

# As I'm Told

By JJ Argus



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**Smashwords edition**

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

I like guys who are smart, funny, generous, responsible, kind-hearted and treat me with respect. But of course, they also have to be sexy. And I have to say that I can't do without sexy, but if a guy is sexy enough, then, well, sometimes I can overlook that some of the others stuff isn't necessarily there to the degree I'd prefer.

Ross McLean was breathtakingly sexy. And that was a problem. Because Ross McLean was definitely not a nice guy. He was also very, very dangerous looking, in a way which I knew to stay away from but which made something down low in my abdomen thrum with hunger and excitement!

He was a broad shouldered guy, with short, close-cropped hair, and an incredible body. I mean, the way he looked shirtless was enough to make a girl's nipples burn! He had a gorgeous chest, which was nicely shaved, and the first time I saw it my fingers literally trembled as I imagined myself sliding them back and forth across his chest and washboard abs!

God, he was hot!

He had a barbed wire tattoo around one bicep, and a skull on the other. I knew he'd been in prison, and he often had this long, razor sharp knife on his belt. I heard he'd gone to prison for using a knife on someone, too!

I met him at the cottage. On a speedboat. He was driving, and there were a half dozen of us there. I had gotten on with my friends Sara and Michele, just going for a fun ride, y'know? The boat was long and slender, with seats around the front, in a sort of little conversation nook thing in front of the angled windows.

It looked fast!

There were more seats in the rear, and then, of course, there was the steering wheel and the seat in front of it. Connor Sims and Paul Watson were there, too, and like us girls, they were in swimsuits. They both looked pretty good in swimsuits, but not like McLean did. I mean, Connor was sweet and all, and really friendly and nice and smart, and I knew he was really interested in me.

But Ross was way hotter than him, and older than any of us by maybe five years. The rest of us were still teenagers, mostly. I was nineteen, and Sara was

eighteen. Connor was twenty, and his parents were even richer than Uncle Josh. But Connor was boring. And Ross was... really exciting!

I guess I thought I was kind of sophisticated, more than I really was. I mean, I'd led a fairly sheltered life growing up in suburbia. My mother and father are both doctors, so we sure had money. On the other hand, they both worked long hours so it wasn't like they'd spent tons of time with me as I grew up.

I was wearing a Maria Rigor designer bikini. I'd put in long hours at our home gym to make sure I'd be ready for bikini weather that year, and had gone a little daring, in light of the fact that the cottage was far from home and my usual friends and family and all.

My parents were off at home. I was at my Uncle Josh's cottage with my cousin Amy and her brother Tod. Me and Amy had always gotten along pretty well and liked similar music, movies, TV shows and fashions.

The swimsuit I was wearing was a thong. What the hell, I mean, I had the body for it, and I was feeling... precocious and sexy and daring that summer. I was looking for excitement before heading off to university in the fall.

Ross McLean oozed excitement. It was just that it was a daunting, daring, dangerous sort of excitement.

Not only was it a thong, but it was tiny in front, just a very low cut V of fabric with two slender strings angled up across my hips. On top, I was wearing half-cups, which lifted and squeezed my breasts together.

I looked hot, and I knew it. That made me feel confident and kind of cocky and coy. I felt smug about how hot and sexy I looked. It kind of excited me just to have guys seeing me in that suit. It made me feel popular too, because believe me, every guy welcomed my presence wherever I went and was really friendly!

It was a couple of weeks into my stay there, so I was building a nice tan. I had tied my blonde hair back in a loose pony tail because of the wind. The speedboat was moving pretty fast, and things were kind of bouncy up front, but loads of fun!

There were a bunch of others around me, because we were all up front as Ross drove. He wasn't one of us, not a rich kid like us, not a kid at all. He worked for

my uncle Josh, doing maintenance and other chores at his cottage and boathouse. Uncle Josh has even more money than my parents, and his cottage is huge and expensive. It's more like a really big chalet on the side of a hill.

Anyway, I found Ross really... daunting. He was scrumptiously hot, but dangerous looking, and his eyes always seemed kind of dark and hooded whenever he looked at us or talked to us. I wondered if he resented us our money and carefree lives. I supposed I couldn't blame him. I mean, it wasn't like we had done anything but get born to the right parents.

And I was being kind of a cock tease, because I knew... oh yes, I certainly knew, as I gripped the bar which went around the sides of the boat, and peered forward, I knew, he had to have a great view of my nearly naked bottom!

I was kneeling on the seat, after all, and leaning forward into the wind and water as the boat moved, and so he'd have a perfect shot of what I knew (because everyone told me and I'd checked many times in mirrors) was a great ass!

I was enjoying the ride and the wind and the water and all, but my mind was kind of swirling with the thought of him back there, wondering what he was thinking, wondering if he was getting hot looking at my ass, if he was imagining doing all kinds of dirty things with me!

I felt safe teasing him like that, because he was an employee of my uncle. He couldn't say or do anything, well, unless I let him. And I was breathless with the thought, the notion, the idea that he might come on to me somehow and what we might do!

He was sooooo hot and sexy!

Okay, yeah, he was a bad boy. But it wasn't like I was planning on marrying him and moving into his, I don't know, his trailer park or something. I was just... messing around, you know.

So I was flushed with excitement and a bit of embarrassment, maybe kind of cringing a bit as I considered what kind of dirty thoughts might be in his mind – but also excited by it! I decided to go back and talk to him, real casual, you know, not like I had any interest in this hunky, powerful, dangerous looking man.

So I pushed myself back from the bow and made my way unsteadily back to the

windows. You could open the middle between them and let yourself through, and I did that, flicking my eyes to him as he watched me. I smiled casually.

“Need to get some suntan lotion,” I said. “I don't want my skin to burn!”

He nodded wordlessly, and I moved past him, a bit breathless at how near I'd come to that hunk of masculine power and flesh, and moved back to the rear seats, then sat down heavily, because, like I said, the boat was moving quick, and picked up some lotion. I spread it over myself, a bit perturbed he wasn't turning to look at me.

I even made sure I spread it casually across the exposed parts of my breasts, you know, but he kept his eyes front. I finished up and got to my feet, carefully holding the backs of the seats as I made my way back to the window.

“It sure does bounce!” I said over the noise.

“You think so, baby?” he asked, turning and grinning at me. “You ain't seen nothing yet.”

One of his big hands moved to a gear or shift and pushed it forward, and the boat increased power. Now it was really moving, and really bouncing! I almost fell, but he grabbed my arm in a firm grip and drew me in front of him.

He put my hands on the wheel and I thought, wow, cool as I held it. He was standing behind me, his right hand on the gear levers, or whatever they were, and his left now gripping the side of the windshield in front of him, where it was opened by the door I'd come through.

I turned a little, and the boat swerved. He took the wheel with one hand, turning it back a bit.

“Don't turn suddenly at these speeds,” he yelled into my ear.

He had to yell because of the noise of the engine and the sound of the hull sweeping through the water, to say nothing of the wind.

But I was only half paying attention, because as the boat swerved and we lurched in place my bottom had pushed back against him – hard! And he was hard! I gasped, my face instantly flushing red with embarrassment! But ... I also

felt this incredible rush of sexual energy and excitement!

And he was making no move to pull back either! Instead he pushed forward more firmly! I could feel this big, thick, hard lump pressing in between my bare buttocks with just his swimsuit between him and me! I was... shocked and breathless!

I mean, yes, I found him incredibly hot and had been wanting to turn him on and wanting to maybe talk to him and such, but I hadn't imagined anything sexual... Well, I had, but only as a fantasy, but mostly because I didn't think this super hot and super... sophisticated.. guy would be interested in some ignorant teenager.

