

Seduced by Blood

By JJ Argus



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

“So you're the little orphan girl, huh?”

I felt a little tightness in my belly but I had developed a fairly tough shell over the past few years so nothing was likely to show. I turned my head casually, my eyes full of boredom to look at the guy leaning against the counter.

He was young, maybe twenty, with a leather jacket and messy black hair. He was good looking, but full of attitude, as cocky as could be.

“Can I help you with something?” I asked.

You couldn't tell someone to fuck off when you worked in a diner, at least, not in a diner in Utah. How the fuck I'd ended up in Utah, in a hole like Bensonville, was another story.

He grinned insolently, then gave me the once over.

“I bet you look amazing when you're not wearing a stupid polyester uniform,” he said.

He was kind of good looking. Which, given most of the chunky truckers and farmers I saw all day, made me cut him some slack. He was young, too, which was also good. Good looking came on top of that.

“You saying I don't look amazing now?” I asked.

His grin deepened, showing he had very nice teeth. “Baby, no one could make that outfit look fabulous, especially with their hair pulled back.”

I sniffed, but it was hard to disagree with him. I was wearing a loose, two tone brown polyester dress which was as shapeless as it was dull, and fell past my knees. A job's a job, though, and when you're alone in the world you take what you can get.

Most of the time, to be honest, I didn't mind how ugly it was, given the clientele. I didn't need to get hit on by those guys. This guy, though, was something else again, different in his confidence, than the norm.

He reached up towards my hair and I eased my head back.

“I bet that hair is silky soft,” he said.

“Can I get you something?” I asked. “Something on the menu.”

He grinned broadly. “Burger and fries.”

I nodded and sauntered over to the inside counter, then yelled to Max for a burger and fries. I turned around, grabbed a cloth for want of anything else to do, and ostentatiously cleaned around the lower counter.

“That ain't very friendly, darling,” he protested. “Come on back here and chat with me.”

“My job is serving the customers, not chatting with em,” I said, but I did wander closer.

It wasn't like I had a lot else to do. It was nearly eleven at night on a Wednesday and there were only two more customers in the diner.

“I like to be served by women,” he said.

I snorted in amusement. “I bet you do.”

“You ever call a man master?” he asked.

I felt my eyes widening.

“You into that whips and chains stuff?” I asked doubtfully.

“I'm into girls, baby,” he said. “I'm into girls and whatever girls are into.”

“Uh huh. I don't think too many girls want to be tied up and call men master.”

I rolled my eyes again.

“You'd be surprised, baby. When a girl gets tied up, it's really her that gets turned on by it, not the guy.

He had strange eyes, bright, but very dark brown, and intense. There was

something... dangerous about him, and I don't mean the talk about whips and chains. But there was also something attractive about his confidence, his cocky attitude, and, let's face it, he was good looking and looked like he had a strong body.

And here, in the diner, under the fluorescent lights, with customers around and Max in back, well, I didn't exactly feel threatened.

“Uh huh,” was all I said.

It had been a boring shift, and he was, God help me, the most interesting thing that'd happened during my whole day – maybe my whole week.

Bensonville was, like I said, a hole, a hole on the edge of the desert. My mom had been just passing through on the way to somewhere hopefully better when we'd hit a truck four years ago. My dad, well, we'd never met. And my mom was an orphan. So eventually I'd wound up with the county, and spent my last couple of years in high school as a notorious “orphan girl”. Notorious because the crash had been a huge deal locally, and because outsiders didn't show up much in the county high school.

It had been hell, to put it mildly. They'd all been together since kindergarten, and here I was this “orphan girl” outsider. The girls had treated me like shit, while all the guys seemed to believe an orphan girl just had to be a total slut.

On top of that they were hicks, and religious hicks to boot. I'd come from Minneapolis, which wasn't exactly New York, but we weren't hicks, and we didn't say “praise Jesus” in every third sentence.

So, since I was going to be an outsider I acted the part, and since I was going to be treated like a slut, well, I sort of acted the part. I mean, I dressed down, talked smack, and acted like I'd done a heck of a lot more than I'd done. I just wouldn't do it with any of the hicks at school.

Despite that, at least a dozen guys at school claimed they'd laid me, and gave varying accounts of how wild I was.

In fact, the only guys I'd fucked since coming to this burg had been truckers – guys passing through, not the local hicks, guys who wouldn't be gossiping about me and making shit up.

“I don't remember seeing you in school,” I said.

“Not me, baby. I'm new.”

“Then how come – .”

“Some local peckerhead I met pointed you out when you were walking through town.”

“Uh huh,” I said. “And I suppose he had all sorts of good things to say.”

“Said you were a wild thing in bed.”

I felt myself closing down.

“Funny thing about me, baby, is I can always tell when someone's lying.”

“So you think I'm not a wild thing in bed?” I asked, challengingly.

He grinned cockily. “I think peckerhead had no fuckin' idea what you were like in bed. I think he jerked off thinking about having you in bed, just like his peckerhead friends, but I don't think he knows any more than I do. In fact, I bet I know more about what you'd be like than he would.”

“You do, huh?” I asked, interested.

“First, cause I'm smarter than him. Second, cause I know women better than him. Third, because I'm real perceptive about people. Fourth because I've probably talked to you more than he ever has.”

“And you think that gives me some insight into what I'd be like in bed?”

“I think you, baby, are bored, smart, and looking for something new, something fun, something exciting in this fucking burg.”

I snorted. “If it's a burg why'd you move here?”

He made a face. “My old man.”

I nodded understanding.

“Where you from?”

“Los Angeles.”

I felt impressed, despite myself, though of course, didn't show it.

“Big comedown from a place like that to a place like this.”

“Oh yeah. And the girls here?”

He looked at me with open mouthed amazement.

“Holy shit!” he said. “I mean, they all act like they're princesses devoted to Jesus, but they're really bitches who mostly care about how much money you have!”

I nodded in approval and agreement.

“So how come you're still here, orphan girl?”

“Got no money,” I said.

“Move to LA, find yourself a sugar-daddy, live in a big place with a pool by the ocean.”

I laughed. “You got the name of the sugar daddy?”

“I could probably think up a few,” he said with a grin.

I fetched him his burger, then set to really cleaning up since we were getting towards closing time. Most of the business we got was what passed by on the highway, and the highway didn't get that busy after eight. We picked up some locals from Bensonville, which was directly behind the diner through a scrubby field, but they didn't come out much after dark.

I had to go back to the kitchen a few times for stuff like trays of glasses to stock up, and one of the times when I came back, he was gone. There was a money next to his plate, though, and a decent tip, but I was kind of disappointed he'd left so quick without us talking some more. He'd been... different, and not at all bad looking.

But I wasn't surprised. Guys came and went. Maybe I'd see him again, or maybe I'd just hear about him telling everyone how he'd fucked me or something. Though he didn't really seem that type.

At midnight I said goodbye to Max, who would finish up closing down, and pushed my way out through the double doors out into the parking lot out front. It was dark and hot, and I headed around to the rear of the diner to cut through the scrub back to town.

And there he was, sitting on a motorcycle in the shadows. I gasped, brought up short, startled, and stepped back a pace until he grinned and I recognized him.

“You... startled me,” I said, not wanting to say scared.

“Knew you'd look a lot better without that outfit.”

I was wearing cutoffs and a tank top, and I felt my eyes narrow.

“Yeah, and so?”

“And so I could drive you home, maybe.”

I gazed at the big motorcycle.

“On that?”

He grinned. “You see a limousine around here anywhere?”

I snorted. “I don't even know your name.”

“Reese.”

“Reese? People actually call their kids Reese in LA?”

“People call their daughters Codi, too.”

I shrugged acknowledgment. Obviously he knew my name. Probably from whoever pointed me out as the local slut.

“I'm not doing anything with you, no matter what peckerhead told you.”

“Perish the thought,” he said.

I wouldn't have gotten into a car with him, but a motorcycle, well, it was, like, so open and all. What could he do to me on a motorcycle?

I could walk home, but it was hot, and it'd take me twenty minutes since I lived on the far side of Bensonville. It was a small town in numbers but big enough in size when you had to walk through it.

“Yeah, okay,” I said.

He started the motorcycle and straightened it. I moved forward and climbed aboard behind him.

“Make sure you put your arms around me tight, baby.”

I felt a surge of suspicion, and yet also the first inkling of something approaching excitement, the thought, just the sort of what-the-hell thought of maybe doing something with him, of having some fun with him. But wherever he came from he was a local now and God knows what he'd spread around about me. A lot of the local religious bitches think I'm some kind of dangerous person cursed by God as it is.

He made the motor growl, revving it up a few times, and it shuddering and vibrated beneath me, beneath my legs.. beneath other stuff...

Then he pulled out and my arms shot tight around him as he turned sharply and headed out onto the highway. I felt a momentary alarm, but then remembered that you couldn't exactly cut through the scrub on a motorcycle. He'd have to go down the highway to the exit, which was what he did.

He turned off it, picking up speed, then slowed down, for as the road curved sharply into Bensonville he went off the road onto a narrow dirt lane which curved wider around the town. I knew the road, though. It would still take us to the far side of the town, but without going through it. It was just a little bumpier.

It only took a minute, really.

“You been on a bike before?” he called over his shoulder.

“No,” I said.

The road curved in towards my end of town, but then suddenly he turned off it again, this time on a narrow trail which went up a low hillock.

“Hey!” I said.

The trail was only a hundred feet or so long, and then we were on a kind of dirt and grass area which overlooked the desert. He stopped and turned to grin at me. I glared at him.

“You want me to walk from here?” I asked.

“It ain't far, right?”

Which meant he knew where I lived. I felt my suspicions rise again, and as he threw a leg over the bike I threw mine over on the other side.

He looked at me over the bike and I looked back at him.

“You'd be beautiful if you untied your hair,” he said.

“What makes you think I want to look beautiful?”

“Cause plain is better than not ugly, and pretty is better than plain, and beautiful people get to have a lot of fun in life while the ugly people are sitting home watching sitcoms on TV.”

