**Anne's Surprise**by Jackie Rabbit

Anne and her boyfriend planned on camping again, despite her insincere complaint that they always did the same old things these days. She liked to camp, and she liked her boyfriend, but she especially liked to surrender her freedom to him in his tent. She loved the helpless feeling she had when he cuffed her wrists behind her back, but she desperately *needed* him to "seal the deal" and just take her, and not fool around with any "love making". She was as clear as she could be about what she liked without actually asking for it, and at first she thought he was just not getting the signals she was sending. It later occurred to her that this was his way of teasing her, and it was effective as she was perpetually horny these days.

It wasn't necessarily about sex for her, it was more about control, or more accurately, loss of control. On one of their camping trips together, in a crowded state park, he had taken all of her clothes out of the tent early in the morning as a joke. He then went out to get their breakfast, leaving her nude in her sleeping bag. When she had to answer the call of nature shortly after she was forced to wear her sleeping bag to the thankfully empty bathroom. She acted like she was angry with him for that incident, but she day-dreamed constantly about waiting in the tent for his return, without a stitch of clothing to wear, as campers could be heard walking just outside the small tent.

Anne was looking forward to the surprise her boyfriend had hinted at for the past two weeks, and she secretly hoped he would take their relationship "up a level" in intensity, and this time give her no choice in what happened once she was wearing the thick leather cuffs. Friday night came and the two pitched their tent in a new area, far enough from the road to guarantee privacy. Anne wanted to be bound and used, they had gone two whole weeks without sex, and she was so frustrated that she threatened to take matters into her own hands if he didn't!

Anne's boyfriend made some kind of excuse for not touching her that night, and the two went to sleep, although one of them had a lot of tension in her little body that was impossible to take care of discretely... Anne woke in the morning still frustrated, only to find her boyfriend out of the tent, and a lengthy letter on his side of the sleeping bag addressed to her.

The most disturbing thing was how on earth did she sleep through her boyfriend putting a dog's collar and chain on her. A quick examination of the collar revealed a small padlock holding it on, and a tag that she couldn't read without a mirror. The other end of the chain went out of the door of the tent, but Anne decided to read the note that was left for her before investigating the other end of the chain. The note explained that he realized she was bored with their present relationship, and that he had concocted a kind of adventure if she was willing. Whatever happened on this adventure, he explained, she could tell him all about it later, or keep it a permanent secret, it was all up to her!

The familiar thick leather cuffs that they had played with before, and an identical second set for her ankles, were next to his note along with several padlocks. The note said that she could either wait in the tent for his return with his key to her collar, or that she could put on the other restraints, with the usual length of chain between her ankles, and hobble to the other end of the cable her chain was attached to. He told her in his note that once she started this adventure there was no turning back, as the other keys were at the other end of the cable and whoever or whatever was waiting there for her. It sounded like fun to Anne, all except the last part; the whoever or whatever part was obviously bullshit, but she did have to give him credit for something different.

To Anne it sounded like a story she had read about once and had bookmarked on her personal computer. She wondered if he somehow found out about it and was trying to duplicate that experience for her, or did he stumble on this idea all on his own. In any event her boyfriend Greg just doubled his net worth in her estimation, and she knew she would have to see what was waiting out there for her. With the collar locked on her she couldn't even pull a shirt over her head, but she didn't mind being nude in the woods, and this was kind of like her earlier experience with being stranded without clothes, and it excited her.

Without any conscious thought she absent mindedly played at cuffing her left ankle and trapping the chain in the hasp of the lock as instructed. Whether it was an accident or not she wasn't sure, but when she pushed the padlock closed just enough to hear that familiar "CLICK", she knew she was committed. She cuffed her other ankle similarly, and was now sitting with her ankles not able to move more than eighteen inches apart. The restriction on her movement was hardly noticeable while she was sitting.

She attempted to cuff her wrists together behind her back, but found it difficult to do without help, so she settled for cuffing them together in front of her. She was able to push the padlock's hasp closed with her chin and only then did she realize the error she just made. Her wrists were only an inch apart, as there was no chain between them like she was used to, but her cuffs were also on top of her collar chain, so depending on the height of the cable she was attached to, her hands might be forced over her head.

