**Ryn's Need for Self Bondage**

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**Ryn's Need for Self Bondage Pt. 02**

"Come on, Ryn. You promised. You know you did," Louise insisted. "The weather's perfect, and I shaved my pussy special this morning. I want just the two of us around for this, and you know that we'll probably be seeing Joe and Harry later today," Louise pleaded.  
  
Ryn looked groggy. She'd been up much of the night, mentally struggling with a tricky work problem. She'd skipped dinner the night before, and breakfast this morning, and her tummy was trying to remind her about that oversight. But Louise was right. She'd promised. "OK, OK," she mumbled unenthusiastically. "Help me get the cart out of the cellar."  
  
The two of them maneuvered the cart up the ramp, and out to rest on the grass. Louise was beside herself with anticipation. Ever since she saw her neighbor, Ryn, naked and bound atop the cart, she knew she just had to experience that for herself.  
  
Ryn checked the charge on the cart's batteries, going through the motions in an almost zombie-like trance. "How long do you want?" she uttered in a subdued voice.  
  
"Five minutes," Louise answered, already stripping off her clothes. "No, wait. Make it ten minutes, please." Naked now, she bent over to watch Ryn put 00:10 on the timer. After the last mishap, both of them knew that this display was hours and minutes, not minutes and seconds, as Ryn had originally assumed.  
  
"You sure you're ready for this?" Ryn said distractedly, shaking her long blonde hair out of her eyes, which had fallen forward as she'd leaned over.  
  
"Oh, yes! Yes!" Louise replied, bouncing up and down in anticipation. The bouncing action made Louise's ebony curls fly up and down, and her generous tits bobbed and swayed in a manner that Ryn would have found highly exciting, if she'd been more alert. "I dreamed about it all night!" Louise gushed. "And my pussy's so wet right now that we don't have to lube its saddle dildo." She was referring to the vertical vibrator affixed to the top of the cart saddle that sprang to life at random intervals during the ride. "Should I climb aboard and slip it inside me?"  
  
"Yes. Go ahead, and I'll adjust the straps." Almost as an afterthought, she added, "Oh. Do you also want to be gagged, as I was?"  
  
Nervous with anticipation, Louise shifted from one foot to the other. Deciding, she answered, "Yes, please, Ryn. I just know I'm going to cum the moment that vibrator kicks in, and I don't want my resulting scream to scare the neighborhood." Having stated her choice, she gingerly scrambled onto the cart, held her labia open, and sank down onto the dildo. As she felt it enter, stretch and fill her, she groaned, "Oh my! I may not even have to wait for the vibrator to activate. Please gag me, quickly!"  
  
Ryn managed to secure the special gag she'd designed on Louise's head. Soft, cloth covered foam shaped like a ball partially filled the dark haired woman's mouth, and attached to it, wide straps went horizontally to Velcro together behind her head. In addition, vertical straps went from her cheeks up, to join above her head, and down, to join under her chin. It wouldn't displace, even if she could shake her head violently. And, as Louise leaned back against the vertical bar behind her spine, Ryn lowered the posture collar enough to work properly with regard to the shorter woman's height, and carefully closed it around her neck - this prevented all but the smallest head movements anyway.  
  
Louise blindly snaked her arms down through the loops that would confine her elbows and wrists, while Ryn threaded the two pairs of straps that would secure Louise just below her knees and just above her ankles. Finally, she secured Louise's torso with a strap across her tummy, and another that on Ryn herself would've been across the tops of her breasts, angling downward. On Louise, this strap had to go under the woman's generous tits, and angled upward, lifting them slightly as if presenting them on an obscene hammock. Louise could barely look down, but she saw how that strap made her tits jut forward lewdly, and blushed. She wasn't sure if she was grateful that Joe and Harry weren't around, or disappointed.  
  
"You're all set, and aimed right," Ryn told her. "Go ahead and press the activation switch."  
  
Louise tried, but it was a little too far to the side for her shorter fingers. She couldn't quite reach the activation switch. She mumbled a complaint into her gag, and the resultant sounds were gibberish.  
  
