

The ad for the gangbang said each participant would have only five minutes with Bella, and I knew I had to make the most of my time. I'd waited in line with 150 other men, filling out paperwork and getting checked by the physician. Now there were only two guys ahead of me, and the fluffers were moving down the line, helping us "get ready."

"I'm good," I told the perky blonde when she reached me, shaking my rock-hard cock in front of her for proof. She smirked at me, and I wondered for a second if this was her only job or if maybe she had a regular day job during the week. *Does her passport say "fluffer"?* I thought. *What does she tell dates when they ask where she works?*

I didn't have long to ponder her strange career, though, because it was almost my turn.

I'd been fascinated with Bella since I saw a picture of her in a dirty magazine when I was sixteen. At eighteen, I'd started buying her videos, and at twenty-one, I'd traveled halfway across the country to get her autograph at a porn convention in Vegas. So of course when I read on her website that she wanted fans to participate in her next gangbang flick, I filled out the application and booked a ticket to California before I ever heard back from her people. Now here I was, about to fuck my favorite porn star, and I had only five minutes to impress her.

The guy in front of me came and walked off set, and I was up. My cock was achingly hard, and as I approached Bella, laying naked on the bed, propped up on one elbow, I became even more aroused. She'd already been through fifty guys, but she looked fresh and ready for another go. Her long, full hair looked perfect in that just-rolled-out-of-bed way, and her full red lips and perky double-D tits looked even more delicious up close. For a split second my mind went back to the fluffers, and I wondered why they were needed at all when Bella was more than enough to arouse even the most flaccid phallus.

“Remember, you only have five minutes,” one of her assistants told me, and I nodded in understanding. There was no time to waste.

“Action!” the director yelled, and I took the final step into the scene.

Crawling up the bed, I straddled Bella and kissed her. No one else had thought to kiss her, I’d noticed, and I wanted to make sure I stood out. Her lips were soft, and when my tongue thrust into her mouth, she eagerly granted its entry, her own tongue darting past her lips to dance with mine. We didn’t have all day, though, and after a quick taste of her lips, I started to move down her body. From her lips I went over her neck, her chest, her stomach, until I reached her hot cunt. She’d fucked fifty guys already, but I didn’t care. I wanted to be remembered as the best of the bunch, and I was sure a warm-up tongue bath would help my cause.

I thrust two thick fingers between her pussy lips and ducked my head down to suck her clit. I had maybe a minute to work before I had to fuck her, and I wanted to make her come. My fingers focused on tickling her G-spot, and my tongue laved her clit, swirling over it this way and that until I felt her body convulsing and her pussy spasming around my digits. I’d made her come in a mere sixty seconds, and I still had time to fuck her properly.

I sucked my fingers clean of her juice, enjoying her flavor, and then moved up her body once more and aimed my stiff cock at her gaping cunt. She was wet from the tongue-work I’d done, and I slid inside easily. Now I had nothing left to do but thrust.

My hips began moving, pumping my cock in and out of Bella’s cunt frantically. It was a dream come true to be fucking her, and I could hardly control myself. But I didn’t just want to fuck her, I wanted to have sex, to make love, and with only three minutes left, I had to do it fast—but I still wanted to do it well. It took a few seconds, but I calmed down and began to

move with purpose. I alternated between deep and shallow thrusts, and even tried to change my tempo a few times to bring Bella pleasure.

When one of the assistants gave me the signal that I only had one minute left, I slipped a hand between my body and Bella's to play with her clit. I'd been on the verge of a climax since I got into bed with her, probably since I got in the damn line six hours earlier, but I wanted her to come again. It wasn't a requirement, they'd told us. No one had to climax during our scene, not Bella and not the guy she was with. But I wanted her to come, and I knew my own orgasm was inevitable. As I continued to stroke my cock in and out, in and out, I toggled her clit with the middle finger of my right hand, hoping to bring her off in a mere forty-five seconds. I threw myself into the task, humping her wildly while I frantically friggled her clit. I had less than a minute, maybe thirty seconds, to bring us both to climax, and I knew I had to do it or I'd never be able to forgive myself.

I was getting closer and closer, and I wanted to come, to fill Bella—or at least the condom between us—to overflowing, but I wanted her to come with me.

They were counting down, twenty-nine, twenty-eight, twenty-seven. At twenty-one, I couldn't wait any longer, and I let go, shooting off harder than I ever had. I didn't stop trying to get Bella off, though, and finally, at ten, nine, eight, she came. I felt her pussy spasm and clasp my cock, and I could feel the warmth of her juices even through the thin layer of latex between us.

I collapsed on top of her as the director yelled, "Cut!" My five minutes were up, and I had only a few seconds to linger before they hauled me off the set. I slid out of Bella and wiped off with the towel her assistant handed me, then paused just long enough to say, "Thanks, Bella." I was halfway off the small stage the bed was on when she called out to me.

“Hey, number fifty-one,” she said, “you were pretty good.”

It was the first time I’d heard Bella talk to any of the guys all day. And it was to tell me I was good! *Let’s see number fifty-two try to top that!* I thought as I headed to the showers.