**Amber's Perverted Samaritan**

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**Amber's Perverted Samaritan Ch. 01**

Amber found herself lowering down from the hay bale hoist, spread naked and exposed, when the power went out. At first she just thought the timer had switched off. But the motor had stopped for about five seconds, and then it came on for only a second or so. About thirty seconds later, it came on again for a second or so before going off again. And it stayed off.  
  
Oh shit! Amber cried to herself. This is fucked up. And Amber rarely cursed, even in her private thoughts. But this could be...trouble.  
  
And then she was just hanging there, for a long, long time. Long enough to think about what she had done, and why she had done it. Lowering down from outside the barn - she had done it a few times before - had given her such a sexualized, adrenaline rush. She was afraid she was becoming a closet exhibitionist.  
  
However, Amber was certain she was not an actual exhibitionist - even the idea was terrifying. Watching videos of blindfolded women being led naked around the public streets of Europe were the sort of thing that made her squirm. She would wince, in abject shame and disgust, for the woman being ogled by strange passersby. Rationally, she knew most were paid porn actors. But that didn't matter emotionally. There were also the ones that looked like amateurs. Or at least, they sure looked abashed and chagrined like they were amateurs. And even professionals had to have had a first time. Amber was embarrassed on behalf of all of them.  
  
Nevertheless, Amber was familiar with the heavy rush it could produce - the naked, self bondage suspension made her nipples hard and her pussy dripping wet. Her desire would become an intense aching for relief. And then there was the explosive masturbatory session afterwards.  
  
She had decided she didn't have to actually flash anybody. Just the smallest fear of being caught naked had been more than enough. The front of the barn was a hundred feet or more from the old road that had turned into an overgrown path. It cut through private property owned by her grandmother, although her grandparents had never complained about anyone using it. So somebody could wander by, but it saw only rare traffic. More importantly, somebody just passing through wouldn't have any reason to look over at the old, rotting barn.Would they?  
  
She had been hanging long enough to watch the shadows move. Long enough to wonder if the power had come back on, but the hoist motor had burned out. She had left the lights on in the barn attic, but she had lowered down too far - she was only about eight feet off the ground - to be able to see back into the attic to check if they were on or off. If she had left the door to the main part of the barn open, she might have been able to tell if the ground level lights were on, but she hadn't.  
  
The timer was battery operated. Had it somehow failed? Her mind wandered off to fantasies of masturbating in science class.  
  
When Amber noticed the shadows getting longer, it crept into her mind it would be dark in a few hours. She had been hanging there for hours.Could I really have been here for hours?She debated with herself.Am I going to wake up and find out I'm in science class frigging my hairbrush again?  
  
Maybe it had been hours. She no longer felt stoned. Even after careful preparations, Amber found it so hard to actually commit to self bondage. She had vaped some hits from her cannabis pen, consumed an edible, and washed it down with some coffee spiked with Irish whiskey.The sacrifices I have to make in pursuit of my love of self bondage. Amber laughed at herself. She didn't actually drink or vape that often, but it made her horny when she did. So lowering her inhibitions wasn't the only reason she did it, but she could tell itdidlower her inhibitions. It was certainly easier to click the last lock shut when she had a good buzz going. It also made everything a lot more fun. She loved how her mind would race and the types of sexual fantasies that would keep springing unbidden into her mind.  
  
However, it had been long enough that the cannabis-alcohol high had worn off. As her mind had cleared, she had gotten mentally more worried and gotten physically more uncomfortable.  
  
She felt stiff. Hanging from her padded wrist and knee cuffs was reasonably comfortable, for the first hour or so. But what would it be like overnight? The overnight lows weren't that low. She wouldn't freeze to death, would she? But it would be chilly just hanging there with no clothes. Well, no clothes that provided any warmth or cover. And she wouldn't be able to walk around to warm up or even wrap her arms around herself.  
  
Amber had had dreams about hanging naked even before she was worldly enough to search out porn. She watched bondage videos with the same horrified fascination that she watched most of her porn - something to do furtively with a big helping of guilt and shame.  
  
Even the stiffness, fear, and a little bit of self-pity, though, were not enough to douse her arousal. She wanted to tease her lubrication all around her puffy lips, and then rub her clit until she got relief. But her arousal couldn't keep her mind off her predicament.  
  
If she survived hanging through the night, then what? Eventually somebody would have to come by, right? Since she had moved into the professor's cottage, her mom wouldn't immediately find her absence strange. Sure her mom would eventually be puzzled why her daughter wasn't returning her text messages. But in a fit of independence, Amber had changed her phone so her mom could no longer automatically track her. Maybe that hadn't been the best decision. Her mom would probably ascribe her delay in responding as nothing more than the actions of a mildly rebellious teenager. Cindy or James would eventually text her and find her silence odd. If she missed school on Monday, would they text her mom, and the three of them figure out she was missing? If she was reported missing, would the cops immediately track down the location of her phone?  
  
Maybe the power was still out, and it would come on soon?  
  
Wake up, wake up. Amber commanded herself. Or should she go back to classroom fantasies? At least they had passed the time.  
  
She had gone back to fantasizing and almost didn't notice the bicyclist. "Hey Billy!" She yelled in desperation as he was disappearing out of sight.  
  
She cringed with shame immediately after calling out.What have I done?  
  
She had had plenty of time to think about it. If it was a dream, it wouldn't make any difference if somebody saw her or not. If it wasn't a dream, being discovered by someone would have to be better than hanging all night, and who knows how much longer after that, and having to be rescued by somebody at sometime, anyway. Or so she had tried to convince herself. Until it happened, she wasn't sure if she would follow through with it or not. But panic at the thought of spending the night had made her cry out.  
  
Now she was absolutely petrified. This wasn't just a dream of suddenly finding yourself naked in class. Her ears were ringing. The pounding in her chest was making the blood rush to her head. If she had been standing, she would have sat down and put her hands on the ground to try and stop the spinning - but she wasn't standing.  
  
This was the moment, if she was reading a story, she would squirm and look away from the text.To let the humiliation pass by? To draw out the exquisitely painful but beautiful moment? To contemplate what it would be like to switch places with the heroine of the story?  
  
