



Spring *Fever*

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

My name is Spring, and I am a nerd girl, a prudish, modest nerd girl – much to my annoyance and frustration!

Men don't understand women. Boys don't understand girls. Never the twain shall meet. This is particularly so in sex. Guys are so... free and uninhibited! And they're allowed to be! Nobody is chiding them their entire lives to not act sexual, to not let anyone see under their skirts, to never let anyone see their chest, to always act properly and modestly!

And once they're into puberty, it's a flat out drive to get sex, or at least, any portion of it they possibly can, be it seeing or touching any part of a girl they can without being hit! The more successful they are the more impressed their friends are.

How could any guy understand the delicate dance of morality and culture and custom that every young girl had to undertake? Be too modest and you get dismissed as a prude. Be too permissive and everyone, and I mean everyone is calling you a slut and treating you like dirt!

Even your best friends will cut you down, and you're lucky if it's only behind your back and not to your face. Every girl will sneer at you, and every boy will get the idea he can now do anything he wants because, after all, you're a slut.

It's worse in a small town because everyone knows everyone else's business. You let a boy into your pants and he blabs to his friends and before long everyone in town knows what a slut you are.

The thing is, the fact girls are way more restrained when it comes to sex than guys are doesn't mean we don't have the same urges, the same wild, churning emotions and curiosity. We have hormones too, you know!

It's just that the danger of giving into them is way higher for us than it is for a guy, so while guys can act like out-of-control perverts willing to fuck anything in sight we have to practically act like nuns!

That eases as you get older, of course. I mean, by the time you're a senior in high school what you can get away with is a lot more than when you're a freshman. And if you have an actual boyfriend, one who shows a degree of interest beyond

sexual – that is, if you two are an item, well, then it's possible to go all the way without being thought of as a whore.

Assuming, of course, you can trust him to keep his big fat mouth shut. Or at least, that he has nothing much to talk about. I mean, if you just lay there and let him fuck you, well, all he can really talk about is what you look like naked, and maybe make up how much you love sex with him.

The truth is most of my girlfriends didn't have much good to report about sex with their boyfriends. You see, nature isn't exactly fair when it comes to the genders and sex. Boys get turned on in about as long as it takes a particle of light to go from one part of a room to the other, and about as easy as flicking a switch.

Girls are, unfortunately, a lot different. It usually takes us a lot longer and it takes a lot more work, and if guys aren't willing to put in that work – which mostly, they're not – then sex is mostly not all that great.

For most girls.

I am not most girls.

I have always had what my parents would consider an unhealthy preoccupation with my body, an inordinate delight in the way it looked and felt and moved. I enjoyed the simple tactile pleasure of running my own hands over the softer parts of my own body, like my breasts, or buttocks, and as I developed and it became more apparent how nicely my body compared to, say, those girls on the internet, well, I took great pride, my ego swelling, at how beautiful they said I was.

Because I knew by adolescence that the guys went bananas over just looking at those pictures. So if I could look at them, and look at myself in my bedroom mirror, and I was, you know, as shapely as them, my breasts as large and rounded, my nipples as pink and pert, my bottom as well-shaped, then surely, that meant they'd go crazy to see me!

But I have this problem, you see, well two of them. My first problem is that fascination with my own body, which led to a detailed exploration of certain parts of it with uninhibited delight. I discovered masturbation early, and it quickly became my favorite hobby.

And being an imaginative and well-read girl I wasn't content to simply rub my clitoris and have orgasms. No, I had to explore almost every option and instrument I could to enhance the experience. I'd see something on the internet and then I'd try to duplicate it with whatever was handy, be it a bottle or a banana.

And so I lost my virginity fairly early in life, just before we were leaving town, leaving Pasadena, California for a small town in New Hampshire. He was an older guy at school, and we did it in my place when we should have been at school.

It nearly drove me right out of my mind! It was so much better to have someone else touching me there, to have someone licking and sucking at my breasts, to have someone fondling me and then a real cock inside me! I came so badly my insides ached, and I screamed so much that I was hoarse for days and had to pretend that I had a cold!

And then I found myself in a quiet, conservative town in New Hampshire where everyone knew everyone's business. And I knew I had to hide what I was, or else I'd get this horrible reputation!

So in keeping with the town, I toned down my behavior and how I dressed, how I presented myself. It helped that I'd recently been diagnosed as near-sighted, so I had to wear glasses. I have longish brown hair, and I kept it, usually, in a pony tail. I wore conservative clothes like sweaters, and I spent more time in the library than I did out behind the gym – way more.

And the other girls very much approved of me so I made a lot of friends. And I got involved in sports, because that would be spending most of my time with girls and not boys. People thought I was shy around boys, when really I was just anxious about my secret sluttiness being exposed.

I didn't have any other words for why I was so much more responsive than the other girls, and I still had massive orgasms when I masturbated. They were the best when I was alone in the house, when I could give full cry to my pleasure.

I knew very well what would happen if a guy reported how I screamed to his friends! I'd be a laughing stock of the school! Of the whole town! And I knew he would report it, too! He'd feel like such a big, swaggering man over it!

So I got through the rest of high school without any more sex – except with myself. I got the reputation not as a prude, so much as a shy and nerdy girl. And I was kind of nerdy. I mean, I was fascinated with computers, and the internet, and video games, and I read voraciously.

By the time I got to college I had cut off most of my hair. Now it was about shoulder length instead of hanging way down my back. I dutifully went to Wellesely College, which was entirely female, and I took computer science.

I had bought a dildo some time before, on the internet, of course, and mailed to a postal box I rented for that purpose. Oh, how I loved the feel of penetration! It was sooo sensual! That it looked and felt like a real one made it much better than bananas and markers and plastic bottles and the like.

During one of my masturbatory sessions I had, awash in sexual heat, pretended it was real and practiced sucking it, popping it into my mouth, sliding my lips up and down its length, and licking at it hungrily. And since I was quite fascinated with internet porn at the time I had also practiced deep throating, to see if I could do it.

In the midst of my heat, I could!

My friends would have been astonished to see me sliding the thick dildo in and out of my mouth and down my throat while masturbating!

Anyway, as I was going to college and would be forced to live in a dorm room I had a problem. Did I want to stop masturbating for my entire time in college? If not, how could I conceal the uhm, more audible components of the act?

The internet, as always, had solutions for that. They had gags, used in bondage! The one I settled on was a penis gag. It was basically shaped like a large penis, or the head, anyway, and was attached to a large leather strap.

The gag went into my mouth, basically filling it, pressing down on my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth, then the thick strap went flat across the outside of my mouth, and buckled tightly around my head. This suppressed most of the noise I made during orgasms.

I have to say that buying the gag got me interested in other aspects of bondage, for I found the pictures of the women to be extremely sexy. It also appealed to

my frustrated sexual hunger in that by then I felt as if I was a horrible slut in hiding, secretly walking around like a normal girl, who would be condemned without reservation if people only knew what I was!

But if I was tied up and helpless then whatever someone did to me wasn't my fault! And if I was gagged I couldn't make much noise to show how slutty I was! So this was a perfect fantasy for me.

Now since Wellesley had single resident dorm rooms I didn't have to share with a roommate so had the small room to myself, with a single bed, dresser, and desk. That meant I had no fear of bringing both the dildo and gag and... other things I'd found on the internet and ordered with some fascination and excitement.

In this way I was able to indulge my continued strong sexual urges without being found out as a horrible slut. And this worked for most of the first year. Right up until spring, when I decided to read a poster on the wall calling for girls who wanted to go on a Spring Break trip to Arizona.

There were a couple of things which appealed to me about the idea. I mean, one was getting into the sun, for it was cold and snowy in New England. Laying on the beach in a bikini sounded enticing.

But the second idea was I could meet some guy and maybe if I was lucky have some anonymous sex! And it wouldn't matter what he thought of me or what anyone thought of me because I'd never see them again anyway! I could act out, I could dress as I wanted, I could be sexy and provocative, and not worry about my reputation!

So I signed on! It wasn't going to cost more than a few hundred dollars to go as part of a school charter, and I could easily afford it!

