I was in panic mode. I didn't even hear the crowd. I was behind! I told myself to settle down. It took me a second, but when I got my head back, I knew exactly what I was going to do.  
  
I started by kissing him on the knees. Then I pushed my head between his legs so he spread them a little. That took a little longer than it should have because I had to worry about the blindfold. Then I licked my way all the way up the insides of his legs.  
  
"Whoa boys, look at Heather with that tongue action!"  
  
I knew the other girls couldn't be doing anything this creative! But the pressure was on!  
  
"Sue is really pumping that cock now!"  
  
When I licked my way all the way up to his shaft, just as I expected, it was super-rock hard! I licked my way up to the top and then wrapped myself around him. He was huge. I barely got my lips around him! When I pushed down I felt him push deep inside me. 'Cum for me!' I started thinking as I started sucking him.  
  
"The girls are getting close! Who's it gonna be, boys???"  
  
'Can I make up for their lead start?' I started to wonder. Just then, I felt him pull out of my mouth.  
  
'No! What are you doing?' I thought. I started to push forward to stay on his cock, but the more I pushed forward, the more he pulled away. Soon I was crawling forward chasing his dick. I thought all was lost and wanted to cry. 'Why is he doing this to me?' I asked myself, growing discouraged.  
  
"Don't lose your man, girls! Look at these bitches crawling to their man! These are three horny bitches!"  
  
The crowd erupted into hoots and hollers. Some boys were laughing, others screamed degrading things at us. It was demeaning, but it meant I was still in the contest! It was happening to all of us! I crawled harder and faster. He let my face slap into his cock but when I tried to take him in, he pulled away just enough to make me crawl more. Each time the crowd hooted with approval.  
  
Eventually I banged into his dick so hard I slipped past it and face-planted into his pubic hair. He wasn't moving! I started kissing and licking him everywhere, physically begging him to let me back onto his cock. I kissed my way down his shaft. He didn't move! I got to the tip and took him in. 'Soft and deep' I told myself, and that's what I did.  
  
"Whoooo! This is too hot, right boys? Who's going to swallow the first load?"  
  
Stacey swallowed the first load, to my dismay.  
  
"Wow!!! Stacey is first boys. Poor Stacey is dripping with cum!"  
  
'Please! Please! Please!' I thought as I quickened the pace.  
  
"Who's it going to be, boys?"  
  
I blocked out the crowd. I was desperate for Carla not to say Sue's name. I pushed down, I pulled out. 'Please! This time, please!' I pleaded in my mind. I pushed down one more time. Suddenly, I felt it! Cum was filling my mouth! I pulled off and swallowed with pleasure as another load of cum splattered all over me.  
  
"HEATHER!"  
  
The crowd went completely insane at this stage. Banging, whistling, yelling. I could feel it run down my neck and tits.  
  
"Heather and Stacey are our finalists, boys! How about a round of applause for Sue!"  
  
While that happened, I gave my guy one last kiss on his dick. I was so happy and grateful. He actually helped me up to my feet and walked me back to my stool. I didn't want him to let go. I imagine Stacey's guy did the same for her.  
  
Minutes passed before Carla began to speak again. This time, they played some music while she spoke.  
  
"And now boys, your favorite and my favorite round. The third and final round, featuring our two hotties Stacey and Heather!"  
  
Obligatory cheers. I barely heard them at this stage. I figured nothing could be worse than what we'd just done. 'Just win!' I thought to myself.  
  
"This is it girls, the final round. I want you both to turn. Heather, turn to your left. Stacey, turn to your right."  
  
I turned.  
  
"Now, get off your stools and kneel."  
  
'Maybe this can be worse than the other rounds!' I told myself as I kneeled. As Carla kept speaking, I heard her voice come right in front of me.  
  
"In this round, girls, one of you will make me cum. Whoever makes me cum will win."  
  
I almost fainted. I had never been with another woman. Carla's words "open minded and competitive" reverberated in my head. But I wasn't sure I could do this. I knew I couldn't do it.  
  
"And whoever wins, will walk away with $5,000 cash!"  
  
I changed my mind. I COULD do it. I just had to do her like I wished my boyfriends had known how to do me.  
  
"For this round, I need to get comfortable too."  
  
The crowd erupted in hoots. I had no idea what Carla was doing to provoke this. I guessed she was undressing.  
  
"Mmmm, I love that song! When I say go, you two girls will start kissing my feet and work your way up my legs. Heather, you will be kissing my right foot, Stacey my left. When you get to my thighs, I'll decide who can proceed first. Then you'll each get your turn, until I decide to let one of you finish me off."  
  
I was determined to win.  
  
"Go!"  
  
I leaned forward until I bumped my head into her leg. I traced it down to her foot. I started kissing it softly. Softly like I wished a guy would do to me. I gave little licks and little bites too.  
  
"Ooooh! Boys, you have no idea what you're missing! Which girl is doing a better job, boys? Heather or Stacey?"  
  
