

# Hannah's Dark Heat

by JJ Argus



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

# Chapter One

Getting a job at the Paris arena had been a real score for me. It wasn't like there was a lot of other jobs in town for someone my age and gender, after all, or jobs at all, for that matter. But getting a job in the arena was great because that was where everyone went for almost everything.

Basketball, hockey, field hockey, indoor soccer, and, of course, right next to the arena was the football field where the Paris Bruins played every summer.

Paris isn't in France, by the way. A lot of people make that mistake. It's in Montana, and its population is fourteen hundred souls. Give or take. We don't have any Eiffel tower. The highest thing in town are the grain silos down by the railroad station.

I'd lived in Paris all my life, which wasn't, I suppose you could say, all that long a time. I was seventeen when I got my first job, at the arena, at the snack bar, actually, and I'd held it for about a year when Travis walked into my life and kind of tore it all to hell.

We got two main things to do around Paris. One is to grow stuff, which is what people mostly do, ranchers and farmers and all. The second is to be crazy, which we got a lot of, too. Given the drought, the crazy ones are the ones driving most business lately.

The crazy ones go by a bunch of names. Some call themselves survivalists, while others call themselves preppers. Basically, they all dig deep holes and stuff em full of guns and food and wait (some way too eagerly) for some great disaster to destroy civilization. There aren't as many of them as there are farmers but they got a lot more money.

They're almost all city folk, and most of what they seem to know about surviving comes from books and videos. But they got a lot of money to build their bunkers and to stock them with tons and tons of food and every other kind of thing they imagine they might some day need.

And when they come into town they want to go to bars and clubs and see movies and buy up clothes and food, and that helps the town a lot, considering the drought we've had the last two years.

I met Travis during the Paris Pistons basketball game (that's the county high school) when I was cleaning up around the condiment counter and felt his breath against the back of my neck. Now given I have a lot of hair that made him real close, like way too close!

I spun around to see this guy with his face in my hair looking way to pleased about it!

“Do you mind!?” I demanded, jerking away from him.

Now I can't say as I felt the least bit threatened by him. I mean, this is Paris, Montana, after all, and though I didn't know him he looked about my age, and, I have to admit, really cute, with a soft, narrow face that was almost girlish pretty, but strong shoulders and long, tousled brown hair.

He was dressed odd, though. He had black trousers, a strange looking white shirt, and a black kind of suit jacket on.

“I am in love with your hair,” he said.

“Well how nice for you!” I exclaimed. “But I hope you take note of the possessive pronoun you used when you was saying so!”

Meaning I'd just graduated from high school and had to do some cramming to pass my English test.

Apparently he hadn't recently passed his English test since he gave me a confused look.

“Meaning it's my hair, mine, as in belongs to me, as in not yours,” I said with a scowl.

Sure he was cute, but rude just didn't cut it with me! And stuffing his face into my hair was darned rude by almost anyone's standard!

I sniffed and went back behind the counter, figuring to put some distance

between us. Not that I wasn't used to boys making eyes at me. They'd been doing that since I hit puberty. And not that I wasn't kind of taken with my hair, to be real honest. Not many girls still wore their hair as long as I did, but I just loved the feel of it, the thickness and softness of it.

He followed me over to the counter and then leaned over it, his arms on the pink Formica.

“You're a natural blonde. I can smell it,” he said.

I stared at him. First of all, I didn't know him, which was odd given he was my age, and even odder given he was, like I said, cute. I'd have noticed. That meant he had to be kind of new, and nobody new came to Paris if they had a choice, except the crazy people, of course.

So he was one of the crazy people, or, more likely, given his age, the son of some crazy people.

“All you smell is my shampoo, and you got no business smelling that much,” I said, feeling huffy, despite him being cute and all.

“I apologize for being forward,” he said, in a very oddly mature sort of tone. “My name is Travis Warring. I don't normally behave like that but you've completely dazed me with your beauty.”

I stared at him some more. He wasn't just crazy, he was weird! Who talked like that!?

“You are weird,” I said, being an honest person.

Besides, he'd started being rude so I felt I had the right.

“Who is your father? I will immediately ask him for your hand in marriage,” he said. “How many cows and sheep will he require?”

“You making fun of me?” I demanded.

I knew he was. City folks felt they were so much more sophisticated than us rubes who lived in the country.

“Whatever he asks, I shall pay it,” he said enthusiastically.

“You're drunk, aren't you?” I said.

“Drunk?” he said. “Yes. Yes, it's true. Your beauty, the sight and scent of you are intoxicating. Might I be graced with your name, beautiful girl?”

“No!” I said, thinking again how completely weird he was.

Like I said, I wasn't the least fearful of him. I just wasn't sure if he was drunk or making fun of me, or just more crazy than the rest of them prepper types.

“You're one of them preppers, aren't you?”

“I'm afraid I don't know the colloquial reference, my dear.”

“You're one of them nuts lives in a big bunker in the ground.”

“I do live in the ground, but it is a glorious hole, grand beyond your imagining.”

“I prefer the sunlight, thanks.”

“Ah, yes, many do. I.. burn easily, however,” he said.

“Really? You don't look it,” I said doubtfully.

I have very fair skin. His was darker, not real dark, but he didn't strike me as having Finnish ancestors like me. He looked more German or French.

“An acute condition, I'm afraid,” he said. “A quite insoluble problem.”

“Uh huh,” I said. “Well, I'm real sad for you.”

He ignored my words. “You have beautiful eyes,” he said.

“Well, thank you, but you still can't be touching me, not even my hair.”

“I do apologize for that. But I cannot say I'm sorry to have done it,” he said.

“The tactile pleasure derived by running my fingers through the golden silk of your hair is a memory I will cherish always.”

“How old are you?” I asked, puzzled by his weirdness.

“That is a secret known to few,” he said with a smile.

He leaned in across the counter and rolled his face up and back, sniffing all the while. I stepped back, making a face. He was so strange! But was he really crazy or just doing some sort of stunt? Had Jimmy Melborn or Sara Conway put him up to this?

“Did someone put you up to this?” I demanded.

“I've always been fascinated by blondes,” he said. “When I was a young lad I had a blonde governess. She was a sweet woman, and generously endowed...”

He dropped his eyes and I scowled, folding my arms across my chest.

“You watch where you put them eyes, buster!”

Not that I'm not used to guys looking at my chest either. I mean, I'm not huge, but sure as heck no one ever hinted they thought I was flat chested. And boys, you know, got a fixation on boobs. If there's one universal talent among the local boys its how quick they can get their hands on a girl's boobs without her even noticing until they'd gotten their feel.

“I got work to do, so why don't you just go back and watch the game?” I suggested.

“I didn't come here for the sporting event,” he said. “I came to eat.”

“Well then, what would you like? Hot dog? Corn dog? Hamburg? French fries?”

“One of each, please.” he said.

I frowned. “I make em you better pay for em,” I said.

“Fear not. I have more than sufficient means.”

“Uh huh,” I said, rolling my eyes.

So, with him staring at me, at my hair, the whole time, I plucked a hot dog off the rollers and put it in a bun for him, then put one of the pre-made burgers on

the stove and dumped some fries into the oil. It was odd, though, because he stared at my hair the whole time. I could understand if he was looking at my butt, but it was my hair that seemed to fascinate him.

My hair, left unbound, falls almost to my waist. I tend to gather it into a loose tail high up on the back of my head so it spills down in a thick mass, and of course, I leave some falling out the sides, and bangs across my forehead. I do love my hair, but it was unnerving having a guy I didn't even know salivating over it.

He even ate the hot dog weird. It was like he was testing it, as if it was the first time he had one.

“Who is your guardian, girl?” he asked.

“Stop calling me girl. I'm eighteen. I don't have no guardian,” I said, frowning.

“Every girl must have a guardian,” he said. “Who takes care of you? Who protects you from men of ill breeding?”

“Jimmy Melborn put you up to this, didn't he?”

“Who? No, I'm afraid I don't know the name,” he said. “Nor yours.”

“It's Hannah, which I'm sure you know full well,” I said, sure now that he was faking all this weirdness.

Which was good, because, like I said, he was really cute. I wondered if he had a girlfriend.

“You from the city?”

“Which city? I have lived in many,” he said. “You should have seen San Francisco before the earthquake.”

“San Francisco? What earthquake?”

“I did hear they rebuilt it. Come with me and we'll see it together.”

“Thanks anyway, but I don't go off nowhere with a guy I don't but barely know.”

I said sarcastically.

“Then let me show you more of me!”

“Uh huh. Thanks anyway.”

“I suppose I can't buy your affection? I have a great deal of money. No, I thought not. You don't look impoverished, despite the wretched clothing.”

I flushed. “I don't pick out the uniform, you know!”

He had pretty nice eyes, now that I focused on them. They were big and brown and very... dreamy. I began to imagine myself running my fingers through his hair. I mean, it wasn't nearly as long as mine but it did look soft and kind of... nice. It almost felt like I could sense him, feel him...

I felt disoriented for a moment, and grabbed the counter, and at almost the same time, Travis seemed to sway, as well, and also gripped the counter. But his eyes grew wide and his jaw dropped and he stared at me like... like he'd just seen the most amazing and wonderful and beautiful thing!

Which, I have to admit, wasn't exactly hard on my ego.

“You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen,” he said. “And it's a crime against nature to cover your perfect body in such execrable imitations of clothing!”

I blinked in confusion, then flushed, because I had the strangest sensation he was looking at me without any clothes on! And I don't mean undressing me with his eyes, which, to be flat out honest, I was pretty used to. I folded my arms across my chest again and scowled at him.

“You can just stop talking about my body!” I snapped.

“I have never seen more perfect breasts,” he sighed.

My face heated and I gaped back at him. It was so freaking strange! It really was like he was seeing me naked!

“If you don't leave I'm calling Deputy Wilson and he'll boot you out on your tail!” I threatened.

And then he moved so fast it was like I thought maybe I'd blinked and missed it. Because I didn't see the movement. All I saw was that my wrist was now in his hand, pulled out in front of him, and his lips were on the back of my hand just above the knuckles! It was so fast, and he'd released me so fast that I hadn't even had a chance to react!

And then he left, and I was still gaping at him. Then my mind flicked over to the realization he hadn't paid and I started to yell, but then saw something on the counter. For a minute I thought he had paid, and then I thought he hadn't again because it wasn't real money, and then I realized it was.

It was a gold coin!

“Holy jumping Jesus!” I whispered, staring at it and at where he had disappeared through the door.

I wasn't entirely sure what to do with it. I wasn't even entirely sure it was real money. It's not like I've ever seen any gold coins before, and this wasn't new. It was dated 1900. So I put my own money into the till to cover his food and pocketed the coin. I figured I'd try to find out if it was real the next day, though I wasn't sure how.

But I figured it could be a gold coin, because them prepper types were crazy for gold coins, thinking all the regular money was going to be worthless one day. They didn't spend their coins in town, of course, but everyone knew they stocked up on them.

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There was a rush of business at the end of the game, and then I closed up, got on my bike, and rode home. It was almost ten, which is pretty late for Paris, and nobody was around. But I wasn't worried. The only crime we ever got was an occasional drunk fighting with his or her spouse, and some kids vandalizing things.

I still lived with my mom, who I loved but God help me, can't get along very well with. Fortunately, she worked the day shift at the truck stop on Route 87. She'd be in bed by the time I got home, and gone by the time I got up. We'd never gotten along better!

We lived in a farmhouse my grandad had built long ago, which was now just on the edge of town, or maybe just slightly outside of town. My mom had the big master bedroom in the front, and instead of taking one of the smaller rooms in the back I lived in the attic.

The thing about the attic was that it had had a floor, and that was that. It was good for storage, so long as you didn't mind stuff freezing in the winter and boiling in the summer. The insulation was under the floor, not up under the ceiling.

But it was a nice, big room with a high peaked ceiling. So I'd managed to buy insulation, that pink stuff that you stuffed up between the rafters, and then me and Sara and Jamie and Paul and Dennis and a few others had, over the space of some time, boarded that in. Then we'd stripped and sanded, and stained the floor.

The floor gleamed! I loved it! And it was a long, wide room, extending the length of the house!

Wide, though, means the floor was wide. The ceiling, though, was sharply peaked and came right down to the floor on two sides. That considerably narrowed the living space available if you weren't a midget. And I was five and a half feet tall.

There were two windows on the west side, with a fireplace between them, and one long window on the east. The north and south were, of course, the ceiling. I had my little "living room" I guess you could call it, on the west side, around the fireplace. My bed was on the east side so I got the sunrise.

In between I had a desk and table, some shelves which were like room dividers, and a couple of wardrobes to hang my clothes in. It was all real cozy, as far as I was concerned. The only issue was it still got pretty hot in summer, but I had a window air conditioner I could put in for that.

What I didn't have was a bathroom. None of us were really up to plumbing, but that was okay. Years ago, before he died, dad had built a bathroom into the master suite by removing what used to be the fourth bedroom. So mom used that and I used the main bathroom.

I didn't normally shower before bed. My hair looked best when it was newly washed, and it got messed up while sleeping. But working around hot, bubbling

oil all night mean I would smell like french fries and burgers all night if I didn't wash off.

I usually did it real quick, though, because I was still going to have to wash my hair in the morning in order to brush it out properly.

Only tonight... tonight things were... different.

I felt strangely invigorated as I tossed my uniform into the hamper, slipped off my underthings, pulled on a robe, and headed downstairs. I was usually kind of tired by now but I felt like I had a lot of energy. I closed the bathroom door, hung up my robe on the hook and turned to look at myself in the mirror.

I really was beautiful, I thought, and sexy, and had a great body.

I reached up and behind me, pulling the tie out of my hair so it would fall free. I could feel the skin tightening across my breasts as I did, and liked the sensation. I kind of arched my back, pushing my breasts out at the mirror, as if showing off to someone... maybe to Travis.

Yes, imagine if Travis was seeing this! He'd be so excited! He thought he knew what I looked like naked! Ha! If he could see me like this he'd go crazy!

I let my arms drop, but even with them at my sides my breasts were firm and full, and I could see how stiff the nipples were even as my hands rose up and cupped and squeezed them. I started to feel a hot little thrill of excitement deep in my belly, and imagined Travis was feeling my breasts like this, imagined it was his hands cupping and kneading my soft, swelling flesh.

What a strange boy he was! But he was definitely cute, and he looked well-built, too. I wondered what his body looked like naked and what his hair would feel like against my skin. Would it feel as soft as mine?

I reached up and back, sliding my fingers through my hair, and swung my head around so that it swept around in front of me to half hide my face. My fingers combed through it, and I let my other hand slide down my body, plucking and rolling my nipple between my thumb and forefinger as my chest tightened.

I was getting more and more aroused, and it never even occurred to me to wonder why.

I wasn't generally given to bouts of narcissism, of thinking how pretty or sexy I was, but I was thinking it now, and getting very hot from the thoughts, and from my hands running slowly up and down my body. I loved how soft my skin felt against my fingers!

Then with one hand up in my hair, I let the other slowly skim down my body, again imagining it was Travis, feeling my breath going ragged as I watched 'his' hand sliding down my abdomen, watched 'his' fingers find my sex and trace up and down against the narrow opening.

I moaned softly as my fingers brushed over my clitoris, feeling my heat rise even hotter.

I didn't have an awful lot of experience with sex stuff. I mean, I was a virgin, basically. It wasn't that I wasn't... curious... but Paris is a small town and a lot of boys have had me in their cross-hairs for a lot of years, wanting to be able to brag about it to everyone. I was determined they wouldn't get that chance.

As for touching myself, well, I can confess to having done it from time to time, but never with the kind of heat that was gripping me now! So many weird things were going through my mind! One was that I imagined Travis was there watching me, as though I was being, like, a kind of stripper in front of him!

The idea was exhilarating! And the more I thought about it the more I felt it, pretending that the image of me in the mirror was what he was staring at, and posing and preening for it as he admired me! I turned and bent over a little, rolling my hips at the mirror, then turned around again, sliding my hands slowly up and down my body.

And I imagined they were his hands, that while he was looking at me, his hands were sliding over my body, and I kind of tried to make it feel as if they were strangers hands on me. And I had never felt such a great a great imagination! It was almost like I was able to divorce myself from my own hands, as if it was Travis himself caressing my body, sliding up to tweak my nipples, skimming back and forth over the soft, round curves of my breasts!

My nipples were so freaking hard they ached! And while I'd never really played with my nipples before, well, for some reason, they really caught my attention tonight! I gripped them between my thumbs and forefingers, rolling and plucking them, then squeezing harder. Then I dug my nails into them, pinching

them until they hurt!

That was surely not something I'd ever done! It came to me, for some reason, that what they felt when I pinched them hard, was heat, and wasn't heat what I felt when I was all excited? It was just another kind of heat, and they could almost be made to be the same...

I moaned as I pinched my nipples hard, gasping in pain as I stretched them out in front of me! They hurt! And I wanted to stop... kind of! But my fingers kept pinching and pulling and stretching them as I shuddered and gulped in air and my nipples burned hotter and hotter!

I finally let them go, and moaned in relief as they throbbed hotly. My hands moved down my body and in between my legs, and I began to stroke my clit with the fingers of one hand as the fingers of the other traced the line of my sex, then pushed slowly up inside me.

I didn't, as a rule, penetrate myself much when I masturbated, but I wanted to now. I wanted to feel how tight I was against my fingers. I wanted to feel how soft and slick and warm I was inside. I moaned and pumped them in and out, sliding deeper and deeper, as if searching for something? I was, in fact, looking for my cherry, and I felt strangely puzzled at not finding it.

Then it came to my mind how I'd popped my cherry myself with the handle of my hairbrush. I felt angry at that, for some reason, indignant. How could I do something that stupid!?

But it didn't matter to my arousal, except that my fingers could slide up deeper, and feel the lips of my sex squeezing down tight around them.

A kind of fever heat was taking over my mind like nothing I'd ever felt before! I writhed in front of the mirror, staring at myself with slitted eyes, gasping for breath as I plunged my fingers up and down inside myself hard enough to hurt, or to ache anyway.

Well, if I hadn't been such a slut with my hairbrush I'd still have a cherry, wouldn't I? Then I wouldn't be doing this and it wouldn't hurt. Right? So if it hurt it was my own fault.

That was a kind of a weird thought to have but all of this was weird! But again, I

was so aroused I didn't care!

I moaned helplessly, gasping for breath as I leaned over the counter, my fingers pumping inside myself. I stared down, momentarily startled to see I was thrusting four fingers up into my tight pussy now! No wonder it ached! I'd never used more than two! But the sight of them transfixed me and I felt another hot surge of excitement at the sight!

God, I felt so tight and hot inside!

And then my eyes seized on the bottle of Pepsi on the counter. It was a glass bottle, not a plastic one, and instead of Pepsi it had the dying remnants of several roses Mrs. Abramson had given me one day when I'd stopped off to visit her.

I felt myself to be almost in a dreamy state because I was watching my own hand reach out to the bottle and pick it up, then overturn it, dumping the flowers and water into the sink. Then, still in that strange dream-state, I brought the narrow opening down to my pussy and pushed it up inside.

It wasn't at all difficult. I mean, if you've seen the glass pepsi bottles they start out real narrow so you can wrap your lips around them. But then a few inches along they start to get wider and wider. And that was exactly what happened. I gulped in air, staring, watching as if I wasn't even doing it, as the bottle pushed deeper still!

I moaned helplessly, staring with wide eyes, feeling the lips of my pussy stretch and stretch, aching now as I pumped the bottle, as I tried to force it even deeper!

Abruptly, I spun around, putting my back to the counter. I leaned forward a bit, pushing my butt back, and then placed the bottom of the bottle against the lip of the counter, using the pressure as I leaned back to keep it there!

I twisted my head around, staring at the image in the mirror, gasping, breath ragged, literally trembling with excitement now as I used my hips to push back, to kind of grind against it! I cupped one breast, squeezing and kneading it while plucking and twisting the nipple, and my other hand slid down to rub my clitoris!

*OhmGod!*

My mouth dropped open wide, but I was breathless, which was a good thing or I'd have screamed! I felt wave after wave of heat sweeping through me as I forced my buttocks back, as I stared at the sight of the widening bottle disappearing into my widening pussy opening!

I had finally forced myself down so far that my pussy had stretched out to the widest part of the bottle! And now I shuddered and let out a broken sob as I pushed my buttocks back, sinking down inch after inch, feeling the bottle sliding up deeper and deeper into my belly!