And so we left on a chartered plane filled with college students from the surrounding region, and a few hours later were on a bus headed to this quaint little beachfront resort, four of us to a room, and almost immediately everyone wanted to get to work, which meant getting into bikinis and getting to the beach where there was boys and booze!

The fact I didn't know any of the girls gave me a sense of freedom I hadn't felt in a while, especially since all of them were clearly interested in partying! Why,

just acting like them would be more excitement than I'd had in years!

I had brought fairly conservative bikinis, partly because I'm not small on top, and was a little surprised that the other girls were in much skimpier outfits. I resolved right then and there to get a sexier swimsuit. After all, if they were doing it they could hardly judge me badly for doing the same!

I know, I know, I'm such a wimp in terms of doing what I want! I can only do it if everyone else is doing it! I took off my glasses, deciding I didn't need to see long distances anyway, and would be much sexier without them!

So we went to the beach, and settled in on towels, and oiled up, and enjoyed the sunshine, at first, then began to explore, wandering along the stores nearby. I quickly found one with the same kind of skimpy, tiny bikini the other girls had, and when I put it on I felt such a rush!

It had little triangular half cups for the top which exposed a good deal of my soft, creamy breasts. The bottom was a thong in back, and a low, narrow triangle in front, with slender straps cutting diagonally up along the sides of my abdomen to curve over my hips.

Honestly, it was so low if I had any pubic hair it would have shown!

I felt like such a whore wearing it! But not in a bad way! I felt self-conscious, true, but so many other girls were wearing sexy things I badly wanted to risk it, so I did. Wearing it made me feel sexy, and turned on, and the looks I got from guys made me even more turned on!

The other girls all approved, which made me feel good about myself, and reassured me I was 'allowed' to be sexy, and I was reveling in the guys coming over to flirt with us and invite us to parties.

That very afternoon we got invited to a houseboat party! This was something new to me, but the other girls seemed more familiar with it. Anyway, what I didn't realize was that houseboat parties were kind of, well, wild!

What happened was that one or more of these big, rented houseboats would anchor out in the water, near a quiet, empty shoreline, and then a few other boats, or a few dozen other boats, would anchor around it, and there'd be wild dancing, music and partying with the participants often moving back and forth

between the boats and the houseboat and the shore!

The booze and pot and everything else was everywhere, the music was great, and the dancing was non-stop! The houseboat was long, low and wide. The top was a flat open area with half of it covered by a tarp to shade you from the sun. There were even diving boards and slides on the other end!

There was such a crowd of people, almost all of them guys and girls my age! And again, I loved the attention I was getting from the guys! The crowds were such I got more than just looks, too! Often a hand would give my butt a squeeze or a grope as I walked through them!

That was embarrassing at first, and made me very indignant, but then I started not only to get used to it but feel a kind of wicked thrill! I mean, I couldn't be blamed, right!? It wasn't my fault! I wasn't asking them or letting them do it!

Yes, it was really all about how much I could be blamed for allowing things.

I had brought my glasses, this time. I couldn't see much beyond ten feet or so without them, and figured I could leave them somewhere safe on the houseboat.

Before I could even get onto it, though, this big guy put his arms around me as I waded through the water. I looked up at him in surprise, and then he was kissing me, just like that! I was so startled I didn't even more, much less try to push him away! Then his hands started squeezing and caressing my buttocks!

That caused me to get suddenly very, very hot as well as very anxious about who might be looking and what they might think if I let him keep doing it!

Even though, to be absolutely honest, I loved it! I mean, he was hot and sexy and practically naked, with his bare chest pressing against my nearly bare breasts! My nipples got hard in an instant! He pressed me back against the side of the houseboat, kissing me and then one of his hands came off my ass and slid up to squeeze my breast!

I felt a wild rush, and I knew I had to do something to show I disapproved, that I wasn't a slut, so I finally pushed at him, which, of course, meant putting my hands on that bare, slick, wet, warm skin. Oh my! I felt another hot charge at that!

“My name is Eric!” he said, shouting to be heard over the pounding music and the babble of voices.

“I-I'm S-Samantha!” I gasped.

I found I was actually folding my arms across my chest as if to hide them. But then his arms wrapped around me again, and squeezed my bottom and half lifted me up out of the water so he could kiss me again! It seemed ridiculous to have my arms folded across my chest like that so I put them over his shoulders instead.

Kissing him was thrilling! I moaned into his mouth as his lips slid hungrily against mine, and my legs slid up and around him as he held me there, his hands under my bare bottom, my thighs feeling his warm flesh against me.

My bottom was actually under water, which was reassuring since nobody could see. My mind was churning with indecision and uncertainty, the hunger of what was happening combined with anxiety about people looking and thinking what a slut I was.

Then he looked up and shouted something. Dazedly, I turned and craned my head up to the top of the houseboat where so many were standing. Someone dropped a knotted rope down, and suddenly this big guy, Eric, was lifting me up and dropping me across his big, wide, muscular shoulder!

I yelped as he grabbed the rope and started to climb up! Of course, he didn't have to, since the rope was instead pulled up. It turned out it was on some kind of hand crank, and he rose up with me across his shoulder.

Of course, that meant there was a big cheer from the guys on top as we got there, for all they saw of me was my mostly bare bottom! I yelped and gasped as several hands slapped and groped it before Eric swung me up and forward onto the upper deck! I stumbled, but other guys caught me as he hopped on.

This was all so... unrestrained! I was loving it! Okay, I was a little self-conscious and embarrassed at the attention, especially given what I was wearing. But mostly I was thrilled by what was going on and that I was here, completely anonymous, able to take part!

I didn't really need to drink much, but I had some beer mostly, I told myself,

because if I drank some beer then people would excuse me if I acted a little, well, wild. You know? The truth was I was already flushed and overheated from excitement that had nothing to do with beer!

The music was even louder up here, and there was a bunch of girls dancing right at the edge of the deck, showing off for the guys crowded around in the waist deep water below. They were even flashing them, showing off their bare bottoms and breasts, and doing play-lesbian things to get the guys shouting and whistling!

There was no way I was going to do that, I told myself! I danced with Eric on the top deck, instead, amid a crowd of others doing the same. He was from the University of Pennsylvania and taking Engineering. He had a handsome face with square cut jaw with a small cleft in it, and short dark hair.

And he had a nice body!

He took off my glasses, and kissed me all around my eyes.

“You have gorgeous eyes,” he said. “Do you need these?”

“O-Only to see far!” I gulped.

“You don't need to see far, baby. I'm right here,” he said with a grin.

He gave them to someone to put away and then we started to dance.

Of course, he thought I had a beautiful body too, and he was a lot more prone to wanting to touch it, or at least, he was less inhibited. He kept running his hands over my body in ways I loved but felt I couldn't show, especially in a crowd! So I had to keep moving his hands back!

But I was getting so aroused! I really wanted us to go somewhere and be alone in the worst way!

But the atmosphere was wild and wickedly permissive! Other girls were doing such slutty things, especially in the group along the railing!

Then Eric propped my butt on the opposite rail as we kissed. My arms were over his shoulders and his hands were sliding up and down my back. I didn't even

notice him undoing my top, at first, but then I squealed and grabbed at it – too late, as he yanked it free, laughing in drunken delight!

Now what could I do! I mean, my bare breasts were pressed against his warm chest, and both of us had suntan oil on us so that the feel was just so... incredible! And if I pulled away people would see my naked boobs!

Besides, he was still kissing me, and wouldn't let go, so... so I just kept kissing him, as my heart pounded and my pulse raced and my body and mind churned with wild heat! Because I wasn't wearing my glasses, only Eric and the others nearby were really clear. Everyone else was this... blur! And I couldn't even see across to the other side of the deck!

I was getting hotter and hotter, and he was grinding himself against me and I could feel he was hard! Omygod! Then his hand came up between us, groping and squeezing and kneading my bare breast, and I got even more wildly overheated!

“W-we should... go... somewhere!” I moaned.

He grinned and then gripped my bottom and heaved me up across his shoulder again! Then as he turned to walk somewhere I felt his hand at the waist of my bottoms and he yanked it down over my buttocks, peeling the thin strip of the thong with it!

