



MERCY FAULK

**Garage
Gangbang**

A Rough Reluctant Gangbang Sex Story

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by
Mercy Faulk

About This Book:

After months of unemployment, Ginny's brand-new dream job is threatened unless her car passes a smog test. The trouble is she doesn't have the money to pay for it. Her sexy mechanic suggests a trade: A passing grade in exchange for becoming his sex slave for a night. What Ginny doesn't know is that the hunky grease monkey has more planned for her than she suspects.

WATCH OUT! This 10,000-word story depicts erotic situations, oral sex, anal sex, creampie, bondage, and a rough and reluctant four-on one gangbang that will make you want to rush out for a tune-up!

As I lay shivering in a puddle of bodily fluids on a filthy concrete floor, cum leaking from every orifice and four men standing over me, I wondered at how a simple thing like getting a smog test could take such an unexpected and twisted turn.

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“We’re so pleased you’ll be joining our team, Ms. Meyers.” Mr. Jaimeson stood and came around his desk to shake my hand. I flushed and let out a sigh of relief, which made me blush even harder. The hand I’d put out to return his handshake flew to my mouth in embarrassment.

He smiled good-naturedly. “Don’t worry about it, Ginny. It’s a tough job market right now, so I get it. We’ll see you bright and early tomorrow morning, right?”

“Definitely!” I’d been out of work for eight months, but somehow I’d managed to fool this otherwise brilliant businessman into thinking I would make a good assistant.

I turned to walk out of his office but his next words stopped me in my tracks. “Oh, and don’t forget to bring in your driver’s license, insurance and current registration for your car. Human Resources will want copies for their records.”

Glancing back over my shoulder, I feigned curiosity rather than the panic that was swelling inside my chest. “Sure. What do they need it for?”

“Well, since you’ll be driving nearly every day for the job, they need it in case there’s an accident or something. It’s pretty standard, really, at least for a job that requires you to have a car.”

My heart started thudding. The relief I’d felt just seconds before was swept away by a tidal wave of fear. I stretched my lips into what I hoped looked like a smile, nodded and choked out, “Okay.”

I’m surprised my wobbly legs carried me to my car. Shaking fingers jimmied the key into the lock and I barely got the door closed before tears started streaming down my cheeks. I was going to lose this job before it even started!

The latch on my glove box had been sticking for a while, but a swift pound on the dashboard popped it open. The contents spilled out onto the door, with a few packets of mustard and a stray spork

falling to the floor. I rummaged around till I found the registration, which informed me that, as I suspected, it had expired a week ago and, by the way, it was time to get smogged.

“Shit,” I whispered to the dusty interior of my ancient ride. I’d owned the piece of shit since high school, and it was a piece of shit back then. Three years more years of abuse hadn’t magically improved it. My friends called it ‘Banger’, and some of them refused to step foot inside, claiming they might catch fleas.

It wasn’t *that* bad, but I couldn’t afford anything better, especially after I’d lost my last receptionist job when the company closed down. I’d been living on my meager savings and credit cards, scraping just enough together to keep a roof over my head, for the last several months. This month’s rent was late, and I wasn’t sure where I’d find the money for it, so paying \$150 for a smog test and renewal wasn’t anywhere near the top of my long list of bills that needed paying. My insurance was current — barely — but now, according to the payment schedule on the back of the form, a \$75 late fee would be tacked onto the final bill.

It was just my luck. I’d just been hired for a great new job with a good salary, but it required a car and mine wasn’t legal. When I read the job listing, I’d assumed they wanted you to have a car so you could make it to work every day. During the interview, Mr. Jaimeson had mentioned a few errands I’d need to run, but he made it sound like they were few and far between. I figured there would be a two-week training period, and by then I’d get my first check and I could go get the car smogged and registered.

I tipped my wrist to check the time: 4:50. “Double shit!” Where would I find a testing facility that would take me so late in the day? The bigger question was, how would I pay for it? I had about \$100 in my checking account and \$5 in my savings — just enough to keep it active in case I found some work. Hopefully one of my credit cards — or more likely all of them combined — would have enough room to eke it out.

I jammed the key into the ignition and said a little prayer to the car gods before turning it. Banger’s engine grumbled a bit, giving me a mini-heart attack, but she finally sputtered to life. Then I was roaring out of the parking structure on a mission to find a smog shop.

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As I drove down the busy thoroughfare, all the auto shops I passed were already either closed or a guy in coveralls was pulling down the roll-up doors to the testing bays. I was in full-panic mode by then. Driving with expired registration didn't worry me as much as walking into my new job tomorrow without up-to-date paperwork. There was probably a huge line of people more qualified than me ready to snap up the gig if it was offered. I had no illusions I was indispensable.

My tears had dried up as I frantically searched for a shop that would take me but they threatened to spill over again as I closed in on the end of the businesses along this stretch of road. It was useless. I'd never find an open shop now that it was after five.

A sob had just wracked my body when, through a shimmery veil of tears, I spotted a small garage whose doors were still open. My breath hitched and I cut across two lanes of rush-hour traffic to make the center turning lane, horns blaring in my wake.

Minutes seemed to tick by as a herd of cars packed the road, preventing me from turning left into the parking lot. "Please don't close, please don't close," I breathed as I drummed my fingers on the steering wheel, my heart racing. Finally someone took mercy and stopped so I'd have room to turn. Cars in the other lanes followed suit and I pulled into the lot.

I nosed Banger into the garage bay as a seriously sexy guy in blue coveralls was reaching up to pull down the door. He glared at me and shook his head, mouthing the word "closed."

I don't want to sound braggy, but I'm pretty cute. Long dark hair, small but perky breasts, and a banging bod. I swear, I don't play on my looks very often, but I was desperate. I literally batted my eyelashes at him, clutched my hands to my chest in a pleading gesture — which, incidentally, pushed my tits together nicely — and gave him my prettiest pout. "Pleeease," I whispered out loud, knowing he could only read my lips.

