**Ryn's Need for Self Bondage**

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**Ryn's Need for Self Bondage Pt. 03**

Wiping the sweat from her brow, Ryn stepped back from the machine she'd designed, after pushing it up the ramp from her basement into her back yard. "That should do it. It should be perfect now," she muttered to herself. "And just in time. My urge... my need... has gotten so intense that I'm having a difficult time sleeping." She couldn't explain why this need for self-bondage was so overpowering. It just was.  
  
She scanned her checklist to make certain every enhancement was incorporated. "I've moved the timer display to where I can see it... check. That should stop any surprises about improper settings. I've also added manual steering controls so Louise, Harry or Joe can more easily direct the cart in emergencies." She looked behind the seat -- a saddle-shaped sybian with its vertical dildo. "Battery backup with a power switch I can toggle with my toes... check. No more running out of power in some weird place. I'll have enough to retrace my full path, if necessary. I had to use smaller batteries, with less charge, but this is more versatile. I think it's a good compromise."  
  
She walked around the periphery of the cart. "I didn't need to alter the sensors it uses to prevent collisions. However, this new refinement should also help," she said aloud, since vocalizing information often helped her focus. She examined the underside of the horizontal brace bar where her hands, held behind her, would rest. "The activation button is still on this side, but on the other side is the toggle I've installed. When on, it should interact with the posture collar around my neck. I've tested that system thoroughly. When the toggle's activated, slightly swiveling the posture collar left or right will steer the cart in that direction. The turn will be slow, but at the slow trundling motion of this cart, it should be adequate to give me a modicum of manual control, even when fully secured."  
  
Her face betrayed a tiny expression of displeasure as she regarded the large red button she'd installed on the side of the timer display. She sighed. "I hated to even add an override for the timer. One press on that button and the timer zeroes out and all my restraints are released. Given what happened before, it seemed prudent to add it. But it goes against the overall thrill of being completely helpless for a set time in self bondage. At least it's placed where I can't reach it when bound."  
  
She looked at the final item on her checklist, and a grin appeared on her face. She checked another part of the posture collar. "I sure hope I never have to use this feature," she chuckled. She thought, "If I ever have to get anyone's attention, like needing help, all I have to do with this improvement is dip my chin down as far as it will go, and that'll activate a brief honk on the horn I've installed."  
  
But thinking about that last refinement gave her an exciting, kinky idea. "I just have to try out this new version of the cart." As she was thinking this, she was already kicking off her shoes, whipping off her T-shirt and stepping out of her shorts. Since she wore no bra or panties, she was naked in virtually no time at all, and her pussy was already dampening. Her figure was strikingly beautiful. From the ground up, any lucky onlooker would see delicate feet, long shapely legs, a fully shaven and very erotic pussy, generous hips, a narrow waist, and a 38C chest. If he or she could tear their eyes away from Ryn's breasts, they'd see her lovely neck leading to a beautiful face with high cheekbones, twinkling blue eyes, and topped by a head of long, silky blonde hair.  
  
Meanwhile, she was formulating her plan of action. "For my maiden voyage in this new version, I think I'll ride it over to Louise's house next door and honk to get her attention! She'll be surprised to see me cruising in her back yard, and will be begging me to try it herself, I bet. It's true that I'll have to go down my driveway and use the sidewalk to get over to her driveway. For that brief period of time, I'll be more publicly visible, until I disappear behind her house." She shivered with excitement. That idea of a brief risk just whetted her appetite for the upcoming experience.  
  
Climbing aboard, she had no trouble whatsoever sliding her damp pussy down onto the saddle's dildo. Leaning forward, she set the timer to '00:30' -- 30 minutes. "It'll only take a minute or so to reach Louise's back yard, but I'll want to put on a show, maneuvering. And if she gets impatient, she knows how to remove the gag, and I can explain the release button," she muttered to herself, her breathing accelerating as she slid her pussy up and down on the dildo, wetting it more thoroughly.  
  
Settling back again, she positioned her legs so the straps when tightened would anchor at her ankles and also just below her knees. She drew the straps across her torso, across the tops of her breasts and also just above her navel. Carefully, she closed the posture collar around her neck, until she felt and heard it click into its locked position. Finally, she blindly threaded her arms down through the straps that would confine her elbows and wrists. There was already a tiny trickle of her pussy juices in the groves in the saddle that ran from its dildo to its collecting cup, and she could smell their fragrance. She took a deep breath, and then used a fingertip to press the activation button on the underside of her hand brace bar.  
  