Then he reached out and gripped the front of my tank top and pulled me so I was forced to lean forward over the bike as he did the same from his side. I didn't really feel... threatened, I mean, not scared or anything, though I was wary and suspicious. This took me by surprise, though, and by the time I thought about reacting his lips were already on mine.

Just his lips. He gripped me by the front of the tank top, but not so I couldn't break free if I wanted to, and all this swirled in my head along with his talk about watching TV, which was about all I did when I got home, and by the time I started to think about maybe doing something other than letting him kiss me I'd come to realize just how freaking good he was at kissing.

And that was really good!

He didn't even try to distract me or grab my ass or my boob or anything. He just leaned into the kiss with one hand on the bike and the other on my shirt and his lips moved against mine with this strange combination of hunger and certainty and determination that was still incredibly soft and slow and gentle!

His tongue skimmed along my lips, dipped lightly into my mouth a few times, and it was long seconds before it began to move forward more boldly. It was a little after that he finally took his other hand off the bike and slid it up behind my hair. By then my heart was thumping and my pulse was racing! My hands rose up, almost to push him off, but wound up on his shoulders.

I mean, there's a certain something about a guy who's sure of himself, who's got confidence, and I have to admit that his sudden move into pulling me into a kiss was – impressive and intriguing and starting to make me a little breathless, even leaving aside what a great kisser he was!

Then he did this quick little thing with the hand gripping the front of my tank top, pulling his lips suddenly back from mine and then jerked up with his hand and the tank top jerked up sharply. My arms were already kind of raised and the pull on the tank top jerked them up a bit and then, bam, the shirt was off, that fast, before I could even react!

I gasped, my arms jerking down to cross my breasts as he gave me a cocky smirk, then he reached for me again, both hands sliding through my hair, pulling me forward again so his lips could taste mine again. Only this time he was more forceful, his fingers kind of pulling at my hair in little ways as his tongue pushed into my mouth.

My arms stayed crossed over my chest for long seconds, then slowly relaxed, and my hands slid up onto his shoulders again. His hands slid down off my hair and began to caress my back, sliding up and down my bare back, his hands smooth and warm, sliding up and down both across my bra straps and under them.

I felt a rising surge of heat and excitement as we kissed, as his hands slid over my back, and wasn't really even that surprised when during one of their up and down movements he managed to snap open my bra with hardly a moment's pause. I felt a shock run through me anyway, though, but didn't resist as he

pulled my bra off.

Then his hands moved very quickly, grabbing me under the arms, and just like that lifted me up into the air and over his bike! Just like that! My first thought was, wow, he's a lot stronger than I thought! My second thought was to blush as he looked down at my breasts. My hands started to come up to cover them but he grinned and gripped my wrists, pulling them together, then bringing my hands up before his lips.

He kissed the palm of my right hand, then the knuckles of my left, then raised my wrists up and back, now crossed, now held in one hand as my breathing started to get much, much more ragged. He pulled my wrists together behind my neck, then gripped some hair and I gasped as he forced my head up and back a little.

“Niiiiice,” he whispered, his other hand rising to cup my left breast.

I could feel how hard my nipples were as his palm pressed against the center of my breast. My breasts suddenly felt hot and swollen, and I felt this incredible sense of heat mixed with self-consciousness as he made my back arch and stared at my breasts.

I mean, yes I'd had sex with some truckers, but in the darkness of their trucks, mostly, given my suspicious landlady would have thrown a fit if I'd brought a man home. This was right out naked in the open air, under the light of a nearly full moon!

I let out a helpless squeak as he bent me back more and then bent over, and the next thing I felt was his mouth around the center of my left breast! His teeth bit lightly into the flesh of my breast, his soft lips closed around them, and then he started to suck in a soft, rhythmic way as his tongue twirled around my nipple!

I felt another sharp jolt of shock as his other hand, which had been caressing my belly, slid lower, popped the clasp of my cutoffs, and slid right down into my panties! I started to squirm, because I hadn't really thought about going this far this fast, but his fingers found my clit and... they were as good as his mouth!

I gasped helplessly, staring up at the moon, feeling the wild thrill of heat flooding my body, and with it that 'what the hell' kind of attitude that had occasionally makes me not care very much about things like inhibitions, and

making sure the guy wasn't a jerk and would respect me and all that stuff.

I had a boring life, and this was ... not boring.

He jerked back a little more sharply on my hair and I cried out at the pull against my scalp, bowed sharply back, breathless and gasping as he chewed and sucked on my nipples, moving from one breast to the other. His other hand was becoming rougher, shoving down so that my cutoffs and panties were sliding over my hips and down.

I wanted to say something, but my mind spun on not being able to remember his name. What was it again?!

“Come on my fingers. Come on my fingers, bitch!” he growled.

I shuddered and cried out as I felt a finger push in between the soft, tight lips of my sex, and thrust up inside me. It hurt for a minute, but then I realized how wet I was, as his finger became slick. It began to move in and out, and the incredible sensual feel of that slick finger moving up and down, in and out, was joined to the quick stroking of his thumb across my clit and his sucking mouth on my throbbing, burning nipples.

My mind reeled! I was trembling and moaning and shaking, not at all like me during sex! It felt like a fever had taken over my body, and my chest was so tight I could hardly breathe. My breasts and nipples hurt, but... in a good way, if that makes sense, from his chewing and sucking and... and then a second finger pushed up inside me, with the same initial pain and then the same delicious sensation as it moved slickly in and out, up and down.

And an orgasm blossomed within my lower belly and spread out in an instant to envelope my body and mind. My eyes went wide and my hips bucked violently against his fingers as heat roared like a fire had flared within me!

“That's it. Come for me. Come for me, bitch!” he growled.

I shuddered as I did, as I came with more intensity than I could ever remember!

And as the orgasm eased the world tumbled around before my glazed eyes, for he jerked my head up and forward and practically threw me on my belly in the grass! I groaned dazedly, grunting as I felt my shorts and panties, which were

around my knees by then, yanked up and off, my feet rising, then falling onto the grass, the shoes flying off into the darkness from the force of his yank.

I just groaned, gasping, chest heaving. I felt him behind me, then felt his hands on my hips. I gasped as they jerked them up, lifting them into the air and positioning me on my knees.

Crack!

I gasped at the sharp slap to my bottom, still dazed and light-headed.

“Get that ass in the air,” he growled.

Crack!

“Ow!” I whined.

“Spread your legs,” he barked.

He didn't wait, but slapped my ass again, then jerked my legs apart. Another sharp jerk on my hips raised my bottom again, and when I started to push myself up onto my hands he shoved me back so my face was jammed into the grass once more, my breasts pillowed out beneath me against the cool and uneven scrubland below.

I felt him cup my pussy, and moaned as two fingers thrust into me again, then a third pushed in. I groaned, feeling the tightness of my pussy lips around them, but they were slick and I was still overheated, and the... the tactile pleasure of feeling them moving in and out was delicious.

“Nasty girl,” he said.

Crack!

“Ow! S-stop it!” I moaned.

Then the fingers pulled back and I felt something which felt infinitely better rubbing up and down along my opening. It was softer, yet still quite firm, warm, and rapidly getting slick with my juices. It pushed into me, thicker than his three fingers, and I moaned, realizing, with a sudden flare of heat and excitement, that

he was entering me.

I had never been taken like this before. It was so... I don't know, it was new, and it felt.. nasty, like he'd called me, but nasty in a hot, delicious, wild way. Fucking outside!?! That was nasty! On the other hand, it could also be romantic, but not like this. No, this wasn't romantic, this was just hot, wild, nasty sex.

Which, don't misunderstand me, I was definitely all in favor of!

I could feel his thickness as he pushed into me, could feel the lips of my sex straining tautly around him, and could feel the elastic walls of my sex being forced apart as he pushed deeper and deeper. That too was a delicious sensual sensation, and I moaned in pleasure and rising heat as he drove deeper and deeper.

Crack!

“Ow!” I moaned.

“You gonna be my slut, Codi?” he asked.

Crack!

“Don't!” I gasped.

I felt his fingers in my hair, and cried out again as he all-but lifted me up onto all fours.

Crack!

“Nasty slut,” he said, leaning over me.

He drove himself deep, deep, achingly deep, then his arms were around me, his hands on my breasts, his breath hot against the back of my neck.

“Gonna be my slutty little wild bitch, aren't you, baby,” he growled.

I cried out again as I felt his teeth against the nape of my neck, as he bit into me, sucking against my soft flesh while his hips began to work in and out. It was so wild! It was so raw and animal like and... and passionate!

My mind began to catch fire again as he rode me like a bitch in heat, as his hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks and his cock speared me with deep, powerful thrusts that made me cry out again and again.

He rose and then shoved me forward, and again, my upper body fell against the cool dirt and grass below as I cried out. Everything was happening so... so fast, and it was hard for my mind to cope, to catch up, to even think!

I felt his hands on my arms, felt him jerking them in and back along my sides, then he pulled them hard enough to lift my upper body off the ground, using my arms like the handles of a wheelbarrow to yank me back to meet each thrust.

His cock was just... pounding into me! God it felt good! It was big and it was hard and it was thick and it was slick and my body was trembling with the rapidly building heat and sexual pressure inundating my mind. My head bounced up and down, my hair flying – apparently he'd undone the pony tail – and whipping around my face to add to my dazed vision.

But it was all about that cock inside me, and it felt... bigger... and bigger as he drove it into me, until it felt so thick it ached! But it ached in a hot, steaming, feverish way that almost blew my mind.

And then it did.

My head thrashed up and down as I came, as he pounded into me, as he jerked me in and out with my arms. My eyes were glazed and glassy and my jaw slack as the heat roared within my mind and flared wildly all along my body.

Then I was down, my face in the dirt and grass again, gasping, moaning. I felt my arms being pulled in together, felt something wrapped around them, but paid no attention to it. All my focus, such as I had, was on the thick, hard cock impaling me, pounding me, driving achingly, horribly, wonderfully deep into my belly with every powerful stroke.

“I'll fuck your brains out, bitch!” he growled.

Crack!

I only moaned weakly.

“Nasty bitch.”

Crack!

“Nasty slut.”

Crack!