Outside of James, Cindy, or one of her other close friends like Sally, she didn't know who she would want to be discovered by. Billy, however, was not at the top of the list. In fact, he was not even on the list. He was obnoxious. His popularity had made him arrogant. He was a good looking star on the lacrosse team. He could be witty and charming, when he wanted to be. He made a point of getting parents to like him and could wrap people around his finger. Amber wondered how many times she had heard a parent say something like 'what a polite young man'. She shuddered. He was not a polite young man when he was walking over those lower on the social ladder.Did he even realize anymore, when he was doing it?She wondered.  
  
On the one hand, he had always liked her, or at least wanted to sleep with her. On the other, he was pretty sour she kept rejecting him. Although, he hit on everyone that was half-way pretty, so maybe he wasn't too mad about it. But..., it sure seemed like he had worked on her longer and harder than most.  
  
She was starting to wonder if he had even heard her - and secretly hoping he hadn't - when he finally came back into view in the clearing and biked toward her. She flinched when she saw his shock, as he did a double take looking at her. He slowed down as he got closer.  
  
Oh my god. Oh my god. For a moment, Amber couldn't think of anything else.He... is... looking... at... me!Reality was starting to intrude in a very painful way.  
  
She had suspended herself, again, with her knees pulled up near her shoulders using the padded wrist and knee cuffs. Instead of being completely naked, she was wearing dark red, high top athletic shoes with fluffy leg warmers that went from her shoe to her knee. The leg warmers were two toned, a deep cobalt blue with light blue and white highlights. She had thin, translucent blue socks, underneath both the leg warmers and the knee cuffs, that went to the top of her thighs. Her open 'panties' were just fuzzy, blue straps that matched her two toned leg warmers. It made an open triangle in the front and an open triangle in the back that was connected on the sides. The straps formed the same shape as the outline of a string bikini. The triangle in front framed her nether region.  
  
Her pussy was wet, smooth, and completely exposed. Hanging out about the same height as Billy's head - it was open and inviting.  
  
Her butthole was also completely exposed inside of the triangle in back. The two triangles where they touched together just managed to cover the region between her vagina and anus. Her matching, fuzzy, open top was also two triangles. One framing each of her breasts with proudly erect nipples. Around her neck was her locking, silver necklace. She had daubed a streak of blue and silver glitter down the center of her forehead.  
  
On top of her head, furry fox shaped ears stuck out. The dark blue on the outside of the ear and the light blue turning white on the inside matched the two tone color of the rest of her outfit.  
  
Her fear that Billy was going to ride away had turned into complete fright as he came to a stop about 15 feet away. They stared at each other in shock.  
  
It was an awesome feeling. Not awesome in a good way, like coming in first place in a big, competitive tournament. But awesome in a horrifying way, like giant, fiery lava flowing through a town killing and destroying all in its path. An awesome feeling of totally feminine, sexual vulnerability. To be out there, naked, and hanging helpless, was... She had no words to describe it. Even though she later told herself she honestly didn't remember it, those first few moments when Billy rode up were seared into her memory like the slow motion recollection of being inside a crazy automobile rolling over and over again in a crash.  
  
"Hhhiii, hhii, hi." Amber stammered as she felt a rush of heat to her face.  
  
"What the fuck!" He replied and then fell silent staring straight between her legs.  
  
Amber tried to close her legs and cover herself with her arms, but all this did was make her squirm around and start to sway beneath the hoist.  
  
"I need some help." She squeaked and bit her lip. Her chest was pounding. She knew she was blushing and grinning. She couldn't stop grinning when she was embarrassed, and she was very, very embarrassed. Her fantasizing to pass the time, not to mention being suspended nude outdoors, had kept her aroused. But being discovered by a male classmate had kicked it up into high gear.  
  
And it wasn't just being discovered. Being discovered walking naked in the woods would have been embarrassing. Standing naked with her hands tied to a tree behind her back would have been more embarrassing. But she wasn't just hanging from her wrists in a standing position. There was a spreader bar behind her neck. Her legs were spread wide with her knees tied up next to her armpits. Being partly suspended by her knees, left her tilted back with her pussy jutting out.  
  
Would it be possible to be any more exposed and embarrassed than hanging completely nude and on display?Amber asked herself.  
  
Why yes, actually. She answered her own question.  
  
Instead of being completely nude, like she had stepped out of the shower, or was in the privacy of her own bedroom, or maybe was just a naturist who was comfortable getting out of the water after skinny dipping - she could be nude except for shoes. Which could only mean, she was planning on walking around outside and parading her naked body. She had been acutely aware, back during her frat, after-party, that she was wearing boots. Although not truly naked, the practicality of boots, even if they had a bit of a heel, still conflicted with her see through one piece.  
  
And instead of being nude except for the shoes, she could be wearing a fuck-me, lingerie rave costume. And it wasn't even a particularly 'adult' costume. She could have kept the furry leg warmers but gone for a bondage look, for instance, with black, faux leather straps and silver rings for her top and bottom. But she had gone with furry straps. The very furry, two toned, blue-white fox ears was the final deathblow.  
  
Even when dressed conservatively, Amber knew she looked a little young for her age. If the fox ears didn't do it, the glitter said she was ready for a preteen halloween party. Maybe the glitter was the actual, after-life, deathblow. She giggled nervously to herself.  
  
From the neck down, now that was a different story. And it was, in many ways, worse than wearing a 'birthday suit'.  
  
If it wasn't so lewd, it would just be silly. But it was lewd and silly.  
  
The outfit also had a matching fox tail that was the same cobalt blue with a white tip.  
  
Thank god I didn't wear that. But even so, to call my outfit humiliating - that would be the proverbial tip of the iceberg.  
  
Billy was still just silently staring at her. Amber wasn't sure if he had even heard her speak.  
  
"What the fuck happened." Billy finally repeated. It wasn't clear if this was a question directed at her, or not, or if it was even a question.  
  
"I need you to help me down." She tried to sound stern, but it again came out more as a squeak.  
  
"What the fuck happened." He briefly made eye contact before looking back down again. "Do you want me to call the fire department?" His insincerity was plain.  
  
"No, I want you to help me down." She pleaded.  
  
"How the fuck did you get like that? Is there anyone else?" He asked while looking around.  
  
"I just want you to help me down." She tried to keep the exasperation out of her voice.  
  
"You sure you don't want me to call 911." He now sounded more confident and a little less confused.  
  
"No, please no." She begged. "I just need help."  
  
