**Ryn's Need for Self Bondage**

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She mentally cursed for the umpteenth time, struggling and whimpering, but it did no good at all. She'd designed the cart too well.

Ryn was an engineer, and a damn good one. She had to be. With her long blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes, high cheekbones, 38C chest, narrow waist, and long, shapely legs, she could've been a model. She could've been a stripper. She could've been in any profession where a woman is judged by her looks, not her intellect. So she had to be an excellent engineer, to be taken seriously by her colleagues.

Her designs were imaginative, and innovative, with good hard science backing up every aspect. But the things that she designed and created were not merely functional - they were breathtaking - almost works of art. She'd solved problems that had baffled other engineers, and even though from a distance people might have guessed that it was easy for her, the reality was that she put in a lot of hard work. Of course, she didn't work in isolation. She had to work as part of a team, and, as her abilities were recognized, more often than not she was the project leader. She had to oversee everyone's work, and keep a tight control over herself and the team members to bring the project in on time and within budget.

Consequently, she'd advanced rapidly in the firm, and every promotion was based on merit. Of course, there were those detractors, those people of inferior intellect or inferior drive, who felt in their hearts that she probably was sleeping her way to the top. But they couldn't have been farther from the truth. She did have a quick mind, but she put in long hours, nonetheless. Even when she went home for the day, she couldn't easily turn off her mind, which kept churning at problems.

In the privacy of her home, she tinkered with new ideas, some of which helped her solve business problems, but most were devices for her 'hobby' - her secret hobby. Ryn loved, was thrilled by, couldn't get enough of - self bondage. Anyone who was as driven as she was would probably have understood the attraction it had for her. Self bondage gave Ryn blissful hours where she had to cede all control to her devices. Rendering herself helpless was like receiving a large, cool drink of water after trudging across a desert. It was relaxing, refreshing, and kept her from experiencing burnout. It was also immensely exciting. True, many times she was bound so tightly that she couldn't do anything to satisfy her arousal. But once she'd achieved her freedom, her climaxes were very satisfying.

One evening, Ryn was musing, "With the better weather coming, I want to do something special, something daring, outdoors." So she began to design a cart. "Let's see," she mumbled to herself, "it should run on three wheels, given the capabilities I'm seeking. Two wheels in the front, spread wide apart to provide maximum stability, and a third in the rear." She began sketching. "The third wheel should swivel, for steering. All the wheels will have a wide tread, to handle the terrain, and I'm not interested in speed."

She enjoyed seeing it taking shape on her design board. She added sensors that could detect obstacles when moving forward, turning, or even backing up. If the cart sensed an impending collision in its path, it would smoothly change direction, not unlike some of the kids' toys, or the current fleet of automatic floor vacuums - a popular one of which was her own award-winning design.

Like any good engineer, she had a modular approach to such creations. The sensor array was one such module, easily adapted to her new design. The drive motor was also another module, that merely had to be made more powerful so that it could propel a heavier load. She felt that the wheel arrangement for her cart had to be different from her other designs, mainly because she wanted a wider wheelbase on its front end, and it would have to be sturdy enough to support the weight of its battery system, plus her own 102 lbs. Direct current had a lot of advantages over alternating current for this design, so she felt normal 12.6 volt car batteries would suffice for power needs.

Over the years, Ryn had devised self bondage systems that she'd located inside her bedroom and her basement. Gears, pulleys, solenoids, simple electromagnets, and timers were the mainstay of these devices. Electromagnets could hold steel keys well out of her reach until the timer expired. Timers and solenoids could drive the motors for gears and pulleys that could hold her restrained and helpless, sometimes in a spreadeagled position, other times stretched out prone or supine. During such sessions, a wet spot would habitually appear beneath her, due to her copious lubrication.

Rummaging through her storage cabinets, she considered some pulleys. She held up a couple of them. "Oh yes, I remember this experiment. To test these pulleys with a timer, I was on my back on the floor, with my legs vertically up the wall. These pulleys connected to leather cuffs attached to my ankles. My legs were held like that until the timer reversed the pulleys, and lowered my feet back to the floor." She smiled. "That worked so well, I just had to take it to the next level."

That next step was a lot more daring, she recalled. The memory was so vivid that Ryn's hand subconsciously caressed her breasts as she re-visualized it. "That powerful motor drove the pulleys, dragging my ankles up the wall, taking all my weight, until, naked, I was completely held inverted for the specified period of time." She shivered, remembering how she'd handcuffed her wrists behind her back, and held the key in her hand until her back began touching the wall. Releasing the key, she'd heard it fall directly under her, against the base of the wall. She was trapped like that until the timer expired, and the apparatus lowered her again!

"As if it was yesterday, I remember imagining that I was a captive. My captors had stripped me, and were discussing who'd have the privilege of violating my body first, and in what fashion! All those jeers and ribald comments as the blood rushed to my head!" Her mental imagery during her suspension had been so arousing that her pussy lubrication had drizzled along her belly and up the undersides of her tits. It finally began dripping from the tips of her erect nipples! "That was a very long thirty minutes before I was lowered into the puddle I'd created, and could retrieve the key and free myself. It certainly took my mind off my daily cares!"

As Ryn picked up a powerful, compact motor she'd designed, she thought it might be perfect to propel the cart. "Oh my! I remember! This sure came in handy for a different manner of dangling my body. I tested its power during what may have been my crowning achievement in suspension. It wasn't very easy designing a net 'cocoon' that would wrap itself around me, and then lift me completely up off the floor, horizontally."

She remembered setting the timer, and then prostrating herself naked on the netting. The cold floor had pressed against her tits, belly, and thighs until the motor drive kicked in. As a safety measure, she was only drawn up about 6 inches so that if anything broke, it would merely be jarring, not injurious. Her body was stretched out fully, hands above her head. Even being just that small amount off the floor made her feel deliciously helpless, as manifested by the pool of pussy juice that dripped from her. It was extra tantalizing and maddening that, turned on as she was, she couldn't bring her hands down to reach either her tits or her pussy, to use her fingers to achieve release! She had to wait between two and three hours like that - she'd programmed a little randomness into the timer's duration - before she was lowered and freed. The orgasm she gave herself after that was so intense that she almost fainted!

With the cart's chassis designed, she turned her attention to the decisions about her overall body position, and the restraints she wanted to add. Over the years, she'd also designed modules to tighten belts safely and securely around her body parts. For instance, her arms might be bound down alongside her body, or they might be bound behind her back, elbows to elbows and wrists to wrists. Similarly, she devised ways to bind her legs together at calves, knees and thighs. Such bindings added to the thrill. As she sat at her designing board mentally revisiting those times and fondling several of the belts in question, their sight and feel stoked her lust anew. Lifting her skirt and pulling her panties aside, Ryn started teasing her labia with her fingers, feeling their soft, smooth textures. She'd shaved them bare just that morning, and delighted in the contact of her caressing digits.

