

Megan Gets Taped

By JJ Argus



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

“This has amazing possibilities,” I said.

“If you say so. It looks big, but if you take away the areas along the sides where the ceiling slopes down it's not as big as all that.”

Jacob was big. He had broad shoulders and was tall. So I got what he meant. We were in the attic of my family's house. It was a big space, but the ceiling – which was the roof – sloped down sharply at the sides.

“Well, I can put low shelves and chests along the side walls and use them for storage. Once we add a fireplace there against the chimney I can put a sofa there. The bed will go at the far end near that little window – which we'll make a lot bigger.”

“You need insulation.”

He looked up at the bare ceiling above. The insulation was in the floor underneath our feet, which was partly why the attic was as hot as hell in summer and as cold as hell in winter.

“How come they say hot as hell and also cold as hell?” I asked rhetorically.

“Because they don't have much imagination? Or maybe hell is whatever you hate worst.”

The attic was awfully dusty. There were a few things stored up here, but given we had a large basement and the lack of climate control up here the attic was mostly empty.

“I don't know how you're expecting to get a sofa up those narrow stairs,” Jacob said. “You might have to settle for a futon or something.”

The narrow staircase was another reason not much had gone up here.

“I'm sure you can manage,” I said, ignoring his look of mock outrage.

I walked further along, going over to the far window.

“This place is making me sweat and we've only been up here two minutes,” I complained.

“Hmm, hot sweaty Megan,” he said, his arms going around me and his hands cupping my breasts.

I made a face and pulled free.

“It's too hot for fooling around.”

“It's never too hot for fooling around,” he replied.

Which was basically the outlook of every guy I'd ever known so I couldn't really blame him. It was the way they were.

“This is gonna cost a lot,” he said.

“Not that much. We can do a lot of the work, like insulating the roof, well, the walls, and putting in drywall.”

“We can't knock out a window and replace it. And I don't know shit about fireplaces.”

“I have an uncle who works for a fireplace store. He'll do the fireplace and also run a duct that joins up with the house's air ducts downstairs.”

“I hope you're not paying him the same way you're paying me.”

I slapped his chest. He meant sex, naturally.

“That's not payment. That's just the benefit you get from making me happy. So you better make me happy.”

“Take your clothes off and I'll make you happy right here.”

He grabbed my ass and swung me around and in against him.

“Not with my parents downstairs,” I exclaimed.

He already had my head cupped and a moment later his lips crushed mine.

I pushed against his chest, but not hard. He was a fairly new boyfriend and I hadn't trained him yet. These demonstrations of manly strength he had a habit of making were odd and disconcerting. I admired his body. He was, of course, way, way stronger than me and could do anything he wanted to me if he wasn't worried about consequences.

But that was a realization I had about every boy I'd ever dated. You get used to it. Sure he was stronger than most guys I'd known but all of them were stronger than me. I still figured out ways to keep them in check. Of course, he was a better kisser than most, so I didn't mind it so much, especially when we were alone.

He was also less clumsy than most jock types and he didn't tend to treat my breasts like sponges that needed all the liquid squeezed out of them. He was still a bit... enthusiastic, though.

I let him kiss me for long seconds as his fingers dug into my butt through my sweatpants and felt a flickering sexual arousal. He released my head and his hand came up to cup and squeeze my breast – something he never seemed to grow tired of.

Granted, I have great breasts, but it still bemuses me how fascinated boys are with them. To me, they were just these annoying fleshy lumps – at least when I was younger – which served no purpose but making it difficult to wear tops, and got me way more embarrassing attention than I wanted.

The admiration did eventually make me kind of proud of them, especially as I compared them with that of the girls on the internet and in movies. Even being self-critical, as I usually am, mine looked just really nicely shaped and the perfect size.

Certainly, Jacob adored them.

I pushed back at his chest, then slapped it, and he got the message and backed off. He had an erection, though. I saw it pushing against the inside of his jeans.

“It's too hot in here. Let's go downstairs,” I said.

He made a pouty face and pointed at his crotch.

“No way,” I said firmly. “It's too dusty, dirty, and hot.”

“It's your fault,” he said.

“How is it my fault?” I demanded indignantly.

“For being so sexy.”

I snorted and shook my head. We headed down the narrow staircase, which had two turns, one at the top, about four stairs down, and another at the bottom at the door.

“Maybe if we sawed the sofa in half, lengthwise,” he said.

“Maybe we'll hoist it up by a rope or something once we open the wall up.”

We reached the second floor and I sighed in relief as the cool air hit me. The door was in the corner where the hallway turned. To the right was my little brothers', the twins. The noisy twins, I called them. Further down that way was my (small, inadequate) room. To the left was another bedroom with my parents and past that another small bedroom for guests.

Oh and the bathroom which was right before the back stairs.

I was going to go down the front stairs but Jacob put his hand around me and pulled me on, and I figured we were headed for the back stairs, but instead he brought me into the bathroom.

“Jacob!” I hissed.

“No one is up here,” he said, closing the door and locking it.

The bathroom was long and slender. There was a tub on the right, a counter across from it, and past them was a shower stall and across from that the toilet.

“But – !”

He pushed me down to my knees in front of the counter and jerked his pants down in almost the same motion. His cock sprang up thick and hard and long, and robbed my exasperated protest of much heat. He really did have a great

cock.

And there was something weirdly exciting about his forcefulness, about how excited he got by touching me or even looking at me. It made me feel like I was really hot. Heck, I am really hot! But his enthusiasm is further evidence of that.

Anyway, once I had his cock in my hands, I was the boss. And I liked that too. And while it was a little daring it's not like it would be the first time we've messed around at home. So I glared up at him even as I held his cock in my hands, and then licked at the underside of the head.

It's good for them to let guys think they're in charge now and then.

I licked longer licks up the underside of his cock, but didn't want to prolong things. This was sort of a routine task, not actually making love. I would take care of his little problem for him and he'd be properly grateful.

I took him into my mouth, feeling a hot little rush at the feel of his warm flesh sliding through my lips and along my tongue. I began to suck and bob up and down as I licked at the underside of the head, concentrating on that, at first. Then I started sliding down further and further.

His big hand was on the back of my head, urging me to go deeper, but I kept my hands on his cock to control the pace. He combed his fingers through my hair, then, gathering it up above me for some reason.

I slid deeper and then, bracing myself, took him into my throat and slid my lips down to just an inch above the base of his cock. I hesitated there, and then plunged all the way, my lips wrapped around the base of his cock as he growled excitedly.

I've never met a guy who didn't love this!

He reached down and took my right hand and then drew it up and out to the side before pressing his knee against it to pin it against the cupboard. I was confused about what he was doing even as he took my other hand and pinned that against the cupboard too. Then he jerked back a bit on my hair, tilting my head back, and drew his cock slowly out of my throat.

I gulped in air, panting, and licked my lips.

“Wh-what are you doing?!” I gasped.

“Shh. Don't want your parents to hear.”

“But – .”

He pushed himself back into my mouth and then drove himself down my throat all the way, holding me pinned against him.

I jerked my arms against his knees but he had a lot of weight, and I didn't have much leverage. I was still confused about what he was doing even as he pulled his hips back, then plunged deep again, pulled them back, then plunged deep.

He was fucking my throat, and I was pinned helplessly in place, unable to do a thing!

I felt indignant, a bit of panic, and then, strangely, a sense of dark excitement that seemed to come out of nowhere. Well, not nowhere. Like I said, his forcefulness, his macho determination often excited me. And in bed, when he kind of manhandled me, flipping me over or something, that was exciting too.

Now his thick, slick cock slid up and down, up and down in my throat as I struggled to breathe.

He pulled out and I gulped in air in heavy, ragged breathes as he slapped his cock against my cheek.

“W-wait!” I gasped, too late.