"Okay, tell me what the fuck is going on, and maybe I will help."  
  
"I think the power went out. I just need help getting down. I just need to get the weight off my arms so I can free them from the cable. You can help me do that." She was back to pleading.  
  
"How did you get up there? Did you do this yourself or did somebody else do this to you?" He demanded.  
  
"Don't worry about anybody else. Just help me down."  
  
"And how am I supposed to get you down?" He had gotten off his bike and had walked up so he was standing with his head only a few feet away and slightly below her pussy.  
  
Looking down at him, she could see her erect nipples, and the red flush spreading across her chest. Her pussy was open. It was so wet that a pool was forming at the bottom of the blue, fuzzy triangle. Even being outdoors in the light breeze, she could smell her own arousal.  
  
With his head only a couple of feet away, and his eyes glued between her legs, there was no way to hide she was completely ready to be fucked.  
  
"There is a folding step ladder in the barn. If you stand on the ladder, you can unclip my knees. Then I can stand on the ladder. Once I get my weight off my arms, I can get myself free." She explained.  
  
"And what the fuck do I get." He demanded.  
  
She couldn't lower her eyes, as she was already looking down at him, but she did turn her face away and continued looking at the ground. "I can make it worth your while." She answered while trying to sound sweet and then she looked back at him and batted her eyelashes. "As long as you promise not to tell anyone else." She offered hopefully.  
  
"I can fuck your brains out." Billy rhetorically asked.  
  
She closed her eyes. "Yes." She timidly answered. "Just don't tell anyone, please."This isn't actually me saying these things. She imagined she was watching a video of someone else saying these things.  
  
"Where's this ladder." He demanded.  
  
She kept her eyes closed. "Inside the barn." She sighed.  
  
It took a long time, but eventually Billy came back out with the ladder. He laid it on the ground without unfolding it. "I'm not doing anything more until you tell me what happened."  
  
He was standing with his arms crossed over his chest, but at least his tone was a little more excited and inquisitive - and a little less angry and demanding. Instead of his face being up close to her pussy, he was a little farther back. His eyes roamed up and down. It was clear he was enjoying looking at her in all her glory - Billy didn't seem to mind her,ahem, eclectic choice of clothing accessories - and all her glory was very much on display.  
  
Amber gulped, but didn't see she had much choice. When Billy had first rode up on his bike, she had been embarrassed and disoriented, but focused on what she was saying in a robotic sort of way. Now the initial shock was fading, she felt even more flustered and tongue-tied.  
  
Talking to him had felt surreal, but the conversation had gotten her through the initial moments. However, when he had left to get the ladder, she had had a chance to reflect.  
  
She couldn't quite believe what was happening. She thought about how worried she had been when she was outside the school naked and looking at her reflection in the glass wall of the indoor pool, and James had threatened to make her walk home that way if she didn't comply with his instructions. If somebody had seen her streaking through the neighborhood, that actually felt pretty tame compared with talking to Billy tied up with her spread pussy at eye level.  
  
She would have been chagrined if her mom had seen her come inside the house completely naked. Although, if she had explained she had done it on a dare, would her mom have freaked out? Probably not. Amber knew her parents were pretty chill. Maybe she would have just lectured her again about using condoms or perhaps the dangers of being kidnapped off the streets. Maybe warned her that a little experimentation is okay, but you don't want to get 'that type of reputation'.

Amber thought also about how worried she had once been about being discovered, the first time she was up in the attic naked with her clothes downstairs in the chest. If Billy had come into the barn, he would have been trespassing on her privacy. Not that that would have necessarily stopped him. But he would have been in the wrong. She would have been justified in being angry at him.  
  
Instead, she had called out to Billy to come over and see her displayed body. Not just naked, but tied up and on display. And not totally naked. Being tied up and on display was incredibly naughty. But her outfit was actually naughtier - and more than a little absurd.  
  
If she had been completely naked save only for the cuffs, it could have been a self bondage gone wrong. But why dress up (down?) if you don't want to be seen?  
  
And there was a reason she had chosen blue. With the strawberry hints in her blond hair, she knew that red was a more natural color for her. But it wasn't just that she liked the deep, intense blue. And it wasn't just that she liked how it made a stark contrast with her pale skin. What she really liked was how it contrasted more strongly when her pale skin turned red. Whether it was an embarrassed blush or a sexual flush. Or both.  
  
She knew that wearing red would actually make her skin look more red. But wearing blue made it more obvious that her skin was red.  
  
She had had to beg Billy to help her. Offered her body for him to use as he pleased. Plead with him while he stared at her open pussy. It was swollen, light red, and glistening - neatly on display inside of its blue, triangular, picture frame.  
  
Proper suburban teenage girls aren't supposed to have to beg and offer their bodies. Amber thought. But proper suburban girls don't suspend themselves nude out where the public can see them.  
  
She had also reflected some on her random savior. Billy might not have been at the top of the list, but she could think of plenty of classmates she would rank even lower. Ones that would be creepier or more embarrassing. If it had been a female classmate, she wouldn't have offered sex in exchange for help. But she wouldn't have had any leverage, either. How many of her female classmates would be only too happy to make her ordeal public? High school was like that, especially when you were good looking and popular - there was always somebody wanting to take you down. And it didn't even have to be a classmate. She could think of plenty of friends, neighbors, and relatives that would be much worse. And what if it had been a complete stranger? What if it had been somebody that did call the fire department? Maybe Billy was on the list, just near the bottom.  
  
And what if it wasn't an individual? What if it had been a group of her classmates? Even if they were all guys, there was no way you were going to get all of them to keep a secret. If word got out, they could always point the finger at somebody else in the group. One boy might be understanding. A group of guys would be the mob mentality you saw at parties.  
  
She trembled at the thought of everyone at school finding out what she had done.  
  
"We found Amber in the woods with her tits and pussy completely exposed." They would say.  
  
"Amber was streaking through the woods?"  
  
"Nah, she was tied up. She wasn't going anywhere."  
  
"What? Like she was tied to a tree?"  
  
"Nah, she was hanging in the air from a hay bale cable attached to the attic of that old rotting barn."  
  
"She was just hanging from her wrists without wearing clothes?"  
  