As her fragrant dew appeared along her slit, its aroma wafted into her nostrils, prompting her to press her fingers deep into her carnal well. Coating her fingers with some of her intimate fluid, she brought them up and smeared some of it between her upper lip and nose, feeling quite naughty. Inhaling that scent enhanced the flavor as she moved her fingers into her mouth, letting the taste buds on her tongue sample her essence. Once she'd sucked her fingers clean, she noted, "My greedy pussy and clit are on fire, and want even more attention. I need both hands free to provide it," she decided.

Therefore, she stood up, undid her skirt and stripped away her panties. Sitting down again, she braced her legs up on either side of the designing board, opening herself in a wanton display. "I really love looking at my naked pussy as I play with myself," she moaned softly. Her labia were already bright pink and puffy, glistening with her oozing liquids. With delicate fingers, she carefully drew back her clitoral hood, exposing the swelling rod that it protected and concealed. Scooping up pussy juice with her other hand, she anointed her clit with that warm wetness. As fresh, hot blood flooded her tiny rod, it swelled prodigiously, and got even more sensitive.

"I want to cum, but not too fast," she thought. Her fingers left her clit and went back to stroking and teasing her labia and pee hole. She raised one of her tits to her mouth and fastened her lips on its stiff nipple. The rush of pleasure she received as she suckled made her gasp, and the nipple would have slipped from her mouth if she hadn't closed her teeth on its base, trapping it. The slight pain from that bite sent a shock of excitement down her spine and it cascaded into her sex. Her clit started throbbing visibly, and every pulse of blood made its tiny head bob up and down, as if beckoning her finger.

That did it.

She could hold back no longer. Sucking so hard on her nipple that it caused a little pain, she moved both her hands down to her pussy again. Three fingers of one hand started jabbing in and out of her love tunnel as if she was being fucked by a fat cock. Fingers of her other hand started rubbing the sensitive tissues of her clit and pee hole, smearing her wetness around. Those fluids started to evaporate, producing a cooling effect that contrasted with the heat of the blood engorging her clit and labia. The scent of the wafting fluids was like an aphrodisiac, and Ryn could no longer hold back her climax. As she started to cum, her whole body quivered as wave after wave of bliss rippled through her. Her legs were shaking so hard that her heels drummed on the top of the design board. Some of her released cum juices sprinkled her drafting paper, erotically anointing the design of the cart.

Ryn stayed like that for several minutes, some fingers jammed inside her cunt and being gripped by her internal muscles, while her other hand cupped her clit and labia. She couldn't seem to get air fast enough through her nose, so she reluctantly let her nipple pop free from the vacuum created by her mouth. As she sucked air to prevent herself from fainting, her glistening, swollen nipple wobbled at the tip of her tit, drawing her attention. When her breathing was fairly back under control, she slid her fingers out of her pussy, and patted the puffy labia with that damp hand. Ever fair minded, she used her other hand to bring the heretofore neglected nipple to her lips, so she could make it happy, too.

Still suckling, she turned her attention back to the design of her body pose on top of the cart. She wanted to be kneeling, but somehow held upright. An inspiration struck - a good orgasm often freed her creativity. A seat designed after a sybian! A sort of saddle, but with a nice dildo attached vertically. And she could have that dildo vibrate, but not continuously. It could be intermittent, with a random pattern of activation and deactivation. It would probably make her simmer - close to orgasm, but not quite achieving it. She licked her lips in happy anticipation as she laid out its circuits.

Pleased with the results, she now could see adding straps just below the knee and also at the ankles, for leg confinement as she knelt. For added support, she drew in a vertical bar which she could brace her spine against. On a whim, she added a posture collar attached at the top of that bar. Her quick mind decided that the vertical bar could also be the anchor for two sets of self-tightening horizontal arm straps. Before they tightened, she could slip her arms down through those two loops of belts - one at the level of her elbows, the other down by her wrists.

"Now, I need to have the activation switch near my hands, so..." She pondered the point, staring at the nascent design of her creation. "Ah! Simple!" she cried out loud. She added a short horizontal brace bar down at the level where her hands would be. "My hands will rest on this bar, in case I need to relieve some strain on my back or neck. I'll place the activation button on its underside, near my finger tip. When I press that button, all the belts - legs, torso, and arms - will snug up and the cart will go into motion."

She blinked. "Oh yes. Torso. Can't neglect that. Let's see. If I place self-tightening straps here, and here..." She sketched them in. "Yes. Perfect. One just above my navel, and another across my chest just grazing the upper edges of my breasts! That should make my tit flesh protrude forward lewdly." She grinned, and just imagining such a display, she felt her nipples hardening anew.

Physically checking the pose by mimicking it on a small stool, she blushed to think how her cunt would be displayed like that. "Other than the fronts of my thighs, my pussy will be leading my body as the cart moves. Obviously, it'll be wet, with my juices running down the sides of the sybian seat," she thought. Ryn decided to add grooves to channel her fluids into a collection receptacle. "It'll be interesting to measure the volume of my leakage after the cart run is complete," she giggled.

Satisfied with the overall design, she began the process of making her cart a reality. This took many evenings of hard, but enjoyable work. In some ways, the physical creation of her self bondage devices was almost as fulfilling as experiencing them in action.

At the last minute, Ryn realized that the timers she had weren't sophisticated enough to handle the myriad modules of sensors, motor drive, and restraints. Wanting her almost completed project to come to fruition as soon as possible, she rushed to a parts store and got the latest and greatest multi-functional timer. It could handle channels to even more modules than she was planning for this cart. She was so impressed with its functionality that she bought three of them, planning to reserve two for future needs.

A little wiring, and a little programming, and the timer became part of the now finished cart! Ryn felt triumphant, and couldn't wait to give it a try. Standing behind it to aim it, she manually engaged the drive wheels and was delighted to see it trundling forward. Only a little wider than a wheel chair, it easily rolled up the ramp from her basement and out to her back yard. The yard was secluded, spacious, and level, with only an occasional tree or clump of bushes - perfect for the test. Ryn often sunbathed in the nude in her yard, so she had no compunction about stripping off and placing her clothes on her back porch. She placed several orange cones at various points in the yard, to act as extra obstacles.