I squealed and kicked but what could I do! I mean, I couldn't even reach my butt, which was pointing forward, while the rest of me was dangling down his back! I slapped at his lower back but he just laughed and then slapped my bare bottom!

I was shocked with both heat and horror as I realized I was completely naked! True, I couldn't see much of the reaction around me since I wasn't wearing my glasses, but I heard laughter and appreciative comments coming from others, and as he made his way through the crowd hands kept coming up to slap my bare bottom or fondle my naked sex!

It was horribly embarrassing! And yet... I was so filled with a dark, seething lust that it was also incredibly arousing!

He walked me down a narrow, curving staircase and onto the lower deck, which was the actual houseboat. It was much less crowded here. This was where there

were bedrooms and a kitchen and stuff where the guys who had rented the houseboat actually lived.

He pushed open a narrow door and we walked into one, then he flung me forward off his shoulder and I yelped as I landed heavily on my back – on a bed!

He laughed and crawled into bed with me and I looked up at him, gasping, eyes enormous, I'm sure, wanting to... I don't know, object so he'd know I wasn't a slut, but too hot, too excited, too thrilled!

I pushed my hands up against his bare chest, and he gripped my wrists and then shoved them down hard against the mattress above my head! Then he laid his big, slick male body down and ground it over my naked body!

I shuddered helplessly! It was all I could do to not arch my back and spread my legs wide!

Then he slid his hips forward, straddling my lower belly, and raised up on his arms to look down at me. My chest was heaving as his eyes rolled over me, then he reached up to the headboard for something. A moment later he was pulling my wrists together above my head, and I blinked, startled, as I felt something being wrapped around them!

I rolled my head up and back and saw this supple leather strap being tightly wrapped around my wrists! I gaped at it with a sense of disbelief and confusion. What on earth was he doing!?

Then he released my wrists and I found them held tightly in place! I felt some anxiety, but also a wild, animal heat sweeping through me! I hadn't really experimented a whole lot with bondage since that wasn't something you could really do alone, but I had looked at and masturbated to a lot of really sexy looking pictures and videos!

He grinned at me then slid back off me. I stared at he pulled up another leather strap from the lower corner post of the bed, pulled my ankle wide, and tied it in place, then moved to the other corner of the bed. I jerked my knee up and back as if resisting because... because I was anxious and uncertain and... because I thought I had to show some sense of resistance!

He gripped my ankle and pulled it down, then wrapped the last strap around it

and I found myself tied helplessly to the bed! My heart was pounding like a trip-hammer as he stripped off his swimsuit and stood there naked, his cock looking so big and thick and hard and ... and hungry!

“Gonna fuck you hard, babe!” he said, climbing into bed!

Ohmgod!

He knelt above me, then bent, licking and sucking and chewing at my bare breasts! Suddenly, though, he dropped down and he was right over my sex, licking at me there! I cried out weakly, then again, and then... I came! Yes, I had a monster orgasm even as he was just starting to lick at my clitoris!

I writhed and twisted and arched and pulled wildly against the straps binding me, and the pounding music gave me a sense of cover from being heard, even though I did try to suppress the worst of my cries of pleasure!

He seemed pretty happy at my response, and kept licking as I twisted and jerked and thrashed, the air sobbing out of me as I cried out again and again!

That sort of thing, as you might imagine, does only good things for a guy's confidence.

He quickly lowered his body atop me and I felt his cock rubbing up and down the line of my sex, then pushing into me. It had been so long since I'd had a real one, and my insides pulsed with heat and excitement as he thrust into me!

I don't know if he was very good. I suppose it didn't really matter. I was so overheated and so filled with arousal and delight at having a man between my legs, at having his hard, powerful body pressing down against my breasts, at having his mouth and lips at my throat and on my own mouth, that I was in utter heaven!

He was moving inside me, thrusting hard and fast, and I was gasping and moaning and writhing in the grip of an intense sexual fever, my blood flaming as I let myself go and embraced the churning flood of sensations sweeping through me.

I came, and came again! God it was so good! It was sooooo good!

And then a guy came into the room. I didn't really notice at first. I was bucking and twisting and crying out beneath him. I mean, I kind of noticed, and it made my mind kind of flinch, kind of hiccup in the middle of the orgasm, but the pleasure was simply too powerful for me to allow anything to interrupt it!

The orgasm faded, though, and some semblance of my old sober nature began to reassert itself, but apparently my orgasm had brought Eric off too. He slid off me, back onto his heels, kneeling before me, and accepted a can of beer from the newcomer.

“She's something,” the newcomer said, sitting in a chair he pulled up next to the bed.

“She's a fucking wild woman!” Eric said with a laugh, chugging from the can.

I was... embarrassed, very embarrassed, and couldn't do anything to cover myself! And then the new guy, who was also pretty good looking, casually bent over and ran his hand over my breasts!

“Nice tits!” he said enthusiastically.

“She's fucking tight, too!” Eric said.

The newcomer then gripped my hair and I gasped as he jerked it down, tilting my head back!

“Here, baby,” he said, pouring some beer into my open mouth.

I sputtered and gasped, but swallowed some as Eric and the new guy laughed.

“I barely got my tongue on her and she was over the moon,” Eric said.

“Seriously? You can barely lick an ice cream cone,” the new guy said.

“Fuck you, Forbes,” Eric said.

“Let me show her the Forbes tongue!”

Eric laughed and climbed off the bed, and the new guy put his beer on the table and threw himself into bed between my legs!

“W-wait!” I gasped.

Forbes ignored me. He gripped my thighs, bent low and started to lick me! I gasped, staring at Eric in mute appeal, but Eric had his head back, chugging from the beer can!

And... and here's the thing, this Forbes guy was licking me hard and fast, and his hands slid up my body and were kneading my breasts, and ... I felt a sudden deep, powerful plunge down into the dark soul of uninhibited lust at the sensations he was rousing in me!

Eric had started licking me, but he'd been content, once I came, to fuck me. I know that a lot of guys only do oral sex as a kind of, well, an unwanted, but necessary prelude to what they really want. But this Forbes guy was apparently a lot more determined to put in a good job.

I wanted to push him away, of course, but with my wrists tied above me and my legs tied wide I couldn't do anything! And his tongue was sweeping across my clitoris in a way which soon had my hips grinding helplessly up against him as the sexual heat became a firestorm that raged through my body!

The embarrassment faded into the raging heat that was making my entire body pulse with the beating of my heart, and when his fingers pushed into me, thrusting in and out, I came powerfully, crying out, despite my best efforts at repressing it, twisting and bucking against his fingers and tongue as he and Eric laughed in amusement and hunger.

I didn't even notice as he unstrapped my ankles, moaning, eyes slitted, chest fluttering as I tried to fit the pieces of my mind back together. Then I grunted, opening my eyes as I felt my legs lifted up and back.

I blinked rapidly as he jammed my knees down against my shoulders, elevating my lower body. I gulped, dropping my eyes, staring at his cock as he pressed it against me. I moaned, partly in negation, partly in shocked excitement, as he found the angle and sank himself into me.

Then he let his big hands slide along my legs, from under the knees to the ankles, forcing them down against the bed on either side of my head as he dropped atop me! I was folded in two, gasping and moaning as he began to thrust hard and fast!

His lower body slapped hard against my buttocks, pounding me down into the bed with every stroke, his big cock driving deep inside the bubbling, burning depths of my body as I gasped and moaned and cried out at the hard, hungry thrusts!

The music was pounding around us and I felt crushed under his weight, my feet pressed in behind my head as his hips rose and fell with savage power! I felt a rapidly spiraling flare of unbelievable heat and lust and excitement, swept away on the tide of dark heat and what was, to me, forbidden thrills!

And then I realized there were two more guys in the room!

I was too enthralled with what was happening, with the sensations pouring through my body and the dark heat enveloping my mind, to feel the kind of shock I would have otherwise. I started, and moaned, and turned my face away, feeling a strange sort of comfort that the guy atop me, Forbes, was hiding most of my body with his own!