The crowd started competing chants of "Hea-ther! Hea-ther!" and "Sta-cey! Sta-cey!" I kept working my way up. I could hear Stacey inches from me, kissing and sucking her way up too. I steered to the inside of Carla's leg. She flinched and then pushed her leg at me slightly. She liked it! Then I felt her hand on my head. We had reached her thighs.  
  
"Who should get the first try, boys?"  
  
The crowd divided even more. It was "Hea-ther! Hea-ther!" vs "Sta-cey! Sta-cey!" I kept kissing Carla's leg, hoping to convince her.  
  
"Stacey, you get first try!"  
  
Carla pushed my head away slightly and I felt her turn away. I hated Stacey at that moment!  
  
"Oh. Oh. OH! Stacey knows her way around a pussy, boys!"  
  
The Stacey crowd began to chant even louder. In my head, I pleaded with Carla to stop and let me have a chance. Another minute passed. A desperate minute for me.  
  
"Ok, boys. Stacey's got great lips! But now it's time for Hea-ther, Hea-ther, Hea-ther!"  
  
The crowd kept chanting my name. I got a huge rush. I felt her turning, then she gently pulled my head forward.   
  
'Like I wish someone would do to me!' I told myself.  
  
I didn't go right for her pussy. I started with little licks and kisses inside her thighs. Carla let out a little sound that I could tell was not meant for the audience. It was working! I traced my way with my tongue to the bottom of her pussy. Carla tried to speak, but she couldn't ignore what I was doing to her.  
  
"Boys... uhhhh, ohhhh!"  
  
I circled her pussy with my tongue, teasing her clit mercilessly. 'Like I wish a man would do to me!' I kept thinking. Carla pushed my head back away. She was breathing hard.  
  
"Ohhh. Stacey, it's your turn."  
  
'Oh NO!' I thought. Stacey was going to make her climax after all that I had done! The more Carla moaned, the more I feared all was lost. Carla let out a little yelp and I thought that was it. Another minute passed. I shook my head, wishing there were something I could do to make them stop. 'Please, Carla! Please come back to me!' I thought. 'Please!'  
  
"Ok, ok..." Carla tried to catch her breath. Then I felt her hand on my head. I went back to work.  
  
'Where was I?' I thought to myself.   
  
I kissed her pussy lips. They were dripping wet and swollen. I moved in with my tongue, entering her. She tensed. I ran my tongue all the way back out to her clit. She began to twitch. The more I teased her clit, the more she twitched.  
  
Suddenly I felt her hand on my head. This time she did not push me away or let go. I sensed Stacey close by.  
  
"Ahhh...." Carla tried to speak. She was ready to climax! I was desperate to get my lips back on that pussy! The crowd roared. The crowd was deafening with their chants.  
  
"Hea-ther! Hea-ther! Hea-ther!"  
  
"Sta-cey! Sta-cey! Sta-cey!"  
  
I realized Carla was deciding who would finish her off. In my head, I begged Carla to pick me.   
  
"Hea-ther! Hea-ther! Hea-ther!"  
  
"Sta-cey! Sta-cey! Sta-cey!"  
  
I felt Carla drop to the floor. I felt her legs surround me. And then the moment I'd waited for finally arrived: she pulled my head down to her pussy. She fell onto her back and her legs went up in the air around me as I dove into her pussy, teasing, licking, fucking her senseless. Carla screamed when she came, and her legs kicked furiously. The crowd roared with approval. I kept licking until she was reduced to little whimpers.  
  
From her back, a breathless Carla spoke into the microphone.  
  
"We... have... a winner!"  
  
The room shook with all the noise from the crowd. It sounded like the guys were throwing themselves at the glass! Then the mechanical sound started, and soon the sound of the crowd fell into the background.  
  
When I got back to my dorm room that night, my roommate wasn't there. I looked in the mirror.  
  
"You did it!" I told myself.  
  
I threw on my oversized t-shirt and got into bed. It was 1am. Before turning out the light, I looked at the envelope with the check.  
  
"One more look!" I told myself.  
  
I pulled out the check. $5,000! I couldn't believe it. I sat up on my heels in bed and put the check down between my legs. I just stared at it.  
  
$5,000! I couldn't get over it. I ran my finger back and forth across the check.  
  
"$5,000!" This time I said it out loud. I felt along the edge of the check with my finger. And then along the edge of my panties.   
  
"$5,000!"  
  
I pulled my panties to the side and began to rub my pussy, remembering the night. Reliving the night. Imagining what I would do to the contestants the following year when I would be the host. Soon, I was on all fours rubbing my face all over the check on my bed while I masturbated.  
  
They announced me as the "random" winner the next day. Later that year, the fraternity got into trouble when it was found that some of the boys were offering money to girls on campus to have sex with them. The whole charity event came under investigation. They even interviewed me, but they never found anything. Eventually, the event was taken over by the university and the fraternity lost its funding. All kinds of media descended on the school, but I managed to stay out of the papers. A few boys were kicked out of school for taking the money, but they never found out about the contest.