"No and no. You would have to see it to believe it. Yes, she was hanging from her wrists. But she had her knees pulled up by her ears and she was tilted back. Her pussy was jutting out. It was spread wider than the day is long and wetter than a beaver swimming in a pond. Her outer lips were swollen red, her clit was peeking out of its shell, and she was showing her pink, juicy, and tender insides. Her lips were smiling like crazy. The smile on her face was pretty cute, too. She had the hardest, most erect set of glass cutters you are ever going to see. Everything was just hanging out for every Tom, Dick, and Harry that wanted to wander by and take a look, or two, or three. We actually smelled her over a hundred feet away. In fact, if we hadn't smelled her, we would have biked by her without noticing her. When we rode up, the aroma from her pussy was overpowering. And you should have seen the fuck-me costume her tits and pussy were displayed in..."  
  
The vision was making her thoughts race and her head pound. She couldn't let anyone in addition to Billy know. Could she get Billy to keep quiet?  
  
As it was, Billy had gotten enough junk out of the way so he could unhook the ladder from the wall and had returned to his damsel in distress. She no longer had the luxury of feeling embarrassed for herself in private.  
  
And in some ways, perhaps it would have been easier to respond to his angry demands than to try and explain - while tied up spread, silly, and naked - what she had done in a conversational voice.  
  
Amber took a deep breath. "I went up into the barn attic..." She blushed furiously as her voice trailed off.  
  
"Yes?" He prompted.  
  
She took another deep breath. "Sitting on the floor, I clipped my knee cuffs to the spreader bar and also clipped my knee cuffs to the cable. After I started the timer, I clipped my wrists to the cable. The first motor that came on caused the hoist to move to the end of the arm, and it dragged me out of the attic opening, until I was hanging outside." She was trying to distract herself and hide her embarrassment by giving a clinical description of what she had done - like describing a female health issue to a doctor. "The second motor then lowered me down, but it stopped before going all the way down. The power went out, or the motor burned out, or I don't know, just help me down." She was grinning madly down at him.  
  
"You tied yourself up like that?" His demanding voice was back.  
  
"Yes." She quietly squeaked.  
  
"You choose that outfit yourself?"  
  
Another quietly squeaked 'yes'.  
  
He paused to give her a good look over again. "Nice." He said with a smile slowly nodding his head up and down. "I salute your choice in fashion." He raised a finger of his right hand to his forehead in a mock salute.  
  
"Naked and held apart like that?" The smile was gone and the demands were back.  
  
If she said 'yes', it was inaudible, but she did manage to nod her head yes.  
  
"So you wouldn't be able to do anything until you got all the way to the ground?"  
  
"No." It was barely above a whisper.  
  
"How long did you think it was going to take to lower down?" It was the first time Billy had sounded like he was really asking a question.  
  
"An hour, maybe."  
  
"What?" He was incredulous. "An hour for it to lower you down? Why would it take so long?"  
  
"I put the motor on a timer so it would stop and start." She answered meekly.  
  
"You were going to spend an hour hanging out, like? What, like, if somebody came by?"  
  
"Almost no one comes by. And if they did, why would they look over?" She paused then added quietly. "You didn't."  
  
Amber thought again about her plan to be suspended where she would have the thrill of being exposed but not the risk. It sure hadn't worked out that way. She started grinning as her throat felt tight and her breath became short. Keep calm and carry on. She tried to slow her breathing.  
  
When he didn't say anything, she pleaded again. "Can you help me down now?" - then added, as slyly as she could - "we could be having some fun now, you know."  
  
Billy positioned the ladder in front of her and climbed up, brushing her pussy and stomach in the process. He then turned around so he was standing 'backwards' on the ladder facing her.  
  
"Nice nipples." He declared as he looked closely at her breasts. "I knew you had a great set of tits, but wow." He reached out and put his palm flat under her breast so he could very lightly squeeze the underside of her boob using the fleshy part of his hand between his thumb and index finger. "How many times have you done this?"  
  
When she stayed silent, he moved his hand up and pinched her nipple hard causing her to catch her breath and yip in surprise.  
  
Amber was so confused, horny, and embarrassed. It wasn't like she was repulsed by Billy physically. She could imagine having drunken sex with him after a party. She just hated how he acted. She didn't want to be one of his little trophies to brag about. If she met him at a party visiting some out-of-town friend..., that could be fun she decided.  
  
But this was the Billy she knew and went to school with. And they weren't making out on some bed, during a party, after Amber had agreed to 'go upstairs' with him. She was hanging naked, he was wearing all his clothes. She was immobilized. He had just squeezed her boob and pinched her nipple. She was mortified with embarrassment. He was... She didn't finish the thought as she was interrupted.  
  
"How many times have you done this?" He pinched her nipple even harder causing her to yip again.  
  
She realized she couldn't remember how many times were real versus how many had just been fantasies. "Three or four." She then instructed him. "Unclip my knees first. Then if you move the ladder, so I can stand on it, I can free my hands."  
  
Instead Billy grabbed a butt cheek in each hand and squeezed hard, eliciting a longer yelp of (feigned?) protest. He slid one arm behind her back and the other behind her neck and looked into her eyes.  
  
Amber knew she was about to be kissed, and she wasn't wrong. Since the knee suspension left her tilted back, he had to lean forward while pulling her in hard. She was smashed into him, pussy first. While aggressively kissing her, he lost his balance and had to hug her hard to keep from falling. As he grabbed her, there was a crazy moment when they were both swinging from the hoist before he could get his feet back on the ladder.  
  
"Hey now!" She exclaimed, as he regained his balance. "That was close. Why don't we continue this up in the attic." She suggested. Amber didn't think it very likely anybody else would wander by, but saw no reason to take a chance.  
  
"You can do what you want up there." She bit her lip and looked away from him. She desperately wanted down. But she was also desperate with horniness. The casual liberties he was taking with her body was driving her crazy. She felt so exposed hanging there nude (ahem) while he was fully clothed. She knew she sometimes tended toward paranoia, but this was not one of those times. She didn't just feel exposed. She was exposed.  
  
And he wasn't shy when it came to sex. He was one of the guys that liked getting blowjobs at parties where other people could stare. She hadn't ever participated, but she had watched.  
  
"I don't know." He answered. "I kind of like you tied up." He slapped the cup of his palm into her pussy and left it there.  
  
"Umph!" Her eyes bulged in shock. "You can tie me up on the table in the attic." She had answered, before she thought about what she was saying.  
  