She wanted to have a 5 minute test, to detect any possible bugs in the system, so she set 05:00 on her new timer. She'd be completely helpless until the timer ran out, and that was the main thrill - being so vulnerable. She briefly considered blindfolding herself, because that would be even more exciting. But she knew that she'd have to wait for some later time to do that, since during this test run, she'd need to be able to see how the sensors were dealing with obstacles.

She did, however, tie on a tight gag, which would restrict her speech to a mere mumble. Not that there was anyone around to talk to, but it still added another level of restriction. Giddy with excitement, she climbed aboard the cart, straddling the dildo poking up from its seat. She held her labia open as she lowered her pussy onto the dildo, reveling in its satisfying penetration. This whole process was so arousing that the dildo didn't need a drop of lubrication applied to it ahead of time - Ryn's copious juices handled that task easily. She felt her internal muscles gripping the stiff shaft.

Leaning over slightly, Ryn threaded the straps that would bind her legs near her knees and ankles through the slots that would snug them up when the timer was engaged. Working purely by touch, she did the same thing to the straps that went across her torso near her tummy and also just above her breasts. The latter strap was the most difficult, since its insertion slot was at an awkward angle behind her. She made a mental note to come up with an easier way to handle that restraint. Straightening her neck, she drew the posture collar around it. It was hinged in the front, and the two metal ends touched each other at the nape of her neck. When the cart's power was activated, those ends would be held together by an electromagnet.

Shivering with delight, Ryn slid her arms down through the loops that were behind her, feeling them end up touching her elbows and wrists, as planned. Her finger delicately explored the underside of the horizontal bar, locating the activation button. She was ready. Her heart was thumping a mile a minute, and her blossoming nipples and the ripe aroma emanating from her pussy testified to her state of excitement as her finger pressed the button.

The new timer began sending signals through its various channels of communication. First, the various straps snugged up against her bare flesh and the posture collar locked into place magnetically. Ryn tested these restraints, trying to move her arms, legs, and torso. Struggle as she might, she could barely wiggle in place. Attempting to move her head forward, she found the collar to be unyielding, as designed. The sensation of being so fully bound was delicious, and the cart hadn't even begun its journey yet!

Another circuit of the timer came to life, and the dildo inside Ryn's pussy buzzed into action, making her eyes widen in surprise at how terrific that felt, and causing her resultant gasp to be transformed into a sound similar to 'mmmpff' by the gag. But those intimate vibrations only lasted for a brief period of time, whereupon the dildo once again became a stationary occupant of Ryn's love tunnel. However, the muscles of her pussy sleeve continued quivering for a while, in effect subtly returning some vibration to the dildo.

Ryn was so focused on that portion of her anatomy that it was a moment before she realized that the cart had started its stately forward motion. Listening to the gentle purr of the motor, she was gratified at how smoothly the cart was moving over the terrain. The pace of movement was very sedate, and rather soothing. Ryn had positioned the cart so that it would approach a tree. This was part of the test, and she wasn't concerned about a collision. Once the sensors detected the tree, she knew that the rear wheel would swivel, changing course. As the cart turned, if the side sensors determined that there could possibly be an impact, the cart would halt both its turn and forward progress, back up for a distance, and then reattempt the forward turning process. Likewise, if it sensed a drop ahead, like a hole or something, it would also change course.

Just before the cart reached the tree, it activated its dildo once again, this time for an even longer burst. Therefore, Ryn was moaning into her gag, and only partially aware of how nicely the cart altered its course to avoid the tree. As the cart now trundled towards a bush, the dildo cut off, but a soft breeze sprang up, its air currents washing over Ryn's nude form. It felt great on her exposed flesh, especially on her pussy and tits. Ryn shimmied her shoulders a little, to make her swollen nipples bob and weave even more through the air.

The lovely blonde was reveling in the absolute loss of control that she was experiencing. Not only was she bound tightly, but this device enhanced the experience even more because of its motility. Various fanciful ideas flitted through her mind. She imagined herself as having been kidnapped by a robot, and being delivered mechanically to her captors. Or being a beautiful princess, whose kingdom had been overrun by barbarians, so now as a war prize, she was being put on display, driven through the jeering throngs of the victors. Or being the experimental subject of a mad scientist, whose robot was tasked with moving her from one of his fiendish ordeals to another, delighting in seeing her naked breasts approaching the station that would milk them mercilessly.

Caught up in this mesmerizing series of reveries, Ryn paid no attention to the fact that the cart sensed a dip in the surface of her yard deep enough to trigger another change of direction. This unexpected deviation caused it to set out on a new path - one that, combined with one of the cones she'd placed, would create a course that would leave the confines of her backyard!

Snapping back to reality, Ryn saw the direction she was now heading and felt a stab of fear, her pupils dilating in shock! However, she realized that this test run had already consumed almost the full five minutes that she'd set on the timer. Therefore, the cart should come to a halt, and release her restraints well before it could actually leave her backyard. Still, her body tensed up the closer and closer she came to the gap at the rear corner of her house.

Ryn was a damn good engineer, as has been stated. But she wasn't the greatest programmer of software, unfortunately. In her haste to incorporate the new timer, with all of its complex circuitry into her various cart modules, she'd made an assumption that the timer itself worked as all her previous timers had. She hadn't noticed that it had several modes of time sensitivity. When she'd set its display to 05:00 for this test run, it hadn't been set for minutes and seconds. It'd actually been set for hours and minutes!

She'd been strapped to her cart for a good fifteen minutes by the time it reached her front yard, which was also somewhat private, screened by trees and hedges. Ryn was praying that the collision avoidance sensors would, with their random decisions about course correction, ultimately send the cart on a journey back into the safety of her backyard. By now, she'd guessed at the mistake that she'd made with the timer, and she was aware that the batteries powering her device would be drained after about 2 hours, given their current level of use. She'd designed in failsafes, such that when the power ceased, the electromagnetic locks on all the restraints would be released, freeing her. So she only had to hope that the cart stayed in her yard, and she could wait it out.

Her heart leaped into her throat when one of the cart's random turns aimed it at the opening in the hedge formed by her front walk. She was heading off her property! Whimpering, eyes wide open with fear, she struggled against the restraints that she'd designed so well as the cart continued its inexorable movement toward public spaces. This was why she was mentally cursing, struggling and whimpering - wishing that she'd made more of an effort to understand the new timer! However, in a weird way, she was also subtly thrilled because this too was part of the excitement of self bondage - the possibility of discovery! The dildo jolted into action deep inside her cunt, vibrating fiercely, and she was now so keyed up that she came!

