

# **Bukakke Bimbos**

**Crimson Rose**

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“Are you sure you want to do this?” Layla asked as her eyes darted between the flyer in her trembling hands offering a \$10,000 prize for becoming the new Moneyshots champion, and her best friend driving them toward the club.

“I could ask you the same thing,” Jaycee replied. “I know it’s fucked up, but neither of us are making ends meet right now and an extra five grand each will go a long way so we’re doing this.”

“I know I agreed to do it pretty much without hesitation, but I was joking.”

“Then why are you here, Layla? You’ve had two weeks to change your mind so why question your decision when we’re almost there?”

“Because what we’re about to do it fucking insane! Taking loads to the face isn’t new for either of us,” Layla said as her mind raced back to the gang bang they participated in with another friend and 23 men “but we’re not talking a few moneyshots, Jaycee. The current record is a hundred and eighty-three!”

“Then we’ll take one-eighty-four! Look, if you don’t want to do it then don’t, but I need the money and if letting nearly two hundred men come on my face to get it then that’s a price I’m willing to pay.”

“What if the men want to stick their dicks down our throats, or fuck us as well? Are you prepared to be gang banged by nearly two hundred men?”

“If that’s what it takes,” Jaycee stated matter of fact. “We’ve done gang bangs before so it’s not as if it’s new territory,” she added as she pulled into the packed parking lot. Finding one of just five remaining spots, she parked her car and turned the engine off – making sure to put the keys in her purse so her best friend couldn’t use them to drive away. “I’m going in now. You coming or staying out here?”

“What if...”

“I’m tired of hearing about what ifs!” Jaycee snapped. “You can stay out here and wait, or call an Uber and go home, but I’m going in and I’m not coming out until I’ve won that contest.” And with that, Jaycee opened the door and got out. Slamming it shut in frustration, she made it all of ten feet before hearing the passenger door open and then close. A moment later and her best friend was at her side.

Going to the back of a long line of mostly men – many of them denied entry for one reason or another, Jaycee and Layla found themselves standing before a mountain of a man. Standing nearly 7-feet tall and easily 300-pounds of muscle, they both felt their clits tingling with excitement. Getting a once over and grin from the handsome man, they were waved in where they then stood in another line leading to a booth where after nearly an hour they paid the \$250 fee to gain entry to the club and contest.

Entering a fetish club for the first time in their young lives, the best friends looked from each other, to the numerous stations evenly spaced between and around stages at the four corners with a bar to the left and seating strategically scattered throughout. Jaycee’s eyes locked on station 6 where a man was tightly secured in a stockade while a woman punch fisted his ass, Layla was staring in wide-eyed shock at a petite blonde woman covered in so many welts from swats of the cane, flogger, paddle, and belt she couldn’t tell where one ended and another began.

“I’ve watched a lot of bdsm porn and had fantasies about these types of places but...”  
Layla began.

“This is crazier than your wildest dreams?” her best friend finished.

“Something like that” Layla said as a tall, well-built bald black man with a white band marked MASTER around his large right bicep approached.

“Welcome to Moneyshots, ladies. I’m Master Bradley and I see you’re here for the contest. Have the rules been explained to you?”

“No one told us anything yet, Master,” Jaycee answered. “All we know is that in order to win the prize we have to take more cum shots to the face than the previous champion.”

“That’s partially true. You don’t just have to beat the previous champion’s record; you have to beat every other contestant as well. And you won’t just be taking loads to the face. To keep the men excited you’ll take them in every hole. And for the duration of the contest you’ll be treated as sex slaves meaning they are free to use you however they desire within the confines of our rules and the law without needing to stop and ask permission every time they do something new.”

“What if we don’t like what they’re doing to us, Master?” Layla asked.

“Then you can use the safeword crimson to stop the scene and leave the club, or you can grin and bear it not only for the chance of winning the top prize, but other money as well depending on what they do to you.”

“Meaning what exactly, Master?” Jaycee asked.

“The list is too lengthy to go into right now, but for example: you’ll earn twenty dollars per swat that you take, five hundred per piercing, and a thousand for tattoos and brands. That being said, the contest will begin shortly so let me get you to the stages. I’m sorry, what are your names?”

“I’m Jaycee.”

“And I’m Layla.”

“Pleasure meeting both of you, but it’ll be even more of a pleasure blowing my load on and in you,” Master Bradley said as she led the two best friends through the club. “You’ll both be on stage four. Once the contest begins you may not step off the stage for any reason other than to leave the club.”

“Not even to use the bathroom, Master?” Layla asked.

“If you need to piss, you may use your fellow contestants as your toilet.”

“And if we need to go number two, Master?” Jaycee asked.

“Then you better go now and give yourselves enemas afterward, but seeing as how you only have seven minutes before the contest begins I don’t think you’ll make it back in time so if you need to drop a deus you might as well leave.”

As they approached the large stage in the back right corner of the club, the best friends saw three other women in their early to late twenties nervously waiting for the contest to begin. Eyes immediately locking on a short, busty redhead, they both gasped in recognition. “FAITH?” they exclaimed at the same time.

Hearing her name, Faith turned and if possible her pale skin turned several shades whiter as she two of her younger sister’s friends. “If you tell anyone about this I’ll tell them you were here too!”

