Danger Girl

by Thadsgood©

Hi, my name is Stephanie. However, my closest friends call me Danger Girl. I

find it kind of a superhero-ish thing but I kind of dig it. Why am I Danger

Girl? One of my closest friends suggested this forum for explaining how I came

into that name. It's simple really, I put myself in harm's way to get what I

want. What I want is rough sex. I want a guy to slap my face while I'm sucking

him. I want him to spank my ass while he grinds his dick into me relentlessly. I

want him to grab me by the hair, rip my clothes off and take me hard. I want him

to force me to do it, whatever he wants, without asking me. What I've found,

however, is that men tend to suck, and not in the good way either. Most often,

they are too nice, too caring, even the roughest, toughest looking guys. This is

why I now put myself out there, in places and situations I know that I'll be

successful, with guys who will give me what I want, what I need.

I'll have to go into some background in order to understand where I am, and why

I feel the way I do. Freud always pointed to childhood so I guess that's where

I'll start. I have two older brothers, we are just a few years apart. Our dad

left us when we were young, too young to remember much about him anyway. Mom had to work more than one job in order to support us. As we got older, this meant brothers often looked after me. I discovered in my early childhood how my nudity shocked my brothers. I remember jumping out at them when they were playing a game or something, and the rush I got from their shocked expressions. I also remember mom whipping my behind for it on more than one occasion, often in front of the boys, which I remember was humiliating but oddly exciting. I was

undaunted however, and I remained a flirt as I grew. Some would say that early

childhood shaped my behavior, I prefer to think of it as something innate.

My older brother JD started to take on the disciplinarian role starting in his

early teens, when mom wasn't around. I clearly remember the first day he spanked

me. I must've been 10 or so and he and my other brother Rob had friends over.

They were totally ignoring me, as boys tended to do then, and I decided that

raising my nightgown over my head would be a good way to get attention. I

remember the surprise on his friend's faces. He ordered me to go the bathroom

and get mom's hairbrush and I certainly recall the tingly feeling I got from

having to march there and back, knowing I was going to be punished, most likely

in front of all his friends. I remember the uncomfortable laughter from the

boys, and the tears flowing from my eyes, but I also remember the burning, as

yet unnamed feeling I had inside me.

From then on I endeavored to get that feeling as often as possible. I'd

practically have to break something for him to notice me and then there I'd be,

over his knee, or bent over the couch, my pajamas at my ankles, while he, Rob,

or other boys would cheer him on. It was intoxicating. I became such a pest when

his friends were over that JD took to tying me up. I was 12 or 13 when another

thing was introduced to me that is with me to this day. One day I was so longing

for it that I actually punched him in the arm (not that I could hurt him, by

then he was a strong, football playing kid of 16 or so). He grabbed my wrists

with both hands to stop me from hitting him.

"Stephanie Jane! You are in for it now!" He said in his most menacing tone to

date. I recall the excited rush I got from his demeanor. I recognize it as

sexual desire now, I had no idea then.

He yanked me over to the couch and began spanking me barehanded through my

shorts. This didn't satisfy him so he roughly pulled the shorts down over my

hips and, holding both my wrists with one of his meaty hands the other wailed

away at my bare ass. Only he, Rob and one of their neighbor friends were there

and I could hear them giggling. I was red faced and red assed but for some

reason it just didn't do it for me. I continued to flail at JD and curse him

with every four letter word I knew then ( I didn' t know as many then, I

certainly know more now!). Finally, in disgust, he held my hands behind my back

and made Rob go get some twine from the garage. I couldn't believe it, but he

tied my hands behind my back so I started kicking at him. In response he tied my

feet together as well (It probably wouldn't hold me now but I was a girly girl

back then, the only muscles I had were in my behind). I kept cursing JD so he

finally threw his hands up in disgust, went to the garage himself, came back

with duct tape and taped my mouth shut. So there I was, my shorts at my knees,

my hands bound behind me, my legs tied together, and my mouth sealed shut.

"Now you'll stay there until you can act right!" JD snapped. He walked out in

anger. This left Rob and their friend gawking at me. I clearly recall that

neither of them said anything, but moved closer. They stood silently over me for

what seemed like a long time. I could feel them looking at me, especially 'down

there'. I remember feeling so totally powerless yet so positively charged up. It

was a new wrinkle for me and I was thinking I like it. I think Rob got

uncomfortable and finally made his friend leave with him but not before I felt

hands touching my back, my behind, again, without a word.

Things just escalated from there. I'd provoke JD or Rob, who had also now begun

punishing me and I'd find myself most often tied up, spanked, and left for

viewing. It didn't take long before some of their friends took to doing more

than looking. At first I think JD might've said something about not doing it,

but I don't remember it ever having effect. In fact, JD took to tying me up,

standing, with my hands above my head, to one of the ceiling rafters in the

center of the room. It was like I was a pinata or something, certainly it made

me the center of attention, something of which I craved. It wasn't long after me

being tied up that way that the other boys began touching me. The first few

times I remember it being more like tickling and poking, but after a few times

with no repercussions from JD or Rob, they actually began touching my budding

tits, my butt, and even my pussy (though I'm not sure any of them knew what to

do with it yet). I look back and think how great it must've been for his horny

teenaged friends to see something like this as often as it happened. Back then I

guess I assumed this is what everyone did.