Slut, I thought. You deserve this! Imagine taking your own cherry with a hairbrush! What kind of a girl would do that!? I felt a kind of angry sense of justice at my own aching, at my own pain, as I sank down to take almost the whole bottle up inside my aching, burning pussy!

But I deserved worse!

Shuddering, I leaned further forward, and reached back to slap my bottom! The blow stung, but I recoiled at the sound, recalling my mother asleep down the hall. That sobered me momentarily, but not entirely. It certainly didn't make me stop what I was doing!

Instead, shocking myself, I opened the door to the bathroom and walked out into the hall.

*Are you crazy, Hannah!?*

I walked to the door to the attic and went through, closing and locking it behind me, then, naked, with the bottle sticking out of me so that I walked kind of awkward, I went upstairs to the attic. Naked, panting for breath, I made my dazed way to my 'bedroom'. I shook my head in disapproval at the mess, then bent over and picked up a pair of pants I'd discarded on the floor, snatching the belt out of the loops.

I walked back to the other end of the attic, the attic on the opposite side of the house from where my mother's bedroom was, then got down on my hands and knees in front of the fireplace. I doubled the belt in my hand, then twisted my arm around and swung the belt so that it snapped down across my bottom!

It stung, but I was disappointed that it didn't sting that much. I just couldn't get

the angle right to swing my arm properly. I moved my arm a little back, and shortened the belt, and that worked better. Now it stung more, and I winced and gasped in pain as I brought it down hard and fast across my buttocks!

I felt a little dazed, wondering why on earth... but I was so hot, so excited, so aroused I didn't care! I twisted my left arm in beneath me, my shoulder against the floor, my bottom raised as I brought the belt snapping down across my bare bottom again and again. The fingers of my left hand found the base of the bottle and I let out a gurgling cry as I pulled, trying to force it deeper despite the ache within me.

I stopped, though, dazed. I wanted a mirror!

I got up again, still walking awkwardly because of the bottle. I found the full-length mirror propped up against the wall in my closet, carried it out to the living room, and set it on its side on the floor, then resumed my previous position.

Only now, as I swept the belt down across my very pink bottom, I let my fingers rub my clitoris at the same time, and began to tremble and shake with the incredible force of sexual heat and pleasure building up inside me!

And then, like a volcano, it exploded, and I cried out again and again in breathless wonder, rubbing my clitoris for all I was worth as I swung that belt down as hard and fast as I could! My mind felt as though it was exploding with such force my skull would shatter! I had never felt an orgasm that was even in the same ballpark as the one that shook me now!

The only reason I didn't wake my mother was that I was so breathless, my cries were shallow, like the yelping of a small dog, rather than like the long howling wail of the sexual animal I had become!

My hips bucked convulsively as convulsions wracked my body, and the belt fell from my fingers as I jammed my other hand down between my legs, sobbing with pleasure as I pulled repeatedly at the bottle even as I frantically rubbed my clitoris!

## Chapter Two

My dreams, that night, were filled with strange, dark, erotic images and fantasies. I wakened several times, sweating, aroused, charged with sexual hunger, my fingers already between my legs rubbing myself. I came powerfully each time, in no more than seconds, then, gasping, sprawled back spreadeagled, I fell asleep again.

I was kissing Travis, and I was naked. His hands moved everywhere on my body, leaving a trail of heat behind until I felt as though I was on fire! I bent myself over and spread my legs, and he mounted me like a bull, pounding his enormous cock into my body until I screamed and screamed, the pleasure overwhelming my mind!

And I woke again, rubbing my clitoris, fingers plunging into my wetness as I imagined Travis riding me, using me, fucking me like animals! And another climax tore through me!

But I needed to be punished. I was such a slut. I fell asleep again, imagining myself across his lap, his hand spanking me.

Why would I want anyone to spank me? I never had thought of something like that before, but now the idea thrilled me!

I wanted a cock inside me, a big one, maybe many of them! I didn't care who they belonged to! I wanted to feel my nipples pinched and hands sliding over my breasts and body! I wanted mouths on mine, and on my breasts and between my legs!

It really was like I was in a fever, a sexual fever.

I woke, finally, after tossing and turning half the night. I don't think I fell asleep for good until dawn. I felt tired, sore, bleary-eyed, and way less feverish, for want of a better term. But the incredible intensity of the sex heat and the amazing orgasms still echoed in my mind. I sat up, wincing at strained muscles, and looked down.

I ran my finger along my sex, wincing again, remembering with more than a little astonishment how I had forced nearly the whole Pepsi bottle up inside myself! I had been crazy! I was lucky I hadn't damaged myself! Imagine having to go to the doctor and explain something like that! Jumping Jesus!

I can't say I put a lot of time into worrying about it, though. Yes, Travis had been real cute, and no doubt that had affected me to some degree. But most likely it was just that I'd felt ripe and ready, and felt like experimenting. Oh well. It had sure been fun!

And that meant I was likely to try it again very soon! Oh, not with no Pepsi bottle, of course! That was crazy! But as I showered that morning, when my body was slick with soap, I brought my hands down between my legs and masturbated to another orgasm. It wasn't nearly as powerful, but it was sure pretty good!

I wondered why I didn't do that more often.

A note from my mother gave me a list of groceries to buy, so after my hair was done and dried I went up the street to do that, then visited my friend Annie who worked at Stone's Bakery before returning home to watch TV.

\*

“Can I walk you home?”

I was startled at the voice, and gasped, twisting around to see Travis Warring appear from the shadows.

“You scared me!” I said accusingly.

“I'm very sorry,” he said.

“And you can walk where you want. I got no right to stop you,” I said.

Which was sort of my way of saying he could even while not admitting at all that I wanted him to, or even cared if he did or not.

“I'd like to see you in something other than that uniform,” he said as we headed down the road.

I sniffed, but I couldn't find it in my heart to argue the point. The uniform was dull brown. It had brown polyester pants with an elastic waist and a kind of brown on brown top which hung over the pants.

"I'd like to see you wearing nothing at all," he said.

"You and every other guy in this town," I said.

I looked at him as we walked. "And just where you get your clothes from anyway? The goodwill?"

He looked down at himself doubtfully. "I suppose they are a little out of fashion."

"A little? And Paris is a little town."

"Have you ever been to the real Paris?" he asked.

"This is real enough for me, and ain't full of Frenchies," I replied.

He said something I didn't understand and I looked at him doubtfully. "Is that French?"

"Mais, oui, mademoiselle."

"That means yes, right?"

"Indeed."

"You French?"

"Not ethnically. I was... I grew up in Wales."

"Wales?"

"Britain?"

"Oh, that Wales. That's the one people mostly don't talk about. I mean, they talk about England and Scotland and Ireland but not much about Wales."

"True enough. We're not an extroverted people."

“Huh. You don't seem too shy to me.”

“It's your beauty which draws me out.”

“Oh quit.”

“What? You surely know I'm not dissembling when I praise your looks. You are an extremely attractive girl by any measure one makes. Your face, your hair, your body. Perhaps you could be a little more... respectful.”

“Respectful?”

“Where I grew up girls tended to more respectful of men.”

“So how come I'm only a girl and you're a man? You don't look that old to me.”

“Women, then, were more respectful of men.”

“For what? Cause you have a penis I'm supposed to be like, oh I'm so impressed!?”

He looked taken aback for a moment, and I, meanwhile, felt a little flushed at mentioning that word. That was especially so given how much I'd been thinking about it the other day, especially his.

“Men own the land and provide for their women.”

“Huh? Not so's I've noticed. Half the time men are drunk layabouts and it's the women who work their butts off putting food on the table.”

“Men protect women.”

“From men, you mean? Most of the time when a women needs protecting it's from her own man.”

“You are an impudent girl,” he said.

“And you're weird. You talk like Mr. Baxter, my last English teacher.”

“I am proud of my command of the English language,” he said in annoyance.

“So what do you do for a living, Travis?” I said, changing the subject. “I mean, if you're gonna marry me and all how do I know you can provide for me?”

“I have a good deal of gold,” he said.

“I knew you was a prepper.”

“I do not know that phrase. But if you are considering my suit I should speak with your father.”

“Even if my father was alive he wouldn't be the one making any decisions about who I do and don't see,” I sniffed.

“Your uncle then, or brother?”

“Nope. Got none.”

“This land is benighted.”

“You talking about the drought?”

Suddenly I felt his hand on my arm and I was being spun around until I was face to face, and then lip to lip with him. I felt my eyes and mouth widen just an instant before his mouth was on me. I was too startled to react as his arms slid around me and pulled me in firmly against him. His lips were very soft, very moist, and made my toes tingle, never mind my nipples!

After a moment, though, I reacted, and tried to push him back, feeling a sense of outrage. The thing was, though, the outrage began to melt under the heat of that kiss, so that by the time I was able to actually get any force into my push my legs were feeling a little rubbery. But I did it. I pushed him back, immediately feeling a sense of regret even as I glared at him.

“You don't just go and kiss a girl like that!” I exclaimed.

“You have very kissable lips,” he said.

“They're my lips!” I exclaimed in annoyance.

“Did you not enjoy the kiss?”

I glared at him and stormed off, but he followed very quickly on my heels.

“You didn't answer the question.”

“You have no manners!” I said.

“I have excellent, if dated manners,” he replied. “But you do tempt me to rashness and rudeness, and in that I apologize. But it's also true that my manners are perfected for specific situations and specific classes of people You fit into none of the proper, er classes.”

“What in hell does that mean?”

“Well, where I grew up, a girl like you would immediately give herself to a man of my station.”

I stared at him in confusion. “You're station? What?”

“A man of my means,” he said.

“I don't know what your means means, but you don't get to kiss a girl without her permission!”

“Very well. May I have your permission?”

“NO, you may not!”

“You didn't like the kiss?”

I glared at him and kept walking. I had liked the kiss, liked it way too much!

“Where do you live?”

“I live to the north,” he said, waving his hand negligently.

“What does that mean? How far? Where?”

“Ahm, I believe it's called Horse's Head mountain.”

“Really? That's like, fifty miles away? What are you doing in Paris?”

“I was on an errand when I came across the most beautiful girl I'd ever met and so stopped here to court her.”

I rolled my eyes, though I have to say I didn't really mind how he kept calling me beautiful. And if he was from away, then he didn't know anyone local. And if he didn't know anyone local he wouldn't be blabbing about us doing anything to anyone local. Which meant...

I felt a little thrum of heat at the thought of what that meant.

And then he whirled me around again and kissed me, and I again took a few seconds before I could work up enough brain power to decide to shove him back.

“I told you not to do that!”

Wow, he really knew how to kiss! I mean, I might be a virgin but I'd been on dates, and I'd been kissed, and none of them had kissed me as well as he had!

“My apologies. I thought you'd changed your mind.”

I felt more than a little exasperated at him. But at the same time my nipples were hard as little pebbles, and I was a tad breathless. And at least his hands hadn't gone wandering.

Even if a part of me wished they would! Because I was thinking, maybe Travis Warring would be my first? I mean, I had been looking around for a while and hadn't spotted a likely man. And I had this new interest in what sex would be like. And now here was this cute boy my own age, or nearly (or so I thought) who didn't know anyone local.

“You don't know anyone local?” I asked casually.

“Not in this village,” he said.

“Village,” I muttered.

“So you live with your parents?” I asked.

He hesitated. “In a manner of speaking.”

“No job?”

“Job? Oh. I don't think job would be the appropriate description of what I do.”

“Well, what is the appropriate description?”

“It is quite complicated.”

“And I'm a simple country girl too stupid to understand?”

“You seem to be quite a complicated country girl, to be frank.”

I looked at him uncertainly. Was that a compliment or a complaint?

We reached my house and I pushed the door open and went in, still not quite sure what I wanted to do with him, or what I dared to try. I turned around, though but he stayed at the doorway.

“Well, come in,” I said. “Not that I'm making no promises. But we could... talk, say.”

“Talking is a good start,” he said, stepping through the door.

He had a really nice smile!

“Uhm, probably not down here. My mom is asleep. Come up to my... living room. But keep it quiet.”

He kept it very quiet as we climbed the stairs, then went up the hall and climbed the stairs to what I thought of as my 'apartment'.

“This is where I live,” I said, kind of proud of it, to be honest.

“It's quite lovely,” he said, looking around with interest. “Far superior to what one would expect.”

“You talk weird. I suppose you know that.”

“But I'm quite good at it, as I am at other things.”

And this time I knew he was going to kiss me even before he drew me in against

him, but I didn't resist, instead feeling a surge of excitement and anticipation before his lips met mine.

I had been kissed by boys before, but never like him, and never for such an extended period of time!

He started out with his lips brushing so smoothly against mine, and then kind of nibbling at my lips, and then his tongue began to skim across them and dip lightly into my mouth. His hands moved up and down my back, then through my hair as he pulled my body against his.

I moaned breathlessly as I felt my breasts pillowing out against his chest, and my hands moved hesitantly up onto his shoulders as I kissed back.

And then he pulled one of those really fast moves of his! He kind of gripped the top of my uniform, and before I realized what he was up to it was already peeled up around my shoulders, and with my arms up on his shoulders he simply tugged it swiftly up and off before I could even react.

I yelped and tried to jerk my arms in to cover myself but he'd already pulled me in against him once more, my breasts, now protected only by my bra, pressed into his chest as he covered my protesting lips with his.

And then, with my heart pounding, I decided that it really didn't matter, that I was going to let him by my first, and I hated the stupid uniform anyway.

I fell slowly into the kiss again, moaning, my heart pounding, heat rolling up my spine. His hands slid downward into my pants, cupping my butt. And then the pants were sliding down around my ankles! I felt a wall of heat closing around me as I continued to stand there and kiss him, his tongue deep within my mouth now, swirling and twirling against my own!

I felt a rush of scalding excitement mixed with near panic as he popped the clasp of my bra, but I didn't resist as he peeled my bra up and away, with my breasts still against his chest. His hands slid up and down my back, down onto my buttocks, then back again. Then I gasped as he pulled his lips free of mine, bent and hefted me up over his shoulders in one smooth motion!

I felt his hands at my ankles and feet as he turned and walked into the bedroom, and felt my pants and shoes dropping off. Then he was dropping me on my feet,

my legs rubbery, my back against the door of a heavy wardrobe which served as one of the 'walls' of my 'bedroom'.

He stood back and I immediately felt a rush of embarrassment, trying to cover myself with my arms, but he gripped my wrists and pushed them up and back against the wardrobe over my head, then pinned them there with one hand as he looked at me.

My mind squirmed! Nobody had ever just... just looked at me naked before! I mean, I'd never gotten completely naked with a boy before, let alone in the bright light of my own room, just standing there! I gulped, chest rising and falling rapidly as he held me at arms length and ran his eyes up and down my body.

His other hand slid down my body and his fingers traced the waistband of my thong.

“An interesting garment,” he said. “I do not dislike the effect, however.”

I squeaked and jerked against his arm as his fingers slid down into my thong, and I felt them against my pussy. My eyes went wide and I felt myself suddenly go breathless. The jolt of sensation almost blew my mind away! I whimpered in amazement, my hips already starting to jerk and buck against his fingers.

Then he turned his hand around, and I felt a sudden sharp pain as he jerked against the thong, and, just like that, tore it off my body! My hips jerked out and then my butt slapped back against the door of the wardrobe as I squeaked in shock, my face burning as he looked down.

“Yes,” he said. “I think I'll take you.”

Suddenly his body was pressed against mine, his chest almost crushing me against the wardrobe as he jerked my hair back, tilting my head up, and then crushed my lips with his. I moaned into his mouth, waves of excitement rolling through me as his tongue swirled within my mouth.

He eased back.

“Such a bad girl, though,” he said, his eyes narrowing. “Bad girls need to be punished.”

I wasn't sure what he meant, but I felt a thrill of excitement anyway.

And then he released my wrists and sort of... flung me forward past him. I literally fell across the foot of my bed, gasping, bent over. Just as quickly, he was behind me, his hand on my back below my neck, keeping me from straightening.

“No, this is precisely the position a bad girl like you should be placed in,” he said.

The foot of my bed was a raised rounded post that was about the same height as my abdomen. It was raised above the mattress by about a foot, so as he pushed me down until my breasts were pillowed out against the bed it raised me up onto the balls of my feet!

“Such a bad girl,” he said. “Such a naughty girl.”

The words made me burn for some reason!

His fingers traced up along my spine, then down, down between my buttocks, circling my back opening, then I gasped and my head jerked up as he palmed my sex, and kind of squeezed it!

He drew my arms up and back behind me, then, and then crossed them at the elbows, gripping my arms there. That made my right hand kind of stick out over my left hip and my left hand stick out over my right hip. But neither of them could be used for much of anything. And then I felt a shock which filled me with anxiety, I felt a burgeoning thrill as I realized he was tying my arms together with some kind of soft cord!

“Wh-what are you doing?” I gulped.

“Are you a naughty girl?”

I moaned and then felt a sharp slap to my bottom which made me gasp.

“Are you?”

“Y-Yes!” I squeaked.

“Exactly.”

I cried out weakly as I felt my hair jerked up. It lifted my upper torso off the bed, raised me up and back, but not straight up. I felt his body pressing firmly into my buttocks as he elevated me to about ninety degrees. Then his hand was under me, kneading my breast, twisting and pinching the nipple, which burned wildly!

“Nasty girl,” he said. “You definitely must be punished for being so wanton.”

He was still fully dressed, still wearing that weird jacket. I felt it against my skin as he pulled harder at my hair, raising me upright. A moment later his arm passed around me, and I got a glimpse of what looked like, well, a ball.

I felt my hair pulled back sharply, arching my back, and my mouth opened almost automatically even as he pushed the ball against it! I was confused, my mind spinning, gripped in a dark heat, and didn't know how to react as he pushed it against my mouth. The instinctive thing to do was open my mouth wider so my teeth didn't get hurt.

But the ball thing was able to be squeezed, and he did that, making it smaller, at least until he could get it past my teeth. Then it popped wide again, filling my mouth, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth, preventing me from closing my lips!

“This is so your mother doesn't wake when you scream,” he said. “And you will be screaming a great deal.”

I felt a burst of fear, like maybe he was a psycho, but then he shoved me forward so I fell across the foot of the bed again. I felt his hands on my thighs, jerking them apart, which forced me up onto the tips of my toes!

## Chapter Three

I felt hot breath against my sex!

My eyes bulged and my arms jerked against the cords binding my elbows, my hands flopping uselessly against my hips. I felt his mouth, his entire mouth closing on my sex! I squealed into the ball, my voice deeply muffled as his hot breath burned my skin! Then his tongue slid up along the narrow line of my sex and my eyes felt as if they would pop out of my head!

I felt his hands moving up higher, still gripping my thighs, but now his thumbs rubbed along my sex and then plunged inside. I felt them prying me open, pulling me apart, opening me, and felt shocked by the idea, by the feel, by the sensation. His tongue pushed into me and my eyes bulged again as my hips began to buck and jerk against him!

Let me say from the start I was never much for going on the internet and stuff, and when I did I was sure not one for looking at dirty pictures or videos. I knew guys did this sort of thing, sort of. I mean, I had a vague notion of it, but I sure had never had it done to me!

It was a shock, to say the least! I let out a squeal as his tongue drove impossibly deep into my pussy and I felt it twisting around inside me! It was way different than feeling a finger there! And it felt even more shocking when he slid his lips down towards the top of my pussy (which sounds odd but he was behind me) and seemed to kind of ... shove his lower lip in there while his upper lip kind of came down over my clitoris!

He pushed his lower lip up and then started sucking in a kind of rhythmic way that just about made my head explode! My hips bucked wildly as I cried out again and again, my head and upper body twisting and rolling from side to side, my whole body starting to tremble and shake! The pressure just exploded inside me and then it felt like my head really did explode!

I screamed wildly, my body thrashing about as he kept a firm grip on my thighs and drove me insane with the suction he was applying to my pussy! I almost lost

consciousness! The orgasm just pounded over me like I was being run over by a freight train! A long freight train! Every car that rolled through me made my mind spin around like nobody's business!

And then I just kind of collapsed, my head aching, my body still twitching. I was gulping in air as best I could, moaning dazedly into that ball gag thing while he mercifully eased back away from me.

It wasn't for long, though. I felt his hand slap sharply against my bottom and gasped, eyes fluttering. He spread my legs again and I moaned as I felt his fingers pushing into me.