I didn't know what to do or what to say! I was horribly embarrassed even while being darkly thrilled! And my hands were on the steering wheel! The boat was moving fast and bouncing so I had to hold on tight to keep from being thrown around!

And now I felt his big, male hand slide around over my hip and caress my abdomen! My skin was still slick with the suntan lotion, and I suddenly felt as if my heart would pound so hard it would explode in my chest! I tried to talk, or tried to think of what to say, and kind of turned a bit away as if... you know, to leave.

But his left hand was now on the wheel because we were bouncing so hard, and now I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck even as his fingers stroked me and suddenly slid right down to the narrow elastic across the top of my little swimsuit, and then pushed right inside!

I let out a cry of shock, and jerked to the side, but his hand was still there, and his body was still pressed against me as his fingers slid down the very short distance to my clitoris, and found it!

I shuddered, and my hips jerked back violently, which of course, only jammed my bottom into him harder! His fingers, warm and hard and slick with the lotion, began to rub my clitoris immediately as I felt his lips on the back of my neck!

Fuck! I mean... fuck! I was stunned, and then I heard what almost sounded like a growl. It was very noisy there, remember, with the boat pounding through the water, but his mouth was closer to my right ear, and now I felt his teeth against the nape of my neck as my pulse raced even faster than the boat!

I was starting to feel this incredibly powerful rush of sensations from where his slick fingers were caressing me, so powerful that I was trembling, my knees weak. I stared ahead at all the others, who were still holding tight to the bar and staring forward, laughing in delight as we bounced along!

Ross took his left hand off the steering wheel and cupped my breast! I cried out again, but as with the first one, nobody was hearing it over the sound of the boat and engine, and the laughter and cheer and whoops of delight coming from everyone up front!

His fingers dug into the edge of my bra and pulled it aside to bare my left breast! Then his big hand cupped and squeezed me hard, his fingers digging into my soft, sensitive flesh.

“I wanna fuck you so bad, baby!” he growled into my ear!

Omygod!

I was shaking!

I still felt horribly embarrassed, and also excited, helplessly excited. But I was also feeling intimidated. I mean, He sounded so... determined, so hungry, and he his hands were so big and powerful that I felt helpless before him!

The hand in my suit bottom pushed down and I felt the thin strings of my bikini bottom sliding down my oiled hips, and then, before I could do anything, the swimsuit bottom slid down my legs to pool at my ankles! I was naked in front of him!

I thought I might hyperventilate!

And then his hand was cupping me between the legs, his fingers stroking up and down the line of my sex, and across my clitoris, as his other hand kneaded my breast and he chewed his way up the nape of my neck!

It wasn't like I was a virgin, by any means, but I felt more incredibly aroused, more filled with sexual energy than I had ever been in my life! At the same time I was still horribly embarrassed, anxious, uncertain and desperately aware that any of the people in front could turn around at any minute!

Of course, all they'd see was me in the window, holding the wheel. The bulkhead, or wall, or whatever it was called that the steering wheel was attached to was high enough to almost but not quite hide my chest from them.

My hips started to jerk and twist in helpless reaction to the sensations he was sending through my mind and body! And then his hand came off my breast momentarily, and I felt him tug his swimsuit down! A moment later his groin, his hard cock, and balls and everything were pressed right up against my bare bottom!

It was a wonder I didn't fucking faint!

I felt his cock slide through my trembling thighs, then, and it was so long it came out the other side into his hand. I felt him pressing the head up and down, rubbing it against my clitoris! The breath sobbed out of me as I trembled and shook, my mind spinning with confusion and uncertainty, and that dark wild rush of lust and passion and heat!

I felt his hand pressing against me, then, the heel of his hand pushing back to force my hips back further. And I felt him moving the head of his cock lower, rubbing it up and down the line of my sex, pressing against me as if he was going to push up inside me! As if he was going to fuck me right then and there!

There was no way! I mean... I mean.. we hadn't dated, I didn't know him, we weren't... anything to each other! There was no way I could let him fuck me! And there was my cousin and others less than fifteen feet away! No! No! I wasn't going to allow this! I couldn't!

No matter how incredible the sexual electricity was that was tearing through my mind and body!

“No!” I gasped. “No!”

It was hard to breath, though, and the sound of the wind and boat and water and engine were a huge roar. I felt the pressure increasing, felt the nose slowly forcing its way into me. I tried to shift myself, to turn away, but the heel of his hand was pressing against my pubic bone even as he held his cock with it and guided himself into me.

His other hand was firmly on my breast again as he chewed on the side of my

throat, and he was so big and strong that I couldn't pull away without doing something really violent and throwing myself to the side. Even then I wasn't sure I could do it!

And if I did then everyone in front would turn and see me there with my panties around my ankle and my breast exposed! OhmyGod! That would be mortifying!

The spongy fat head of his cock was wedged into the mouth of my sex now, and I was whimpering and shaking my head, even as it slowly oozed up into me, slick now with the same lotion I'd spread over myself. An inch, then two, and I tried to twist my hips around, but couldn't!

Another inch, and then I sobbed dazedly, giving up, as he thrust deeper and deeper.

“Hot fucking slut!” he growled into my ear.

I sobbed dazedly, gasping for breath as his hips moved in and out, pushing his big, thick cock deeper with every stroke! And I thought... I thought how can it keep going deeper!? How can he not already be all the way inside! He was so big! And I ached with the fullness of him, with how stretched the walls of my sex were, and still he pushed deeper as I shuddered and moaned.

His hand, no longer needing to guide him, was back to stroking against my clitoris, and I felt this strange hazy cloud of heat settling around me. I no longer tried to struggle. I moaned and gave up, and then there was a sputtering, burning, crackling roar of heat, like from a fire, and the orgasm hit me.

It was a monster orgasm, but my cries were barely audible over the roaring of the engine. Besides, the other girls were already squealing and laughing and shouting too.

My entire body felt like this incredible flare of raw pleasure, like the 'woosh' when you threw gasoline on a fire, and it roared up! Only it just kept roaring! I cried out again and again, until I felt his big hand come off my breast and clamp over my mouth and jaw!

I was staring at the others, who all still had their backs to us, and realizing it had all happened so fast, so very, very fast! I'd only been gripping the wheel for two minutes!

I cried out into his hand, and cried out louder, feeling, oddly, a sense of freedom, giving myself to the wildness and the incredible passion gripping my body and mind! I didn't have to try to hold back, to keep silent. I screamed into his hand as the orgasm tore through me!

I felt his hard hips hitting my buttocks now as he buried the last inch inside my aching pussy. Every thrust felt like the nose of his cock was punching me deep inside. But every long stroke also send a wave of burning lava up through the volcano that was my body, and I twisted and writhed in helpless paroxysms of pleasure as he fucked me hard and fast!

I couldn't stand any more. My legs buckled, but he caught me, and then he moved just a bit back, sitting in the captain's chair, and lifted me as if I was weightless, lifted me and sat me on his lap – impaled on his big cock!

I stared down woozily, gasping for breath, stared at my open legs, and the sight of the lips of my sex straining wide around his thick hard shaft! My eyes widened and I panted breathlessly, gaping at the sight, moaning, making strange animal sounds!

“So fucking tight inside,” he growled.

His legs were between mine. Mine were spread wide on either side, and now he opened his legs, which forced mine wider. His right hand came down between my legs again, fingers stroking hard. I cried out helplessly at the overpowering surge of sensations that sent flooding into my body!