He stared at me for a long moment, and then one corner of his mouth twitched, almost as if he was trying to suppress a smile. He crossed his thick arms and leaned back against the doorframe to appraise me. This gave me time to check him out as well. He wasn't

just sexy; he was gorgeous. He had shaggy blond hair cropped short, but not shaved. He was tall but not towering and he filled out his coveralls nicely. I dipped my head and pulled my sunglasses down a bit to get a better look. Yes, I liked what I saw. He looked like a jock mixed with an underwear model. “Mmm, come to mommy,” I mumbled.

I don't know if he could tell what I said but a smile lit his face and he waved me inside. “Thank God!” I pulled Banger forward, set the hand brake and turned off the engine. My door opened and a grimy hand was offered to help me out of the car. I hesitated, not wanting to get my fingers dirty, but decided it might seem bitchy if I didn't take it. Pretty ironic considering just how deeply inside me his long, warm fingers would soon be buried.

They wrapped around mine and an intense heat swept over me, causing my nipples to pucker. Slack-jawed, I met his gaze. His eyes were like cocoa, warm and soft. I was lost in them. I only remembered to stand when he pulled my hand up. But instead of stepping back to give me space, he stayed where he was so our bodies were nearly touching. The electricity that zapped between us was so strong that I could almost hear it. My eyes were at the level of the faded, frayed name patch on his coveralls: Jake.

I took a deep breath to clear my head but what I got instead was the overpowering scent of oil and tires mixed with Jake's own intoxicating musk. Wetness slicked my pussy lips. “God...” I breathed, as I felt my fingers entwining with his. Tipping my head back, I gazed up at him. What I saw there scared me.

Jake had a wild animal expression on his face, like he was a lion and I was his prey. His warm, brown eyes turned to the laser sights of a hunter. Even his upper lip twitched upward, baring his teeth a little. A warning pinged in my lust-addled brain; this was no ordinary mechanic.

He must have sensed the change in my reaction because he dropped my hand and moved toward the garage door. “So how can I help you tonight, miss?”

His perfectly even voice was all business. Had I been imagining his animalistic look, the intense attraction? I figured I must have been transferring my lustful thoughts onto him. He probably had a

thousand girlfriends at his beck and call, and the last thing he needed was another complication. What a relief! Or was it? An ember of disappointment glowed deep inside me. It's nice to have someone be attracted to you, after all.

"I-I need a smog test," I stammered.

He paused by the door and looked back toward me, beyond me, to the clock on the back wall. "Quarter after five." He was shaking his head slightly, as if he was about to change his mind.

"No, please! I really need this or I'll lose my job!"

"No way, really?" He gave me a doubtful look, as if I was trying to con him or something.

"Seriously. I just got offered a job but it requires a car . . . one that's current on its' paperwork. If I walk into the office tomorrow without that piece of paper your machine spits out, I might as well head on down to the unemployment line. Again."

He tilted his head. "Hit a rough patch, huh?"

I nodded somberly, hoping to whip up some pity. "More like the road just dropped out from under me. Eight months." I looked up at him from under my lashes. Poor little ol' me.

Nodding, he said, "M'kay, I'll do it. Just gonna close the door so no one else thinks I'm working late tonight." He gave me a wink and turned to the door's rope, tugging it down. It clattered down the slides till it banged shut, the sound making me jump nearly out of my skin.

"Nervous type?" He cast a sidelong look my way as he passed by toward a big machine near the nose of my car. I couldn't help notice that his eyes raked down my body before he turned his attention to the machine.

"Not really, it just startled me," I said sassily, more sassily than I felt. Something about this guy unnerved me. He looked normal, and he was as sexy as hell, but I wondered if being in here alone with him might not lead to trouble. As I got a clear view of his broad shoulders, narrow hips and tight butt, I thought maybe I could use a little trouble. I hadn't had 'trouble' in far too long.

I leaned one hip against the driver side door and started chewing on my thumbnail as I considered what kind of trouble the two of us

could get into. Maybe after the test he would take me out for a drink... and dessert.

My gaze was lingering on his sweet ass when he turned and caught me now looking directly at his crotch, which was tented out from his obvious erection. "Oh!" I cried and turned away.

"So what's your name?" I could hear the amusement in his voice as he clipped wires and meters to my car.

Blushing fiercely, I moved toward the garage door and stammered out, "Ginny." It seemed that the safest place to be right then was near the door, though my brain reminded me that it would take quite a bit of effort to roll up the heavy door, so it wasn't like I could make a quick getaway.

The next fifteen minutes were spent with him revving up my engine, marking down results on a clipboard and punching numbers into the machine. Finally, Jake snatched the sheet that printed out from the tray and examined the form. The moment he looked at me, I knew. "Uh oh," he said, motioning me over.

I could hear blood pulsing through my ears as I moved through a sea of pudding to reach him. I knew I'd see 'FAIL' peppered all over the sheet. I could barely make my legs move. He crossed the distance between us in a couple of steps and thrust the paper in my face. I didn't just get a 'FAIL', Banger had been labeled a 'GROSS POLLUTER'!

Tears were welling in my eyes. "What does it mean?" My voice was small, terrified of the answer.

"Well, just by looking at the numbers here, you need a new catalytic converter."

I swallowed hard, trying to prevent my tears from falling. I got a 'fail' there, too. "And how much does one of those cost?"

"For your car, about \$500 installed."

My breath was knocked clear out of my lungs. I didn't have the money to pay for this test, much less an expensive repair bill! I turned away from Jake and moved to the door, sobbing quietly, not wanting to make a scene.

A clean white handkerchief appeared over my shoulder. I sniffed and dabbed my eyes with it, trying to compose myself. I cleared the

thickness from my throat and handed back the hanky. “Well, I guess I just lost the job. *C’est la vie.*”

I turned back to Jake, who was back to eyeing me again. I wasn’t in the mood for flirting now, so I asked him to ring me up. I’d have to just live with being an outlaw until I found a job that didn’t require a car. But this job seemed so perfect, and there was actually room for growth at this place. I sighed heavily and pulled out three credit cards that I hoped would cover the final bill.

Jake rolled his eyes when I held out the cards, but reached for them just the same. Even though I was horribly depressed by the outcome of the test, I still felt that pulse in my pussy when his hands enclosed mine. I watched entranced as his thumb rubbed little circles on my wrist. He slowly slipped his fingers across mine. It seemed as if invisible strings connected his fingers to my nipples, as the farther he pulled back, the tauter they became.