His cock pushed back into my mouth and down my throat, and he started fucking my throat right away. I gurgled and gasped wetly, trying to cope, helpless and becoming a little light-headed.

He pulled out again and jerked me up to my feet, then roughly bent me over the counter. He jerked my pants and panties down and pressed himself against my pussy from behind. I moaned as I felt the slick head forced between the lips of my sex, then rubbing up and down between them before penetrating me.

His hand came down over my mouth and I moaned into the palm as he started fucking me hard. The head of his cock drove down to the bottom of my sex and

then began to punch against me there as if trying to make more room. It did, in fact, and soon his hips were slapping against my buttocks.

I shuddered and moaned, the dark heat rising inside me again. I wasn't sure why except this felt so raw and wild and animalistic. I knew he liked rough sex, and I'd been trying to tone him down, but I realized there was something to be said for going wild.

His other hand kneaded my breast through the tank top, then yanked it up, pushing my bra up too so that my breasts spilled free. His fingers stroked and caressed my nipple and mashed my breasts together as he leaned over me, his breath hot against my neck.

It was very... wild and intense and hot and darkly thrilling. I moaned into his hand, feeling not only helpless but excited by my helplessness, by surrendering control to him as his cock skewered me. His hand came down off my breast, pushing down so that his long fingers found my clitoris.

I jerked helplessly at the sudden jolt of sensation, then felt the dark heat redouble as his cock continued to thrust into me while he rubbed my clitoris. He suddenly let go and backed up entirely. I felt him gripping my leg and lifting it up, then yanking my pant leg off so forcefully it sent my sneaker flying.

He forced my thighs wide as, panting for breath, I started to try to rise. And then I felt his mouth on my sex, his lips sucking on my clitoris as his big hands lifted up at my thighs to drop me back onto the counter once again. My legs were being held up and out in his hands as he sucked and then licked at my clitoris and all I could do was gasp and moan.

Then he abandoned them, dropping them to the floor and rising up again. I felt him pushing against me, and his big cock drove deep into my belly as I cried out weakly. His hand came down over my mouth again and he began to thrust hard once more.

He forced my head up and back, and I rose up off the counter as his hand shifted onto my throat. The long, hard half-circle of his thumb and forefinger pressed back against the underside of my jaw as he jammed my head against his chest. His other hand was between my legs, rubbing hard at my clitoris.

I felt the orgasm welling up inside me and cried out – or started to. The hand

around my throat tightened, shutting off my voice – and breathing, as he bit into the nape of my neck.

My body trembled and shook, my hips jerking back helplessly against him as the pleasure tore through me. It grew more and more intense and then seemed to just hold there at a long, long, glorious peak as my entire body trembled and shook!

I heard him cursing softly, repeatedly, gasping in pleasure as he drove himself into my spasming pussy, and I knew he was coming too.

*

“So what did you decide?” my mom asked as we came back downstairs.

The hot, animal sex in the bathroom had taken like five minutes.

I felt a bit nervous, like there'd be some sign she could read on my face, but she gave no sign she was aware of what I'd been up to.

“I was thinking that if Uncle Patrick could cut open the wall for that new window we could maybe use a rope or something to lift up some furniture before we closed it up again,” I said.

“And how would you ever get it out again?”

“Leave it for the next person?”

She snorted. “If you can't get it up the stairs, you can't have it,” she said.

“But Moom!”

“You have this big, strong boyfriend here. He can get your furniture up the stairs,” she said.

Jacob made a muscle for her. I rolled my eyes.

“Furniture can be awkward for one guy.”

“I have friends,” Jacob said. “They'll do anything for a beer.”

“I don't want to hear it,” my mother said sternly.

“Hey, I'm twenty-one.”

“Just so your friends are.”

She looked at me as if to remind me I was NOT twenty-one, but she knew better than to try with that. I've seen pictures of her from when she was younger than me and I know damn well she got drunk well before she hit the legal drinking age.

We went outside and I turned and glared at him. I hadn't taken the time to tell him off inside because I didn't want anyone hearing. But he had to be put in his place and reminded who was in charge of the sex in this relationship.

“What exactly was that?” I demanded.

“What? My muscles?”

He made two muscles for me, his arms up and out as he posed.

“You know what I mean! I mean pinning me against the counter and fucking my throat!”

“I saw it in a video.”

“Oh yeah, well you might notice this isn't a video and I'm not a porn star!”

“We could make a video and you could be a porn star,” he said with a grin.

“Yeah, well that's not gonna happen! Anyway, all I was gonna do was suck your cock. I didn't intend to have sex there. What if one of my little brothers had needed to use the bathroom!?”

“You'd have told them to fuck off because you were busy,” he said. “And they would have used the one in the master bedroom or downstairs or in the basement.”

“That still doesn't excuse you treating me like your bitch or something!”

“You are my bitch, babe.”

“I am not!”

“Besides, you came,” he said smugly.

And I knew that for him that was sort of an ultimate argument. A girl couldn't very well complain about the sex if she had an orgasm. And it sort of was even for me, because the truth was he was the first guy who made me come during sex. Not that I'd tell him that.

“You're an arrogant pig,” I said.

“Oink, oink,” he said with a smirk.

I rolled my eyes. Guys are all the same. Well, except for the ones who are worse.

I was confused about that sex myself. I usually took control and made sure our sex was more in the nature of 'making love' as opposed to 'fucking like animals'. But whenever he took over I felt this dark thrum of excitement spilling through me, and the sex might be harder and rougher, but it resulted in orgasms more, and more powerful orgasms.

But sex was supposed to be a gentle meeting of the souls, a romantic touching, stroking, and kissing culminating in gentle lovemaking. At least, so I'd sort of been taught in the books and magazines I'd read.

Unfortunately, boys didn't read books. They watched porn videos and wanted to fuck me just like they saw in the videos. That often included shifting positions every few minutes, which was annoying.

“You know,” he said. “It was so hot up there even though we weren't doing anything.”

“Yeah.”

“If we actually are doing work we're gonna sweat like pigs.”

I made a face but didn't disagree.

“We should probably do it naked.”

I rolled my eyes.

“Yeah, I'm sure my mom and dad would appreciate that.”

“I'm just being practical, babe.”

“Yeah, I don't think so,” I replied.

*

I was sweating like a pig. There was no denying it. My tank top was soaked, and my panties felt wet in the short cutoffs I was wearing. Those just felt damp. Jacob was stripped to the waist and only wore a short pair of shorts himself.

We were putting up the insulation, lifting the big pink fiberglass inserts which fit so neatly between the ribs of the ceiling up into place.

I finally gave up and came down the ladder.

“I'll be right back.”

I went down to my room and stripped naked, then put on my black bikini. Honestly, it didn't take that long. But when I went back upstairs I was startled to see his friends Nathan and Michael. And they had both stripped to the waist, too.

Damn!

I wasn't about to turn and run back downstairs. That would be silly and embarrassing.

“You're still wearing too many clothes,” Jacob said.

Nathan and Michael looked at me appreciatively.

“Yeah, I agree,” Michael said.

“Definitely,” Nathan said.

“You didn't tell me they were coming over to help,” I said accusingly to Jacob.

“I told you I was gonna try and get them to come.”

“But you didn't say they agreed.”

“He promised you'd be here in a bikini,” Nathan said. “We couldn't turn that down.”

There's something about guys and the possessive way they treat their girlfriends I've never quite understood. Jacob would glower at a strange guy looking at me if we were at a club or on the street, or wherever. But at the same time, he liked showing me off to his friends. As if his studly status was reinforced by having a hot girlfriend.

I guarantee you no girl likes her friends flirting with and saying admiring things to their boyfriend while looking at him like he's a tasty piece of meat.

But Jacob just beamed proudly, as if he was showing off his new sports car or something and collecting compliments for how hot it was.