“Ride me.”

I felt so hazy, so dazed, I hardly understood him.

Then I felt his hand in my hair, gripping my pony tail, jerking sharply to make it sting.

“Ride me, slut!” His voice was a harsh, dangerous growl that shocked and even scared me!

Whimpering, I tried to move forward, but couldn't, and then my flailing feet found the metal ring which surrounded the post the seat was on, kind of like a bar stool. I pushed up, moaning, then sank down, then pushed up, then sank

down, and he took my hands and placed them on the wheel again so that I was leaning forward and had more leverage.

“Ride me, slut!” he growled again.

Moaning, I did, and the sensations redoubled as I slid myself up and down his thick hard cock! Disbelief gripped me, and breathless anxiety, embarrassment and uncertainty! I kept staring at the others ahead, terrified they'd turn around. Though actually they wouldn't necessarily see much unless they came back.

He jerked the other cup of my bra down below my breast so both were bare now, then shifted his grip from one to the other, squeezing and groping them, and then alternately rolling and caressing my hard nipples, or pinching them until I cried out.

I rode him helplessly, breathlessly, and the dark, burning heat and passion rose again, despite that incredible orgasm. They rose unbelievably fast, and I soon lost track of anything else as if I was drunk on the passion and lust and need!

I rode him harder, crying out every time I sank down hard, crying out every time the head punched me deep inside, sobbing with pleasure as I slid down, down, down! It felt so incredibly sensual and erotic and exciting to slide down his shaft, to feel it pushing up inside me so deep!

I came again, sobbing, gasping, grunting and moaning as I rode him, as he gripped my hips to give me more speed, as I impaled myself again and again and the orgasm swept my mind into tumbling, churning dazed confusion.

He came inside me. I heard him curse as he thrust into me hard and fast, and then he gripped my hips to hold me in place, sitting atop him, as his cock slowly softened.

“Hot little bitch,” he said.

He pulled my cups back into place over my bra and then pushed me off his lap. My bottoms had come off and I frantically found them, stepped into them, and pulled them up my legs and over my still burning sex. Then I tore myself away, stumbling against the other seat, across the aisle from him.

I stared at him, gaping a bit, and he smirked back at me. I flushed and threw

myself forward through the opening in the glass to be among the others, safe.

Or so I thought.

I felt so incredibly wrung out, so dazed and exhausted, it was all I could do to cling to the bar as we bounced through the water, swerving this way and that, now, and then heading back to the cottage.

I couldn't look at him as we docked. He helped each of the girls up, but he gave me an extra boost. With no one looking his big hand gripped my nearly bare buttocks and squeezed firmly!

\*

Have you ever heard of the Muskokas? Look them up. It's an area of woods and lakes which is the playground for Hollywood and celebrities and those who generally just have an awful lot of money. It's a beautiful lake with million dollar 'cottages' all around it.

Uncle Josh's cottage was halfway up a low cliff on Lake Muskoka, with a huge deck, and stairs leading down to a dock on the water. There was a boathouse next to the dock, where the speedboat, as well as kayaks and jet skis were stored.

We all tromped up the stairs to the upper deck, the others laughing and joking at what a wild ride it had been. They didn't know the half of it!

I went to my room and the bathroom, staring at myself naked, amazement on my face. How had that happened!? God! I'd let a guy fuck me! Just like that! What a slut I was! Thank God nobody knew and that he didn't know any of the people I knew where I lived! Otherwise I'd never live it down!

At the same time, I felt this wild energy at just the memory of how... how wickedly exciting and shocking and... and incredibly erotic it had felt! It had been the most amazing sexual experience of my life, and my body still resonated with the echoes of the tremendous orgasms I'd had!

So while I felt tremendous guilt over what I had allowed to happen I was still kind of breathless, almost giddy with excitement over it. It had been so daring! So wild and wanton! Wow! I had done that!? I almost wanted to call my best friend Allison just to tell her. She'd be shocked!

But could I rely on even Allison to keep quiet about me doing something so slutty!?

And what about Ross!? He thought I was hot, sure, but did he, well, like me? He was sooo hot! I knew he seemed kind of dangerous and intimidating, but boy, the thought of going out with him, of having a powerful, sexy MAN like that as my boyfriend had me really keyed up!

All the other girls would be so jealous!

I know he had called me a slut, but that was more in passion than anything else, and yes, he was a rough speaking kind of guy, but I was sure there was something warm and tender on the inside somewhere.

Still, he was kind of scary, and I was really embarrassed at the thought of actually meeting and talking to him again, so I didn't do anything about it for a few days. I rolled various scenarios over in my head often, and, I admit, in the shower, and in my bed at night, I'd run my hands over my body, letting my mind drift through some of those scenarios, those hot, delicious fantasies of me and him together!

And then, I thought I saw my opportunity! I was on the big deck, which was like ten feet wide and as long as the cottage, and had a roof and everything. Uncle Josh was there, and Aunt Cathy, my cousin Todd, and his friends Mike and Connor (who still had the hots for me and kept trying to talk me into doing something together) and my cousin Amy and a couple of other girls.

I looked aside, and I saw Ross there! He was chopping wood! Ohmgod he was so hot looking, bare chested again, this time just wearing jeans, his powerful muscles working as he brought the ax down and cut cords instantly!

He would do that off to the side, then when he had a pile of wood he'd carry them over to the shed and put them in, then return to cut some more. I could see and hear him from the deck. After staring for long minutes, my mind whirling, I made some excuse, and ran inside and upstairs to change!

I agonized over what to wear, because I wanted to look hot and sexy, but I didn't want to look... slutty, you know, like I was really coming onto him or anything! So no bathing suit! I put on a pair of cutoffs instead, and then a tank top, and over that, a loose checked short sleeve shirt which I left unbuttoned.

My heart was already pounding as I made my way downstairs and out the little used side door, where I pretended to discover him 'accidentally'. Of course, I couldn't hide the blush which came to my face when he looked up. But then he ignored me, looking back at the wood, bringing the axes swinging down to chop it in half, then turning to pick up another piece.

I stood there, trying to think of what to say, and then decided I couldn't credibly say anything, so just turned my nose up as if I was ignoring him, and walked on past. Or... or I tried to.

Suddenly, the ax shot out, his big hand holding the end, and the metal head pressed against the wall just in front of where I was passing, so that the long haft blocked my path.

I turned and looked at him with what I hoped was a suitably indignant expression on my face, but he simply stepped forward and I suddenly was lost for words – and breath! He stood before me, like... like inches away, looking down at me, his naked, sweating chest two inches from mine.

“Wh-wha-what are you – ?”

That was all I got out, and then his big hand rose and slipped around my neck, almost completely around it! He didn't squeeze hard or anything, not like I couldn't breath, but I gasped, eyes widening and suddenly feeling a rush of fear.

I reached up and grabbed his wrist, but it was like grabbing the solid branch of an old oak!

“Put your hands down,” he ordered, his eyes fierce.

Gulping, I obeyed, and then the thumb of the hand on my throat rose and began to kind of caress the side of my neck. He put down the ax and leaned in, and kissed me!

I gasped and moaned into his mouth as he kissed me, long and hard and passionately, trembling, my knees getting wobbly as his tongue shot into my mouth!

He drew back after what seemed an eternity.

“Are you listening to me?” he said in a low, throaty voice.

“Y-Y-Yes!” I whispered.

“Go into the shed, take off your clothes, and bend over the woodpile with your legs spread.”

I gaped at him. Surely he hadn't said... surely he didn't really mean me to... I mean... how could I...?