Then he’d turned and I was left reeling. I tried to shake some sense back into my head but that was just one more thing I failed.

BLAT! The credit card machine made the awful sound of rejection. *Oh shit,* I thought. *That’s not good.*

He tried punching in a smaller amount. *BLAT!* Setting that card aside, he tried the next one. *BLAT!* Then the next. *BLAT!* He collected all three cards and turned to face me. I thought maybe he’d be angry, but he seemed almost...happy. “What are we going to do about this, Ginny?”

“I-I-I...” My words failed. I was made of fail, apparently. It wasn’t a ploy when I burst into tears and crumpled into a ball on the floor. I was truly horrified. I didn’t want this guy to think I was a loser, but he had three overdrawn cards in one hand and a bill for \$100 in the other. The evidence was right there.

He let me sit there for a few minutes, crying it out, before he squatted down in front of me. “Ginny, look at me.” It wasn’t a gentle request, but a firm command. It was a tone that couldn’t be ignored...or disobeyed. I looked up.

He used the handkerchief to wipe away my tears, and some of the running mascara. “Blow.” Again with the tone. I blew.

“I have a suggestion that would not only get you out of this bill, but it might also be something we both want. Understand?” He searched

my face for understanding. I was puzzled for a moment, then gasped as what he was saying sunk in.

“You want me to fuck you to pay off this bill?!” I was flabbergasted!

“No, you can just suck me off, if you want.” That animal look was back on his face. His wet, pink tongue poked out of the corner of his mouth adorably. I was disgusted with myself for wanting to take it into my mouth.

“I couldn’t do that!” I didn’t add that, just a few minutes before, I’d been hoping to.

“Why not? I can tell you want it. It’s a win-win. I get your sweet luscious lips wrapped around my cock, and you get this bill thrown in the shredder. And no one will ever know.” He winked as he said that last, and stood from his crouched position.

He slowly unzipped his coveralls, letting his firm shoulders pop out one at a time, then shrugged his arms free. His arms. Tanned to a deep gold, ripped from hard work, and unbearably lickable, I wanted them wrapped around me. But I was still horrified at the idea of prostituting my mouth for a stupid \$100 smog test. It was the ultimate in humiliation — or so I thought then.

Jake pulled the coveralls just low enough to access his fly. His eyes locked on mine, he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly, allowing his beautiful cock to bounce free. It was as pretty as he was. Not too big, not too small. My mouth flooded with drool.

God, I wanted to suck that thing dry, but I didn’t want it to happen like this. I wanted him to take me out for a drink, flirt a little, put in some time before I gave it up. That’s how it was *supposed* to work.

I looked up at him and mustered up a few tears. “Could you just let me go home and I’ll pay you next week?”

His hearty laugh made his cock bob temptingly in front of my face. My heart sank at the same time juices wetted my panties.

“Girly, you ain’t gettin’ this piece of shit till I get paid...one way or another.” He waggled the tip just under my nose. I could smell his musk, and more drool filled my mouth.

I looked up at him again uncertainly, then glanced at my car. He was serious. So my choices were pretty clear: walk home and be carless until I could somehow scrounge up \$100, or give him head.

Either way I looked at it, I wouldn't have a job come tomorrow, but if I took his offer, at least I'd have wheels to go on job interviews.

Breathing deeply to steel my nerves, I closed my eyes and opened my mouth. With a grunt of triumph, Jake slipped the tip past my lips. The saliva that had filled my mouth coated his shaft and dribbled down my chin.

My nipples tightened as each thrust went deeper. Palming the back of my head, Jake pushed himself deep down my throat. I nearly gagged, but managed to open my throat up enough to take him. I slapped at his ass to tell him to back off but he just pounded into me harder and deeper than before. *Asshole!*

About to lose my balance as he rammed his cock down my throat, I latched one hand onto a tight butt cheek and the other onto his thigh. It was all I could do to keep my throat relaxed enough to accommodate his girth, but I couldn't noticing that my nipples were like diamonds and the drool kept coming. It had soaked the top of my shirt as it dribbled down my neck. As much as I didn't want things to happen like this, I was totally loving it.

Once I realized this, I steadied myself and slid my hand up to cup his balls. A low growl escaped Jake's lips and his hips moved faster. I tugged and rolled and cupped his sack as my other hand slowly slipped down his ass cheek.

I could feel him grow more turgid in my abused mouth, and I knew he was close, so I started humming. That must feel really good to a guy who has his dick jammed down your throat because he voiced a loud groan when I did it.

As he slammed into my face, I slipped a finger into his crack and gently prodded his asshole. No matter what they say later, guys in the throws of an orgasm always love this little trick, and Jake was no different. He let out a shout and used both hands to bury my face into his crotch as he came. I could feel his hot load burn its way down my throat, and I swallowed as best I could to milk every last drop.

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Jake was outside the shop having a smoke as I tidied myself up in the grungy mirror hanging over the work sink. "You're a good girl,

Ginny,” he was saying through the doorway. “It’s too bad you’re going to lose your job over a stupid catalytic converter.”

I’d almost forgotten about my predicament, but now that Jake had brought it up again, a darkness swept over me. Yeah, I had a hot encounter with an even hotter mechanic — who knew they made them so sexy? — and I would have my car, but without a passing grade, my job was doomed.

“And I don’t have to tell you what a fucked up job market it is out there right now, do I?”

No shit, Sherlock. I’ve been living it for eight months. Instead, I grunted my agreement. Because he was right. There was no telling how long it would be before I fooled someone else into thinking I was qualified for something other than pizza delivery. And I wasn’t even qualified for *that* because I didn’t have a legal car! It was all just too depressing.

Jake walked back in shaking his head. “Yup, what a shame.”

I glared at his muscled back as he picked up my bill, crumpled it into a ball and pretended he was shooting a three-pointer into the garbage can. “All net!” he cried, his hands thrust upward in victory.

He glanced over to me as he moved to the roll-up door. As his hand reached up for the rope to open it, he paused. “What would you do to keep your job, Ginny?”

