## The Handsome Ransom

After Eric (Crysta's boyfriend) and Donna [ate their bananas](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/RichardHertz/www/BananaGame.htm), they both looked at their watches, and started to get up from their lunch.  "I've got a calculus class to go to," Eric said.

"Yes, and I'm late for my basket weaving class", Donna joked.  She knew Eric didn't take calculus.

Just then, Donna's phone rang.  She looked at it and saw it was Crysta calling.  "Hi, Crysta, I thought you were going to have lunch -- "  Crysta interrupted her, and something in her voice sounded wrong.  "what's the matter?"

Crysta was crying.  "I've been kidnapped by some bitch -- ooff -- nice girl, who calls herself 'Linda'."

"Where are you?!"

"I don't know -- they came into our dorm room while I was taking a nap, and blindfolded me."

"Them?  Who?  Crysta, are you OK?"

"No, I'm not OK.  They punched me and did terrible things to me, and then paraded me out of my room.  I begged them to get some clothes on, but they wouldn't let me.  They humiliated me, Donna."

"How?  What terrible things did they do?"

"When we got outside, in the quad, they made me stretch my arms and legs apart as far as I could, and hold that position.  Every time my arms fall, they did something to me.  They put clothespins on my nipples, and they shoved a dildo up my pussy.  I could hear people walking by, but I couldn't see them because I was still blindfolded."

"Didn't anyone help you?"

"They told me they would hurt me if I yelled for help, so I kept quiet.  Then they took me in their car.  Now I'm out in the middle of nowhere, and Linda says she will let me go if you pay a ransom."

"How much does she want?"

"She doesn't want money.  She wants your dress."

"My dress?"

"Ooooow!"

"What's happening!  Crysta, are you OK?"

"Not really, Donna.  My legs are spread apart nearly to the breaking point, and my arms are tied over my head, and I can't see anything because they won't take off the blindfold.  Linda says if she doesn't get your dress within the next five minutes, she's gonna let Larry have his way with me.  He's already been pawing me, and it's gross.  He's been rubbing my tits and my pussy.  I hate him, but he makes me wet anyway, and then he rubs my juice all over me.  I think he's naked, too, because he has been pressing his sweaty body against mine.  He keeps asking Linda if he can fuck me in the ass, but Linda keeps telling him to wait, hoping maybe you'll pay the ransom."

*This is horrible.  I need to do something to save my girlfriend, but if I don't come back to the sorority house with this dress, they'll kick me out of IFT.*  "OK, Crysta, I'll pay the ransom.  Tell me what I have to do."

"First, take off the dress, right now.  Oh, my God, hurry.  Larry is standing behind me, and he has both my tits in his hands!  He's breathing on my neck, and he's got his dick between my cheeks.  With my legs stretched like this, I can't keep him out, please hurry."

Donna could hear some muffled voices through the phone.  Then it was Crysta again.  "Donna, hurry; he's asking Linda if he can fuck me.  I feel the wet tip of his dick against my asshole, and squeezing my tits -- it hurts!  Oh, hurry!  He's starting to push.  I'm clenching my asshole as hard as I can, but I don't think I can keep him out!"

Donna looked around, and saw everyone in the cafeteria looking at her.  She didn't want to take off her dress, and besides, who would know if she did or didn't?  So she lied, "I took off the dress, Crysta.  Now what?"

"Now hand the dress and the phone to Eric."  She handed the phone to Eric, and folded her arms, as if to hold onto her dress a little longer.  Short as it was, her dress was all that stood between her and total nudity, so she wasn't about to give it up if she didn't have to.

"Crysta, baby, are you OK?" Eric asked.  Donna thought later that he had seemed a little blasé, but in the heat of the moment, that didn't register.

Donna could hear Crysta's voice talking in Eric's ear, but she couldn't make out what she was saying.  Eric replied to Crysta, "Is who naked?"