She crawled out of the small tent's door and was forced to walk like an inch worm as both of her arms had to move at the same time, locked together as they were, but her chained ankles were a little better off. Her collar chain got in the way as well, and she had no way to prevent the cold dew from the tent's door flap from giving her an early morning chill on her naked back. Moments after that she had to find a way to answer the call of nature with her hobble chain restricting her options.

Once that was taken care of she found that she was attached to a six foot heavy chain with a quarter inch steel cable running through the last link on the chain. The cable was wrapped around the six inch diameter oak tree that their tent was under, with an eyelet swedged into the end and the free end of the cable threaded through the eyelet forming a slip knot. The slip knot was pulled tight around the tree, and then the cable ran through that last chain link, and off deeper into the woods. There was something about this set up that bothered her, but she put that thought off for the moment.

She had to admire her boyfriends resourcefulness, she was not only bound, albeit mostly by her own hand, but forced to remain nude for this little adventure he concocted. To her, it was two of things she loved best. She thought the only way it could be better, the perfect proverbial trifecta, would be some intolerant man, or woman, waiting on the other end of the cable forcing her to do all sorts of unthinkable things to earn her freedom. And anything she was "forced" to do would be guilt free as she was bound and helpless and at her intolerant man's mercy! It took all of her self control not to rub herself off right there, but her imaginary intolerant man might not approve, she thought to herself with a laugh!

She had obviously been nude in the woods before with her boyfriend, but bound with no way to put clothes back on if caught was a whole new thing, and just a little bit frightening now that she thought her situation through. She had no real choice now and started walking into the woods following the cable, which was pulled tight and laying on the ground. She found that she had to tug the chain along with her hands to keep from choking herself when the chain got caught up on all sorts of things common on the forest floor, and fifteen minutes into her ordeal she wished she wasn't barefoot.

Walking hobbled was a whole new experience as well, and she eventually got to the point that she didn't trip very often in her slow shuffle along the cable. The cable seemingly went on forever, but she thought her perception of distance was off due to her slow pace through the woods. In spots the cable wove between large trees, and at one point it went under a massive fallen log. But Anne had come too far to be stopped easily by any obstacle, and was at this point oblivious to her nudity as well. She searched for a way under the log, and she found if she pulled all of the slack out of the cable, she could scramble between a muddy puddle and the log. The puddle was deeper than she thought, and colder as well, and once she was under the log she realized it was placed there on purpose to provide her with a mud bath. It also had the unintended consequence of scratching up some of her more sensitive skin.

The cable ran up from the fallen log and was gaining elevation, and was above the level of her head now. It ran from one stout tree limb to another, all cut very short and a bother to pull her chain over. It had previously ran along the ground, and this new height prevented her from putting her cuffed wrists much lower than her breasts. Now she couldn't even take matters into her own hands even if she wanted to! She also realized she was lucky not to have succeeded in cuffing herself behind her back, as that would have made her trip nearly impossible.

Anne was forced to climb a short hill with her arms half way over her head, looking like she was surrendering half-heartedly to whoever was on the other side. She knew the cable could only be so long, and she already had walked farther than she ever thought she would have to. Now she could smell the familiar odor of cooking bacon. She crested the hill and saw her cable ran right through a campsite with several people milling about cooking breakfast. Unlike her they were fully clothed, and were apparently expecting her as they were looking in her direction when she crested the hill. She saw one of the women with her hand on the cable, and it occurred to her that she likely felt the taut cable's vibration at her approach to the campsite.

There was little she could do about her state of dress, and she couldn't even put her hands down low enough to cover her ample breasts; however she did *try* to cover them with her elbows in an ineffective attempt at modesty. There was no way to cover her neatly trimmed bush and walk at the same time, and she abandoned both futile attempts in seconds. A man, considerably older than her, saw her and called her down to eat some breakfast, as if having a nude and bound woman covered in mud and chained to a cable visit for breakfast was the most normal thing in the world.