Overwhelmed by Jake’s fresh reminder that I was letting a great job opportunity slip through my fingers, I replied, “What *wouldn’t* I do is more like it.”

Hand still stretched up to grab the rope, he turned and gave me an odd smile, a smile that set butterflies flitting around in my tummy. His hand dropped and he stalked over to me, never allowing me to break eye contact. He stepped in close to me so I could breathe him in, feel his heat. My pussy ached and tingled, and the tension that had built up inside me begged for release.

His rough hands grabbed my hips and pulled them into his before sliding up my back to bury themselves in my hair. My body responded in the most obvious ways. I arched into him pressing my tits against his firm chest. I moaned from my need for him. His hands slithered up and down my small frame, sending bolts of electricity to

my core. Hot, full lips sought out mine and our tongues entwined. I nearly came.

Jake pulled back, leaving me dizzy from desire and shaking with need. "Don't stop," I pleaded.

"I have another proposition for you."

I didn't care what it was if he would just fuck me right there on that nasty auto shop floor. "Anything..." I panted.

"Be my sex slave for the night and I'll make sure your car passes smog by morning."

My breath caught in my chest. Sex slave? What would that entail? More blowies for sure, but maybe even anal. I'd never tried it before, though plenty of guys had played with my asshole. One or two had tried but I'd always told them no way. And from the hard stare Jake was giving me, I had no doubt anal would be on the menu for the night.

His hands were roaming my body, making my engorged clit throb. I really, really wanted to fuck this guy, and I really, really wanted to keep my job. If that meant trying anal for the first time, or maybe getting tied up or something, then it would be worth it. *Who knows*, I thought, *maybe I'll even like it*.

"Yessss," I breathed. His erection jerked against my belly.

"Are you sure? It would mean doing absolutely everything I tell you to do, no matter what, or no smog certificate."

"I'll do whatever you want, Jake." My heart was pounding and a flush had crept over me. I wanted him so much my head was spinning. Had I known what he was planning, I would have run screaming out of that shop. Instead, I lifted my face to his for a deep hard kiss. His tongue jammed into my mouth, much like his cock had a few minutes before. I could still taste him, so I knew he could, too, and that thought drove me into a frenzy.

The shop's phone chose that moment to ring. I grunted in frustration when Jake pulled away to answer it. "Hold that thought," he said as he picked it up and moved to the other side of the shop.

A moment later, he was back, ravishing my mouth and lifting me onto a worktable. He shoved my skirt up around my waist and ripped my lacy panties from around my hips. "Ouch! Watch it!" I scolded. He

paused and gave me the deadliest glare I'd ever seen. Oops, I was his sex slave. He could do whatever he wanted.

I smiled timidly and apologized. Satisfied, he pushed my knees apart and feasted on the sight of my dripping pussy. He licked his lips like a hungry man eyeing a porterhouse, then pulled my ass forward a bit while pushing my torso back, leaving my entire bottom half hanging off the table. He draped my legs over his shoulders and dove in.

My hips bucked as his tongue worked my clit. His teeth tugged at my lips. He lapped up every drop of juice with long licks that covered from my tight pucker to the top of my snatch. God, it felt amazing! This was the kind of sex slavery I could learn to love.

When his fingers started exploring my folds, my abdomen clenched in anticipation. His tongue was dancing on my throbbing nub as he plunged two fingers deep inside me. I cried out, pushing hard into his hand and face, rocking back and forth. In and out and around and around, his fingers sent me toward the edge.

He continued the assault on my clit as his slick fingers pulled out of me with a slurp and starting circling my virgin asshole. I sucked in a breath, ready for him to touch me there, but afraid of what might come next. As it turned out, I was what came next. One finger slid easily into me, and my head was ready to explode, but when he slipped in the second finger, stretching me out, I clenched and shuddered and tightened myself around him as I came undone. I was kind of surprised I didn't cut his fingers clean in half with out tightly my sphincter contracted.

"Mmm, you like that, don't you, you dirty little slut," he growled as he pumped his fingers in and out of my ass. I had to admit that I did. I loved it. What had I been missing all these years? If he'd wanted to, I would have happily received his dick in my ass at that very moment.

But instead he pulled me from the counter and laid down on the floor, his cock jutting straight into the air. "Strip, then ride me." It was a command and I didn't dare disobey — not that I wanted to.

I tore my clothes off frantically, tossing them into my car so they wouldn't get dirty, then straddled Jake's hips. As I lowered myself to my hands and knees, I jiggled my titties in his face temptingly. His

head darted forward to suck a nipple into his mouth, drawing a cry from me when his teeth sank into it. I almost slapped him but remembered that I was his plaything, and if I wanted to keep my new job, I'd just keep my mouth shut.

I lowered hips so the bulging head of his cock was just touching my gushing entrance. Wanting to tease him a little, I pushed down just enough for it to get wet and warm inside me but no farther. I stayed motionless for a moment, with him squirming under me, still sucking on a nipple. Finally he slapped my ass — hard. “Giddyup, cowgirl.”

I needed no further encouragement. I sank onto the length of his shaft, relishing how perfectly he filled me. We both groaned as I rocked my hips up and down, back and forth. His hands palmed my breasts and my head fell back in delight.

Jake pulled me down by the shoulders into a kiss. Bolts of electricity shot from my nipples to my core each time they brushed across his bare chest. I braced myself by placing a hand on either side of his head and dropped each tight rosebud into his mouth in succession. *Slurp, pop! Slurp, pop!*

His hands skimmed up and down my arms, coming to a rest at my wrists, holding on for support. Each time I slammed down onto him, I came closer and closer to oblivion. Everything around me was obliterated by my drive toward orgasm.

Hands roamed my body, cupping my tits, rubbing my ass, pinching my nipples. It felt like Jake had grown eight arms — he was an octopus! I was nearly there when I cracked open my eyes and saw Jake's legs in front of my face. It took a moment for my brain to realize that those couldn't be Jake's legs because I was on top of Jake. It must be someone else.

A jolt of panic ripped through me and I moved to sit upright but Jake's hands were clamped around my wrists, preventing me from moving. My head whipped around to see what was happening. Two men were rubbing me all over, while a third was leaning against the wall, arms crossed and one leg kicked up behind him, just watching.