He squeezed his hand a little, then used his grip to pull me forward a bit, then push me back against the wall, hard.

“Did you hear me?” he growled.

“Y-Ye-yes!” I squeaked.

He released me and jerked his head at the shed. “Go,” he ordered.

I stared at him in astonishment, and kind of staggered away, turning to look at him, then to look around, then back at him, then at the shed. He just turned his head, those eyes staring at me, still dark and fierce!

I felt a flood of anxiety and uncertainty, and no small bit of fear, but there was also a rush of dark, forbidden heat. Maybe I would go to the shed, and wait for him, and... and we could talk. Of course, I wouldn't get naked, but... but maybe we could kiss and...

And I stumbled down the path between the trees and bush and then into the shed.

It wasn't much of a shed, as sheds go. It was just built to hold the wood for the many fireplaces the cottage had. It had about part of a cord of wood in place, a pile about waist high and maybe six feet long. I stared at it, then back at the door, trembling a little at the wild rush of excitement and emotions which came over me.

I would just... just wait, I thought. But then I thought, well, he might get angry if he comes and I haven't done as he said. So then I thought I'd go part way. I stripped off my blouse and then, hesitating anxiously, I peeled my tank top up and off, to reveal the lacy black half bra beneath.

My heart was thumping and my pulse racing! I finally decided to strip off my shorts, too, and put them on a small chair. Then I kind of fidgeted and fumbled, and went to the door edge to peer out at him. I eased back and partly closed the door, just in case someone should wander by, then peered out again, then eased back.

I kept thinking of how angry he might be if I wasn't as he'd told me, and then also of how hot it would be if I actually did that! In the end, I decided to strip completely, then kept peering out of the door until I saw him stop chopping and pick up an armload of wood.

Gasping, I turned and bent over the near end of the pile of wood, and slowly spread my legs a bit apart!

He came in, pushing open the door so it banged against the side wall! I gasped and started to straighten, blushing furiously as he unloaded the wood onto the other end of the pile. He looked at me and frowned, then reached for my throat again!

I gurgled as his hand closed around it, then he pulled me forward, forcing me to bend over the cord of wood! He released my throat only to grip my hair, next, and bend me over more fully, so that my soft breasts and hard nipples were pressed against the rough wood!

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

Then he slapped my bare bottom sharply enough to sting! I gasped and obeyed!

*Crack! He slapped my bottom again!*

“Wider!”

I moaned and obeyed, and his hand shot between my legs, cupping my sex, and kind of pushing up.

“Up on the balls of your feet!” he snapped.

I obeyed, raising my bottom, and he released me and stood back.

“Don't move!” he ordered in a hard voice.

Then he turned and left the shed! I was gulping in air, my entire body already feeling overheated as I waited for him to return. My mind was swirling again! I knew I should grab my clothes and run out! This was ridiculous! Who did he think he was! What kind of a girl did he think I was!?

Finally I stood up, turned and grabbed at my clothes, and started to rush out the door! And almost ran into him bringing another armload of wood in! I let out a yelp, forced back from the doorway as he came through. He filled it!

“Why are you disobeying me?” he demanded.

I had no answer! I stared at him, eyes wide, and he pushed me further in, then unloaded the wood. He turned to me, scowling, and snatched the clothes from my arms, then threw them on the floor.

“I – !”

“Shut up,” he said.

He gripped me by the hair, just behind the neck, and roughly forced me to bend over the cord of wood again.

*Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply!*

“Oh!”

“When I tell you to do something – ,”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“You do it!”

*Crack!*

“Do you understand me, slut?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Please!”

*Crack!*

“Do you understand?” he demanded, his big hand behind my neck keeping me in place.

“I-I didn't... you can't – .”

*Crack! His hand struck my bottom a sharp and stinging blow!*

“Oh! Please!”

He jerked me upright by the hair, and kissed me fiercely, then jerked me back and bent me roughly over the wood pile again.

*Crack!*

“You're my slut, Zoe. Do you understand?”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Please! Ow! Don't!”

*Crack!*

“Do you understand me?”

“Ow! That hurts!”

*Crack!*

“Say it. Say you're my slut,” he ordered.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I yelped and moaned and wriggled helplessly, my breasts rubbing against the hard wood cords, my lower body trembling and jerking as he slapped my bottom!

“Say it!” he yelled.

“I'm your slut!” I half sobbed.

*Crack!*

“Again!”

“I'm your slut!”

*Crack!*

“Again!”

“I'm your slut!” I sobbed.

He jerked me up and spun me around! I staggered against him, and he picked me up and dropped my bottom onto the top of the pile, then grabbed my head in his huge hands and kissed me hard! I moaned against him, still sobbing, moaning, my bottom hot and sore as his tongue and lips ravished my mouth!

I could feel the hard, and now bulging front of his jeans grinding against my sex as he kissed me, and his hands slid through my hair, then one moved down to cup and fondle my breast! The alarm and pain began to fade as he kissed his way down along my neck, and I began to snuffle and catch my breath somewhat.

Then he suddenly jerked back on my legs and I yelped as I kind of slid down onto my back on the wood pile! He dropped to his knees in front of me, putting his face right at the level of my sex, and then he spread my legs achingly wide and began to lick me there!

I moaned helplessly, my eyes wide as I stared at him, as his tongue stroked across my clitoris again and again and his fingers moved along the line of my sex, then gently spread them apart! I felt a rising tide of sexual heat and excitement, darkly thrilled as he licked me, there in the shadowy interior of the shed!

I moaned again, gulping in air, staring down the length of my body, which, given my head was wedged forward by the wall, didn't seem that long at all! My legs were up and obscenely spread apart as his mouth feasted at my sex, and I started to feel a wild churning energy there, an energy which soon had my body vibrating like a plucked guitar string as his fingers started to push inside me!

I was... very wet. I could feel that, as his fingers wriggled up into my body! I

blushed at it, at this fresh evidence he would get of how slutty I was, but my mind was a muddled mess as it was swept by waves of excitement and heat!

He stood up, then, and jerked his jeans down. His cock sprang up, and I gasped to see it! I hadn't before, not really! I gaped at how long and thick it was! He was way bigger than any guy I'd ever had! If I hadn't already known that he had gotten all that inside me I would have been sure he couldn't do so!

He lay the long, gleaming shaft along my abdomen as I stared at it anxiously, moaning.

“All for you, baby,” he said. “I'm gonna fuck your brains out for you.”

He gripped the shaft and rubbed the nose up and down against my moisten opening, then pressed it down and I felt the pressure building rapidly. I stared as he forced my flesh in by the continuing pressure, then saw my entrance being forced back, wider and wider, starting to ache from how wide – !

I moaned as I saw the head sinking into me, as I felt it push through the mouth of my sex and then deeper! His hands slid up my body and kneaded my breasts, and he leaned into me, his cock pushing deeper still, until he had almost half of it inside! Then he backed off, only to push forward again!

It felt so incredibly tight I marveled it didn't hurt him! But he showed no hesitation, pumping in and out, slowly, at first, but forcing himself deeper, making the strokes longer. I shuddered and whimpered and gasped as I felt more and more aching, but the wild heat sizzled through my veins!

He leaned in further, kissing me now, gripping my hair roughly to force my head up and then back as his hips worked in and out with growing authority! I thrilled to the deep thrusts, gasping and crying out weakly as he drove himself into me with relentless force!

Then his hips began to strike my thighs and I shuddered, raising my hands and running trembling, lustful fingers across his belly and abdomen, then up along his chest! Wild rushes of emotion, mostly heat and lust, swept over me as I touched him, as I caressed him, as he drove himself into me hard and fast!