Eventually it was going to get out of hand but, just like with everything else,

it seemed to be what I wanted. I think I was 14 and JD was barely around. Rob

had taken over most of the 'punishment' duties and he was much quicker to tie me

up and spank me than JD had been, in fact, I now recognize today that he

probably was getting off on it. One day I particularly pissed him off purposely

and he tied me to the rafter with one of the neighbor boys present. He spanked

me more thoroughly than ever, I yelped like I'd never done before yet I felt a

stirring heat building between my legs. This time though, Rob reached around my

top, and jerked my little halter down, exposing my now much more developed tits.

I don't think his friend had ever seen me like this, his family was new to the

neighborhood. I remember his face had this intense look. Rob was much more into

the humiliation than JD was, he'd always tell me what a bad girl I was and he

rightly guessed when he'd tell me that I LIKED being punished, that I LIKED

being treated like that. I'd always deny it, of course. This time though, Rob

reached around and grabbed my nipples. It sent electric jolts through me. Now,

by this time I'd masturbated, teased my own nipples and had explored my own

body, but this rough tugging at my nipples was something which totally surprised

me. I'm sure I gasped. Rob just laughed,

"Sure, I'll bet you like this, don't you, you get me mad on purpose, just so you

can get yourself tied up and spanked, don't you, Stephanie Jane?"

I just mumbled " no, I most certainly did not."

Rob just sneered and announced to his friend, "I'm going to make myself a

sandwich, you want one?"

His friend shook his head yes and I watched Doug's eyes follow Rob out of the

room. He'd left me there with him. Now, today, I recognize that he probably had

set it all up, how it all went down. Doug wasted no time. All of a sudden he was

behind me.

"What are you doing?" I shrieked, though not feeling at all scared.

He said nothing. His hands circled around me and found my nipples, just like Rob

had. He began pulling and tugging on them. Again, the jolts shot through me. I

could feel him press in behind me. I could feel his hardness, yes, I'd seen hard

ones before, I'd busted in on JD and Rob purposely in the shower and I'd seen

them both soft and hard, I understood by then how they got that way. Doug's

hands found my pussy. He slid them around my lips and unceremoniously he a

finger in. He finger fucked me and I found myself bucking against his hand while

wildly straining on the ropes that bound my hands above me. I could feel him

behind me gyrating rhythmically, his fingers plunging into me while he seemed to

be bucking against my ass. Suddenly I felt it, hot and sticky, spurting onto my

reddened behind. He had jerked himself off on my ass. I remember a rumble going

through me at about that same time, starting in my pussy and overwhelming me. I

recognized it later as my first orgasm. I heard more grunts in the background,

it must've been Rob, watching and jerking off as well.

Things went from there, I'd get tied up and get played with, eventually I ended

up sucking their dicks, most often with my hands tied. Rob was always around,

but never participated, other than the spanking and tying. I lost my virginity

to one of their friends. We were walking across the field, coming back from

school. Bill just asked me if I'd take off my clothes. I didn't even hesitate,

he'd seen me naked many times before. I'd even sucked him off more times than I

could count. He ended up on top of me, humping away. It hurt a bit but I

remember what a wonderful feeling it was at the same time. I ended up sucking

and fucking pretty much all of my brother's friends throughout high school.

Later, when JD was away playing football at college, Rob had gone to work out of

state. Mom had gotten down to one job and was home a lot more. I recall a lot of

fights with her about my promiscuous ways. Things weren't the same though, with

JD and Rob gone, what I began to discover about boys was that most of them were

either too 'nice' and fawned over me like I was a porcelain doll, or they were

so into themselves and their pleasure that they lasted a minute or two and it

was over. I was searching for something and I didn't even know what, at the

time. It was the rough sex, the spanking, the bondage, the humiliation I was

craving but it took some time to come to that realization.

It wasn't until college when I recognized what I was missing and the "Danger

Girl" in me started surfacing. I'd already had numerous guys by then, none of

which ever gave me even more than a passing thrill, most of that came when I was

naked, on my knees, sucking their cocks. I had one professor, probably in his

mid to late 40's that seemed to take a shine to me. Psychology professor, to

boot, perhaps he read me. One day after class several classmates and I met at

the local college bar. He showed up, which wasn't unusual, they often drank with

the students, it wasn't out of the ordinary.

I was getting drunk and in my tipsy state I may have revealed more to him than I

remembered, either that, or he was just intuitive because he got me to talking

about sex. I guess I thought I was being playful or coy, but I think he put the

pieces together quickly. Next thing I knew we were in the parking lot and he was

kissing me. He stopped and pushed me back a little,

"Take off your blouse," he said gruffly.

"What?" I said, surprised.

"Take off your blouse or I'll take it off of you."

I began to tremble, but I began unbuttoning it without question.

"Faster," he urged, "or I'll rip it off you."

I wasn't quite fast enough and suddenly he slapped my hands away and with both

hands jerked the blouse open, popping off the final two buttons.

"That's better," he smirked.

His hands went right to my breasts. "No bra, figured."

His fingers went right to my nipples and just like in the past I felt the

familiar buzz go through me when he tugged on them. He leaned over and took them in his mouth, one at a time. I felt his teeth on me, first gently, then rougher.

I moaned.

"Yeah, you like that, slut? I knew you would," he said, then he returned to

biting my nipples.

His hand found my panty covered pussy and he wasn't gentle in tugging the

material aside and finding the target with his digits. I put my hand on his, as

if to guide him in. He slapped my hand hard.

"You little slut, I'll finger you, or not, and you'll sit there and take it, got

it?" I was a little girl again, getting scolded. I looked up at him, smiling

through his salt and pepper beard. I laid back and let him nip at my titties and

finger fuck me at his leisure. He removed his slick fingers and made me lick

myself off of him. I was wet beyond wet. He started to unbuckle his belt and

unzip himself. He took his cock out.