I was, I thought muzzily, groaning, hair half covering my face as he continued to thrust into me. I ached! I ached so much I thought I must surely come again! I had never felt anything so immense, so hugely thick inside me! How could it possibly fit! How could I not die with something so massive inside me!

Not that I cared in the slightest.

He was thrusting slower now, but still using loooooong, looong wonderful strokes! I shuddered, feeling the ache deep inside as the nose of his cock was crammed against what must surely be the very bottom of my pussy, but I endured the ache, and endured the long retreat of his cock as it slid back up my pussy, inch after inch coming out of me.

Because then came the thrust inward. His cock felt like it was several feet long as it pushed forward, not slowly either, in... in... IN... IN! God, it was incredible! I squirmed and shuddered and cried out as he fed that long, immensely thick cock to me, slapping my ass while he did it and calling me his whore and his slut.

I didn't care what I was! I just wanted him to keep feeding his cock into me!

His hands jerked back on my hips now as he picked up the pace. That made my upper body, my face and breasts, grind back and forth against the grass and ground, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was that incredible cock pounding in and out of the seething cauldron of my lower belly.

I came again, twisting wildly, bucking and thrashing and gurgling in mindless, breathless wonder as the orgasm shattered my mind. He came in the mist of it, as I heard him cursing and felt his fingers digging into me. He thrust harder still, and his hips beat a hard, rapid, violent tattoo against my upraised buttocks until he finally ground himself against me and poured out his heat into the furnace of my belly.

I slid to my belly on the ground, gasping, moaning, but didn't stay there long. There was no time to think, no time to get my head together. I cried out as he grabbed my hair and wound it around his fist, then used it to pull me up off my belly and set me on my knees.

My arms jerked spastically as my hands instinctively tried to push out to help raise me, or to reach back to grab his hand on my hair. But they wouldn't move, and it was only really as I was placed on my knees and looked up at him that I belatedly realized they were.. tied together behind me at the elbows.

That was such an amazing thought it distracted me completely, for I hadn't even remembered him doing it and couldn't think now why he would. It's not like he needed to tie me up to have his way with me, after all!

But firmly upright now, if only on my knees, the world kind of steadied in front of me and my eyes stopped rolling around in my head. I still didn't have a lot of time to think, though, as my face was abruptly pulled in against his crotch. He hadn't even bothered to take his jacket off, and his cock hung limply out of his open fly.

I looked blearily at it, amazed, for it should surely have hung to his knees, shouldn't it? But no, it looked like a kind of a normal, only a little bigger cock. Could it quadruple in size when hard?

“Suck my cock, bitch!” he growled.

I gasped as he pulled at my hair. I should have... I don't know, been angry about the way he was talking to me, been resentful, indignant, something. But ... I wasn't. His cock was in my mouth without my even being able to think, and I sucked, though he was soft.

He undid his pants and dropped them to his knees, then pulled my mouth in around his balls. I sucked them into my mouth, licking at them, moaning, panting, breathing through my nose as my chest continued to rise and fall rapidly.

“Nasty little slut,” he sneered from what seemed to be a great height above me.

I didn't care. I was a nasty little slut at that moment, and if being a nasty little slut brought this kind of wild excitement and pleasure then that was perfectly

fine with me!

I sucked his balls and I licked up and down his cock, and he started to harden again. As he hardened he lengthened, naturally, and when he... Reese, when Reese jerked me roughly forward by the hair I suddenly found his hard cock sliding right down my throat!

I'd never deep throated a guy before. To be honest I hadn't thought of why I ought to even try. Wasn't letting them fuck me enough? But now I'd done it without even thinking about it!

What an amazing thing, was all that filled my mouth as my eyes looked kind of cross-eyed at what remained of his cock pushing forward. Then my face was pressed against his groin, my lips wrapped around the base of his cock, and the long shaft was filling my throat and halfway down my stomach!

I moaned weakly, dazedly.

“That's it, swallow that cock, bitch,” he said, panting. “Swallow every inch of that cock, you little whore!”

He pulled out and I gasped, saliva pouring over my lower lip as I gulped in air. He rubbed his spit-wet cock back and forth over my face as I gasped for breath, then jerked back on my hair, fed his cock into my mouth, and drove it right down my throat a second time!

A part of me, a small part, was beginning to resent his attitude, his words, but it was a small part, and only existed because my mind was focusing, concentrating on doing something, in this case, sucking his cock and somehow trying to breathe as he shoved it down my throat.

He pulled free and I gasped again, dots dancing before my eyes from lack of breath. I was swaying weakly, held up mainly by his grip on my hair, chest heaving and covered now in perspiration.

He flung me back into the grass and I lay heavily, moaning. Then he was atop me, grasping my legs, forcing them back sharply as he entered me.

Whatever thinking was going on abruptly stopped at that point.

His cock slid into me and he started stroking wildly, and the raw animal heat rushed over me like a prairie fire and filled my mind with heat and wonder.

I was... aware... kind of... that my legs were bent back, my body sort of crushed in two beneath him. I mean, I was all scrunched up, my hips raised, the backs of my feet, my bare toes, forced down into the grass above my head.

And he was pounding into me! My entire body was shaking beneath him as he rode me. It ached, it hurt, and it was glorious! I came again, sobbing breathlessly, staring up at his face filled with hunger and lust and need. Then his face filled the world before me as it dropped low, but passed by my lips. I felt his mouth on the side of my throat.

I cried out as he bit into me – hard! Then the orgasm washed over me, more powerful, more intense than the one which had just passed through me! It went on and on and on, and I felt as though all the energy and life in me was exploding out in one glorious, wonderful eruption of life and joy and heat and mind blowing pleasure!

And then everything sort of went black.

*

It was still dark when I woke, but the faint line of dawn was starting to appear on the distant horizon. I lay still for a bit, dazed, confused, my body aching all over. It took me a minute to realize where I was, and then why I was there. I began to move, groaning, wincing, finally able to sit up.

I was alone, naked, on the low, grassy hillock near the edge of town. My mind still felt kind of fried – as if I'd just gotten an electric shock. I looked around for Reese, but didn't see any sign of him or his bike. I groaned, too woozy to be disappointed or anything.

It took me another minute or so to work up the will to try to stand up, and another minute to do it successfully. I swayed but got my balance.

“Shit,” I said.

My throat felt gravelly and sore, and I remembered, not without a little tinge of heat, that he'd shoved it all the way down my fucking throat!

“Shit,” I said wonderingly.

I looked around for my clothes. I found my shorts and pulled them on, then my bra and tank top. There was no sign of my panties. I found my shoes and then stumbled down the hill and into town, my mind getting less fuzzy with every step. By the time I got to my place I was almost recovered to the point of being able to think straight.

I snuck in as quietly as I possibly could, praying old Mrs. Lethbridge didn't notice. God only knows that the woman would say if she found me coming in this late.

I got to my apartment and closed the door, then turned on the light.

Fuck. Wow. What the... hell had that been? I mean, it wasn't like I was a virgin. And remembering when I WAS a virgin, the sex had not exactly been pleasant. That had been fucking incredible!

I stumbled into the bathroom, stripped and looked at myself. I seemed to be mostly unbruised, but... I winced a little, looking at my breasts. My nipples were still fully erect, and I could make out teeth marks on the flesh around them! The fucking jerk had bitten into me hard enough to leave teeth marks! He hadn't broken the skin or anything, but there was a ring of throbbing around my nipples.

My nipples didn't look like they'd been bitten, but they throbbed too, and kind of tingled as my fingers rubbed them lightly. They were a lot more sensitive than usual!

There were no marks on the rest of me I could see, though running my fingers down along my pussy, I winced at how sore my opening felt, as if the lips of my sex had been stretched to the breaking point. Yet, my memory of actually seeing his cock didn't say he was that much of a giant. Oh, he was big, sure, but not that big.

Funny, the mental tricks your body could play on you.

My hair was an absolute mess, as if I'd had my head thrashing wildly for some time – which, I kind of remembered, I sort of had.

I turned on the shower and stepped under it, groaning as the water poured over me. I saw a twig fall from my hair, then, as I combed my fingers through it, some grass. I moaned weakly, letting the water wash over me, then reaching for the soap.

It had to be a quick shower. It was almost dawn and I was utterly exhausted. If I hadn't been so sweaty and filthy when I'd come in I'd have just fallen into bed. I soaped up and shampooed and then dried myself and fell into bed.

I slept right through the alarm, of course. I slept through the morning and half the afternoon!

When I finally rolled out of bed I felt fuzzy and sore and hungry. I usually got to bed around twelve thirty and rose around eight. I'd gotten to bed at four thirty and wakened a little after two. I had to be at work in two hours!

My hair was a mess, of course. I had to wash it again, and this time dry it properly, but first I had to eat. I'd thrown myself into bed naked and didn't bother to dress now. I usually skipped breakfast but I was ravenous, so I made a big breakfast and wolfed with single minded intent before having another shower to wash my hair.

The bite marks had faded a little, but were still visible around my nipples. My nipples were still erect, too, which I thought was a bit weird but didn't pay a lot of attention to. I needed to get stuff done before I went to work. I brushed out my hair and used the blow dryer, then pulled it back into a tail. And that was when I noticed what looked like bite marks on the side of my throat.

I stared in surprise, then raised my fingers, gently brushing them against my skin there, expecting it to be sore like the flesh around my nipples. It wasn't, though. The bite looked deeper, like the teeth, or at least, a couple of them had broken the skin, but it wasn't sore in the least.

Fuck Reese had been rough!

But I didn't think that with any resentment. I was still feeling a kind of a sense of awe about that wild sex in the brush. I didn't think too damn much of Reese leaving me there and driving off, mind you! But the thought that he'd fucked me unconscious was... amazing! I could still sort of remember, like an echo in my mind, the wild, raw pleasure which had poured over me!

God!

Slut, whore, bitch. I frowned at the memory of him using those words to describe me. I was... disappointed by them. That seemed to imply he thought little of me, that he was just getting his rocks off, just fucking a cheap whore because someone had told him that was what I was.

And you sure proved that, I thought angrily.

And then he'd just left me there – a cheap little whore. Bastard!

But there wasn't a lot of time to brood about it. I would deny it if anyone mentioned it, give them my patented cool look of disdain, for I suspected he'd be bragging about it to the other assholes in town who'd told him I was cheap and easy.