She was apprehensive and might have tried to escape, but there was something about the way the man called to her that was friendly and non threatening, and she also knew her boyfriend Greg had set this up for her. Upon further inspection, there was a cabin, and several other cables converging on the campsite from different directions out of the woods, and they looked like they had been there for years. One of the other men scrambled up the little hill to help Anne down, and he wrapped a powerful arm around her middle as her arms were still held up near her head like she was still surrendering. She tingled at his powerful touch, and he told her nonchalantly that the East run was always messy!

The man helped her down and turned her over to two of the women there, and they washed her hands and face for breakfast, the rest she was told would wait. Anne found that eating with her hands cuffed was challenging, and she also noticed that nobody offered to remove them for her either. Just like when she entered camp, the group ate with her like this was normal for this place, and she felt like she belonged. There were three men and three women there, but none of them seemed to be husband and wife.

The man who had greeted her initially said, "Anne, everyone in this group are members of a club of like minded people who like to play "adult games" with each other. Greg thought you might like to try it, and possibly even join our little group."

Anne had a strong submissive side already, and being the youngest woman there, and naked and bound as well, ensured her position at the bottom of that social grouping. She knew she was what every boyfriend called "hot", but this situation negated any advantage her appearance might have given her, and in fact made her even more of a display item.

She didn't say anything, but her silence encouraged the man to continue. "Before you decide, let me tell you the rules. First of all, nothing will happen without your express consent! But that consent is implied by your attendance at a function. Secondly, there are no "stag" male members allowed in the club, and if Greg wants to join, and if he got voted in, you would be part of his price of admission. To be clear, *you* could join without him, but he couldn't join without you. Third, the women are drawn by lot for the festivities, and the men schedule their time. Fourth, spouses and significant others are not allowed to attend the same functions as this has been the cause of many disagreements, with rare exceptions!"

The group laughed at some kind of private joke between them at that statement, and Anne wanted to ask what happened, but decided not to. The last rule was expected, health and background, drug and disease free, and no criminal record or shady dealings.

Anne was told that they already knew she passed all the rules, and asked if she wanted to play a round with them. It was explained that the loser would remain bound and draw all the meal duty, and each of the three winning women would spend the night with one of the men. She knew this was so wrong, but she did have Greg's blessing, and she was as hot as she ever could remember being. She tried not to sound too slutty when she said "YES"!

She was told that in that case, she should clean off the table while the other women get ready, and good luck to her. She suspected each of the men there would like to win a night with her, and she knew she would like to win a night with all of them.

The lock holding her wrists together was removed and she got to work. The cable was over head here and it and allowed her to sit comfortably at the table, but clearing the table meant she either had to have one hand free to pull her chain, or clean up with both hands twice as fast and endure a constant tugging on her throat. When she was done she was called over to the center of the camp by the three men and her wrists were recuffed behind her back with three links of chain between them, pulling her shoulders back and projecting her breasts up and out.

The men's rough hands on her smooth skin as she was cuffed had her freely flowing down below, and she hoped her muddy appearance hid that. They still held her firmly and removed her collar, only to replace it with a stainless steel one attached to another chain on a different cable run. It was lightly padded inside, but four inches wide, and it prevented her from looking down without bowing like in an Asian greeting. It forced her to walk bowed over if they wanted to see where she was putting her feet, and further humbled her.

Anne was directed to stand in the center of the camp until the other women were ready, and she felt the hungry stares of the men as she was forced to thrust her chest out invitingly. The other women came out of the cabin just as nude as she was, and identically bound. Their thirty-something year old bodies looked just as good if not better than her twenty three year old one. The ladies called her over, and the four followed their cables into the shower house.

With their arms pinned behind their backs, the only way for them to bathe was for them to cooperatively wash each other. There were thick sponges and all kinds of soaps, and apparently an unlimited supply of hot water. Anne couldn't decide what was worse, washing all the parts of another woman, or having them doing the same for her. She caught herself thrusting at the sponge when it was used between her legs, and the woman doing it noticed and was possibly more aggressive than necessary. They took turns kneeling and washing each other, and before it was all over Anne came to two conclusions; first, if the men weren't there, these women would do nicely, and second, this was the most fun she had bathing since she was a child, and she had already decided to join the club.

