**An Adventure in the Woods**

by AdelaideNurse Â©

I awoke around 9:00 am following my last late shift (1:00 pm to 9:30 pm)

for this week. I knew I had to follow Mary's orders (see last story).

Everything was a reminder. For starters I had to sleep naked. Not that

long ago I would wear a bra to bed, I was such a prude. Now Mary had a key

and said she would come in to my flat some times to check that I slept

naked - or else. I didn't want to know what she would do if I was caught

wearing pyjamas.

I ate breakfast naked. Two pieces of toast. Then I went to the bathroom

and inserted a microlax up my rear. Microlax are a small enema that we use

at the hospital. Then I inserted a second. For this morning Mary had

instructed me to use a third - a sure sign that she had a lot of anal work

in mind. I held on for as long as I could and then emptied myself on the

toilet. I wasn't allowed to flush until Mary had inspected and was

satisfied. One morning she wasn't and made me insert another two. Then,

after I had emptied again, she made me insert another two. I was so empty

it almost hurt. I'm really starting to love anal sex, but somehow Mary

always goes a bit too far so I don't enjoy all of it (which in turn I

really enjoy).

After the three Microlax I am empty. I shower and wash my hair. My shaved

pussy is growing back and is itching like crazy. I want to shave, or have

it waxed or something, but Mary say's she wants it a bit longer. In the

meantime I keep finding myself scratching myself in public. Very

embarrassing and a major turn on.

Out of the shower I appled a generous amount of moisturiser to my skin. I

then stood naked in front of my door and started masturbating. I'm wasn't

allowed to come (or else), and I had to open the door to whoever knocks. I

was there by 11:00.

I placed the moisturiser on the cupboard next to me. I worked out that if

I kept applying it to my pussy it would reduces the friction and keep me

from coming. I alternated with moisturising my pierced nipples. They are

even more sensitive now that they are pierced. Last week Mary hung small

weights on them, oh the pain. I had to stand up while she licked my pussy.

Every time I moved I had more pain. When I came, I moved even more and the

pain multiplied the orgasm!

By 12:00 am I was really horny and Mary still hadn't arrived. I had two of

the fingers of my left hand buried in my pussy, while I stroked my clit

with my right hand, but very slowly. I was on the edge of coming. I

figured she wouldn't know if I did come, but if she knocked on the door

and I was in the middle of an orgasm, well I wouldn't be able to answer

the door straight away. Then she'll know and I hate to think what the

punishment would be.

12:05, there was a knock at the door. Its not Mary's usual knock, but I

open the door anyway with my right hand with my left hand still in my pussy.

It was Mary. She left the door open and felt my pussy.

"Almost time for another wax. Maybe I'll do it myself this time, see how

much I can make you scream," Mary giggled.

I was handed a set of ben-wa balls. I had used these ones before with

great success. They slid in easily, I could barely hold them in. I'm

marched to the bedroom and Mary selected some clothes. I was surprised, I

thought we were staying indoors today. I was handed a pair of tight lycra

shorts. At least they would keep the balls in. Mary then fitted a chain

between my nipple rings. Golden, it hung down half-way to my belly button.

It wasn't very heavy, but I could feel the weight. Then she handed me a

sports bra. It's a small size A. I'm a size B, so my breasts were mashed

against my chest while they spill out the top and bottom. With the chain

running underneath it was totally hot. I then put on some running shoes. I

tried to anticipate where we will be running (Mary had running gear on

too), but there were so many options.

Before we left Mary handed me a couple of E's. I knew I was in trouble. I

had two E's with her a fortnight ago and she tied me up in the shower.

I've got continuous gas hot-water so she left it running for four hours,

she'd change the temperature to cold every now and then so I didn't

overhead, and then almost to burning. I was a mess. Every now and then she

would climb in and play with me, but she didn't let me come once. She'd

make me beg and promise all sorts of things, I confessed to things I'd

never done. When I finally came I blacked out for a few seconds.

Mary drove me (in my car again) to a reserve down by Ayliffes Rd and South

Rd (for the locals). There are a couple of other cars in the car park. We

got out, locked the car and jogged into the park. I noticed Mary had quite

a full backpack.

My sports bra held the chain in place so the jogging was quite fine. We

passed a dozen or so people, kids on holidays (Private schools - the

public school kids went back this week), women out jogging, a group of men

ran past us at great speed - great bodies, probably a footie team or

something. They had a nice perv at us too!

Physical activity seems to bring on E quicker. I was already worked up

when we got the reserve. The ben-wa balls had me soaked within a hundred

metres. After a kilometre, we had to slow to a walk I bright red, panting,

with nipples straining against the bra. I was in heaven and hell all at

the same time.