The new guys were laughing and joking with Eric, all of them sharing beers, and all of them obviously getting close to being drunk!

“Pound that pussy, man!” one of them shouted.

Then Forbes drew back, sitting back on his heels, letting my legs up and back so that my ankles were over his shoulders. I flushed hotter than before as the other three leered down at me, and then one of the newcomers, who was sitting on the chair by the bed, reached over to fondle one of my breasts.

Eric, on the other side, poured beer into my mouth, or at least, over my face. Some of it got into my mouth, and he laughed and kissed me drunkenly!

Forbes laughed, and then the guy sitting on the chair poured beer over my chest and licked at it as Eric and the fourth guy ran their hands over my body! Forbes lifted my hips up off the bed, holding my hips as he fucked me, and my ankles slid off his shoulders as my legs kind of dangled to either side of him!

Someone was touching my clitoris, rubbing it... one of the new guys, and I shuddered as he poured beer over it, then rubbed it harder, laughing. Eric and the other guy were sucking and licking at my beer covered breasts and chewing at my nipples as Forbes thrust harder and faster!

It was all so insane and overwhelming! But I clung desperately to the knowledge I was far away from anyone who knew me so no one would find out and condemn me for it!

And I know some people might find that odd, but that was my major concern. The sex itself was like a slut's best fantasy come to life! Mind you, I had never actually fantasized about having sex with multiple guys at once. Well, maybe two, but certainly not four, and never with any degree of seriousness!

And I suppose by most estimates I wasn't really a slut having had so little actual sex with other parties in my life. But I had thought of myself as a sort of secret whore for some years now, because of my fixation on sex and the wild thrill it gave me when I masturbated. So this was... almost something I felt I deserved, something I was meant for.

Weird, I know. I guess I AM weird.

Forbes gasped and sat back on his heels, dropping my hips, his cock coming free of me as he had apparently climaxed. He took a beer and moved off the bed and one of the newcomers eagerly took his place! I gasped as he gripped my thighs and then lifted them and flipped me onto my belly!

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply! Then he gripped my hips and yanked them upwards.

Crack! He slapped my ass again, bringing laughter around the room as I yelped at the stinging blow.

“Hot little slut!” he growled.

I felt his cock rubbing up and down against me, then pushing into my body as the second newcomers shifted and climbed onto the bed to kind of sit on my bound wrists, with his legs spread! Then he gripped my hair and jerked my mouth down onto his cock!

Omygod! I moaned around his cock, licking at it, sucking dazedly even as I felt the guy behind me thrust home. I cried out at that, and got another slap to the bottom as he started thrusting hard immediately!

The guy sitting in front of me forced my head down further, and I gurgled as the

head of his cock pushed into the back of my throat. I felt hands on my breasts, kneading and roughly squeezing and groping them as the guy behind me thrust harder!

It was all so wicked and shocking and wild and animal-like!

And then the guy in front of me pulled down harder and his cock pushed deep into my throat! I gurgled and gasped, and gagged a bit, for while I had practiced and mastered the ability to deep throat with my dildo this was the first time I'd ever had a real cock there!

But I felt a surge of elation as I managed it, as my lips slid down all the way to the base of his shaft and he cursed in pleasure and excitement as he jammed my mouth against him!

“Yeah! Yeah!” he cried. “Every last fucking inch, baby!”

“Hot slut!”

“She's fucking tight!” the guy behind me gasped as he rammed himself into me again and again.

“Love these tits!” someone said.

My head pounded and my chest burned as my face was still being ground into the guy's groin, but he pulled back on my hair and his cock pulled free of my throat so I could gulp in ragged breaths of air! My entire body was shaking to the hard thrusting of the guy behind me, who kept slapping at my bottom and cursing!

Despite the shock of it all I could feel the heat burning away at my mind, at my inhibitions, and I felt an intoxicating surge of dark, desperately overheated passion and lust as the four men used me! I knew I was going to come again, and was grateful when the guy in front of me forced my mouth down on his cock once more!

I slid my lips all the way down as the orgasm welled up inside me, and screamed almost silently, jerking and shaking as I jammed my lips together around his cock and let the hard riding from behind me try to disguise the level of my arousal!

Because even now I was trying to pretend I was, well, a good girl, I guess you could say. Even now I couldn't openly acknowledge that I was getting off so much on what they were doing to me! I thought instead – insofar as I was able to think straight, that I needed to pretend to being a lot drunker than I was, so that would sort of excuse me.

I know, I know. I was never going to see them again anyway. But I still felt this sense of cringe-inducing shame at how responsive I was being!

The guy in front of me rose on his knees, taking my head with him because he had my hair wrapped around his fist. Then he started to pump in and out of my throat and mouth even as the guy behind thrust harder!

I gurgled and gasped and gagged weakly, running out of air as black dots danced before my eyes. He pulled back because someone pushed him and he fell back against the headboard. I heard someone telling him not to fucking choke me, and when he resumed he was more careful.

I was light-headed, though, woozy from the lack of air, dazed as the guy behind me stopped – finished actually – and then started again. Only it wasn't him but another guy I hadn't even seen come into the room.

The guy in front of me occupied most of my attention. Lack of breath will do that to you. I sucked as best I could on him as he pumped in and out, and he stayed mostly in my mouth, though plunging deep into my throat every ten seconds or so and holding himself there for maybe three seconds before pulling back.

That, I could cope with, though my body continued to shake to the hard thrusting from behind me. I only knew it wasn't the guy I had thought it was because when the guy in front of me came and fell back I saw the other guy leaning against the wall – the bulkhead – drinking and talking to some other guy I didn't know!

The guy behind me jerked up and back on my hair now as he thrust into me, and I panted and moaned, eyes rolling, able to see now that there were at least ten guys in the cabin! I shuddered, feeling a wild flare of embarrassment then a wilder flare of heat that followed right behind it!

I felt a sense of wonderment then, along with anxiety and uncertainty. My wrists were still strapped to the head of the bed, but that wasn't so much frightening as

oddly comforting. I mean, obviously if I was tied up then I couldn't do anything to stop what was happening so – so it wasn't my fault!

The guy I had never even seen finished, releasing my hair so that my upper body dropped back onto the bed. I moaned, face in the sheets, as I felt him draw back and out. I didn't move, though. I didn't want to look up. I wanted... a kind of anonymity.

Someone else moved into place and I felt myself penetrated again, the thrusting picking up rapidly. Then I felt fingers against my back passage! I gasped, but didn't move my face out of the sheets. It wasn't like I hadn't played with that part of my anatomy before. I had explored using two dildos at a time before in my private sex play.

His finger pushed into me, slick with some kind of lubricant, pumping and twisting in and out as he fucked me, as his hips slapped against my upraised buttocks. The milling crowd of guys around me were constantly laughing and joking and saying really obscene things, some of them standing right alongside the bed for the best view.

Now I saw someone unstrapping my wrists and felt a sense of dismay! If I was untied then... I had to do something to show that I was a good girl, that I wasn't liking this. I started acting more drunk than I was, letting my eyes slit and my jaw go slack.

I was lifted up onto my knees on the bed and made sure to sway and let my head kind of loll drunkenly as some guy I'd never seen lay down below me and looked up with eagerness on his drunken face. They had me straddling him, and I moaned in pleasure as I sank down onto his stiff cock, whimpering with dark heat as it filled my belly and his hands groped my breasts.

Then I was pushed lower, someone gripping my hair to tilt my head up and back as some guy stood on the bed with his feet on either side of the other guy's head and pulled my mouth to his erection. At the same time I felt fingers in my ass, then another guy moving in behind me.

A crackling jolt of dark, forbidden heat swept through me, and I almost came just as his cock began to enter my ass. I repressed it, distracted by the guy in front of me jerking on my hair and drawing my mouth further down his own stiff erection.

Then I remembered I needed to show I wasn't a slut, and sort of started pushing feebly against his belly. Hands were on my breasts, and then my own hands were pulled down onto the chest of the guy I was atop and held there firmly by the wrists!

