**Ganged**

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If only John had not argued about moving the car that awful night, things might have been a lot different. We had dropped in at our local, "The Red Lion," on our way home from the theatre. We had been to see a play that I wanted to see. John hadn't been all that bothered, and it hadn't been his sort of play, so he was not in the best of moods. Brewing close to closing time the bar was crowded and we had just managed to get some drinks when this guy had come in asking if anyone knew who owned the blue Land Rover. It was our blue Land Rover they were talking about. John had been in a hurry to park it and he had blocked somebody in.  
  
All they wanted to do was to get out, but John, being in an argumentative mood, had began to argue, saying he would move it when he had finished his drink. Obviously this did not go down well with the guy and then his two mates came in and they said in no uncertain terms they wanted it moving now or they would smash their way out. In the end, after more harsh words, John relented and went out and moved it. Apparently when he came back in he said that there had been more harsh words in the car park.  
  
John did not speak on the way home. It was no use arguing with him when he was in one of his moods. Because we were engrossed in our own thoughts, neither of us noticed that there was a car behind us running on dipped headlights, and it was following us.  
  
When we got in I said to John that I was going straight up to bed. John decided to stay in the lounge and have another drink. As I made my way up the stairs I heard the TV come on. He would probably watch it until he fell asleep. That was his usual trick.   
  
I had started undressing and I had just removed my bra when I heard the doorbell sound. Who the hell was coming visiting us at this time of night, I thought to myself? I was standing there in just my panties and stockings when I heard the sound of the front opening. If he had been sober, he would have checked who was there before opening it.   
  
I was startled when I heard the sound of a raised voice and then a crash. I quickly slipped into my wrap and started to go downstairs. As I did so I heard John talking to someone in a raised voice. Then I heard another crash. I quickly ran down the rest of the stairs. In the hall I saw John lying on the floor, the three guys from the pub standing over him.   
  
They had tied scarves around their faces to hide their identities. But I recognised their clothing. "What the hell do you think you are doing?" I shouted at them. "Get out of our house or I'll call the police."   
  
They turned and laughed. "Oh, no, you won't," one of then said, holding up the ripped out phone wire. "We have just come over to teach this husband of yours a few manners."  
  
The big guy, the one who had spoken to John first in the pub, came over and grabbed my arms. I tried to struggle but he held me tight. The other two pulled the still groggy John to his feet and with cords torn from the curtains in the hall, they tied him to a chair and gagged him.  
  
Then they turned their attention to me. To my horror I suddenly realised that during my struggle my wrap was gaping open and one firm breast was openly displayed, and as my arms were being held tightly behind my back, there was nothing I could do about it. The two guys finished tying John up and turned and looked at my brazen display with interest. I saw them speak to one another, then with a grin, they both nodded. They turned to John. "We have decided to teach you a lesson," said the guy who John had started the argument with in the pub. "My friend and I have discussed things and we think that we should all give your very attractive wife a good seeing too. It will be much more fun than giving you a good hiding."   
  
I saw the look of horror cross John's face. He shook his head and tried to struggle with his bonds but to no avail. One of the guys then went over and ripped another cord off the curtains. He came over to where I was being held by the big blond guy. "Let's tie the bitch up," he said.   
  
"Get away from me, leave me alone," I screamed at him, trying to kick him as he got near me. He reached in his pocket and gripping my face, he thrust a rag in my mouth.   
  
"That should make things a little quieter around here," he said, grinning at the others.   
  
I tried to force it out so he secured it with another one around my face. Then his hand went to my exposed breast and he caressed it roughly, pulling on my nipple. His eyes lit up. "I think we're going to have some fun here," he said. He passed the cord he had ripped from the curtain to the guy who was holding me. He quickly tied my wrists together behind my back, and then pulled my hands up over my head and secured the cord to the large chandelier hanging above my head. They stood back and looked at me hanging there, admiring their handiwork.  
  
The guy who had grabbed my breast and seemingly the leader of the group came up to me. He smiled. "Let's see the rest of what this beauty has to offer." He reached out and pulled on the tie of my wrap. It easily slipped undone and my wrap fell open. Now both my breasts were on display and I knew that my brief white panties, the only thing I had on under my wrap, were also rather revealing.   
  
He then reached out and took my breasts in his hand and beginning to squeeze them. He laughed as I struggled with my bonds. He turned to the blond guy. "Do you want to go first?" he inquired. The big guy nodded eagerly and began stripping off his clothes. Soon he was naked. He then came and stood in front of me stroking his already large erect tool with long easy strokes. I gasped at the size of it.  
  
The guy stopped playing with my breasts. He looked down at my brief panties. "Let's see what she's got to offer down here," he said with a smirk, and with that, and amid my futile struggles, he bent down beside me and began to ease down my panties, exposing my dark trimmed bush. "Fuck me," he said, "just look at that forest." He then pulled the panties all the way down my legs letting them drop to the floor. "She's all yours," he said, turning to the big guy who was still stroking his hard cock.  
  
The blond guy moved forward and thrust his naked body against mine. I felt the hardness of his erect member pressing against me. He pulled me towards him with one hand wrapped around my waist while the other explored between my legs probing open my pussy lips.  
  
I tried to squirm away but he was just too strong and I was unable to prevent him doing just what he wanted to do to me. He tried to enter me several times but each time I managed to stop him. In his frustration, he turned to the others who were watching his efforts. "You're going to have to hold the bitch for me," he said.  
  
They moved forward quickly and grabbed me between them. They each grabbed hold of one of my legs and lifted me completely off the floor. The large heavy chandelier swung erratically, the crystals clashing together as it took all my weight. Then to my utter embarrassment and humiliation, they spread my legs wide apart, presenting to themselves and the guy standing in front of me an unrestricted view of my most intimate parts.   
  
He moved quickly forward to take advantage of what was on offer. Now that I was unable to protect myself, he opened up my pussy lips and slid his finger inside. To my horror and disgust with my body, I realised that I was very wet. He smiled. "The bitch is getting hot for us," he said as he again took his prick in his hand and slowly eased it inside me. To my shame it slid in easily. It was much bigger than John's and I felt it filling me and felt my pussy expanding to accept the extra girth. He thrust it in deeply, and as his companions watched, they urged him on.   
  
"Give it to the bitch," one of them cried. "Show her what a real guy is like." They all laughed and spread my legs even wider as the guy between my legs began a slow forceful pumping motion.   
  
As he fucked me, I tried to think of anything apart from what he was doing to me. I knew I was being raped and I knew I was probably going to have to take it at least twice more before they had finished with me. I tried my hardest to prevent it, but I felt my body responding. I screamed out, disgusted with myself, but to no avail. I knew I was beginning to enjoy my torment. I screamed again when he came in me.  
  
I only put up a token struggle with the other two. Now, I wanted to feel them inside me, thrusting their strong young bodies against mine. At last the ordeal was over and they started to dress themselves. I was left hanging there with their juices running down my thighs and dripping onto the polished floor.  
  
The leader came over to me. He gripped my face in his hand. "If you mention one word of this, we will be back, and if you think that was bad, you ain't seen nothing yet." With that they left.