One finger, two fingers, and I moaned, my mind starting to come back to life. Three fingers, and I groaned aloud again as they pumped in and out. Then they withdrew, and something else pushed against me. I thought for a moment it was him! I tried to gather myself together because, well, a girl doesn't want to miss her own deflowering, after all.

I felt the lips of my pussy spreading wide, though not as wide as with the Pepsi bottle, as he pushed into me, but almost right away I knew it wasn't him. He felt cool against my overheated skin, and too... too smooth, for want of a better term. For that matter, I felt his breath against my sex as he pushed it in deeper and deeper.

I moaned anew as I felt myself being filled up, being stuffed with something big! I felt, despite that incredible orgasm, the re-ignition of heat and hunger and arousal as his fingers brushed gently against my clitoris and he pushed whatever it was deeper into my pussy!

Then he pulled my ankles together again. I grunted, feeling my thighs squeezing in around whatever it was he'd stuffed into me. It felt like some kind of bottle, but more plastic than glass. Closing my legs made my pussy lips squeeze down even tighter around it as he tied my ankles together.

“Bad girl,” he said. “You know you're a naughty girl, Hannah.”

I moaned into the gag thing, trying to turn my head up and back, and then – .

*Crack!*

I squealed, my eyes opening wide at the blow across my raised bottom! It stung! My head twisted around and I saw him standing there, holding a belt! I immediately felt a strange dark rush of heat, remembering how I'd used a belt on my bottom only yesterday! And now... now I was tied up... helpless... And I felt that thing stuffed deep into my pussy, so thick and – .

*Crack!*

I squealed again, the sharp crack of the belt followed an instant later by the even sharper sting of pain, followed by a throbbing heat.

“Bad girl,” he said. “Naughty girl.”

*Crack!*

Again I cried out, my jerking up and around, hair spilling across my face.

*Crack!*

It hurt! It stung! But strangely, despite that, I felt the dark heat, the hunger, rising within me. This was right, somehow! It was naughty and... and kinky and nasty and wild and – !

*Crack!*

“Bad girl.”

I whimpered at another sharp stinging blow, my bottom starting to heat up now, starting to throb powerfully.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The belt cut down across my bottom repeatedly, and I gasped and moaned and hissed as the pain mounted, as my buttocks burned, as the sense that this was what I deserved melded with a dark, nasty sort of sexual hunger, fixated sense of excitement.

*Crack!*

It was almost like I was watching someone else getting the strap, and excited by

it, delighted by it, thinking how much they deserved it!

*Crack!*

But it was still me, and while I had never been a masochist before, now it was as if every blow, in addition to the sharp sting, drew a hot, sizzling line of excitement across my skin.

*Crack!*

Some dazed part of my mind even wanted to open my legs in hopes the belt would hit me there!

*Crack!*

The pain was mounting, though. My bottom was on fire! And every fresh blow seemed to sting even more! I began to feel a sense of desperation, moaning, twisting, gasping, crying out as the belt continued to cut across my burning skin.

*Crack!*

I gave a half sob, my eyes starting to fill with tears as the strapping continued.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I gave another sob, feeling the tears starting to spill from my eyes.

Then the strap stopped. My ankles were untied, and then spread so wide that my toes could no longer touch the floor. I felt my ankles tied to the legs of the bed and moaned, sniffing and gulping in air, hoping it was over.

But it was only just beginning, in a sense.

I felt his breath against me again. I was just as wet and overheated as I'd been before, except now my buttocks were also throbbing with heat. I felt his mouth sliding down along the neat line of my sex, felt his lips sucking against my clitoris directly, and shuddered weakly. His hands gripped my thighs and squeezed, then his tongue started to lick at me, long, soft licks across my clitoris.

A second later one of his hands gripped the thing he'd pushed into me, pumping

it slowly in and out as he licked. He began to lick harder, and my breath became more ragged as the sexual heat billowed up out of my belly and almost immediately had me trembling and gasping.

There was a sudden pause, then I felt the thing he'd pushed into me pulling out, sliding free. A moment later what was unmistakably warm, soft skin rubbed up and down along my opening. I felt my heart skip a beat, then the heat surged higher as I felt the pressure against me, felt the lips of my sex spreading wide, stretching, aching as he moved into me.

His cock, and there was no doubt in my mind now, as it pushed down the tight, elastic sheath of my sex, no doubt, as he drove himself deeper and deeper into my body. His hands were now on my hips, sliding upward along my sides and pushing in beneath my chest to squeeze my breasts.

But all my attention was on his cock, feeling it pushing its way deeper, spreading me apart and filling me up! And I felt a sense of something like relief as well as excitement on realizing I wasn't a virgin any more!

Suddenly I felt his fingers in my hair, felt it kind of gathered together, and then wrapped around his fist. He yanked up and back and I cried out, my head, my shoulders and chest lifted bodily off the bed, my head forced back sharply as he started to pump inside me.

He was warm and slick and firm, pumping up and down inside me, pushing deeper and deeper, until it felt like the tip of him was punching against the back wall of my sex way deep inside me! I stared at the wall across from me, moaning and gasping and whimpering as his hips started to slap against my buttocks, as the skin of my face was drawn back by the sharp pull of hair against my scalp.

But that was nothing. All my attention was on his cock, on the feel of it inside me, the first I'd ever felt inside me, on how incredible it felt, on the sensation of such perfect rightness in it filling me up. My body jerked in time to his thrusts, his hips slapping hard against my buttocks now, my breasts wobbling below me as he jerked on my hair.

He had a hand on one of my breasts, squeezing and kneading it hard, harshly, really, not at all gently. He was fucking me hard too, and when that hand wasn't on my breast it was slapping sharply at my bottom.

“Bad girl,” he said. “Nasty girl. Slatternly girl.”

I could only gurgle and moan and cry out as he rammed himself into me, the pressure of sexual hunger, desire and pleasure making me feverish once again.

I came again, the explosion of pleasure ripping up through my body until my head couldn't hold it all and my mind was sent spinning into a strange wild place where nothing but pleasure mattered. I clung to that place with every fiber of my being, crying out again and again and again as his hips slapped sharply against my buttocks and his cock rammed deep into my pussy.

And in the midst of it, I felt his hot breath on my neck as he jerked back on my hair, felt his teeth close against me, felt them sink deep into my flesh. It was like... like the jaws of a great beast crunching into me, the force of his jaws alone making my body arch back as his jaw raised up.

But his hips were still pounding against me, and his fingers were still sunk deep into my breast, and after a moment of agony the pleasure seemed to redouble so that my mind spun and spun and my body shook with such violence my bones felt capable of shaking apart!

I felt myself floating away, and my vision glazed over, and then everything went blank.

\*

I woke in my bed, naked, groaning, sore in too many places to list. Daylight washed over me as I lay there on the bed, the sun hot against my bare skin. But I just lay there for a while, my mind not really working too well. Then it finally kicked into gear and I slowly sat up, groaning, wincing a little.

The first place I looked was down there, of course, kind of surprised that nothing looked different. I ached a bit, but not too badly. My bottom felt perfectly fine. My breasts felt kind of bruised, though, from how hard he'd squeezed them.

I lay back down again, moaning. My hands moved slowly over my breasts, my thumbs finding the nipples and stroking them as my mind drifted back over the wild night I'd had, over the hot, nasty sex. Wow. I think that pretty much describes my thoughts. I had had two stunning orgasms that had practically driven me insane!

And the overriding thought in my mind, was I wanted more of that!

And then chagrin. I didn't even have his phone number! I didn't know where he lived either!

Would he show up at the arena that night or, having gotten what he wanted, would I never see him again?

I sat up again and swung my legs out of bed. I felt a bit different, but only in the sense I felt like I had more energy. I was a bit late rising, but not too much, and I went downstairs naked – preferring to be naked, for some reason. I had a shower, masturbating while I did it, to a very nice, if not massive climax, then brushed out and dried my hair.

And every thought on my mind was about Travis, and what we'd done, what he'd done, really, since I was tied up the whole time. Wow. He'd really used me like... he'd just... taken command, tied me up, and had his way with me! And then he'd strapped me for being a bad girl!

Of course, letting him get me naked and tie me up certainly confirmed his judgment, but still, it was kind of odd. I knew that wasn't the way most people had sex. Then again, none of the girls I knew had described that kind of mind blowing orgasms either! I mean, if sex was like that all the time why would a girl want to do anything else!?

It had sure not been soft and gentle and romantic, but I didn't mind. The only marks on my body left by it was a kind of hickey on the side of my throat where I vaguely remembered him biting me. It was actually more like a bite than a hickey, and I winced a bit to touch it. It almost looked like he'd bit deep enough for me to have bled, but there was no sign of any blood.

I'd have to tell him to be a bit less enthusiastic next time.

Just so long as there was a next time!

I let some of my hair spill along the side of my head to hide the bite mark, not wanting questions about who my boyfriend was, not wanting speculation, especially since I didn't even have his phone number!

I felt very much more sexual, even a little smug, as I left the house. I had done

something wild and... and sophisticated! It wasn't just sex, it was nasty sex! And no one was even going to suspect I'd done it! Ha!

I was so glad I hadn't, like so many girls I knew, given up my virginity to some drunk high school boy in the back seat of a Dodge! I don't know any girl willing to talk about her first time that has any good things to say in regard to how 'pleasant' it was, because it never seemed to be!

Course, none of them had done it will being tied up! That was weird! I had no idea why Travis wanted to tie me up to do it. I mean, it wasn't like I wouldn't have let him do whatever he wanted anyway. He just seemed to like it for some reason. Then again, so did I!

Weird!

I had finally remembered that gold coin Travis had given me, and decided to ride over to Mr. Phipps to see if it might be worth anything. Mr. Phipps had worked in a jewelery store in Great Falls, so he knew about stuff like that, or at least, more than anyone else I could think of. I got on my bike and headed off down the street, blinking in the bright sunlight and wishing I'd remembered my sunglasses.

I found him in his garden, working with some kind of flower (flowers have never been my thing), and he looked up as I approached, smiling and getting to his feet. Mr. Phipps had always been kind of nice, in an old-man sort of way.

“Well, Hannah, it's nice to see you. You're looking beautiful today,” he said.

I was a bit taken aback, not just by his tone but the way he looked at me. He'd never looked at me quite like that before. He was looking at me the way the boys sometimes did.

“Morning, Mr. Phipps,” I said. “I was wondering if you knew anything about gold coins?”

I had it in my hand as I spoke and he looked down at it with interest, then took it in his hand and rolled it over.

“Nineteen hundred,” he said. “Might be worth a pretty penny.”

I caught his eyes flicking up to my chest again and felt another flutter of surprise.

“Hard to tell with coins, though. How much their worth, aside from face value, depends on how many were made, generally speaking.”

His eyes flitted to my chest again, and I frowned, wondering if I should say something. But how do you say something to Mr. Phipps! He was just a nice old man!

“How do I find out?” I asked.

“Well, I can check it out, if you like, Hannah. I can go on the internet and look it up, in fact.”

“Oh, I hadn't really thought of that,” I said.

“Would you like to come in and I'll look?”

Normally I wouldn't have minded at all, but he was acting kind of weird, so I said I had to get some chores in before work. I left the coin with him, though, and headed off, feeling his eyes on me.

Did he know, somehow!? How could he!? Was I just sexier now or something?!

I did stop at Ronson's General Merchandise, for batteries for my Ipod, which I listened to at work when there wasn't much business, and it felt a bit weird the way Mr. Hanson was checking me out too. He was my friend Alison's father and I'd sure never noticed him checking me out before!

Weird!

I went back to my place and did some household cleaning, then made a snack before work. When you worked the evening shift you had to eat before or else your dinner would be the junk I sold every night, stuff like hot dogs and french fries. If I had something first I could wait till after work to eat dinner.

The arena didn't have any game that night which meant it was roller skating, which was a pretty small crowd most days, so that gave me lots of time to think about Travis and get horny. I kept looking up and down the aisle, hoping to see

him wandering by, but there was no sign of him.

He wasn't here to walk me home either, and I started to feel a deep sense of disappointment, worried he had got what he wanted and wouldn't be back. But if he'd enjoyed it, I thought, with a little desperation, surely he'd want more! Maybe I wasn't very good... But it wasn't like he'd given me a chance to try and do anything but just lay there all tied up!

I walked home alone, frustrated, resentful, and still, damn it, horny as all get-out! I was thinking maybe I should get one of those sex toy things, like a dildo. I could order it on the internet. And since my mom was away during the day I'd have no problem making sure I was the one who got the mail. Of course, if she ever found it – !

How humiliating that would be!

I reached home with no sign of Travis, and glared around me before letting myself in, frustrated and angry.

Bastard!

So it was a normal night, then. I made dinner and ate it while watching TV in my room. If there was anything different it was that I didn't bother to wear anything but my thong while I ate. I was still feeling very sexual, and wondered what I could use to satisfy my arousal before going to bed.

It was then I heard the tapping on the window. I looked up, startled, because it had sounded very much like someone tapping their finger against the glass several times. I saw nothing, but I knew I'd heard something so I got up and went to the window.

And there was Travis down below, waving. I felt a surge of heat and excitement and jerked away from the window, then paused in a flurry of indecision.

I dashed to the closet and reached in, pulling out one of my old nighties. It was basically just a sort of long, pink T-shirt, but it was years old and far too tight and short now. I pulled it on, and it squeezed against my breasts like a second skin. I drew it down over my hips, and it fell just below my buttocks.

Perfect! I could pretend that it was my normal nightie, and he'd be licking his

lips while I gave him hell for not dropping by at work or to walk me home! I'd also get his number! And he wouldn't get to do more than just ogle me in the tight nightie until he apologized!

I was halfway downstairs before I remembered him ripping my thong off the other day. It wasn't like they cost nothing! So I stopped at the bottom of the stairs, yanked down my thong, stuffed it into the table under the phone, and then went to the door and pulled it open.

“Well, lookit who's here,” I said.

“Hello, beautiful blonde girl,” he said.

And before I could demand where he'd been he had his arms around me, his lips on mine, and his hands kneading my buttocks through the very thin, very tight cotton nightie!

I was trying to pull away, just to reprimand him, you know, to make him understand he needed to show some appreciation and all, but to be honest I was loving the kiss, and when his hands tugged up the tight little hem of the nightie and sank into my bare bottom I felt a wild dark thrill of heat that swept away most of my thinking processes.

Until I noticed the other guy leaning there against the doorjamb.

I gasped and yanked the nightie back down, twisting away, even though I was fairly sure Travis's body had blocked most of the guy's view of me.

“This is Owen,” Travis said with a smile, slipping his arm around my waist and turning me to face the guy.

Owen was a big guy! I mean, he was broad as the door and almost too tall to walk through without bending his head! He looked older, but it was hard to tell. He had shorter hair and a brooding look on a kind of classic, square jawed cowboy face.

“Miss,” he said.

I flushed hotly, and not out of excitement! Because I was standing there in that way-too-short, way-too-tight nightie with this guy staring right at me! I felt

practically naked, especially when I remembered I wasn't wearing any underwear at all!

I tried to fold my arms across my chest to at least hide my stiff nipples, and nodded, horribly embarrassed and hoping he hadn't seen much when Travis had lifted up my nightie!

“He came into town with me, and someone's picking him up soon,” Travis said, giving me a wink.

“Uhm, oh, well, ahm, hi,” I gulped, red-faced.

“He should be showing in ten or fifteen minutes,” Owen said. “Twenty at the outside.”

“You don't mind if he comes in and waits, do you, beautiful?”

“N-No, of course not,” I said.

I did, of course! But I couldn't be rude!

“Well, invite him in, beautiful.”

“Uhm, yeah, come on in, I guess,” I said.

Owen smiled and moved through the door, closing it behind him. I looked up the stairs anxiously.

“You better come upstairs. If my mom wakes up and finds you down here she'll go for the shotgun,” I said.

Which made perfect sense, but as I headed up the stairs I was suddenly real aware of how short the nightie was, and that they were coming up behind me! Of course, Travis was immediately behind me, so chances are he'd block the view for the other guy! I hoped!

I tried to tug the hem down and scurry up quickly, but I was sure Travis hadn't missed that I wasn't wearing any panties! I just hoped the other guy didn't get an eyeful!

It was all I could do not to run ahead, but that would have been pretty obvious, so again, I had to lead them up the stairs to the attic, trying to tug the nightshirt as much as I could and keep my legs tight together.

“This is real nice,” Owen said, looking around. “I never had a place this nice when I was living... I mean, living around here.”

“Uhm, you lived around here?” I gulped, moving around to try and kind of half hide behind Travis.

“Long time ago,” he said. “Then I moved to California. That's where I met Travis.”

“In San Francisco?” I guessed.

“That was it,” he replied with a smile.

I slapped Travis's hand away from my butt as we talked. But even though it embarrassed me it felt... exciting, to feel his hand against me.

And I'd been kind of hot to begin with.

“I'll just wait here by the window,” Owen said.

“That's a good idea,” Travis said.

He slid a hand around my waist, turned me and headed us across the floor, past the table and then through the shelf units which kind of formed a wall to the bedroom. I didn't argue! I was feeling really exposed with Owen there!

As soon as we were out of sight he brought his arm around, which brought me around, and then we were lip to lip again, before I could say a word! And when his hands tugged up the nightie once more and began to knead my bare buttocks I felt this incredible jolt of excitement and heat! I mean, Owen was right in the next room!

Actually, if you wanted to get picky, he was in the same room. We were just separated by shelf units, none of which went all the way up to the roof, and in a bedroom which had a big wide doorway which had no door.

So it felt wicked and nasty and kinky for him to be squeezing my bare butt, for the nightie to be up around my waist, with Owen within earshot! But with Travis's hands on me and his mouth on mine I felt a huge kind of ... charge... like an electrical charge, gripping my body, practically making my hair float!

He pulled his lips free, finally, and I stared dazedly up at him.

“You look very beautiful,” he said.

“Th-thanks!” I gasped.

His face turned stern, then. “But you've been a bad girl,” he said.

I gulped, my eyes flicking past him towards the doorway, where Owen would be sitting on the far side of the attic.

“H-how have – .”

“Where is the coin I gave you?”

I stared at him in surprise. “Huh? The one you left for your food? I brought it to Mr. Phipps so he could look it up and tell me what it's worth.”

“That coin wasn't meant to be spent,” he said.

“Well then you should've left some money for your food!” I exclaimed.

“Where I come from, girls are humble and deferential towards their men,” he said. “And they dress more modestly too.”

“Well, I didn't know you had company!” I protested. “It's not like I'd normally let a man see me in this!”

“I think you should apologize to Owen for your sluttish attire,” he said.

“You're crazy!” I said.

“Am I?” he said, scowling.

And before I knew it he'd sat back on the bed, yanking me with him as if I weighed nothing, dragging me up across his lap, belly down!

I felt a sudden jolt of incredible sexual heat at the position, at being across his lap as if... as if for a spanking! And that was what it was for, I realized! A dark thrill of excitement made my belly churn and tightened my chest so I could hardly breathe, as my mind filled with heat! At the same time I felt a shock of embarrassment, remembering Owen in the 'other room'!

But as he pinned me neatly in place, easily, his first move wasn't to slap my bare bottom. Instead, his hand slid down between my thighs, and I squeaked, my hips jerking, as his fingers found my clitoris and rubbed across it.

“T-Travis!” I gasped.

He chuckled softly, holding me easily, his fingers rubbing me as another pushed through the tight lips of my sex and found how warm and moist I was inside!

“Oh! D-Don't!” I gasped in a strangled whisper, horribly afraid of Owen hearing something!

“But bad girls have to be punished,” he said.

His fingers pushed into me, sliding... sliding... sliding...

OhmyGod! It was like they went on forever! The feel of them sliding through the tight, squeezing lips of my sex, sliding and sliding, going deeper and deeper, made my hips jerk and my body shake!

*Crack!*

His hand slapped down on my bottom. I mean, one second, his fingers were inside me. The next instant, I was feeling the sharp sting of the slap, and the next instant his fingers were rubbing against my clitoris again!

The sting produced more excitement than pain. Because it was like my mind flashed back to the previous night, to the wild heat which had overcome me then, and a dark anticipation swirled through my mind!

*Crack!*

“Bad girl,” he said.

“T-Travis!” I gasped, wriggling, still very much aware of Owen not far away.

*Crack!*

It tried to block his slap with my hands, tried to pull away, but in an instant it felt... like he'd used something sharp to cut right down the back of my nightshirt, right from neck to where it was bunched up around my waist! In the next instant he was yanking the material away from me!

“Travis!”