It was hot outside as I donned my sunglasses and headed through town to work. It felt weird, like I'd only just left work, but what could I do? It was a shitty job but I needed it to eat.

No one mentioned anything during the day, other than I looked a little tired, or a little pale, but that didn't seem to be suggestive of anything they knew. None of the town guys came into the diner to smirk at me and let me know Reese had told them all about it. If they had I'd simply deny it, of course.

Unless he took pictures, I thought, a cold finger running down my spine. What if, while I was laying there unconscious, he'd taken pictures with his cell phone to prove to everyone what a whore I was!? None of the guys in town would have hesitated for an instant to do that.

Were naked pictures of me, even then, being sent around town from phone to phone!?

I'd kill him if that was the case!

The dinner rush passed, keeping me busy, and then things began to calm down. I waited for the shoe to drop, but nothing happened.

Nothing happened the next day either. Or the next. Or the day after that. I started to feel a bit relieved, for if any of the jerks who I'd finished school with had seen

them or even heard about them I had zero doubt they'd have dropped into the diner just to sneer at me and make suggestive comments.

Heck, they did that often enough even without that to inspire them.

It was late Sunday evening when he walked into the diner again. He looked pretty much the same except he had a brown shirt, not a green one under his leather jacket. He sauntered up the aisle and sat down at the end of the counter, away from everybody. I ignored him, of course.

Then he started tossing sugar packets at me.

I still ignored him, but if Max came out I'd have some explaining to do, so I finally turned, gave him a fierce look, and stalked over to him.

“What do you want?” I demanded.

“Well aren't you in a mood,” he said with a smile.

“What do you want?” I demanded again.

“Burger and fries.”

“Fine, I'll make the burger myself so I can put in some special ingredients!”

He grinned and let out a short laugh.

“You're pissed at me for leaving you behind? I knew you were fine. You were resting.”

“Resting!”

I glared at him.

“Okay, so I'm not mister sensitive,” he said. “I never pretended to be. In fact, as far as women go, I've never been mister sensitive. You want to think I'm a jerk, an asshole? Okay, I am. I admit it. I'm no Romeo.”

He leaned across the counter.

“The only thing I want to do with pretty girls is fuck their brains out,” he said in

a soft, breathy voice.

And he'd done just that, I thought ruefully.

“If you're looking for a guy to send you flowers and marry you forget it. That ain't me.”

“That's for sure!”

“But if you're looking for some hot, wild, steamy sex that knocks your socks off, that you'll never forget as long as you live, then that I can do,” he said with flashing eyes.

“Well I ain't looking for that!”

“No, why not?” he asked as I headed for the back counter to give his order.

It was a fair question, to be honest. I mean, if I were perfectly practical, wasn't incredibly hot sex and no romance better than no sex and no romance?

I glowered at him anyway.

“What?”

“Don't you give me what! I remember all those names you called me,” I hissed.

“Oh those. That was like, in the heat of the moment, baby.”

I snorted in disbelief and he sighed and put his hands on the table.

“Look, I don't think less of women who like sex. Far from it. As far as I'm concerned, sex is what women were put on this earth for.”

I rolled my eyes.

“I can't imagine marrying one. The only thing I want to do with them is fuck them until they scream,” he said with a shrug.

“You're a pig!”

“Yeah. So?”

“You're as bad as the peckerheads!”

He scowled. “I am not! I don't think less of you. I like you.”

“You like me?!” I said in disbelief.

“What's not to like? Firm, soft body, pretty face, silky hair, and nice and tight and hot inside,” he said with a grin.

I blushed and looked around, making sure no one was able to hear.

“And unlike the peckerheads, I don't brag about who I fuck. Heck, I barely even tolerate talking to most of these people. Not that they think much of me. I don't go to church on Sundays, you see. They seem more than a little put out by that.”

Since I didn't either, loathing their hypocrisy, I felt a certain kinship there.

I got him his burger and fries, but continued to act haughty – mostly.

There was a strange, bald sort of honesty in his words, though. I mean, he wasn't unique in that he only had an interest in fucking girls, not in marrying them, that was for sure. But he was the only guy in town I'd ever met to admit it openly – to a girl!

And him being around, well, it kept reminding me of all that wild stuff he'd done to me, and the wild heat that had roused. Every time I thought about it my nipples got hard again, and maybe because of that it they'd stayed hard for at least a full day afterward!

“Let's go somewhere when you get out,” he said as I came to clear away his plate.

I sniffed disdainfully, but the idea wasn't repulsive. I'd spent half an hour looking at him and remembering, and ... the thought of more of the same thrilled me every time I thought about it.

“Go where?” I said doubtfully.

“I want to take you a little out of town so I can really make you scream. If I made you scream where we were last night it would have wakened people up.”

He said it so ... baldly, so absurdly confident, that I could only stare at him.

“You think you can do that?” I said mockingly, folding my arms beneath my breasts.

He grinned and nodded. “I can give you a night you'll never forget as long as you live,” he said with a dark eyed look that was half promise and half threat.

*

I got on his bike with more than a little trepidation. I was half kicking myself. But... I had a boring life, and Sunday was my Friday. I mean to say I was off work Monday and Tuesday this shift. And the most exciting thing I'd planned to do was my laundry.

So we drove out onto the highway, and this time raced right past the off ramp, accelerating all the way. There was no traffic, and my heart started to pound faster and faster in time to the bike's speed. I clung to him for dear life as we raced into the night. There were no lights out there but the moon, and while it was nearly full, that didn't mean this was safe!

It was... exhilarating, though, once I got used to it. Holy shit we were moving fast! We traveled for maybe twenty minutes, which at the speed he was doing was quite a distance, straight into the desert. Then he started slowing down, and finally turned off onto a dirt road. We drove along it for another ten minutes, then turned onto what was little better than a pair of overgrown wheel ruts in the dirt.

And then we were at a shack, an old shack, from the looks of it.

“What is this place?” I asked without enthusiasm.

“Just a place,” he said.

He pulled me off the bike and kissed me. It was... quite a kiss. In fact, as it continued, my pulse started to race, and I didn't even care that he was taking off my clothes without ever breaking his lips from mine.

My shorts and panties were around my ankles, my tank top up over my breasts, my bra pulled down below them, and his fingers were all over my body as he

continued to kiss, as his mouth seemed to suck the very breath out of my lungs and leave me trembling and moaning against him.

Then he pulled back, and I... breathed... at last. I didn't oppose him pulling my top and bra off. I felt the heat rising inside me as he yanked off my shorts, even pulling my shoes off again, then led me, completely barefoot naked into the cabin.

“Wait a minute,” I gulped, trying to draw back. “There might be animals in there, or... or scorpions or – .”

“There's no one in here,” he said with utter confidence.

He pulled me inside and then let me go. It was pitch dark, and I looked nervously at the door, prepared to back away. He flicked a lighter, and I saw he had an old fashioned storm lantern in his hand. A moment later it was lit and he hung it from a hook. The shack was small and bare, but startlingly – clean looking.

I mean, the floor was bare wood without any sign of dirt. There was a wooden table in the corner with wooden chairs around it, an empty kitchen counter with an old wood stove, and a pump over a sink, though that almost certainly didn't work any more. The place looked like it was a hundred years old, and that it'd been empty at least half that time.

I gasped as Reese abruptly turned to me, gripped my arm, and turned me around to push me into the wall.

“What – !?”

He pulled my arms behind my back, crossed my wrists, and before I knew what he was doing, he'd whipped some kind of rough rope which had hung from a hook around my wrists and pulled it tight.

“Reese!”

“I like to be in charge, remember,” he said.

He turned me around and I felt a rush of heat mixed with anxiety and worry. He grinned crookedly, cupped my breasts, then caught my nipples between his

thumbs and forefingers and pinched them.

“Ow! Ow! Reese!”

He backed up, and I had to stumble forward as he pulled me along by the nipples!

“Reese!” I gasped.

He shoved me down and I half fell onto my knees.

“Yeah, I like that. On your knees with your hands tied,” he said, leering down at me.

I felt my heart pound but my nipples throbbed and tingled hotly, and not just with the ache from his pinching.

“You're such a bastard!” I said.

“You got that right, baby. Spread your legs.”

“Why should I?” I gulped.

“Because I told you to,” he growled.

I felt a strange dark thrill, and shifted my knees apart on the smooth wooden floor.

“Wide. I want to see that cunt of yours.”

I flushed at his obscenity, but obeyed.

“Keep your back straight. Push your tits out.”

“Pig.”

He grinned and then shrugged off his jacket and peeled his shirt up and off at last. I licked my lips, for he had a really nice body, smooth skin over muscled chest and shoulders.

“You're going to get fucked, baby,” he growled.

This was a dark and nasty game, I thought, feeling both aroused, and kind of relieved. I mean, if it was then him calling me names was just a part of it.

“What if I refuse?” I demanded, though I had no intention of it.

He didn't seem bothered.

“You don't have any choice with your hands tied. And I can always punish you.”

“You gonna sing to me?” I asked mockingly.

“You're the one who's gonna sing, baby,” he said.

I felt a rising tide of thrumming sexual heat, felt it pushing up through my belly, up through my chest, where my nipples were hard and tingling again, up to flood my mind. My skin felt warm as he unzipped his jeans and pushed them down.

I felt another rush of heat at the sight of him naked. I'd never seen a guy naked like that before, not just... standing there completely un-selfconscious in the yellow light of the lantern, completely naked! My sexual experiences – and there hadn't been many – had been in the backs of trucks and cars.

And that was why being naked like this, so ... openly naked while he looked at me, was almost as much of a squirming, exciting rush as seeing him.

And he was worth seeing! He had a great body! It was muscled, but softly so, not with big, bulging bodybuilder type muscles. He had a flat stomach with the very light ripple of what would be washboard abs if he really put his mind to it.

His cock was hard and thick and long and pointed up at a slight angle. It was simultaneously making me want to giggle, because it sort of bounced as he moved, and catch my breath in my throat because of excitement.

