**Deployed and Tied**

by[storm\_usmc](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=913553&page=submissions)©

*Author's note: This particular story is 95% true, some details have been changed to help the flow and protect people involved, but THIS story did happen and all three remain close friends to this day!*  
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(Ok, this was definitely an interesting situation I've had gotten myself into).  
  
The room was warm, her naked body glistened lightly with sweat. She had five minutes to get free, they were watching her, she wanted to get free but at the same time she wanted to put on a show, something they would never forget.   
  
The first thing she tested was the gag, she rolled her head, pushed against it with her tongue, but no matter what she did she couldn't work the bandana out of her mouth. Finally she stopped trying, she looked at her wrists and tried to move them, tugging in any direction, but they were snuggly held with soft white rope to the bed posts. Even in the low light she could see the ropes had been expertly tied, they looped around the metal post and her wrists a few times and then were tied well behind her wrists where she couldn't even come close to reaching. She focused on the left, then the right, and found she could only grasp and wiggle her hands. She lifted her head and looked at her ankles, like her hands, no matter how she flexed her muscles or straightened her feet the rope held her firmly in place.   
  
She closed her eyes and flexed as hard as she could, but the bed was metal and didn't have any give. It was impossible to get any leverage no matter how she twisted or moved.   
  
They watched her struggle, noting how her calf and thigh muscles flexed, showing how defined she was. She had perky 34 B tits, with small pink nipples and a taut flat stomach.   
  
They knew Cruz worked out as much as they did. That's how they had first met her, at the gym while they were working out. She was 5'6" weighed 120 pounds and could have modeled for fitness magazines. Shoulder length blonde hair, blue eyes, with clean white skin and a beautiful face, she looked like the girl next door you always fantasized about while growing up.   
  
As they stared, air from the rotating fan hit her body, she froze, they heard as she sucked in her breath and watched as her nipples hardened. Tutor and Storm looked at one another, each silently mouthed "Wow!" fist bumped, then went back to watching her. She started moving again but was no longer flexing her hands or tugging at her feet, she just twisted her body slowly back and forth.   
  
She was looking at them now, seeing the way their eyes roamed over her body, she was getting excited, breathing hard through the gag and clenching her teeth. She could smell her arousal and knew they could too. It was obvious she was excited, her nipples were rock hard and her breathing was labored!  
  
Beep, beep!  
  
The spell was broken as an alarm went off. Tutor stood up and went over to an iPod lying on the table in the center of the room.   
  
"Damn, I have to go check on the posts now!" He looked at each of them, "You guys are gonna behave while I'm gone right?" He put on his shirt and gear and in a couple minutes was ready to leave the barrack room. He walked over to Cruz and made sure she saw him take a nice long look at her body, "Very nice." Smiling, he reached down and stroked his fingers through her pubic hairs a couple of times, up and down. Her eyes closed and her hips moved in time with his strokes, her breathing quickened, after a few seconds he stopped. She opened her eyes in time to watch him hold up his iPod, click, click, click, she heard.   
  
"Just a few pictures to remember this, enjoy yourselves while I'm gone," he laughed.  
  
Her eyes widened and she glared at him.  
  
(Son-of-a-bitch! Damn, more naked pictures of me out there, he better not show that around.)   
  
"Don't act like you're mad, you are so enjoying this," he said as he traced a finger around her hardened nipples.  
  
"Hmph," she sounded through the gag. She was enjoying it, but hell would freeze before she'd admit it.   
  
"Now hold still, I want to get a close up picture to enjoy as I walk post. Don't worry nobody else will ever see it."   
  
He brought his iPod close to her sex, she lifted her hips and froze, click. He checked to make sure the picture was perfect, he looked in her eyes and smiled as she winked at him.  
  
"Haha, you're lucky I have to go," Tutor laughed. As he left, he looked at Storm, "Try not to do anything I wouldn't."   
  
After he left, Storm looked at Cruz, their eyes met, walking to the door he deliberately turned the deadbolt on the door hard making sure it made a loud 'clack' as it locked.   
  
She was alone, naked, tied to a bed completely helpless. She thought back to how she had gotten into this position.   
  
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3 months earlier.  
  