He pulled my arms together behind me, pinning them at the elbow again, then took something out of his pocket, another leather strap or something, and tied them together the same way he had the other day. I was frozen with heat, with arousal, and with the panicked awareness that Owen was just across the room!

*Crack!*

I gasped and then moaned as his fingers pushed into me.

*Crack!*

I squeaked at another slap, his slick fingers stroking up and down across my clitoris an instant later.

I was growing frantic with arousal and need, overwhelmed with heat, and yet still horribly aware of Owen not that far away. He could certainly hear the slaps!

But... but maybe I'd never see him again anyway! Someone was going to pick him up any minute! Then he'd be gone! So... so maybe it didn't matter so much! And he wasn't from around here either! He didn't know any of the people in town! Probably!

My hips were grinding helplessly against Travis's fingers as my breathing came in ragged moans and sobs.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

His hand slapped sharply down across my bare bottom, my mind swirling and twisting wildly with sensations and emotions. I couldn't forget Owen was there,

but I'd never see him again! I let that console me, and besides what could I do!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I wriggled and bucked and twisted, gulping in air, my bottom getting almost as hot as my insides!

“I know what a nasty little girl like you needs,” Travis said.

He gripped my hair, lifting my head up and back, bowing my body back as he raised me still higher, then pulled me around. In a second I was sitting straddling him, my sore bottom pressed against the rough fabric of his trousers.

I cried out as he pulled up and back on my hair, scrambling to get my legs under me, to get my knees under me so I could push myself up! Then I felt the warm heat of him against my pussy, and as he settled me back down I felt his cock pushing against me. I shuddered and let out a helpless sob of overheated pleasure as my weight forced me down on him.

All the way!

I gurgled and moaned as I found myself impaled on his thick, hard cock. I stared down in shock, then moaned as he jerked back on my hair again and bit into the side of my throat.

I felt a presence, heard a floorboard creak, then there were hands on my thighs. An instant later I felt a tongue against my clitoris, lapping hard and fast! I cried out in shock, in a wild tumultuous swirl of shock, embarrassment and wildfire heat!

Travis eased his pull on my hair enough that I could roll my head down and see the top of Owen's head as he knelt between my legs! Then my hair was jerked back again as I felt Travis biting into the nape of my neck.

The orgasm flooded through me, and I arched again and again, crying out in wild, wanton pleasure! And then I felt the sharp bite of teeth right at my clitoris! I would have screamed if I had any breath left, but didn't! My eyes bulged and I shook violently, but the pain gone as soon as it had started, and the orgasm rushed on, like an out of control freight train!

In the midst of it was another bite, up high against my inner thigh, then Travis bit into the side of my throat again. The orgasm became all... misty, like my mind, all swirling and dazed and overwhelming, and I felt myself starting to sink into a dark lethargy.

Owen rose before me, and Travis released my hair, his hands sliding down to grip my thighs, raising and lowering me on his still very hard cock. I groaned as Owen caught my hair, and then I was staring right at his cock. My mind was totally fucked, but I felt this sort of weird sense of obligation. I mean, he'd licked me and given me an incredible orgasm so... I so I kind of owed it to him – .

He pushed himself straight into my mouth.

Now, while I was a virgin I was definitely not a virgin to oral sex, at least, not as the giver. I closed my lips around him and started to suck right away, my tongue licking at the underside of his head, or at least trying to. He pushed himself in pretty deep, almost into my throat! I gurgled, and rolled my head up at him, but then my eyes seemed to go cross-eyed as Travis reached down and began to rub my clitoris.

My clit... hurt. I remembered that it had felt like Owen had bit it, but even though it hurt, there was a wild thrill of pleasure as Travis rubbed his fingers against me, and I shuddered helplessly.

Then Owen thrust forward, pulling at my hair at the same time, and his cock pushed right into my throat! Again, I had heard of it, but never been able to do it. But now his cock slid all the way down my throat so... smoothly! I stared at his trousers, then my face was pressed against them, and he filled my throat.

And I had no urge to gag!

It was kind of uncomfortable, and my throat felt very full, kind of aching, but every time Travis brushed his fingers over my clit my mind spun and tumbled away from any kind of fear or concern. I wasn't able to breath, but that didn't really matter.

They said something, and Travis tumbled me over onto my knees, my face against the mattress. I groaned as he slapped my butt, then lifted my hips up higher. He pushed into me once more, standing beside the bed, and started to thrust in and out with deep, powerful strokes.

The bed shook as Owen climbed on, and a moment later my hair was pulled, lifting my face and chest off the bed again. My mouth was open as he pushed his sock cock into it, and he didn't stop until he was buried in my throat.

He gripped my hair with one hand to hold me aloft, while squeezing my breast with the other. My right breast, that was. Travis had my left as he thrust into me. His right snaked over my hip and down between my legs, rubbing at my sore, aching, throbbing, burning clitoris.

I came, screaming at the top of my lungs.

Of course, there wasn't much air in my lungs, and Owen's big cock blocked my throat like a very long, thick cork in a bottle, so the sounds probably didn't go very far.

## Chapter Four

I woke up again, groggy, sore, my mind fuzzy. Then the events of the previous night came crashing back, and I felt a strange wave of embarrassment, shock, and heat rush through my mind.

OhmyGod! Had I really done that! Had that really happened to me!?

And like the previous night, it was like... I had lost consciousness and Travis had just left me there. Well, he hadn't left me tied up at least, thank God! But this time there'd been a guy with him! I cringed at the memory, even as my pussy thrummed hotly. What had they done after I'd lost consciousness!

I knew I had been sucking Owen's cock, but that wasn't... wasn't really... really horrible. I mean, it was only oral sex, right? Oral sex wasn't real sex! Sort of! But had he done anything else afterward!?

My mind was gripped by the memory, my last memory, of being on my knees, Travis driving into me from behind, my breasts burning as two hands squeezed them, my hair being pulled up and forward, and Owen's cock stuffed deep into my throat. Then that incredible wall of pleasure crashing down on me and burying me in glittering sensory overload.

Wow!

No one I knew had ever had sex with two guys at the same time! No one had ever admitted they'd even consider such a thing! For that matter I wouldn't have considered it either! But now that I'd done it – well, sort of, my only real fear was that they'd tell someone I knew. I'd become the most notorious town slut ever!

And this was the second time I'd lost consciousness! The second time in a row! Since when was that supposed to be a part of sex!? Nobody I knew had ever lost consciousness during sex! Suppose they took pictures! OmyGod! Suppose they got on the internet!

And what was I doing have sex with these guys anyway!? I didn't even know them!? I still didn't have Travis's phone number or any idea where he lived! Jesus God, what kind of an idiot was I!?

Those were the thoughts in my head, but my mind was still fuzzed by that last memory, a memory which almost seemed to echo through my body and make my pussy thrum hotly.

Even though it ached.

I fingered my clitoris, and gave a hiss, then a gasp. It felt swollen and hot, it was sore! I remembered then, Owen biting me there, for Gods sakes! So that would explain why it was sore, I supposed, but at the same time, despite that soreness, or maybe because of it, it seemed to be hypersensitive to the touch.

It hurt, yes, but a rush of heat followed my gentle caress, enough I couldn't stop. I lay back, moaning, spreading my knees wide, lightly brushing my finger across my swollen clitoris, gasping at each throb of hot pain, moaning at the swirling pleasure which followed in its wake. The orgasm took very little time, and it was a powerful one, perhaps because my mind was filled with that last few moments, and how incredibly hot they'd been.

I got out of bed and didn't bother to dress. I went downstairs and got something to eat, then brought it back up and sat on the sofa, kind of slumped back, to be honest, with my legs spread, because I was still really sensitive there. It was hard to concentrate on TV, or even on breakfast. My mind was filled with sex and the wild events of last night.

I dressed in a denim skirt and tank top as I headed out. Riding a bike with a denim skirt, especially one that was kind of short wasn't easy if you didn't want to flash the world. Fortunately, there wasn't much in the way of people around. I went to Mr. Phipps first, because my next stop was the General Store, to pick up a dress my mom had dry cleaned.

I was a little leery standing there at his door in the short skirt, given how he'd behaved the other day, but after all, he was a little old man and I wasn't really worried about him. I knocked, and after a few seconds he answered the door, beaming at me.

“Hello, Hannah. My, you're looking beautiful today!”

'Uhm, thanks, Mr. Phipps,' I said. 'I was wondering if you found out anything about that coin.'

'I did indeed! It's quite a valuable coin! Come in!'

Well, I couldn't exactly refuse. I walked into the little house, and he led me over to a table next to the stairs.

'Look at this, my pretty girl,' he said.

Pretty girl?

I looked at the screen, and there were pictures of the gold coin, several of them, all with numbers next to them. Large numbers. My eyes got large too.

'These are coins for sale, the same coins, and you'll notice the prices range from about \$1500 to over \$2000,' he said. 'That depends on their quality, and this one looks just about as fresh minted as a coin put out by the mint last month!'

'You mean this coin could be worth two thousand dollars!'

'It could well be, my dear!'

'Wow! Where all do you sell them?'

'Why, you'd have to go into a place like Missoula, or better yet, Billings. You might get better prices at a big city, though, like Portland or Seattle.'

'That's a lot of money!' I exclaimed.

I could get a car for that! Not a good car, but at least a car! Or maybe a motorcycle! Motorcycles cost less and had lower insurance.

I noticed about then that Mr. Phipps had his hand on my the back of my leg, kind of high up, and was stroking it up and down, and getting higher. I gulped and pushed his hand away.

'Mr. Phipps,' I said disapprovingly.

If you're looking for money, Hannah, I can think of several ways you could make quite a bit of it,' he said, giving me a strange kind of smile.

“Uh, like what?”

“Well, there's the Moonrise up on the highway, and then there's a few gentlemen like myself who wouldn't mind paying for company now and then...”

His hand returned to my thighs, sliding up under my short skirt, and I helped and danced aside.

“Mr. Phipps! You stop that! You ought to be ashamed!” I said.

“Darling, I'm only doing what comes natural!” he protested.

I snatched my coin and stormed out, with him calling after me, telling me he had a hundred dollars right then and there for me!”

I'd never known him to be so rude! Suggesting I go and work at the Moonrise!? That was a strip club up the highway!

I got on my bike and headed for Ronson's. I passed Jimmy Poindexter as he was coming out, and yelped as his hand came down and gave my butt a squeeze.

I turned and glared at him and he winked at me as the door closed. Of all the nerve! Though at least he was someone more my age, being a senior now, and having been a year below me in high school.

There wasn't any point yelling at a closed door, though, so I went in and got a coke from the fridge, then took a drink. As I lowered my arm I saw this middle aged guy I didn't really know looking at me very intently, and flushed in irritation, heading up the aisle to ask Mr. Ronson for mom's dress. He looked at me funny too!

What was with the men in this town all of a sudden.

He gave me the dress, but when he handed me the change his fingers kind of rubbed against the palm of my hand. Ick! I glared at him and stalked out, coke in one hand, dress in the other. I looked down, but the skirt wasn't all that short. I mean, I'd worn it before, for heavens sakes! And the tank top, well, it might be a bit tight, but again, it wasn't like it was the first time I'd worn it!

I rode back to my place. This was a work-day, after all, and I had a few chores at

home to do before I made something to eat and headed for work.

Two thousand dollars! That was a fortune! I'd have to get to Seattle or somewhere big, though. But I might be able to hitch a ride with someone going that way – someone reliable and polite.

Maybe I could persuade Travis to go...

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“You bastard!

That was how I greeted Travis that night when he showed up at my door.

He frowned at me. “Where I come from, that sort of accusation is considered cause enough for a man to demand satisfaction,” he said.

I stared at him.

“A duel,” he said.

“Oh don't be any dumber than you already are! You brought a – .”

And that was about as far as I got before his lips were on mine. His hands were around me and gripping my butt, and then he was physically lifting me up, turning me, and sitting me on this little, itty bitty table set against the wall. It was no more than a foot deep, made to hold a telephone and not much else. It sure wasn't meant for people to be sitting on, and rocked beneath me as his body crushed me against the wall!

But boy, he was one great kisser! Or have I mentioned that before? It didn't take too long, like, maybe a few seconds, until my hands, which had started pushing against him, were up on his shoulders, and then in his hair, pulling him in against me.

The heat rose like a rocket inside me! He was already between my legs, and the way he was pressed against me had him grinding himself against my pussy, with my legs wide open! I had not worn panties again, for the same reason I hadn't the other day, and I shuddered and moaned as I felt his erection behind the rough cloth of his trousers.

I was wearing another nightie, much like the one he'd torn up yesterday, but bigger and longer so as to be more respectable, until he yanked it right up and off of me to leave me naked! I was starting to wriggle against him, though, despite the heat, aware that my mom was asleep upstairs! It was a wonder she hadn't heard the noise in my bedroom earlier, but then again, the floor below me, which was her ceiling, was insulated, so it took a good deal more noise than normal to be heard through it.

Trying to work up the will to fight him was like swimming through quicksand! I didn't want him to stop, even though... I did!

Then his hands scooped me up so that I was in his arms. He turned and knelt with me still clinging around him, then lay me down on the floor, falling atop me, still grinding into me so that my pussy ached and burned with wildfire excitement at the same time! I let my legs fall away from him, though, from where they'd been clinging as he carried me, and moaned as he ground himself even harder against me!

“T-T-Travis!” I moaned. “Travis! W-We have to go upstairs!” I gasped.

“Do we?” he said, pulling at my hair and chewing his way down along the nape of my neck. “Do we have to go upstairs so I can punish you for your rudeness and disrespectful words?”

I moaned as he ground himself deliberately into me, and he pulled up and back, his eyes fierce and hot. He gripped my leg and flipped me over onto my belly, and I gasped, then moaned as he jerked my hips up high.

*Crack!*

“Oh! Travis!” I gasped. “Travis, please!”

*Crack!*

“Nasty little girl,” he said. “Calling me names like that.”

*Crack!*

I tried to push myself up. “M-My mother will – .”

*Crack!*

“She won't hear a thing,” he said with absolute assurance as he shoved my upper body back down again.

“W-we have to – !”

“Oh very well,” he said.

He got stood up, and I groaned, pushing myself up off my face, but as soon as I was on my hands and knees I felt him jerk on my hair, and I stumbled forward.

“Oh! Travis!” I gasped.

“If you're worried about her waking up you had best not make so much noise.” he said.

He had my long hair wrapped around his fist, and kept pulling forward, making it impossible to stand up! Instead I crawled awkwardly towards the stairs, with him tugging on my hair and walking alongside me. I crawled up the freaking stairs!

I should have been angry at him, but I was still soooo aroused, and my mind was so fuzzy with heat and hunger that I only moaned and gasped and crawled up until the second floor, then let him lead me along it by the hair to the attic door.

Then it was up another flight of stairs, still gasping and whining in complaint, but not really protesting much, grateful, in a strange way, that we were past my mom's and the door to the attic was closed to help block any sounds.

“Down,” he ordered, reversing his pull on my hair by pushing down on my head.

I gasped, my face and upper body pushed down against the floor.

*Crack!*

“Raise that bottom, naughty girl.”

“Ow! Travis!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“High.”

I moaned, obeying him.

“Arms out in front of you, along the floor.”

He positioned me as I'd been before, my bottom raised high, my breasts pillowed out against the floor beneath me as I gulped in air and my insides thrummed with sexual energy.

But then, instead of kneeling behind me, he knelt before me, and I saw... a kind of rope, a black rope in his hands. He drew my wrists together and began to wrap them around, looping the rope six times, criss crossing my wrists, then drawing it – and my wrists upward, pulling me to my knees, then to my feet.

As I said, the attic had a sharply peaked roof up high above. But there were still roof beams running horizontally across it quite a ways lower. One of them ran from side to side just where the steep stairs emerged, and that had a couple of heavy duty eye bolts set into it both right above where the stairs opened, and then further along to the side, near the fireplace.

The purpose behind them was that the stairs were so steep it was sometimes a lot easier to tie a rope around something awkward and heavy, then feed it through the eye bolts and pull from above as someone pushed from below.

But now Travis pulled over a chair, stood on it, and reached up high to feed the rope through the eye bolt near the center of the room. He hopped down, and then pulled. Hard. My arms shot up and I was tugged, stumbling over to stand right below it, staring up along the length of my arms!

He smirked at me, fed the rope over to the side and tied it around the leg of the sofa.

“Now I have you helpless,” he said.

“Travis!” I moaned.

But he kissed me again, his arms going around me, his hands onto my butt, and in a moment my legs were up around him again as the kiss went on and on! And on!

But then he pulled me legs aside and stepped back, grinning at me standing there, panting, flushed, and very obviously overheated.

“You have to learn to behave more respectfully, girl,” he said.

He ran his hands slowly up and down my body, making me shudder and moan, then moved past me, and went over to where I stored my boots and shoes, examining them. In a moment he was squatting, pulling shoe and boots off shelves, and I was wondering what in the heck he was up to. It didn't take him long, though. He turned around and had laces in his hand.

I had two pair of boots there, winter boots, and he had pulled the laces out of all four of them, as well as my hiking boots. They were long laces, all of them, and he doubled them up, grinning at me as he returned.

“Wh-what are you doing with those?” I gulped.

“I'm going to use them to punish an impertinent little girl,” he replied.

He swung his arm and the doubled laces lashed down across my breasts! I squealed in shock at the stinging impact, twisting completely around to present my back to him!

I mean, I know they were only boot laces! But six of them doubled up had a certain impact! They stung! Especially across something as tender as my hot, swollen breasts!

“Travis!”

*Thwack! The laces slashed across my bottom and I yelped and jumped, half turning around, then gasping and turning back as he swung his arm again.*

*Thwack!*

“You're going to have to learn respect,” he said.

*Thwack! The laces cut across my bottom again!*

“Ow!”

“A man expects a certain level of proper behavior from a young girl.”

*Thwack!*

“Ow! Travis!”

“You may call me sir, or Mister Warring,” he said.

*Thwack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I gasped.

*Thwack!*

The laces snapped across my back!

And for some reason I was starting to feel this was incredibly... hot. I mean, It was like I was being whipped or something! Well, in a way I suppose I was.

*Thwack! The laces fell stinging across my upper back.*

“Oww! Travis!”

*Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!*

“Mr. Warring,” he said.

“Thwack!

The laces might not sting very much individually, but a dozen of them hitting at once stung in a bunch of places! And he was swinging his arm faster.

*Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!*

The laces snapped across my flesh from shoulders to thighs, up and down, again and again as I moaned and trembled and twisted and gasped for breath. I was keeping my back to him for obvious reasons, but then he stepped forward, and I yelped as the handful of laces swept in around my ribs, snapping at my right breast.

“Ow! Please!” I gasped.

“Mr. Warring,” he said.

*Thwack! They swept around and bit at my breast again!*

“Ow! Mr. Warring!” I cried. “Please, Mr. Warring!”

Thwack! Now they swung around my ribs on the other side, biting at my other breast!

“Do you promise to be a good little girl?”

*Thwack!*

“Ow! Yes! Yes!”

*Thwack! It hit my other breast from behind!*

“Do you promise to properly respectful?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

*Thwack!*

“Yes, sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!”

*Thwack!*

“Yes, sir Mister Warring.”

“Oh! Oh! Yes, sir, Mr, Warring!”

*Thwack! The laces cut across my bottom!*

“And you promise to obey me like a good girl?”

*Thwack!*

“Ow! Yes!”

*Thwack!*

“That's not the way to answer. You need to say sir.”

“Yes, sir!”

*Thwack! The laces bit at my back this time, then Thwack! They bit at my bottom!*

“I want to hear you say it. Promise to obey and be a good little girl.”

“Thwack! They snapped at my back again!

My mind was swirling and tumbling wildly. My body was flaring white with heat, and the rope around my wrists had actually made me even more aroused. At first the stinging blows had me near panic, but I quickly determined that, well, yes, they stung, but it wasn't like I couldn't take that little bit of pain. I mean, in the end they were just boot laces.

And then I started to get turned on by this... this kinky little game of his. Or maybe I just was in such a state of heat that almost anything he did turned me on!

I twisted and cried out again and again as the laces snapped down across my back and bottom. I felt his hand on my arm, then, turning me to face him. I moaned, gulping in air, my mind frayed with heat and shock.

“Arch your back, nasty girl,” he ordered.

I moaned and stared at him.

“Do it.”

I moaned helplessly, heat rippling up through my belly as I pushed my chest out, watched him draw his hand back, and watched the bunched up laces swing forward. They cut across my breasts and I cried out, thrown back against the rope around my wrists, half twisted around.