Moaning into her gag, Ryn's orgasm almost caused her to swoon, because the vibrator didn't immediately cut off. It kept buzzing against her spasming tissues, and she shook as yet another climax claimed her body, causing her to squeeze her eyes shut in ecstasy! Her cum juices streamed down the grooves in her saddle, and pooled in the receptacle below her.

When she opened her eyes, her cart was rolling sedately down the sidewalk. The public sidewalk. Her eyes darted frantically side to side, trying to see if anyone was around, but her ability to check was hindered by the posture collar, which prevented her from turning her head from side to side. Her chest was heaving and shuddering, with her jutting tits crowned with their roseate nipples bobbing up and down. Thankfully, the dildo had stopped vibrating, at least for a while.

Perhaps five minutes later, the cart sensors noted a sharp depression in the sidewalk, where the concrete had cracked and sank. The cart halted, and began a laborious process of turning, hampered by a hedge on one side, and the dropoff of the curb onto the road on the other. With several seesawing back and forth motions, it gradually accomplished a complete 180 degree turn, and began heading back toward Ryn's home. That was the good news. The bad news was that Ryn saw that two young men were now in view, directly in front of her. Their heads were turned toward one another as they walked, apparently deep in conversation about something. They obviously hadn't seen her yet, but she knew it was only a matter of moments before they did.

She was right.

The dark haired man on the left glanced her way, and his face took on an expression of shock! Without turning his head, he poked his friend and called out, "Look, Joe!"

His sandy-haired companion looked forward and came to an abrupt halt, his jaw dropping.

Ryn pressed back against the vertical pole, as if trying to move away from them - a futile action, because the pole was unyielding, and the cart was slowly moving her closer to the two men anyway.

The two guys followed the first instinct of the young. They whipped out their cell phones and started recording this sight with pictures and videos.

Mortified, Ryn was propelled closer and closer to them. She hadn't intended for anyone to see her like this - naked, bound and helpless. Her bare flesh tingled as she felt their eyes scanning her, with their faces displaying mixed expressions of disbelief and lasciviousness. Just as she thought it couldn't get any worse, the dildo sticking up from the saddle kicked on again, and she started bouncing on it, grimacing as she came again. Even though her eyes were squeezed shut as the orgasm coursed through her, she was dimly aware that they were capturing this humiliating moment on their phones.

The young man stopped in front of the cart, so it started a turning action. Surprised, they quickly jumped to either side, and the cart decided the way forward was clear again, and started to move, they began walking alongside, still staring at her. Their eyes were roaming over her breasts, her tummy, her pussy.

"What's going on?" the dark-haired guy asked.

Of course, her answer was unintelligible, garbled by the gag.

"Should we remove that gag, Harry?" Joe asked.

"I don't know. It looks to me like she deliberately put herself on display like this, since I don't see anyone else around. Look how aroused she is. I bet she wants people to touch her. To play with her." The front of his pants bulged as his cock stiffened. And, as they say, a stiff prick has no conscience. He reached out and ran his hand over the warm, smooth skin of her breast. Of course, her areola was anything but smooth, and his fingertip explored its wrinkled, pebbled texture. "You need to feel her tit, Joe. It's amazing!"

Joe's face turned scarlet. He stammered, "But I never... I mean..." He coughed as his voice cracked.

Harry sounded incredulous. "You mean that you've never touched a woman's tit? Not even in college?" The two of them were easily keeping pace with the cart as it moseyed forward, and he was still stroking and kneading Ryn's breast as she shuddered in blissful aftershocks from her climax. Embarrassed as she was, Ryn couldn't deny how good it felt to have someone playing with her like this.

"Awww. You weren't supposed to know that," Joe whined. "You're so slick with the women. You can't possibly understand how it is for me. I'm friendly with them, and all. But I never can figure out how to make the first move. My throat almost squeezes shut when I'm trying to say something sexy." His blush deepened to a dark crimson as he made this admission.

"Well, here's your chance, stupid. So don't blow it," Harry admonished him. "You don't have to chat this one up or anything. You don't have to try to figure out how to talk her out of her clothes, because she isn't wearing any. This cart is kinda serving her up on a platter. Come on. Grab her other tit, and do what I'm doing."

It was clear from the expression on his face that Joe was in a state of frenzied indecision. His hand came up, shaking, hanging in the air in front of Ryn's breast, but failing to touch it. Ryn made eye contact with him, and saw his expression change to one of pleading. She was getting so turned on by what Harry was doing to her that she realized she wanted Joe's hands-on her too. Because of the gag, she couldn't smile at him, or tell him to go ahead. But, locking eyes with him, she nodded as best she could, given the restraint of the posture collar.

"Really? It's okay?" Joe asked. Ryn nodded again, still looking at him.

Almost reverently, Joe's fingers whispered over the sensitive tissues of her breast, then her areola, and finally her swollen, needy nipple. "Oh, wow!" Joe whispered.

To Ryn, there was something very special about the idea that hers was the first breast that this cute young man had ever touched. As his fingers got a little bolder, the sensations, combined with her current emotion, felt so exquisite that she groaned happily into her gag, closing her eyes to savor the moment.

"See? She likes it!" Harry asserted. "Go ahead. Feel her up some more. Find out what her tummy and mound feels like. And get a good look at that wet, wet pussy of hers. Feel those puffy pussy lips, and see if you can diddle her clit a little," he chuckled.

Still massaging Ryn's breast erotically, Joe watched to see if she'd signal her permission for him to take such liberties. He was still feeling shy about following the carnal instincts that were arising within him. Ryn couldn't look down far enough to see how his cock was now straining against the front of his pants, but he didn't think he'd ever had an erection like this when he was masturbating to porn.

Ryn heard Harry's advice to his friend and her heart sped up in response to her growing excitement. Her breath was whistling in and out of her nose as her chest rose and fell, pumping more air in and out of her lungs. She wanted to be touched. She wanted both of them to touch her, and force her to cum, maybe several times. She knew that Joe would hesitate, so with an almost superhuman effort, she made her chin go up and down rapidly, encouraging him.

The two guys were so engrossed that they didn't notice a woman approaching. But when they heard her footsteps, they moved to block her view, and the cart started the laborious task of changing its direction once again.

Ryn had a quick glance at the woman, before the guys got into her way. "Oh my god!" she thought. "It's Louise, one of my neighbors!" She knew those shiny, ebony tresses even at this distance.

In spite of the guy's efforts, as she got closer, Louise saw a naked woman, bound to the cart. Her face displayed a look of horror and shock. But that look of shock turned to one of recognition, and then surprise. "Ryn? Is that you?" she gasped loudly. Joe immediately hid his hands behind his back, trying to look innocent.

"Do you know this slut?" Harry boldly asked the dark-haired woman.