“What's going on?! Who are you? Jake?” I turned my pleading eyes to my hot mechanic and was met with a cold hard stare. Realization dawned on me. He'd set this up. He'd set *me* up.

“Shaddup, skank,” said the short stocky dude in front of me. “You’re gonna take what we give you cuz Jake here told you to. Ain’t that right, sweetheart?” He was already tugging his short, thick cock out of his jeans.

I looked down at Jake again, hoping this was a joke. He just smiled and turned his head pointedly at my car. I followed his gaze and realized I was stuck. Not only had Jake blackmailed me into agreeing to be his sex slave, but he was holding me tightly. Oh, yeah, and I was still teetering on the edge of climax and the thought of stopping now seemed nearly impossible. In fact, Jake was pulsing his shaft inside of me, making small movements in and out, pushing all other concerns out of my brain. He felt so good!

I found myself clenching my pussy walls around him, meeting his tiny thrusts. Closing my eyes I sighed at the sensation.

“Look, she’s loves it!” cried the short guy.

As our movements quickened, a fat dick slapped at my face, demanding access to my mouth. My tongue slicked around my lips at the thought of two men inside me at once. I looked up at the hairy man and asked, “What’s your name?”

“Roland. Now suck it, cunt.” His abusive talk caused my nipples to tighten and his thick cock made my mouth water. I hated him but I opened up and slurped him into my eager mouth, sucking and moaning as I rode Jake harder and faster.

“Shit, she’s giving me a hummer!” Roland cried. “I ain’t gonna last long.”

I hummed and moaned louder in hopes that he’d finish faster and leave me to my hot mechanic. He wasn’t as long as Jake, so taking him all into my mouth was no problem but he was so thick my jaw ached at being stretched.

The sensation of being filled in two orifices was incredible. Pretty soon they were pounding in rhythm with each other, with Roland’s hands buried in my hair so he could face-fuck me. He had no finesse, just latched on and pounded.

I didn’t think it could get any better, but then I felt fingers prodding my back door and I moved to the next plateau. I don’t know exactly what the skinny young guy behind me was doing but it was rocketing me toward the edge of reason. The fingers pulled free and

something much more substantial took their place at my last remaining entrance.

“Hmh nuhn,” I groaned against Roland’s cock. *No, I’m not ready yet*, I screamed in my head.

The pressure against my pucker was intense as his head forced its way inside, but then it sort of pop in and slid easily in and out of me. I couldn’t believe how good this guy’s dick felt in my ass! The feeling of being stretched was delicious, and not at all painful.

When all three of them began moving in time with each other, my core tightened and I tumbled over into oblivion. The skinny kid in my ass cried out as I clenched around his dick, pumping harder and faster into me until I felt him squirt inside. He collapsed over my back, panting in my ear for a moment before pulling free.

Jake didn’t show any signs of slowing, and each time he pounded into me, I seemed to cum again. Again and again and again. It was a neverending orgasm the spun me nearly out of my body.

Roland, on the other hand, grew stiffer and fatter than I thought possible. My lips were stretched so far they felt like they were tearing with each plunge into my mouth. With a feral grunt, he pulled free and spurted all over my face. It was dripping off my forehead, stinging my eyes, and dribbling across my lips. I lapped up as much as I could, loving the salty taste and relieved that my jaw hadn’t been unhinged in the process.

Finally, it was just me and my mechanic. Juices spattered loudly on the floor under me as Jake slammed me down on his shaft. Each little orgasm became stronger with every thrust, until waves were washing over me. At nearly the same time, Jake groaned into my hair and I could feel him erupting inside of me. He clutched me to him as his body shook and trembled. I screamed his name and crumpled onto him, convulsing and shuddering until I blacked out.

~ * ~ * ~

When I came to, I found myself curled in a ball on the cold concrete floor. I was lying in a sticky pool of fluid that oozed from every hole. My mind was hazy at first but it slowly dawned on me what had just happened. I moved to sit up and groaned at how my body ached in the most delicious way, as if I’d been used up.

“Hey, look, Sleeping Beauty is finally comin’ around.” Roland’s gruff voice sent shivers down my spine as I recalled how rough he’d been with me. It was curious that my nipples also stood to attention because of the same thing.

I heard grunting and the sound of metal on metal. I glanced over my shoulder and saw Jake and the skinny kid tinkering under the hood of my car. I was groggy from sleep and murmured, “What are you doing?”

Jake poked his head out from under the hood. “Installing your catalytic converter.”

“Huh?”

“God, she’s fuckin’ stupid,” Roland laughed.

Jake sighed patiently. “I told you if you’d be my sex slave for the night, your car would pass smog by morning. It’s not gonna fix itself, ya know. These guys offered to help me out, so I offered them you in exchange.”

“Y-you mean,” I swallowed hard. “I’m their sex slave, too?”

“You could look at it like that. I prefer to think we’ve entered into a mutually agreeable contract. Hey, Ginny, this is Finn. He was the one fucking you in the ass.” The skinny guy glanced over at me, his black eyes boring straight through me. I shuddered in disgust and delight in remembering how good he felt inside me. I nodded at him but his upper lip lifted in a sneer and he turned back to his work.

“You already met Roland,” Jake chuckled. Roland was reclining in old vinyl bench seat that had been removed from some truck, smoking a stogie. The stench filled my nostrils but for some reason, seeing him with that big fatty in between his fingers reminded me of his thick cock in my mouth. It suddenly flooded with drool. *What’s wrong with me?!*

“And that’s Mitch.” Mitch was still leaning against the wall, not moving, just staring at me. “Hey, Mitch, you haven’t had a go yet. You wanna get in on that now?”

Slowly Mitch eased himself to his full height, and my aching jaw dropped. He was massive. He towered over the others, and was built like a bodybuilder. His long brown hair was pulled into a smooth ponytail that ran down his back. His grey eyes penetrated me, sending waves of desire washing through me. *Say yes, please say*

yes, I thought but didn't say. I couldn't let these creeps know just how much I was enjoying myself.