I felt a relief at that, and gurgled as the guy before me thrust himself into my throat. At the same time, I felt the cock in my ass all slick and thick and hot, slide deep into my belly! Oh, God it felt so incredibly sensual! Having two of them inside me almost broiled my mind!

And when they started to move I came like an insane woman! There was no hiding it and I didn't have enough sanity to even pretend that I wasn't having an incredible orgasm! I cried out, my cries getting louder and louder, pulling my wrists free of the hands gripping them, shoving back at the guy who's cock was in my throat so I could cry out even more loudly, head thrown back as I screamed at the intensity of the pleasure tearing apart my mind!

I'd never felt anything that powerful before! It just totally swamped my senses and blew my mind! My head jerked up and back again and again and the breath sobbed into me only to cry out as fingers rubbed rapidly across my clitoris and the orgasm lurched upwards again!

I thought I was going insane! I thought I was going to die! But I didn't care! The guys were staring at me in awe, laughing in delight as the guy before me waited for the worst of my thrashing and bucking to fade then grabbed my hair and guided my mouth back onto his cock.

I was slack jawed but he didn't care, shoving himself deep into my throat and fucking that as the other two guys started to work in tandem, thrusting into my belly from below and behind me as I sagged dazedly.

He finished, and I gasped as he let go of my hair, arching back up, moaning low in my throat, feeling another orgasm approaching. Someone poured beer over my head and I laughed, opening my mouth wide, swallowing again and again as beer splashed over my face and hair and spilled down my body.

I didn't care about hiding what I was any more. There was no point. Open and exposed as a filthy slut, I embraced the dark, seething heat and came again, and again, and again, as the men in the room used me one, two and three at a time!

I don't even know how many guys fucked me. Even if I could have counted I had no idea how many used me twice, or even more.

But I became so drained by the orgasms and the pulsing energy, by my spasming muscles and wild emotions that I was barely conscious by the end. I remember laying there alone, sprawled naked on the bed, a bedraggled mess, covered in beer and cum, and just too fucking exhausted to care.

I was also kind of stunned, shell-shocked, dazed. Not to mention sore in a lot of places! Guys had been groping my breasts and pinching and sucking on my nipples for hours, for example!

I was jerked out of my dazed state by two people entering the cabin. Both were actually wearing clothes, as opposed to swimsuits. And one was a woman. She was in her mid-twenties, tall, with very short blonde hair and a scowl on her face.

“Look at the fucking mess!” she said to the guy with her.

He was way older, in his thirties.

“I think it's mostly just beer,” he said.

“Beer and slut,” she said, glaring at me fiercely.

I felt suddenly very, very... small, and very intimidated. She was right, after all. I was such a slut! I couldn't meet her eyes!

“Take her and clean her up and I'll get Jeremy and Cooper to clean the room,” the man said.

The woman marched over to the bed, then reached in and grabbed me by the hair! I yelped, eyes going wide as she jerked me over to the side, and then I slid right off the bed, tumbling on the floor!

“Let's go, slut!” she growled.

“Don't! Stop! Ow!” I cried.

She pulled my hair forward so that I had to hurriedly rise onto my hands and knees, and then crawl forward as she kept walking away and pulling on my hair! She made me crawl right out of the cabin and into the narrow corridor outside, then down it and into another cabin!

This was a bathroom, and a nice one, with a big corner tub. She dropped my hair, then slapped my bottom sharply.

“Get into the shower, now!”

I gulped, and climbed to my feet, cringing away from the angry woman and getting into the narrow shower stall. She reached in and turned on the water to cold and I squealed aloud, turning away from it as she laughed, the water pouring down on me in a hard stream!

“That'll cool you off!” she said.

“Turn it off! Turn it off!” I squealed.

She reached in and turned it back to warm and I groaned in relief.

“Clean your filthy body,” she ordered, closing the door.

Well, I wanted to do that, so I quickly looked around, grabbed the soap, and

soaped myself up. There was shampoo too, so I shampooed my hair and ducked it under the water, glad to rinse the smell of stale beer out of it.

Then the shower door opened and the blonde came in! She was naked, and ... imposing. I mean, she had a really powerful looking body. Her breasts were large, but I thought obviously fake. The rest of her seemed powerful, strong, well-muscled, and she glared at me as I backed against the wall.

She stepped under the water to soak herself, then turned it off and swept an arm around me, drawing me in firmly against her naked body! I gasped as she kissed me hard, pressing me back against the wall now as she ground her breasts against mine.

“Hot, dirty slut,” she growled.

What was I supposed to do, deny it?

She stepped back and then gripped my hand and handed me the bar of soap.

“Soap me up,” she ordered.

It was an order. And I was too intimidated to refuse. Gulping, I tentatively began to soap up her lower chest, until she jerked my hands up and pressed them against her breasts, glowering at me. I soaped up her breasts – then her arms and shoulders and then her belly.

Again I hesitated, and she gripped my wrist and forced my hand down between her legs. I blushed hotly as she rubbed my hand and the soap over her, then put her other hand on my shoulder and forced me to my knees.

I knelt before her, soaping up her thighs and legs, and she turned around so I could soap up her ass, and then rise and soap her back up. She turned around again and then forced me into the corner of the shower stall, her arms sliding around me as she pressed her soapy body against mine.

She kissed me, hard, but not rough like the men had done. It was kind of a relief, to be honest. And her body felt, honestly, delicious as she rubbed it against me, as her soft, warm, slick, soapy flesh rubbed up and down against my own.

She was a way better kisser than any of the guys had been too, and I felt myself

getting aroused despite the wild day. Her hand slid under my buttocks, and lifted my left leg up, her thighs spreading it apart as she maneuvered herself so that her own right thighs was pressing up against my sex.

Her pussy was, of course, grinding against my own thigh as mine ground against hers, and her other hand kneaded my breast as her tongue dipped and darted and swirled and twisted within my mouth. I moaned helplessly, feeling a rapid upsurge of dark heat and forced by my own body's hunger to deliberately grind my pussy up against her soapy thigh!

The sex-heat took hold of my mind again, the feverish hunger and need that knew no inhibitions, and I kissed her back with more and more enthusiasm and passion, my tongue meeting hers as our bodies ground together.

She jerked back on my hair, chewing at the nape of my neck, her breasts sliding slickly against mine as my pussy ground up against her thigh, and another orgasm shattered my mind! It wasn't quite as intense as the earlier ones simply because I was so exhausted, but it was still ... intense!

She gripped my buttocks, jerking me against her more and more excitedly, grinding her pussy against me, and then she managed to grip my leg and force it up high beside me, angling her pussy in directly against my own!

She had me in a weird bear hug, with my right foot on the floor between her legs and my left leg trapped up between our torsos. Her arms were around me and she was grinding her sex into mine as I shuddered and whimpered dazedly, crushed against the wall as she came herself.

She laughed, turning on the water and rinsing us both off, then turning it off again as she stepped out of the tub. She dried her hair and body as she stared at me, then threw the towel at me. I was still too intimidated to object, and patted away the worst of the water with it.

Her hair was so short, and kind of spiky, that she didn't really need to dry it or style it. Mine was a bedraggled mess, but she didn't seem to care, pulling me forward and then pushing me down onto my knees before her – my face right in her groin.

“Start licking, slut.”

Now that was not something I wanted to do! But I was still too intimidated to refuse! On the other hand, I was also intimidated by her calling me a slut into, well, trying to show her I wasn't too much of a slut. I mean, I wasn't just someone who would fuck anyone who wanted me!

So I pretend to push against her and turn my head away, refusing. Mind you, I was mostly just afraid that I couldn't do it right! I had obviously never practiced it and would come across as a complete amateur to her! I was sure she was way more experienced!

She cursed and jerked on my hair, pulling me to my feet, then to my surprise, she jerked me around and bent me over the counter.

Crack!

“Ow!”

Crack!

“Ow! Don't!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Ow! Don't! Oh! Ow!” I cried as she slapped my bare bottom again and again!

“Do what you're fucking told, slut,” she growled.

And then she gripped my wrists and pulled them back behind my back. She jerked open a drawer on the cabinet and I felt something being wrapped around my wrists! I felt a surge, a rush of excitement and almost relief! I mean, again, if I was tied up then I had to do whatever people wanted, right? So then it wasn't my fault!