"Suck my cock," he ordered, as if I had no say.

It was already nice and hard. I leaned over to engulf it but before I did he

held the back of my head and with a handful of hair he started slapping my face

with it.

"Yeah, that's it, you want this dick, little girl? Then beg for it," he urged.

I begged, pleaded for his big, beautiful dick and I meant every word of it.

"That's right you little whore, you'll love sucking my dick, out in a parking

lot, won't you?"

"Mmmm, yes sir, I will," I mumbled, finally getting the cock tip in my mouth.

His hands alternately spanked my behind and played with my nipples while I

sucked him off. I was really getting into it when suddenly he jerked my head

back by my hair. He slapped me hard across my face.

"You little slut! Be very careful when you are sucking cock, you nearly bit me

there, you'd think a slut like you would know that by now," he gasped in an

excited state.

He shoved me back on his cock as I was mumbling out an, 'I'm sorry sir," between

the tears.

Finally I could sense his impending orgasm and I swirled my tongue around the

head as I vacuumed him in.

"Swallow it, show me what a little slut you are, swallow it....." he panted as

he shot his cum into my mouth.

I sputtered on his load but I shoked it down dutifully. He allowed me to slump

back into my seat for a minute while he zipped himself back up. He was eyeing me

intently, like he was gauging my reaction. I think he came to the right

conclusion.

"Now, get out," he barked.

I started to protest, my panties were torn, my shirt was ripped, I'm sure my

makeup was a fright, and I just knew I had some drying spit and saliva on my

chin with some of it having dripped onto my blouse. He smiled broadly.

"Don't worry, I'll see you again," he chuckled.

I did as I was instructed and got out in my disheveled condition. One of my

closest friends had been waiting in the bar.

"Oh my god, what happened to you, are you all right?" she said when she saw me.

When I told her some of what had happened it was then she said, 'Damn, that was

some danger, girl, what were you thinking?" From then on, the name began to get

more and more appropriate.

The prof was more than true to his word and it was he who showed me the way, as

I like to call it. It was he who made me suck his cock whenever and wherever he

wanted it. He often made me suck his cock in his tiny office, after tying my

hands behind my back with my own bra. He'd fuck me hard, he'd spank me red. He

called me his slut, his cock sucking whore and I gladly was. He was opening a

new world for me. Unfortunately, he was married, and our meetings dwindled down

to nothing. I was forced to now go in search of what I wanted, but at least this

time it had a face. This time I knew what it was I wanted.

This is the part where I found out pretty much everything I needed to know about

most men. They was very little difference between these men and the high

schoolers I'd fucked. There were the 'nice' men, the ones who treat you like a

queen but in bed you are yawning while they are trying to lick you. You know the

kind, their tongue goes in and out, in and out, it's the clit fellas, focus!

There were the cocky men, oozing confidence yet giving you the 'five minute

thrill ride' with no payoff. I went looking for the rough types, like in biker

bars and the like. This is where my friends starting calling me Danger Girl for

good. They couldn't understand why I was going into the worst places in bad

parts of town. Most often when I did meet someone, I found them to be the 'nice'

types, or worse, they were often so drunk they'd fall asleep half way through.

Its one thing to have directed, rough sex, it's another to just be fucked

pitifully, then left high and dry (well, wet). I had to hone my skill in finding

the right type of guy for me.

Being Danger Girl isn't always easy, it comes with consequences. One time I

actually met a guy in one of these biker bars. He seemed to be the type,

controlling, dominant. He pulled me out of a pool game by my arm. We'd just

barely met. He'd bought me several drinks by then. He pulled me over past the

bar, into the hallway where the restrooms are.

"Come on, you little tease, its time to pay up," he said drunkenly.

It was the tone I was looking for, I got moist. "Whatever do you mean, sir?" I

cooed suggestively.

"Get off it girl, you came here with your tits practically hanging out and that

sundress barely covering that ass of yours. You came here to get laid, so I'm

here to help you out."

I remembered all the teasing of my childhood. "I have no idea what you mean sir,

unhand me," and I pulled myself away from him. Suddenly I was against the wall.

"Bitch," he said softly, but with a menacing sneer, "you ain't leaving here

without getting fucked." His hand roughly grabbed my hardened nipple through the

fabric as he spoke.

I just melted back against the wall, he had me and I think he finally knew it. I

allowed him to move in closely and begin pawing me.

"Yeah, that's it baby, I knew you wanted it," he whispered as he dry humped me

in that hallway.

"Let's go out back," I croaked, my throat was suddenly dry. 'Let me suck your

cock."

He knew what he had then and he led me out the bar, his hand on my ass the whole time. We were in the alley in the back when he grabbed my sundess and forcefully pulled it up over my head. It left me in only my panties. He pawed me again, he mauled my big tits while he forced his tongue into my mouth. He was gross, uncouth, but he had me dripping. He shoved me onto my knees in the alley. My knees scraped the bricks hard. His cock was out. He grabbed my head and guided me onto his dick. I sucked him in. I smelled his rawness. It was sweat, piss,

whatever, I sucked his cock in that darkened alley. I put my hands around his

hips and pulled him into me deeply.

"Damn bitch, you dig this don't you?" he chortled. I had no answer.