“Stand up again and push your lovely breasts out, nasty girl.”

And I did, believe it or not, gasping and moaning as I stared, wide-eyed, and the

laces snapped down once again.

And again, and again, and again, as I stood there, trembling and twisting and half sobbing as they cut across my breasts repeatedly, then across my lower chest and belly and abdomen, and then – .”

“Spread your legs.”

I shifted my legs as far apart as I could, just the toes of my feet pressing against the floor, and the he swung the laces down to snap in between my legs.

Again I cried out, jerking back violently, legs snapping together even as my feet came out from under me briefly.

“Spread your legs.”

And I did, and again the laces cut into my pussy and thighs, and again I squealed and jerked back, twisting and sobbing.

“Spread your legs.”

“Please!” I gasped, heat churning within me and around me.

“Mr. Warring.” he said.

“Please, Mr. Warring!” I gasped.

“Spread your legs.”

I did and the laces cut in again!

Then he slid forward onto his knees, spreading my legs wide and enveloping my sex with his mouth. I cried out as his teeth seemed to bite into me, but then he was sucking, his tongue sweeping up and down across my aching clitoris, then plunging deep between the lips of my sex, then circling and caressing my clitoris once again.

My body began to... tremble, to tremble harder and harder against him, my hips grinding helplessly as his tongue drove me to the edge of insanity!

And then he stopped and used his grip on my thighs to turn me roughly around.

He pulled back and then... and then I felt his tongue at my... at my... back passage! My eyes went wide, even in the mist of the sexual fever he'd wrought in me, for this was not something I'd ever even heard of!

But his tongue swirled around my wrinkled back opening, and the sensations were... indescribable!

He pulled my hips further back, and his mouth began to lick along the length of my sex as a finger prodded me and then pushed up into my ass! I shuddered and moaned, eyes slitted as the heat seemed to bake my mind. His finger plunged in and out, then a second was added as he sucked and licked his way up and down my pussy.

I sort of, kind of knew what was going to happen as he stood up behind me, but only in a vague way, and when his cock pushed up against my back opening and slowly forced its way in I could only shudder and moan at the wild flaming hunger. It ached as he pushed up deeper, but a bright, searing desire caught hold of me and I pushed back, crying out as his cock slid even deeper.

“Naughty, nasty, bad little girl,” he said.

His hands clamped around my thighs from the front, forcing them further apart as he thrust forward, far enough apart my feet left the floor, but that didn't seem to bother him. He began to stroke, pumping, pulling back, jamming himself deeper with every stroke.

He pulled my thighs wide and then back, so that my legs were actually behind him as he began to pump in earnest, having worked my back passage free enough. My hips swung a bit in and back as he jerked on my thighs, and his big cock plunged ever deeper into my belly, until finally his hips were slapping against my buttocks.

It felt quite a bit different back there than it did in my pussy. For one thing, I felt this cramping ache in the pit of my belly whenever he thrust deep. But it was still penetration, deep, hard, continuing, thrusting penetration, and my mind burned because of it, and maybe even because of how wicked and nasty it was to do this, to ... to be fucked in the ass!

That was certainly not something I'd ever imagined letting a guy do to me!

And then the orgasm hit, hit in the echo of one deep, hard thrust! I cried out in animal heat as it rolled over me, cried out again at the next deep, had thrust, and again at the next, as they came hard and fast! Every one of them sent the orgasm screaming higher, as Travis pounded his cock up into my belly with savage strokes!

I felt my insides were being pulped! And I didn't care in the slightest! I cried out again and again, the orgasm a howling storm of sensations as I swung back fast and furiously against his pounding hips, repeatedly impaled on his stiff cock!

## Chapter Five

I didn't lose consciousness this time, though for a long minute I was only standing up because of the ropes around my wrists. I would have fallen over on my rubbery legs otherwise.

My chin was on my chest, my eyes slitted, and as they opened, as my shattered mind came together again, it struck me how... pink my skin was. It was pink all the way down, but criss-crossed with thin dark lines. Then it struck me that it was the lines which were pink, and there were so many of them my skin was discolored.

I didn't have much time to contemplate what had happened, though, because Travis was suddenly standing in front of me. He filled his fists with large chunks of hair on either side of my head, and jerked them up and back as I cried out in startled pain. I found myself staring at him from inches away, unable to move my head.

“Who am I?” he demanded in a soft growl.

I was beginning to wonder myself!

He jerked on my hair sharply. “Who am I?”

“I-I.. Tra – .”

He jerked my hair sharply again.

“Mr. Warring, you mean?”

He pulled my head forward and crushed my lips with his, then gave me one of those soft, all-consuming kisses I'd started to get used to, where, at first, it almost felt as if his lips were melting against me! Then his tongue slid into my mouth, and, controlling the movement of my head, he kissed me hard and it seemed, without the need to breath!

Then he abruptly pulled back.

“Who am I?”

“I-I... Tra – .”

He spun me around and his hand slapped my bottom stingingly several times.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Then he spun me around again, grabbing my hair one more, jerking my head roughly up and back so that his eyes were again within inches of mine.

“Who am I?”

“Mr. Warring!” I gasped.

“Yes. Good girl,” he said, combing his fingers through my hair.

Then he jerked my hair back even more sharply, so far back I was staring up at the ceiling as I cried out in dazed pain. A moment later I felt his mouth over my right breast, felt him sucking, his teeth ... nibbling... biting repeatedly in soft, aching little bites, around and around the taut flesh, nipping and nibbling, and then I felt a sudden sharp pain as he bit my nipple. I cried out, but the pain began to fade almost immediately.

His free hand caressed my other breast, then slid down between my legs. Two... three fingers pushed inside me as his thumb began to rapidly stroke from side to side across my clitoris! And then he began to nibble on... to chew on my other breast, his teeth biting me hard enough to ache but not quite hard enough to hurt!

He chewed his way to my nipple, and I gurgled and moaned and trembled as he alternately licked and chewed around and around my nipple, then directly on it! Then came a sudden sharp, painful bite that made me cry out again, very sharp pain that quickly faded as he began to suck and lick soothingly across my throbbing button!

His fingers pumped easily in my soft, tight, wet sex, as his thumb stroked continuously back and forth across my clitoris, and the heat swept up through my body once again, shockingly soon after the orgasm. He began to thrust his fingers almost... roughly into me, hard, fast, achingly so.

I came again, crying out, twisting and writhing, my hips bucking frantically against his fingers as heat and pleasure howled through me. My mind spun from the force of it, but even so, there was enough consciousness to feel a sense of amazement at how fast the orgasm had come before that was lost to the sheer intensity of the pleasure!

It took my breath away, took my strength away, and left me literally hanging from my wrists for a some seconds, as he finally released my hair. But then he was kneeling in front of me, spreading my legs, his mouth pushing in against me, and even before my head had cleared I began to feel the wild sexual energy taking home again!

My legs regained enough strength to stand, but only on the balls of my feet as he began to lick and chew and suck against my burning pussy. I whimpered and moaned, staring down at him, then letting my head fall back. I was still gulping in air, trying to catch my breath from the last orgasm, and already my body was beginning to thrum with sexual energy once more!

And then he was standing before me again, gripping my hair in one hand, using it to control my head, jerking it back so he was almost lip to lip. I felt his other hand push into me again, just as it had before, three fingers, then four thrusting up into the hot, tight depths of my pussy. This time the thumb seemed to press against my clitoris and stroke upward repeatedly.

“Who am I?”

“M-Mr... Wa-Warring!” I gasped in a choked voice.

And another orgasm hammered into me, as I tried to impale myself on his fingers!

He released my hair and dropped between my legs again, chewing and sucking once more, somehow rousing me again. He bit my clitoris, and I screamed, then he sucked on it and I came, screaming, my feet losing touch with the floor as my hips bucked wildly against him.

He lifted my left up and held them widely apart as he licked me through the orgasm. Then I felt a bite, a strange, almost languid bite, one which barely stung, yet which I could fully feel, so fully it was like... like I could feel his teeth, far too long, sinking into my flesh, just next to my pussy, on my inner thigh.

I moaned, barely conscious from the force of the orgasm, half hanging from my wrists, half supported by his hands on my thighs, hair spilling around my face.

His lips seemed to remain locked against my thigh, his teeth buried in my flesh, though perhaps that was just my imagination, I thought, for another orgasm seized me, and then another, and another, as my hips bucked violently and my body danced in mid-air, thrashing and twisting so that he had to clamp his hands around my thighs to hold them in place.

When he finally abandoned my thigh it was to feast on my pussy again, to rouse me, somehow, to heights of pleasure yet again, or almost to those heights. He rose up, shifting his grip on my legs, lifting them upward as if they had no weight. His legs slid down onto my ankles as he raised them up high, then pushed them back against my shoulders, then back more.

He managed to cross my ankles behind my head, and hold them there with one hand, and I shuddered, staring at him as he pushed himself into my ass again.

“Say please.”

I stared at him, sweating, hair matted against my forehead, gasping for breath.

“Say please,” he repeated.

“P-Please,” I gasped.

“Please, sir.”

“Please, sir.” I moaned.

“Please fuck me, sir,” he said.

“P-Please fuck me, sir!” I gulped.

“Please fuck me in the ass, sir.”

“Please fuck me in the ass, sir,” I moaned.

He shoved himself into me in one long, deep stroke that should have hurt but didn't. I watched it, staring down at it, easily able to see given my lower body

was tilted forward and up by the pressure of my legs pushing back over my shoulders

I stared at him, at his cock, watching it sliding forward, disappearing into my body. I felt it deep inside me, and then, my concentration began to break as he yanked it out and thrust it in again, and again, and again, and my body began to rock to the blows of his hips against my upturned buttocks as he rammed himself full into my belly again and again.

“Look at me,” he ordered.

I raised my dazed eyes and his caught me, and then it was almost like he willed me to come, and I did! I came and came, sobbing and gasping and so out of breath I almost lost consciousness as he pounded himself into me.

I don't remember how I got untied, exactly. I remember finally sinking to my knees, remember him leading me across the floor, his fist filled with my hair again as I crawled past the table, and into the part of the room where my bed was. He dragged me up by the hair until he could push me belly down across the bed.

Then he strapped my bare bottom, though I wasn't sure why. Did it matter? He strapped it until I cried, then took me from behind again, plunging into my ass and ramming into me hard and fast until spilling himself, riding me through several more orgasms in the process.

He put me to bed then, kissed me on the forehead, pulled the sheets up, and... I fell asleep...

\*

By next morning, my skin had returned to its old color, which was to say, mostly pale. There were no pink lines, and nothing to remember the strapping by. My clitoris was still swollen and sore, though, and now so were my nipples.

In fact, they were hard, and they stayed that way, hard and sensitive to the slightest touch. They ached when I touched them, just as my clitoris did, but it was a darkly delicious ache which brought pleasure in its wake. I masturbated there on the bed before getting up, then again in the bathroom.

There was a diner in town, or rather, a kind of mixture of gas bar, diner, and corner store. It was as much of a hangout as Paris had, and I went in looking to see if any of the people I knew were there, hoping to ask them if they were intending to travel to Seattle or Portland any time soon so I could hitch a ride.

It was never very busy, of course. But if you were looking to find people, anywhere but at their homes or work or farms, this was where they'd likely be.

The first guy I saw was Mark Phillips, who was filling up his Jeep at the gas bar. He'd been in high school with me, so I wandered over to talk to him. His eyes seemed to brighten momentarily, when he saw me, then they seemed to change a little.

“Hey, Mark,” I said.

“Hannah,” he said, in a strangely eager voice. “Haven't seen you in a while.”

“Well, you know with me working evenings and all... “

He had abandoned the gas hose and moved toward me, his right hand sliding around my side and drawing me in against the car.

“Uhm, Mark,” I said uncertainly.

“You are really incredibly hot!” he said in a kind of breathy voice.

“I ... aren't you going out with – mmph!”

He kissed me, hard, too, eager, like an adolescent, his arms going around me quickly and squeezing my ass. I struggled as much from surprise as anything else. He'd never been my boyfriend or anything, and he was living with Carol Simpson!”

His hand came up and cupped my breast and I felt a burst of heat ripple through me that almost took my breath away, but I still managed to push him back and twist away.

“Wh-whatever are you doing!?” I gasped.

“I just can't resist you, Hannah,” he said, starting forward.

I pushed my hands out against his chest, shoving him back.

“I ain't your girlfriend. You got a girlfriend!” I exclaimed.

“Carol wouldn't mind,” he insisted.

Carol was a bitch who'd never liked me. She would definitely mind!

“Hey, wait!” he said as I stalked off.

But he had to get the hose out of his car, first, and I hurried inside, shaking my head at the nerve of the guy!

I went in through the gas bar entrance, and Max Riley, the guy who owned the place looked up from the counter, and his eyes seemed to widen.

“Hey, beautiful,” he said, starting to rise.

“Hey, Max,” I said, just giving him a wave as I passed through.

The gas bar, diner and store were all in the same building, and I was now in the store part, and spotted Dale Foster there with his father getting something.

“Hey, Dale,” I said, waving my hand in a wave.

They both looked at me and smiled, but they got that same weird look Max and Mark had as I came up to them, and it was making me uncomfortable, especially since Dale's father was like, Dale's father, you know?

“You sure are looking hot today, Hannah,” Dale said.

I looked down at myself to see if somehow I'd put on something see through. But no, I was wearing my denim skirt again, since I didn't want anything (including panties) putting pressure against my clitoris. I wore a tank top that did display some belly, all right, and had a kind of wild pattern of blue, black and purple on it I hoped would disguise my stiff nipples.

It looked to be accomplishing that, though I have to admit, it was a bit tight against my chest. Still, nothing that unusual.

“What are you doing this Friday?” Dale asked, his hand sliding around me to

draw me in closer.

“Ahm, I uh, I mean, I was...”

“You could do a lot worse than this one, Dale,” his father said, his hand sliding onto my shoulder and giving it a squeeze.

“I was wondering, uhm, if you were planning on going – .”

His hand slid down onto my ass, which was disconcerting as all get out, especially with his father standing right in front of me! And then his father put his hand on my bare belly!

“Look at how flat and firm and toned she is,” his father said, rubbing my abdomen and stomach.

“Hannah's always kept herself in shape,” Dale said, giving my bottom a squeeze. “I don't know as I'd call her flat, though.”

The two of them laughed and stared at my breasts!

“I uh, gotta go!” I gulped, pushing their hands away.

“Wait!” Dale called. “I was wondering if you wanted to go to the movies Friday?!”

“Call me later,” I said over my shoulder.

Not that I was gonna answer! Of all the nerve!

Kyle Baxter was sitting in a booth across from Shannon Forrester, and I went over to them, a bit breathless.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hey,” they both said, very bright eyed and happy to see me.

Was I getting a lot more popular suddenly or what?

Kyle slid over in the booth and all-but pulled in to sit next to him, across from his girlfriend.

“I was wondering...”

“You sure are looking fine these days, Hannah,” Kyle said.

“Uh, thanks,” I said “I was – .”

“That's a nice skirt. You wear that before? It really shows off your legs.”

I blinked in surprise.

“You should wear short skirts more often, Hannah,” Shannon said.

I stared at her in surprise.

“It's just a denim skirt,” I said, blushing a little. “I got to do the laundry and – .”

“Looks even better when you're sitting down,” Kyle said with a grin at my legs.

I gulped and looked at Shannon again. It looked like she was staring at my chest!

“You're not wearing a bra, are you?” she asked.

I blushed.

“Like I said, I got to do the laundry but I was just – .”

“She doesn't need a bra. Her boobs are so firm looking,” Kyle said.

His hand landed on my thigh and started stroking up and down as he grinned at me.

“Uhm, you guys are – .”

“Yeah, I wish mine were that perfect,” Shannon said with a sigh. “I always envied your breasts in school, Hannah,” she said.

I stared at her again.

“She got nice ones, huh?” Kyle said, his fingers gliding up under my skirt.

I grabbed his wrist.

'Hey!'

“Her breasts are like these perfect bowls on her chest, perfect curves, you know, with these cute little nipples in the exact center.”

I stared at her, shocked and embarrassed. Yes, we'd been in gym class together, but I had no idea she was staring at my – .

“Hey!” I gasped as Kyle moved his hand from between my legs to give my breast a squeeze.

“Feel very firm, and she's got hard little nipples,” he said.

I slapped his hand away but it dropped into my lap and pushed right up under my skirt. I grabbed at his wrist but his fingers had found my pussy, and almost as soon as I felt them against my clitoris I felt a tremendous jolt of heat that made me gasp and made my eyes spin!

“Kyle!” I gasped.

But he was kissing me now, and Shannon wasn't doing anything but looking on excitedly as her boyfriends fingers rubbed eagerly against my way, way too sensitive clitoris!

“She ain't wearing no panties,” Kyle moaned as his fingers pushed against me.

I willed my legs to snap tightly closed, but they had a mind of their own in the face of that incredible heat that was already billowing up inside me! They spread apart and I lost the ability to speak as his fingers pushed into me and he began to stroke my clit. I moaned, then as he bent over, his mouth taking in the center of my breast through the tank top as he bit into me and started sucking.

I was finding all of this shocking and was highly indignant and outraged and all of that, but I wasn't able to do much about it. It was like when you're having a dream, and you want to run away or something, but your body just doesn't seem to be cooperating. My body was swept with desire as I ground myself against Kyle's fingers, and felt a suffocating wave of heat roll up over me.

Shannon had slid completely around the booth so she was next to Kyle, and had a hand on his crotch as she eagerly looked over his shoulders at me! Her other

hand reached over to try to join his thrusting in between my thighs.

It was knowing I was getting ready to climax that finally tore me free. I mean, yeah I really wanted an orgasm! But I didn't want it here! There were other people in the diner, which was mostly quiet, and I had taken to making a lot of noise when I climaxed of late!

I tore myself free somehow and practically ran from the diner! I passed through the store part, and into the gas bar, then halted, seeing Mark still outside. I spun away, and walked hurriedly through the garage, which had an open bay out back. I was just about out when Reece Dunlop appeared. I literally ran into him, but he caught me before I could fall down.

He was Max's mechanic, and he was wearing a greasy gray t-shirt and jeans. He seemed normal, for about a second. Until he touched me, then his eyes went wide.

“Hannah!” he said, as if all the air was leaving him.

I jerked my hand free and hurried past him. “Hi, Reece, Sorry. Gotta go.”

I went around the corner and there was Max. His eyes lit up when he saw me.

“Hey, Hannah. Long time no see!”

“Max I – “

And then he had me pressed against the side of the building, his hand up under my skirt, and I was freaking done for! Another hand touching me there just sent the heat skyrocketing inside me, and all I could do was tremble and shake as he bent over and began to kiss me. A moment later Reece was there, leaning in too!

His hand pushed up under my tank top and closed around my breast! I felt another wild surge of heat that had my hips grinding helplessly against Max's hand. Then Max jerked up the tank top and bent to suck and chew on my bare breast! Reece gripped my hair and tilted my head up and his lips crushed mine just as the orgasm hit!

Which was a good damn thing because I started to cry out in helpless passion, writhing and thrashing and twisting in wild, animal heat as the pleasure erupted

from me and shattered my mind!

I slid down the side of the building, moaning, as the men fumbled with their jeans and jerked their cocks out. Some part of me which was still rational knew I had to do something about that and do it fast. Another part of me stared at those cocks in fascination and delight.

I soon had one in each hand as I rose on my knees, I took Reece in first, because his was the prettiest, and the biggest and longest. I moaned around it as I began to suck, while I pumped my hand up and down on Max's own cock. I bobbed quickly on Reece, then turned to Max, taking that into my mouth as I pumped my hand on Reece's slick cock.

I shifted back to Reece, and this time took him deep into my throat.

That was all it took. He came, gurgling and moaning, grasping my head and the wall, umping into me for all he was worth until his legs sagged and he stumbled back and away. I turned to Max, and took him deep into my throat, too, and just like with Reece, that took his breath away, and drained away all his excitement and heat.

That was how I was able to get the hell out of there, hoping they'd both keep their damn mouths shut. They were both married men, after all!

What the hell was going on with me!? What the hell was going on with the men in town!? Not to mention Shannon!? Did I have a Fuck me sign on me now!? It was like I was suddenly the most incredibly sexy thing they'd ever seen in their lives, and that made no damn sense to me! Yeah, I'm attractive, and I have a nice body. But it's not like it had changed over the course of a couple of days!