He reached down and gripped my hair, then roughly yanked me to my feet. I cried out in startled pain, and then he shoved me hard against the wall and crushed his lips against mine! I moaned into his mouth, blinking and gasping as his hands pulled at my hair and his body pressed against me. I could feel his erection squeezed between my belly and his while his tongue invaded my mouth.

Then he yanked me around again, turning me and lifting me up onto the heavy wooden table. An instant later he grabbed my legs and jerked them up and apart so that I was on my back on the table, legs spread, panting wildly as I stared up at him. He grinned, spreading my legs wide, then dropped to his knees.

I gaped at the sight of him staring into my pussy. Then his mouth opened wide and he almost appeared to lunge forward like a striking snake, his jaw closing around my pussy! I cried out as his teeth dug into my soft flesh, but it was his tongue which really caught my attention as it thrust into me.

It twisted and squirmed around in the mouth of my sex, like nothing I'd ever felt before! And his lips were closed against me so he could suck rhythmically. I squeaked, startled, gasping, as his hands slid up my body and stopped at my breasts. Then they closed in, kneading my breasts as his tongue made its way up onto my clit.

He narrowed the focus of his attack, his lips closing around my clit, alternating with his tongue to send deep, powerful, intense sensations rolling up my spine. I

could only stare, gasping, moaning, half disbelieving at the wave of heat and pleasure he was rousing in my body, at the growing power of those sensations as he sucked and licked at my clitoris!

His tongue was incredibly soft and slick and the texture felt like it was the most incredibly sensual thing in the world as it twirled and twisted and stroked and caressed my skin! I was soon unable to keep still! I was writhing and arching and crying out, half delirious as the heat swamped my brain!

My legs twisted and jerked, my feet bouncing on the table or jerking up and back as my hips tried to grind me up against him with frantic need.

Then he stood, and let the shaft of his cock slide up and down across my pussy.

“Are you my slut?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped, barely audible, hardly able to breath.

He leaned over me, way over, so his face was an inch from mine.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

He pulled up a couple of feet, his eyes dark, then he slapped my face. I gasped, startled. It wasn't a sharp blow but it stung.

“Louder!”

“Yes!”

He slapped my other cheek!

“Say yes, master!” he said with a smirk.

I moaned instead and he ground himself against me, his cock sliding up and down against my oozing, overheated pussy. Then slapped my cheek.

“Please!” I gasped.

He slapped my face again, and I gasped aloud.

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm your slut, master!”

“I like to hear that. It turns me on. It makes my cock grow bigger and harder!” he said in a soft growl. “Say it again.”

“I'm your slut, master!” I moaned.

This was so incredibly hot and kinky and nasty! My wrists were bound tightly beneath me, and I was totally at his mercy! And my entire body seemed to tremble with the intensity of the sexual need within me!

He drew back and I shuddered as his cock pushed into me. I cried out in pleasure, half sobbing, trying to buck up against him, and he leaned over me, pumping his hips, staring at me, his hands on my breasts at first, then on my hair as he leaned way over and crushed my lips with his.

My legs were up and wide, but then swung in around him as the heat swept over my mind. He drew back, knocking my legs away, seizing them roughly, jerking them apart as he drove his cock into me like a dark spear. It ached, but it ached in a way which was so intensely hot, exciting and sensual that I cried out at every thrust!

He dropped my legs and leaned in just as the orgasm started to flare within me. I cried out, my hips bucking up frantically as he pounded into me, and then his hands were around my throat, choking me, making my head bulge, and sending the power of the orgasm screaming up to incredible heights! My body thrashed and shook and bucked against him as the orgasm savaged my mind, and my skull threatened to explode from the pressure inside it!

He took his hands off, and I drew in a deep, shuddering gasp of breath, then screamed as he grabbed my thighs tightly and thrust even faster and harder. He had actually raised my ass off the edge of the table, holding it up, jerking it against himself every time he thrust, and the orgasm flared within me like an exploding fireball.

My head rolled up and back behind me, my back arching, my hips bucking as I convulsed in helpless spasms of wild, animal pleasure.

I didn't black out, but it was a near thing. When he finished, and let my hips drop to the table, my legs flopped apart, and I lay there gasping for breath, chest rising and falling frantically, my mind overwhelmed by the shattering force of the orgasm.

“That was louder than usual,” he said.

Only... it wasn't him. It was a deeper voice with some kind of accent.

“Oh, I've just started,” he replied.

The other voice was coming from the other guy. He'd arrived a bit earlier and propped his back against the wall. I'd noticed him, or rather, my eyes had seen him, and some part of my mind had noted his presence, but I'd been too feverish for that presence to matter.

Even now I was slack jawed, gasping, mind blasted, and barely cared as he looked at me. That changed, of course, slowly.

“Why didn't you bring her to the cave?”

“She's not ready for the cave yet.”

The guy moved forward and I saw he was a little older than Reese, taller, broader of shoulder, better looking, to be honest, with a face which was more square and macho. He ran a hand over my belly and up to one of my breasts, squeezing it casually, and I moaned, my mind starting to waken.

“Nice body.”

“Very nice,” Reese said with something like pride.

I was sort of trying to turn onto my side, trying to close my legs as my mind became more and more aware of the wrongness of someone else being present. I was starting to feel the first tingling sense of self-consciousness and then embarrassment.

He didn't stop me from squirming onto my side and drawing my knees together, but just smiled as if he understood it, and then moved back to prop himself against the wall again.

“What's her name?”

“This is Codi,” he said.

“Hey, Codi. My name is Jeremiah,” the man said to me in that strange accent.

I was less dazed with each passing second, and starting to feel a growing sense of alarm and embarrassment! Who the fuck was this!? And he'd watched, he'd seen me, he'd hear me! Ohmygod! My skin was already flushed but started to get even darker as heat rushed to my face.

“You have a lovely body,” he said. “You have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Americans,” Reese said. “They're the stock of the puritans, remember.”

“Yes, but honestly girl, you looked amazingly sensuous and erotic as you came. You have a beautiful body and should be proud of it.”

“It's Utah,” Reese said acidly.

“Ah yes, true. She doesn't strike me as a good Mormon, though.”

Reese grabbed my ankle and pulled me casually. I gasped as I slid off the table, but he caught me easily, as if I weighed nothing, then turned me to face Jeremiah, even jerking back on my hair so I couldn't drop my hot face and not see him.

“Jeremiah is not from America,” he said. “He doesn't have any of the moral hangups about sex and nudity your people do. And he's not going to do anything to you you don't want him to.”

He said that with such... firmness, and confidence, that some of the growing fear I'd been experiencing eased, like a tight knot in my chest.

Reese pulled out one of the chairs and sat down, then pulled me across his lap. I gulped, my arms still tugging fitfully against the rope binding my arms as I sought to instinctively cover my nudity. But at least sitting was better than standing!

“I didn't expect you tonight,” Reese said.

That was reassuring! At least it suggested he hadn't set me up here for this guy to join us in fucking me!

Although, to be perfectly honest, this guy was fucking hot. I mean, while Reese was attractive, this guy could have been a Hollywood actor or a model. I couldn't place his accent, though. It wasn't Spanish, for I'd know that in an instant. It was more like a version of English, but not one I could place. It was a little like British, but not.

“I finished earlier than I had thought, and I heard the sound of her cries.”

I flushed again. I still hadn't said anything. What the fuck was I going to say!? Hiding my body would have been the first thing I'd wanted to do, but, to be honest, but now, he'd seen everything, and then some. He'd seen me as Reese finished fucking me, as I'd thrashed about in orgasm!

Who the fuck was he!? I'd definitely never seen him around town before! Nor had anyone ever mentioned him, and they would have. He was that good looking.

“I brought her out here to make her scream,” Reese said.

I flushed, and gasped as he jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch again.

“What do you think of her breasts?”

“Very nice,” Jeremiah said. “Very full but firm.”

I flushed hotter and squirmed both mentally and physically. This was bizarre! But.. in amongst the embarrassment and discomfort flooding through me was a glittering line of dark heat, a kind of forbidden, breathless arousal at being exposed, at being admired, at being looked at by this incredibly handsome man!

“She's my slut,” Reese said, embarrassing me more.

His other hand came up and stroked across my breast and I gulped and flushed anew.

“D-Don't!” I squeaked.

“She has very sensitive nipples,” Reese said, tweaking and rolling one between his fingers.

“Reese!” I gasped.

He chuckled, as did Jeremiah. And it was so... weird! They were so casual about this! They were treating it so naturally! It was like there was nothing here that was shocking or shameful or anything to be embarrassed about. And that mood was kind of... catching. I mean, not totally, but it did make me less embarrassed, for some reason, and even a little emboldened.

Yes, emboldened, to the point where, despite the fact I was still terribly embarrassed and self-conscious, I began to feel a dark thrill at the wild, swirling thoughts about being here naked with not just Reese but Jeremiah!

Reese slid his hand down off my back and caressed my lower chest and belly.

“Her skin is so soft I could get an erection just touching it,” he said.

I flushed with heat, then gasped aloud as his hand slid lower, and his fingers managed to reach my clit, despite my legs being clamped together.

“Reese!” I moaned, gasping.

“Spread your legs, slut,” he said.

I gasped at the word! At the order!

“Do it,” he ordered.

Face flaming, I eased my legs apart, and a rush of embarrassed excitement flared within me as Jeremiah looked down and Reese caressed my clitoris.

His fingers slid up and down across my clit, then eased further and curled in, pushing between the moist lips of my sex, sliding up into me as Jeremiah watched. I was ... stunned by the shock of heat and excitement as well as the embarrassment that roiled through my mind!

“Codi is a hot little sex doll,” Reese said.

“She is that,” Jeremiah said.

I could tell from his voice, from his eyes, from his face, that he wanted me! Oh God, I was going insane! I felt a crackling sexual tension filling my body, and a churning indecision tearing through my mind. A part of me wanted him, too! I wanted both of them! The thought of fucking them both was ... insane! It was wild! It was shocking! It was outrageous!

But I was alone in the desert away from the town, and this guy was like... an outsider, who I was sure didn't know anyone I knew and – .

My heart almost stopped as he pushed forward from the wall. I moaned as Reese slid his fingers deeper into my pussy, and heat flared again within me.