Sergeant Cruz first noticed them as she was leaving the gym. She had been deployed for six months of a yearlong tour. Being on an Army base in Afghanistan, you noticed when there were two new Marines. They tended to stand out from the Army crowd since there were none on base. They were coming into the gym, the taller one was white, blonde, blue eyes and looked about 6 feet tall, his name tape said Tutor and his rank showed he was a Sgt. The other had dark hair, tanned skin, was 5'11" and his name tape said Storm, his rank was Staff Sgt.   
  
After a few days she noticed they went to the gym at the same time every day, she decided to adjust her schedule to get a better look at them. She was a Sergeant in charge of her shop, so she could choose her workout times and the next day she timed it with theirs. She got to the gym and saw them and started her routine next to them so she could get a better look. Wow, she thought, they were both great looking and very muscular. They reminded her of a Doberman and a Rottweiler, lean and mean looking. They acted different from the Army soldiers who worked out, the Marines were more focused and they constantly checked what was going on around them, as if they thought they were in enemy territory and had to protect each other. Despite this, their workout looked every bit as intense as the others in the gym.   
  
Over the next week she saw them throughout the base, they were always together. She also noticed that nobody else ever talked to them, even when she saw them in the chow hall, nobody sat next to them. Army and Marines don't mix she thought, and nobody wanted to be seen hanging out with Marines.   
  
She began working out at the same time every day just to see them. She knew they had noticed her, they would sneak extra glances her way when they thought she wasn't looking. She made sure to wear tight shorts and tops to give them something to enjoy. It was fun to tease and if everyone was going to ignore them maybe she could make their workouts more fun.   
  
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"Tutor, that girl is so fucking hot, we're gonna go talk to her."  
  
"What? Hell no! Are you crazy? She's a soldier, she's probably been told to go nowhere near us. Be happy we get to look at her, if you go talk to her she might leave, not come back and we won't even have eye candy."  
  
While they talked, she started her squat routine, with her back to them they saw as her butt clenched and she pushed the weight up, she was wearing tight pink shorts and a white sports bra, her should-length hair was in a tight ponytail. Sweat stained her clothes as she finished her last set for the day.  
  
"Dude, we've been watching her for a week now, we know she always finishes with squats, now's our chance, I'm just going to chat and make friendly, I swear. At the very least she'd be someone to talk to, the rest of these guys don't seem to want anything to do with Marines."  
  
"Fine, but I swear if she quits working out here because of you I'm not talking to you for a week."  
  
"Deal!"  
  
She watched them come over. She was hesitant to talk to them at first, but then she remembered how everyone else ignored them. She decided to give them a chance, as they talked to her they were friendly without being too aggressive and flirty without being jerks. She could tell they liked her and she was definitely attracted to Storm.  
  
After that, they started talking every day and soon became friends. She found out they were here for seven months, they were infantry but had volunteered to stay in Afghanistan for another tour and serve as guard chiefs. Eventually more Marines were coming in to take over security for the base and they would be in charge of them. They began working out, then eating together, and finally hanging out after work. The first time she went to their barracks room she was a scared but after she relaxed she had fun and was soon over at their barracks all the time.   
  
Their room was large, with two metal beds on opposite sides and a table and chairs in between. There was a weapons rack on the wall and a TV and microwave setup in a corner. They had their own internet and cable, they called it the perks of being Marines on an Army base. "Nobody wants us around, so they make sure we don't need to leave our area," Tutor once told her.   
  
As time went on she practically lived at their room, Cruz loved having the Marines to herself and the three of them became good friends.   
  
One day as they were relaxing in their room...   
  
"Yeah, I get to train some of the other soldiers around here. Tutor and I are both martial arts instructors and a few of your officers found that out. Now they want us to teach Marine Corps Martial Arts to them," Storm said.  
  
"What? Why?" Cruz said.  
  
"They get a belt and bragging rights, it makes them feel good I guess." Storm said.  
  
Feeling a little frisky, Cruz decided to have some fun.   
  
"Don't they know you guys are big sissies and can't teach them anything?" she said.   
  
"WHAT?" They both yelled.  
  