He then yanked me off him with a pop. I felt like a rag doll. He shoved me

brutally over a recycle bin. In a second he'd ripped my panties off, I was

naked. He tapped his cockhead over my slickness for only a moment before he

started feeding it into me. Oh god, it felt good, being fucked so rudely like

that. He bucked me wildly, like he was taming his mare. I held onto that garbage

can for dear life. He smacked my ass while he drilled me, I was ecstatic. He was

calling me a whore, a cunt, and I was, I was his whore, his cunt, at that

moment. Finally he was too far gone. He pulled out of me quickly and spun me

around. He forced me to the ground again, onto my now bloody knees. He grabbed

me by the hair and just literally jammed his cock into my throat. He spasmed

wildly and shot his cum deep into my mouth. I was choking, coughing as he was

holding me firm and deep on him. Finally he relented and staggered back. He

looked down at me. "Look at you, naked in a fucking alley, cum dribbling down

your chin, what a fucking slut."

"Yes sir," I managed to choke out, his acrid cum now coating my throat.

"What a fucking slut," he repeated.

"Why didn't you cum in my pussy"? I wondered aloud.

"Because I don't want no fucking slut coming back telling me she's fucking

pregnant, just because she wanted to get fucked in an alley," he said, teeth

gritted.

God, he was treating me like shit and I was so totally hot I couldn't believe

it. I wanted to cum, I needed to cum, I wanted to see if he was willing. I

started to finger myself while I begged him.

"Come on, come here, suck my nipples, finger fuck me, something..." I begged, 'I

NEED it."

"You have got to be fucking kidding me," he laughed incredulously.

I continued, 'Please, I'll fuck you again, suck you, whatever, just come here,

spank my ass, pull my nipples hard, pleaaaaaaaaase."

He began to walk away. "You are fucking crazy, bitch, look at you, naked in an

alley, you are bleeding, you face is cummy." He hesitated for a minute.

I kept on strumming my pussy with my hand, I was lost in concentration, he moved

up next to me. He started pinching my nipples hard. He told me what a slut I

was. I closed my eyes, I didn't stop. He spanked my ass. I started to cum, he

started smacking my face.

"You stupid slut, you fucking LIKE this," he said in drunken anger.

I came all over my hand. This triggered something in him. He began slapping my

face repeatedly, hard. I tried to shield my face but when I did he slapped at my

breasts.

"You goddamn whore, you get off on this shit," he slurred.

I tried to crawl away but he kicked me in my naked ass. He chased me down the

alley, slapping and kicking at me. Finally I collapsed in a heap.

"Fucking stupid slut, stay down." He said, almost apologetically. He began to

softly caress my shoulders. I didn't look at him. His hand found his way down my

back, then to my naked ass. I could taste some blood on my lip own while his

hands felt me up. He found my snatch with his fingers.

"Unbelievable," he said, astonished.

He was right, I was still wet, embarrassingly so. He began to circle his fingers

on my clit. I ground back. His other hand found my nipple. He pulled on them, I

was bucking into him by then. His tugs became pulls, and soon he was yanking my

nipples out obscenely. I responded only with more moaning and grinding. He had

gotten two of his thick fingers in me by the time I shuddered in spectacular

release on his hand. He just shook his head in disbelief. He noticed some of my

blood on his pants. He slapped me again across the face hard.

"Bitch, you got blood on me."

He saw my pocketbock lying next to my dress. He rifled through it while I lay

there, naked and sobbing. He took out the remaining 25 bucks I had. Thank

goodness I'd left my purse in the car.

"This ought to cover the dry cleaning," he snorted.

He took one more look at me.

"Unfucking believable," he said again. "I should go get my friends in the bar to

all have a go with you," he said as he disappeared into the night. I never saw

him again. I laid in the alley, sobbing. I have to admit, I waited. I laid in

the alley, naked, my sundress laying on the ground while I waited to see if his

friends would show. I walked through the lot naked, to my car. I still wonder

what would've happened if he'd sent them back there. I've often fantasized about

it.

I've learned since that there are ways to find what I like without getting beat

up first. That was one of my most dangerous adventures, for sure. It took me

some times like that to learn, but, like I said, it's not always easy being

Danger Girl.

I took a lesson from that, however. I found better places to find what I need

and I've gotten it, many times over. Maybe I'll get my friends to give me a push

to tell you about those times too. See ya! Danger Girl

Danger Girl Ch. 02

Chapter 2: The Hike

{Part two of Danger Girl, part one isn't crucial to understanding this one but

to understand her character it would certainly help. }

Hi it's Stephanie, a.k.a "Danger Girl" again. My friends asked me repeatedly to

get off my "lazy slut ass" and write another adventure I've had from my past.

Just a quick recap, I'm into rough sex, face slapping, hair pulling, "I'm going

to take you just because I want to" kind of sex. I like being made to do things

and I like being displayed. I find that fear and sex are completely entertwined

with me. It all probably goes back to my childhood (read part one for the

history). This adventure happened just after college.

It had been a long time since I'd had any sex in "that way". I think getting

beaten up and used in the alley made me more cautious than I'd been. Even that

episode though, makes me hot, thinking about what I was made to do. Therefore,

the itch was building up, I was just having trouble finding someone to make it

happen. At the time I had what everyone calls a "fuck buddy". We met at a coffee

place. He was a bit of a hippy, a free spirit. He was quite funny and

intelligent. He lacked the dominant, aggressive streak that I want in my fantasy

man, though. What he did have was a nice big dick, this got me through the lean

times!

We were into hiking then, there was a state park that we'd hiked many times.

There were many hiking trails and paths. The two major ones were on either side

of a river. The river was quite rough and wide and there were only a couple of

crossing points along a 8or 10 mile section that were safe. We had all the

equipment, including GPS chips that we wore velcroed to our wrist like watches

just so we would never lose our way, or each other. At the end of the trails

there were mountain cabins in which we often stayed. You could hike to the cabin

on one side of the river, stay the night, then hike back on the other. We did

this a number of times. We were very familiar with the terrain as well as rest

spots, ranger stations, water stops and scenic views. We even knew the times the

rangers on their horses would sweep the trails at the end of the day, just

before dark. Brad, my fuck buddy, was an excellent hiker but I always bragged I

was better, he always got irritated by that.