Seeing her friend straining, Ryn knew she had to assist. But her lowered blood sugar made spots swim before her eyes as she braced herself against the cart to lean over to press the switch. She'd just pressed it when her eyes rolled up as she fainted. Her crumpling body caused two things to happen, only one of which Louise noticed. Ryn's outstretched finger brushed the timer, and before it fell free, the display read 02:10 in glaring digits. Two hours and 10 minutes! Louise couldn't see the timer, so she was unaware of that alteration.  
  
But the weight of Ryn's slumping body shoved against the rear of the cart making the rear wheel swivel, and the now forward motion of the drive wheels skewed its course, before the sensors straightened out the rear wheel. Louise was well aware of the cart's lurch, and her eyes dilated in panic as she saw the cart was now aimed dead center for the driveway leading to the street! She tried to protest loudly into the gag, but her sounds were muffled, and Ryn was currently unconscious, anyway! "Why did Ryn shove the cart that way?" she frantically asked herself.  
  
Inexorably, albeit slowly, the cart trundled past the edge of the house, and down the driveway. Louise was struggling the entire time, and sweating pretty badly by the time the cart reached the edge of the street. Unable to look behind herself, she had no idea why Ryn hadn't leaped to her rescue, but now she was more worried that she'd hear the screech of car brakes. Or worse yet, the sound of a car and no screech of brakes - just the sound of an impact!  
  
Fortunately, it was a quiet street, and there were no cars at all at the moment. And no pedestrians. On the one hand, Louise would've been horrified to be seen by her neighbors like this - naked and bound. On the other hand, the fact that no one saw her meant that no one was around to free her, either.  
  
Being a modern development, the driveways on opposite sides of the street were staggered apart, to lessen the chances of two cars backing out at the same time might collide with each other. But that meant that when the cart reached the curb on the other side of the street, its sensors made it turn, and it ended up moving parallel to the curb. Going down the street. Heading toward the town center! This fact was registering in Louise's mind as the vibrator inside her kicked into life. And it buzzed so long and insistently that her straining body had no choice but to react.  
  
Trying desperately not to do so, she came anyway!  
  
She moaned in the gag as a strong orgasm coursed through her flesh. Her nipples stiffened so hard that it felt to her like she could scratch glass with them. If they were hard as diamonds, they were mounted in gorgeous settings of reddened, pebbled areolae. The crinkles in those sensitive rings of skin were so pronounced that the gentle breezes wafting over them were forced into every nook and cranny, causing maddening sensual caresses!  
  
When the pleasure abated, the terror returned. "This isn't what I signed up for!" Louise shrieked mentally. "Being naked like this in Ryn's back yard is one thing. Being naked and vulnerable out on a public street is definitely another thing entirely!" She shook her body side to side as much as she could, pulling hard on the straps. But they held her firmly. All she succeeded in doing was to make her large tits jiggle back and forth atop their strap cradle. They bobbed and weaved, making her nipples trace strange designs in the open air.  
  
The cart trundled into a patch of sunlight. The warm rays of the sun struck her sweaty skin and made it glow. She felt like she was now on some surreal stage, with a spotlight full on her. If their had been an audience, she could only imagine the jeers and catcalls they'd be articulating. "They'd probably be saying 'look at that slut' and 'her tits look enormous in that bright light' and 'forget the tits - look at the stuff oozing out of her cunt' and 'her cunt lips are so bright red and puffy' and other derisive things," she groaned mentally to herself.  
  
The helpless, restrained woman was propelled through a couple of street intersections without incident. As the vibrator began purring inside her, Louise sucked air through her nostrils, trying to contain her excitement. She would have lost again, except the vibrator stopped before she climaxed. Perversely, she actually got a little angry at that. "Damn it! I was so close to cumming again! Why did it have to stop?!" she complained to herself, conveniently forgetting that she'd fought hard NOT to cum!  
  