Oh crap. I shouldn't have led with my best offer. Another thing her dad had tried to drill into her. "Just don't tell anyone and release me when you're done." She looked away again. "Please."  
  
Billy started to rub his finger back and forth between her pussy lips. She closed her eyes as she stifled a moan. However, she couldn't keep from trying to grind her hips into his finger. She wanted it inside of her and/or she wanted it to rub her clit. Neither of which it was doing.  
  
She pretended she was in a dark bedroom with her boyfriend, not hanging outside in the daylight with Billy. Amber was good at pretending.  
  
She didn't know how long the teasing had gone on, but she squealed and then moaned, as she finally felt two fingers plunge deep into her and start to pump back and forth a few times, before they pulled out and everything stopped.  
  
When nothing happened after a while, she cautiously opened her eyes. Billy had obviously been waiting for this as he immediately held the two fingers under his nose and took a big sniff. "You smell ready."  
  
Her fantasy, of being in a dark bedroom with a boyfriend, evaporated.  
  
He then held his fingers under her nose. Amber actually liked the way she smelled. She liked masturbating and smelling her arousal had good associations.  
  
But as she well knew, he wasn't offering his fingers on the off-chance she enjoyed her own smell. Billy was trying to humiliate her, and he was succeeding. He probably couldn't tell her deep blush apart from her sexual flush, but she was back to madly grinning in embarrassment.  
  
She wasn't surprised when he pushed his fingers between her lips and into her mouth. After pulling them back out, he released her legs, removed the spreader bar from behind her neck, and then climbed down. But instead of positioning the ladder under her, he moved it away.  
  
Amber watched in alarm. "Move it over here!" She was starting to feel desperate and squirmed in the air.  
  
"If I let you down, how do I know you aren't going to run off?" He was back to demanding.  
  
"I'm not going to run off without my clothes!" She wasn't completely successful in keeping the anger out of her voice.  
  
"Just where are you clothes?" It was his turn to grin.

**Amber's Perverted Samaritan Ch. 02**

Oh crap. Think before you speak. Amber admonished herself. "You could run me down and tackle me, anyway." She ignored his question about clothes. "Fine. You can tie my ankles together." She was wearing her narrow, matching ankle and wrist cuffs even though she hadn't used either of them in her current setup. "There is some twine inside the barn. Do it loosely. I won't be able to run, but I need to be able to go down the ladder and walk up the stairs."  
  
Despite her directions, it took him awhile to find it. This gave Amber more time to reflect. She hadn't resisted when he slowly pushed his fingers into her mouth. Although she sniffed her fingers - while masturbating - more often than she tasted them, tasting was something she occasionally did. She liked how she tasted better than any of the blowjobs she had ever given. And tasting herself felt dirtier than just masturbating. If any of the boys who had finger fucked her had stuck their finger in her mouth, she most likely would have found it exciting. But Billy's casual familiarity with her body was different.  
  
He was popular, good looking, and a tall, studly athlete. His sexual promiscuousness was no mystery. But she didn't like his sense of entitlement. Actually, she hated it. And being discovered helpless and compromised by Billy of all people, was a fantasy come to gut-wrenching real life.  
  
Why did it have to be somebody who was such a self-assured prick? She sighed. Beggars can't be choosers. She reasoned with herself and also tried to remind herself there were worse candidates out there. You knew this could happen. You can get through this. Just keep him reasonably happy and get free.  
  
Keep smiling and let it bounce off of you. She sighed again. Something about that which doesn't kill you makes you stronger.  
  
Amber was excited and annoyed. Excited from her predicament. Excited to be found so exposed and vulnerable. Excited from his physical attention, but annoyed by his familiarity. Annoyed that he had toyed with her naked body while he was still fully clothed. Annoyed she was so wet and ready for him. Annoyed she wanted so badly to come but wasn't free to do anything about it. Annoyed she wasn't free. And she was really annoyed how obvious it was that she so badly wanted to come. But annoyed didn't even begin to describe how she felt about having to beg him to use her body.  
  
With her legs now dangling straight, all the wetness that had oozed out of her had spilled over the blue straps and was now trickling down her inner thighs and making the top of her socks wet.  
  
She was also annoyed to still be suspended and, despite the distraction of her arousal, her body ached. She was now hanging from just her padded wrist cuffs. While it was a relief to finally be in a new position, her shoulders didn't like the extra strain. Having Billy's sudden, huge weight on her, when he had lost his balance while kissing her, hadn't done her arms and shoulders a favor either.  
  
After he got back and had tied her ankles together, he moved the ladder behind her and pushed it so that she swung forward a ways. While she was trying to get her feet and balance on the ladder, he pushed her off, climbed up, and turned around so that her back was nestled against his stomach. Because he had pushed her forward, she was no longer hanging straight below the hoist. Instead, she was several feet farther from the barn and hanging at an angle. This caused her back to lightly press into him.  
  
She smiled as she felt his hardness nestled between her butt cheeks. At least I'm not the only one who's ready.  
  
She swayed slightly as he reached his left hand up and grabbed the hoist cable. His right hand reached around and slid between her legs. The suddenness of the contact caused her to squeeze her legs together. But a moment later, she opened them up to give him better access.  
  
As he rubbed her lips and spread her moisture around, she couldn't help but grind against him. His left hand let go of the cable and started rubbing her tits. Soon her moaning had turned into short, sexual panting. But before she could come, he pulled both his hands away.  
  
After her breathing had come back to something approaching normal, he suddenly plunged two fingers deep inside of her. She yelped in surprise as her legs, which had been dangling still open, shut hard on his hand. He slowly pulled his fingers back out and fed them into her mouth.  
  
While making her suck his fingers off, he had twisted her head and shoulders so she was almost facing him. After pulling his fingers out, he finished spinning her around so she was facing him. Her weight on the hoist made her body gently swing into him. Since he had released her knees and she was only hanging from her arms, she came to a stop with her breasts lightly resting on his chest with her face only inches from his.  
  
This time he had no problems keeping his balance while he kissed her. This kiss started out gentle, but his tongue explored hers for a long time.  
  
That was a boyfriend kiss! Amber declared to herself as they broke apart. Grabbing her by the hips, he stepped down the ladder until his face was between her breasts.  
  
The romantic gentleness didn't last long as he started chewing on her nipples - twisting her slightly back and forth, as he used his teeth to work on one nipple and then the other. After they had gotten sensitive and tender, he placed his mouth over her breast and sucked in as hard as he could.  
  