Louise gulped. "Well, yes... she's a neighbor of mine," she admitted. "Did you do this to her?" She reached for her cell phone, perhaps to call the police. "Are these two molesting you, Ryn?" she asked anxiously.

Ryn tried to shake her head to signal 'no' as best she could.

"No, lady. We just found her like this," Harry explained. "No one else was anywhere near her. We think she did this to herself."

"Did you, Ryn? You did this to yourself?" Louise gushed, her voice dripping with disbelief.

Ryn blushed fiercely. The blush of embarrassment stained her cheeks, neck, and the upper slopes of her tits. Her chin made slight up and down movements.

"See? She's saying she did this to herself," Harry asserted. "Look, lady. We can even steer this cart a little, depending on where we get into its way." He demonstrated, making the cart halt and pivot slowly.

"Then I think you'd better steer it up into her driveway, over there," Louise commanded. She pointed. "It's too dangerous being out here near the street," she added by way of explanation.

Once the cart was aimed correctly, a strange procession took place, with Joe and Harry walking on either side, and Louise trailing behind. As Louise walked, her eyes were drawn to the sight of Ryn's lush, naked buttocks. Amazingly, the muscles inside them started rippling, because the dildo had again become active, making the bound woman simmer with fresh arousal. The sight made Louise's mouth water. Although she'd never said anything, she'd always found Ryn to be an attractive, albeit secretive, woman. Louise felt that she really had to learn more about why Ryn was in this predicament.

Ryn was again wheezing air through her nose as the shuddering of her body gradually diminished when the dildo deactivated. Joe and Harry had begun fondling her body as the cart began its long journey up her driveway. Joe still had the look of surprised wonder on his face as his hands roamed over Ryn's breasts, belly, mound and thighs. His touch was becoming more confident as he observed the slight nodding of her chin and the sparkle in her eyes - her attempts to signal approval and encouragement. As Ryn basked in the delightful sensations the young men were providing, in the back of her mind was the dim awareness of her surprise that Louise seem to be taking this so calmly!

"Gentlemen," Louise said to get their attention, "I think we really need to understand how and why she's on this cart, like this. I'm going to at least remove that gag, so she can speak to us." Matching her walking motion to that of the cart, she got close to its rear, and was able to reach the knot that secured the gag in place. As she worked it loose, she couldn't help but be aware of the sexy scent that was perfuming the air around the bound woman. It was a delicious combination of fresh pussy juices, blended with the sweat that gave a glowing sheen to Ryn's flesh.

When the gag vacated her mouth, Ryn worked her jaw several times to relieve the ache in the muscles that control it. In the excitement of being discovered by these 3 people, she hadn't been aware of how vigorously she'd been clenching her teeth on the gag. She was wetting her lips, trying to decide what to say, but the air rushed out of her lungs in a shuddering gasp as the dildo activated once again. Its vibrations, along with the intimate kneading and caresses being administered by Harry and Joe, drove her into such a climax that her eyeballs rolled upwards in their sockets! "Ahh... ahhh... ahhh!" was all she could articulate at that moment.

"Oh fuck, Joe. I think she's cumming again! Look at her! Look at her eyes! Look at all the goosebumps on her tits!" Harry told his friend.

"What? Let me see too!" Louise gushed, moving up quickly next to Harry. She was very curious as to how a naked Ryn would look in the throes of orgasm. Her own eyelids flew up out of sight as she drank in the lewd view. Bound as she was, Ryn still managed to shake and shimmy as her body instinctively tried to impale itself even more firmly on the vibrating rod that was delivering such ecstatic pleasure. A little dumbfounded, the men had removed their hands from her after her orgasm began. Therefore, Ryn's erect roseate nipples bobbed and weaved wildly on her heaving chest as she greedily sucked air. Another wave of cum juices streamed from her contracting cunt, following the grooves in the saddle and joining the fluids already present in the collecting receptacle.

The young men had pretty well mastered control of the cart's direction, and were almost subconsciously guiding it in a large circuit of Ryn's back yard. It seemed as if Ryn might again be coherent enough to answer questions, so Louise asked, "Did you really do this to yourself? You wanted to be trapped, naked, helpless, fully on display, and traveling down the sidewalk like that?"

Flooded with shame, Ryn couldn't quite make eye contact with anyone as she explained, "Well, yes, I did this to myself. I designed and built this cart. But I wasn't supposed to be on it this long, and I certainly wasn't supposed to be out on a public sidewalk. It was supposed to stay here in my backyard."

Mystified, Louise asked, "So what went wrong?"

Ryn was very surprised to hear no expression of contempt or disgust from her neighbor. Instead, Louise's tone of voice only signaled curiosity as she got right to the heart of the matter. Ryn asked her, "Can you see a timer display on the vertical pole, near my hands on the back of the crossbar? If so, what does it read?"

Louise looked carefully. "It says 3:47 on that display. What does that mean?"

"It means that I really goofed up when I set it," Ryn replied. "I set it at 5:00 - thinking that meant 5 minutes. But apparently that really meant 5 hours," she stated, sheepishly. That, combined with an unexpected dip in my lawn and a poorly placed test cone threw me off course. Knowing that her explanation wasn't complete, she went on to confess her love and need for self bondage as a stress reliever. Louise, Joe, and Harry all glanced at each other quizzically, since they, perhaps naively, had never heard of this particular fetish.

Swallowing reflexively when Ryn had concluded her explanation, Louise remarked, "So that means you've been trapped on this contraption for more than an hour, and you're stuck on it for more than 3 and a half more hours?"

"Probably not. I expect the batteries will be drained in about another hour."

"And we can't release you before then?" Louise asked. "I can't undo that collar or those straps somehow?"

"Sadly, no," Ryn confirmed. "Everything is secured by electromagnets, run by that timer."

Louise thought for a moment, rubbing her chin as they strolled alongside the cart. Then, shrugging as if to signal the thought that it can't hurt to try, she reached out and pressed a couple of things. Like magic, the cart halted, the straps loosened, and the posture collar sprang open.

Her head freed, Ryn swiveled it toward her neighbor, a look of disbelief in her eyes. "What did you do? Whatever it was, it worked!"

Louise saw not only Ryn staring at her, but also Harry and Joe doing the same. She whispered, "I set the timer to 0:00 on its display."

Ryn maintained eye contact as her hands moved blindly to undo the straps fully from her arms, torso, and legs. "Louise, that was inspired! Brilliant! I'm so happy I could kiss you!" Ryn exclaimed.