“Spread your legs wider,” he ordered.

I moaned, and obeyed, but it was like... I wanted to do it anyway! I wanted to! But I couldn't! But I could if he ordered me to!

He pulled back a little more on my hair, arching my back, and I shuddered as I spread my legs wide and he pumped two fingers in and out of me. A wild, scalding heat took hold of my mind, and I whimpered as Jeremiah unzipped his own faded jeans. He pulled his cock out, and I saw it was hard.

He stepped forward, and Reese released my hair, but he didn't order me to do anything, didn't even suggest I do anything. I stared at Jeremiah as his hand gripped his cock and he began to pump it slowly up and down the shaft, and I felt a longing to feel that cock in my mouth. That would be so utterly outrageous!

“Do it,” Reese whispered.

I knew he wasn't ordering me to, but somehow it released me, and I leaned my face forward and, face hot, licked at the tip of Jeremiah's cock. He stepped a little further forward and I slid my lips over his cock, moaning, rolling my eyes up at him, then sliding forward as Reese began to stroke his thumb across my swollen clitoris.

“Nasty little slut,” Reese purred, chewing on the nape of my neck as his left hand cupped my breast.

“Lovely little slut,” Jeremiah breathed, reaching forward to slide his fingers through my hair.

I moaned helplessly, the excitement flaring wildly within me, my body starting to tremble with heat once more.

Reese eased me down onto the floor, onto my knees, and then stood up, gripping my hair, turning my wide eyes to him.

“Suck me,” he ordered, pulling my mouth onto his own cock.

He wasn't flaccid, but he wasn't hard again yet, either. I moaned and sucked and licked, aware of Jeremiah looking on, still feeling the dark thrill of my wanton behavior. He started to move, removing his shirt, then undoing his belt, and the heat notched upward.

I sucked on Reese and he started to harden, then Jeremiah moved in next to him, and pushed his own cock against my cheek. Reese allowed me to pull my lips back from him and I took Jeremiah into my mouth, then gurgled as he pushed down my throat.

“Nasty little slut,” Reese said.

He sat down again, then gripped my hair, and pulled me roughly off Jeremiah's cock and round to him.

“Suck me,” he growled.

I gasped as he pushed my mouth down onto his cock, but obeyed at once, sucking and licking as he twisted his fingers in my hair.

“Push that lovely ass up and out and spread your legs,” Jeremiah said.

I whimpered dazedly, but obeyed that too, and felt his hands on my hips. I could feel the thrill growing ever more intense. This wasn't happening! I couldn't be about to be fucking two guys at the same time! OhmyGod!

But I felt Jeremiah's slick cock rubbing up and down against my opening, then pushing into me, and I came violently, before he could even fully enter me! I bucked and jerked and gurgled wildly around Reese's cock as he forced my head down to the base of his shaft, and felt Jeremiah grasping my hips, then my thighs, to steady me as he pushed into me.

Crack!

I moaned at the slap to my bottom, but didn't even know who'd done it.

I went momentarily limp, breathless, dazed, until being dragged up off Reese's erection by the hair and finally gulping in air. I moaned weakly as I felt Jeremiah's hands cupping my breasts and his cock starting to pump inside me.

Reese leaned forward, pulling my head up and back by the hair until his face was inches from mine.

“Are you my slut?” he demanded.

I couldn't think, much less speak!

He shook me slightly and I gurgled helplessly.

“Are you my slut?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

“Say it, slut!”

‘I'm your slut!’ I gasped, as Jeremiah’s cock pushed deep into my pussy. I cried out an instant later, as he jerked back on my hips and his cock drove into me to the balls.

OhmyGod!

Reese guided my mouth onto his balls as Jeremiah started to fuck me. The heat started to burn hotter, and my mind swirled and churned with the sexual pressure building up once again. Reese guided me back onto his cock and I bobbed up and down, sucking, moaning, gurgling as he pushed me down further.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah was thrusting into me with firm, deep strokes, his hands both kneading my breasts, and caressing my back and sides. He stopped, then, sliding down my hips, his long fingers driving down to half encircle my thighs as he spread my legs wider, and kind of lifted my ass higher.

Then he went to town, thrusting hard and fast so that my body shuddered and shook under the force of the strokes. I gurgled and shook and gasped for breath, overwhelmed once again, and screaming up into orgasm as it swept through me.

It was another monstrously intense climax that had me, literally, screaming and thrashing and shaking in helpless convulsions as the force of it tore through my mind and body. It left me dazed and barely conscious, slack jawed, moaning, as I was lifted up, raised up onto Reese's lap.

I moaned as I slid down onto his cock, and it impaled me, but I was dazed and my head fell forward as he began to suck and chew at my breasts.

“I'm going insane!” I gasped helplessly.

“But what a way to go,” Reese mumbled around my breasts.

Jeremiah chuckled.

I felt hands stroking up and down along my back, then felt lips against my fingers! I moaned as they kissed and licked at my palm and knuckles, like moist little butterflies. Then they eased lower, licking along my spine, kissing my skin. I felt hands on my thighs, on my buttocks, and as Reese pulled me forward to suck on my breasts, I felt his tongue slide down below my tailbone and begin to flicker at the entrance to my ass!

That was sufficiently shocking it half yanked me from the haze of afterglow, but I only moaned and gasped and squeaked, not so much alarmed as shocked by it. But the thing was it... didn't exactly feel bad...

His tongue circled my wrinkled back opening, then I felt pressure against me as his finger pushed into me there! I moaned and squirmed but Reese bit down on my breast just then, distracting me from any thought of protest.

Jeremiah's finger squirmed and twisted, pushing deeper, while Reese seemed content for me to just sit on him and not do anything while he enjoyed my

breasts. I began to squirm though, to squirm atop his cock, to squirm against what Jeremiah was doing, to breathlessly wonder what the hell I was doing there!

Reese stood up, suddenly, with his hands on my ass, lifting me as if I weighed nothing. Then he knelt, still holding me easily, and sat back on his heels, with his knees together. I was still straddling him, but now my knees were on the floor on either side of him as he started to lift me slowly up and down on his cock.

I began to work my own body, rising up and down, moaning as he gripped my hair again and jerked my head up and back. He pulled it forward almost at once, and then his lips were against mine again, his tongue inside my mouth as he ground himself into me.

Heat began to build up within my body again, quickly, shockingly. I moaned, riding him, grinding myself against him, working my legs and thighs even as Jeremiah moved in behind me. I felt his finger push up into my ass, and gasped, but then it withdrew.

What I felt next wasn't his finger.

I wanted to protest, but then again I didn't want to protest. I felt I should protest, would be more accurate, but nothing emerged from my mouth since my mind was too blitzed to form words. I could only whimper and grind myself against Reese as I felt Jeremiah's cock push slowly up into my ass!

I had never been sodomized before, and never really considered it as something I might like to do, to be honest. But when that cock pushed deep into my belly, along with the one Reese had buried in my pussy, I felt such an incredible flood of sensation that it almost drowned me!

Jeremiah's arms slid around my chest, his right hand cupping my left breast, and his left my right, as his naked flesh pressed against my back. I felt his breath hot against my neck as he leaned in and began to suck and chew up and down along my shoulder and throat.

This was just not something anyone in Utah would do! It was too wild, too shocking!

But the heat of it set my mind adrift on a deep, dark, delicious, wanton flood of

hunger and pleasure. It was like the sexual fever of just before orgasm, only it seemed to go on and on and! Jeremiah pumped more easily inside my ass while Reese matched him in my pussy, and I felt their bodies crushing me from either side.

Suddenly, Reese pulled his mouth off mine and buried it against the nape of my neck on my left. At almost the same time Jeremiah leaned in and bit into the nape of my neck on my right. I felt their teeth biting hard, and then the orgasm swept me away on a screaming sea of pleasure which was so powerful, so all-encompassing, I thought it very well might drive me insane, but didn't care.

*

I slept for a long time on Monday. God, I felt so drained! My muscles ached, and I felt sore inside – but it was a good sore.

My mind, when I finally woke up and crawled out of bed, still felt the echo of that incredible orgasm! Wow! And I mean – wow!

Everything else in my life paled to unimportance, to a dull, gray shadow of life compared to the intensity of the sex I'd had with Reese, and now with Jeremiah added to the mix! I waited for days to hear someone give even a hint that Reese had been talking about me, had told them anything, but there was just nothing.

But that wasn't the only thing which made me anxious. I didn't know where Reese lived or his phone number, or any way to get in touch with him! And I felt the need to get in touch with him, the increasingly desperate need.

My body wanted that sex again! My mind wanted that excitement and thrill again! I lived my boring life and waited, looking anxiously at the door every time it opened, hoping it would be Reese again, to lead me out into the wild, shining thrill of dark, nasty sex!

And then on the following Sunday, there he was again!

I did my best to try to appear casual, to not show him just how wound up I was. I'm not sure if he bought it, but it didn't really matter. At the end of my shift I was on his motorcycle headed into the desert! I was so hot that the vibrations of the motorcycle between my thighs practically made me ready to climax!

He drove me back to the shack, and this time Jeremiah was there waiting! I blushed hotly, but didn't protest. The two men bracketed me, one in front, one behind, and began to kiss me, to fondle me, to massage me. I climaxed with Reese's fingers down my panties and Jeremiah's mouth on my breast.

Then they stripped me and each took an arm. Panting, moaning, I did nothing as they stretched my arms up and out, and then... I blinked in surprise, in excitement, in heat, in anxiety, as they tied my arms to rusty rings set in one wall and in one chipped, wooden roof support post.

“Wh-what are you gonna do to me?” I gulped.

“Anything we want,” Reese said with a smirk. “You're my slut, remember.”

He was suddenly on his knees, his mouth against my sex, and I moaned helplessly as he began to turn my mind to mush with his impossibly long tongue! Then Jeremiah was kneeling behind me, and his tongue circled my back opening, then began to dip inside! I squealed and moaned and twisted in helpless thrall to the wild sexual passion they had roused in me, moaning and cursing and overheated!

“I think she's a nasty girl,” Jeremiah said.

“She's my nasty slut,” Reese said.

“She should be punished.”