Donna grabbed the phone out of Eric's hands. "  Owww!  He's pinching my nipples, and they both have little hard-ons.  He says he'll pinch harder and harder until I relax my asshole and let him in.  Oh, FUCK that hurts."  It sounded like Crysta had to give in, and was getting a thorough ass-fucking.  She fell silent as Larry finished in about five strokes, and then pulled out.  "Oh, Donna, it's awful.  I'm leaking girl cum from my front, and boy cum from my backside, and it's all running down my legs."  Donna knew Crysta felt ashamed that she had an orgasm, too.

Between sobs, Crysta said, "Linda says to tell you that was my punishment because you lied about being naked.  She says you should tell her to take off the dress now, and no more lying."  Plaintively, she added, "please?"

Donna looked around.  Apparently, the phone call had attracted considerable attention because everyone in the cafeteria was looking at her.  Her mind reeled.  She didn't want to be responsible for Crysta being raped again, but she didn't really see how doing a public strip-tease would prevent that.  She lifted her dress tentatively as she thought it over.  Everyone in the cafeteria craned their necks for a look under it.  Was she wearing knickers?  Inquiring minds needed to know.  Donna looked at Eric, who was no help at all.  He was motioning for her to take off her dress.  She put the phone on the table, stood up and faced away from the crowd of onlookers, because she didn't want to look at them as she stripped.  She crossed her two arms in front of her, and reached around to pull up the back of her dress, revealing her beautiful, round ass.  All eyes were on her, wondering *is she wearing a thong?*  She kept lifting her dress, soon confirming to all the spectators that she wasn't wearing anything under the dress.  She pulled it off, and then sat down again, with her legs tightly crossed, clutching the tiny dress to her chest.  She picked up the phone, and said, "OK, I'm naked.  Now tell Linda to let you go."

"It's no good, Donna.  She won't let me go until she gets the dress.  She says you have to give the dress to Eric, then go with him to the corner of Main Street and First Avenue, and await further instructions.  She says if you don't do exactly as she says, I will get raped again.  Please hurry."

"Come on, Eric," Donna said.  "We have to go to Main and First."  She got up, holding the dress in front of her, which left her backside completely uncovered.  She knew she was being watched, so she swung her hips as she walked, just to tease the spectators.  She held the dress with one hand, and the phone with the other, which was a bit awkward, so she wasn't completely successful covering her front with it, either.  All eyes were on her gorgeous ass as it wiggled out of the cafeteria.

"No, no, no!" Crysta said.  With horror, Donna realized she was talking to her attackers, "Keep your hands off me!"  But it was no use.  It seemed that Linda gave the go-ahead for another boy to fuck Crysta in her dripping wet cunt, and Crysta was powerless to resist, although she resisted anyway.  She pulled away from him as much as she could, although with her legs tied apart so wide, and her hands held way over her head, there wasn't much she could do to prevent his rock-hard cock from entering her.  He grabbed her butt cheeks and rotated her hips for a better angle.  Then he shoved his manhood into her.  Over and over he pulled her pelvis toward him, shaking her like a rag doll as he pushed his dick in and out of her.

"Fuck!" Crysta said, "I fuckin' came again, I hate that."

"You hate what?"  Donna asked.  But she knew.  Crysta had another orgasm, which was completely involuntary, as the second boy finished his nasty work.

Meanwhile, Eric was hurrying Donna out of the cafeteria, but Donna was slowing down because she was still trying to modestly cover herself -- just her front, really -- with the minidress that she had taken off.  Eric was pulling on one of Donna's hands, so she only had the other hand to both hold the phone and cover herself, so despite her best efforts, she was able to cover just her pussy.  Her breasts were both exposed, because if she tried to cover one or the other, the dress would swing from side to side, uncovering her pussy.  As she passed people, they saw her state of undress, and turned to look at her ass as she hurried by.  Crysta was in the phone, crying.  "Did you give Eric the dress?" Crysta asked again, between sobs.

Donna realized her efforts to cover herself with the little dress were actually drawing more attention than being naked, so it was pointless to continue trying to cover just her front with the dress.  She gave it to Eric, and continued jogging, completely naked, her little breasts jiggling with each step.  She attracted a lot of attention as she jogged along the sidewalk, and this attention excited her.  By the time she and Eric arrived at Main and First, her lips were visibly swollen with excitement.  She touched herself, and discovered she was quite wet.  She spread her legs apart to air out a little, and then remembered Crysta was still on the phone.  "Did you give Eric the dress?" Crysta repeated, a little more frantically this time.