Her moaning had again turned back into the panting of an animal in heat.  
  
She still wasn't used to her nipples being so large and sensitive. It wasn't enough to make her orgasm (was it?), but it was making her rock her hips in frustration. She was trying to grind her pussy into his chest.  
  
She did realize that her breath was back to short gasps. And just from my nipples being roughly played with. She groaned to herself as he stopped to let her catch her breath again. This is so mortifying. Although her eyes were closed, she could picture the scene clearly. She was hanging by her wrists from a cable, in a bondage, slutty fantasy, rave, silly fox eared outfit. It was private property, but there was a trail that was open to the public only a hundred feet away. The arrogant, prick Billy was fully clothed and roughly chewing on her nipples and toying with her body as he damn well pleased.  
  
Please god, let me come and then let me get out of here and make Billy stay quiet.  
  
When he had had enough of each nipple, he stepped back up the ladder and spun her back around so she was again facing away from him. He lightly ran his finger down her pussy lips until he came to a stop with the tip just resting on her opening. Each time she tried to push her pussy onto it, he pulled it away and waited for her to stop moving.  
  
Hanging off-center from the hoist, she was only gently pressed against him. But each time she rocked, she could feel her butt cheeks sliding on his erection.  
  
She had thought the teasing a game, but after going through it a half dozen times, he suddenly pinched her left nipple hard enough to make her cry out.  
  
"Hold still." Billy commanded into her ear.  
  
Releasing the pressure on her nipple slightly, but still gripping it firmly, he moved his other hand so the tip of his finger was again resting on her opening.  
  
Amber bit her lower lip as she fought to not rock her hips. After a brief moment, he slid his finger in to just the first knuckle and started gently wiggling it.  
  
She didn't thrust her hips, but she squirmed and moaned. He didn't pull it away, but he squeezed down harder on her nipple for a second or two in warning. However, he must not have minded too much. He started to slowly slide his finger an inch or two in before pulling it back all the way to the tip.  
  
He even allowed her small humping motions for a minute or two while he held his finger still. But finally he squeezed her nipple tight, until she stopped moving and pulled his finger back until the tip was again just lightly resting on her opening.  
  
"What are you?" He suddenly asked.  
  
Huh?Amber couldn't make sense of it.  
  
She hadn't exactly forgotten her situation, but in her arousal and excitement, she had become a bit lost in a world where the second most important thing was trying to hold still to avoid the occasional jolt of pain from her left nipple. The most important, of course, was the excruciating teasing her pussy was letting her know about. Even his voice command to hold still hadn't really taken her out of the sexual game. It had not taken her out of her little sexual world where the digit probing her so relentlessly was in no way attached to the overbearing prick she normally knew as Billy.  
  
"What are you?" He sternly repeated.  
  
The quick, hard pinch on her nipple let her know he was serious about getting an answer.  
  
She was bewildered. Talking to Billy, when she had been hanging and sexually aroused, had been really hard. But when he had started to make love to her, if you could call his teasing and toying making love, she had thought their conversation was over, at least for a while. His question had jarred her back.  
  
What am I?She tried to think where she should start to describe who she was.  
  
Her flustered grin had returned.  
  
The finger on her pussy pulled away. She felt fingers resting on her mouth and chin as she heard him say. "So just what are you?" His voice was lighter, more inquisitive than demanding.  
  
Although her eyes were still closed, she knew he was holding the tip of his index finger under her nose.  
  
Amber opened her eyes and sighed in realization. I may be slow, but I'm not a provincial bumpkin, I know how this game is played.  
  
"I'm horny." She answered softly.  
  
"And?" He urged.  
  
"Wet." She added.  
  
"Say it together." He instructed.  
  
"Horny and wet." She answered once she realized what he wanted.  
  
"Say, I'm horny and wet." He corrected.  
  
"I'm horny and wet."  
  
"Yes you certainly are." Billy snickered as he returned his hand back to between her legs and ran a slippery finger around her pussy just inside the soaked straps that formed the blue triangle, making her moan. After circling a few times, he stopped and squeezed her nipple again.  
  
After a moment, he pinched her yet again. "And?"  
  
Amber thought for a moment. "And..." She stalled for time. "Bond..." She caught herself at the same time that he pinched.  
  
"I'm a horny, wet, bondage..." - her voice cracked and then dropped to a whisper - "slut."  
  
"Ooo, nice call!" He gave her pussy a congratulatory squeeze and then turned her far enough to plaster some intentionally wet, sloppy kisses on her cheek.  
  
Spinning her back, his right hand, instead of returning to her pussy, grabbed her right breast. With his left hand still firmly holding her by her left nipple, he proceeded to roughly massage her right boob eventually slowing down to where he was only giving it an occasional squeeze.  
  
When he again pinched her left nipple, she was ready.  
  
"I'm a horny, wet, fantasy rave..., bondage slut." Her voice slowed at the end, but she kept it a little more steady.  
  
"It's an awesome outfit." He agreed. "It looks great on you." His right hand returned back to her pussy. And he periodically jabbed the tip into her opening, eliciting little gasps from her.  
  
Another pinch on her left nipple.  
  
"I'm a horny, wet..., silly" - she sighed - "fantasy rave, bondage slut."  
  
"You're silly..." He started to ask and then paused. "Oh, the fantasy rave costume is silly." He laughed as he realized what she meant. "I guess the ears are a bit silly, but where's your fox tail?" He genuinely wanted to know.  
  
OMG, he knows! Amber shrieked to herself. And despite being blue and white, instead of brownish red and white -he recognized the ears as a fox and didn't just assume it was a cat!  
  
He gave her a chance to answer, but she didn't. "Anyway" - he snorted - "you're looking way too fuckable in that rave costume to worry about looking silly."  
  
It was Amber's turn to snort as she tried, unsuccessfully, to stifle a giggle.Can't argue with that!She laughed at herself. Her mood lifted to the happiest and most carefree it had been since Billy had rode up on his bike.  
  
She felt him take a couple of steps down the ladder and untie the cord between her ankles. Stepping back up, he spun her so she was facing to his left, with her left side resting on his chest. He released her left nipple. (Finally!) And lifted up her left leg. The crook of his elbow was under her knee as he lifted it up all the way up to her shoulder.  
  