“Oh definitely.”

I moaned, my hips grinding as they moved away, wanting them against me, the heat oozing out of my very pores!

“Say you're a slut,” Reese ordered.

“I'm a slut!” I gasped.

“Master,” he said. “Say master.”

“I'm a slut, master!” I gasped.

“You're my slut.”

“I'm your slut, master!” I groaned. “Fuck me!”

I gasped as Jeremiah slapped my bottom sharply.

“You don't get to tell us what to do, slut. You can only beg,”

“Please fuck me!” I moaned.

Crack!

He slapped my ass again, and I yelped and moaned.

When had they tied my ankles apart?!

“You forgot to say master,” he said.

“Please fuck me, master!” I gulped, feeling an incredible sense of thrill, of living on the sexual edge!

I heard a kind of hissing sound, almost like paper tearing, then felt an impact, like something hitting diagonally across my back.

Crack!

I squealed at the sting of it, though it didn't really hurt that much, and jerked my head around to gape at Jeremiah, who was grinning almost... playfully at me, and holding a kind of whip in his hand! It was several feet long, very thin and black, and I opened my mouth in shock.

“Nasty slut,” he said with a grin.

“Definitely,” Reese said.

And then I turned my head just as he swung something, and yelped as it landed across my chest, across my breasts!

It was... a kind of whip, but not like Jeremiah's! This one had a thicker handle, and then a bunch of long, very thin kind of leather thongs, almost like shoelaces. It had landed across my chest, the laces spreading out to snap across

my skin like a flurry of little shocks!

“Nasty slut's need to be punished,” said Jeremiah.

I was too stunned to say anything! My mind was still trying to adsorb what the hell they were doing! I wasn't afraid, exactly. I mean, they'd both hit me and it had stung but it's not like the pain was all that unbearable or anything.

“Slut's need to be whipped,” Reese said.

Crack!

The whip in Jeremiah's hand cut across my bottom and I yelped, my hips jerking forward. I saw Reese grin and his arm came back.

“Don't!” I blurted.

The laces landed across my belly before I could finish the word and I cried out, jerking against the ropes binding me.

“She definitely needs a beating,” Jeremiah said.

I cried out as the thing snapped across my back.

“A bad, bad girl,” Reese said, slashing the laces across my breasts so that sharp, thin burning lines were lain across my swollen breasts.

This was insane!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Don't! Oh! Ow! Reese! Ow! Jere – Oh!”

I twisted and writhed, the whip and the flog slicing casually into my body as a strange miasma of heat and anxiety filled me. This was so fucking crazy! But it was also such a wild, dark thrill!

They were whipping me!

Well, not really but still!

I yelled and moaned and twisted as they started to turn my flesh pink, as my skin began to heat up from the repeated blows. Then Jeremiah sent his longer single strand slicing across my right hip so that it curled down to snap at my pussy! I squealed and tried to close my legs, but couldn't!

“Jeremiah!”

“Nasty slut. I think we'll make you our sex slave,” he said.

The word, the idea, they... struck something in my mind, something dark and nasty and wild!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I squealed and writhed and moaned, my nipples swollen pinpoints of crackling sexual hunger, as the whips cut into my breasts and up between my legs.

Then they took me as they had the last time, with their bodies crushing me between them. Jeremiah drove himself achingly deep into my ass, until cramps rippled through my belly, and Reese shoved himself balls deep in my pussy.

And they took a long time, casually driving me out of my mind, fucking me through three orgasms and leaving me a drooling mess.

I was all-but hanging by my wrists as I heard a strange sort of sound. It was the sound of flesh on flesh, but I didn't understand. My head hung low, and I would have fallen had it not been for the ropes around my wrists. My throat was incredibly sore, but I didn't understand why, at first. It hurt more than the hot skin of my back and breasts and pussy.

It was because I had screamed so loudly, I suddenly realized. I raised my head, peering through the tendrils of my own matted hair through glazed eyes to see another man there, sitting at the table, clapping his hands in applause.

He was amazingly gentle as he untied my ankles and wrists, then picked me up in his arms and sat down with me. I stared at him as he began to kiss my breasts, then began to finger me. I moaned and twisted, and he rolled me over so that I was face down across his lap.

Crack!

“Ow!” I yelled, as his hand cracked across my bare bottom.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he said.

I didn't even know his name!

But he began to finger me, to caress me, and to spank me. He turned my bottom a burning red, to the point I was almost in tears from the long, if intermittent spanking. But he kept stopping to thrust his fingers into my pussy and to grind his thumb across my clitoris so that I was caught halfway between climax and bursting into tears from the hot pain in my buttocks!

I did both, as it happened.

Then I was on my knees, hands tied, sucking all three of them, and then I was mounting this man whose name I didn't know, riding him as Jeremiah took me from behind again and Reese used my hair as a handle, guiding my head forward and to the side so he could drive his cock down my throat.

Orgasms paraded through my mind with shattering regularity, until I literally couldn't move or think and my throat ached fiercely.

This time I didn't go home. They carried me, though I don't remember it, to a place with a large brass bed. It had a black and red carpet on the floor, and the walls were covered in red curtains. They tied me spreadeagled to the bed, and then their lips and their tongues and teeth and fingers ravished me and turned me into a screaming, writhing mass of oozing flesh and insanity.

When I finally wakened I was so sore I could hardly move, just from my own convulsions, my own muscle spasms, and I couldn't speak. I literally was hoarse from screaming.

The third man's name was Harrison, and the fourth man, who I hadn't met until he'd been above me on the bed, was Bradley. It was Bradley who lifted me off the bed, carried me up the narrow, dimly lit hall, and then into a huge tub filled with warm water. Then he'd massaged my aching body, kissed me gently, and fed me grapes and cherries and raspberries, and bits of banana.

They were soft on my aching throat.

He dried my body and hair, then carried me further up the hall into a round room, which had a stone ceiling. The walls were covered in blue curtains, and he sat me on a soft blue velvet chair, then kissed my wrists and drew them up and back behind the chair before wrapping something like a leather belt around them.

He knelt before me and took my ankle in his hand, then began to lick and suck on my toes. He licked his way slowly up my foot, along and around my ankle, then up my leg, pushing it to the side as he went along, until it was draped over the arm of the chair. By the time he reached my inner thigh, just below my pussy, I was trembling with anticipation.

But he just returned to my other foot and started to work on that. He wasn't in any hurry. It took him fifteen minutes to spread that leg wide and lick his way up.

And I mean wide.

The tendons in my inner thighs ached and strained as he pushed my leg way back to the side, Then strapped it there. He turned and did the same for my other leg.

Then he turned to my pussy.

I would have thought I'd be too drained but not with his skills. My hips were soon bucking frantically against his mouth, my body twisting and arching and bowing as I sobbed with pleasure. I came, and then I came again, and then again. By the time he stopped I was twitching and trembling and gurgling, and a puddle of goo.

He thrust himself into me and I experienced multiple orgasms for the first time in my life. I don't mean I came, and then was slowly built back up and came a second time. I mean I came like a roller coaster. I soared up to the peak, then went screaming over the edge, then soared up another one only to start screaming again.

Not that the screams were very loud given I'd already screamed myself hoarse.

I barely noticed Reese and then Jeremiah, and then Harrison fucking me after Bradley was done. I was just that glazed and dazed.

*

My eyes opened, and I found myself in a strange place again. This time it wasn't outside, but on a very large, comfortable bed. I grunted in confusion, though, before realizing my wrists were tied behind my back. It made getting up a bit more complicated, especially given how sore I was. I tried to call out but my voice was still gone.

Events and memories flooded back into my mind, and I wasn't surprised at that, given how much screaming I would have been doing if I'd had any voice to do it with. I was pretty sure that hadn't helped my throat any.

My first impression of the room was that it looked like a medieval bordello. Not that I'm an expert on that, you understand. Everything was very old, very red, and with a lot of gold leaf. Bleh.

The more important part was that I was naked. My hair was a mess, I smelled like sex, and my wrists were still tied behind my back.

Oh yeah, and I'd fucked FOUR guys on the same day! At the same time!

I had some oddly tender thoughts about Bradley, though, even though I couldn't have told you a single thing about him other than what he looked like, and that he could be gentle – when he wasn't licking me into a coma. I didn't even remember his voice. Had he even spoken to me?

Fuck! This was insane! Fuck!

But even just out of bed, even sore, weary and fuzzy headed, I felt like... sex. I mean, my thoughts drifted in and out among a bunch of things, but sex was the overriding thought, both what I'd been through, and what I might be soon going through. I felt a hot rush every time I thought about either. The sex had been so stunning, so incredibly pleasurable that I think I was already addicted to it.

I was a sex addict and I needed more!

Maybe not right away, maybe not this very second, but it was hard to imagine turning it down! What the fuck was it about these guys I wondered dazedly. I'd had sex before and it had been nothing like that! Maybe I could accept that Reese was amazing and different, but all of them!?

And Bradley's tongue skills... holy shit! I guessed then it was my imagination, but at times it had felt like his tongue had been stuffed so deep inside me it might as well have been a cock! A long one!

I hadn't even been drunk, except maybe drunk on sex, so I was at a bit of a loss to explain just how fucking fuzzy headed I'd felt to think of that, or to remember how Reese's cock had felt like it was the size of a freaking coke can at one point, only twice as long. I'd had it in my mouth, after all, and seen it, and while he was big, he wasn't a monster.

I had to turn my back to the door, a hugely thick, old fashioned door, to open it, then stepped through into a hall – sort of. It was lit by wall sconces which were meant to look like candles. They were electric, though. The floor was of polished stone tiles of some kind. The walls angled up at an angle, like a curved doorway, with the ceiling being curved as well.

There were no windows in the bedroom I'd come out of, and no sign of any here either. I padded up the hall, a little nervous given I was naked and tied up, wondering if anyone else was around but the four guys I'd already met. Wouldn't THAT be embarrassing, I thought anxiously.

I needed to get untied, needed to have a shower, and needed to get some clothes on and then some food in me. And that meant I had to find one of the guys to get myself untied first. I eased around the corner and looked into the 'living room' with all the curtains.

Well, look who's up.”