I rolled my eyes, but then, surprisingly, I felt this strange little tingle of excitement, something dark and wild. I mean, there were three half-naked guys here, all with broad shoulders, all licking their proverbial lips at the sight of me. It wasn't like anything was going to happen, but I definitely felt a sense of sexual electricity.

“Well, fine,” I said, clearing my throat. “You guys can help us put up the drywall. I'll keep putting in the insulation.”

I put on my gloves and Nathan and Michael looked at me oddly.

“You're putting on gloves? It's hot as fuck here.”

“If I don't my hands feel all yucky from the fiberglass,” I said.

They made those 'girls' type faces, like we're all sissies or something. I ignored them.

The packages of fiberglass were easy to cut and the big pink panels were easy to push up in between the ribs of the ceiling. I had to climb up the ladder to do it, though, and extend my arms up high, which posed my body attractively. I knew it, and knew I was being looked at by all three of them even as they set to work with the drywall.

And that made that little tingle grow and made my chest a little tight. I mean, it's

not like I'm any more of an exhibitionist than the next girl, but I did appreciate being... appreciated.

It was good for the ego if nothing else.

I put up a panel then started down, but Michael was passing right by.

“Mike! Pass me another panel,” I said.

The big pile of them was right next to him. He just bent over and picked one up and then held it up to me. I bent over the top of the ladder, and he grinned and lowered it a bit as I reached for it. That confused me for a second before I realized he was getting a really nice cleavage shot.

I gave him a glower and gestured for the panel.

“This what you want? You're sure? This is the one?”

Then I realized that the view from behind was probably pretty good because Jacob thrust his hand in between my thighs and goosed me. I yelped and straightened quickly as they all laughed at me.

“That's not funny!” I said.

“Then how come we all laughed?”

“Because you're all pigs!”

I snatched the panel from Michael and climbed back up to place it in between the ribs. Then I climbed back down again to get the next one. It wasn't like it took a lot of strength, but fuck was it ever hot in that attic!

I went downstairs and got a bunch of bottled waters from the fridge and washed my face while I was at it.

“I'm going to the hairdresser, dear,” my mom said.

“Okay,” I said.

“Hot up there?”

“As hell.”

“It'll be better when your uncle runs the air conditioning up there.”

“That's for sure!”

I went back up two flights of stairs and put the bottled water down on a table, aside from mine, which I drank thirstily from. Then I moved the ladder and spent the next twenty minutes putting up more of the pink insulation. The guys put up drywall, which, needless to say, took a lot longer. Two would hold up a panel and the third would use the drill to screw in the drywall screws.

Which brought the inevitable jokes about 'screwing' and how good they were at it. Which inevitably brought references to me, led by Jacob.

“We should let Megan do it. She's good at screwing,” Jacob said.

I rolled my eyes and pretended not to hear. Honestly, boys are so juvenile sometimes!

“As good as you?” Michael asked.

“How do you know he's good at screwing?” Nathan demanded.

“Because of the smile Megan always has on her face,” Michael replied.

I got the next pink panel and without turning, thrust my middle finger at him.

It felt very weird. Because the two holding the panel up had nothing to do while the one doing the screwing put in screw after screw other than look at me. So that was what they seemed to be doing a lot of. And there I was with arms stretched up and out, and back arched.

And I was a little self-conscious but also a little smug about it. I mean, you're not supposed to show off your body, right? Not when you have a boyfriend. But I wasn't! Except I was. But it wasn't like Jacob could accuse me of doing anything because all I was doing was putting up the insulation. And you can't do that on the high walls... er ceiling, any other way.

And getting hot and sweaty meant my skin was slippery, and as I moved around

the bottom of my bathing suit kept tugging up between my buttocks. It was cheeky, to begin with, after all. So I had to keep remembering to tug it out.

I stopped and got another long drink of water. They watched me do even that.

“Try and spill some, Meg,” Michael said with a grin.

I looked at him in confusion.

“Yeah, just a little, down your chest,” Nathan added, leering.

I flushed and gave them the finger again. But I wasn't entirely displeased. Being lusted after – safely – by good looking guys was kind of exciting. I mean, neither was going to do anything or hit on me or get really crude or anything, not with Jacob there.

“Is that all you've done?” I asked. “You guys are so slow. I'm way ahead of you.”

Which was unfair, of course. It took no time at all to push the pieces of insulation in while they had to maneuver the big drywall panels in and hold them in place and then screw them in place.

“You want to trade jobs, baby?” Jacob asked.

“I'm sure I could do it better than you guys,” I said airily.

“Oh, okay!” he said.

Which surprised me. Because then he came and got me, gripped my arm, and pulled me over to where they were working on the drywall. Now like I said, the wall/ceiling was sharply angled, so the two guys had to stand in place holding their arms up to keep the panel in place.

“You go do the insulation, Mike,” Jacob said.

He didn't give me the drill, though. Instead, he lifted my arms up and put my hands against the panel. All of which happened so fast I hardly had time to object.

“You stand like that,” he said as he pulled more screws out of his tool belt.

This left me standing in place next to a grinning Nathan with my arms raised high.

“I think this works out way better,” he said, leering.

I scowled and turned my back to him. Of course, that meant he was probably looking at my ass, but I couldn't move my hands down to jerk the suit back into shape. Nathan smirked at me in between screwing screws in, and then reached out and gave my breast a quick squeeze.

I gasped and glared at him but I didn't think Nathan had seen, or at least, he hadn't seen much. My back was to him.

Jacob screwed another screw, and reached out and pinched my nipple.

“Jacob!”

“Something wrong?”

I glared at him. “I'm gonna let this panel fall on your head!”

“It's your bedroom, baby. You want the panels to be all broken and crooked that's up to you.”

Which reminded me he was working for free.

He put the next screw in, and the next, then reached out and slipped a finger under the edge of my right bra cup and tugged it down enough to bare my nipple!

I gasped and held the panel with one hand as I jerked my other hand down to pull it back over myself.

“Dumbass!” I said.

He licked his lip at me tauntingly.

I flushed, because this was, despite my glaring at him, kind of wicked hot. I mean, Nathan was right behind us! He couldn't see my breasts, but he'd still have some idea of what Jacob was doing.

I let him do this a few times but as soon as the panel was done I backed out. By then he'd pinched and rolled and tweaked my nipples several times and they were very hard.

“Michael. Get your ass back here. I'm doing the insulation,” I said.

“Too tough for you, huh?” Jacob taunted.

“No, I just don't want to break up the small penis trio!” I shot back as I moved away.

“Hey, what'd I do?” Michael asked, coming back.

I ignored him and went to get another drink of water.

“You should show more respect for us manly men,” Nathan said.

“More like little boys,” I said. “I'm sure I could do a better job than any of you.”

That got mocking replies and I wandered over and insolently began to inspect the ones they'd done.

“You call this good?” I demanded. “My little brothers could do better and they're twelve.”

“Your woman is back-talking us, Jacob,” Michael said.

“You're lucky I don't backhand you,” I said. “Or spank you for being little punks.”

Michael came over to get a drink.

“You know how to tape?” he asked.

I looked at him uncertainly.

“Tape what?”

“Tape the drywall? I thought you said you were a pro.”

“Yeah, but not at drywall,” Nathan taunted, coming over as well.

“I leave the uncomplicated things to you guys. Your small brains are better at it.”

“Oh, small brains, huh?”

“Teeny tiny!” I taunted.

They must have discussed this or something like it because Nathan reached for me. I put my hands up, and he gripped my wrists, and then he pushed me back against one of the two roof support beams which went up to the rafters above in the center of the room.

“Jacob!”

And then Nathan quickly moved in with drywall tape and swept it across my wrists and around the six-inch square beam, then back again and around and around and around as I squirmed and complained and cursed.