Though it had, in a small way. My nipples were still hard and throbbing, and the slightly brush of my fingers, or anything else, made me gasp at the power of the sensations that flooded through my breasts, and then into my chest and groin and head. My clitoris was the same. Why were they still so incredibly sensitive?!

Because Travis had bitten them!? That made no sense whatsoever!

## Chapter Six

The counter was really busy that evening. There was a wedding party there, which was no big deal. They drain the rink so you can fit in about as many people and tables and chairs as you like. But still, there wasn't all that many people. It was just that a lot of them seemed to be congregating around the food counter.

Like, a lot of them.

Men were coming onto me all evening! And I mean MEN, not guys! Oh, guys were, too. Yeah, but most of the people attending the wedding were men, like in their thirties and forties and fifties. And they were all staring at me like a dog at a nice juicy steak, a starving dog. I swear, I was afraid at times that one or more of them would climb over the counter!

I got asked out fourteen times. I got asked... for lewd things, even more often. I was still wearing that ugly brown on brown uniform which believe me is far from sexy as you can get this side of one of those Muslim burqua things, but it didn't seem to matter. Every time I made change my hand got grabbed until I had to yank it back!

It was freaking weird!

Several men had to whisper to me about just how big their units were, and how much the girls loved them. Oh, and speaking of girls. Yes, a few of the women let me know they were curious about what it was like to sleep with a girl, and kind of inviting me to satisfy that curiosity.

No THANK you!

Except that, well, I was horny all evening. I wasn't out-of-my-mind horny like when Max or Kyle got their hands on my pussy, but I was pretty darn turned on. I was hot enough that I considered a number of those offers, including the ones to just come back behind the rink and bend over!

Not real seriously, but I did give them some consideration.

But no, I just wanted the evening to be over so I could see Travis! If I could possibly do it I needed to talk to him! Well, I wanted to fuck him like a bitch in heat, too, of course, but I was hoping we could talk, too!

Mister Warring! I knew what that sort of thing was about. I mean, I'm not stupid. I have the internet, you know. I know about those sorts of kinky things, even if they never held a lot of interest for me before. The few guys I'd had sex with before Travis were more than happy to just have sex. They didn't need anything weird or different to add to their happiness.

Travis, though, was clearly a kinky sort of guy. And frankly, I didn't really care that much if he tied me up as long as the pleasure was as incredible as it had been so far. But it was concerning how I was losing control around other people, and even more worrying how they were losing control around me!

I could see me becoming a nympho given how incredible my sex life had been lately, but I didn't understand how everyone else could turn into horny dogs at the same time. I'd lived in Paris over eighteen years and never had one female come on to me. Now I'd had five in one day!

And why was it my nipples were so hard and sensitive!?! Not to mention my clitoris! He hadn't bitten me that freaking hard! And if he had there'd be, like, damage visible. But there was nothing! There was no sign of anything. But my nipples were swollen and tingling, and incredibly stiff and sensitive! Just rolling them between my fingers took my breath away!

I didn't understand any of this, and I darned well needed to! I was afraid to go outside for fear of someone attacking me! Worse, I was afraid they wouldn't even have to, that like Max, all they'd have to do was touch me and I'd melt in their arms!

So then I thought, well, if I'm horny, I should masturbate, and then I wouldn't be horny again. It wasn't a dumb idea, since it sure always worked in the past. It didn't work out very well this time, though. I started out with my fingers, which was more than enough to make me climax pretty powerfully.

But the climax didn't really ease my hunger at all. And I felt a growing desire for penetration, for having something deep inside me. My fingers weren't enough!

Oh, they were at first, but then I graduated to a slender makeup bottle, then to the Pepsi bottle again, and finally found a cucumber in the fridge, squatted over it right on the floor, and sank my aching, burning, wildly overheated pussy all the way down it until I was practically impaled!

I had orgasm after orgasm, and not only did they not become harder to have they were becoming easier, and quicker! I wound up squatting in the corner of the kitchen, my back against the corner of the cabinet, the cucumber deep inside me, with just a few inches remaining outside.

There I sort of pushed my weight down quickly and repeatedly, unable to take it deeper because I was already totally stuffed! But the repeated pressure, the jamming up against the back wall of my pussy, made me come again and again as my fingers stroked my clitoris and squeezed my breasts!

I wound up falling over onto my shoulders, still bringing myself off, then rolling onto my back, drawing my knees up and back, still rubbing, and still crying out in pleasure.

Frazzled, sweating, gasping for breath, my trembling hands grabbed another cucumber out of the fridge, and I sat down on it, taking it up into my ass! Oh, wow it hurt! I mean, taking both of them inside me was incredibly painful! Sort of! The thing is, the pain was almost totally screened off by the wildfire pleasure, and all I could do was come and come.

And no matter how many orgasms I had my heat and hunger never diminished! The only reason I finally stopped was I barely had the energy to open my eyes, and had to just lay there, gulping in air, moaning weakly, head pounding and chest aching.

I probably had over twenty orgasms during the attempt to wear out my hunger, which was insane, any way you cared to look at it. And none of it did anything to make me calmer or want less sex. If anything, I was becoming addicted to the orgasms, and wanted more! I mean, wouldn't anyone!? Who wouldn't want lots of orgasms!?

I was off tonight, which usually meant I would go out somewhere, but I was afraid to tonight. I was sure if I went to Rodeo's, the local bar, I'd wind up having sex with whoever wanted me, which would, based on today, just about everyone. I had to live in this town! I didn't want everyone thinking of me as the sluttiest

girl around!

Of course, with my mom due home around five, I had to put some clothes on and get control of myself. That wasn't easy. I had to have a shower (three more orgasms) and then put on a pair of pajamas, intending to tell her I was sick. That would explain why I wasn't going out and also excuse me from spending a lot of time downstairs with her.

Which was good cause my mom had a pretty active social life, if you know what I mean. She didn't spend a lot of evenings alone knitting. She's thirty six, and if you do the math you'll figure out she had me when she was still kind of young. She's gone through a lot of men since then, and is currently unattached, but that didn't mean she'd be alone this evening.

Her taste in men tended to run to the broad shouldered cowboy type with pickup trucks and not much in the way of brain power. She called me a snob for pointing that out to her, but it didn't make it any less true. And making sure I was on another floor from where she and her boyfriends were was the main reason I'd taken up residence in the attic.

I heard a knock at the attic door around six, followed by her voice drifting up from below.

“Hannah, honey? You home?”

“Yeah, ma!” I yelled back.

But I'd have to do better, so decided to get it over with. I trotted down the stairs and opened the door to peer out.

“I'm not feeling too well tonight so I'm going to spend the evening upstairs,.” I said.

She was wearing a green summer dress which was kind of short for these parts, but then, everyone kind of figured she was a slut anyway, specially since she worked at the truck stop.

“You look nice,.” I said.

“Well, thank you, darlin',” she said with a smile. “Me and Hank will probably go

to the Rodeo then, as long as you're sure you're okay.”

Mom wasn't the over-protective, coddling kind. I wondered what she'd say if I told her I felt so horrible I wished she'd stay home and take care of me. It was a kind of unkind thought, but her going out was just what I wanted anyway, so I wasn't about to test it.

“No, that's fine. I won't notice anyway. I'll just be watching TV.”

“Well, if you're sure,” she said, peering out from beneath very thick blonde bangs. “You know the phone number if you need me. We'll probably be home around midnight.”

“I'll probably be in bed by then,” I said.

And if I wasn't I sure wasn't going to go downstairs to watch her making out with her boyfriend!

The irony was that one of the reasons we didn't really get along that great was I'd always considered her kind of cheap and slutty, while I was more determined to get an education and be respected. Plus, of course, I resented the fact some people figured the apple didn't fall far from the tree and I'd probably turn out to be as easy as she was.

I don't mean to say I don't love my mom. But she is not overly bright. She's naïve, and she trusts men way too much. That winds up getting her repeatedly used and abused by scuzzy guys who are just looking for sex and pleasure.

So I was more than a little concerned that I was sort of falling into the same trap, in a way. I mean, I didn't consider myself dumb or naïve, and I wasn't exactly falling for Travis, but I sure was giving him whatever he wanted in the way of sex.

And I didn't even know anything about him!

Tonight, if he showed up, would be different! I was going to be fully dressed, and demand some answers before he got his sex!

There was no question he would get his sex, by the way. I wanted it too bad to deny him.

It was getting through the evening which was going to be the difficult part. For one thing, I'd have to wear clothes. I didn't want to. I wanted to go naked again, but I knew that if I did I'd start masturbating again. I wouldn't be able to help it. And that was something which seemed to have no end to it. It would drive me crazy!

If I had Travis's stupid phone number I could call him and tell him I wasn't working tonight! But no, he was still just the mysterious stranger who dropped by to screw my brains out every night! I tried looking him up on the internet, but didn't find anything. There weren't even any Warnings in the county!

This sucked!

I loved going dancing when I was off. I never got the chance when I was working because of working evenings! And now I was stuck home because if I did go out... well, who knew what might happen!?

I surfed the internet, and checked out some sites with sexy lingerie I'd have liked to buy, and one with sex toys I'd have really loved to have! Using bottles and cucumbers kind of sucked. I had brought a plastic hair jell bottle up from the bathroom, and used that to masturbate a couple of times, then tried to focus my head on something other than sex.

I looked up the gold coin on the internet, and checked for nearby coin stores. There was a couple of them in Billings, but I read some reviews saying they would give pretty poor prices, so I checked the ones in Seattle instead, then started checking out motorcycles to see what I could get with a couple of thousand dollars.

I'd never had a car or motorcycle, and the prospect of having real wheels that would let me drive around was very exciting, enough, at least, to distract me for a little while, from the sexual hunger which seemed to be a constant part of my life of late.

I masturbated a couple more times, then went downstairs and made something to eat, not wanting to be doing it when mom and her date were around. Imagine if he started getting horny around me! My mom would be so pissed off!

What if Travis didn't come by!? That would be sooo incredibly frustrating! I didn't think I could go a whole day without sex! I mean, sure I was masturbating

a lot and having orgasms, but I needed real sex! Well, maybe not needed, but I sure did want it a lot!

Mom and Hank came home. I heard the car outside, and reached over to turn up my music, though like I said, the insulation in the floor, their ceiling, was enough to shut out just about any sound.

Travis was late, and I was starting to get extremely frustrated! I masturbated another couple of times (I couldn't seem to just do it once any more) and then took to looking out the windows every thirty seconds. When I wasn't doing that I was Harry Potter, trying to keep my mind on things other than sex.

What if he didn't come tonight!?

When I heard a tapping at the window I turned my head quickly, then got up and went over to it. I breathed a huge sigh of relief to see Travis standing down in the yard waving up at me, but at the same time I felt a thrill of heat roll right through my chest and belly and into my groin!

I clung to the need to talk first, as I turned and hurried to the stairs, taking them three at a time, throwing open the door, and hurrying downstairs. Mom's door was closed, her light off, for which I was extremely grateful. Hank's pickup was still in the yard, so he would be in there with her, and hopefully, both of them fast asleep.

I opened the kitchen door and glared at Travis.

“Where have you been!?” I demanded.

He gave me a faint smile and arched his eyebrows. “Many places,” he said.

“I'm tired of your mysterious act, Mister Warring,” I said, even though my insides were starting to thrum with hunger just looking at him.

“I want a phone number, and I want to know where you live! I'm off today, for your information, and I've been sitting at home all evening instead of going dancing!”

“I'm not sure I would be the best at what you call dancing today,” he said, still standing in the doorway.

“What does that mean? You talk like you're an old man sometimes!”

“Indeed,” he said.

“And another thing – !”

And that was about as far as I got before he pulled me in against him and started kissing me. When my breasts pushed in hard against his muscular chest I just felt a big whoosh of air leaving my lungs, and then my legs were all-but wrapped around him as his hands slid up and down my back and bottom.

In short order he had my top off, and then my bottoms, and we were still in the open doorway with the sound of crickets coming in from out back!

But I'd had so much heat and hunger lately that maybe my mind was getting more resilient to it, better able to at least cope, if not fight it off. I managed somehow to twist away from him and stumble to my knees just outside the doorway.

“W-wait!” I gasped, as he turned, smiling, and pulled me back to my feet.

“Wait! Wait!” I moaned, his hands drawing me in again as I squirmed and twisted weakly.

He pulled my head up and back by the hair, and I felt his hand slide down my body, down my chest, down my belly, down my abdomen... !

“Wait! Please! Please!” I gasped, knowing the minute it touched me between the legs I'd be a goner.

“You are still worried your mother will overhear? You need not fear,” he said confidently.

“No, I need to know... why am I like this!”

He seemed surprised at the question, and pulled back a little, at least removing his hand from my body. Instead he gripped my arms, partly to keep me from falling.

“Like what?”

“My nipples are always hard now, and just touching them drives me crazy!”

He grinned lazily. “This is a bad thing?”

“And my clitoris,” I said, blushing even to say it. “I just need to touch it and it turns me into a nympho!”

He smiled and shrugged again.

“And yes, it's a bad thing when I can't go outside without men swarming around me saying rude things and wanting to have sex with me! Especially since they only need to touch me to drive me crazy hot!”

He frowned for the first time. “You are a beautiful girl. Of course, men find you desirable.”

“Five women came onto me wanting to have sex yesterday at work! Men I've known my whole life are suddenly trying to put their hands on me! It's like I'm suddenly this... this sex goddess and they can't resist the sight of me!”

“Well, understandable,” he said. “I am the same way.”

“It's different!” I moaned. “I can't even go outside!”

“That is a problem,” he said. “My memory is vague. I don't recall this being an issue in the past.”

“Of course it wasn't an issue in the past! Not that you'd know since you don't know anything about me!”

“I know everything about you, my dear girl,” he said.

“And I don't even know your phone number or how to find you!”

“You should come and live with me. Then these issues would not arise.”

I stared at him, stunned, even in the midst of the heat gripping me. “What!?”

“Yes, there is much room. You can come and live with us.”

“With us? Who do you live with? I can't just... move in together when I don't

hardly know a thing about you! And how is it my body seems in permanent heat now!?”

He sighed and looked vaguely unhappy. “Well, in all likelihood, that is my fault.”

I stared at him and he shrugged.

“Being with me... spending time with me... having sex with me... has a certain affect on a person.”

“Oh please!”

“I'm not joking,” he said.

He cupped my breasts and I shuddered as his fingers reached up to pinch my nipples.

“I would have to ask Samuel,” he said. “He is older and wiser than I. Prior to this the women I knew always lived with us. Oh there were the occasional strumpets one met, but they were there and gone quickly. I admit, however, that the... increased... sensitivity of your body was something I intended. I assure you, the thought was only to increase your pleasure. I had no idea this would be a problem for you.”

“And how could you possibly be responsible for ... my body being... sensitive?” I gulped.

He let his fingers roll my nipples and I felt my legs turn rubbery as I moaned helplessly.

“It's not difficult,” he said. “But this other thing, this idea that men find you even more irresistible now than they did before, that is something I am unfamiliar with. We could go and see Samuel, I suppose. Then you would see where I lived, as well.”

“Y-Yes!” I gulped, barely able to keep my mind from melting under the heat flowing through my body.

“Come then,” he said, taking my hand and headed for the yard.

“I can't go anywhere naked!” I gasped.

“Well, you could, actually.”

“I-I need to get dressed!” I moaned, though getting dressed was not something I really wanted to do just then.

“Very well,” he sighed.

He released my nipples, at least, whereupon I sank to my knees, trembling a little. A moment later I felt him twine my hair around his fist, then pull. I gasped, falling forward onto my hands and knees, then scrambling along as he pulled at me, heading for the stairs.

He'd done it the other night, so in a sense I was kind of, well, almost used to it. I crawled up the stairs, gasping halfway up, remembering Hank was there with my mom. What if one of them came out of their bedroom!

“Come along, little toy,” he said, pulling at my hair.

I gasped, climbing up the stairs.

“M-My mom!”

“She will not hear you.”

“Sh-she has a visitor!”

“He or she will not hear you either.”

I crawled onto the second floor, my mind scalded by heat, but tense with anxiety and fear that Hank or mom would open their bedroom door and find me like this in the hall! We crawled up the stairs to the attic, and there he finally released my hair.

“Put your face down, raise your bottom high, and spread your legs. I think I must attend to you before we go,” he said.

The wonder is I obeyed at once! I shuddered, raising my bottom high as I pressed my breasts against the cool wood of the floor!

“Arms out to either side,” he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, not really caring how I was positioned just as long as it would get me what I needed so desperately!

*Crack!*

I yelped as he struck my bottom with something... some kind of... very thin... stick!

“Raise your bottom higher,” he said, standing to one side.

I moaned, raising my bottom as high as I could while my chest was still on the floor.

*Crack!*

“Legs spread wide as an invitation to any male who sees you,” he said.

I shifted my knees wider, gulping in air, then cried out as the thing... stick slid in between my legs and traced the line of my sex. It nudged the swollen bump of my clitoris, and I gurgled helplessly, feeling my hips jerk backward.

“Nasty girl,” he said. “I know what you want.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Don't I?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“You don't tell me what to do, nasty girl. I tell you what to do.”

“Please!” I gasped.

“Ah, yes, you may beg,” he said.

*Crack!*

“But it will only be effective if you beg properly.”

Between every sharp little snap of the stick across my bottom, he thrust it between my legs and kind of sawed it back and forth along my pussy and over my clitoris! It wasn't a stick, though. I mean, a stick would be made of wood. This was something a little more flexible, and it wasn't smooth like wood. It was slightly dimpled, and made of some sort of leathery material!

Feeling it sliding across my clitoris and then, as he pushed it in harder, sliding up and down between the hot, moist, swollen lips of my sex made my hips jerk convulsively! I was like a wall of sensation! Then there'd be the sharp, stinging, focused pain of the blow across my bottom, then another wall of incredibly pleasurable sensation again!

I was feverish with heat now, my hips rolling and grinding frantically as he alternately snapped the thing across my bottom and hips, and pushed the shaft up against my pussy and rubbed it back and forth! I was pretty much beyond speech, beyond thinking, and could only react, gulping in air and moaning as he turned my head to mush and made my pussy burn like a volcano!

“Nasty, naughty little trollop.”

*Crack!*

“I think your body has only caught up to your sluttish mind.”

*Crack!*

“Clearly a girl with an unyielding need for sex.”

*Crack!*

I cried out as he gripped my hair and yanked me up and back on my knees.

“Hands behind your neck, little girl,” he ordered.

Dazedly, I complied, chest heaving as he looked down at me.

“Yes, arch your back. Show me your lovely breasts,” he said softly, reaching out with the 'stick' and sliding it down over my breasts.

I whimpered and obeyed, arching my back, staring at the thing. It had a wider handle, wrapped in something, perhaps leather, then a very narrow body perhaps eighteen or twenty inches long, and at the tip, was a thumb sized, flat flap of... leather, I thought.

“Your nipples are indeed swollen. Too big for you? Perhaps we can shrink them somewhat.”

He rubbed the flat leather tip back and forth across one horribly sharp, sparkling nipple, then drew it back and slapped it down. He didn't draw it back far, and didn't use his arm to swing it down. He was simply swinging it up and down using his wrist.

My nipple burned fiercely! It was such a wild, raw sensation of incredible pleasure, combined with the ache, that I cried out at every blow. But the blows fell so fast, the tip of the thing a blur as he swept it up and down, I could only gurgle dazedly!

Then it was my other nipple being slapped. Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

My nipples were now crackling like bare electrical wires, crackling with sexual electricity, and burning up as well! He gripped my hair and flung me forward so sharply I almost fell on my face. Then he was behind me, jerking my hips up, slapping my bottom and then.

I cried out as he thrust into me, and came, screaming! The feel of his deep, sudden penetration was so incredibly glorious I wondered how my mind could even survive the tidal wave of sensation which fell upon me! His big, hard hands gripped my hips and his body slapped against me again and again, but all that mattered was the feel of him inside me!

He was so big, so hot, so slick, so wonderful! Every deep thrust seemed to make me climax again, and he was pounding furiously against me, my mind spinning and tumbling end over end as pleasure swamped my senses! He had my hair in

his hand again as he rode me, as he pummeled me, as he drove himself into me with a wild, animal thrust that drove me into trembling, shaking, thrashing madness!

It was pleasure so completely, so all-consuming, that it blocked out the world, blotted out everything else in existence. I had no idea who I was, where I was, or what was happening. All I did was writhe in ecstasy, drowned in pleasure!