Mitch sauntered up to where I was huddled on the floor, his cowboy boots clunk-tapping the entire way. The wait was interminable. He finally stopped inches away from me, and his power was even stronger this close up. I nearly fainted from it. Addressing Jake but looking down at me with disdain, he said, "She's gotta beg for it." His voice was molten lava.

My head rocked back like I'd been slapped in the face. Beg?! Was he high? As much as I wanted this bull of a man, there was no way I'd beg him to fuck me. I'd already been fucked by three guys. Who did he think he was? I had to maintain some shred of dignity so I turned away from him with a huff. A low chuckle sounded above my head, and I heard his boots clunk-tapping away from me.

"Roland," he said quietly but with authority. "You up for it yet?"

"Hellz yeah, Mitch." The stocky bastard grinned like a little kid and jumped up from the seat.

"Good. Go grab the creeper."

Roland scabbled around the shop till he found a bright red contraption that mechanics use to wheel themselves under cars on their backs. He dropped it next to me and my heart leapt into my throat. What on earth were they going to use that for?

Roland looked at Mitch for further instruction. "Kneel down on it," he rumbled.

Roland's brow crinkled in confusion but started lowering himself on to the cart.

"Not you, idiot," Mitch hissed. "The girl."

Not daring to disobey, and curious as to how they would use the thing, I moved to my hands and knees to crawl over to it. I was still wobbly from being used so roughly but I managed to maintain my balance as I climbed aboard, my tits hanging and my ass in the air. I was even more vulnerable than I'd been earlier because it was all I could do to stay upright.

Roland planted his foot on my ass and gave me a shove. I squealed in terror as I rolled across the garage toward the wall, but Mitch's strong hands grabbed me before I smashed headfirst into the

wall. More than anything I wanted them to grab other parts of me but as soon as I was stopped he removed them.

“You stupid fuck,” he said to Roland. “Get over here.”

Abashed, Roland scurried over and positioned himself behind me. It dawned on me then that Mitch was the leader of this pack, the alpha. I suddenly wanted him even more.

“Jake?”

“Nuh uh, Mitch. Gonna have to sit this one out. The girl’s sucked me dry for the moment.”

“Okay, Finn, you’re up.”

Finn’s dark stare pierced my soul as he slinked over to stand in front of me. All of us were looking up at Mitch questioningly.

Without further instruction, he simply said, “Begin.”

Finn unzipped and crammed his long, thin dick in my mouth before I knew what was happening. He was much longer than Jake and much fiercer. He grabbed me by the ears and, in long, slow, deliberate strokes forced his cock all the way down my throat. My gag reflex had eased by then but the smell of my own shit on his shaft was rising up to my nose, and the thought of it in my mouth was making me sick. But the deeper he went, the more my pussy tingled.

Then Roland was slicking the head of his fat cock in my slit, using the combined juices of the others to lube himself up. And then he was entering me, filling my cunt like no other man had. I moaned involuntarily. I thought Finn might like a hummer so to moaned again when he was fully in my mouth. But apparently he didn’t care for it because he gave one fistful of hair a sharp, painful tug. I nearly moaned again deliberately because the pain made my clit swell.

Mitch gave them a minute to warm up then said, “Take a step back.”

They each stepped back, away from me. I was confused until Roland pulled me back to pierce me before shoving me forward, where Finn would penetrate me. Back and forth, each roll pulled one out while the other filled me. Pressure was building in my core as they pushed me around, then Mitch said, “Switch.”

Finn spun me in a couple of circles before pushing me forward toward Roland’s shiny, dripping prick. I was dizzy from the spinning,

which only made me more lightheaded and greedy. I slurped at Roland, licking up the salty-sweet juices, before he shoved me back to Finn, who rammed into my pussy with delightful force.

The fucking and sucking and switching and spinning went on for some time, but I have no idea how long. It could have been two minutes or twenty. I just knew they needed to keep it up for a minute or two more so I could come again.

But before sweet release could take me, Mitch told them to stop. I groaned in exasperation.

I'd lost track of time and space during my bugging, so when Mitch approached I was surprised to find him completely nude. His shoulders were as broad as a house and his lats tapered into impossibly narrow hips. Ripped abs led to the biggest monster cock I'd ever seen. It was bobbing before my eyes like a mirage. I was so thirsty for it drool dribbled down my chin. My insides yearned for him to be in any — or all — of my holes. I heard the spattering of my juices as I clenched in response to his body, and in anticipation. He was going to fuck me now, I knew it.

“Go lie across the lift,” he instructed me. I looked to where he was pointing. The car lift. It was in the shape of a giant H, so I lay my naked torso against the cold greasy steel of the center bar.

I heard movement around me and Roland appeared in my sightline with rope in his hands and a terrifying grin on his face. “You’re gonna love this, you filthy whore.”

He grabbed a wrist and bound it tightly with the rope, then looped it around an opening at the end of one bar, across to the other and down to my other wrist. He pulled tight so my arms were stretched out and completely immobile.

At the same time, Finn’s small hands were doing the same thing to my legs, spreading me as wide as my legs would go. The rough rope rubbed my skin raw, and the men pulled so tightly I cried out. I couldn’t turn around to see him, but I heard Jake’s voice. “Are you complaining, bitch? You want them to stop so you can pay this bill with cash?”

“No!” I shouted, and shook my head frantically, my hair falling in my face. I was in too deep now. There was no turning back. Then I was moving upward as they raised the lift a few feet off the floor.

“Beg for it,” Mitch whispered in my ear. I jumped at his nearness. I could smell him and my guts churned with need, but I wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. I just shook my head weakly, letting it hang down from my body.

He squatted down in front of me. From my angle, I had the perfect view of his cock, which twitched and bobbed, as if teasing me. His massive paw grasped my chin gently and tipped my face up so we were eye to eye. “You sure?”

His grey eyes were drawing me in, but I just couldn’t give in to him. I looked away.

With a sigh, he let my head drop and said, “Go to it, boys.”

Behind me I heard the loud *braaap!* of a pneumatic impact wrench, the kind they use to remove lug nuts. My body tightened. *What the hell...?* I dropped my head to look under me only to see Finn bearing down on me with the bulky driver, aiming for my pussy. I struggled against my bonds but that only dug the rope deeper into my skin.