Meanwhile, Michael had another of them and was squatting low, taping my ankles against the sides of the post!

They all stood back laughing in delight, apparently thinking they'd been so clever!

“Let me go!” I demanded, squirming and trying to pull free.

But my wrists were taped heavily in place, and so were my ankles. And then Jacob pulled a piece of tape free and pressed it over my mouth.

I glowered at him as they all laughed in delight and got more water.

“That's how you shut a woman up,” he said smugly as he and the others high fived each other.

“She looks a little hot and bothered,” Nathan observed.

“You hot, baby?” Jacob asked.

He stood in front of me, grinning, holding a bottle of water, then he offered me some.

I glowered at him menacingly.

He grinned and shrugged and took another drink, then he poured some... slowly, onto my upper chest, moving the bottle across so the water trickled down my chest and over the half uncovered surfaces of my breasts before falling between them and down my body.

I glared at him harder.

He laughed and poured water onto my head.

I squealed but couldn't do anything as he poured more down over my head and his buddies laughed.

“Okay, back to work,” he said.

He and they went back and lifted up another panel. I, of course, stood where I was. He grinned across at me.

“You already pointed out you're way ahead of us, babe,” he said. “Now you can take a bit of a rest.”

Of course, they kept looking at me off and on.

And it wasn't hard to tell what was in their heads either! They all wanted me!

And here I was half-naked basically posing for them. Not that I could do anything about that. More importantly, not that I could be blamed for. It wasn't like I was showing off or anything.

They screwed two more panels in place, snickering and chortling, and often saying things which I didn't catch but which led to more laughter. I was sure it was about me. I felt very much on display in my little bikini. The self-consciousness had mostly faded and now I just felt a strange dark inner heat at those big, hunky men all looking at me and wanting me.

Jacob came back and got another drink, smirking at me, waggling his eyebrows. I tried to yell at him but the tape was firmly over my mouth.

“She's not contributing much like that,” Nathan said.

“She's contributing a nice view,” Michael replied.

“Yeah, nice, hard nipples,” Nathan said.

I flushed, looking down instinctively.

“Ha, ha, made you look,” he taunted.

I glared at him. My nipples were not hard! They were still, though, noticeable little dots pressed against the bikini top. How could they not be the way I was posed?

“Those aren't hard,” Jacob said. “Her nipples stick out a half an inch when they're hard.”

I flushed more at that and gave him a look, but he ignored it.

Instead, he reached out and pinched my nipples, then rolled and rubbed them through the suit as his friends looked on. I was shocked, at first, then strained against the tape as they looked on and laughed. He pulled his fingers back and my nipples were definitely harder.

My chest was also tighter and the sexual electricity I had felt shot up much, much higher!

“They don't look a half-inch long,” Nathan said.

“That's cuz of the suit,” Jacob said.

And then he shocked me again, much worse, by sliding his fingers into the tops of my bra and tugging them down and apart, then leaving them there so my breasts were completely naked!

“See?”

“Yeah, those look pretty long,” Nathan said, his voice a little huskier now.

“I'm not sure they're a half-inch,” Michael said. “We should measure them.”

I squirmed against the tape, red-faced, but they only had eyes for my breasts! Then Nathan went and got a measuring tape and Jacob pressed it against my breast right next to my erect nipple.

“Nah, that's not a half-inch,” Nathan said.

“It's close.”

“You're just not exciting her enough, man,” Michael said.

They all laughed and then went back to putting up drywall panels while I stood there topless! I was astonished, and had no idea what to do or think! I mean, there was nothing I could do. But my breasts were naked and exposed to two guys I hardly knew!

I was going to tear a strip off Jacob when this was done!

It was embarrassing, of course, though like I said, I have really nice breasts. And they weren't shy about saying so, either! I kept flinching with embarrassment as Nathan or Michael remarked on how gorgeous my breasts were, but it was also kind of an ego boost.

And it was also a weird kind of exhilarating experience. Because like I said, you're called a slut if you show your body off too much, except to your boyfriend, but since I was taped up and Jacob had done it no one could blame me.

They came back to standing in front of me and I gulped anxiously, dropping my eyes.

Then Jacob gave my right nipple a pinch, told me they were taking a break, and they all went downstairs, leaving me in place.

I was relieved that he'd taken them with him, and fumed, but I also felt a strange dark thrill at having been exposed to them the way I was. It felt... weird, though, with that strange mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

It didn't take Jacob long to come back, and he came back alone, grinning.

“Are you upset?”

I glared at him.

“Here, I have a present for you. This'll make it up to you.”

The 'present' was something about the length and thickness of his thumb. It was green and curved like a half donut. There was a very obvious cock-head at one end, and the other was rounded and dimpled like testicles. He grinned and it started to buzz.

He tugged the front of my bathing suit out, then pushed the thing down inside. I gasped as the 'head' found the naked line of my sex, and then he unerringly found the right angle to push it into me. It curved up and in until almost three inches had pushed in between the lips of my sex, leaving just the rounded 'testicle' part on the outside.

Which was pressed up against my clitoris and buzzing like a little vibrator!

He let the front of my suit snap back into place and grinned at me and I cursed and instinctively tried to squeeze my thighs together as the rush of dark hunger and heat began to make my body thrum with energy. I couldn't, though. My ankles were separated by the six inch wide post they were taped too!

“How's that?” he asked.

He caressed my left breast, then bent and closed his lips around it, sucking hard and chewing achingly and deliciously on my nipple! He shifted to the other breast and I shuddered and moaned, my hips grinding helplessly.

The thing was, I had assumed his friends had now gone home. And a moment later I heard them tromping up the stairs! I gasped aloud, and Jacob grinned and pulled his lips off my now very, very hard nipples, waggled his tongue at me, and moved away.

I panicked and jerked and twisted hard against the tape, but I had no leverage! Then Michael and Nathan showed up with bottles of beer. They looked at me and grinned broadly, whistling appreciatively as they looked at my breasts.

“Now that's a nice view!” Nathan said.

“Come on, you guys. Back to work.”

“I'd rather just stand here and look at Megan's nipples,” Nathan said.

“They're just nipples,” Jacob said smugly. “See? I got nipples!”

He rubbed his bare chest.

“Yeah, but hers are girl nipples. Way more interesting,” Mike said.

“What's she got in her panties?” Nathan asked, looking down at the small bulge the vibrator made.

“You never had sex with a girl before, did you?” Jacob taunted.

“Yeah, but I never seen anything that looks like that.”

Jacob came back with tape in hand, and ignored my glaring and attempts to yell at him. He undid my bikini top completely and removed it, then he pulled out a long length of tape and pressed it down across the center of my breasts! He drew out more tape and more, and wound it around the post and back again across my breasts.

It was, at least, cover... of sorts. I mean, the tape covered my nipples and the center of my breasts. But obviously, most of my breasts were still naked! The tape also pinned me more tightly against the post.

Then he grinned lewdly at me and drew out another long length of tape, stretching his arms out. He pressed it against the back of the post, then drew it around the side and tugged down the string of my bikini bottom before pressing the tape against my outer thigh.

I squeaked as he tugged my bikini down completely, leaving me naked for a few seconds before he pressed the tape across me and around the other thigh and post.

“What is that thing sticking out of her pussy!?” Nathan demanded excitedly.

“Just a little vibrator,” Jacob said.

He wound the tape around my hips and the post several more times, but kept the tape narrow, laying it atop previous layers so I was still almost completely bare. I mean, you couldn't actually see my pussy, but if I'd had any pubic hair above it you certainly would have!

“There, she's all taped up. Time to get back to work,” he said.

Of course, both his friends had erections, and they were starting to get flushed looking at me there, but Jacob pulled them back to where the drywall was anyway.

I was red-faced, breathless, horribly embarrassed, anxious, uncertain, astonished, confused about what Jacob was doing, and still felt a squirmy sense of deep sexual arousal. If there was sexual electricity in the air before it now crackled with it like there was a storm imminent!