The four bound and collared women pony-tailed each other's wet hair to keep it out of their faces. It was a process that required one woman to kneel behind another that was standing, and the two had to intertwine their cuffed ankles as the one standing worked behind her back. The ponytail was a detail that Anne thought she wouldn't have considered on her own, and not nearly as intimate as washing each other in the shower.

The cables they were attached to ran together at the shower house, but diverged and went off into the woods once out of the camp. They waited in line like naked ponies for a race, as if it was the most normal thing in the world. Anne would have thought that having three other women just as exposed as she was would have made a difference to her, but she realized it only gave her three others to compete with. It was explained to the four that for this round they would in fact race into the woods to the end of their runs, and retrieve the flags waiting there. They would then return and the one who was last, or without a flag, would have the privilege of serving the others as they were, and would remain that way until the morning.

Anne thought to herself that if she wasn't so horned up, losing would be almost as fun as winning!

The still dripping women were told to close their eyes and bend over. Three of them knew what to expect, and in fact looked forward to it. For Anne, finding the correct balance point with the tug of her chain and her bound wrists was hard, and the moment she was smacked on her little ass she yelped, and didn't immediately start into the woods like her fellow competitors. She got the idea quick enough though and hobbled off, although not as quickly or smoothly as the others.

The men, for their part, were happy to see the new girl had not been warned by the others and was relaxed when she received her smack. It was easy to tell for the experienced men, her little fleshy ass jiggled nicely, and that made her hanging breasts do the same, although at her age they didn't really "hang" all that much. The men were quietly rooting for her to win, or at least not lose, but they knew the other women wouldn't let that happen easily, and they expected her to end up being their voluntary slave. The other women had such grace bound as they were that they didn't even look bothered by their hobble chains. Anne paused to look back to see the men looking at her retreating ass, and realized that one of the men had the double duty of smacking two women at the same time, explaining why she only heard one large "SLAP" at the start of the race.

Once into the woods proper she was on her own, and she grabbed at her collar chain with her nearly useless hands to keep the tension off of her neck. She tested her collar and realized that even if she stumbled she could sit on her ass and not choke or break her neck. (Apparently the men had thought of their safety, and unknown to her at the time, if she were to fall and end up in some kind of unforeseen situation, the link to her collar was designed to break away long before achieving the tension necessary to seriously hurt her).

Her cable run went off into the woods and there was heavy brush she had to plow through without the benefit of her hands to keep the scratching sticks away from her more tender skin. Several mosquitoes were tormenting her, and if her hands were free, or even cuffed in front of her, they would have been squashed already. She used wild motions of her head and mostly shoulders to make her pony tail slap at them, and she reminded herself of what a real horse does. When she did that though, the heavy chain also slapped at her chest, and threatened to pinch the erect nipples on her wildly swinging breasts. There was enough of a trail for her hobbled bare feet to let her know that others had used this run before, and her hobble chain at least didn't get hung up on the brush she was forced to push through.

She was soon in a more clear area, but had to negotiate several huge logs down across the path she had to follow. What would have been a simple task of stepping over the obstacles without the hobble, became an ordeal of sitting her naked ass on the rough logs, without losing her balance cuffed as she was, and swinging her legs over the other side while grinding the bark into her back side. By the time she got over the last log her ass was scratched up pretty good, but the discomfort, (she didn't really consider this pain), only fueled her arousal. She knew if her hands were cuffed in front of her she would have likely had them busy, even though she had the feeling she was being watched.

The cable went down a gentle slope and she heard the unmistakable sound of running water, and she soon found herself at the bank of a small stream. The cable was at hip height and pulled taut there under a heavy hook sunk into a large tree, and she slid her cuffed hands along the cable, using it as a safety rail. Pulling her chain under or over whatever hook was holding the cable was now second nature to her, and she did it like she had been doing it her whole life. The water was cold, but shallow, and she was soon at the other side and onto her next challenge.

The cable ran through several more obstacles and then out into an open field, and here Anne felt more exposed than at any other time since she first entered the camp. It was only hours ago, but it felt like a different life to her, especially compared to the boring one she left behind at the tent with Greg. The cable wound around at a massive steel post set in concrete, and the other cables did the same at different heights, and from different directions. There were no flags on the post, and she didn't hear or see any of the other women and assumed that meant there were no more flags left. Anne wasn't sure if this was the end of her run, or if she was to pull her chain around the steel post and follow it further. The cables were run in such a way that they quickly separated again, and if she were that far behind the others she might have not seen them. She decided to retrace her path back into the camp, and prepared to be the virtual serving wench to the others...