Her heart lurched in her chest as Louise spied a guy mowing his lawn up ahead. "Oh lord," she thought, "he's going to see me at any moment! What will he do to me? Molest me? Call the police?" Tears of fright formed on her eyes, and leaked down her cheeks. The moisture was making her sniffle, and her nose started to run, but there wasn't a thing she could do about it. She now had a very good idea how Ryn must've felt when, on her earlier mishap with the cart, she'd seen Harry and Joe walking toward her, eyeing her trussed, nude body.  
  
Miraculously, the guy was so intent on his task, he apparently didn't even notice the slow moving cart. Again, Louise experienced mixed emotions. Of course, she was relieved that he hadn't seen her and done anything bad. But still - she was upset that she'd been ignored! "Oh my god!" she thought. "Here I am... naked and fully on display... and that jerk couldn't even be bothered to look?" Okay. She wasn't making much sense. But admittedly she was having a difficult time coming to grips with her vulnerability in this unforeseen circumstance.  
  
"Hasn't it been ten minutes by now?" she queried herself. "I know that we set the timer for 10 minutes! I saw that on the display myself!" She had no way of knowing that Ryn's collapse had changed the timer settings. Then another thought struck. "What happens when the timer does expire? Oh yes. The straps loosen. I get freed. Oh my god! Then what? So what if I manage to get off this cart? I'll still be naked, with not a scrap of clothing here to cover myself. And I'm blocks and blocks from Ryn's place or my home! Even if I manage to cover my tits and my pussy with my arm and my hand, my ass will still be showing! My face will still be showing! And it'll be obvious that I'm running through the neighborhood - naked! I'll die of shame!"  
  
She was starting to think, "Gosh, now I wish Harry and Joe had been there when all this started - they could've saved me! And whatever happened to Ryn? Why did she let me..." That stream of thought was abruptly cut off as the saddle's vibrator awakened with such intensity that Louise screamed and screamed into her gag as a rolling climax seized her body and attention! She came, and the vibrator didn't stop or even lessen. Air was wheezing in and out of her nose as she desperately tried to oxygenate the blood racing through her blood vessels, pushed by the frenzied pumping of her heart. Her eyes began to lose focus as another, even stronger orgasm burst inside her frame! It was as if this orgasmic wave had climbed atop the previous one, teetered, tipped over the edge, and was now crashing through her! It seemed like every muscle of her body contracted at the same time!  
  
Mercifully, the vibrations ceased again, and the world swam around inside Louise's vision as her eyes rolled, crossed and uncrossed. When it finally settled back to something approaching normalcy, she saw two girls, probably in their late teens, walking on the sidewalk, coming toward her. They were quite close by this time, and were staring at her with shocked, owlish expressions. Then, almost as a unit, their hands flew up to cover their mouths as they giggled shrilly, looking at one another, sharing the ludicrous humor of the situation. They were still giggling loudly as they passed her completely. They didn't offer to help.  
  
The mindless cart continued its journey. Having encountered no obstacles, it hadn't turned one bit.  
  
The next people Louise approached were a young couple, perhaps in their twenties. They stared at her for a couple of moments, then the woman whispered to the man and nudged him, saying, "I dare you to find out!"  
  
Grinning, but looking a little shy, the guy stepped close to the side of the cart. Reaching out, he grasped and squeezed Louise's closest tit. "No!" he called out. "It's not a mannequin. She's real."  
  
"Really?" the woman said, sounding intrigued now. She quickly circled around to the other side of the cart, walking in the street. She too grasped the nearest tit. "Wow!" she breathed. She squeezed the nipple between her thumb and index finger. "Wow!" she repeated. "You're right. She's really a naked woman, tied to this cart!" Mischievously, her hand wandered down Louise's tummy, and toyed with her mound and lips. "And, judging from her wetness, she must be enjoying this a lot! Feel her down here!"  
  
The guy's hand explored the same region. Louise made incoherent sounds into her gag. She was mortified to have these strangers taking such liberties. But she couldn't deny that she was enjoying their human touch. In fact, if either of them diddled her clit much more, she was going to display fully how much she was enjoying this. The woman couldn't tell if Louise's sounds were those of protest or encouragement. But she decided on the latter. "I usually touch myself like this," she told her companion. "Watch."  
  