## Chapter Seven

I woke up in complete confusion. All I knew was that I wasn't anywhere I was familiar with. I was laying on a bed, a massive four poster bed. The posts were huge, thicker than my body, and they rose high overhead to a black canopy. There were black curtains drawn in around the posts and held there with tie-backs.

The sheets were black.

Silk, they felt like, or satin. I sat up, dazed, and raised my hands to my neck. There I felt something metal, smooth but hard, around my neck. Staring down at my wrists, I saw what could only be the same material wrapped around my wrists. They were... like shackles, four or five times wider than the wristband of a watch, and very black.

I saw that there were similar black metal bands around my ankles. It was easy to notice since I lay naked atop the sheets. But I wasn't shocked by them. I mean, Travis had demonstrated his interest in bondage already. I was more shocked by the room around me. It looked like something from a movie set in the sixteenth century.

The ceiling was twenty feet overhead, and the room was big enough for not one, but three chandeliers. The furniture was all glossy dark brown antiques, with black and red being the theme for most of the fabric. The rug which covered the entire floor was blood red, while two thick obsidian columns bracketed the doorway.

There was an elegant red and gold sofa positioned facing an enormous black stone fireplace, the frame trimmed in gold. Several chairs of a similar sort were positioned to the sides. Off in one corner was a sunken tub which could probably hold a dozen people with ease. It looked made of black marble.

What a dump, huh?

There were long red curtains spaced along the wall, presumably covering

windows, but when I finally got up and walked across the incredibly thick rug and pulled one open I saw nothing behind but wall.

The room was ridiculously large and luxurious to not have windows. But my main worry was where the hell it was, and how come I was naked. Well, the latter wasn't that big a surprise. I was naked the last time I could remember, which was on the floor being pounded into oblivion by Travis.

But how had I gotten here? And how long had it taken? No one was going to miss me any time soon. I knew that. My mom would go to work in the morning, and wouldn't notice me missing.

I padded nervously across to a pair of large double doors and pulled one open. Inside was another room, a walk-in closet filled with mostly black suits. Why have so many if they were all the same!?

I tried another large door, and as I opened it Travis came in, smiling faintly

“You're looking incredibly beautiful, my naughty girl,” he said.

“Wh-where am I?” I gulped.

“You asked to see where I lived. This is it.”

“But... why – .”

I reached up to the collar and he abruptly spun me about, drew my arms together behind me, then did something to lock the bands around my wrists together. Then he snapped a thin cord to the collar around my neck and pulled me out into the hall.

“Come, and we'll soon get answers to your questions,” he said.

“But – !”

I gasped as he pulled me along. He wasn't rough, but he was like a force of nature, far too powerful to resist! The hall was lower than the room had been, but still had a high ceiling. The walls were made of glossy dark brown wooden panels, the floor covered in a swirly black and red carpet. The hall was wide enough to drive a Buick down, and I felt very small as he pulled me along by

the...

Leash! I felt a gasp of indignation, but also a sudden rising heat at the thought, at the feel of the shackles around my wrists. I had never been into bondage before, but if there was one thing my body was becoming used to it was that being tied up meant incredible sex!

We reached a wide flight of stairs and stared down. The next level had high ceilings again. The floor was made of black marble, with a white streaky pattern. The walls were made of a smoother, glossy black stone that was completely without pattern. Bright crystal sconces were on the walls every ten feet or so, giving it a soft, but cold light.

The floor was cool, but not cold against my bare feet as I padded along, my head swiveling wildly from side to side, wondering who else might live there.

We rounded a corner, and the walls became more gray, though still dark. The lighting was now much more modern, and mainly recessed, and I gasped as an open room lay before us. It looked something like a board room, with a large gleaming black table surrounded by gray padded chairs. A man sat at the end of the table, and he looked up as Travis tugged me forward.

The table was long enough to hold a dozen chairs on each side. There was a fireplace recessed into the wall on either side, and long black curtains hung behind the end of the table.

The man was in his thirties, and unnaturally handsome, with broad shoulders and rugged features. He had a short, trimmed beard and medium length dark brown hair. I blushed hotly as he looked at me, my wrists jerking frantically against the shackles to try and cover myself.

“This is she, Samuel,” Travis said.

I gasped, face flaming as he gripped my hair, jerking my head up and back, and forcing my chest out.

“A pretty thing,” the older man said in a soft, deep, accented voice.

“I thought I would keep her here henceforth,” Travis said.

Samuel gave him an impatient look, then turned his eyes back to me again.

“Society is much more... organized now than it was in your day, Travis,” he said. “She'll be missed quickly, and a search will begin.”

He sounded English, as in British.

“So?”

That drew another impatient look. “When young girls go missing suspicion turns to outsiders. You know this.”

“They will not find her,” Travis said confidently.

“No, but they will watch us with increasingly suspicious eyes, and that is not something I want. She goes back.”

“But – .”

I saw Samuel glower at him, and almost felt Travis's hesitation. “She is... already attracting... certain attention.”

“Explain. No, give her over.”

Travis removed the leash thing and then pulled me forward along the big table to stand right in front of the man. Like Travis, he wore black with a white shirt beneath, but his was much more elegant and modern. He reached out and drew me into his lap, then, like Travis had a habit of doing, filled his fist with my hair and used it to pull my head up and back.

“Stop squirming, girl,” he ordered.

His order carried a certain weight to them, as if my body itself would obey him. I gulped and stiffened as he ran a single finger along my chest, down my belly, and then... I gasped, arching back even more sharply than he was pulling, as his finger slid down along my pussy.

“What have you been doing?” he demanded in annoyance.

I wasn't sure if the question was aimed at me, but I wasn't quite sure if I could

Speak just then anyway.

“I just, well, bit her a few times.”

“Bit her? You mean fed from her?”

“Well, of course,” Travis said. “But also, ah, just... enhanced her senses a little.”

“You turned her into a welf? Is that what you're saying?”

“Oh no! I mean, not really. At least, not intentionally. That is...”

I gasped as Samuel flicked my nipples.

“And these?”

“Well, yes, those. But I had no idea the mortals would be so attracted to her simply because of – .”

“You've changed her body chemistry, you fool.”

I felt fingers at my entrance, and cried out as two, no, three fingers pushed deep into my pussy.

“Yes, you've been biting her in entirely too many places,” Samuel said in an irritable voice. “You can practically see the pheromones filling the air, its so thick with them.”

“I don't see anything,” Travis said.

Samuel snorted. “No, but if you were a human you'd be panting over her by now.”

“I-I don't understand!” I moaned.

Travis shoved me down and I found myself on my knees on the floor next to Samuel's chair. I looked up, blanched, and tried to drop my head again.

“Look at me,” he ordered.

His voice wasn't harsh or loud, but it was... compelling. Without thinking about

it, my head raised and I looked at him. He had the most piercing eyes... And I felt a sense of incredible power and self-assurance, of wisdom, but also a cool, hard ruthlessness. He frowned at me and I gulped anxiously, but still couldn't look away.

“Your name is Hannah?”

I nodded shakily.

“Do you believe in vampires, Hannah?”

The question seemed ridiculous and completely out of place.

“N-No,” I gulped. “Of course not.”

“Travis,” he said.

I felt Travis dropping to his knees behind me, and gasped as my head was drawn back by the hair. His mouth came down against the side of my throat and then... I cried out as I felt his teeth sinking into my throat! My eyes went wide, and I squirmed wildly, but ... there really wasn't any pain to it, even though I could feel his teeth sinking deep into my flesh!

I shuddered and trembled in fear as I heard him sucking, heard him swallowing, and slowly felt a coolness come over me as Samuel looked down calmly.

“Travis has fogged your mind during previous feedings,” he said. “But surely you remember bits and pieces of them even if your mind shied away from the truth. Did you not wonder why you never saw him during the day?” he asked with a shake of his head. “Silly child.”

I didn't really struggle. Well, I couldn't have gotten away, with my wrists shackled behind me. I could have struggled, though, despite how suddenly frightened I was. But I just shook and trembled, as if my muscles were too frozen to actually do anything else!

And then I felt the fear fall away from me, along with anxieties and worries as I looked up at Samuel.

“It is among our abilities to help lull the mind,” he said. “Or to give it pleasure

instead of pain.”

I felt a deep strangeness. I mean, I was considering his words, and the fact that Travis was still sucking at my throat, but without any sense of fear or concern. It was almost as if I were reading a text and considering my response to it.

“But I don't understand how you can do that,” I said. “Or how you can even exist without anyone knowing.”

“Not everything is understood by science,” he said. “And the fact vampires have been so much a part of popular entertainment for so long in your culture mean such stories, should they arise, will be dismissed as fiction and hysteria.”

He reached down and caressed the side of my face, the other side from where Travis was... feeding. His hand slid down under my chin, cocking my head up a bit more.

“Of course, that presumes that we do not do silly things which will cause the authorities to show us their attention.”

He flicked his eyes to my side. “Enough, Travis,” he said.

I felt some resistance from Travis, but then he pulled back and I swayed a little, while Samuel steadied me with his fingers under my chin.

“Travis has done two things, one of which is understandable, the other of which was rather foolish.”

He gave Travis an unfriendly look before turning his eyes back to me.

“He clouded your mind, both to confuse you about his feeding, and to give you more pleasure than you would have felt otherwise. The reason for the latter should be obvious. The more sexual pleasure he gave you the more you would welcome him back for more.”

He drew his fingers back and my chin moved with them, almost of its own accord, as I rose on my knees and then sort of bent over to put my head in his lap as he stroked my head.

“The other thing he did was to inject a small amount of venom... this is the

venom which eases the pain for those we feed upon – into parts of your body where they should not be placed. This has caused the nerve endings in those parts of your body to become... strengthened, the sensations much more... intense. But injecting that venom has also changed your body chemistry.”

He gripped a small tendril of hair and pulled gently, and I found myself moving forward, pushing myself to my feet, then straddling his chair and sitting down in his lap, facing him. I still felt no fear, no anxiety, no worries, but no particular excitement or sexual interest either.

“You might wonder at how such a small thing could have such a profound effect on you,” he said. “Your scientists, however, will tell you that the DNA of humans is nearly identical to that of chimpanzees, over 98% similar, in fact. In this case, your body chemistry was changed only slightly, but this is enough for you to give off a certain kind of pheromone which is nearly irresistible to humans, particularly males.”

“I do not understand what this word means,” Travis said.

Samuel rolled his eyes up at him, then back at me.

“Travis was born in another era,” he said. “Of course, so was I. However, I have ridden the years into this age while Travis was unfortunately, sleeping.”

“Sleeping,” Travis snorted.

“He was buried deep beneath the earth as a punishment more than a century ago,” Samuel said, “And only recently awakened. He has much to learn about modern life.”

“I'm not – .”

“And he was young when he died,” Samuel said, overriding Travis, “Not much older than you. He had much to learn even in his time.”

His hand cupped my breast gently, and I felt a warmth spread through my body. It wasn't the harsh, sudden heat that I felt with Travis, but a slow, blooming thing. His hands massaged my breasts gently and I felt the heat rising, felt my breath quickening. When his thumbs began to stroke across my nipples I moaned involuntarily, my head rolling back as they started to thrum and throb with

energy and heat.

“In times past, it was known what the use of our venom could do, but girls like yourself were kept in the lair, not allowed to stay in their communities,” he said. “Since pheromones do not affect us this was not an issue. It was seen as a benefit for you, a gift, affording you much greater pleasure. You can see, however, the result when an untended welf is left out in the community. As the affect grew you would have been mobbed.”

I let out a helpless squeak as one of his hands slid down my now trembling belly and gently rubbed against my clitoris. I arched back again, gulping in air as the heat became a sweltering, if invisible cloud around me, clinging to my body, hot and humid so that beads of perspiration began to appear on my skin.

“A welf is what we term a girl like yourself,” he said. “But there is a means to control your... attractiveness to humans. It simply lies beyond Travis's current strength and power.”

I stiffened and jerked back convulsively again and again as a massive orgasm tore through my body! I arched back across the table, my head twisting and rolling and banging against the wood as convulsions wracked my body. It seemed to go on and on, my mouth wide in a breathless, gurgling cry of deep, mindless ecstasy, my hips bucking violently as the climax went on and on... and on!

He pulled me back upright as the orgasm faded, and as I swayed, dazed, eyes slitted, gasping for breath, my head pounding as he combed the hair out of my eyes.

His hands caressed my cheeks again, then slid down my body and behind me to cup my buttocks and lift me up. He did so as easily as if I was made of paper, and then, when he eased me down, I felt the thick hardness pressing against my sopping opening.

I shuddered weakly as I slid slowly down its long length, moaning again, yet despite how blasted my mind had been, I felt myself glorying in the deep, thick, hard penetration as I sank down further and further. It ached, my pussy lips feeling horribly stretched and strained, but I loved it!

I slid down his length until it was jammed painfully deep inside my belly, but the

pain was nothing compared to the deep sense of satisfaction, and sudden intensifying of the heat and hunger within me. It also soon faded, leaving me feeling ... stuffed, with him, still facing him.

“There are vampires, and then there are vampires,” he said, fingers sliding through my hair again. “The fiction is right about that much. The strength of a vampire depends on his age, to some extent, but also an innate power which comes from strength of will. Travis is fairly young, as we define the years, but I am not. I am much more powerful than he.”

His hands slid up and down my back, kneading my buttocks repeatedly.

“Your skin is deliciously soft, Hannah,” he said.

I felt his hands on the shackles, which were locked together. A moment later they came apart and my arms separated. Almost without thought they came around in front of me, my hands sliding up over his shoulders.

And I began to... to ride him. I started slowly, gasping weakly, but as I began to move up and down I felt the arousal within me blossoming, doubling and redoubling in power and intensity! The sheer delicious wonder of feeling him moving inside me, or me moving over him, was mind blowing! Nothing in the world was so wonderful as pulling almost completely off, then sinking down the full, glorious length of him until I thought he would pierce my chest!

I rode up and down, faster and faster, gulping and gasping for breath, legs working, ignoring weak muscles, ignoring Travis looking on, all my attention fixed on the deep, all encompassing pleasure I felt as I rode up and down! And then, as the pleasure rose to almost unbearable levels, as the power of the sexual pleasure within me became more intense, his hand jerked my head forward over his shoulder as he turned his head. I felt his teeth sinking into my throat, and then... I came.

I came even more powerfully, more incredibly, intensely, gloriously powerfully, than I ever had before, the pleasure boiling through my body, surging and swirling and churning as if it wanted to burst out of me and tear my body apart! It went on and on and on until I became light-headed, and then everything blanked out.

## Chapter Eight

When my eyes came open, when awareness returned, I found myself hanging by my wrists. My wrists were throbbing, and they did ache somewhat, but not nearly as much as I would have expected as my feet moved, as my legs wakened and pushed down.

I was in a .. a prison cell. There were stone walls on three sides, and bars on the fourth. I was shackled to one of the walls, the back wall, which faced the bars. My wrists were above my head, still in the metal shackles, fastened to chains now, which were bolted to the wall.

Once I was awake I was no longer hanging from my wrists, but the wall was rough and cold against my back, and I was still naked.

My mind was whirling, as it wakened, finding it extremely difficult to believe Samuel about there being vampires. Okay, so Travis had bitten my neck, and... and maybe Samuel had, as well. That didn't mean there were vampires! They were just crazy!

As for why people had suddenly found me to be so hot, well, maybe my losing my virginity had made me feel more sexual and act more sexual! And my stiff nipples and swollen clitoris... well, I didn't really have an answer for that...

Or for why I was so incredibly aroused so often and having those amazing orgasms!

I felt something, a sort of awareness in my head, a kind of strange deep empathy with... with Samuel. I knew it was him, somehow. I felt a sort of solid, oddly comforting presence, as if he were nearby, though I knew he wasn't. He was ... higher than me and off to my left somewhere. How I knew that... I had no idea.

But I didn't feel any great sense of panic or fear at waking and finding myself chained up in a ... a dungeon. And that in itself was kind of strange!

I looked down at my body and saw that my nipples were still aroused, not that I

really had to look. I could feel them tingling, could feel the skin straining tautly around them.

I wondered why I was here. If they were really vampires they were supposedly way stronger than me, so why did they need to chain me up?

*We have a very deeply ingrained society here, Hannah, and it is based on power and obedience.*

I blinked and stared around me, wondering where his voice had come from!

*In some ways, it's an almost feral existence, for some of our brethren can be quite close to their instincts if not controlled, Samuel's voice continued. Travis has an... interest in what your modern culture calls bondage, and while I don't have the same interest I do think it will aid in helping you to understand the need of submission and obedience.*

*You are, after all, without power, and at the mercy of all. It is necessary for you to demonstrate a measure of respect and obedience. Travis's interest will help in this respect.*

I had come to understand that somehow or other the voice was in my head, and that shook me far more than being bitten in the neck could!

“How can you ...”

*You and I are now joined, in a sense. I have made you mine so that my influence can help stabilize your body, and thus your mind. This will also make your body more resilient, less damage prone, and quicker to heal damage, his voice said.*

“Does that mean I can go home?” I asked the air.

*You will soon be able to move among humans without creating, as the media say, a scene. Which is good. Humans can be of great use to us, being able to move around during the day.*

“But – .”

A figure appeared behind the bars, and I stared at Travis as he stared back. He unlocked the bars and opened the door, then stepped inside, not looking entirely

happy. In fact, he looked a little sullen.

“H-How old are you?” I gulped.

He frowned as if surprised by the question, then shook his head. “I died at the age you see. I lived another twenty five years before being buried.”

“You think this makes me too old for you?” he asked, with a quirk of his lips. “Samuel is older than this country. He has an original copy of the constitution because he was in the room when it was signed.”

He moved closer, and his hand slid between my legs.

I gasped as he cupped my sex, heat flooding up through my belly so that my hips began to grind helplessly against him.

“Which is ironic since he was once the captain of a British warship. Of course, that was far earlier, during the Napoleonic wars.”

I felt a finger pushing into me, no, two, then three, rough, aching, but causing pleasure to burn through my body like fire.

“Did you like his cock inside you?” he demanded.

Of course I had, but then, how could I have not? I was even liking his three fingers jamming into me, thrusting up repeatedly, not to pleasure me but almost out of some kind of sadistic attempt to hurt me.

I shuddered and cried out, my hips pushing up and out as waves of pleasure cascaded through my mind and body.

“Yes, I created you too well,” he said as if angry.

He jerked his fingers out and spun me around to face the wall, then jerked back on my hips and slapped my ass again sharply.

I moaned as I felt his cock pushing in between my buttocks. He was no gentler with it than with his fingers, and it pushed deep into my ass with a few sharp, swift thrusts. He began to pump into me, then, jerking back on my hair as he did, his cock like a spear, driving up deep into my belly again and again!

Yes, it hurt, but not really, especially not when my nervous system was awash in heat and lust and pleasure. His harsh thrusting ended, or practically ended for me, with another massive orgasm as I shuddered and jerked and cried out repeatedly.

It seemed my lovers didn't have to be either tender, or even good. I would still climax!

That thought would be reinforced over the following few days. For Owen showed up next, not very long after Travis had left in a funk. He was in a much happier mood, and he took me against the wall, as well, though from in front, lifting my buttocks up so they could wrap around him, crushing my lips with his as he drove me to orgasm after orgasm.

After that I was led, crawling up the stone hallways and into a living room, if you could call it that, given its size. It was decorated much like the bedroom I'd wakened in, but at least the rug was very deep and soft, for it turned out I had to stay on all fours.

Samuel was there, as was Travis, and half a dozen other men I didn't know. They were sitting at various chairs, some together, locked in conversation. Samuel was sipping wine as he smiled at me. I should have felt horribly embarrassed, horrified, really, at being naked in front of them all, but I didn't. And I knew that was Samuel's doing.

I stayed on my hands and knees, feeling my way towards what I was supposed to do. When Samuel held out a piece of meat for me I crawled forward and licked it from his fingers.

And that was how I was to eat, moving from one to another, eating out of their fingers or the palms of their hands as they explored my body. I performed oral sex on several of them, then rode several more, before positioning myself on hands and knees as two men took me at once, from either end.

I felt no inhibitions, no resistance to any of it. I loved sex, and I loved the pleasure I felt from it, the incredible orgasms and the thrilling excitement! It was the most natural thing in the world! I had sex with all of them, individually or in groups, repeatedly, all morning.