I was taped even more firmly in place now, my buttocks pressing firmly against the rough wood as I stood there against the post. The vibrator was still buzzing away inside me, and outside me, with that rounded part pressing even more firmly against my clitoris because of the tape placed across it.

I had no idea what Jacob was doing! But I was naked in front of his friends, with just some strategically placed tape over my body. And that was insane!

Jacob browbeat them into putting up more drywall, though all the other two guys did was hold it in place as they stared hungrily at me. I dropped my eyes, trembling, wildly unsure of what was happening, and feeling that constant vibration inside me and against my clitoris.

And now I didn't even dare try to pull away in case I broke the tape and bared myself! Granted, the tape was only like four inches high over my pussy and maybe half that over my breasts, but it was at least some coverage!

The shock began to fade, as did the embarrassment. I mean, you can't remain embarrassed to the same degree in front of the same people for the same reason forever before you kind of get used to it. So these two had seen me naked, or mostly naked, or partially naked. Okay, so... I didn't really have anything I ought to be ashamed of there. I knew how hot I looked.

But I still felt wildly self-conscious around them as they leered at me.

And the vibrator was doing weird things to my lower belly. It made the muscles in my pussy spasm and squeeze down again and again. It made me feel incredibly... sensitive down there! It felt like the nerve endings were now hypersensitive, and a dark, liquid heat was spreading up through my abdomen.

And the more time passed the less embarrassed I was, and the more my body

thrummed to the tune the vibrator was playing. The guys could hardly take their eyes off me, and Jacob was just all smug and proud showing off his 'possession'.

And I was becoming more aroused. Being the object of all that lust, being dressed – or undressed like this, and the tension of knowing I didn't really control anything about what was happening or what was going to happen all contributed to a churning hunger which was becoming more intense by the minute.

And eventually, the way my body felt, especially my lower body, made it impossible not to flinch and twitch and then writhe helplessly in place. And I knew that just excited the boys more, and that in turn both embarrassed and further excited me!

I could feel a moist heaviness in my lower belly even as my breasts throbbed and swelled. I moaned helplessly into the tape, my entire body squirming helplessly as the heat grew more intense within me. The fact the heat of the attic was terrible as well made me sweat even worse than I had been.

I could feel the sweat trickling slowly down my chest and back, and across my breasts and down my thighs, and my breathing was shallow and ragged.

“Man, I think your girlfriend is creaming!” Nathan exclaimed.

I jerked, shocked, embarrassed anew as the three wandered back to look at my thighs.

“I think that's just sweat,” Michael said.

“I could taste it and see,” Nathan suggested, wagging his tongue at me.

“Hey, she's my girlfriend. If anyone is gonna taste her it's gonna be me,” Jacob growled.

He got down on his knees in front of me and put his big hands on my thighs, and then licked his way up and down along the front of my thighs, pushing his tongue in as far as he could. Given my ankles and thighs were taped only six inches apart that wasn't very far, at first.

But the tape, which strongly resisted simply being snapped by my pulling my

ankles apart, say, could easily be ripped by tearing it, and he simply did that. Then his big hands pushed in between my thighs, forcing them a little wider as his tongue slid up along the line of my sex!

I felt another tremendous shock-wave pass through me as he did this right in front of his friends! My face heated even more than it already was!

But the feel of his tongue against my sensitive flesh was incredible! And then his big thumbs spread the lips of my sex, eased the vibrator ball thing down, and licked hard and fast against my clit!

I shuddered continually as the sensations swept over me in waves that came increasingly more powerful and closer together. And then they merged into a kind of endless roaring flame of raw sensation which drowned me in pleasure.

I cried out again and again as his tongue swept furiously across my clitoris. The vibrator thing was still inside me and pushing the ball thing down and back made the inside part push in harder against the front wall of my sex. Which was, as we had discovered weeks ago, where my G-spot was.

I thought I would go insane as the pleasure grew so intense it melted my brain! I trembled and shook violently, not caring about being watched, and my hips bucked spasmodically out against his tongue and lips and fingers.

It was too good! It was too good! It was toooooo wonderful!

I felt as if my body was shaking apart! Never mind my brain!

The orgasm went on and on and on beyond anything I had ever experienced. I thought maybe I would pass out! I didn't care, though. I just wallowed in that incredible pleasure, uncaring of anything else.

Jacob drew back, then pulled my ankles in together again. Only this time he crossed my ankles before taping them in place again. He stood up, reaching in under the tape and shifting the ball end of the vibrator so it pressed against my clitoris again, then smoothing the tape down over my pussy.

“Back to work,” he said.

“Well was it cream or sweat?” Nathan demanded.

“I think it was sweat. Her cream tastes different.”

“What's her cream taste like?”

“Never you mind.”

His friends still had raging erections, but he drew them back to putting up more drywall. There was a lot of low, urgent whispering going on among them but I couldn't make it out. Anyway, I was still trying to fit my brain back together after it being shaken apart.

I felt shocked at myself for coming like that so intensely. Worse, doing it in front of Nathan and Michael! But I was also still bubbling with liquid heat. The orgasm had been intense but I still felt a tingling all over my body, especially over my breasts and down between my legs.

The vibrator felt extremely uncomfortable – too powerful – against my super-sensitive clitoris. But there wasn't any way to dislodge it. And before long the discomfort shifted into something dark and wild and hot, and my body began to tremble again.

See, my sex life had been, up to this point, pretty average. I had never done anything wild and crazy. And the guys I'd slept with had been so excited by ordinary old sex none of them had seemed much interested in anything else.

I mean, Jacob was the first boyfriend I'd had who actually showed any skill or talent – or interest – in performing oral sex on me, rather than just me doing it on him. It was one of the reasons I overlooked some of his more annoying, macho attitudes.

But my entire body seemed to thrum with an eager passion I couldn't ever remember having before. The vibrator was jammed against my clitoris and driving me crazy! My inhibitions were melting in the heat and I moaned dazedly through the tape as my body trembled and shook.

And then I had another orgasm! Just standing there like that. My body overloaded and I began to tremble and shake as the sensations exploded within me. Convulsions wracked my body and my hips bucked and twisted as I tried to arch my back against the tape cutting across my breasts.

And of course, they noticed.

They laughed but the laughter was way too excited, way too eager, and as they came back I saw the erections in their pants seemed even bigger than before, threatening to tear through their jeans!

I sagged, gasping for breath through my nose since I couldn't breathe through the tape.

“She almost broke free of the tape that time,” Nathan said.

“Yeah and the tape over her breasts is kind of stretched.”

“I'll just replace it,” Jacob said.

He tore the tape at the side of my chest and then ripped it off. I squealed as the tape yanked at my nipples and breasts, my back arching outward as he pulled it off.

And of course, that left my breasts completely bare to their eager eyes.

“Hey man, you got to be careful or you'll rip her nipples off,” Nathan said with a laugh.

“Naw, they're fine,” Jacob said.

He reached out and rolled my left nipple, and then Nathan reached out and rolled my right nipple!

“Hey man, this is my bitch. I didn't say you could touch her nipples,” Jacob said indignantly, slapping his hand away.

“Can I touch your bitch's nipples?” Nathan asked.

“Sure.”

Nathan grinned and rolled and plucked at my stiff nipple again, and then Jacob moved back to get more tape.

“Can I touch your bitch's nipples?” Mike asked eagerly.

“Yeah, sure, go ahead.”

So then the two of them were standing in front of me rolling and pinching and pulling at my nipples, which burned and throbbed and tingled wildly! That made me gasp and moan, my back arching out as they pulled at my increasingly sore nipples.

“Hey, not so hard,” Jacob said.

“I'm sorry. Can I make it up to her?” Nathan asked nicely.