"Yes, yes, I'm at the corner of Main and First, and Eric has my dress.  I'm stark naked, and I see a traffic jam forming in all directions."

"Good.  Now you are to spread your legs apart so your pussy and asshole are both fully visible, and hold the dress high over your head.  Are you doing that?  No more lying, or I'll get raped again, please."

It was humiliating for her to spread herself so wide like that, but Donna did as she was told.  Eric handed her the dress, and walked around her as she held it high in the air.  He admired Donna's very sexy body, especially since her lips were puckered.  He rubbed her flat belly and murmured words of encouragement.  This took her mind off her predicament, but it also made her more excited, and Eric noticed.  He gently rubbed her breasts and cheeks, too.  Donna was glad to have a friend looking out for her.  "OK, Crysta, I'm doing it, although I'm not at all happy about this.  I feel very vulnerable right now."

"Tell me about it.  Think how I feel, blindfolded, tied up and repeatedly raped!"

"I'm sorry, Crysta, that was thoughtless of me.  What should I do now?"

Crysta continued, "Wait for a courier to come and take your dress.  Then you must use your fingers to moisten your vagina, and signal you're ready by closing your eyes and putting your hands on your hips"

"Moisten my what?" Donna protested.

"I'm sorry, Donna, but it has to be done this way.  When it's all over, we'll both be safe, and then we can laugh about this."

"I'm not so sure, Crysta, but OK."  Just then a man on a bicycle rode up, and swiped Donna's dress out of her hands, and sped off.  For a minute, Donna forgot her instructions, but then she remembered, and started fingering her clitoris with one hand while she held the phone with the other.

Crysta said, "After you indicate you're nice and wet, then another courier will bring a tube to you and then insert it into your vagina.  The tube will contain further instructions."

"What?!"

"You know, like a message in a bottle."

"Crysta!  No!  I'm not going to stand here and let some stranger shove something up my cunt!"  But even as she said it, she knew she would do it, for the sake of her friend.  She kept rubbing her clit, and the thought of having an object inserted by a stranger, in public like this, actually excited her.

To Eric, she said, "Can you help me? Crysta says I need to get nice and wet, so maybe you could --"

"Say no more," he said, and began gently massaging her inner thighs.  Soon, she was about to come, so she thought she'd better stop masturbating.  She put her hands on her hips, cradling the phone against her shoulder, and waited.  "I'm ready for the instructions to be inserted," she said.

"One more thing, Donna, I hate to say this, but you need to close your eyes for this part."

"OK" Donna said.  By this point she was ready for anything.  "They're closed.  Can we get this over with?"  Donna stood, legs apart, hands on hips, eyes closed, and hovering near orgasm as Eric continued massaging her inner thighs and belly.  Every now and then, he would "accidentally" brush his hand against her quivering pussy, sending it into spasms of near-orgasm.

"Donna, you can't open your eyes, or I'll be raped again.  Please, please do as I say, no matter what happens."

"OK! Let's finish this, so you can be released!"  My eyes are closed, and I won't open them for anything!"  She scrunched up her eyes tight as if to demonstrate to Crysta she was serious.

Just then, a smooth object touched her vagina, and parted her wet, swollen lips.  Then the object was withdrawn, and re-inserted.  Again and again the object was moved in and out of her waiting vagina.  "Stop!  I'm going to cum!" Donna said.  At that point, the object was gently pushed all the way into her vagina, and she came, over and over, with her eyes still closed.  Her vagina and asshole pulsed with each wave of orgasm.  She opened her eyes, and saw all the people looking at her, which both embarrassed her and made her more excited -- she came again.  Eric put his arm around her to comfort her, lightly touching her breasts, and she moaned and came again.  Eric took the hint, and rubbed her erect nipples causing another wave of delight to come over her.

When she had finally finished her public orgasms, Donna asked, "Eric, what are the instructions?"