As designed, motors and pulleys came to life, and the various straps tightened around her flesh, holding her firmly in place on lewd display. An automatic gag slid up from its resting point near the top of the posture collar, and snugged its ball gag into her open, waiting mouth. Once the strap motions reported that their task was accomplished, the drive mechanism engaged, and the cart began moving. Toggling the switch to turn on posture collar steering, Ryn was off on her latest adventure! It'd be difficult to describe how being bound like this thrilled her to her core!  
  
She was turning the posture collar slightly left, angling the cart toward her driveway when the dildo sprang into action. It was programmed to activate at random times, at random intensities, for random amounts of time. By chance, it came on at full intensity, and the shock made her scream! Thankfully, the ball gag muffled her sound, but she had a difficult time concentrating on steering with those waves of pleasure resonating from her pussy demanding her intention.  
  
As stated, Ryn was already quite aroused by her self bondage. Consequently, she had her first orgasm just as the cart reached her driveway. Eyes watering a little, pussy watering a lot, she managed to correct the cart's course down the driveway. Her breath was puffing in and out of her flared nostrils as the dildo finally ceased vibrating. Her breasts barely showed any areolae, since their tips had constricted into wrinkles that thrust her burgeoning nipples as far forward as possible. With the posture collar around her neck, when Ryn directed her eyes to look downward, she usually couldn't see her nipples. But at this moment, the prominent areolar constriction plus their own added engorgement thrust their tips into her view! That sight, plus the thought of other people seeing them like that almost made her cum again.  
  
Momentarily closing her eyes as a post-orgasmic tremor ran through her, she opened them again to find it was time to begin directing the turn toward the sidewalk. As she turned her head slightly to the right, the cart obeyed, and was soon perfectly aligned with the sidewalk. Her feeling of triumph was turned to one of arousal as the dildo filling her honey pot began buzzing again, this time at a moderate level. She enjoyed the vibrations... a little too much.  
  
When the vibrations stopped, Ryn noticed that she was already at Louise's driveway. Reflexively, she turned her head fast to the right to turn the cart. There was no way for her to see the slight wisp of smoke form under the cart, drifting off behind it. The harsh attempt to turn had overloaded a faulty solenoid. The cart now refused to obey any posture collar command to turn right, be it gentle or stronger. Ryn couldn't make the turn into Louise's driveway! Gagged, she couldn't call for help! The horn wasn't strong enough to be noticed this far from her friend's house. Ryn's rapidly beating heart was soon trying to leap out of her chest as an understandable panic arose.  
  
The cart continued a slow trundling along the sidewalk, going uphill, away from the town center, at least. This area had long blocks, so Ryn had a long wait, watching the cart approach an intersection. When she finally reached it, thankful to see that there were no cars, she let the cart enter the street, and gently urged it to turn left, in the hopes of heading back.  
  
As she crossed the street, she again gently urged a left turn, aiming for the sidewalk across the street. If she took that, she'd be on the far side of the street from Louise's house. Only then did she realize that even if she maneuvered back onto the correct sidewalk at the next intersection, she'd still not be able to turn into either her own driveway or Louise's because they'd be right turns! Consequently, she let the cart execute a full 180 degree turn, herding it back toward the correct sidewalk. She was thinking and planning now. "When I get there, I'll have to turn 270 degrees to the left to get back onto our sidewalk. Then I can guide the cart into Louise's driveway with a final left turn," she assured herself. Looking at the timer display, she saw she had about 25 minutes left. Even at the cart's slow speed, she'd cover a lot of distance in that time. If the battery drained, she knew she still had the backup battery.  
  
But when she was nearing the sidewalk, she impulsively tried a right turn once more, to no effect. Slightly panicked, she turned hard left, pressing hard on the posture collar. This overheated yet another circuit, resulting in another tiny wisp of smoke, and now the posture collar no longer had any turn control! The cart's collision sensors ran independently, so they still worked, noting the tiny bit of low curb on its right, and skillfully guiding the cart safely onto the sidewalk -- going the wrong way! Ryn was so shocked by her complete loss of control of the cart that she failed to notice that the strange, brief power surge had also changed the timer display to 01:24 -- almost an hour and a half now!  
  
