**On the rack.**

By Louetta

So now I was on the rack. I had been bound before with my arms

and legs outstretched but the pain was never like this, not since

I had been put on the cross when I was little. I couldn't believe

the pain. I didn't try to act brave. I screamed and begged for

mercy, for release, for some kind of relief. Even the effort of

crying out made the pain worse.

Now I understood why stretching a girl on the rack was chosen as

a punishment, both by those who would truly torture her and

those, like me, who wished to be tortured. The shame of having

your legs spread and your genitals exposed. The pain, the horror,

the sexual excitement all combined to make it a truly surpassing

experience. There is shame and horrid pain for the girl being

tortured and sexual excitement for both her and her torturers.

And if done right I knew it could go on for hours.

And now I lay there in the hot sun. Its rays would burn my naked

body, the thin strands of wet rawhide which laced my arms and

shoulders to the stays would slowly tighten as they dried in the

sun. The heat and the sweat pouring from my body would slowly

dehydrate me. And meanwhile, every inch of me was offered to boys

who were torturing me. My thin brown thighs, my soft heaving

bosom, my taut stomach, the silken floss that covers the plump

hillock above the sensitive lips of my hot young pussy.

I could feel the roughness of the wood on my back and my ass. The

heat of the sun on my soft, pale breasts, thrust upward, tempting

mounds of sensitive flesh topped by hard pink nipples. My thinly

muscled belly strained with the tautness of my ropes. I pulled

desperately at my bonds and begged for relief from the fire that

consumed every part of me.

I watched my audience closely. The girls seemed entranced by the

suffering of my body while the guys were clearly more interested

in my nakedness, how my boobs moved, how wet I was. And wet I

was.

I stared back at the group come to see me tortured, some of whom

I had never seen before. It's different being naked for strangers

than for people you know. And different if the person you're with

is a boyfriend or an ex or some guy you know who's never seen you

naked before.

There's something very sexy indeed about being nude in front of

people and then later being clothed with them, both of you

knowing they've seen you in the nude. And before hand seeing them

when you are clothed and you know and they know they will soon

see you naked. I love being with boys who know they soon will see

me nude. Who wait expectantly, knowing the mysteries of my taut

young body will soon be revealed.

I love nothing better than to be bound naked before a boy when

I'm about to be tortured, no matter what the means. Having them

so close they can practically feel you sweat and having the boy

torturing you talk to you while he does so, telling you how much

he admires your naked body and what he is going to do to it and

how long it will take.

Every second on the rack was an intense sexual experience. The

dram of being bound to it in the nude. And then slowly being

stretched. Little by little. I love being displayed naked and in

agony. God help me I loved every bit of it. Being bound, the

tightness of the ropes, the discomfort in my wrists and my arms

and my shoulders, the feelings of helplessness, vulnerability,

expectancy. The physical sensations of being turned on, rock like

nipples, the warmth and moisture inside my loins.

The agony of the rack itself, surrendering, submitting, sometimes

faltering, forlorn, frightened, struggling, shaking, crying,

trying to summon my courage to continue, the uncertainty of never

knowing quite how long I could last. The ecstasy of feeling

sexual pleasure like I'd never felt in bed with a boy or a girl.

As the clock ticked every joint in me ached. I felt my heart beat

faster, felt the bite of the ropes around my limbs and the glory

of my naked body. My soft brown body with the snow white breasts

and ass, the pink lips of my pussy and the warmth in my loins,

knowing all the while what it could do for me.

The rack is the ultimate torture one can actually endure and

expect to escape alive and I had jumped at the chance to

experience it. I had found the anticipation of being punished

this way completely terrified me. It was summer, hot and humid,

the worst time to do it. When the time had come to do it I was

afraid, sick at heart, desperate and all but caved in before we

even started.

And when I went to the rack the agony was unbearable. But deep

down inside I loved it. I loved the tingle in my loins and the

pleasure of my own nude body. The ropes hurt me terribly. They

were supposed to and my body responds to being the victim.

As I lay there I felt the heat of the sun on my naked body and it

felt good. All I had to do was last until the sun slipped

noiselessly behind the tree line in front of me. For now I

welcomed it as it warmed the gentle curve of my breasts, kissed

the pinkness of my nipples, caressed the smooth skin of my belly,

peaked at the smoothness of my bare white ass as I struggled,

tickled the softness of my inner thighs, smoothed the downy

runway of my cunt hair and caught a hint of the pinkness of my

cunt lips.

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