This particular trip we had reserved a cabin and we were just into one of the

parts where you could see across the river to the other trail. You'd often see

hikers there and everyone would wave or give a thumbs up, in hiker camaraderie.

As I've said, Brad isn't the dominant type, though I often tried to top him from

the bottom, that is, at least have him tie me up, fuck me that way. It wasn't

quite "my" thing, but without the real thing, I had to have something. So, with

this in mind, I'd often carry things in my backpack that we could use at the

cabin. This time I had my police style metal handcuffs along with a vibrator, a

dildo a dog collar and I'd even come across some prisoner style shackles for my

feet. I was fantasizing a 'bad cop/slutty prisoner" scenario for at the cabin.

We were hitting the most open spot on the trail when we spotted 3 other hikers

on the other side of the river. We waved, they waved back and yelled some

encouragement. We worked our way up and down the trail, our bodies glistening

with sweat, even when we hiked into the more wooded and shaded areas. Brad, even though not dominant, was still not dead. He loved walking behind me, which

allowed him to see my firm ass sway. He whistled appreciatively.

"Phew, that is one fine ass you have there young lady."

"Stop," I chuckled, "we have miles and miles to go before you think about

that.."

Just then we hiked to the top of a crest where our path snaked alongside the

river at its lowest point. It was here we always stopped for water for our

canteens. On the other side, a similar spot existed. Again, there were our three

fellow hikers on the other side, filling their canteens as well. I hadn't

noticed them but I was kneeling on the bank, leaning forward to the water when I

heard another whistle. I was about to turn and smack Brad when I realized it was

from across the river. I looked at the men who were ogling me. I was wearing

short hiking shorts and a loose top which I'd tied in a knot at the waist, I had

my sports bra on under, of course. It was light pink, so I wondered if they

thought they were looking down my shirt and a bare chest.

"Nice view!" one of the men called out, the others laughed along with him.

I just smiled and gave them a fake 'tada' pose like a model. They whooped and

hollered at that. Brad just laughed. We went on our way again. Brad was eyeing

my ass again, I could feel it.

"See something you like, perv?" I said, turning and smirking.

"Oh yeah, and it's not just me either, you've got fans," Brad teased. "They are

hiking right along with us, at our speed, they are either excellent hikers, or

they are motivated to keep up," Brad joked. I understood his emphasis.

We were about to enter the sunniest part of our hike when Brad shocked me.

"You know what would be funny?..." he mused.

"What"?

"...if you flashed them when we hit the opening."

That surprised me. Brad hadn't been into my games much before. This hint of

displaying me publicly actually made me tingle. I certainly wasn't against the

idea.

"Are you going to?" he asked as we approached the last turn.

I said nothing and kept walking, right into the shining sun. The hikers weren't

to that point yet. I was kind of disappointed. Brad was too. I could see him

looking around for them. I didn't want to discourage this type of bold thought

from him though so I took some initiative. I took my blouse off and handed it to

him. I still had on my sports bra, of course, but it perked him nonetheless.

Suddenly, 'There they are!" Brad whispered, though loudly. The river was raging,

it was hard to hear anything but it's roar. The three hikers were maybe 100 feet

away, on the other side. We were climbing a rise on our side and I could almost

feel the gaze of four men on my body as I ascended. When I got to the rise,I

turned, Brad was lagging behind (as usual). Across the way the men were stopped

now, facing me. I had that urge. They were looking. I peeled off my sports bra

right in front of them and tossed it down to Brad. He had a big grin on his

face. I turned and went back to hiking, topless, my soft tits swaying slightly

with each step. I loved the feel of the coolness, I'm always jealous that men

can take their shirts off any damned time they please! We walked another quarter

of a mile or so, well within the view of the other hikers. I knew they were

enjoying it, several times we could make out shouts across the way, though they

were mostly drowned by the sound of the rushing water.

We made it to a stop point and sat down to drink, rest, and eat a little snack.

Well, I made it there first and had to wait several minutes for Brad. He offered

my sports bra back and I loved the smile on his face when I declined. He put it

quickly back in his pack. I teased him again about being slow and his face

reddened. We sat in wonderful wooded silence for awhile but I could see he was

thinking about something. We started down a more shaded part of the trail. I

could feel Brad's eyes on my tits and ass the whole time. I felt particularly

naughty after my earlier display so I stopped, waited for him to catch up, then

I peeled down my shorts and undies and handed them to him. His grin could barely

be contained. I just had on my hiking shoes and some socks. I must've been quite

a sight, walking naked in front of a man who was ogling me the whole time, with

evil intent.

We were almost to another rise which would bring us into view of the other side

again. When I reached the clearing I stopped. I let Brad catch up and I asked

for my shorts, "Just for a minute," Brad, to my surprise, said no.

"I'm kind of liking this, go ahead," he said, urging me forward.

I had to admit I was liking the thought as well, I just wasn't expecting such an

enthusiastic response from him. So I did it, I burst into the clearing, wearing

only my shoes and socks. The river, though still deep and mighty at this point,

was a little quieter. This time I could hear the men on the other side clearly,

yes, they were there, they could see me. I heard, "Holy shit," and "Look at that

slut!" I was getting wet, and not just from the exertion. We quickly disappeared

down a darker trail again. This time we knew they'd keep up for sure.