“Sure.”

Then the two of them leaned in and took my breasts into their mouths together, sucking and licking at my nipples and the flesh around them!

I squealed and jerked and moaned as my breasts crackled with sexual electricity and another wild rush of heat swept through me. Orgasm or not my body was still boiling and bubbling over with liquid heat. And now I had two guys sucking and licking my nipples at the same time!

“Okay, move aside,” Jacob ordered.

He pushed them out of the way and pulled a length of tape across my rib on the right, then up against the bottom of my breasts and around behind me again. He did it again, and again. But the rape wasn't going over my nipples but against the underside of my breasts, kind of pushing my breasts up.

He continued to circle me and the post, but this time the tape went across the top of my breasts, pressing down, squeezing them out between the layer on top and the one below.

“You're not gonna cover up her nipples?” Mike asked.

“I don't want to hurt them. They're so small and delicate,” Jacob said.

“We can just kiss them and make them better.”

“Again? You're such a nice guy.”

“Yeah, I am!”

And that was what they did. He and Nathan leaned in and started to suck and lick at my nipples again while Jacob just watched my face and smirked.

Then his hand reached in under the tape over my pussy and began to rub my pussy and kind of grind the little round vibrator thing against my clitoris.

This was so insanely sexual and sensual! It was all so overwhelming! I wasn't much embarrassed anymore, though I was still self-conscious. But the dark thrill of what I was doing was just incredibly powerful! My chest was so tight I could hardly breathe, and my pulse was racing while my heart thundered in my ears.

My breasts felt like they would explode, and my nipples like there was an electrical current running right through them that crackled like a live wire! And now Jacob was rubbing the little base of the vibrator against my clitoris, which was making my muscles start to spasm again.

He leered at me, then reached up and twisted the tape at the side of my cheek, peeling it back over my lips and off.

“So what do you say, Meg?” he asked. “Do you think you're ready to take directions yet from your betters?”

“Y-Y-You're not anyone's better!” I gasped, gulping in air.

“You said I was the best kisser you'd ever kissed,” he said.

Then he leaned in and kissed me. Hard. I moaned and turned my head aside, but he gripped my hair and pulled it back. The other two guys had been forced to pull their mouths back from my nipples, but now their fingers were rubbing and stroking them as they watched him kissing me.

He was a good kisser. And his lips were both forceful and gentle at the same time. They pressed firmly against mine and forced my lips open as if he was going to invade my mouth. But his tongue only dipped lightly as his lips ravaged mine.

“What's so good about that?” Nathan asked.

Jacob drew back a little.

“It's in the style, man. It's in how strongly you press your lips but also what you do with them.”

And then he explained exactly how he let his lips slide against mine, and how he alternated the pressure and movement, and invited him to try.

And so then Nathan kissed me, just as passionately as Jacob had, only with less finesse. Then Mike did the same, then Jacob kissed me again, to show them how.

And they all kept playing with my nipples.

Meanwhile, Jacob's fingers had been working so firmly at my pussy that he tore the tape away to give himself more room!

I was completely naked!

But so far all his friends had done was play with and suck my nipples, and then kiss me.

Which all had me completely dazed and bewildered, gasping and panting and moaning as they took turns kissing me.

Which, in my defense, would be why I never told them to stop. I couldn't get my mind working well enough to do that. Or even to decide that was something I ought to do. I admit to thinking about it. I admit to that but... I couldn't quite seem to actually do it because... because... the heat was just too intense inside me!

Three different hot, sexy, shirtless guys were taking turns kissing me as they fondled my nipples!

Although actually their fingers were starting to spread wider now. They were fondling my breasts, not just my nipples. And what Jacob was doing down below was making me grind my hips in helpless arousal.

Now I didn't like being treated like... like the helpless girl. I mean, I was used to being the equal. And when it came to sex, being the one in charge, the boss, because I decided whether there'd be sex and when and how. Being taunted and

teased and groped like this was beyond my experience and I was confused about what to do about it. Or even whether I ought to do something.

Well, no. I knew I ought to! But the kissing was incredibly exciting! And being naked like this was even more arousing! I was still covered in sweat, too. So were they! This was hot and sweaty and a part of me wanted to stop it and get the hell out of the attic. But this was the most thrilling experience of my life and I didn't want it to end!

But I was also taken by a growing fear that they'd think I was some kind of slut if I just gave in like this without even a peep of protest. And then Nathan and Michael would tell all their friends about what a whore I was and word would get out. What kind of a girl would just stand there and let guys grope and kiss her and everything without saying a word!?

So I had to do something to show my resistance! But... I didn't want to do something which would actually get them to stop. It was a fine line, and my brain was kind of fuzzy and not up to delicacy just then.

Jacob squatted down and untaped my ankles then stood up and untaped my wrists. I started to feel a sense of panic. Not about what he or they were going to do but because now I was completely free and I'd have to be even more of a whore and a slut to let them keep pawing and touching and kissing me! Being taped up helpless at least gave me an excuse, especially with my mouth taped, and now I had none!

So I pushed them back and twisted away, pulling my mouth free and shoving them so they let go of my hair.

“Get back! None of you know how to kiss! You've been practicing on each other too long!” I said.

“You all suck! You're boring me to death!”

“Yeah! You liked it!” Nathan taunted.

“She loved it!” Mike said.

“I think I'm turning into a lesbian!” I yelled back. “You're all so clumsy and ignorant you've turned me off men completely!”

“That's not very nice,” Jacob said.

“Oh just go and fuck Nathan in the ass!” I said. “ You know you've always wanted to!”

Instead, he pulled out the roll of tape again and Nathan and Mike jerked my arms up – which had been at my sides helping cover my breasts. He taped them to the post again while I pretended to resist, squirming and twisting and cursing them.

The only difference was I was facing the post now.

“Speaking about asses,” Jacob said.

He gripped my hips and jerked them back so that I bent forward at the waist.

“That is some kind of ass,” Nathan said.

“Gorgeous ass,” Mike echoed.

“My friends think you have a really great ass, Meg,” Jacob said.

“Yeah, you're friends really like asses!” I yelled over my shoulder. “They probably fuck each other in the ass every day!”

“If you keep insulting us I'm going to have to punish you,” he said.

“Yeah!? What are you gonna do, kiss me again!? Blech!”

He said something to Nathan, who moved in beside me. He reached in and pressed his finger against the buzzing vibrator and I gasped helplessly.

“Don't touch me! You loser! Go suck Mike's cock!” I gasped.

“So crude,” Jacob said.

He was taking his belt off, and then he doubled it in his hand.

Mike moved in on my other side, and he reached in to cup my right breast, squeezing it, while Nathan cupped my left and did the same.

Then, to my astonishment, Jacob swung the belt down and hit my behind!

“Ahh!” I squealed, twisting my head around in astonishment.

“Bad girls get punished,” Jacob said.

Then he swung it again and I squealed as it struck my buttocks even harder! I mean, it was just a belt, and he didn't really swing it that hard, but I was completely taken by surprise. And then I felt this wild, spiraling rush of energy and dark hunger! This was so sick! So kinky and wild and outrageous!

Two guys were standing next to me, fondling me, and Jacob was strapping my ass!

Crack!

“Ow! Quit it!” I gasped.

Nathan was rubbing the round ball of the vibrator against my clitoris, but he was also trying to push a finger up into my pussy next to it! And both he and Mike were kneading my throbbing breasts!

Crack!

“Ow! Jacob!”

“Call me... sir,” he said in a haughty voice.

“Fuck you!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Bad girl. Now apologize for being rude to my friends.”

“Go fuck yourself!”

Crack!

“Oww!”

I gasped as I felt Nathan tugging on the vibrator, sliding the narrow length of it

completely out of my pussy. He reversed it, still pressing the tip against my clitoris, but now his finger pushed into me easily. I was sopping wet!