I flinched when the cold steel of the device touched my lips. *Braaap!* It spun at my entrance, terrifying me for a moment until I realized it hadn’t hurt.

Roland had moved in front of me and was slapping my head with his dick again. “Open wide, slut.”

I lifted my head and he jammed it in my mouth at the same time Finn spun the high-speed socket at the entrance to my pussy. Holy hell, that felt good. My neck hurt from the awkward angle but bobbing on Roland was the only motion I could make, and I went at it with gusto. Each time I bobbed, Finn gave me a spin. He moved it deeper and the sensation spun me into orbit.

Slobber was soaking Roland’s crotch and I could feel my juices pouring out of me when Finn pulled the driver out and replaced it with his dick. I was disappointed until I felt the slick socket press up against my pucker. I tried to push my ass backward into it but only succeeded in a tiny movement. He must have felt it though, because he gave the wrench a spin.

A bright white light filled my vision and pain seared my asshole. “Nguh nuh,” I grunted past my mouthful. I tried to shake my head, to rid my mouth of its burden but he fisted my hair and bobbed my head for me.

Finn kept pounding into me and pressing the tool harder into my asshole. *Braaap!* “Nguh!” grunted, but the pain was less and a warmth was spreading through me. I tried lifting my butt again and again Finn spun the driver. I felt myself floating above my body but still connected by a thin thread to my clit, which was being thoroughly spanked by Finn’s balls.

I could feel the pressure building again as Roland fucked my mouth, and Finn plunged deeply inside me while spinning the tool into my ass. My entire body clenched as the orgasm built.

“Switch,” Mitch called out over the sound of the driver.

“Nooo,” I sobbed as Roland pulled out of my mouth, spit strings spiderwebbing between us. My body was tensed, ready for release but I’d been denied again.

Finn pulled out angrily. “No, I want her ass!”

Drizzle and sweat had clotted up my hair so I could see through its veil pretty easily. Everything was upside down, but I could clearly see Mitch approach the smaller man, hands on his hips, cock thrust out. Finn thrust out his puny chest and held the driver in front of him like a gun. Mitch didn’t even need to move. “Drop it,” he said quietly.

Finn stood where he was for a moment, then dropped the heavy tool to the floor. It clattered loudly, drawing an outraged, “Hey!” from Jake, who was still messing around under the hood of my car.

Glaring at everyone, Finn skulked over to the bench seat to pout, while Mitch started stroking my legs, my ass, my back. It was soothing, compared to the rough handling I’d received so far. When he reached my apex, I moaned and tried to push into his hand.

“Uh uh uh,” he scolded. “You know what you have to do.”

My stringy hair shook from side to side.

“Have it your way. Jake? You ready for some more of this sweet ass?”

“Oh yeah!”

Jake took his place in front of me, while Roland moved behind. They both impaled me simultaneously when Mitch’s hand came down hard on my ass. They pumped furiously, but I could tell Roland was closer. He pulled out and spread my butt cheeks wide, then pushed his thick cock against my raw asshole. All my attention was focused on how wide I was stretching to accommodate his

impossible girth. Once he was in, he pounded into me hard and fast. Conflicting signals of pain and pleasure combined into the most intense pressure I'd ever felt. I was rising on the crest again, and nothing would stop me this time.

Except Roland, who chose that moment to squirt his load deep into me. Without his friction, I couldn't quite reach the peak. I needed more. I whimpered my dissatisfaction against Jake.

As Roland pulled out, Mitch instructed Jake to take his place. He was more than eager to take me from behind. Taking pity on me, Jake's fingers found my clit as he slid into my already loose hole. *Ahhh, yes!* My hair swayed as he pounded into my slick ass, and I moaned with pleasure at what his fingers were doing.

A sharp slap on my ass cheek pulled my attention away from my impending orgasm, distracting me, making me lose it. "Gaah!" I cried out angrily, flexing every muscle in frustration. My asshole must have clenched around Jake's shaft because he groaned and spasmed while buried to the hilt.

I wanted to cry from exasperation. I was sooo close, but these boys just couldn't quite finish the job. What was up with that?

Then Mitch came around in front of me again, crouching down and wiping the sweaty hair from my face. "Ready yet?" He still wanted me to beg. Then it dawned on me that he'd made sure I didn't come. I was so angry I lunged at him, gnashing my teeth.

Chuckling, he stood up and called Finn over. "Are you going to do as I say now, Finn?" His tone was condescending.

Finn mumbled something.

"Speak up, boy."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now go back there and do whatever you want. But whatever you do, don't let her come." My pulse quickened with fear. Of all these men, I feared this skinny little dude the most. He seemed to need to prove something.

At first he gently rubbed my slit, from top to bottom, smearing around all the mingled juices. Then I felt a finger enter my pussy, then two, then three. He waggled them around inside, causing a river of fluid to gush out of me and splatter to the floor like a tidal wave. I hadn't come but whatever he was doing in there felt amazing.

Soon I felt an intense pressure and realized he'd tented his fingers into a point and was trying to shove his whole hand inside me. No way it could work but he pumped his fist until I was filled with him. I was gasping for air, grunting and crying from the pain and pleasure of it. I'd never felt so full before.

When he pulled out his hand, I felt a chilling emptiness. I was weeping as he plunged his dick into my ass, thrusting deep inside, but never filling that void. Weak and spent, but still keyed up with unbearable tension, all I could do was lie there limply as the ropes dug into me and he squirted his seed inside me to mix with that of the others.

He pulled out and was moving away when Mitch said, "Stay." Finn stopped and awaited further instruction.

Mitch came back around to my face, which was wet with tears and red with frustration. "I could make it all better with one word from you, Ginny. Say it."

Sobs hitched in my chest as I gazed longingly at his turgid cock. I wanted it in my mouth, in my ass, in my cunt. I needed it. If I didn't submit by begging for it, this insanity would go on all night and I'd never get to come. I nodded slowly.

"Say it."

"Please," I whispered through puffy, raw lips.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me, Mitch. Please!"