Feeling her heart accelerate upon hearing this, Louise decided to take Ryn at her word, figuring nothing ventured, nothing gained. She stepped close and planted a firm kiss on Ryn's lips. Surprised, Ryn drew back, but only for a microsecond. On impulse, her arms came up around Louise's neck in a tender embrace and she kissed her lustily. If her body hadn't been ramped up on the hormones released by those dildo-induced orgasms, she might've not acted so boldly.

They were both a little breathless when the kiss finally ended. Ryn eased her body upward, and the two men watched intently as the gooey, glistening dildo slid out of her sopping pussy. As she tried to climb off the cart, her wobbly legs threatened to buckle and collapse out from under her. All three people rushed to her aid, helping to support her.

"Should we get your clothes? Or help you into the house? Is there anything you want or need at this moment?" Louise asked solicitously.

Impulsively, Ryn answered. "I want to be fucked. That dildo was all well and good, but it can't substitute for a real cock. And I think you both have stiffies hiding in those pants," she added, looking at Joe and Harry. Mentally, she felt that, since they'd both seen her naked body and had fondled it so intimately, she might as well be honest. Besides, she knew that Joe had never had sex with a woman, and it was thrilling to think she might be his first.

Louise noted the gleam that sprang into the young men's eyes as they heard Ryn's bald statements. She asked, "Do you want me to leave... or watch? Or maybe..." She hesitated over the next word, but finally uttered, "...participate?"

Ryn had always thought that Louise was a straight-laced woman, and had never imagined her to be adventurous, or have a wild side. But surely she wouldn't offer to 'participate' unless she meant it? Was Louise bisexual, at least? That kiss she'd given - that was extremely passionate. Just thinking about it made Ryn's toes tingle. Swallowing to make certain her voice wouldn't squeak, Ryn answered, "Please don't go, Louise. If you want to join us, I'd be thrilled."

Joe was trembling with emotion, but Harry voiced, "Really, lady? You really want us to fuck you? You're not teasing us or anything?"

"No, I'm not teasing... Harry, is it?" Ryn responded. "And... and... if he wants to, I'd like Joe to be first." She saw the men both glance at her house. "Right here. Right here on my lawn, in the fresh air and sunshine. I don't think I'll be able to walk for a while after riding that cart for that long." She paused, and gave them a careful, salacious wink. "And if you do what I'm hoping, as thoroughly as I'm hoping, I think I'll have to be walking bowlegged for a while afterwards."

Harry guffawed, and Joe turned pink. Harry rubbed his hands together gleefully, while Joe felt his guts twist into a knot. Joe was thinking, "She wants to have sex with me. She even wants me to go first! But in front of other people? In front of some woman I don't know, and in front of my buddy, who'll razz me if I goof up? I'm almost cumming in my pants already, just thinking about it! And my knees feel wobbly, and I think I may faint or throw up! Maybe I should just run away from this."

Ryn's intuition kicked in, aided by Joe's body language and facial expressions. Speaking softly, like she might if she was trying to calm a wild animal, she said, "Joe, I think we should have some privacy, since it's your first time, don't you?" She scanned her yard. "We could go over there, behind the shrubbery, and take our time. I don't want you to rush, and I want your first time to be both delightful and memorable." She looked at Louise. "Louise, you indicated that you wanted to participate. How would you feel about keeping Harry 'company' while Joe and I experience one another?"

Thoughtfully, Louise looked the virile young man up and down. It didn't take her long to decide. "What do you say, Harry? Are you game to play with me for a while at least? You can think of it as foreplay for the main event later with Ryn." She winked at him suggestively.

The boner trapped in Harry's pants stiffened even more, starting to throb painfully. His body was certainly voting. Even though Louise was shorter than the long-limbed Ryn, it just made her tits look more impressive on her smaller frame. And Harry was definitely a 'tit-man' first and foremost. With his eyes twinkling, he growled, "Hell yes, Louise. Can I help you get that blouse off?"

She laughed. "You can, and you may." The distinction between the two words was completely lost on Harry, but he understood her acquiescence. He stepped close, and began undoing her blouse buttons. The skill he was exhibiting indicated that this was not the first time he'd helped some female out of her clothes.

Louise and Harry were clearly focused on one another, so Ryn whispered, "Please put your arm around me, and help me walk, Joe. My legs are still so wobbly that I don't want to fall down." She actually felt much better, but thought that giving him permission to embrace her would help break the ice.

Like a gentleman, Joe stepped to her side, and wrapped his arm around her slender waist. Since he was wearing a T-shirt, he felt the delicious sensation of her warm skin all the way from his forearm to his hand. "Holy crap!" crashed through his mind. "I'm walking with my arm around a lovely, naked woman! She smells so nice... and she's gonna... we're gonna..." He didn't try to finish that thought, attempting to control his breathing as his thumping heart threatened to burst out of his chest.

When they were concealed from the other two, Ryn asked softly, "Do you want to undress yourself, or would you like me to do it?"

His cheeks turned scarlet. "I'd... I'd like you to do it... but... I'm afraid if you touch me, I'll cum, and that'll be the end of it... over, before we actually begin."

"I'm glad you shared that with me, Joe. But let me tell you a secret. First of all, there's a way I can help you slow down. And second, at your age, even if you cum, I'll bet you'll be ready for action again in minutes." She grinned. Having heard he wanted her to do it, she lifted his T-shirt up and off his torso. Carefully unbuckling his belt, and unzipping his pants, she lowered them. His underpants showed his cock bulge, and a wet spot of precum where the head of his dick was encased. "Let's carefully free this lovely cock," Ryn cooed quietly.

Joe gasped as he felt his cock spring out into view, and looked down to see the sensuous smile on her face. The very fact that this lovely blonde was staring at his erection, mere inches away from it, was making his mind spin. As he stepped free from his underpants, he felt a sensation that he'd never felt before - someone else's hand lightly grasping his penis! His stomach muscles contracted so hard that his heart seemed like it was being pressed up into his throat. His voice squeaked slightly as he exclaimed, "I think I'm going to cum! I think I'm going to cum!"

Hearing his warning, Ryn carefully grasped his scrotum with her other hand and pulled gently downward, stretching it away from his groin. Joe's eyes bulged slightly as he felt that sensation, and to his amazement, the threat of his ejaculation ebbed. He sighed with relief.

"Is that better, Joe?" Ryn asked.

"Yes. Yes, that worked. It sorta calmed me down."

"Good. Now, as I do this, I want you to warn me anytime that you feel that you're getting close. It's not that I don't want you to cum in my mouth. You can do that whenever you like. But, this time, I think you really want to empty your load into my pussy." She winked at him impishly, and took the head of his cock into her mouth.