We stopped at our next rest point. From here on out it was a pretty straight

shot, there were a few open places, like before, but mostly it was a straight

path right to the cabin. There was one crossover between the river, less than a

mile from the cabin. We were only about two miles from it.

I "made" Brad rub some lubricant between my upper thighs, I wasn't used to

walking without shorts you know! He allowed his fingers to slip over my pussy

several times and admittedly I was wanting him to slide them into me at that

point. He kept me on edge though. He teased his fingers all around but not

actually in me. Then, he straightened. "Ok, so you are the better hiker, right?"

I laughed, "Of course I am."

"How much better?"

I chuckled. "I could probably outhike you with my hands tied behind my back."

I'd used the old expression, with the double entendre, purposely.

"I really don't think so," he sniffed.

"Hell, I could probably do it with my legs shackled as well," I said, recalling

my gear contents.

He sat down with a funny look on his face. Neither of us said anything. I had

purposely, pridefully opened a door to an opportunity where neither of us were

sure of the outcome.

He rose slowly and grabbed my pack. He pulled out the cuffs, then the shackles.

I'm sure he saw how big my eyes got.

"So, you are saying, with these on, you can beat me to the cabin?"

The shackles were metal, but I'd added padding on the inside, being the

innovative one. I'd replaced the chain with a simple metal cord, a springy one,

like you find on some bike locks. I'd attached each end with a metal clip. This

gave me only the ability to have my feet shoulder width apart at most. The

handcuffs wouldn't slow me down, I knew that. I had to figure out how slow the

shackles would make me.

"You have to give me a head start," I protested, "I mean, being bound like that,

it's hardly fair."

"I agree, " he said, "how about 10 minutes?"

I laughed, "No fucking way, how about 30?"

He thought for a moment, then appealed to my pride. "Ok, how about twenty

minutes, being the hiking goddess, that should be a piece of cake." He got me,

"Ok, " I said resolutely. He slipped the cuffs on me before I could change my

mind. After he'd shackled me he added a twist I hadn't counted on. He'd cuffed

me with my hands in front (the dummy), but, to counteract that he took a

shoelace (hikers always carry extra) and tied it securely to the cuffs at one

end, and the shackles at the other. This allowed my hands to only be able to get

about chest high. He smacked me on my ass and sent me on my way.

"Your time starts now, GO!" He yelled, as I shuffled off.

"Fuck," I thought, "why did I ever agree to this.?" Then I remembered, "oh yeah,

I'm a prideful slut that likes being displayed and tied up." I chuckled to

myself as I started to find a good rhythm. I started making good time, despite

the handicap. I felt I should have no problem beating him to the cabin in these

last couple miles.

Maybe it was the shock of the idea or maybe it was my subconscious but I'd

sincerely forgotten about the other hikers. When I rounded to another open spot

I stopped dead in my tracks. I saw the men on the other side, they'd reached the

point before us, it was clear, they obviously had set up for a rest. Their packs

were on the ground. I wondered if they were waiting for me. I was behind a clump

of trees. I knew I couldn't hesitate too long, Brad was behind me. I was naked,

bound like a prisoner slut in my own fantasy. I decided to go off the path. I

bolted through the woods and tried to avoid the openness of the path. I knew

this part of the trail well, there was another path that met up with the main

trail later, it was no longer, I just had to cross some natural brush to get

there. It was a mistake. No sooner than I'd gotten into it I regretted it. I

felt branches slash at my sides, at my tits, across my face. It was like getting

whipped with a switch. I couldn't block my face since my arms only went so high.

I struggled through for awhile but I finally made it to the parallel path. I was

getting scratched up, mauled by the brush. Then, to make matters worse, as I

tried to get myself back up the small ravine, to the path, my shackles became

stuck. It took me a few minutes to get all untangled before I stumbled back onto

the path. I had scratches all over me, I was bleeding slightly from some of

them.

I hurried down the path the best I could, I tried to make up time. I realized

that I had another problem. The hikers on the other side were going to reach the

crossover before me if I didn't beat them to it. To my advantage though, their

trail was longer, they had more bends and it was hillier. Even in my current

state I felt I could easily get past the crossover, and basically 'sprint' to

the cabin.

I reached another opening, "Fuck it," I thought, I'm not slowing down. I made up

my mind that modesty wasn't worth the pain again. The men were keeping up. They were beside themselves. I could hear every word now, none of them were

complimentary. It was a game, it had been ever since I'd shown them my tits.

They were on the hunt, I was their prey, it was as simple as that.

Brad and I hadn't even considered what they'd do if they met up with us. It was

odd. Here I am, Danger Girl, this is the type of risky thing I totally get off

on, yet, here I'd come upon this unintentionally, playing what I thought was

another game. Had I not been so scared at this point I'd have been totally

fucking hot (in hindsight, I still get hot thinking about it all). I heard their

calls, they were like baying hounds, it was like, "we're coming to get you, you

can't escape."

I stumbled back into some cover along the trail. I was still making good time

but now my legs were starting to hurt, they weren't used to walking/trotting

this way. My wrists and ankles were sore. The sweat from the hike was making

them chafe. My inner thighs were rubbing. Brad had concentrated his fingers too

much near my pussy and not enough in the 'hot spot' where my thighs were being

rubbed raw.