Her finger glided along one of Louise's inner pussy lips... up... up... up. Then it circled the base of her pulsating clit and stroked along the other inner lip... down... down... down. She repeated this gentle touch over and over. Louise found it arousing. Stimulating. Maddening. She was having her clit almost touched each time, until it was silently screaming for attention. After just a short period of time, Louise thought she'd go crazy if she didn't cum immediately. The young woman was either a mind reader, or she was watching Louise's level of arousal, manifested in the size, color, and motions of her clit. Because just then, she touched Louise's clit with a soft, thrumming action, and Louise cried out into her gag as her cunt spurted her cum juices.  
  
"Holy shit!" the guy exclaimed. "You actually made her squirt!"  
  
The woman laughed. "Yes, I did. Now, let's go to your place, and you can practice on me," she suggested in a husky tone of voice, obviously stirred up by Louise's reaction. She leaned over and gave one of Louise's tits a lusty kiss. "Thanks for letting me demonstrate," she whispered. And just like that, the couple was gone!  
  
More forward motion. Louise was being carried into a more popular section of town - with more pedestrians! Some didn't seem to even notice her, and others quickly averted their eyes and walked away, faster than they'd been walking before. But many stared. Really stared. They stared like they were memorizing every inch of her that was visible. The more of them that stared at her, the more helpless she felt. She couldn't do anything to cover herself or avert their gaze. She started blushing - furiously! The embarrassment made her heart race. The mind can play a funny thing with that. She was naked, and her heart was racing, which mimicked the arousal of love-making, to a certain extent. Soon her embarrassment was blending, mixing, and transforming into excitement.  
  
And then she noticed people whispering to each other. Whispering as they scanned her nude flesh. She began to wonder what they were saying to one another. Words sprang unbidden into her thoughts as if the people were speaking loudly about her and to her. Many were showing disgust.  
  
"Look at that slut on parade!"  
  
"Strapped into that contraption with all her naughty bits on display!"  
  
"A whore - definitely a whore!"  
  
"Don't you dare look at her, Charles! Don't condone such behavior!"  
  
Some of the people staring were licking their lips, and then whispering urgently to the person next to them. Louise couldn't help but interpret their expressions as lustful. More words surged through her mind, translating those expressions into imagined statements.  
  
"Look at those tits! Look at those nipples! They're just begging to be grabbed and sucked on!"  
  
"Yeah. Yeah! And her cunt! It looks so juicy, gleaming wetly. I bet she's turned on!"  
  
"Turned on, hell! She's obviously a nympho. The cart's probably taking her to the red light district for a gang bang!"  
  
"Where do we sign up? I want to fuck that slut! I want to fuck her and make her moan for more!"  
  
Unfortunately, the vibrator kicked on just then, and Louise moaned loudly into her gag as her muscles began contracting from her heightening arousal. Her vaginal muscles clamped down hard on the oscillating rod stuffed inside them. In minutes, she was convulsing in her restraints as another orgasm tore through her body. Just before her eyes went out of focus from the intensity of this release, she saw the jaws of several men drop open in surprise. She felt she could hear their thoughts once again.  
  
"Oh damn! That whore is cumming! She's cumming!"  
  
"Have you ever seen tits shake like that when a woman cums?"  
  
"Hell no! And her cunt looks like its actually sucking at that thing jammed inside it! I wish my cock was there right now! I'd drill her and fill her full of my hot spunk!"  
  
"My god! Is that her clit?! It's so swollen and elongated that I can see it from way over here! And it's either throbbing fast, or it's being vibrated - look at it shake! I'd love to have my finger or tongue on it when it's doing that!"  
  
Those imagined statements sent Louise spiraling into a deliciously prolonged set of multiple orgasms. Even after the vibrator stopped, she kept cumming, spurred on by all those lewd, lascivious statements. As she calmed, she was lulled by the motion of the cart, as it bumped gently on small rough spots in the road. She was in a submissive haze at this point, unaware of the world around her, and unaware of time passing. She barely noticed the cart coming to a halt, and the straps releasing. The posture collar unlatched at the same time.  
  