And then, exhausted, I was put to bed, in that beautiful bed chamber I'd wakened

in. When I woke this time my head was clearer, and I felt a profound sense of shock at the memory of what I'd done, of all that... that sex! I'd had sex with eight different men there in that room! I could hardly believe it!

Yet the memories were overlaid with the incredible dark heat and wild pleasure that I had felt the entire time, the animal lust and massive orgasms. I got out of bed and went to the door, but found it locked. I was hungry, but there didn't seem to be any food around. I wandered to the tub, and noted, behind it, was a black slab with modern looking shower-heads above it.

I had a shower, washed my hair, and then found a narrow doorway leading to an actual toilet, which had a mirror and all the accoutrements, including brushes, combs and hair driers.

“Hey,” a voice said.

I gasped and whirled around to see a girl leaning against the wall. She looked a little older than me, with a very curvy body, green eyes set in a beautiful face, and long dark hair. She was wearing what looked like a loose red shirt (with the top three buttons open) with a black belt around her middle cinching it tight.

“I'm Victoria,” she said.

“Uhm, uh, hi,” I gulped. “I'm ... “

“Hannah. I know. I was left instructions for you.”

“I-Instructions?”

“Yep. You didn't get shown around much before, and you weren't given any chores to do.”

Her face gleamed at the word 'chores'.

“Now you can join me and Catherine and Sully in keeping this place clean during the day, while they're all sleeping.”

“But... I need to go home before I'm missed,” I said.

She snorted. “According to Dennis the only one who'll miss you is a mother who

hardly ever sees you. Samuel sent Travis the other night to make sure she doesn't think about you.”

“Doesn't think ...”

“You know how they can mess with your mind, right? It's not a permanent thing, but she'll simply not think about you for a while. Don't worry, it's just temporary and then he'll have you go and see her and tell her your going to California to become an actress or something.”

I stared at her in shock.

“Well, you don't want to live there any more!” Victoria said. “Not when you can be here!”

But I had a job, I almost said, except it wasn't exactly a great job...

“Come on and I'll introduce you to the other humans.”

“Uh, I don't have any clothes,” I said.

She snorted in amusement. “Nor will you have for now. Samuel wants you kept naked to reinforce to you that you're the really, really, really low girl on the totem pole and have to learn how to be very submissive.”

“Why, if he can make me do anything he wants?” I asked, a trifle sullenly.

“Well, Samuel is okay, but some of the other older vamps will want to punish you if you even question their orders. So best for you if you learn not to.”

She led me up the hall, her in her soft leather boots and me barefoot, and into a kitchen.

“They don't eat, but we need food.”

“They eat us,” another girl's voice said.

“In more ways than one,” said a third girl, to giggles.

There were three people in the kitchen. There were two extremely pretty young women, one a blonde, and one an Asian girl, and a powerfully built man in his

thirties who had very short dark hair.

“This is Sully,” Victoria said, waving at him. “That's Catherine,” she said, pointing at the blonde, “And Lei.”

I blushed hotly, for all of them were fully clothed. Catherine was wearing a kind of summer dress with white shoes while Lei wore silky looking black trousers and a green blouse.

“This is Travis's new bondage toy?” Catherine asked with a smirk.

“Yep,” Victoria said. “Have a seat, Hannah, and don't mind Catherine. We've all been tied up and chained up many a time here.”

“Travis isn't the only one who likes bondage,” Lei said.

“Even those who aren't dominants wish they were,” said the man, Sully.

I continued to feel extremely self-conscious, despite the casualness they treated her nudity. I slid quickly into a seat, for at least that hid half of my body and looked around at the small room. It seemed markedly different from everything else I'd seen in that it was quite modern.

“The vamps don't come here,” Sully said.

“They don't need to eat food, and can't taste it anyway,” Lei added. ‘So this is mostly just our room.’”

“Where uhm, are they?” I asked in an embarrassed voice.

“Sleeping,” he replied with raised eyebrows.

“It's hard to tell the time in here sometimes,” Victoria said, sitting down with a cup of coffee, and putting a big plate of fruit and cold meats in front of me.

Sully nodded. “True enough. This is daylight, so they're all at rest, as they say.”

“They can't really be vampires, I mean, like in the movies,” I said anxiously.

The others smiled or laughed. I looked down at the food, then picked up a banana and peeled it.

“Like in the movies? Well, they don't fly. They don't look any different than most people. But they do have fangs, do live off of blood, and are tremendously fast and strong,” Sully said. “And they do indeed live for a very long time and have to stay out of the sun.”

“But they're like, dead?”

“Dead in one sense, not so dead in another.”

“And you live here?”

“It's a pretty nice place,” Catherine said in an ironic tone.

“Better than anywhere else we'd find,” Sully said, “Plus there are advantages.”

“Like heat, excitement, lots of orgasms,” Victoria said with a grin that made me blush anew.

“Luxurious surroundings, not having to go out to work.”

“Living much longer,” Sully said with a smirk.

I turned my head towards him. “What?”

“If a master makes a connection with you, a kind of, what would you call it, a metaphysical link, then life energy can sustain you, keep you from aging as long as that vampire lives.”

“Sully is over a hundred,” Catherine said, in a not very happy voice.

I looked at him in surprise. He certainly didn't look anything like old!

Then I thought about the link Samuel had made with me. Did that mean I was going to live a long time and not grow old too?!

That was a daunting but not unpleasant thought...

“So where are we exactly?”

“Samuel is a very modern vampire,” Victoria said. “He bought the land here about fifty years ago and had someone build a big bomb shelter for him. Then,

about ten years or so ago he had it hugely expanded. Did you know there were actually companies who did that, built multi-story underground bunkers, some for dozens of people to live in?"

I nodded. Of course I know. There were lots of preppers around. I knew building a bunker like that wasn't cheap, though.

"Yeah, if we get hit by a nuke we'll be fine," Catherine said sourly.

"There's a greenhouse where we can grow our own food," Lei said in a pleased tone. "Plus a gym and movie theater."

"If you hear roars of laughter coming from it it's probably a vampire movie," Victoria said.

"Yes, the vamps love to watch them," Sully added.

"We have electricity from the solar panels and geothermal energy, as well as a satellite dish, so we're pretty well set-up here, except for windows," Victoria said.

"I kind of like windows," I said.

"There's some on the house upstairs."

"We often go up there during the day," Sully added.

"So you're like, their servants?"

"That's actually a good word for it," Sully said with a smile.

"It's not that bad," Victoria said, "And as you've found, there are good points to the relationship."

I thought of objecting but then my job was cooking and serving food, and cleaning up afterward. Was I thinking I was too good to be a servant?

Sully wasn't hiding his appreciation of the view, and that, despite my embarrassed memories of the... orgy or whatever I'd been involved in the previous evening, was disconcerting. But at least he wasn't looking ready to

throw himself across the table at me.

In fact, it was distracting in that I was still easily aroused, and being naked with a handsome man looking at me was one of the things inclined to arouse me. In fact, being naked around all of them gave me a very sexual feeling. It also made me feel... inferior... and I suppose that was the idea, it made me feel submissive. I was the only one naked and wearing a collar and shackles.

And with the wild passion of the previous evening still fresh in my head, well, sex was on my mind, and my nipples were still very stiff and very sensitive.

“We look after the place for them,” Sully said. “But that mostly involves keeping supplies up and keeping the place reasonably clean.”

“And feeding them,” Catherine said dryly.

“You can always leave, Catherine,” Victoria said.

Catherine glared her, then got up and left.

“She thinks we should be flying around Europe and going to other world hotspots instead of living here.”

“In a hole in the ground in the middle of Buttfuck, Montana,” Sully said with a smile.

“Well, if I was going to live forever I'd probably want to live somewhere else,” I said. “Somewhere I could go out at night anyway, that had a nightlife.”

“We don't spend all our time here,” Victoria replied. “We have several places, including one in London and one in Los Angeles. But remember, Samuel has seen all that for centuries. This is, I suppose you could say, his country house. It's a good place to relax.”

\*

The bunker was made of steel, according to Victoria, but I saw little sign of it. The walls were generally either of wood paneling or some kind of gleaming stone, usually black. The floors were marble or thick carpet. The furnishings were luxurious, but being a modern bunker it had a central vacuum, which was

good, because Victoria said she was planning on delegating the vacuuming to me.

“It's really easy anyway,” she said. “The filtration doesn't allow much in the way of dust. But even so, the vamps have very sensitive senses and they don't like dust.”

She led me into the parlor, as she called it, which was where I'd had sex with all those men the previous night. I blushed as I looked around and she looked at me. The look was knowing, and that made me blush more.

“You have to make sure you keep it straight in your head that they're vampires, and that you're a completely helpless, weak, defenseless human and completely at their mercy,” she said. “You have to do what you're told and not question it.”

“I'm not good at that,” I said, frowning unhappily.

“You need to get good at that. When you're overwhelmed with sexual heat you'll be fine, but you need to be submissive all the time around them, even if it's an act. In fact, I think that's most of what Samuel has in mind with this slave bit, Travis likes,” she said, waving at my shackles and collar. “It will save a lot of problem in future, especially if you meet powerful vampires that don't belong to him and might get violent at impudence. This is a culture all on its own, one foreign from the one you've been raised in.”

She reached out and gripped my hair behind my head, jerking my head back. I gasped, my arms jerking up and back.

“No, no, no. If a vamp grabs you you simply let them,” she said with a stern look.

“But...”

“I told you we had instructions about you? That wasn't just about chores and showing you around. We need to help train you.”

“Train? I'm not – .”

“Try it again,” she said sternly. “Arms at your sides.”

I hesitated, then put my arms at my sides.

“Don't go all tense on me. The thing to do is relax into it. “Here, pull my hair.”

“Oh I couldn't!”

“Just grab it and pull my head back.”

I bit my lower lip but reached back and filled my hand with her silky black hair, then pulled back. Her head came with it, and her arms made no movement at all.

“Pull me back, move me around,” she said.

I hesitated again, but something inside me found the thought fascinating, especially since Travis had used my hair so much like a leash. I pulled on her hair and she backed up. I pulled up, and she rose to the balls of her feet. I pulled down and she sank to her knees, then onto her hands and knees, then onto her face, then back up again however I moved her hair.

She never resisted in any way, and it was weird but it was also strangely sensual in a way I didn't quite understand.

“Now my turn,” she said, eyes gleaming.

I gulped as she pulled my hair in behind my neck, then gasped as she pulled my head sharply back. My hands jerked up instinctively, but then dropped to my sides.

She forced my head forward and down so I fell to my knees, then up and back so I sat back on my heels. She pulled it forward and made me crawl across the floor, then raised it up, swung me around and bent me over the back of a chair. I not only didn't resist I tried to anticipate, and move as she moved my hair, and was starting to feel more and more aroused as she pulled me around.

She released my hair at last, then started giving me orders, telling me to kneel or to bend over, telling me to lay back and spread my legs, or to draw them up and back behind my shoulders. Some of the positions made me blush hotly, especially performing them for her, for a woman, but I did them, and that aroused me further.

She had me sit, and then went to the sideboard and picked up a china bowl. She returned, then sank to her knees in front of me, bowed her head, and raised her hands up to me, holding the bowl.

I looked at her in surprise. The bowl was empty.

She raised her eyes. "If one of them asks you to get something, you present it to them like that," she said, standing and handing me the bowl.

"Really?"

"Do it."

I gulped, then knelt before her and raised the bowl up. Again, it felt weirdly sensual and hot!

There was more positioning and crawling and letting her swing me around by hair or arm, and then Sully came into the room. I was already aroused, but I felt it flare hotter as he grinned at me and sat back to watch. Of course, my face reddened, as well, and I felt a squeamish sense of embarrassment.

"Turn your back to Sully. Bend over and wrap your arms around your legs," Victoria said.

I blushed furiously, but I did it, mind squirming with the knowledge he was behind me and staring.

"Sink to your hands and knees, then crawl to the far wall and back."

I resented her words, resented being made to feel embarrassed like this in front of Sully, but the idea aroused me anyway! I had to crawl across to the wall on all fours while the two of them watched, then turn and crawl back.

"Keep crawling. Crawl over to Sully."

I kept crawling, heat rising as I approached.

"Now lower your front and lick his shoes."

I turned my head to gape at her.

“Do you want a strapping?”

“But – !”

“Do it, slave girl!” she said with a smirk.

Slave girl!? The thought, given my present heat, given my position, my nudity, the collar and shackles, sent a wave of heat through me. I blushed, though as I rolled my eyes self-consciously at Sully, then lowered myself and licked hesitantly at his shoes.

“Think of yourself as a slave girl, a possession. You have to do what you're told,” Victoria said.

She walked up behind me.

“Lick harder, slave,” she ordered. “Or you'll get that strapping.”

I licked harder, not anxious for a strapping, but the heat was starting to really catch hold now. My breasts were rubbing against the rug, for one thing, the nipples burning. For another, the whole position, the whole idea of kneeling naked and licking a man's shoes, was so outrageous that it struck a dark chord deep inside me!

Slave girl!

“Now rise up and rub your face against his crotch,” Victoria ordered.

I felt a tightening in my chest, a breathless sense, but I obeyed, rising up, eyes wide, face hot, and then rubbed my cheeks against his groin.

“Reach out and unzip him, pull his cock out, and suck it,” Victoria ordered.

My mind squirmed at the order! On the one hand, my pride, such as it was, wanted to rebel, tell her to go to hell. On the other hand, I wanted to feel Sully's cock in my mouth! I wanted it in my body! And this felt so deliciously nasty and sexy and hot that my fingers trembled as they reached up and unzipped him.

He wasn't quite hard as I pulled it into the light. I gulped and felt a breathless sense of anticipation.

“Lick it, slave,” she said.

I raised it up and licked my way up from where it protruded from his open fly, licked with long, excited strokes of my tongue, up around the underside of the head. As he started to harden, I lowered the head, licking it, then drawing it slowly into my mouth until I could suck. My lips moved up and down, heat burning within me.

I was incredibly aroused but also incredibly embarrassed to be doing it with Victoria looking on. It made a difference, somehow, that she was a woman! But I was quickly getting so aroused that not only didn't the embarrassment lessen the heat, it actually made it hotter!

“Swallow him,” Victoria ordered.

I moaned and slid forward, then felt her hand behind my head, pushing, forcing me down the length of him. She pushed me until my face was jammed against the fabric of his pants, and held me there, my throat full of him.

“Nasty little slave girl,” she said teasingly.

She released my head and I pulled slowly back, gasping for breath as I pulled free.

“Now turn around and crawl forward a few paces,” Victoria ordered.

Panting, I obeyed.

“Face against the floor, bottom high, legs apart. Reach back and grasp your ankles and pull them forward. Present yourself up for him to fuck you like a bitch in heat.”

I moaned and obeyed, mind swirling with heat and hunger, body flaring wildly with arousal as I pulled forward on my ankles, my breasts pillowed out beneath me, squeezed against the floor. It was a horribly embarrassing position, especially with Victoria watching, but I was too hot to let that stop me.

And then he was behind me, his hands sliding up and down over my hips and across my buttocks.

Victoria moved to stand in front of me, and I blushed hotly as my eyes flicked to her.

“Beg him to fuck you,” she ordered.

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

I felt his cock sliding up and down the length of my pussy, and my hips rolled eagerly back at him.

“Again, slave.”

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

“Sir,” she said. “Say sir.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I cried.

I let myself fall into the game, as I thought of it, the game Travis liked to play, the thing that made him hot. I moaned as I felt myself penetrated, as Sully's stiff cock began to push into my overheated body. That Victoria was looking on made my mind squirm with a strange, dark, embarrassed excitement. I just don't know how to explain it! But I was hotter than if she hadn't been there!

And then Sully began to ride me just like Travis had in the same position, ramming himself into me as his hips beat a tattoo against my upraised buttocks! When he reached for my hair and pulled at it I let my head arch up and back, gasping and moaning and then starting to cry out in heat as he thrust into me again and again!

Sully rode me there on the floor as Victoria looked on, rode me as my gasps turned to cries and those turned to an undulating scream of pleasure as the first orgasm tore through my mind! That I was doing it under her eyes made it even nastier, even darker, and so, even wilder and more exciting!

When he'd finished, he left me there with my face against the floor, my bottom raised, my body trembling and flushed with heat as Victoria looked on.

“Crawl to me, slave,” she ordered, her voice harder now.

Moaning, dazed, I picked myself up, at least enough to get onto all fours, and crawled forward a little bit.

“Now lick my shoes, slave girl,” she ordered.

I was breathless, but I was also still aroused, and I was getting used to the idea that I was to obey, and that my body was for pleasure. I bent wearily, licking at her shoes, at her heels. It shamed me and at the same time aroused me. And when she ordered me up and lowered her pants, I stared at her naked sex with wide eyes.

Her hand gripped my hair and guided me forward.

“Lick, slave.”

Slave!

Heat roared and I obeyed her, licking at her, sucking at her, following her instructions, submitting to her, and more, getting used to submitting to her, relaxing into the thought of submitting, starting to feel submission as a comfortable, familiar coat to slide into, a coat which warmed me greatly!

She instructed me in how to please her, and then Lei, and then Catherine, and then they all watched me as Sully took me again, this time on my back, with my ankles jammed back over my head. It was horribly embarrassing, but I came repeatedly anyway.

I vacuumed later, on my hands and knees, then joined them for food in the kitchen. Only I had to stay kneeling and let them feed me by hand in the same way the vamps had the other evening! I even drank from a bowl on the floor!

Their thought was to condition me to unthinking obedience. And to some degree, that succeeded, but mostly because I found it all to be incredibly arousing and wickedly exciting! And when the vampires wakened, I continued their nasty, naughty game, with more sex, more intense orgasms, more thrills and heat!

It was all so... hedonistic, and darkly arousing! And my mind was filled with heat, my body with pleasure! Yes, most of them used me like a whore, like a bitch in heat, and rode me and fucked me and then didn't care about me. But that was all I really wanted from them just then anyway.

The exception was Samuel. Sex with him was... slower, sometimes gentler, sometimes rougher, but always, for some reason, more intimate, in the sense of him actually speaking to me, of the way his hands moved on my body, of the way I could almost sense his thoughts even as he drove me insane with his tongue and fingers and cock.

After a few days, Travis brought me back to my place on a night my mom was off and introduced himself. I told her I'd been holding out on her, and had been seeing Travis for some time, and then that I was going to move in with him. She didn't seem particularly unhappy, and even started talking about renting out the attic, and how much money that would bring her. . I packed some of my things, and headed back to the bunker, as I thought of it.

I wasn't sure what I was really letting myself in for other than tons of hot, steamy sex. But it all seemed a lot more exciting, a lot more fun, and had a lot more possibilities than working at the arena. Samuel was talking about sending me to Seattle with a bunch more of Travis's gold coins to sell them, and said they would be going to Los Angeles as the weather cooled.

It was all a whirlwind of heat and excitement, and I was going to see where it led. Besides, it wasn't like I had a lot of choices now. Without Samuel's influence I'd be mobbed anywhere I went. What was I going to do, become a porn actress? A prostitute? At least vamps didn't carry diseases.

I was given a room, not quite as luxurious as the one I'd wakened in, but far nicer than anything else I'd ever likely to be able to afford. The furnishings were, Samuel explained, French provincial. I'd have preferred much more modern, but wasn't going to complain just yet. Not when my main focus continued to be on satisfying the incredible sexual heat which surrounded me.

As to the future, hey, who knew where it would lead. But at least it was no longer dull, predictable, and boring.

Slave girl! I was like, a slave girl, a sex slave, for vampires! The thought was incredible, and I was hoping the life would be too!

END

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

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*Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

### **Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)**

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)**

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

## **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

## **Out of Uniform (Jamie McCloud series)**

Gorgeous tomgirl Jamie McCloud is a rookie cop on the NYPD. Jamie is transferred out of uniform into street clothes to work for the Anti-crime squad in Manhattan. There, amid the glitz and glitter, amid the hordes of tourists and businessmen, she hunts down muggers, drug dealers, pickpockets and purse thieves, along with perverts and gang members. Oh, and the occasional terrorist. And on her own time, Jamie begins to explore the dark side of her sexuality as she is introduced to domination and submission by her hunky new federal agent boyfriend Danny. It's all just a kinky game, at first, but the mind-blowing excitement and thrills quickly draws her into a lifestyle that will change her behavior, her personality, and her life.

## **Owned by My Best Friend's Family!**

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

## **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue

made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **Nigger's Girl**

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

### **Bound Beauty**

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

### **The Mirror Box**

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them