“Your secret is safe with us,” Jacee said.

“And yours is safe with me,” Faith replied. “So, looks like we’re going to be getting to know each other quite a bit better tonight.”

“Looks like it,” Layla replied. “Not going to lie, I’ve had a crush on you for years so this is a fantasy come true.”

“That makes two of us,” Jaycee added. “I’ve never said it before, but I absolutely love redheads. And your freckles... don’t even get me started how much they turn me on. This night just got a whole hell of a lot more exciting.”

“I admit I had last minute reservations, but I’m glad I decided to give this contest a try,” Layla said. I’ve been with several women, but I’ve never wanted to be with anyone more than you.”

“Ouch!” Jaycee said with mostly mock emotional damage.

“I love you, Jaycee, but can you honestly look me in the eyes and tell me you’d rather be with me than her?”

“Honestly? No, no I cannot.”

“Alright, ladies, time to strip naked and take the stage,” Master Bradley said. “Better hurry, you have three minutes before you’re disqualified.”

Immediately hopping into action, the five women rapidly stripped out of their clothing while fifteen others around the other three stages did the same while hoards of men poured out from all corners of the club to play their part in the bukakke contest. Walking out amongst them was a tall, visibly pregnant caramel-skinned black woman wearing a form-fitting burgundy latex dress and matching thigh-high boots with a MISTRESS armband around her right bicep.

“Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the fifth annual Moneyshots Contest where participants take loads until only one remains! And if said contestant beats the previous record they’ll win the ultimate prize! Fail, and they go home empty-handed but holes full. And to entice the participants to push themselves to their very limit, the top five women will also be offered employment here at Moneyshots with a hefty sign-on bonus and benefits package! That being said, Ladies, take your positions on your knees. Gentlemen, take your places around your cumdumpsters. Five... four... three... two... one... Let the contest begin!

No sooner was the command given, then twenty women were maneuvered and triple penetrated with more men slowly jerking off while waiting their turn, while others went to the tables and racks lining the sides of the stages looking for toys and other equipment to use on the contestants. Floggers, belts, canes. Candles for wax play. Needles for both play and real piercings. Every single asshole ignored so that their pussies could be double penetrated, it did not take long for the women to grunt, groan, and in many instances moan as their back doors were stuffed wide open with plugs of metal, silicone, or glass in what had to be a pre-arranged, coordinated effort to limit the men to what they deemed the two most important holes.

Only seven minutes in and the first round of semen began flying at faces and filling pussies. Unfortunately, only the former counted, but this early in the game no one was complaining. Acting quickly, each stage’s Master or Mistress jotted down who took the moneyshots while cameras capturing the show from every angle would later confirm or correct their tally.

An hour into the contest and twenty women collectively sighed as plugs were yanked from their asses only to grunt when larger ones were pushed in. Pulled back against the chest of one of the black men in her womanhood and held with his arms hooked around hers, Jaycee looked down and watched as needles were pushed through her nipples and gold rings tagged with CUM SLUT on the left and FUCK TOY on the right were dropped into place. Meanwhile, several feet in front of her, the tip of a short metal rod was pressed into Faith’s left hip permanently freezing DADDY’S LITTLE FUCKDOLL into flesh. Not to be left out, 26-year-old, blue-eyed blonde Mollie, and 21-year-old raven-haired beauty, Summer simultaneously had CUMDUMPSTER cryo-branded on their mounds. And just when she breathed a sigh of relief,

Layla felt needles piercing her nipples as icy-cold metal pressed into back, hips, sides, and mound leaving her with thick rings and a total of six humiliating and degrading brands and the current record holder for most body modifications received.

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With fifty men to bukakke five women per stage the contest seemed set to take all night, if not the entire weekend, but as men blow their loads and left the stage, others emerged from every side of the fetish club to take their place in what appeared to be a never-ending stream of participants ready and willing to keep the game going.

Then came the first woman to quit. After nearly four hours of non-stop sex and taking nineteen loads to the face and down the throat, a screech echoed throughout the club as a woman's clitoris – not the hood, but the engorged bundle of pleasure-filled nerves, was pierced. Needle sticking through she hopped up and bolted off the stage so quickly she nearly fell flat on her face stumbling to safety. Another quite shortly after as in her eagerness to gulp down as much semen as possible, she slurped it down the wrong tube nearly choking to death on it. Deciding then and there her life was more important than a few thousand dollars, she walked off the stage still coughing and clearing her throat.

Down to eighteen, the remaining contestants allowed the men to continue using them however they desired no matter how they felt about it in the moment. Plugs yanked out and replaced for the fifth time since the game began, they were all certain they could take a small fist up their asses and in a matter of minutes they were all proven wrong as very large male fists punched through their back doors and well into their bowels. Some yelping in surprise, others moaning in pleasure, a few – Jaycee and Layla included, writhed in orgasmic euphoria as the hand continued punching in and out harder and deeper by the second.

“Just a quick update ladies and gentlemen,” Mistress Reyna said. “Our current leader is Natalie Sommerville on stage one with forty-six loads eaten and blasted on her pretty dace with a close second being Layle Black on stage four with forty-one. And coming in third, on stage two with thirty-seven loads to the face and down her throat is Mandy Roberts. Now go back to enjoying the show because I know I certainly am.”