Joe wasn't expecting her to do this, so his mind was still uncomprehendingly processing her words when the sensory nerves in his glans reported the amazing sensations of being enclosed in the warm, wet, smooth enclosure of Ryn's mouth. His toes began curling involuntarily, and they curled even harder, almost lifting his feet off the ground as Ryn's tongue began swiping back and forth over the tiny slit in the head of his cock!

"I'm... I'm... gonna..." he groaned.

Once again, Ryn stretched Joe's scrotum to throttle back his excitement. He teetered on the edge of his orgasm for a few moments, and then gave off a shuddering sigh. "That's better," he informed her. "Your mouth feels so fantastic that I almost jumped out of my skin!"

Ryn giggled in her throat, but didn't stop gently sucking and licking the end of his cock, happily dining on the copious flow of precum he was generating. But she knew that he needed to cum very soon, since the novelty of this interaction was intensifying his arousal so much that he wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. Besides, her pussy was lustily lubing itself, and demanding that it be stretched, filled, and fucked.

Taking her mouth off of his cock, she told him, "I want you to fuck me now, Joe! And I don't want you to hold back at all! I want you to drive your cock deep into me, and just start pumping fast and hard! I expect that you'll cum fast - and that's okay! Once you do, just keep pumping. I think your dick will stay stiff that way and we can enjoy your second orgasm in a more leisurely fashion." With that, she placed herself on her back, spread her thighs, and opened her labia with her fingers. "Put the head of your cock near my hole, and I'll guide you in," she virtually moaned, her voice thick with need.

There was a tiny pang of regret in Joe's mind that he couldn't spend a long time staring at Ryn's open sex. But his cock was already throbbing so hard, driven by the thought of what he was about to do, that he couldn't waste any time! Dropping to his knees, he grabbed the base of his shaft, leaned his body forward until he was almost prone, and angled his dick near one of her hands. As Ryn grasped and took control of his cock, he let go of it and leaned fully forward to brace his torso above hers, his hands planted in the grass on either side of her.

Ryn briefly rubbed Joe's glans up and down her slit, smearing together his precum with her pussy juices, and then planted it directly at her entrance. "Now, Joe! Right there! Fuck me! I need you!"

Joe was already panting, his heart beating so hard and fast that he was sure that everyone around could hear it. But that thought was wiped from his mind instantly, the moment his cock slid into the velvety, buttery slickness of Ryn's pussy. "I'm in her! We're doing it!" raced through his mind, as he instinctively began thrusting. After only about three hard, fast strokes, an excruciating pleasure ripped through his body! His ball sack contracted so forcefully that it felt like it was trying to push his balls up through his cock and into her depths! In reality, the contractions were forcing an impressive load of semen up through his intimate anatomy. That load was driven into Ryn in a series of hearty spurts.

Ryn felt Joe's cock twitching inside her, along with the spreading warmth of his seminal gift. Wanting to reassure him, she moaned, "Oh, Joe! It's wonderful! I feel you cumming! Yes! Yes!" She nodded, biting her lip in a sexy manner. "I've been needing this for so long! Thank you! Thank you! Please keep fucking me!"

As his cock stopped spewing, Joe felt less frantic now. He continued gliding his cock in and out of Ryn's receptive sheath. As she'd predicted, it stayed firm, to their mutual delight. Slowing the pace of his thrusts, Joe focused more on the reactions of his partner as he experimented with slight changes of angle and force of impact. Ryn was communicating without words now, just uttering sounds like 'oooo' and 'aahhh' and encouraging moans, along with using her hands to stroke his neck, chest, and arms.

Joe looked down to where their bodies were joined, fascinated by the manner in which her labia clung to his cock as it slid in and out. The mixed contributions of his semen blended with her pussy juices coated it, and his pumping action was whipping those secretions into a white froth that decorated her opening. The sight was breathtakingly erotic, especially combined with the heady, musky aroma wafting through the air around them. He was no stranger to female anatomy, but up until this point it had been confined to pictures, not the real thing. His eyes locked onto the upper area where her labia came together and he realized he was actually seeing her clit, which had swollen enough to peek its head free from her clitoral hood.

Inspired, he scooted slightly higher in relation to her body, and added a tiny grinding action to his hips when he was fully inserted. He watched to see if this pressure and stimulation against her clitoris pleased her. In response, Ryn gasped and moaned loudly. Her hands flew to her breasts and she began pinching, tugging, and rolling her stiffened nipples. Her eyes closed in concentration and she groaned, "Yes!... That!... Keep doing that!... I'm getting close!... Oh, so close!... You're gonna make me cum!... Don't stop!... Don't stop!... I'm..."

Suddenly, Ryn's eyelids flew up, and, with wildly dilated pupils, she stared into Joe's eyes as her orgasm claimed her body! She shook beneath him, inarticulate sounds pouring from her lips as she came. If Joe thought that the sensations of fucking her couldn't be topped, he was wrong. The sensations of her vaginal muscles contracting, rippling, and virtually sucking at his cock during her orgasm were fantastically indescribable. Something primal triggered in his depths, and he produced a sound that surprised them both. It was a blend of a growl and a howl as he arched his back and fresh, creamy jets of his semen bathed her sensitized cervix, making her shriek with delight. Without thinking, she brought her legs up and locked them across the small of his back, holding him fully inside her as they both quivered together.

As they gradually calmed, Ryn reached up to draw his head down towards hers until she could give him a passionate kiss. They both reveled in the sensation of his chest now pillowed on her breasts. "Wow!" Ryn exclaimed, a little breathless as their kiss ended. "That was fantastic! Thank you!"

Joe looked deeply into her eyes and echoed, "Thank you!" He kissed her again, and whispered, "You made my first time so very, very special. I'll remember you always." The certitude of his declaration made her heart skip a beat. As they cuddled in the afterglow, they finally became aware of sounds emanating from the vicinity of Louise and Harry.

The sounds were curious. They were soft, sort of liquidy sounds, not words. Harry and Louise didn't appear to be speaking to one another. As their curiosity got the better of them, Ryn and Joe peaked around the edge of the bush. Embraced, they giggled softly as they saw the reason that Louise and Harry weren't communicating verbally. The two of them were now fully naked, on their sides, and locked together in a intense 69 action - Louise producing a slippery, sucking sound as she performed fellatio, and Harry producing a slurping, squishy sound as he performed cunnilingus. They were so intent on what they were doing, that they didn't appear to notice Ryn and Joe strolling up to stand near them and observe.