I felt the sexual tension building up inside me as I writhed and twisted and moaned, and then the orgasm exploded, and I cried out, back arching violently, cried out louder and louder, until his big hand clamped around my throat to silence me, stopping me from making any sound at all as he squeezed his fingers tight!

My head felt as if it was swelling up as it throbbed! I felt my eyes bulge! And then the orgasm seemed to redouble in strength! I writhed and thrashed and shuddered and sobbed, crying out soundlessly, breathlessly, as his big body pounded against me, his cock spearing painfully and deliciously high and deep with every stroke!

I... swooned! Even as he released my throat I lay limp, chest heaving, gulping in air as he continued to thrust into me for a short time. Then he came, as well, ramming harder, cursing softly as he buried himself in my spasming body again and again!

\*

I was in a state of agitated confusion about Ross. I hadn't had any opportunity to really talk with him! He'd called me his slut, though, and made me say it, and that gave me some hope that he, well, wanted more to do with me. I mean, if I was his slut, well, then I was his!

So I sought him out again that afternoon

I was in my white bikini, which was more modest than the one I'd worn on the boat. It had a full bottom, for example, and while it was low cut, it covered more, and instead of angling up it simply cut straight across my hips.

I was on the dock with my cousins and Amy's new boyfriend Allan, and also my uncle Josh. Tod was being annoying, trying to tell me how nice Connor was and how he had this sports car and wanted to give me a ride, and I was just so not interested!

We were just drinking and chatting and playing cards and stuff. But I spotted Ross going through the woods headed down to the boat house, so I excused myself to go inside, ran down and around to come out in the back, and then hurried through the woods – out of sight of the cabin – down to the boat house.

I found him in there, about to take out a pressure washer. He looked at me, and I halted, gulping anxiously, all the words I'd practiced lost as I became tongue tied.

He put down the thing, and came over to me, then pulled me further into the boat house. A moment later he gripped my hair and pushed me to my knees! He pulled my face in against his groin as he grinned down at me.

“You come for more of this, baby?” he asked.

Well, I hadn't, of course. I mean, I'd come to talk, and maybe flirt, but... I didn't want to say no if that was what he wanted!

I gasped in pain as he jerked back sharply on my hair, forcing my back to arch.

“Are you my slut?”

“Y-Yes!” I moaned.

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut!”

He pulled my face forward and unzipped his jeans, then brought his semi-flaccid

cock out and rubbed it over my face. I licked at it tentatively, and reached up to take it in my hands, trembling with a sudden intense sense of arousal as I put my lips around the head and started to suck.

He hardened quickly! His shaft thickened and pushed forward and I moaned excitedly as I bobbed up and down across the head. My hands gripped the shaft, squeezing it as I bobbed up and down on the front, but he quickly grew impatient with that.

“Put your hands down, slut!”

I gulped and obeyed, and continued to suck and lick. Only now he was pushing his hips in to drive his cock deeper into my mouth! The head and shaft were sliding up and down along my tongue and through my lips as I sucked, and then he pushed it too deep and I gagged. My hands jerked up to grip him and he cursed, then pulled back.

He slapped the top of my head as I gasped in pain, then yanked me to my feet. In two seconds he had torn off my bikini top and bottoms! But then, to my shock, he bent me over a workbench and roughly jerked my hands up and back behind me.

He pinned them together with one big hand, then picked up a rough length of rope and tied them together behind my back before I even knew what he was going to do! Then he yanked me back again and forced me to my knees!

I stared up at him, gasping, astonished, and he grinned and took off his trousers! Oh God! It was the first time I'd really seen him naked! I stared in wonderment and heat as he leered down at me.

“Like what you see, baby?”

He gripped my hair again and I gasped in pain as he rubbed his cock back and forth over my face.

“I'm gonna show you how a real woman sucks cock, baby,” he said. “It ain't like that timid shit you've been doing back at your private school.”

He pushed himself into my mouth, and I started to lick and suck again as he gathered my hair up into a firm mass in his fists. His hips began to move in and

out in a way which I thought was incredibly erotic! His cock pushed deeper into my mouth, pumping, using the full length of my mouth as I tried to suck and lick.

“Swallow it,” he ordered.

And then he thrust forward so sharply the head pushed right into my throat!

I felt a wild explosion of alarm and fear and anxiety, but already the head was in my throat and I was gagging!

“Swallow! Swallow it, slut!”

My hands jerked feebly against the rope binding my wrists together, and my body lurched as I instinctively tried to throw myself backwards or to the sides. But he had a tight, firm hold on my hair to keep me in place, and kept drawing my lips further down his shaft, pushing himself deeper into my throat!

My throat ached! And I felt like my stomach might heave! I twisted and writhed, but his shaft kept going deeper and deeper, until my lips were wrapped around the base! Then my face was pressed right against his groin and he put both big hands behind my head and held me there as I trembled and shook.

“Swallow it, slut,” he growled. “Swallow it.”

My mind was sputtering and twisting as much as my body! I didn't understand what he meant! But I kind of knew what he was doing, I mean, it wasn't like I had never heard of deep throating. I just hadn't ever thought it was something I would ever do! No guy had ever complained about how I gave blow jobs before!

And now I was sweating, my head pounding, my chest burning, because I couldn't breathe! I felt myself getting light-headed, felt black dots dance before my eyes! But then he relaxed his grip and drew himself slowly back. Inch after glistening inch slid out of my open mouth until the head finally popped out of my throat!

I coughed violently, gasping for breath! Sweating, eyes watery as he held me in place.

“Good girl,” he said. “That's really good for a first try.”

I felt... pleased by the words, glad I had satisfied him, or at least, that I had done all right. I know that might sound a little pathetic, but that was how I felt. I drew in deep, shaky breaths as he rubbed himself over my face.

“You'll be an expert in no time,” he said.

Then he pushed his cock back into my open mouth. I felt a jarring burst of anxiety, but before I could say or do anything to object he was pulling me forward again as he thrust himself down my throat a second time!

It was a little better this time, but just a little. I still gagged and coughed and choked, but he was relentless, and only after he was buried in my throat did he started to ease back. Once again I was light-headed, my head was pounding and I gasped dazedly as I gulped in air.

“That's the way to do it, baby,” he said.

He pushed himself down my throat again. And then again. And then again.

It got easier, though I was getting more and more light-headed from repeatedly being unable to breath. And then he suddenly squeezed his fist around his shaft, pumping it rapidly. I was kneeling before him, bleary eyed as he came.

A lot.

He shot his thick, warm cream over my face, long streams of it spraying against my forehead and cheeks and lips as he cursed in pleasure. Then he rubbed his cock-head back and forth all over my face, rubbing his cream into my skin.

He laughed, told me he thought I was going to be something special, and then untied my wrists so I could get dressed again. He made me rub the come into my face more, so it wasn't smeared, and then over my chest before he sent me back to the cabin.

I walked out onto the deck again, my skin glistening with his semen, but everyone just thought I'd put suntan lotion on.

\*

Ross seemed determined to improve my oral skills, so that was far from the last

time I found myself naked on my knees with my wrists bound behind me while he taught me how to deep throat him and to give really good blow jobs.

It was... not easy, but he knew what he was doing, and I learned fast. My throat was so sore for a few days, though, that people thought I must have some kind of cold or bug because of how gravelly my voice was, and he bent me over and spanked me several times to get me to work harder at it.

In fact, I got used to having my wrists tied behind me, because almost every time after that first time, Ross would fuck me after he had used my throat for a bit. Or he would come in my face, but then make me lick and suck him hard again and then he would fuck me.