"I wonder..." His voice trailed off as it appeared he was speaking to himself.  
  
There was still a clip attached to the cuff that was on her knee. She felt him pull on the clip and then attach it to her silver necklace.  
  
The clip was short. This meant her leg was pulled tight against her chest.  
  
"Don't thrash around too much." He instructured. "You wouldn't want to break your pretty necklace, now"  
  
You have no idea. She smirked to herself.  
  
When she had been hanging before Billy arrived -that seemed a long time ago- the cuffs were attached to the spreader bar behind her neck just to keep her legs spread open wide. But the knee cuffs were also attached directly to the hoist above, carrying much of her weight and causing her to tilt back. Since the leg that was now pulled up tight was held in place by her necklace - she could feel it pull against the back of her neck - it didn't support any of her weight at all. Everything was still on her arms. Her other leg still dangled below her.  
  
But even though it was not held out by a spreader bar behind her neck, having one leg straight up and one leg straight down left everything exposed. More exposed than merely dangling by her arms naked. She was exposed. But instead of being discovered in the position she had chosen, Billy was now in charge of choosing what exposed position she ended up in. And now it wasn't just a case of being exposed. It wasn't like she was hanging up in the air where everyone had a great view of her pussy, but no one could touch her. Her pussy was exposed, but her pussy was now vulnerable, very vulnerable. And it hadn't take Billy long to choose a position for her to his liking. And it didn't take long for him to take advantage of her vulnerability.  
  
A finger and thumb, from his left hand, once again found her left nipple. His right hand briefly played with her butt cheeks. Since she was still facing left with her left side pressed up against his chest, he reached his right hand between her legs from the back. He sawed a finger between her pussy lips - she thought she knew where he was going with that - but gasped when he started rubbing his lubricated finger on her rosebud. Almost no one had ever touched her there. Her not-really-a-boyfriend sex partner had tried once, but she had hissed and swatted his hand away.  
  
Despite her alarm, her mood was still brighter than it had been just moments ago. But any feelings of being carefree were crushed as she contemplated her new predicament.  
  
Billy's attention to her nipples and pussy, was one thing. That was a part of sex she could enjoy. Even being tied up, she could imagine that with the right person, James for instance, it might be a sensible proposition. However, the new focus for his attention...Not just naughty, but nasty.  
  
She had occasionally watched anal sex porn in horrified fascination.  
  
Soon he was wiggling the tip in, just like he had done before with her pussy. And just like his previous finger fucking, she was gasping, squirming, and rocking her hips. But instead of trying to push herself onto his finger, she was trying to get away.  
  
Despite her clenching, there was nothing she was going to do to deny his well lubricated finger from entering her butthole. When she realized how painful that was going to be, she suddenly changed tactics. Biting down hard on her lower lip, she tried to unclench. Although her attempt to relax was only partially successful, she did push back. She pushed back with her hips, and she pushed like she was trying to defecate. Even though she was an anal virgin, her erotic reading had made her knowledgeable on many carnal subjects.  
  
As his finger plunged all the way into her, it was hard to tell who was more surprised.  
  
Amber shrieked - and this time it was not just to herself.  
  
Billy gasped. He had been enjoying how his teasing had been making her jump. But he could feel that she was clenched up tight and - unlike when he was finger fucking her pussy - she was clearly trying to squirm away. He hadn't really intended to do more than bother and annoy her a bit, in a mischievous way, by wiggling the tip of his finger in. But even though he was only trying to get just the tip in, he had been pushing hard.  
  
He was completely shocked when her asshole suddenly opened up. She rammed herself down hard as his finger plunged in. Her asshole was rapidly squeezing and unsqueezing on his finger while her body was jerking and her breath came in gasps.  
  
Did she just have an orgasm? Billy wondered to himself. He was both impressed and annoyed.  
  
Impressed she could come. All he had been doing was wiggling his finger - he had totally forgotten about his left hand that still firmly held her left nipple. And then in one motion she had opened herself up and rammed herself down and started coming.  
  
Annoyed she had come without him being in control of it. But if so, rather sneaky and... damn girl..., well-played - credit given where credit due.  
  
His respect for her had grown a notch as he scrutinized the female flesh that appeared to still be having an orgasm by fucking its asshole on his finger. He had no doubt she had intended it to happen. It didn't cross his mind Amber had thought he was going to stick his finger into her anyway and had chosen the less painful of two evils.  
  
Amber too was wondering if she had just had an orgasm. It wasn't that orgasms were unfamiliar to her - she was well versed in the art of self-pleasure - but this one was different.  
  
For starters, it really was true the only time she had ever had an orgasm before was when her clit was being stimulated. The closest exception, 'the hairbrush outside the pool orgasm', had involved her right hand brushing her clit not to mention the brush handle she was mounted on. Nothing this time had been close to touching her clit or penetrating her pussy.  
  
And..., it had the right intensity for an orgasm but..., it hadn't provided any relief. If anything, her sexual frustration and the feeling she needed to come had increased. If that was even possible.  
  
And what was up with her body? How could having a finger up her butt make her come? However, it wasn't just her nipples that had recently gotten more sensitive. Although she didn't really want to admit it, even just taking a crap had recently started to turn her on.  
  
And Billy's finger - he was still holding it, mostly steady, inside her - felt so good. There was still a slight burning sensation, but there were also little waves of pleasure continuing to wash over her. She could hear herself moan out loud and couldn't stop herself from making tiny, jerking motions.

She felt a wave of heat boiling on her face that was as much from chagrin as it was from any orgasm she might or might not have experienced. Her mood was no longer bright. Instead, it was by far the most mortified she had felt all day.  
  
Given everything else she had already been through, that was really saying a lot.  
  
The long, hard pinch on her left nipple was, eventually, able to get Amber's attention.  
  
She gulped and then tentatively started out. "I'm a horny, wet" - she stopped for a long moment, and he waited with surprising patience for her, until she finally squeaked out in a high voice - "embarrassed humiliated" - it took her a moment to regain her composure - "silly fantasy rave, bondage slut." Her voice cracking a second time.  
  