I was flying now, or so it felt. I was nearly to the crossover. The sun was

going down, it was becoming cooler, my nipples were showing it. Suddenly, to my

horror I heard horse steps coming behind me. It was the ranger, they do a trail

sweep just before dark. "Shit!" I thought. I quickly dove off the path and

slithered under some bushes. It only mauled me worse, I could feel my nipples as

they dragged over some rough bark. I hid. No doubt it was the ranger we always

derisively called, "Ranger Rick," because he seemed so upright and 'Dudley

Do-right-ish". I let his horse pass and held my breath, I didn't have time, nor

the ability to cover up fully, I knew I could be seen, if someone was actually

looking. For some reason he did stop, and brought the horse to a slow pacing

walk as he approached me. He must be looking around, I thought, as he'd been

doing before, but I was terrified that he'd spot me or had already. Then, he

picked the horse back up into a trot and disappeared down the trail. I hadn't

seen that he'd picked up a rider.

I was frantic now, I'd lost some time. I hustled back onto the path and busted

my naked ass trying to get past the crossover. I actually thought about turning

back, thinking that Brad was the only thing behind me now, but I guess my pride

and again, perhaps my subconscious desires, kept me from doing the safe thing. I

eased up to the crossover, there was no sign of the hikers. I hopped past and

continued on my way. I could see lights as the path wound down the river at this

point. I was close, the lights were the lights of the cabins. I had another

curve then one straight shot to go. I was heading around the curve (again,

thinking about what a sight I must've been, naked, bound,and scratched up).

Suddenly, I heard horse footsteps again. It was Ranger Rick, he was heading back

my way. I threw myself into the bushes and felt branches poke me mercilessly,

one nearly impaling me up my naked backside. He no sooner passed than I was back on the trail, shuffling at top speed. My heart was racing enough, but to further

motivate me I heard voices behind me, it was the hikers, perhaps talking to

Ranger Rick. I was nearly there, I made the corner, the cabin was no more than

100 yards. I half shuffled, half ran, stiff legged, towards my goal. I was

nearly there when I tripped in my haste. I scuffed myself up pretty good there,

my tits especially, wore those scrapes for some time. I was bloody, muddy, sore

and tired when I staggered to my feet. I was about ten yards from the property

line when I looked up and saw Brad, sitting comfortably at the picnic table,

wearing an unusual grin. My hesitation cost me. I was suddenly run down from

behind. It was Ranger Rick. He swooped in past me, his horse between me and

Brad. He just looked at Brad and nodded knowingly. It was a set up. He then

approached me.

"Looks like you are in a fix, young lady," he said with a smirk.

"I...I...I...Brad, tell him, tell him what..." I whined.

"Tell him what, what a great hiker you are?" He laughed.

"Brad!" I screamed.

"Miss, I can't have you disturbing our park and walking around in a most obscene

way." He said menacingly. I fell to my knees in exhaustion and pity.

"Oh god," I whimpered.

Once again, he nodded at Brad and then came closer. He cut the lace that was

holding the cuffs and shackles together. I was beside myself, what was he going

to do, arrest me, fuck me, what?" He produced the cuff key and first opened

them, releasing my wrists, only to clip them together again behind me (as I have

always preferred, I mean if you are going to use me, make me helpless!) He took

off the shackles (thank god, my ankles were beet red by now). He turned me

around, facing back down the trail I just came. "What the fuck," I thought, why

doesn't Brad do something. Later, I knew why, this is his way of making me pay

for questioning his manhood. I felt a sharp sting on my ass. The ranger had

whipped me with my own flogger. He was coaxing me forward.

Reluctantly, I resumed walking back down the path I'd just come. The ranger,

leading me, his naked, bound woman, into the woods, whipping me all the way. . I

hadn't walked 50 yards around that last bend, when I saw the hikers. They were

waiting in a clearing. I was being led to a slaughter. I heard them whooping it

up as I approached. It was nearly dark now, the clearing was off the trail but

it was illuminated by a propane lamp. There was a picnic table in the center, I

recognized this as the banquet area people use during the day. Rick marched me

up through the men, right to the table.

"That's far enough, slut." He said, making me juicy.

This is what I live for, this risky, dangerous sex business. Now here I was,

after more than a year of doing without, I was going to have to pay for my

daring in god knows what ways. I felt a hand push me over the end of the bench.

My ass was on display. The men were jeering now.

"Di you hink you could outrun us you little bitch?" "Think you could tease some

men and then run to safety?" "Did you ever think about what might happen if we

caught you"?

"No!" I whined, lying through my teeth. It was what I hoped, what I desired,

what I had to have, even though I'd stumbled upon it by accident this time.

I felt someone's hand smack my bottom hard. Again and again it assailed my

already bruised and scratched butt. He was reddening it good and it had another

noticeable effect that even he noticed.

"Goddamn man, this bitch is wet! You can hear the squishing, this cunt is wet

from all this" I felt shame burn into me as the other men approached and took

notice.

"God, that dude was right, this chick is a freak!" Said one of the hikers,

obviously referring to Brad. Then it hit me, he'd set this all up, on account of

my pride, I'd let him set me up to be used. I'd seen the GPS thingy on Ranger

Rick's wrist, he'd gottten in from Brad, that is how he knew exactly where I

was. He was a little more devilish than I gave him credit for. I took stock of

my situation. I was in a clearing, my hands cuffed behind me, bent over a picnic

table getting my ass reddened by a big red haired hiker. Two others, one short,

the other one slightly overweight were watching. Rick had disappeared into the

shadows, he was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm fucking this cunt," said 'Red". There was no ceremony, though none was

needed, I was a fuck slut, and he was there to fuck me. He slid his fat dick

into my pussy. It pierced me with ease. He used one of his meaty hands to hold

my back and he smacked my ass with the other. He hollered out, like a rodeo

rider and the others laughed. Their laughs were tense though. I knew they were

taking it in, waiting for their turn with the slut. Red rode me hard, fucking my

pussy then withdrawing, with an embarrassing "pop" each time, they could hear

how wet I was. When he wasn't slapping my ass he was probing my asshole with his thumb. I couldn't help it, I love it, don't you see? Being helpless, used like

this, I was in heaven, and I was theirs to take. I could feel Red building up.