He also liked the thong I had been wearing the first time we'd met and made me promise to always wear thongs, so I spent more time in my bathing suit – in that bathing suit, always filled with the awareness that Ross might show up and beckon me, and I would then excuse myself, find a way to sneak over to him, and then he would fuck me hard and fast.

He was very nice, though! I mean, as long as I did what I was told and didn't make him angry. If I did then I'd get a spanking or something, which I probably deserved anyway. I tried very hard not to get him angry, of course, but sometimes I screwed up.

Like, for example, we were out in the boat a week later, just him and me, and he was laying along the padded back bench as we bobbed in the water. I was naked, of course, and my wrists were tied behind me, and I was riding his wonderful thick cock as he fondled my breasts, when a boat approached.

“Someone is coming!” I gasped, starting to get off him.

He pulled me back into place and kind of sat up so he could look over the rear of the boat for a minute.

'Oh, that's okay. That's just Carter,' he said, laying back down.

I gaped at him in confusion, anxiety mounting very quickly inside me as I saw the boat getting closer and closer.

“But it's coming closer!” I exclaimed.

“So? You don't want Carter to see how hot you look?”

“I don't know any Carter! Ross, please!”

“Keep riding me, bitch,” he said. “You're my slut, remember.”

His big hands clamped down on my thighs, and there was nothing I could do! I mean, I couldn't scurry away and put on my bikini! I could only sit there with his big cock impaling me, completely naked, as another boat came close enough to see me!

I squeaked and bent low over him to hide my bare breasts, hoping he would pass by, but instead I heard a voice, and the boat's engine softened as it pulled alongside us.

“Hey, Ross. You there, man?”

“Yeah,” Ross said.

His hands pushed me upright, cupping and squeezing my breasts and I blushed furiously, mortified, as I saw a black man in sunglasses at the helm of the other boat.

He laughed and then tied his boat to ours and came across!

“I see you got yourself some company,” he said, sitting on the edge of our boat.

“Yeah, this is my slut,” Ross said. “You can just call her... slut.”

I flushed darkly, face beet red, and turned my head away from the man.

“She's got nice tits,” he said.

“Nice everything, man. She's one of them rich college bitches who never done a day of work in their lives. I'm showing her how to work and obey orders.”

Carter laughed again and got to his feet, coming forward.

I just turned my head even further away, until he gripped my hair and jerked my head up and around.

“Pretty eyes,” he said, looking down at me.

He reached down and cupped one of my breasts, and I felt a shock run through me, and a sudden burst of alarm, even fear. He was a big man, and what if he and Ross fought! But Ross didn't seem to be angry, just amused. No, I thought, he was proud.

“Nice tits, huh?” he said.

“Very nice,” Carter said, kneading my breast. “Nice soft skin.”

And then to my shock he pushed down his bathing suit, and I saw his cock starting to rise up and stiffen!

“Show him how good you are now that I've taught you, baby,” he said.

I had no desire to do any such thing, but with the black man holding my hair tightly and my wrists tied behind me I could do nothing as the man pushed his thick black cock through my open lips and into my mouth!

I moaned helplessly, as he pumped in and out, feeling him and Ross still squeezing my breasts as his cock pushed into my throat!

I stared down the length of it, gurgling and gasping as he pushed inch after inch through my lips until my lips were wrapped around the base.

Then he shifted forward a bit, forcing me to bend forward, though with my face turned to the side, and I felt a sharp slap to my bottom.

“Ride me, slut,” Ross ordered.

I moaned dazedly, and he slapped me again, then pinched my nipple until I squealed in pain.

“Ride my cock, slut,” he ordered.

I started to ride my hips up and back on his erection even as Carter pumped his cock in my mouth and throat. My wrists pulled feebly against the rope binding them together, but of course, they were very tightly tied.

The extreme embarrassment began to fade, however, as he pumped his cock in my mouth and throat. I started to feel a strange dark sense of thrilled heat. I mean, I was having sex with two guys at the same time! Not many girls ever did that! That was so... wickedly kinky and hot and everything!

I still kind of considered myself to be a boring, middle class person with no particular talents or anything, and not very sophisticated. So doing something so, well, nasty, made me feel kind of hot. I was still uneasy and embarrassed around Carter, of course, but I began to feel a wild sexual heat rising inside me.

Ross sat up, though, and Carter pulled himself out of my mouth. Carter made me turn around so my back was to him, and then Carter could kneel on the other end of the bench to fuck my face while I rode up and down on Ross.

That didn't last long, though, because soon Ross wanted me to sit on the bench. He lifted my legs up and back, kind of slumping me down, and then fucked me like that, with the backs of my bare feet pressing into the back of the seat above my head.

Carter then leaned in, kneeling on my right side, and twisted my head aside to fuck my mouth.

I started to feel really hot, then! It was so deliciously kinky and sensual! My insides were aching with the harder pounding I was now getting from Ross, and my body was swirling and churning with excitement and a scary dark pleasure!

And then they changed places! That was a big shock! I mean, giving a guy a blow job was one thing, but having him fuck me was way, way more personal! But I was hardly in a position to object, and starting to get high on sexual heat anyway by then.

They just switched places! Suddenly the black man was there kneeling on the edge of the bench, forcing my feet back over my head, and it was his cock punching deep into my throbbing, burning sex!

It hurt more than when Ross fucked me. Carter was longer than Ross, though not quite as thick! Ross knelt next to my head and fucked my face while his friend fucked me hard, and then they switched again.

Finally, Carter sat on the bench at one end, and I knelt beside him, sucking his

cock, while Ross fucked me from behind. I managed to swallow Carter's come, and then shook and shuddered wildly as Ross fucked me violently to his own come.

The two men sat on the bench then, chatting and drinking beers while I knelt on the deck before them, sucking and licking at their balls and cocks, trying to get them both hard again. I got Carter hard soonest, but Ross soon followed.

This time I straddled Ross while he sat on the bench, riding his cock. Carter then pushed his spit-wet cock up my ass! I was really not wanting that, but couldn't effectively protest, as breathless and dazed as I was.

I moaned and gasped and whimpered as he worked himself into my ass, deeper and deeper, but once he was in there, and he and Ross were thrusting into me in tandem it was like something broke in my mind and I felt this incredible rush of sexuality and heat and excitement that sent me into one rapturous orgasm after another!

It felt like they were tearing my insides apart with those two big cocks, while their hands mauled my breasts and pulled at my hair! But all I could feel was the burning heat and passion as I screamed my way through several intense orgasms!

I was hardly listening to anything the two men said after that. I mean, once they had both finished fucking me and were relaxing, because I was in a state of wonderful languorous relaxation, all fucked out, so to speak, as I lay on the bench on my still-bound wrists.

I saw Carter giving Ross some money, but didn't really pay much attention to it. I only really opened my eyes fully when Carter had me sit up, then pulled me to my feet, and then bent over and lifted me up across his shoulder!

I gasped, my head and torso hanging down his back while he held my legs against his chest. Ross just watched, grinning, as Carter turned and climbed back onto his own boat, then untied the rope holding them together.

“Wh-where are we going?!” I cried. “What are you doing?!”

“See you later, baby,” Ross said.

Carter dumped me onto the bench on his boat, then went to the drivers controls and started the engine. I stood up but then was flung back onto the bench as the boat accelerated. Then I was afraid to move from the bench as we bounced through the water, because with my hands bound I would fall or even fall overboard!

We headed for shore, to a smaller cottage with a lot of trees around it, and I felt a growing sense of anxiety and alarm, craning my neck back to the now invisible boat where Ross – and my bikini – were!