She had my wrists crossed behind my back and tied them tightly with some sort of soft rope, then slapped my bottom several more times before pulling me back and forcing me to my knees again! This time she gripped my hair as she pulled my face into her sex.

I kept pulling against whatever was tying my wrists, feeling the heat deepening,

a sense of freedom and relaxing of my own mental controls (such as they were). I moaned as she ground my face into her sex.

“Lick me, slut!”

I licked, staring at her with a sense of curiosity as well as embarrassment. I had never looked so closely at anyone's sex but mine. And hers was better shaved than me. In fact, I thought it must have had laser hair removal, for it was utterly smooth and hairless.

“Run your tongue up and down my cunt, slut.”

I shuddered as she jerked on my hair, feeling this strange dark tide of almost masochistic excitement as I obeyed her, my tongue licking up and down the line of her sex, then up across her clitoris as she twisted at my hair.

This was so wild and dark and nasty and kinky!

It wasn't that I hadn't toyed with the idea of sex with a girl before. If one had openly and strongly come onto me before, well, my real concern would have been worrying about whether she was faking just to draw me out and expose me as being a slut. I certainly wasn't going to ever suggest or even hint that I was interested to any of the girls I knew!

Now I licked with more and more abandon, moaning as she ground my face into her. And when she had an orgasm I felt this sense of victory, of elation! I had done it! And, maybe she'd be nice to me now that I'd licked her to an orgasm. Because I was still very intimidated by her.

She got dressed after that, as I knelt, head down, panting. Then she reached for my hair again, drawing me to my feet without a word and opening the door to the corridor passage.

I cringed as she pulled me out, pushed me out ahead of her, really, with a hand gripping my hair behind my neck.

We went down the passage between closed cabin doors and into the back section of the houseboat. I was shocked to see that it was dark outside now, and the crowd which had surrounded the houseboat had departed!

But I blushed hotly as she pushed me into a kind of, well, kitchen, where three other people were sitting around a table eating. One was the man in his thirties I'd seen before. The other two were another couple, both in their late twenties. The man was a wide-shouldered guy with a shaved head. The girl was another blonde, though this one had long hair and was small and sleek looking.

I was the only naked person. The others were all in t-shirts or blouses and shorts!

“Nice,” the bald guy said.

The blonde shoved me down onto my knees next to the table and then sat down.

“Hungry?” the other girl asked.

I hesitated, but suddenly felt ravenous. I mean, I had been doing uhm, energetic stuff and hadn't eaten since this morning. I nodded, blushing.

They were eating burgers and fries. The blonde broke a piece off her burger and then put it before my mouth. I was a bit startled, but opened my mouth and she popped it inside. I closed my mouth and chewed hungrily.

I was still blushing hotly, though, as the four of them looked at me. Again, I was deeply intimidated. I was the youngest person there, and naked! And, of course, they all must know what a slut I was!

I didn't understand why I was tied up, still, and why nobody was moving to untie me. But I felt a strange, swirling sense of dark thrilled excitement at it. Like I said, I had looked at a lot of internet porn, and gotten fascinated by the bondage stuff. Now I was tied up and naked and... and helpless before these four people!

The bald guy broke a piece off his burger and then put it in the palm of his hand, grinning as he held it before me. I rolled my eyes briefly up at him, blushing, then leaned in and licked it out of his hand.

“Got her eating out of your hand, Mike,” the blonde said with a smirk.

“All women do,” he replied.

She raised her eyebrows.

“Almost all.”

“You keep thinking that, Mikey,” the other blonde said.

She held another piece of burger out to me, though between her fingers. I put my lips around them to take it and chew it hungrily.

Meanwhile, the bald guy reached out and casually cupped my breast, giving it a squeeze.

“Nice tits,” he said.

“Celia's are bigger,” said the little blonde.

The taller blonde snorted. Then she gave me this smirking look, got up, and left the room. While she was gone the shorter blonde, whose name turned out to be Emily, and Mike took turns feeding me bits of burger and the occasional french fry.

Celia returned with a big long dildo! I mean big and long! It must have been two feet long! And it wasn't soft, like, say, a double-headed dildo either! I gulped as I stared at it and she squatted behind me, slapping my bottom.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

I anxiously obeyed and gasped as I felt the rounded head of the dildo rubbing against my sore pussy opening. I moaned as it sank slowly into my body, inch after inch of the thick sex toy pushing up through the tight folds of my sex.

“Close your legs.”

I felt her wedging the base of the dildo between my ankles, then, and then she took her seat once more, picking up her own burger!

The shorter blonde, Emily, giggled, and reached down to finger my clitoris. I gasped, then the shave headed guy, Mike gripped my tangled hair and jerked my head around so I was facing him, holding another piece of burger out for me to lick out of his hand.

This was so weird!

“Spread your knees, slut,” Mike ordered.

He and Emily used their feet to force my knees wide apart as I knelt there, while the dildo remained clutched between my ankles. I was kind of bent over as they fed me, as I ate from their hands. I was still terribly embarrassed but the edge was taken off by the rising heat within me.

Half the dildo was buried inside me, and I felt an ache inside whenever I shifted, because the nose was jammed up against what must surely be the very back wall of my sex! The lips of my sex were stretched tautly around it Mike and Emily occasionally fondled my breasts or fingered my clitoris as they fed me food.

And my wrists were still, of course, crossed and tied behind my back!

It did not even occur to me to demand they untie me so I could leave! I didn't want to leave! I mean, I did, but mostly because I was embarrassed and self-conscious and feeling so intimidated by them all, by them knowing what a slut I was and what I had done. Not to mention being naked!

But at the same time I was enthralled by this dark, kinky scene and wondering what would happen next! And, to be honest, I wasn't really thinking very clearly.

Mike and Emily let me drink out of their cups. His was water and hers was milk, as they fed me, and my body was constantly moving, leaning forward, and then back, turning one way, then the other. That was sliding me up and down on the dildo a little, not a lot, but enough to get me panting!

After they'd finished dinner the older guy, who I hadn't seen much of since he was on the other side of the table, came around and gathered my hair up behind my head. I gasped as he jerked, and scrambled up to my feet with a yelp.

He pulled the long dildo thing out of me and led me out into the front room, I guess you'd call it the living room. It was pretty nice, really, with big square windows looking out into the empty lake. But though it was a living room it was on a boat, so the furniture was all fixed in place. That included a very small table which was built into the wall.

The table was no more than a foot square, and he pushed me against it, turned me around, and ordered me to sit on it. I tried, but it wasn't very wide, and the other guy, uhm, Mike, had to help him lift me onto it. With my arms behind me I

was only very awkwardly perched there without them holding me.

There was a metal ring set into the wall, though, and he inserted a strap, like a belt, through it and brought it around and across my neck! I gasped as tightened, but it wasn't tight enough to restrict my breathing.

Then he and Mike lifted my ankles up and back hard, and reached up above, pinning the backs of my feet to the wall above my head! Then they strapped my ankles in place! Of course, that elevated my buttocks so that my pussy and butt were pointed right at them, and the blonde woman gave him a really big, lumpy sort of curved dildo which he rubbed up and down against me!

I was embarrassingly wet, and the dildo, thick as it was, moved smoothly into me as he pumped it in and out, sliding it deeper and deeper and aching deeper! It got thicker then thinner, then thicker, then thinner as it slid deeper. I shuddered helplessly as it filled me up, and then I saw that it had this little branch at the bottom which angled up across the outside of my sex, with a hollow ring which encircled my clitoris but left it naked.

Swollen and naked, with the flesh pressed in sharply all around it to make it seem even more swollen! The spring clip also pressed tight enough that the dildo was locked in place there even as he took another peculiar dildo from the blonde and pressed it against my wrinkled little back passage.

This one was made up of a series of round balls, which popped into my butt one by one until I felt even more filled up!

Then the blonde grinned at me. She had this leather lace thing in hand, and it had neat little round loops on either end which were edged in some kind of metal with a little screw. She pressed one loop around my swollen left nipple and tightened it until I cried out.