I sort of lost track of time, but a few more kilometres in Mary guided me

into a thick strand of trees. She told me to strip. This was only a couple

of metres from the path, but I complied without questions. I was so horny

and high I probably would have fucked a goat at that stage. She then

produced some handcuffs and cuffed me to an overhead branch. Somewhere at

the back of my mind an alarm bell rang, but I wasn't listening. Mary got

some rope from her backpack and tied my legs spread to the trees on either

side. She really stretched me too! It too quite an effort to stand, as

hanging from the cuffs was painful. Mary pulled out a red ball-gag. This

was new. Very sexy, she pushed it past my teeth. Not very comfortable

though very effective. Mary tugged on the string that hung from the ben-wa

balls. They fell out with very little effort. I was so wet. They she

produced our well loved vibrating anal plug. She lubed it up with some

ky-jelly, and roughly pushed it in. As it settled in we both froze. We

could hear people walking past, they were only a couple of metres away.

They kept walking.

Then Mary produced a roll of 'sleek'. This is an adhesive tape that is

used in the hospitals for securing body bags for the deceased. It's very

sticky and very strong. She moved behind me and started sticking it down

my spine to my ass. Leaving the roll hanging she reached in a got a

vibrator. This was also new. About seven inches long and thick with veins

over it. It look pretty realistic. She lubed it up and slowly inserted it.

We hadn't done a double penetration. It felt fantastic. Just so full. I

could feel the veins on the vibrator and the rings that encircled the anal

plug. It was incredible how sensitive I was down there, and they weren't

even turned on yet.

Then Mary pulled the sleek up between my legs, securing both vibrators.

Very clever! She produced a thick textra and wrote 'Peel & Fuck Me' along

the tape.

Mary then produced a bell from her backpack (she had done a lot of

preparation). Pulling out the paper that stopped it ringing she hang it

from the chain between my nipples. It hurt! Then she put a blindfold on

me. The bell rang a few times as she did this. In the still of the reserve

it was very loud.

I felt something soft and slippery on my shoulders. I worked out it was

vaseline. Lots of vaseline. Mary rubbed it all over, including my hair,

under my arms (which made me move and caused the bell to ring more). I

could feel lumps of vaseline all over me, I was past heaven and had

stopped thinking.

Then she explained my situation, "I don't have the keys for the handcuffs

here. I left them at home. You're going to stay here until I return. Try

not to make too much noise now."

Then she reached between the sleek and turned the vibrators on. Full!

Laughing loudly I could hear her disappear through the trees.

I came immediately. I bucked and shook, the bell rang like an alarm. When

the orgasm subsided, another one hit. I managed to stay stiller, but the

bell rang a little. My left leg cramped and I had to hang from the cuffs

for a while. This in turn hurt my wrists so I had to reposition. All this

caused the bell to ring. Then another orgasm hit. Somehow I managed to

stay motionless for that one - I didn't think I could do that, but somehow

I mustered up reserves of strength I didn't know I had. Then the orgasm

passed and I slumped down, the bell rang again.

The sensation of the double penetration was completely overwhelming. I

could feel parts of my anatomy that I didn't know existed and they were

tingling in a way that was sensationally unbearable. I felt that the area

between the vibrating intruders was melting. I was undergoing severe

sensory overload. The fact that I was blindfolded, coated in vaseline and

chained in a public park was not helping.

I tried to get a wiggling motion going. A sort of slow circling of the

hips to ease the sensation in my ass and pussy. It worked. For a while. I

had probably gone fifteen minutes without orgasming, but the I came again.

And it was a biggie.

I was screaming through my gag. I could hear the bell ringing on and on as

a fought the handcuffs and leg ropes, but it was like it was miles away. I

just came and came. It was incredible. The sensation between my ass and

pussy was like an itch and a tickle multiplied a million times. I could

feel all the vaseline running down my body, drool running down my chin,

the bell pulling on my nipples. I just couldn't stop. All the wiggling

motion had done was delay the inevitable.

I was still orgasming when I felt the weight lift from my nipples and the

bell stopped ringing.

"Hello," said a male voice.

It was a friendly voice, but also excited. I still didn't stop orgasming.

Part of my brain had frozen, but the body was firmly in mid orgasm.

"Let's see if I can help you," the voice continued.

I could feel the sleek being pulled off my front. As it came off my pussy,

the sensation set off further orgasms on top of the orgasm I was having.

He pulled out the vibrator and turned it off. I was grunting at him. Not

even really trying to talk as I could hardly think.

"Shhh, it's OK," he whispered.

I felt him move close to me. Then I felt it - he was going to fuck me! I

was going to be raped!

At this point it is interesting to ponder wether or not this is actually

rape. After all I was tied up with 'Peel & Fuck Me' written on me, and I

was clearly in the throws of orgasm when discovered. Does having 'Peel &

Fuck Me' constitute consent? One could argue it does, although of course I

hadn't written it.