Carter pulled up to a dock and tied the boat off, then grinned at me and pulled me to my feet, hefting me up over his shoulder once again.

“Wh-what are you doing? Wait!” I moaned.

*Crack! His hand slapped against my bottom with stinging force.*

“I don't need you to talk, baby,” he said. “The only thing you need to do with that mouth of yours is open it when someone wants to stick their cock into you.”

Carter was a big guy, like Ross, and carried me easily up a low hill and in through the screen door of the red wooden cottage.

“Oooh, what you got there, man?” a male voice cried out.

“Got us some white meat,” Carter said, slapping my bottom again!

I gasped in alarm and shock, and then yelped as I felt myself heaved forward and down to the floor.

I almost fell but they gripped my arm and turned me and I saw there were two more black men there, both big men like Carter! Of course I blushed furiously, mortified all over again, as they leered at me.

“Man and I thought you were crazy going out fishing,” one of them said.

“Who knew you could catch pussy in the lake,” the other laughed.

I was almost immediately pushed to my knees and one of the men took his cock out and rubbed it against my lips. Well, there wasn't anything else I could do

given the circumstances, but to lick and suck at him. The second man dropped his pants, too, and then they had me take turns going back and forth between one and the other.

Finally, Carter moved in, so that I was hemmed in by the three big black men, and I had to take turns on them all. Carter had already come twice, but he still managed to become erect enough to take his turn fucking my throat with the other two men as I gurgled and gasped and moaned breathlessly.

The three men fucked me for hours! Sometimes it was one and sometimes two, and then it was all three of them doing me at the same time, one in my pussy, one in my ass, and one in my throat! I was... overwhelmed by it all! There never seemed to be a point in time where things slowed down and I could say anything, much less protest!

Then two more black men showed up, and they joined in too! God, it was mind-blowing, and it seemed that I was sucking and having my throat fucked constantly, and then being pounded hard by big black cocks until my insides were mush!

I did managed to climax twice, though. But they were amazing climaxes that shook my body and mind for almost a full minute each!

When Ross finally showed up, much to my relief, I was kind of a mess, and utterly exhausted. He just seemed amused, though, but he didn't want to touch me, calling me a 'come whore'. Instead he had me stumble down to the water's edge, and then tied a rope around my pony tail.

He shoved me under water, then pulled me up by the rope so I gasped and panted, as the men all laughed. Then he tied the rope to the back of his boat and started to take off – slowly. I was pulled through the water by my pony tail, and couldn't breath until I was able to roll onto my back.

From there I was able to breath, at least, as the boat slowly accelerated, but I had to be careful about it as I moved more quickly through the water! And my scalp began to ache fiercely!

Fortunately, Ross stopped the boat and pulled me out, finally, then untied my wrists and had me put on my bikini for the final drive back to the cabin. And then he apologized! Which was really heart warming since it was the first time

he'd ever said he was sorry for anything!

He really needed money, he said. He wasn't rich like me, and his parents had been losers who had thrown him out when he was sixteen. He kissed me softly and told me how pretty and sexy and hot I was, and how he knew that I'd get really high on being with so many men, so many Black men all at once.

And he was right, after all, so I forgave him. He was really sweet about it, after all, and I felt sorry for him being poor like he was. Fortunately, no one at the cabin saw me when I got off the boat, because I was looking kind of bedraggled.

As a reward for my being brave, though, Ross took me on a real date a couple of days later! He had a motorcycle, and we raced up and down the roads in a wild thrill ride before driving into the nearest town for dinner! Then we went to a bar, well, except it was a strip club, but I didn't mind that.

Watching the girls dancing up on the stage was kind of fascinating, because, well, I mean, I'd kind of imagined what that would be like for years. It was... scandalous, of course, but I had danced in front of my bedroom mirror or the bathroom mirror naked, imagining a whole room full of men staring at me and throwing money and all wanting me and getting hard while they watched me dance.

It didn't seem all that exciting, now that I watched. The girls on stage looked kind of bored, to be honest, and no one was yelling or throwing money. There were some men sitting up close to the stage, just staring at them, and the music pounded so loud you could hardly hear yourself think.

And then Ross asked a stripper for a lap dance! I was taken aback, because why would he want a lap dance from some stripper when he had me!?

I felt kind of hurt, to be honest. I mean, I thought I was prettier than her anyway. She had huge tits, but they were fake. And then Ross invited me to come with him, which confused me. Well, I'd never been in a strip club before so I really didn't get how things went.

We went to a back room with padded leather benches, and Ross had me sit next to him as the stripper quickly got naked and ground herself against his lap. I was kind of embarrassed, at first, not to mention jealous, but I paid attention because if Ross liked this I wanted to see how she did it so I could do it better.

Then he had her give me a lap dance! That was even more embarrassing! And she seemed to enjoy it more, and was a lot more touchie-feely! She ran her hands over my breasts, and rubbed her breasts against my face!

I wanted to push her back but Ross glared at me so I sat there even as she ran her fingers through my hair and then kissed me. She was squeezing one of my breasts as she did, and then I felt Ross reach over and squeeze the other one.

The girl reached down and gripped the bottom of my tank top, peeling it upward, and before I could react Ross helped her and pulled it over my head! Then my bra came off, and I could see Ross was really getting excited as he watched, so I didn't really object as the stripper rubbed her bare breasts against mine, even though I was embarrassed and anxious.

She slid her naked hips back along my legs so she could lean in and mouth my breasts, and I felt Ross undoing my jeans. I started to object, but the girl rose and kissed me again, and then she and Ross pulled my jeans off! I was blushing furiously by then, but the girl lifted my left leg up and slid her right leg under it, and then pushed me back a bit so I was slouched and she could bring her naked pussy up against mine!

Then she began to grind herself against me, and to be honest, I started to get aroused. It wasn't so much by her but by how hot Ross looked as he watched. I was getting turned on knowing how turned on he was! But of course, her breasts sliding against mine felt very sensual, as well, and her naked, shaved sex against my own soon had me gasping and moaning as we ground together.

The girl slid off my lap and spread my legs and then she began to lick me, and she was way better than Ross! I was soon a trembling ball of jelly, gasping and moaning helplessly as she thrust her fingers into me and sucked at my clitoris! Ross was groping and kissing me as he watched, and I was getting ready to climax.

Then he pulled me up and around and had me straddle him, and give him a lap dance – sort of! I was breathless and gasping, moaning in heat as I ground myself against him and he groped my breasts! The stripper – I still didn't know her name – started to kiss the back of my neck, and then I rose up and sank down on Ross's thick cock!

The stripper reached around my hip and started to finger my clitoris as I rode

him, and Ross chewed and licked at my breasts and nipples! It was all so wild and hot and carnal! I came like crazy!

Then the stripper sat down and I knelt and I licked her as Ross fucked me from behind! And then she showed me how to dance, to strip and all, just for fun, or at least, I thought it was. The next evening, though, Ross drove me back and it was amateur night!

I was horrified at the thought of dancing on the stage naked! I refused, but he took me out back and argued with me, and then used his belt on my bottom, which really stung! I had to agree, then, and he kissed me and apologized as we went back inside.

It was terrifying to go out on a stage and strip, but it was amateur night, so they knew I was, like, new, and after I was naked for a bit I really began to get into it! Grinding myself against the bar and turning and twisting and dancing completely naked was a wild thrill as they all watched and yelled and cheered!

It was like my old fantasies!