With it tight around my nipple she drew the cord straight to the left and pulled it up and around and across my left leg, then across my right leg before pulling it around and down and in to place the loop at the other end around my other nipple and tug that tight.

I cried out again, my mind squirming at how utterly exposed I was and all these people – strangers – looking at me and fondling me! Then the blonde handed the older guy another object, another sex toy, I thought wildly.

It was.

It was like a microphone on a stand, a big one, with a round mike at the end of a narrow tube. The older man attached the 'stand' part to the edge of the table and then turned the rounded thing down and in and pressed it against my clitoris.

Then he turned it on.

“Oh! Oh please!” I gasped.

I recognized it, of course. It was a vibrator. I'd experimented with a vibrator myself, but had found the sensations simply too powerful, too intense, and thus, too uncomfortable. It had done little for me.

This one was being plugged into the wall even as I watched, and it was much more powerful than the one I had tried.

“Please!” I moaned.

The guy pushed a ball against my mouth, tugging my hair up and back so I opened my mouth. It slid into my mouth, filling it, pushing down against my tongue and up against the roof. The ball wouldn't let my mouth close but filled it, and he ran a cord around behind my head to hold it in place.

The four of them grinned at me, then the blonde reached out and unbuckled the strap going around my neck, then tightened it so I gurgled and my eyes bulged a bit!

The four laughed and then left me alone. They got after dinner drinks and went upstairs to the top deck.

The vibrator made me squirm wildly! It was so intense! My clitoris was sensitive at the best of times but right now, with the dildo inside me and the other one up my ass, and with me naked and helpless... It was hypersensitive!

I cried out in discomfort and alarm, trying to squirm away from it, but unable to! Fortunately, like the aching in my nipples, my body seemed to get used to it after a minute, though it was still very uncomfortable!

And then it became something else entirely.

Slowly, bit by bit, it was like the sensations morphed and twisted as my overheated body pulsed and throbbed, and the 'uncomfortable' level of sensation began to provoke an intense response within my body! I began grinding myself against the thing more and more desperately, not to lessen the sensations but to increase them!

A feverish sexual heat came over me, and my nipples burned and throbbed, for my writhing movements tugged my legs against the cords which were bound to them again and again and again.

The sexual pressure inside me was growing more and more powerful, so that my body literally trembled in addition to the way I was desperately trying to grind myself against the vibrator! And then it released in a glorious explosive wave of utter ecstasy that swept my mind away like a tidal wave!

The orgasm was massive, and seemed to go on and on forever as I cried out repeatedly and ground myself wildly against the vibrator! I was burning up inside, the flames consuming my mind! It went on and on until I thought I'd lose consciousness, before finally, slowly fading away to leave me dazed.

Dazed in more ways than one. The belt around my throat was tight to begin with and I'd jerked and shook and pulled against it until my eyes bulged and my head pounded from lack of oxygen. I hadn't blacked out, for it wasn't that tight, but it left me light-headed even as I moaned dazedly and weakly into the gag.

Which was, by the way, leaking. I mean, my saliva was starting to ooze out around it, drooling onto my chest.

My eyes were slitted and I gulped in air through my nose, moaning wearily. The intensity of the sensations coming from the vibrator was relentless, and now it was once again very uncomfortable rather than sexual.

I couldn't do anything about it, though. I couldn't push it away or stop it. I could do nothing but remain in position as the intense sensations made me want to scream. I mean, it was almost like fingernails on the blackboard!

But then it began to morph. My body began to become numbed to it, then began to tremble in tune with it until sexual heat began to ripple through me once more, until sexual electricity crackled through my body and I began to writhe and twist and sob and gasp in feverish hunger again!

I came again, and then again, and then again and again and again, until at one point it felt as if I couldn't stop coming! My body thrashed and shook and convulsed in wild, frantic spasms of violent sexual energy as I screamed and screamed into the gag in mindless sexual bliss!

I don't know how long it lasted. I don't even remember it stopping. It's all a wild fever dream of a memory now. And then, suddenly, it was dark and I was hanging upside down by my ankles.

The world, such as it was in the dark, was upside down, and my wrists were still tied behind me. I was exhausted, mentally and physically, and hung there slack jawed – the gag having at least been removed. I was numb, semi-conscious. And that was how I spent the rest of the night while they slept.

In the morning, the older guy, whose name I now knew was Jacob, lowered me to the floor and left me there for a bit. Then he lifted my hips and took me from behind, fucking me hard and fast.

I didn't care. I was dazed and dizzy, groaning weakly as my cheek rubbed against the carpet while he fucked me from behind. My eyes were barely open and I was blinking my eyelids as my mind started to come back to life.

Then the tall blonde Celia came for me, pulling me to my feet by one arm and leading me to the bathroom. She pushed me into the shower and stepped in with me, soaking down my body, including sore, aching nipples which reacted with incredible intensity when she bent and began to suck and chew on them.

She soaped me up, then, and I vaguely remembered being sweating like a pig while I was on the table, as if I'd run a marathon. My internal muscles still ached from the wild spasming, and I was sore inside from the gang bang.

She put me on my knees and pulled my face in against her, though, and I licked obediently, licking her to an orgasm. Then it was breakfast, with me still naked and still tied and kneeling to take whatever bits of food they chose to put in my hungry mouth or let me lick from their fingers.

I hadn't really tried to talk to them much so far. I mean, yesterday I'd been far too intimidated and embarrassed, at first, then had been gagged and screaming (which had my throat aching and sore and my voice hoarse this morning).

Now I licked bits of food from their fingers and looked at them uncertainly. I was feeling this strange, almost dreamy sense of sexuality and sensuality as I knelt there, my skin tender, my nipples hard, and my insides thrumming softly. But now I was starting to become a little anxious about, well... things.

“W-when are you going to untie me?” I gulped finally.

The four of them looked at me, and the tall blonde smirked, reaching over to cup my full breast.

“Maybe never. Maybe we’ll keep you as our little sex slave forever.”

The thought was only a little frightening, since I didn't think she was serious, but it did increase my anxiety level. It was also, of course, darkly thrilling in a forbidden sort of way.

I licked my lips nervously. “And I lost my glasses,” I whined.

“You don't need glasses,” the Emily said. “You're not going to be doing any reading.”

The others laughed at that for some reason.

“I don't need them for reading,” I said. “I can see okay up close. Its distances I can't see.”

“You don't need to see distances,” Mike said.

“Yeah, you only need to see the cock in front of your lips,” Emily said with a laugh.

“Or the pussy,” Celia said smugly.

I blushed.

“But we will untie you,” the older man, Jacob said.

“Sort of,” Celia agreed.

Well, of course, what they did was put this big studded bondage collar around my neck, then added matching studded leather wrist restraints around my wrists.

But that still didn't give me any freedom as I knelt in the living room licking Emily's pussy while Mike fucked me from behind!

God, this was so wild! I could hardly believe all the sex I'd had these two days compared to like my whole previous life!

And was it my imagination or was my body even more responsive since yesterday, and my mind even more hyper-sexual? I was still feeling a bit embarrassed around them, exposed, you might say, but getting used to it, especially in the wild animal house atmosphere of open sexuality.

And as before, a party-like atmosphere began to develop, with small boats arriving, and music beginning to pound, and the booze flowing freely. I drank, along with everyone else. I was thirsty, and my throat was sore and, well, I needed a little help calming down!

Especially since I was still the only one naked!

And then they brought out that fucking vibrator again!

I whimpered and moaned and tried to shake my head no, but that was hard with a cock in my throat and some guy holding me tightly by the hair!

I was on the sofa, sort of slumped back against the seat back with two people holding my legs up and apart. They weren't straight up like they had been yesterday night but spread very wide as the two guys ran their hands over my body, groped my breasts, and pumped a dildo inside me!

Then one pressed the vibrator against my clit and began to work it up and down while the other one pumped the dildo! My body began to react and began to writhe and buck more and more wildly as I cried out in helpless pleasure! When the guy pulled his cock out of my mouth I screamed in orgasm and the whole room laughed and applauded!