I yelped at the voice and spun around to see Harrison there. His accent I understood, at least. He was definitely British. He was in his thirties, with tousled blonde hair, a handsome, pale face, and very light blue eyes.

“It's our little sex toy, he said, sliding his fingers through my tangled hair.

“I-I was looking for – .”

He kissed me and I felt myself melting against him, moaning as a thrill ran up my spine.

“You were looking for?” he asked, easing back.

I blinked my eyes and gulped in a breath of air. "I'm hungry," I said in a strangely meek voice.

"Well, we can't have that!"

He led me into another room, a kitchen, though an old fashioned one. There was no microwave here. Just a huge stove and oven which looked like they'd been built a century ago, a bunch of cupboards, and a large, oddly modern looking stainless steel fridge.

Ten minutes later I was sitting, straddling Harrison, my lower back propped against the edge of the table as he fed me.

By hand.

What was more, his cock was inside me!

It was hard eating, given how breathless I was, and hard to keep from squirming. That was especially so because every now and then he'd suck or roll one of my nipples, or reach down almost absently, and rub my clit.

His cock felt enormous inside me! It looked pretty damn big, too! I ached, but in a good way, in a delicious way, and that was why it was very hard to focus on anything else. But every time Harrison extended his fingers to my mouth I opened them and took whatever he gave me. I wasn't quite sure what it even was, except some small bits of meat, maybe pieces of sausage? I wasn't sure. He'd reach around me to cut them, then bring his hand back and feed me.

But the rule was that every time I finished chewing and swallowed I had to say "Thank you for feeding your little slut, master".

Every time.

Breakfast was interrupted when Reese showed up, and stood next to me, shoving his cock down my throat. Then Jeremiah was on my other side, and they took turns, fucking my mouth and throat while Harrison fingered my clit and sucked on my breasts.

Several massive climaxes later, I was moaning weakly, panting for breath, bent over the back of one of the chairs which was pushed into the table. My bottom

was high in the air, and Bradley's cock was inside me as he bent over me, feeding me.

He stroked very, very, very slowly, or sometimes just stood there buried inside me, grinding himself against me a bit, while he fed me by hand.

“Thank you for feeding your slut, master,” I had to say after each bite was swallowed.

Mind you, with my body thrumming with sexual power as intense as a live power line it wasn't like I minded. The only thing I minded was having to eat instead of being fucked harder.

But of course, that came not long afterward, and of course, I came as well.

After that I was in the 'living room' laying across Reese and Harrison, across their laps on the sofa, that was, as they absently fingered and fondled me – and generally drove me nuts, all while they held a casual conversation with the other two on ... whatever. I paid it no attention. I was too busy writhing and twisting and moaning and saying whatever they told me to say.

Most of that was silly sex stuff, along the lines of Reese's 'call me master' shit. It didn't bother me. I even thought it was kind of wicked and sexy and hot.

Reese got up and lifted me with him, then literally through me across the room to Jeremiah who was sitting on another sofa. He caught me and turned me over, letting me at least sit up as he sat me across him. But then he made me spread my legs and fingered me to multiple orgasms as they others looked on.

Then I was across... well, someone's lap, getting spanked. I don't really remember who. Boy, my mind was blasted by then. I was just sooo exhausted and drained! But somehow I remember coming just from being spanked, which seems impossible, but then again, maybe not, given what happened later.

I was there for several days, as it turned out. I wasn't really aware of time passing. It was one long orgy of incredible sex and passion and heat and wild, churning animal hunger. I had more orgasms than I'd had in my entire previous life.

And then came Roberto.

My introduction to Roberto was.. well. If I hadn't been so blasted it would have been humiliating. I was "sitting" in a large, old, wooden chair. I put brackets in 'sitting' because my legs were actually tied to the sides of the back of the chair, my feet straight up. My wrists were tied behind the chair, and when Roberto introduced himself there was a dildo and a vibrator inside me and I was writhing and twisting and screaming (soundlessly since my voice had still not come back and probably never would).

The guys had thought it would be fun to see what reaction I would have to a vibrator, a powerful plug-in kind, and they'd pushed it against me, set it in place, and then basically sat back to enjoy themselves while I howled and shrieked and went crazy.

Roberto turned off the vibrator, but it took me a while before I was able to stop trembling and shaking and even twitching uncontrollably. I heard him talking to the others, in a stern voice, but again, wasn't paying the slightest attention.

Then he pulled up a chair and sat down in front of me, and my mind kind of cleared enough that I realized he was there, that I didn't know him, and that I was, well, to put it mildly, more than a little obscenely displayed.

I could still blush, and felt my face heating but I still couldn't talk.

"My name is Roberto," he said, in a very crisp Spanish accented voice.

He looked older than the others, in his forties, but in that distinguished way of upper class Hispanic men. He had a nice suit, and a very expensive shirt and tie. His hair was combed back and his eyes were brown and set as he frowned at me.

"These are my children," he said, sweeping his arm behind him.

That confused me. He didn't seem old enough for them to be his children, especially Harrison.

"They have been doing some things they shouldn't have, and are in trouble because of it. That does not concern you so much as what is to happen to you."

He reached out and gripped the vibrator, then pulled it slowly out of my pussy. It was a very big vibrator, very thick, very long, with a small branch pushing out near the base to press against my clitoris. I could hear the wet, sucking sound as

he drew it slowly out of me, and my hips trembled and jerked as I moaned helplessly.

He pulled it free and my head seemed to clear a bit more.

“You are feeling a little light-headed,” he said, 'because of blood loss.’’

That confused me since I didn't remember cutting myself.

He pulled the dildo out of my ass, which had my eyes rolling back in my head for a bit, but then my mind cleared further.

What it all sort of boiled down to, and it took him some time to get me to understand it, was that they were vampires. Yes, no shit. And the 'boys' he called his children, were all older than my grandfather, however young they looked. Those bites on my throat, and, by the way, near my groin, were from them feeding off my blood!

What bastards!

I had hardly paid any attention to it because they'd turned me into a whore who only cared about sex. It seemed that not only had they been perfecting their sexual techniques for a hundred years or so there was something in their saliva that was a potent aphrodisiac. On top of that there was this weird mental thing, a kind of emotional resonance which reflected their sexual heat at me and then mine back at them and which tended to make both grow exponentially.

The result was I'd been like an alcoholic on a week long binge, except instead of booze it had been sex I'd become addicted to, and become drunk on.

Incredible sex.

“There are very few humans like you around,” he said. “We call you welfs. Your blood is sweeter, and your body more responsive when our saliva is within you. But while our saliva causes your blood to regenerate much faster than is normal for a human, even so, one human cannot sustain four vampires for very long before she starts to fade.’’

“More importantly, I have made it clear to my children that it is not a good thing to have human females disappearing from society so near to where we live.

Questions are asked, investigations and searches launched. This is not something we desire.”

Then he had Reese find my clothes and drive me back to my place.

But with a decision to make. I could either go back to my job at the diner and go back to my life before Reese had ever shown up, or I could come and live with them.

They lived in a warren of caves, the most luxurious I'd ever heard of. In addition to what I'd seen the cave system went higher up into the side of the mountain, and there were cleverly designed windows looking out on the desert, as well as a gorgeous lake within the cave.

Oh, and one other thing. I was now a sex addict. The way Roberto explained it was to compare me to a cokehead. Cocaine, he said, was, unlike, say, tobacco or heroine, not physically addictive. It was psychologically addictive instead. That is, taking cocaine caused such a high that people kept wanting to do it again and again and again.

The sexual pleasure I'd felt was more intense than any cocaine high, he said, and I'd had an awful lot of it for almost a week. My mind was blown! I needed hot, steamy sex, and lots of it! And I needed it every day!

I hadn't actually believed him at first, nor known what to do about anything. I went home and slept for over twenty four hours. When I started moving around I found out I'd been fired for not going to work. No one had been particularly worried about my disappearance either. It's not like search parties were combing the desert looking for me or anything.

I decided to blow town, to move away, and you know what's next to Utah? That's right, Nevada. I went to Las Vegas. It was as different from Bensonville as night was to day. I got a job in a bar, started going to clubs and dancing, and was pretty much a total slut.

Yes, I felt an insatiable need for sex. I dressed like a slut. I loved showing off my body. I did one night stands every night. Then I wound up becoming a stripper. I was good at it, too. I had no inhibitions. I got off on showing myself off, and got off on doing lap dances for guys. Unfortunately, I got off too much.

The clients weren't supposed to touch the dancers, you see. But I never said no. If a guy started fondling and groping me I just got more turned on, and if he took his cock out, well, I couldn't say no, and would wind up riding them for all I was worth. If I could have kept it more quiet, could have kept my reaction more quiet I might not have been caught as often as I was.

But I got fired repeatedly.

And the thing was that the sex, while it was great, was still nothing like the wild sex I'd had back with Reese and his friends, with the guys Roberto said were vampires (I still found that more than a little hard to believe).

And so the sex drove me back. I drove out to the desert, found the shack, and then used some of my collection of sex toys to masturbate.

My screams brought Reese, who made me scream even more. Then it was back to their cave, where I screamed myself hoarse – again. This time, though, Roberto supervised things, to keep me from becoming a total fuck toy. He did something which allowed me to retain more control over my mind, so that most of the time I was pretty much as sane and sober as I'd ever been, except for being a nympho, that was.

And I still came about twenty times a day.

So that was how I traded in my dull, nothing, boring life in Bensonville for being the sex toy and occasional food for five vampires. Do I regret anything? Only that it hadn't happened earlier. And what kind of a future do I have as a nympho slut living in a cave?

Well, there's the thing. Roberto has offered to make me one of his children. That would mean I'd pretty much live for... a very... very long time. We're working out the details, but before it happens I'm going to go to university. Harrison is a lawyer, or at least, got his degree in law. Reese is a doctor, if you can believe that. Bradley is an engineer. Jeremiah was an officer in the army.

Roberto has decided I'm going to study finance. He has a lot of money and wants me to manage it. I'll apparently be less crazed about sex as a vampire. Instead of being a nymphomaniac I'll only be a perverted slut – like the guys. You might wonder at the difference, and so do I, but it should be interesting finding out.

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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