Then I did lap dances for guys, which was weird since they were all strangers. They weren't allowed to touch me, though, or at least, not much, and I made a lot of money for Ross!

The next day Ross had me learning how to chop wood. He said it would be really good for my upper body strength and would make me toned and even hotter than I already was. He was sure right about the hot part! I was hot and sweating and exhausted in no time!

I was chopping wood, in my little thong and bikini top, while he sat back in the shade and watched and told me how sexy I looked. Then, of course, I had to carry the wood to the shed and pile it up! My arms and shoulders ached for days!

I got used to it, though. And Ross was right! It did really tone my body nicely! Ross loved showing my body off to other guys, too! And while that was embarrassing it was also a real big shot to my ego, you know, how hot Ross and all these guys were.

I mean, I still blushed hotly when he made me strip so guys could look at me and touch me, but as soon as the sex started I lost my embarrassment and started to

feel that wild thrill. I had really gotten into being penetrated front and back at the same time, and it never failed to make me explode into orgasms. So since I liked it so much Ross arranged for that a lot!

I hung around with him more, helping him with other chores, not just the wood chopping, and sometimes I'd do his chores while he went and did some kind of errand or other. Then he suggested I strip one evening a week at the club.

I wasn't very enthusiastic because I was afraid my uncle and aunt and cousins would find out, but he argued me into it. Well, him and his belt did anyway. My butt was pretty sore before I finally agreed.

Again, it was scary, but then thrilling to be stripping in front of all those guys! Doing lap dances was more, well, kind of grubby, but I knew Ross needed the money, so I considered it a sort of sacrifice for my man, you know?

And then one day I had a request for a lap dance, and I went into the back room in just my little nightie, like usual, smiling, and it was Connor. Omygod! I gaped at him and he grinned.

“Hey, Zoe,” he said.

“C-Connor!” I gasped.

“I could hardly believe it when I saw you on stage,” he said.

I was speechless!

The music started playing and he put a ten dollar bill on the table. I wanted to run out, or scream and curse at him and tell him I had no intention of stripping for him! Of course, he'd already seen me naked on stage, and what if I made him angry and he told my cousin!

“A-are you gonna tell Tod?” I gulped.

He shrugged. “Why should I do that? I have no reason to cause you trouble. It's your life.”

Then I thought, well, if I refuse to do a lap dance, he'll have a reason to cause me trouble, so I started to reluctantly move in time to the music. I blushed furiously

when I peeled the nightie up and off and he saw me naked.

“Man,” he said. “You are like a goddess.”

I flushed in pleasure at the words, and started to slide onto the bench, grinding myself against him. He was hard, of course, but I was used to feeling erections against me by then, and when he put down another ten I started to kind of get into it. I mean, he was a lot cuter than most of the guys I danced for.

His hands started to caress my hips, which you aren't allowed to do, of course, but... it was Connor and I knew him, sort of, so I didn't say anything. Besides, what if he got angry and told Tod?!

His hands moved onto my ass, before long, then slid back around and up my torso, squeezing my breasts as I ground myself against him, his fingers and thumbs rolling and stroking my nipples. Then one slid down to rub at my clitoris, and my breathing started to get ragged and harsh.

Well, what could I do!? I mean, I was afraid to upset him or deny him! So I wound up riding him hard, gasping and moaning as I rode up and down his big stiff cock! I wound up climaxing big-time!

Afterwards when I was pulling the nightie on and taking the money he did up his jeans and asked me what I was doing with all the money I must be making.

I kind of hesitated, and he shook his head.

“Don't tell me you're giving it to that bum, Ross.”

“He's not a bum!” I said, stung.

“Uh huh. You know what he uses it for, don't you?”

“He's not rich like you! It's not his fault he didn't get born to the right parents!

“Was it his fault he went to prison? Anyway, he's married and his wife lives in town.”

I stared at him in disbelief.

“You're lying!”

“Nope. He's got a couple of kids, too. He's using your money to pay for the rent on his shitty little house on the edge of town. Tod's been there.”

So that was how I found out what a fool I'd been, and that Ross was just using me for sex and money. I was heartbroken, of course, and miserable, and felt like such an incredible fool! I didn't tell anyone, not even my uncle and aunt. I couldn't admit what a complete idiot I'd been.

And I sure didn't want them knowing I had been dancing at a strip club either! I quit there right away.

It was after maybe a week of moping around the cabin that Connor stopped by on his boat and invited me for a ride.

I shook my head no and he pointed at the back of the boat.

“Get in,” he said.

I hesitated. What if he told people about me stripping? I didn't dare anger him. I got into the boat and he headed off into the lake.

His boat was bigger, a cabin cruiser, and as soon as we were out away from the cabin he dropped anchor and we went into the cabin. Then I danced for him, gave him a lap dance, and rode his cock just like at the club. I didn't want to at first, but I was afraid of angering him. And of course, I wound up coming anyway.

He was much nicer to me than Ross had been, to be honest, but soon I was giving lap dances and having sex with his friends, too, either on the boat or on small islands where he'd throw parties with me as the main attraction.

I was embarrassed about it, but resigned, and I wound up having incredible orgasms, because I was still addicted to having sex with multiple guys at the same time! Anyway, he was nice to me, mostly, as long as I did what I was told.

We were at his huge cabin one afternoon, relaxing on the deck, when his father came out. He had found some of the pornographic pictures Connor had taken of me on the PC in the den. I was mortified, of course, as his father lectured us both

on things like safe sex, and we assured him I was on the pill.

But then I had to go into his bedroom with him, and Connor's father stripped me naked and spanked me thoroughly! God, my butt was sore and red and burning hot! When he was done he made me kneel naked in the corner like a bad little girl! And when I wouldn't keep still he tied my wrists behind my back.

That didn't bother me, of course. I'd gotten used to it with Ross.

And I wasn't really surprised when he had me blow him, or when he fucked me, all with my hands tied. I had to go there almost every day after that, and he had these leather restraints he put on my wrists and ankles, and a collar around my neck, and then he'd tie me spreadeagled to the bed and make me come again and again and again with a vibrator and dildo and his mouth and fingers.

And his cock, of course.

He'd leave me wrung out and exhausted from the multiple orgasms!

Then, of course, he had me fucking his friends, too, sometimes several at once, and my head really exploded with orgasms, then! I'd wind up with Connor and his friends in the afternoon, then his father and his friends in the evening!

I preferred the father, to be honest, because he was kinkier, and thus more exciting. He called me his 'sex slave' and even though he strapped my bottom and sometimes even used light flogs on my breasts and back (which hurt a lot!) I came so hard it was a wonder the top of my head didn't explode!

He made me call him master, and lick his boots! Talk about wild and kinky!

Anyway, all that ended when the summer did. I went back to the city, to my parents place, to pack up for college. It had been a wildly exciting summer, and I had sure learned a lot! I mean, I had been this naive, innocent girl, and now I was a sophisticated woman of the world, and incredibly skillfully at almost any aspect of sex!

Shortly after moving into the dorm I got an invitation to go to a fraternity party, so I did, and it was wild and crazy and fun, with lots of music and dancing and crowds of people!

I'm not quite sure how I got upstairs and into a bedroom. I mean, I don't remember much, but I was soon surrounded by guys and giving blow jobs all around, then being fucked by multiple guys so that my head exploded with orgasms again and again.

Several parties I went to seemed to be like that, at first, but then professor Rawlins, my English professor, had me do some extra work for him, and that wound up with him pushing me down across his desk and fucking me hard. After that I moved into his place.

He was really smart, and sophisticated, and really nice to me, too.

I mean, as long as I do as I'm told...

End

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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