Instantly he was in my mouth. I greedily sucked and lapped and licked, taking him all the way down my throat. I swallowed and hummed and flicked my tongue against the tip. I struggle with my bonds because I wanted to hold it, stroke it, but I was immobile. This was what I'd been waiting for, this was what I really wanted.

"Finn, clean her up back there," Mitch grunted as I sucked at his massive shaft.

As Finn moved to a pile of dirty rags, Mitch stopped him. "No. With your mouth." The world stopped as Finn gaped at his superior. "And next time, don't back talk me."

A moment later, I felt Finn's long tongue laving my dripping snatch, licking up the deposits left by the others as well as my

copious juices. Every time his tongue flicked across my clit, I shuddered and crept closer to release.

Mitch pulled free and moved around behind me, motioning Finn over to the seat, where the others were watching in awe. He slicked his fingers along my folds before easing his monster into my pussy. I cried out in joy at finally having him inside me, as well as pain from being ridden so hard already. He made short strokes in and out of me, slowly moving deeper and deeper. I'd thought Finn's tiny hand had felt good, but this...I'd never experienced a bigger cock in my life.

The pressure that had been denied for so long was building quickly now. My pussy lips tingled as his veiny unit slipped past them, tugging on my clit because of its sheer mass. His hands stroked my ass, a finger slipping in between my cheeks. I groaned and grunted and pushed backward as hard as I could.

Then he was gone and I screamed out because I hadn't come yet. But I shouldn't have worried because he was only repositioning himself at my asshole. It was slow going at first, even with all the others having stretched me out, but it didn't take long for me to open like flower to him.

"Aaaah," I cried as spots of light filled my vision. He pumped harder and his fingers found my clit. I bucked and clenched, which made him rub my nub harder and faster. I was rising on a tide and I sensed he was also nearing the precipice from how fast he was pounding. A second later I was tumbling, falling head over heels, diving over the edge of release. The liquid warmth that Rick shot into me sent me reeling again and I clenched even harder, eventually shuddering into stillness.

"Damn, you're hot, little girl," Mitch wheezed when he'd finally caught his breath. "Okay, boys, let her down easy. I think we'll call this one good."

~ * ~ * ~

It's a week later and I'm sitting in the break room, munching on a carrot stick and remembering my trip to the mechanic. I try not to do this at work because I always get hot and bothered, but images keep flashing back into my head unbidden. My pussy aches for Roland's

thick cock. Drool pools in my mouth when I remember sucking off Jake. My pulse quickens at the fear I felt around Finn. I squirm when I remember the way Mitch felt inside my... well, all my holes.

Dammit! This was why I try not to think about them when I'm working. It's just too distracting, and I don't want my work to suffer. I love this job, and the people I work with, so the last thing I want to do is disappoint them. Plus I worked very, very hard to be here.

I haven't seen the boys since they fixed Banger and got her a passing grade. They even chipped in and paid for my registration online. "You were a good sport, Ginny, it's the least we can do," they said as they sent me on my way. I'd love an excuse to go back, but I'm afraid to just show up without a reason — they might think I'm a slut or something.

As I'm munching away, trying to think of puppy dogs and baseball — anything but my horny mechanics — my boss storms in, clearly agitated. He grabs the coffee pot and slams it back into its cradle when he sees it's empty. "Shit!" he hisses.

"Anything I can help you with, Mr. Jaimeson?" I ask, startling him.

"Oh! Ginny, I didn't see you there. Pardon my French, I'm just a little upset right now. I was late to an appointment because my car overheated."

"Anything I can do?"

He runs a hand through his hair and huffs. "Yes, actually. I need you to take my car to a good mechanic. Do you know any?"

A slow smile spreads across my face. "As a matter of fact, I do."

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More from Mercy Faulk

BRED BY SANTA

Sarah has enjoyed a special relationship with Santa Claus since she was little. Now that she's an adult, she wants more...and more and more and more. Not only does she want the surprisingly sexy Santa to bareback her on Christmas Eve, she wants him to impregnate her. But her deepest fantasies may change her life in ways she doesn't expect.

This 6,000-word holiday erotica depicts erotic situations, oral sex, spanking, pregnancy and lactation fantasies, naughty language and steaming hot Santa sex not suitable for family reading time!

He was frozen with shock so I took the opportunity to reach a hand out and finger the soft fur trim of his coat. "I'm wearing something with this same trim," I murmured as I leaned into him, pressing the full length of my body against his. I could feel his heat through the sheer fabric of my wrap and the swell in his pants had grown even larger. His nostrils twitched as he got a whiff of my perfume.

I reached one arm around his broad shoulders and raised the other to brush his white hair away from his ear. I moved in so close that my glossy lips were almost grazing his lobe. "Would you like to see?" I breathed, flicking his ear with the tip of my tongue. A shudder ripped through his body. He clutched my waist and pushed me away from him.

I could see in his face that he was conflicted. "Sarah, I've known you since you were a little girl."

I looked him dead in the eye and pushed against his big hands, forcing him to keep them on me. "I'm a woman now, Santa."

His hungry eyes flickered down to the cleavage just peeking out from my wrap and back to my eyes. "I can see that."

I knew it was time to make my move so I took a step back, allowing his hands to fall away. Keeping my gaze locked on his face, I let the sheer silk wrap shimmer its way down my skin to the floor. The effect was immediate. His breathing shortened, his pupils dilated, and his stiffness threatened to tear right through the front of his red velvet trousers. Oh, how I longed to rub that velvety goodness!

For the second time that night, Santa's jaw dropped. I swear I saw a little drool drip from his luscious lips and dampen his beard.

"For as long as I can remember, Santa, the only thing I ever wanted for Christmas was you, your attention, your affection. And you never failed to give it to me. Now, I want to give you something." I'd inched closer to him as I spoke, until my tits were brushing against his velvet coat. The electricity between us was buzzing, tweaking my nipples to a level of hardness I didn't know they could reach. I looked up into his deep blue eyes and whispered, "I want you to fuck me. I want you to use me. I want you to breed me, Santa."

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About the Author

Mercy Faulk is a dirty, dirty girl who loves to write dirty, dirty stories. She hopes you enjoy her stories. Feel free to contact her at hotmercyfaulk@gmail.com.

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