I felt his dick piston in and out of me. There was no resistance. He

wasn't that big, and I was very wet! He pulled on my nipple chain harder

than anyone had pulled. Unfortunately my body responded my orgasming

again. Then my left leg cramped again and I had to hang from the cuffs.

This 'rapist' was partly hanging on me, placing extra strain on my wrists.

This proved too much so I took the weight on my left leg, but it was still

cramping so I had to go back to the cuffs. All the while he's pistoning in

and out of me and I'm orgasming through all the pain. Eventually he pulls

out and I feel him spray his semen over my belly.

I am relieved to have all the weight off me. Finally I stop orgasming. I

could feel the anal vibrator still going and my brain was still buzzing,

so I knew it was only a short reprieve. Then he re-inserted the vibrator.

I didn't think he'd do that! I thought he'd leave me alone, but no. He

reinserts the vibrator deeper than before, turns it on high and reattaches

the sleek. I feel and hear him attach the bell.

He whispers, "Thank you."

And moved out of the trees. I was panting again. Despite what had

happened, perhaps partly because of it, I could feel another orgasm

building. My left leg was still cramping, but my wrists hurt too much to

hang from the cuffs. I was sort of doing a bit of both, the bell was

ringing again. Not loudly, but probably loud enough. I could feel the

building orgasm move away. I started to quietly sob as I felt the

'rapists' seamen run down my belly. Then as I was moving from cuff to leg

I felt the vibrator move. Just slightly inside me, but oh, it was now on

the right spot! I tried in vain to squeeze my legs to move it back, but

they were tied tight. I was rapidly approaching an orgasm now. I don't

think I'd ever been stimulated in this spot before! It was insane.

I wanted to get off this ride. I didn't think I could die from an orgasm,

but I was scared about this one.

"Must stay still," I thought.

But it was hopeless and I knew it. Then to add insult to injury both legs

cramped. I hung from the cuffs which felt like they were cutting off my

wrists. The bell rang as I swung back and forth. Then I came.

It's amazing how much noise you can make with a ball gag in if you really try!

The orgasm passed and I managed to stand. Then a few minutes later another

one hit, I kept still for this one and the next one. The next one took me

by surprise, I didn't see it 'coming' and so I bucked as it hit, sending

the bell ringing again.

The next hour passed much like this. Sometimes I could stand still and

take it, sometimes I moved a little and sometimes I would fight in

frustration so you could hear the bell for miles.

I was in one of these fighting orgasms when Mary returned.

"Shut the fuck up," She hissed.

First to go was the bell, then I felt the sleek being pulled off me, but

she didn't remove the vibrators, or even turn them off. Instead I felt

some sort of cloth being wrapped around me. Then I realised what it was.

Mary was putting a nappy on me. She had threatened me with this the night

before. She had even showed me the oversize safety pin.

Then I felt something around my neck. A decided this would be a dog

collar, another threat from the night before. I could feel the leash

hanging from it.

A last she started to release me. First my legs. How exquisite it was to

move, closing them put more pressure on the vibrators but it was still

good. Then she un-cuffed me, then re-cuffed me with my hands behind my back

"Let's go"

I couldn't believe it. She was leading me along the path coated in sweat

and vaseline, blindfolded, with a ball gag in, a dog collar and leash,

topless (with pierced nipples and a chain connecting them), wearing a

nappy and double vibrators. I was grunting in protest, but with no effect.

Mary just pulled harder. We had gone maybe ten metres and I started

orgasming again. Mary just kept pulling me along. Talking to Mary later

she hadn't even realised I was orgasming. I was grunting so much before

there was no noticeable change!

I had a new reality. There was the path, the pulling at the leash and near

constant orgasms. I vaguely remember passing people.

I heard Mary explain, "Just taking her for a walk."

We were almost at the car park when Mary removed the blindfold. The car

park is on Ayliffes Rd (Goodwood Rd extension for the locals). It's a

major, major road with a near constant stream of traffic.

"I'm going to open the back door. I want you to lie face down on the back seat."

She lead me on. Dozens of cars streamed past as she opened the back door.

The reserve is just around the corner from where I work. As far as I know

no one from work saw me. I laid down on the back seat, face down. This

hurt my nipples and drove the vibrator in again (it had worked out a bit

with the greater freedom that the nappy allowed), but I didn't care - I

was as good as home. Mary grabbed the rope again and tied my legs to the

handcuffs, then she threw a blanket over me and closed the door.

Then she left me again.

It was actually a couple of minutes before I realised. Then I panicked,

what was she doing, lets go home! About five minutes later she opened the

driver's door and climbed in.

"Thought I'd left you again?" she laughed.

We drove back to my flat. The vibrators had worn down a bit and my mind

was just numb. We parked in my garage and Mary released me.

It took ages to clean off all the vaseline. And I still haven't got my

back seat clean!

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