Mischievously, Ryn whispered a quiet suggestion into Joe's ear. His eyes widened in surprise, but he nodded his agreement. He knelt down alongside Louise's butt as Ryn did the same near Harry's. She gave a tiny hand signal, and Joe began licking Louise's ass, as Ryn started licking Harry's balls. The recipients reacted by tightening their embrace, grinding against each other and howling loudly - the howls muffled by the cock filling Louise's mouth, and the fact that Harry's lips were sealed against Louise's sex!

"Oh, Shit! I'm cumming!" Louise cried out as Joe continued licking her ass rapidly. Harry didn't mention that Ryn's tongue lapping at his perineum and ball sack had also sent him over the edge - he didn't have to. As she cried out, Louise let his cock slip free of her mouth at the critical moment. In the twinkling of an eye, Harry's cock launched several hefty jets of cum all over her face! Some of it rained down on Ryn's nose and cheek as well, but she wasn't complaining about it. Of one mind, the two women gleefully licked Harry's cum off each other's face. And, with their lips that close, it was inevitable that they kiss. And the kiss got rather steamy. Which helped the young men get fully aroused once again as they observed, their stiffened cocks bobbing in the air and sunlight.

"Let me see," Ryn pondered. "Joe did an excellent job of fucking me, in case anyone wonders," she began. Joe blushed, but looked quite pleased with himself, hearing her compliment. "So, I think it's now Harry's turn, just to be fair." Harry beamed. "But I don't want to leave out Louise, or have Joe feel left out either." She hummed. "What to do? What to do?" She beckoned Louise closer, to whisper a question so quietly into her ear that the men couldn't make out what she said or asked.

Louise giggled, turned a little pink, and nodded rapidly. "OK, it's settled," Ryn informed the men. "That is, if you both agree. I'd like to be on my hands and knees, with Harry taking me doggy style. Louise wants to be on her back under me, licking, sucking, and nibbling on my tits. She'd like to spread her thighs, and have Joe either eat her pussy, or fuck it, or both - preferably both. What do you think?"

The young studs looked like they'd just won the lottery, or something. Everyone was in agreement. Quickly, they established the tableau that Ryn had outlined. Louise scooted sideways beneath Ryn's chest, latched onto one of her nipples, and began sucking like a greedy, hungry baby. Harry squatted just behind Ryn's hips, rubbed the dripping head of his cock up and down her ass crack, and then dipped it lower, slotting it easily into the heated cauldron of her slippery pussy. Joe got down onto his belly, with his face positioned right above Louise's mound and labia. He feasted his eyes on this close-up of her dewy, satiny womanhood, delicately prying open her pussy lips with careful fingers to examine the treasures within.

Grunting with effort, Harry began pummeling Ryn's honey pot with long, powerful thrusts. Ryn moaned as she felt his hands grasp her waist, holding her in place for his furious fucking. She moaned even louder as Louise's lips released the nipple she'd been nursing on with a lewd, wet popping sound, switched to the other nipple, and began tugging and rolling the first with passionate fingers. Meanwhile, Joe finished his visual inspection of Louise's clit, pee hole, and vaginal opening, because the attraction of the fragrance wafting into his nostrils created an intense desire on his part to taste her juices. He gave several tentative licks, but soon sealed his lips over as much of her vulva as possible, and began digging his tongue deeply inside her, scooping and swallowing her delicious fluids.

Louise felt Joe's tongue burrowing into her tunnel, and either she was in a heightened state of arousal, or Joe was even better at cunnilingus than Harry had been. In either case, she began bucking and writhing under his oral assault, feeding him her nectar. She increased her suction on Ryn's nipple to the point that the entire areola was pulled into her mouth, where her tongue began swirling and flicking against its sensitive tissues. This caused Ryn's vocalizations to approximate those of a cat in heat, which excited Harry even more. He began fucking her so hard that his ball sack, coated with her expelled juices, kept slamming against her labia with obscene splatting noises. Keeping his arousal under rigid control, he was determined to make her cum before he did.

Even though Joe was thrilled to be eating Louise's pussy, his aching cock would no longer be denied. Rearing up, and repositioning himself, he slipped it carefully into her slick, receptive sheath. "Oh man! I'm actually fucking two lovely women in a row!" he thought, his mind giddy with delight. As he began a careful pumping action, adjusting his angle, his head was close to Ryn's shoulder. He kissed it, tasting her salty sweat. Feeling the contact of his lips, Ryn swiveled her head to face him and they began kissing. Their sensuous kiss rapidly became passionate, as each approached orgasm.

Ryn was the first of the foursome to reach her peak. She was braced on her arms, and pinned in place by Harry's hands on her waist, and Louise's mouth and hand at her tits, so all she could do was shudder in this intimate embrace, although her eyelids flew up, and she gave off a muffled moan into Joe's mouth.

Harry felt Ryn's vaginal muscles begin churning on his cock shaft, and massage his swollen glans. Knowing that he'd helped this amazingly erotic woman climax, he abandoned his personal control, and allowed his body to unleash a flood of hot semen into her rippling depths. Grimacing at the intensity of his release, he groaned something that sounded like, "Oh god! This is so fuckingly awesome!"

Hearing the sounds being made by Harry and Ryn, and feeling her lips shuddering against his, Joe, already close to his own release because of the heady sensation of his dick gliding inside the warm, buttery sleeve of Louise's cunt, could hold back no longer. He pressed his cock into her as far as it would go, and held it there as he began squirting. Unthinking, he broke off the kiss to cry out, "That's it! Take it! Take it! Ahhhhhhh!" His cock twitched and thrummed as it spit its seed into her.

Awash with the scents, sounds and tastes of this mini-orgy, Louise had been holding back as best she could, wanting her excitement to build and build. Joe's ejaculation provided the trigger that her body'd been seeking. She freed her mouth from Ryn's breast, and reached up with both arms to grab Ryn's torso for anchoring and leverage as she arched her back, lifting her hips to lock her pelvis against Joe's, becoming a willing receptacle for his intimate gift.

The bliss that all four of them were experiencing simultaneously seem to make time stand still. But quivering muscles rapidly fatigue, and gradually they tumbled together into a tangled, sweaty, ecstatic heap on the grass. Panting to catch their breath, they were bubbling with joy, and kissing one another indiscriminately, expressing their gratitude.

When they'd finally calmed down, and were sitting in a tight circle on the warm grass, Louise patted Ryn's knee to get her attention. "You know, Ryn, if it leads ultimately to interactive play like this with such erotic abandon, I might like a spin on your bondage cart," Louise confessed. "But for 5 minutes, or maybe even 10, but not 5 hours, please." They all laughed together happily, and with Ryn's promise that Louise would get her wish, they made plans for another get-together soon.