"You heard me, Marines aren't tough, yeah I said it and don't think those crazy looks are going to make me change my mind," Cruz laughed.  
  
"O hell no," Storm said.  
  
"I'll wrestle you both right here and now and will kick your ass and you know it."  
  
"You have lost your freaking mind Cruz," Tutor said.  
  
"I doubt the two of you could even pin me down." She knew she was asking for it, but she thought wrestling with the two of them would be harmless.   
  
(It'll be fun to feel a little bit of their muscles and maybe get felt up in return.)  
  
"Fine we'll wrestle and pin you down right now, so get up," Storm said.  
  
(Let's see how interesting I can make this.)  
  
"Ok, you have five minutes to stop me from getting outside, if you fail, I get to use one of your computers for the rest of the deployment."  
  
They had each brought a mini-computer and hers had broken down. She was sick of having to go to the recreation center to check her Facebook or email.   
  
"What? Those computers are expensive, I'm not just gonna give you one for free," Storm said. "What are you putting up?"  
  
"If you pin me, hmmm... I know, the next hour does not exist," she said with a smile and a sparkle in her eyes.   
  
(I did not just say that! Ok, no biggie, if they agree just grab their 'junk' and they'll hesitate and then I'll just run out the door, it'll be easy.)  
  
"What do you mean by that?" said Tutor. He and Storm looked at each other and back at her.  
  
"I mean that except for sex, the next hour is free, you can do whatever you want to me if you pin me," she said, heart pounding.   
  
"Whatever?" Storm said.  
  
"Whatever?" Chris echoed.  
  
"WHATEVER!" she replied as she stood up.  
  
(What the hell am I doing! Alright, the most they'll probably have me do is flash my tits, maybe each fee theml, no biggie. Hell, it might be fun. )  
  
"It's a deal," they said in unison.  
  
They were standing side by side, so she walked to them, as she got close she reached out and slid her hands up each one of their legs and felt their members immediately, she was a little surprised to find each of them somewhat hard, as she moved her hand in an upward stroke, she said "Perfect, we have a deal, STARTING NOW."   
  
She bolted to the side and ran to the door. Her plan worked, they had been stunned and she was at the door about to break free. She grabbed the knob and turned, nothing happened! She pushed at the door but it stayed shut, almost instantly two arms grabbed her around the chest and two arms grabbed her around the legs, she was lifted and carried away from the door. She was so stunned she didn't even struggle at first.  
  
They were talking to her but she wasn't listening.  
  
(What the hell happened? I planned it perfect!)  
  
Finally she focused on their words.   
  
"That was a great plan and it would've worked but the knob broke today, you have to give it a little lift and turn the knob to the left to open the door," said Tutor.  
  
By now she realized what was happening and started fighting back, bucking her body and struggling for all she was worth...  
  
Two minutes later she was on a bed with Storm pinning her arms above her and Tutor straddling her legs.  
  
"You lost, now its pay up time," Storm said. "Hold her a second, I have some rope in my pack."  
  
(Rope? What the hell do they need rope for?)  
  
As Chris leaned over and held her arms, Storm got the rope.  
  
She started wondering what they were going to do with her. As Storm came back, he looked at Chris, they each gave a little nod and Storm started unbuttoning her uniform top. Once it was open they grabbed it and her undershirt and slid it off her arms, leaving her in a black lace bra.   
  
"Nice bra girl, very sexy," said Storm.  
  
They held her arms and pulled her bra straps off, then they each grabbed a hand and tied it to opposite sides of the bed.   
  
"Jesus Christ, really? You're really going to tie me up?" she asked.  
  
"Yep, and you know these clothes are coming off, right?" Storm said.  
  
(What have I gotten myself into?)  
  
As they talked Tutor had taken off her boots. They paused, looked at each other.  
  
"You can undo the pants, but I get to take the panties," Storm said.  
  
"Good enough," Tutor replied.  
  
Storm gripped her legs and Tutor started undoing the buttons on her pants. After he finished, he slid them down her legs to her ankles, they each tugged a leg and before she knew it her pants were off. Her legs were lightly tanned and contrasted with the small white cotton thong she wore.  
  