"Why fellas, I KNOW this one's a sow!" he sneered, using the line from

Deliverance. They laughed again tensely. He'd hit my ass enough, finally he just

held my hips and drove his fat cock into me. He poured his hot sticky fluid into

me with a yell. He slid out of me just as quickly, smacked me on my ass as his

juice started its slide down my legs. The thick guy stepped in, they called him

Scotty. He dragged me around and shoved me to my knees.

"I don't want sloppy seconds," he said as he yanked my head towards his sweaty

cock. I had no choice, I engulfed him. I did my best there, on my knees, to

service his cock with my mouth without being able to use my hands. In the

meantime, Red had found a toy. He'd returned with a switch he'd made from a thin

willow. He was striping my ass with it as I fellated his friend. I was already

scratched up enough but I'm sure he cared not about the soreness of the slut in

front of him. He definitely 'motivated' me and I gave Scotty a blowjob he'll

always remember. He had a small dick, which surprised me, for such a thick guy,

but I was grateful because he jammed that sucker as deep as it could go when he

spurted his seed into me. He pulled off with me coughing up his cum. They all

made fun of me.

"Look at you, tied up, on your knees, cum dripping from your pussy and your

face, what a fucking slut!" "I'll bet you are still hot too," They were right,

Red's hands found my pussy. It nearly soaked him. "Fuck," he said, with

disbelief. He took the switch end and shoved it up my pussy. I gasped at its

roughness. He pulled it out just as quickly and positioned it at my asshole. I

wriggled to avoid it but he skewered me with it. He basically used it as a guide

to steer me over to his buddy in waiting. It slid out thankfully as the next man

in line got to me.

Chuck was next, he stepped up to the plate. I was expecting to get my ass

filled, especially after Red opened me up there but Chuck had no qualms about

sloppy seconds, himself. He pushed me onto my back on the grass, pinning my

hands under me uncomfortably and mounted my pussy like that. His dick was longer and leaner, I could feel it touch places Brad hadn't. As I took this third dick,

I thought of Brad, where was he, was he watching, I cursed him for setting me

up, but in my heart I knew I should thank him. I mean he knew of my dark

desires, but to plan this? The incredible shock probably just made it more

intense. Chuck drilled me while the men chanted, "Fuck that bitch, fuck that

bitch!" It fired Chuck up so much that I urged him on.

"Cmon, fuck this bitch, fuck this little whore, fuck my cunt good you bastard,"

I panted. He responded in the way I love, he slapped my fucking face hard.

"Shut the fuck up, cunt, I'll fuck you how I want to fuck you," he grunted as my

face reddened, not only from the blow. I was grinding back into him hard now, he

was ready. He took his cock out though, surprisingly and spurted all over my

stomach, tits, and even some got up into my face, he was so turned on.

Red came back. He jerked me up by my hair and tossed me back over the picnic

bench. The scene had got him hard again. His earlier teasings told me what he

wanted now and I'm sure I wanted it as much as he did. He was going to ass rape

me. He used my own wetness against me, he made my hole slick with it. He worked his way into me without resistance. I only heard appreciate murmurs now as Red drilled me at his leisure. He was much slower this time, obviously savoring the moment. But, as he approached his glory the intensity grew. It became deeper,

and rougher, like I wanted it, like I craved it, this was all for me. Finally,

he filled my eager ass, I could feel its heat inside me. He laid against me for

a moment. He was collecting himself.

"Fuck..you fucking slut, that was incredible," he said, making me fill with

pride, even though I'm sure that's not what he intended.

They left me there on the ground as they made small talk with Ranger Rick, who'd

now approached out of the shadows. The hikers soon disappeared into the

darkness. Rick approached me, walking beside his horse. He looked down at my

shape, illuminated by the lamp. I was a mess. There was mud all over me, I was

scratched up something fierce, my ass was red with switch marks. My tits were

red and raw, mostly from the underbrush, I was covered and filled with cum. He

just shook his head. He uncuffed me. He put me on his horse, turned off the lamp

and climbed on as well. He pulled my arms around his waist, signaling me to hang

on. He galloped off with this naked slut in tow. I was in a fog by now, it was

trancelike. I barely noticed us pulling up to our cabin. Brad was nowhere to be

found. In fact, I never saw Brad again, I think he'd had enough of my teasing

his manhood and, no doubt he realized what I really was like and decided it

wasn't for him, oh well.

I found myself pushed towards the door. I stumbled, everything was sore, from

the ridiculous hike to the rough sex, It was like a marathon. I opened the door.

Rick pushed me forward. I collapsed on the bed. I must've totally been out

because the next thing I knew Rick was above me, on his knees on the bed. He'd

cuffed my hands above me to the rung in the bedpost. I was still naked, he was

naked from the waist up.

"I have the rest of the night off little darling," he said with an evil grin. I

saw my flogger in his hand. I felt it rip at the flesh in my tit at nearly the

same time. "I have to warn you though, slut, out of the men tonight, I'm

definitely not the nice one," he said, making my heart skip. "And you don't know

how lonely it gets out here sometimes...and the nights can be so long," he

chuckled. "Oh, and Red and the boys are in the next cabin tonight, they said to

send you on over if I tire of you. You won't be sleeping on this night. He

wasn't kidding, it was a long night indeed. Even thinking about it makes me

smile, to this day.