Crack!

“Ohw! Stop!”

Crack!

“Oww! Bastard!”

Crack!

“Oww! Jacob!”

“Sir,” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Nathan worked two fingers up inside me. And every time the belt hit my bottom my hips jerked forward as if I was fucking myself on them! I was even more overheated on the inside than the outside, and my mind was melting!

That earlier sense of being completely helpless and overpowered which had excited me earlier was far more intense now. And every time I felt his two fingers push up inside me I wanted to cry out in pleasure. And so I let my cry of pain at the blow of the belt continue on to cover the seething rush of pleasure I got from his fingers thrusting deep!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Call me sir,” he said patiently.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I came! I came, riding Nathan's fingers, unable to hide it, my hips bucking violently as I sobbed in dazed heat and wonder.

A firestorm raged within me and it felt as though I were being consumed by it! The pleasure blotted out the world, and all my inhibitions gave way and collapsed before it.

The belt cracked against my bottom as I bucked and jerked violently, the pain sharper as the belt struck with more force, but the sharp little stings were nothing compared to the firestorm of pleasure howling within me.

Nathan's fingers pulled out and Jacob's hands pulled my hips back more. Then I felt his big cock pushing against me. Like I said, I was sopping wet, but his cock was thick, and he'd always had some trouble getting it into me. Not this time. I was still very tight, but his cock slid deep into my belly in one thrust, making me cry out again.

The feel of it pushing so high into my aching belly was so incredible the orgasm surged up again even as it had been subsiding! He drove himself into me to the balls, then started to thrust hard and fast.

Nathan gripped my hair and jerked my head to the side, then kissed me roughly and hungrily for long seconds. Then Mike gripped my hair and jerked my head around to the other side so he could crush my lips with his. Both of them mashed my breasts and rolled my nipples

Then Nathan slid the tip of the vibrator down to find my clitoris and rub it from side to side against me as Jacob's cock thrust in and out.

My mind exploded! I didn't cry out this time. I howled like an animal! My voice rose into a shriek of wild animal passion, then rose even more as I howled all the air out of my lungs! My body trembled and shook as Jacob's hips slapped against my buttocks again and again.

The orgasms just kept getting more and more powerful!

I lost control of my body, which twisted and bucked and jerked in their grasp as Jason pounded me even harder. I cried out again as I felt his hand gripping a thick mass of my hair and jerking my head up and back.

He leaned in and bit into the nape of my neck as my eyes lost focus and became glassy. I was breathless, dazed, and shell-shocked from the incredible orgasm, and practically ready to collapse!

He pounded me even harder, and then came inside me as I became light-headed. I fell out of the orgasm, but not into relaxation. Because no sooner had he come, and pulled his cock out when he reached up and tore the tape off my wrists.

I sagged down and collapsed to my knees, gasping for breath.

Nathan jerked his pants down and his cock popped up, thick and hard and eager. I moaned dazedly as he rubbed it against my cheek. Then Mike did the same on my other side. I pushed feebly at them, and Jacob gripped my arms and drew them back behind my back. He taped my wrists together there as Nathan pulled on my hair and guided my lips to his cock.

I moaned as he pushed it into my mouth, feeling still another shock of heat and thrilling outrage. But this wasn't cheating because Jacob was there, right!?

Fine! He would see just how good I was!

I mean, they'd seen me coming like a whore, again and again. Turn about was fair play. I moaned and accepted his cock, sucking and licking at it even as Mike rubbed his against my right cheek. I had only just started to work on Nathan's cock, though, when he pushed forward and the head of his cock pushed into my throat.

I was startled, and gurgled around it as he pulled me forward, driving his cock deep into my throat. I liked to impress guys with my deep throat skills. It always made their eyes pop. But I was always the one who completely controlled guys during oral sex, with my hands – which were now taped together behind my back...

So I found my lips wrapped around the base of Nathan's cock, even as I felt fingers at my pussy, felt my thighs forced apart. Then the vibrator pushed into me again.

Nathan pulled back, and Mike jerked on my hair, twisting my head to the right. He shoved his cock into my open mouth even as I gasped for breath, and another massive rush of dark, thrilling outrage swept through me. Sucking two guys at once!? That was incredibly slutty!

I took him deep into my throat, gurgling around him. He drew back, then began to fuck my throat and mouth, pumping in and out as he held me in place by the hair.

He pulled out and it was Nathan's turn, then Mike, then Nathan, then Mike. They fucked my throat and then rubbed themselves against my cheeks and forehead

and wrapped my hair around their stiff, slick cocks.

I cried out dazedly as someone pulled on my hair, forcing me to fall back onto my arms on the floor. Jacob pulled me a little further back by the hair, along the floor.

“Roll over,” he ordered.

Dazed, I did nothing but gasp for breath, my chest heaving.

“Roll over, Meg.”

He jerked on my hair and I cried out.

“Roll over.”

I rolled over, panting and moaning.

“Raise your ass up in the air,” he ordered.

Crack!

I cried out as the belt lashed down on my buttocks.

“Raise your ass in the air.

I pulled my knees in beneath me, lifting my bottom in the air, too stunned to object.

“Spread your legs.”

Crack!

Crying out, burning up, I shifted my knees apart.

Jacob knelt beside me and showed me something. It looked like a big cock. Only it wasn't real. It was a dildo. No, a vibrator, though it was realistic looking. It buzzed.

“Look what I got for you, baby,” he teased.

I moaned as he shifted it behind me and then cried out as I felt it pushing against the swollen lips of my sex. It buzzed more powerfully than the little one had, and my hips twisted and bucked even as he held me in place by gripping my hair.

I felt the thick cock slide so deep inside me the thing was almost buried in my pussy. Almost. It had a thin little wedge that curved up on the outside of my pussy, pressing against my clitoris.

“Do her,” he said.

Nathan knelt behind me and I felt his stiff, slick cock pushing against my wrinkled back passage.

“Oh! Oh! Oh, God!” I cried.

My body was coming apart at the seams and my brain was disintegrating!

I felt the pressure grow, stop, grow, stop, grow, and stop. My back opening slowly gave way and I felt his cock pushing slowly down into my ass.

His hands slapped my buttocks and then gripped my hips, jerking them up higher. My breasts throbbed against the dusty hard wood below me. The vibrator buzzed powerfully within the tautly stretched sheath of my sex.

And I just... surrendered. I don't mean I surrendered to what they were doing. I mean my mind just surrendered before the incredible howl of sensation and pleasure and passion and lust and heat and hunger. I wallowed in it as his cock drove deep into my belly and he started to pound me as hard and fast as Nathan had before.

It felt so, so, sooooo wonderful! That big, hard, warm slick cock slicing through my belly again and again while the vibrator purred away in my pussy was producing a heat like no other. I grunted and gasped and moaned in passion as he rammed himself home again and again.

Another orgasm swept through me and drove me to the brink of insanity. And during it, he halted, pulled out, and was replaced by Mike. It didn't matter to me. I just continued to shudder and moan and cry out as the passion tore through me.

I couldn't think, and didn't want to. I had no inhibitions and no thoughts for

tomorrow, or anything else. I was barely self-aware. The pleasure and passion and hunger were in complete control and I gave myself to it without hesitation.

When he finished I collapsed onto my belly, slack-jawed and dazed. But Jacob, watching, had gotten hard again. He chuckled and flipped me onto my back, his hand in between my legs, pumping the vibrator in and out, ignoring my whimpers and moans as the sensations clawed at my mind.

“Hot little fuck toy,” he said.

He was hard again, from watching me getting sodomized. He scooped my legs up and back, dropping my ankles onto his shoulders.

“Remember, baby, you're my bitch,” he growled as he pulled the vibrator out of me and drove his cock down into my pussy.