Eric replied, "What instructions?"  He was standing slightly in front of her, with his arm still around her, stroking her back gently with one hand.  He stroked down the middle of her back, between her outstretched cheeks, and gently caressed her asshole, and felt it quiver under his touch.

Donna looked down at her pussy, saying. "You know, the instructions."

"Oh!" Eric said, "I'll get them."  With his right hand still caressing her asshole, he put the fingers of his left hand between her lips, and felt a hard object, but he couldn't get a good grip on it, because it had been pushed all the way in.  He tried to grip it again and again, but each time he tried, he lost his grip on it.  In trying to grab the object, he also inadvertently brushed her clitoris over and over.  Within a minute, she came again, Eric knew, because he felt her asshole contracting rhythmically.  "I'm sorry, babe," Eric said, still stroking her quivering asshole, "you'll need to push it out."

Having just come, Donna's vagina was well lubricated.  Within a second, a glass tube with a cork in it, was ejected from Donna's pussy into Eric's waiting hand.  He let go of her asshole just as Donna was about to come yet again, and opened the tube.  "There's a message."

"What does it say?!" Donna asked excitedly

"It says, 'Thank you, you are a true friend.  And it's signed, 'Crysta'.'"

"That's it?  When will she be released from her horrible kidnappers?"

"Here I am."  It was Crysta!  She was fully dressed (for her) in a white minidress that flared at the hips and white high-heel shoes.

"Thank God you're OK!"  Donna said as she put her arms around her friend.  Crysta stroked her naked friend's back, and squeezed her delicious rumps.  "When were you released?"

Donna and Eric each took one of Donna's hands, and the three friends began walking..  "Well," Crysta began.

Donna sensed something was wrong, and stopped suddenly.  "You were never kidnapped, were you."

Eric began laughing.

"And you were in on it!" Donna said, as she playfully mock-punched his dick (which, Donna noted, was hard as a rock).

"And you, too!  You made up all the stories about being raped by those boys"  Donna lifted the back of Crysta's dress, and pulled it over her head.  In the seconds it took Crysta to fix her dress, Donna noticed that Crysta was excited, too.

"I see this is turning you on," Donna said.  Rubbing Crysta's wet pussy, she asked, "Are you getting your jollies at my expense?"

"No, Donna, it's not like that, I promise."  Crysta put a hand on Donna's lovely rump, and started stroking her crack.  "It's just that, you know..."

Crysta was having trouble finishing her sentence, so Eric jumped in.  "It's just that you need help being less inhibited in public, and we're trying to help you."  He massaged her breasts, while Crysta continued massaging her rumps, which felt good, so Donna unconsciously widened her stance to give Donna easier access.  Eric continued, "so we invented this... um, circumstance... to help you forget your inhibitions."

Donna felt really sexy with both of her closest friends working on her this way.  "Oh, yes, I've forgotten them," she said.  Donna noticed Eric wasn't wearing his pants any more.  When did he take them off?  She was having memory lapses from all the excitement.  Eric continued kneading her breasts as Crysta penetrated her asshole with her fingers.  Just then, Eric's large dick found its way into Donna's front.  Donna indicated her acceptance by pressing her belly against Eric's, easing his entry.  After one stroke of his long shaft, Donna came again.  This was the best orgasm yet, as he kept working on her breasts, and Crysta kept working on her ass.  "Oh, yes!" Donna said as Eric pushed again and again.  Donna's mouth found the closet pair of lips, which belonged to Eric.  She kissed him deeply.  She released him in order to breathe, and found Crysta's mouth, and kissed it just as hard.   By the time it was over, Donna must have come a dozen times, and she was exhausted.

Luckily, they had walked all the way to the door of the IFT sorority house.  Eric and Crysta helped their friend inside, where she collapsed on the couch in the living room, her legs spread wide from exhaustion.  Her sorority sisters admired Donna's lack of inhibitions as she lay on the couch, with her pussy in full bloom, so they gave her some peace.  The girls and their boyfriends gave her occasional glances, but they didn't bother her.  They let her sleep on the couch.  They would wait until the next day to give Donna the bad news: if you lose an IFT dress, the next one won't be quite as modest.  That will be another story.  (Poor Donna.)