Louise finally came to her senses. She slipped her arms free of the loops behind her, and then rolled her shoulders several times to ease their ache. She reached down and freed her legs and ankles, and then pried her pussy up and off the saddle's vibrator. It came out of her with a sloppy obscene sucking sound, thoroughly drenched with cum and cunt juice. She detached the Velcro straps and spat the gag out of her mouth, placing it on the cart seat. At that moment, the weary woman became aware of two things. For some reason, there were no onlookers in her immediate area at the moment was her first realization. The second was - she was standing there next to the cart, stark naked - in public!  
  
She stifled a shriek of dismay, and tried to conceal her nudity with her hands, crouching down, and starting to run in the direction of home! Her tits were bouncing so much that her arm couldn't control them! They jiggled free and threatened to slap her in the face with practically every step. She'd only managed to run less than a block when she saw people strolling toward her, off in the distance. Wide-eyed, she dove into some shrubbery to hide!  
  
Heart pounding in her ears, she crouched like some animal, peering, hoping she wouldn't be spotted. Even after they strolled by, her fright was such that her shaky legs refused to lift her to her feet now, let alone propel her homeward. "I may have to wait here until dark, so I can try to get home without being seen. But I could be discovered at any moment!" She hissed quietly with fear. Fear of being caught. Fear of being grabbed by strangers, and used. Fear of women screaming for the police. Fear of arrest and court and maybe jail!

She hid and trembled and sweated anxiously. An eternity later, perhaps 20 minutes or so, a car came barreling down the street and screeched to a halt near the cart. Harry and Ryn leaped out and ran to the cart. Ryn called out, "Louise! Where are you?"  
  
A fresh surge of adrenaline raced through Louise's veins. Like a gopher rising up out of its burrow, she popped up inside the shrubbery. "Here! I'm here!" She was almost blubbering with relief as they grabbed her clothes from inside the car and raced over to her. They helped Louise out of the shrubs and, acting as a team, pulled her clothes onto her body as best they could. She was now giddy with relief.  
  
After bundling Louise into the car's back seat, Joe, Ryn and Harry all lifted the cart and swung it around to face back the way it'd come. Ryn swiftly replaced a battery, supplying the cart with a sufficient charge. She climbed aboard the cart as Joe and Harry returned to the car. During all this, a few people had wandered up, and had been ogling Louise as she was dressed, observed her being helped into the car, and had carefully watched the actions with the re-positioning of the cart.  
  
Seeing their quizzical expressions, Ryn addressed the onlookers, saying, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your rapt attention to our piece of performance art. That concludes this show." She didn't know if they'd buy into that explanation, but figured it was worth a try.  
  
One person, looking slightly baffled, started a slow, tentative clapping. Others gradually joined in. Finally, about everyone present was applauding, before they began to disperse.  
  
She'd said the show was over, but the few people that remained did get an extra treat.  
  
Lifting her skirt, she settled her pussy over the still warm vibrator, slick with Louise's juices and cum fluids. Realizing that she was pressing her friend's fluids deep into her own pussy, Ryn shivered with delight. She was sitting upright on the saddle, not kneeling, with her feet planted on the floor of the cart in front of her. This allowed her to lean over and manually engage the drive wheels. She might have to pause at various intersections, but she'd make the long journey, driving the cart back home. Each time the slow progress became a little tedious, Ryn pumped her hips up and down several times, fucking herself on the vibrator. She made a mental note to add vibrator activation to the manual controls, as well.  
  
When she pulled into her back yard, she found the trio waiting for her. Harry had gotten Louise some food and drink, while Joe cuddled her as they waited. After the dark haired woman had rested and eaten, she'd started thanking the two young men in her own fashion. When Ryn approached the group, Louise had a cock in each hand, and was happily stroking them to full, straining erections. She kept pumping them as Ryn explained to Louise how she'd fainted from hunger and fatigue.  
  
"Joe and Harry found me, here in the backyard, unconscious on the ground. After they revived me, we looked for the cart and realized it must've made it out of the yard. We got into the car, and decided to look for you downhill. Thank goodness we were right! I don't know how long I was out like that, or why the timer didn't stop you after 10 minutes, but you'd traveled quite a distance!"  
  