"Ok, what the hell Cruz? You have this sexy bra, it's all lace and sheer, and then you have these panties," Storm said as he slid a finger underneath the waistband.  
  
"What's wrong with these?" Cruz cried.  
  
"Nothing, we just thought they'd be racier," Tutor replied.  
  
"You've talked about what kind of panties I wear?" Cruz said with raised eyebrows.  
  
"Of course, like you don't know we've talked about you. I promise every guy on this base has imagined what kind of underwear you have," Storm laughed. "We actually even have a bet, not on the kind of panties you wear but on whether you have a racing stripe or are completely smooth."  
  
"Looks like we'll find that out real quick," Tutor said. "Remember, $20 says she has a stripe."  
  
"Unreal," Cruz muttered. "You know most guys would be happy to see me in my undies and not complain."  
  
"Oh, we're not complaining, I think they're sexy as hell! I'm just surprised you don't match," Storm said. "I think these are even sexier than some matching lace thing, these make you look cute and innocent."  
  
"I am cute and innocent," she said in a little girl voice.  
  
"Uh huh," Storm said.  
  
As he talked, Storm reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. When he pulled it off his fingers brushed her nipples.   
  
"I can totally see how innocent you are," he laughed. Watching as her nipples hardened he asked, "Is this because you're enjoying being molested or because you enjoy giving a show?"  
  
"No comment," she replied smiling.   
  
They stood on either side of the bed and looked down at her, arms tied to the bed, wearing only panties.  
  
Storm looked at Tutor, he raised an eyebrow in a question.   
  
"I know you've been wanting to, go ahead, enjoy," Tutor laughed.  
  
Storm smiled and looked into Cruz's eyes, he hooked his fingers under the waistband of her panties.  
  
"Lift your butt," he said.  
  
(I can't believe he's going to do it!)  
  
She raised her hips and prepared herself.  
  
In one smooth movement Storm pulled her panties down to her ankles and then completely off.  
  
(Oh my god! What the hell am I doing! I can't believe how sexy this feels.)  
  
She watched their eyes travel up her legs to the small patch of blond hair between her legs, then to her tits and finally to look her in the eyes.  
  
They each grabbed an ankle, spread her legs and started to tie her to the corners of the bed, they began talking.   
  
"You owe me $20," Tutor said. He reached over with two fingers and lightly tugged her pubic hairs to emphasize his point.   
  
"Damn, I was sure she was bare," Storm replied. His fingers reached over and playfully stroked her pubic hair too.  
  
"AHEM," Cruz cleared her throat loudly. "Nobody gave either of you permission to do that."  
  
"Don't need it, you lost the bet," Storm said.  
  
"Yeah, sorry, that's the rule," Tutor added.  
  
"I don't think so, there are limits you know," Cruz replied.  
  
"Uhhhhmmmmm, no not really, you said anything but sex, and you seem to be enjoying it anyway," Storm said while pointedly looking at her hardened nipples. "But I'll tell you what; I'm going to make this easy for you. Tutor, hand me that bandana off my pack."  
  
Storm took the bandana from Tutor and looked at her, holding it between two hands he leaned over her.  
  
"What are you doing?" Cruz asked. Her eyes widened as she realized what was about to happen. "No, no way, that was not...hmph...grrrrr...mmmph."  
  
He placed the bandana in her mouth and then tied the ends behind her head.  
  
"See," Storm said. "Now you can relax and enjoy all you want, because you can't protest anything. Don't worry, we'll obey the rules set. Now we all get to have fun!" Storm laughed.  
  
"Dude, great idea," Tutor said.  
  
She glared at both of them and flipped them off with her tied hands.  
  
They laughed as she tried to speak. "Uck uuu! Arghhhh, ake uuu ay, astards!"  
  
(That I was not expecting. He's right though, now I can't complain, so I can just enjoy whatever they do and later say I had no choice.)  
  
"Ok, I'm going to turn the lights down a little, but we'll make you a deal," Storm said. "If you can get free in the next five minutes, you don't have to pay back the other 45 minutes that are left in our hour."  
  
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After he closed and locked the door behind Tutor, he sat back down next to the bed. She stared into his eyes as he spoke.  
  
"Looks like your five minutes are up, I guess you have to pay the rest of the time," Storm said.  
  