The room was a blur to me without my glasses, of course. I could only see the people closest to me clearly, but I knew there were a lot of people in the room!

And then they put a leash on my collar and pulled the dildo out of my body and led me, staggering and stumbling, up the stairs to the upper deck, which was also awash with people! I shuddered, flushed with embarrassment and humiliation,

and suddenly grateful I could only see those closest to me as I was led right up to the edge of the railing!

There was a roar from dozens, maybe hundreds of male voices as they saw me! I could see a blurred mass of boats and people out there on the water as Celia knelt in front of me and started licking my pussy!

Mike was holding me by the hair, forcing my chest out, as Celia spread my legs and licked hungrily. And let me tell you, after that vibrator, the feel of her soft, warm tongue was excruciatingly wonderful! It was so incredibly sensual that I sobbed in pleasure and my hips began to grind almost immediately.

So the whole crowd heard my screams as I came and came, my hips bucking violently as they cheered and laughed and people nearby poured beer over my body! Then I was bent over the rail and someone took me from behind, fucking me hard and fast to more cheering!

They pulled me over near a post and undid my wrist restraints – not removing them but unlinking them from each other so they could raise them up above my head and lock them in place together there.

Then Celia and other women – and men – took turns licking me to orgasm as they thrust their fingers into me while the crowd watched and whistled and shouted encouragement! Another guy I had never met then fucked me in the ass, again while everyone howled approval, while some girl sucked on my breast and fingered my clitoris!

Several more guys then pulled my hips out further and fucked me hard, before some girl used a huge dildo on me. All the while the crowd howled and shouted approval, and the music pounded and people milled around behind me and my mind was covered in a haze of feverish heat and dazed incomprehension at how I had let all this come to be!

Somehow I wound up being carried downstairs, but not into the boat. Instead I was carried down to the rear, where a small floating dock had been attached to the boat. I was laid down on it, gasping and moaning, my legs spread, and then one guy after another got on and fucked me while a crowd of dozens and dozens of guys crowded around to eagerly watch!

And then to top it off Emily knelt between my splayed legs and licked me as she

thrust first two, then three, then four fingers into my throbbing, aching sex. When the thumb pushed through and her whole hand disappeared inside me the crowd roared!

I shuddered and writhed, arching and moaning and crying out as her fingers pushed deeper, as her slender wrist began to pump in and out between the lips of my straining sex. She licked at my clitoris at the same time and I came, screaming wildly. And when she began to use the vibrator I screamed my voice out.

Literally. I lost my voice screaming in orgasm!

Shit, I almost lost my fucking mind too! It was like a tidal wave of overwhelming pleasure that crashed down around me and set every nerve ending spasming while my body convulsed violently!

I don't remember the rest that well. Beer was constantly being poured on me or sprayed on me and I know I drank a lot. I was up on the top deck, sometimes on my knees sucking cock, sometimes bent over being fucked. I was in one of the bedrooms being gang banged. I was at one point crowd surfing among the guys standing in waist deep water, hands groping me everywhere.

Then I was on a small boat, legs draped across the sides as some other girl licked me to orgasm, and then a guy fucked me, then another guy fucked my face at the same time.

It's all a strange made fever dream which ended up with me in bed with Cecilia, after she'd washed me. I wasn't tied up, though, and we writhed together as Jacob watched for a time. Celia had an expert tongue and skilled fingers, and taught me a lot.

Then I licked her as Jacob fucked me from behind.

When they were done I was in the other state room doing much the same with Emily and Mike.

At least I got to sleep laying down that night, not hanging from my ankles! But I did it spreadeagled on the bed of the first room where I'd been gang banged the other day, now cleaned up somewhat. The wonder was I managed to fall asleep.

I woke to Mike fucking me, of course, then Celia riding my face.

It was raining today, though. No big party. You wouldn't think it rained in Arizona, but it did in this part. In fact, Mike told me it usually didn't rain much until monsoon season, which started in June. Then it poured like crazy.

That didn't mean they didn't have guests. They just had fewer of them, just two other couples.

And me.

They were older couples, kinkier couples, like Jacob. And they stood me in the middle of the 'living room' with my arms and legs outstretched and chained in place as Celia and Emily taunted and teased me with dildos and vibrators and their tongues, while everyone else watched and laughed and grinned excitedly.

Then, with me drunk on sexual heat, came the whipping.

It wasn't much of a whipping, mind you. But it was shocking and outrageous to me. They took turns with this long, thin, very light whip, which had a long leather thong that hissed as it went through the air, like cutting leather, then impacted my body with a light, but stinging blow.

It started to sting more, though, as several of the men started pouring beer on me! They'd rolled up the carpet and I was soon soaking wet, my hair dripping beer as the thin whip cut across my bottom and back to make me writhe and twist and cry out again and again while Celia licked my pussy!

Then one of them started whipping my breasts, which made me cry out even more! At the same time, someone fucked in the ass, all while Celia continued to lick and finger me.

Then the place basically erupted into an orgy, with everyone stripping naked. I was kind of grateful since for the first time I wasn't the only naked person there!

But afterwards, while they all got dressed and relaxed Mike and Jacob took me up on the top deck and chained me like I had been downstairs, standing with my arms and legs apart! They also shoved the thick dildo with the spring clip up into my pussy and left me there as it absolutely poured!

At least it washed the beer off me.

As it eased up, though, I found myself, exhausted and drained, with droplets of water trickling slowly down my body, off my stiff nipples, and down my belly to roll across my swollen clitoris. I moaned dazedly, a sexual hunger bubbling within me but no way to do anything about it.

Until one of the guys came up and fucked me in the ass. It wasn't that which sent me over the edge, but his fingers rubbing my clitoris as he did it. But it was more than enough. I screamed nearly silently, too hoarse to make any real noise.

By the next day it was sunny and hot again, and I wasn't tied, though I still wore the collar and restraints. I was filled with a sense of sexual freedom, my ego inflated, my delight at how lewd and slutty I could be overwhelming my better sense. I was like my inhibitions had melted away under several days of scorching sexual heat!

I pranced around naked, taunting and grinding my hips at the watches below, sucking guys off while everyone laughed and applauded, and letting myself be used by anyone who decided to use me.

And that was a lot of people!

Down on that little dock behind the boat I fucked five guys at once while a crowd watched! I had one in each orifice and one in each hand!

Then it was back on the bus to the airport, wearing my glasses, which thankfully did wonders to help me from being recognized, especially with my hair pulled back severely. I got back on the plane home – to a different world, to a world where nothing I had done would be acceptable, where my friends would abandon me if they knew about it!

It was back to dressing modestly, except for sexy lingerie, and to acting the role society required of young ladies, rationing sex only to those men who paid proper homage to all the sensibilities of the world we lived in. It wouldn't do to become known as a slut, after all.

I no longer really considered myself a slut, anyway. The term I now used in thinking of my 'condition' was nymphomania. That was what I thought I was, a nympho!

And I could no longer do without sex. Masturbation wasn't good enough. I'd become addicted to it the way you can become addicted to any drug, and now craved it constantly! Fortunately, off campus, there were men and bars, and I could get more of that delicious heat I needed!

It wasn't enough, though. I had basked in the admiration of the crowd, in their mass adoration, excitement and lust for me and my naked body! I had thrilled to their heat and desire beating against my quivering flesh, and I wanted it again!

Fortunately, the college wasn't far from the Massachusetts turnpike, and the Eager Beaver strip club. I was astonished at how much money I could make by indulging that craving, by the atmosphere of free sexuality (for the girls) that let me flaunt myself and grind myself against men and once again bask in their lust and heat!

While making thousands and tens of thousands of dollars!

So I became a dancer, and a very popular one! I think the customers realized the heat was real, not pretended with me, and were happy to hand over their money! Between that and my bar-hopping I managed to feed my need for heat while still getting good marks.

And the next spring I headed back south to meet up with Jacob and Celia again!

So the next time you see a prim and proper girl in glasses, you might consider what's under those clothes, and what's going on behind the eyes those glasses are covering, and what dark lust might drive her when she's away from your sight!

END

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

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