Louise sighed in relief. "Look at the bright side. I survived. I didn't get hit by a car. The police didn't show up and arrest me. No one shouted out my name in recognition, so maybe no one knew it was me. After all the gag obscured my face a little, and the posture collar stretched my neck." She looked from Ryn to Harry to Joe. "And, other than you three, no one has had a detailed, prolonged look at the naked torso that they know belongs to me. So I doubt anyone recognized me from my tits or pussy." She flushed a little. "Of course, there may be many images of my body flooding the Internet from people's cell phones. But there's not much I can do about that."  
  
"Speaking of detailed, prolonged looks at your naked torso," Harry began, with a lecherous expression on his face. "Can we now do more than look?"  
  
Louise laughed, stripped off, laid herself back on the grass and opened her arms and legs. "Come on, big boy," she demanded in a husky voice. "Come and fuck me silly!"  
  
Joe was gaining more and more confidence at voicing what he wanted with women, which pleased Ryn. Addressing Louise, he asked, "Can I get in on that action, too?"  
  
Louise grinned and licked her lips like a cat that had just lapped up some cream. "Sure, Joe. I've got two holes down here, and they both feel like they want to be stuffed," she said, pointing at the spot where her thighs came together.  
  
"Dibs on her ass hole!" Harry yelled, as he threw off his clothes and got onto his back next to Louise. His stiff cock poked upward like a fleshy flagpole. Giggling, she squatted over his hips, facing his feet, as she took some of the slippery liquids adorning her pussy and smeared them over her butt hole. Harry's hands grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them apart, stretching her anal ring open as she began working the lube into that rear hole.  
  
"Fine with me," Joe told Harry, obligingly. "I want to plow her pussy anyway." His clothes were quickly scattered on the grass. As Louise slowly impaled her ass on Harry's cock, she started leaning backward. He reached up and grasped her magnificent mammaries to help her stretch her torso out against his chest, and began humping up into her from below.  
  
Ryn took hold of Louise's smoothly shaven labia and parted them, holding her open until Joe's entry. Kneeling, he slotted his cock into the warm, wet embrace of her pussy, and buried it to the hilt. He was braced on his hands so he could look from Louise's wide-eyed expression of enjoyment of this double penetration, down along her torso, where her breasts were being massaged and teased by Harry's hands, down across her belly and mound, and ultimately watching his cock sliding in and out of her honey pot. Seeing how her labia clung to his dick each time he partially withdrew was so extremely erotically exciting that he almost ejaculated after a few strokes!  
  
Ryn correctly interpreted his suddenly apprehensive look, and acted quickly. Whispering into his ear, she said, "Take your time, Joe. We have all afternoon and evening, and I want you to save some of that for me, too." She kissed him tenderly, and then slowly began removing her clothes. Joe was able to divide his attention now between Louise and Ryn, and that helped him regain control.  
  
However, Louise was in the process of losing control, and thrilled by the prospect of doing so. "Both of you hold still for me," she begged. Harry and Joe obeyed, stopping their movements. Louise began a slight rotary, grinding motion with her hips, making the cocks move inside her at the rate and angles that she sought. "Ohhhh... fuck... yes... yes..." she groaned. Ryn leaned in between Joe and Louise, licking one of her nipples and gently tweaking the other. That was all it took to send Louise over the edge!  
  
"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!" she cried out as her body began shuddering. Her ass and pussy muscles clenched and released in rapid cycles as she shook and bucked. Harry and Joe gritted their teeth, enjoying the sensation of Louise's release, but holding back, since they both wanted to enjoy a fuck session with Ryn, as well.  
  
When Louise calmed down, she rose up and kissed Joe hard, carefully detached her pussy and ass from the wonderful erections that had pleasured her, and gave Harry a lusty kiss as she made room for Ryn to take her place.  
  
"That looked like so much fun!" Ryn exclaimed. "I want a double penetration, too!"  
  
"Can I have the ass this time?" Joe asked.  
  