He leaned forward over me, his hips working smoothly in and out. His hands slid along my thighs, down behind my knees, then lower, until they were gripping my ankles firmly. He pushed my ankles up and back over my shoulders, then leaned forward more to put more weight on them.

His big, powerful body was fully atop me, even though he wasn't touching me except with his hands and cock. He ground himself against me, forcing my ankles back even further, making my back groan and lifting my buttocks up to meet each hard thrust.

I felt crushed beneath him, my arms pinned under me, my legs jammed back against me, my body folded in two underneath him as his hips began to slam down against my buttocks again and again.

He forced my ankles in behind my neck, then pinned them with one hand as he lowered his body over me. I gasped and moaned as his weight came down on me, crushed, owned, his...

“You like my cock inside you, baby?” he growled.

His face was inches from mine now as his hips slapped down hard and fast.

I came again, the orgasm rippling through my body so that I trembled and shook in dazed wonder and heat. His other hand came down to grip my hair and his lips

crushed mine as his hips hammered down against my buttocks.

My orgasm wasn't as intense as before. Instead, it was... a strange roller coaster of pleasure, soaring up, then plummeting down, then soaring up again and again as if I were having a string of multiple orgasms together.

I didn't stop to analyze it. I had already surrendered and all higher orders of thinking had shut down. I was just an animal responding to instinct, to pleasure and pain, heat, and cold. It went on and on until I began to fade out, and then he came, filling me a second time with his hot cream.

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He had to carry me back downstairs to my room. I'd simply been too overwhelmed by the heat, inner and outer. He left me spreadeagled naked on my bed, grinning smugly.

“We'll be back to work on the attic again tomorrow,” he said.

I could only groan in response.

I lay there feeling utterly battered for a long while, aching inside and out, then slowly, as my mind began to return, sat up.

Holy fuck!

I'd never had so many orgasms in one day! Never mind in like an hour! I'd had sex with three guys! That was so outrageous! I was such a slut!

And I definitely needed a shower. A long one.

I stumbled into the bathroom and groaned as the water poured over me. I turned it to cool, just letting it pour over me for long minutes before I got the soap and started to clean myself. I rinsed, then soaped up again. I felt so sweaty and dirty!

I felt more human afterward, but still stunned by what I'd done, by what Jacob had done. I cringed at the memories, or at least, at not objecting, at allowing myself to be used like a slut! I resented that, because I was sure none of them had any regrets at all! Nathan had gotten to show me off, and his friends had gotten to fuck my mouth and throat and ass!

I thought about a lot of things that evening, from breaking up with Jacob to just screaming and cursing at him. But I wasn't able to make any decision because my memories were still filled with the wonder of the most exciting, thrilling event of my life.

And so, when they came back the next day I acted as insultingly as possible – to show that I was independent and not anyone's bitch. And that got me stripped naked and pulled across Jacob's lap to be spanked. Hard! But while he spanked me he also fingered me, and used that vibrator on me, and fondled my breasts.

And then Nathan shoved his cock down my throat.

Jacob taped my wrists together again, then lay down on the floor and had me straddle him and sink my pussy down on his cock. Nathan moved in behind me and shoved his cock up my ass while Mike knelt over Jacob's left shoulder and pulled on my hair to make me lean over so he could shove his cock down my throat.

And I came with an incredible, savage orgasm that almost knocked me unconscious, followed by a string of weaker ones.

After that Jacob bent me over the back of a chair. He taped my ankles to the rear legs of the chair, then put little clips on my nipples which were attached to cords, and pulled the cords down over the front of the chair so I was bent over at a steep angle. The vibrator went up my pussy, and another dildo went up my ass.

And then they started to drywall again. When I started to make noises, insulting them, among other things, Jacob taped my lips shut again.

They continued to work, but every now and then one of them would come over and fuck me, or pull the tape off my mouth and fuck my mouth and throat, or fuck my ass.

I came maybe a dozen times as I was taped in place there. My nipples were swollen and throbbing and aching by the time Jacob pulled the clips off, though. On the other hand, he was able to make me come again just rolling and stroking and licking and sucking them.

They untaped me and I got to work putting up insulation again, but naked.

We had locked the door downstairs and piled stuff in the way so it would take a while for anyone to get up. And I had a pair of shorts and tank top ready to yank on if anyone wanted to see me, but we were left pretty much alone to work.

We finished insulating and dry-walling. They taped that up and then began to do the mudding and then sanding. Then came the painting.

I was naked for all of this. The only time I put my clothes on was when my uncle came to cut the hole in the wall and put in the picture window and then put in the fireplace.

Even then I had a butt-plug in my ass and a dildo up my pussy beneath my tight, short shorts.

Once the sofa was in place we had to break it in, with me being pinned between them all as I rode Jacob's cock and Mike fucked my ass and Mike stood behind the couch fucking my throat.

The same thing happened when the bed was put together and the mattress went on.

Jacob really seemed to like taping my wrists together. And for me, it gave me some kind of strange mental cover for my slutty behavior. Because if I was taped up (or tied up) then I wasn't being a slut to submit to them.

But then he got these leather things to restrain my wrists and used them constantly. I loved how my new room turned out, but much of the time, especially if my parents were away, it was more like Jacob's new room. Him and his friends. I was kept naked and with the leather restraints locking my wrists together behind me as I serviced them sexually or they found different ways to torment me with various sex toys.

And whenever I complained or acted up I got Jacob's belt across my bottom – harder than it was the first time, too.

The complaints were mostly for show, though. This was just too wild and thrilling to want to stop it. I just needed cover, a pretense that I wasn't really as excited or thrilled with it as was really the case. I tried to act as reluctant as I could when I wasn't having an orgasm or just feverish with sexual heat.

It wasn't always just Nathan and Mike either. He began to bring other friends of his up and I had to suck them and give them lap dances and fuck them.

'Had to.'

And came while doing it. Because having to was too wild and intense and thrilling.

He began having me masturbate with vibrators and dildos while he and his friends watched. That was shockingly wicked and wild and I came violently. It was even more of a shock when I realized he'd taken video, and watched it up on the TV!

After that, he got a real video camera and began taping me as I did wildly sexual things with the other guys, or they did it with me. He brought girls in for me to have sex with and filmed that. He filmed me masturbating and riding dildos in different ways, and taped my loud orgasms.

And then he put them all on a web site.

I was pissed! But then I saw how much money it was making so I relented.

See, sex, which used to be just, you know, a casual thing, had become the focal point of my life, of my entire existence. Sex was what I was all about. A hot, sexy girl was what I was. Having sex with guys – and sometimes girls, was what I did. And it was all wild and hot and intense and exciting.

So why not make money with it?

Eventually, I became a stripper, too. And I was so enthusiastic about it the guys seemed to sense it and liked me more. Well, plus I was really pretty and had a great body. So I made a ton of money and was able to buy my own place.

My parents never knew anything about any of it. They thought I was renting the condo I lived in and that I was sharing the cost with a girlfriend. And whenever I drove over I said the car was Jacob's, even though it was mine. I sure never told them how much money I had in the bank, either, or about my investment account.

My friends, the normal ones, the ones who aren't sluts like me, have regular,

boring jobs that pay a fraction of what I make from stripping and the internet. They don't know what I do either. I tell them I work as a clerk for an insurance company.

I suppose the way I live would be frowned upon by most people. But I honestly don't see why. I'm enjoying myself, making people happy, and making a shit-pile of money. What's so bad about that?

I have a lot to be grateful to Jacob for, and it goes well beyond that wild, kinky renovation project for my room. He's really opened up my eyes and mind about sex and how incredible it can be. Especially when you lost your inhibitions.

But I avoid hot, sweaty places now. I like my sex clean and cool and comfortable. And I like my orgasms on something soft and padded!

And plenty of them!

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? 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.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

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!

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 do 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 Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!