As he talked he reached out and started tracing lines on her stomach, she whimpered at his touch and looked in his eyes. His hand rose higher and started tracing around her nipples. They had softened while Tutor was getting ready to leave but now they went immediately hard again. She let out a small moan.  
  
(I swear you better make this good, or it will never happen again. You get one shot buddy.)  
  
She watched him lean over, his tongue came out and licked her stomach, it felt rough and wet and cool as it traced her muscles. She couldn't help it, she groaned. She could smell his clean scent and his fingers continued to caress her body as he flicked his tongue on her nipples. His fingers roamed down, he started stroking her sex. He alternately gently tugged her pubic hair, then stroked it down again. He was giving her goose bumps as he started to move his tongue to play with her nipples, his fingers quit tugging her pubic hair and started tracing her sex, sliding up and down her slit.   
  
He was driving her wild, her body responded to his touch with small moans and writhing as he continued to use his tongue and fingers. She could barely think.   
  
(Gag... tied...good thing...swear...I'd be...screaming... to fuck me.)

After a while, his pace increased, she was moaning constantly as her hands opened and closed helplessly. She felt him suck hard on her nipple, her breath caught, he nipped it lightly, he started to suck hard, she gritted her teeth. When he stopped, she looked down at the dark red hickie he'd left on her nipple. Her eyes widened and she looked at him.   
  
"MMMMMuthrfffuccc," she tried to yell.  
  
"Sorry, couldn't resist," he laughed.   
  
(If he unties my I'm going to kill him. I can't believe he did that. Christ that felt good though. I wonder if he going to lick me anywhere else? Please, please let him be the kind of guy that likes that. It's been too long since I've had oral, between that last jerk of a boyfriend who wouldn't give it and this deployment I can't remember the last time I had any.)  
  
As if reading her thoughts, he shifted his body to the bottom of the bed, his face was inches from her sex and his hands were on either side of her hips. He could tell how moist she was and he leaned close and inhaled her scent. She looked in his eyes and gave a quick nod and a whimper.  
  
"You trying to tell me something?" he smiled.  
  
(I'm going to kill him if he keeps teasing me like this.)  
  
She tried to spread her legs but couldn't because of the ropes, she tried to tell me him quit teasing but couldn't make the right sounds, they just came out unintelligible noise. She shook her head, frustrated he wasn't doing what she wanted. She lifted her mound up an inch, to his lips, and wide eyed nodded her head and flicked her eyes toward her pussy.  
  
"You want me to use my tongue here?" he teased, using his tongue to just barely touch her lips.  
  
(Yep, I'm going to kill him.)  
  
She nodded her head and whimpered a yes.  
  
Finally, she felt his tongue at the bottom of her pussy, he moved upward with one long lick to the top of her mound. She groaned loudly, encouraging him to continue. He began softly at first, just licking her slit, as she became wetter, his tongue probed deeper, driving her wild.   
  
His hands reached around and cupped her ass, he held her hips firmly in place as he used his tongue. She couldn't stop moaning, thrashing, and going out of her mind in ecstasy as he conquered her pussy. He found her clit and teased it with the tip of his tongue, she strained against the ropes, her back arching and thrust against his mouth as hard as she could as he sucked her clit. She struggled to breathe, to move, to do anything, but it felt so good, finally her body locked as she orgasmed. She shuddered, his tongue inside her, she was barely aware of his hands grabbing her ass cheeks tightly, keeping her pinned. She couldn't think, as it ended her breathe came back, she collapsed, covered in sweat and chest heaving, her body lightly convulsing from the power of her orgasm.   
  
Storm straightened from the bed, breathing hard and smiling.  
  
"Good thing you were tied down, or you might've hurt me," he laughed. As he talked he undid her ankles. He moved up to her hands and started untying them. "Is that your first time tied up and given oral?"  
  
She nodded weakly. With her hands free, she pulled the gag out by herself and laid there unmoving. "Let's see, first time tied up and given oral, first time naked in front of two guys and first time ever orgasmed from oral! I'm not sure what I can do with you after this, I really don't see how you could top it."  
  
He smiled, "We'll have to see about that..."