"You sure can," Ryn promised, kissing him happily. "Since Harry's still on his back, I'll kneel over him doggy style, and work his dick into my pussy. Then you can take my ass from behind me. I suggest you hold my hips and straddle me like that, Joe."  
  
"Wait!" Louise demanded. "Let me get her ass hole ready for you, Joe, and guide you in." Ryn quickly felt Louise's hot tongue lapping at her anus, wetting it thoroughly. Then the tongue began poking its way inward, drilling, demanding entry. Once Ryn's muscles had relaxed enough, Louise's fingers replaced her tongue, entering, stretching, and dilating her nether hole. Finally, Louise seemed satisfied, and she and Joe spread Ryn's ass cheeks wide apart as Louise took a firm grasp on Joe's manhood and placed his glans right smack dab at the center of Ryn's opening. She spit on the cock's shaft as Joe pressed it slowly inward, and all three of them heard Ryn's moan of delight as her second lower hole was filled.  
  
For a while, Harry humped up into her from below by raising his hips and arching his back. And Joe crouched over her hips and pummeled her ass from above. Not to be left out, Louise played with Ryn's tits, encouraging her, "Feel those cocks moving like pistons in your holes, my slut friend! These two studs are reaming you with powerful strokes! What an obscene, arousing sight! Let go of your control! They want you to cum! I want you to cum! We want to see you convulsing in orgasm, honey!"  
  
Soon, it became obvious that Harry was tiring. Lifting his hips up and down rapidly like that was wearing him out. Ryn sensed this, and slowly began adjusting her pose, sliding her knees toward his feet, until she was stretched out on top of him, while his ass remained on the grass, and he could rest. Feeling her shift of position, Joe shifted his own, keeping his cock inside her ass and also stretching out his body. He ended up pressed gently along her back, not pinning her so hard that she'd be unable to move.  
  
All the extra contact of warm skin against her own raised Ryn's arousal to a fever pitch, and she began a grinding action with her hips similar to what Louise had done earlier, although Ryn was face down as she did it. Her motions made the double stuffing of cock inside her tight tunnels move so sensuously that she began gasping, close to climax. Louise slid her hands between Ryn and Harry, cupping Ryn's tits in her hands, squeezing their sensitive tissues just right. Emitting a howl, Ryn's felt the orgasm claim her body, inexorably driving her into a hedonistic rapture of release! Her cum juices anointed both men's genitals delightfully.  
  
As exciting as Ryn's delicious cries and movements were, Joe and Harry just barely managed to hold back their own orgasms, heeding Louise's plea, "Wait! Wait! I want some of your cum, too!"  
  
When Ryn murmured, "Thank you both! That was fantastic. Mind-blowing. I heard Louise asking for your cum, and I'd like some too. Would you be OK, this time, with jacking off onto our bodies with a hot shower of semen?"  
  
They didn't have to be asked more than once. In moments, Louise and Ryn were face up, pressed side by side against one another on the grass. Joe and Harry stood on either side of them, looking down as their hands vigorously pumped their straining cocks. The cords in their necks were standing out from their efforts as they gazed with ecstasy at the naked flesh stretched out below them. Their eyes were darting from the women's faces to their tits to their hands playing in each other's pussy.  
  
The sight was so erotic that soon the men were grunting as their cocks began spurting! Glob after glob of hot, sticky semen flew down, splatting on tits, tummies, cunts and even faces! The women were a lovely mess by the time the seed stopped jetting from the men standing above them. Ryn and Louise took turns lapping the white man-scented streaks from each other's bodies. Their lips made obscene slurping sounds as they sucked up all they could. The men just watched and marveled, their slowly deflating cocks still twitching from time to time.  
  
Afterward, cuddling, they all agreed that the carnal celebration that had followed Louise's mishap with the cart was quite memorable. Perhaps more-so because the dark-haired woman's libido had been revved up by her feelings of humiliation, embarrassment, and loss of control, having been bound and helpless like that as strangers viewed her predicament. A kinky idea began taking hazy shape inside Ryn's fertile mind. Whether it would come to fruition, only time would tell.