"Humiliated? Hhhhmmm." He pondered. "So you are saying you are humiliated to be horny and wet, and to be a bondage slut swinging naked outdoors, in a silly fantasy rave costume?" He asked with fake disbelief. "No. Really? What part's humiliating? Surely you're not self conscious your pussy is drooling down your legs, and I have my finger stuck all the way up your ass?" He waited a while as if pretending she was going to answer, but then continued. "You're really embarrassed, aren't you."  
  
Billy let go of her left nipple, and with his left hand started playing with the strands of her hair in front that were not pulled back in her ponytail. "You know, you're really cute when you blush. I mean, you're really cute all the time, but you're really, really cute when your face turns red and you get this great little grin."  
  
As if to prove his point, her grin came back with a vengeance, and she knew her face was bright red.  
  
"And you have these charming dimples, right here." He said as he touched her cheek with his finger. "And you make the most adorable sounds when I rub your pussy."  
  
His left hand went back to playing with hair. "I bet that was humiliating. But I bet it was even more humiliating when you rammed your asshole down on my finger and started thrashing around and bellowing in pleasure." He rapidly wiggled his finger around that was still buried in her butt. "I bet you're humiliated that my finger is still all the way up your ass and I bet you're even more humiliated that I now know you love anal sex."  
  
Amber moaned as she couldn't stop herself from clenching and unclenching on the finger that was attacking her butthole.  
  
"You really love this, don't you." He added.  
  
He isn't all wrong. Amber was forced to admit to herself. I choose to push myself onto his finger. And when I did, I couldn't stop squirming and moaning. And it made me so excited I experienced a new type of quasi-orgasm. And as far as even more humiliating...She couldn't even decide. Was it more embarrassing she could come just from anal stimulation? Or that it was her choice - she had already forgotten about the lesser of two evils - to push down on his finger? Or that he had closely watched her pleasure herself when she was squirming her butt on his finger?  
  
Or maybe the most dismaying and mortifying part of it all, was not only listening to him casually talk about how she had demeaned herself - and while he was thus talking, she was still squirming and moaning from his finger that was still stimulating her rosebud - but that she had to agree to with him.  
  
However, she wasn't so sure about the loving anal sex part. His single finger felt invasive enough. She couldn't imagine having a cock back there. She had seen anal porn films, so she knew it could be done. But she couldn't imagine her own butthole handling that. And it was all very alarming hearing Billy talk about it. Hearing Billy talk about it while she was swinging naked and still at his mercy. For she had watched as he had gotten a blowjob. He might not be as big as the biggest porn stars she had seen online. But he was still..., a big boy.  
  
His left hand left her face and, unerringly, latched back onto her left nipple as he pulled his finger out of her butt. Her eyes were closed, but she knew that he had lifted his right hand up between their faces.  
  
"That's nasty." He said as she turned her face away in disgust.  
  
She couldn't agree more. She knew that licking his finger after it had been in her pussy was naughty, but it wasn't going to make you sick the way not washing your hands after wiping your butt could. She was afraid he was going to stick it in her mouth. The thought of it being back between her legs wasn't much better. She hadn't taken a crap since showering in the morning, but he had stuck it into her as deep as it would go.  
  
Seeing her reaction, he calmly said. "I suppose I ought to clean that."  
  
Did he just stick that in his own mouth? Amber was shocked but too afraid to open her eyes to make sure. She was still trying to make sense of it all when she felt another suggestive pinch on her left nipple.  
  
She breathed deep and sighed. Stalling for time as she wondered where to go next.  
  
"I'm a horny, wet, embarrassed humiliated, silly fantasy rave, bondage slut, stupid girl that tied herself open pussy." She stopped. That didn't come out quite the way she intended, but there it was.  
  
"Ah yes. That was some eye candy to ride up to with your wet pussy hanging open like that." He spun her around so she was again facing away with her back on his chest as he reached his right hand around and lightly touched her clit.  
  
She gave a small twitch as she hoped he had indeed cleaned his finger.  
  
"If you being stupid is what it took, I'm glad you were." He continued to lightly tease her clit. "But if you're having even half the fun I'm having, and it looks to me you're having twice the fun, I don't see anything stupid at all."  
  
Her blush had taken over, a little bit, from her sexual flush. But it didn't take long before he had her panting again in heat.  
  
After he had gotten her hot and bothered one more time, he pulled his finger away. "In fact, I think it was clever of you. It was very clever how you figured out how to tie your knees up by your shoulders and suspend yourself up in the air high enough so anyone passing by on the bike path could look over and say, 'that there looks like a horny, wet, embarrassed humiliated, silly fantasy rave, bondage slut, stupid girl that tied herself up with her pussy spread very wide open'."  
  
He squeezed down on her nipple.  
  
This time she only hesitated a moment before confidently dropping into her girlie, dreamy voice. "I'm a horny, wet, embarrassed humiliated, silly fantasy rave, bondage slut, stupid girl that tied herself open pussy and was molested, I mean rescued, by the first pervert, I mean good samaritan, that came by."  
  
Billy burst out laughing. His laugh was infectious, and a moment later Amber was overtaken with a giggling attack. She didn't realize what an emotional release had suddenly come over her until she felt him wiping away the tears streaming down her face.  
  
After they had both quieted down, he returned his finger and lightly teased her. After she was again squirming, he held it still and pinched down on her nipple.  
  
I don't want to play that game anymore. Amber told herself.  
  
"Please---." Her plea was somewhere between a whisper and a wail.  
  
"Please?" He questioned.  
  
"Rub me, please." This time her begging was a whisper.  
  
"Like this?" He asked as he started lightly teasing her again.  
  
"Harder, higher." She answered, then added. "Please."  
  
She moaned and started rocking more when his finger settled on her clit. She was so worked up that it felt like it was only seconds before she was getting close to an orgasm. But before she could, she felt him start to pull his finger away.  
  
"Don't - stop." She struggled to get the words out in between her panting. "Please."  
  
"Don't stop?" He asked as he did just that. Although he kept his finger lightly resting on her clit.  
  
"Rub my clit." She directed.  
  
"Please?"  
  
"Rub my clit, please." She answered.  
  
"Rub your clit?" He asked, ever so lightly teasing it.  
  
"Please, rub my clit harder until I come." She pleaded and then sweetly added. "Pretty please."  
  
Billy did just that. Amber had thought it was going to take more coaxing, and she was expecting he was going to make her beg and plead more with nastier language. But any thoughts she had been entertaining about Billy were shunted aside as her entire world reduced itself to the building pressure on her clit.