When she finally returned to the camp nobody was there. It occurred to her that the heavy post in the open field was likely a turning point, both figuratively and literally, because it was at that point that she decided she wanted to be the servant of the others more than one of the winners.

...Anne waited patiently for the others to return to the camp, and she secretly hoped they would treat her badly...

When the others finally did return they told her she obviously lost, and that she had turned back at the half way point. The other three women arrived within fifteen minutes of each other even though their runs were not even the same length.

Anne was declared the loser, and she was given everything she needed for dinner, and this included a fire that was still smoldering. She was attached to a cable run that had full access to the cooking area, and there were extra logs for the fire. She found that building a fire with her hands cuffed behind her back, and not burning herself, was a difficult task to master.

She was still horned up as bad as she ever remembered, but with her focus on the task at hand she was able to forget about it. At least until she heard the moans and groans of the three couples in the cabin, they were going at it like they never would see each other again and it made her jealous, and to put that out of her mind she went back to the fire. She couldn't actually cook dinner until everybody was ready for it, and by the way it sounded that could be awhile.

It was getting dark by the time the men were done with the women, not that it looked like any of them would be complaining. The women went into the shower, still naked but no longer bound like she was... By the time they came out dinner was ready, and Anne realized how hard it is to cook a simple meal with your wrists cuffed together behind your back. The men were dressed and watching Anne struggle with dinner, and the woman came out of the shower dressed as well, and looking satisfied. They didn't treat her as badly as she thought she wanted, but there was a definite lower social class that she was in with these new friends of hers, just like before.

After dinner she worked as the others watched, and she felt like a slave, or even entertainment. The thought excited her, and she wondered when they would release her so she could sleep. She didn't have the courage to ask for her freedom, and at bedtime she was just given a sleeping bag in the open near the fire as the weather was perfect. She found getting into a sleeping bag, even bound as she was, was easier than finding a comfortable position to sleep in. It made the ordeal of zippering the bag with her cuffed hands seem easy. Her shoulders were on fire because her arms behind her for so long, and she had to alternate between laying on her belly and smashing her ample chest under her, and laying on her side and putting one of her arms to sleep. A half hour after getting into the bag she regretted drinking that bottle of water, even though the men were particularly entertained to watch her do it without her hands.

The morning finally came and Anne slept, even though she swore that she never did. The others took pity on her, and the men cooked breakfast even though it was supposed to be her job. One of the ladies took her into the shower house after she was put onto her original run with her own collar. The woman bathed her after she stripped down to keep her own clothes dry, and the hot shower was welcome, as was the intimate wash down. Anne told the woman that she wanted to do this again, and the two shared several secret observations about the club, and several other things before the long shower was over. Anne wasn't satisfied after her shower, but she was more relaxed as she ate her breakfast, and she tried not to betray the confidence the two ladies now shared as she ate!

After they were done eating, phone numbers were exchanged and Anne definitely knew she wanted to join the club. She could decide later if she wanted to join on her own, or with her boyfriend Greg, and either way her boring life would never be the same again. Her very sore arms were un-cuffed and she was allowed to move them around for a minute before they were re-cuffed in front of her. The men knew she would have trouble if they were left behind her on the cable she came into the camp on. They knew the other more experienced girls could do it and that Anne had a lot to learn, but that was all the fun.

The hasp of her wrist padlock was looped into a link on her neck chain several links from her collar, forcing her hands to stay at the level of her chest. They didn't want her doing anything with herself until she returned to Greg on the other end of the cable and he decided to free her. The keys for her release were locked on her hobble chain with a small luggage padlock, and Greg had the key for it. If she were as flexible as a college gymnast she could possibly free herself, but she knew it would be easier to just let Greg do it. She was given a swat on her little ass and sent back the way she came, and discretely followed to ensure her safety, although she didn't notice it.

The End