Her eyes were flicking right and left, trying to think what to do. She was grateful that she was certain the collision sensors still worked, but without her ability to steer, that wouldn't help at all, unless some chance obstacle miraculously aimed her the right direction. Inexorably, her cart continued on its journey up the long, long blocks, carrying its naked, helpless woman on salacious display. Her nostrils flared as a momentary panic threatened to make her hyperventilate.  
  
Soon Ryn was moaning, and not just because the dildo inside her sprang into life again, at about 80% of its maximum intensity. "I... wish... Harry or Joe... or \*groan\* Louise were here... \*gasp\* they could take over the steering... ooohhh fuck!" she thought, as her body was wracked by a strong orgasm. Her body was warring with her mind, and winning -- being bound and helpless like this was amazingly arousing. More cum juices streamed down the saddle grooves into the receptacle. Even though she'd cum, the dildo continued buzzing forcefully, and she spiraled up into another climax that made her eyes cross from its breathtaking intensity.  
  
As the orgasm waned and her eyes came back into focus, her fear of discovery began to panic her while paradoxically it also turned her on! She heard people in their houses, talking. She dared not turn her head, worried she might make some other malfunction rear its ugly head. So she could only strain her eyeballs in their sockets, looking primarily hard to her right, since those were the nearer houses. She expected at any moment she might see the twitch of a curtain, followed by a scream... something like, "Harold! There's a naked woman on lewd display in front of our house! Call the police! Now! Call them now!"  
  
At other times she heard dogs barking furiously, probably aware that some invader had the audacity to intrude on their personal sidewalk. She was thankful they weren't outside, running free (which would have violated a city ordinance) and able to pursue her cart. But still, more than once she heard the dogs' owners yelling, "Shut up! Stop all that barking!" Apparently, the dogs did that often enough that the owners weren't curious enough to see why they were barking.  
  
Here and there, she heard people mowing in their back yard. She prayed they'd stay there -- that they'd already finished mowing their front yards. She was now several blocks from her house when the dildo activated again... and this time it must've randomly been sent the command for maximum intensity! Before she could even take a breath, Ryn started cumming. And cumming. Multiple orgasms had her shuddering and quivering, her mind blank to everything but the recurring climaxes, as her body's reactions became her entire world! Juices were being wrung out of her quivering honey pot, and streaming down into the cum receptacle. With the gag in her mouth, she was having a difficult time getting enough air through her nostrils, so she felt a little faint.  
  
Mercifully, the dildo stopped... because the cart stopped... because its battery was exhausted. And that was a good thing, because Ryn felt somewhat exhausted herself from cumming so hard for such a long time. Sometime during that cascade of climaxes, she'd shut her eyes tight. Everything was a blur as she pried her eyelids open, because her eyes were still out of focus. Gradually, they refocused and she saw two police officers standing in front of the cart, staring wide-eyed at her, with their arms akimbo. Her heart sank. She wished she could cover her nudity with her hands, but restrained as she was, that was impossible of course.  
  
"What in the Sam Hill do you think you're doing, lady?" the older one asked. He had dark hair, with that touch of gray at his temples that looks so distinguished. His face displayed some wrinkles at the corners of his dark eyes, also betraying evidence of his age, but his mustache was still very dark, without a hint of gray. His lips were curved in a disapproving scowl as he asked the question.  
  
The other cop was so young that he looked like he was a fresh recruit right out of the police academy. Ryn learned later that that was the literal truth. His blonde hair showed on the sides of his head below his police cap. His baby smooth skin looked as if it would be years before he'd even have to shave his face. His lips signaled astonishment as his deep turquoise eyes roamed all over her nude form, seemingly trying to memorize her every feature.  
  
The younger cop spoke, "Ummm... how can she answer you, Sarge? She's got that thing in her mouth."  
  
"It was what you might call a rhetorical question, Baker," the older cop stated. "But since you've pointed that out, why don't you climb up there and free her mouth so we can question her?"  
  
"Me?" squeaked the younger one. He looked rather terrified, as if Ryn might claw or bite him if he got too close.  
  
The Sarge sighed loudly. In a slightly disgusted voice, he said, "Do you see anyone else around here named Baker? Go on. We can't stand here all day."  
  
Given this rather bizarre situation, perhaps Officer Baker could be forgiven for rather timidly climbing onto the cart. He became acutely aware of two distinct scents as he crouched next to Ryn -- the sweat on her body from her struggles with the restraints as she'd climaxed, and the aroma of the sexy juices those climaxes had caused to be expelled from her sex. His eyes focused on her pussy lips and clit, pressed into prominent display by the now silent dildo that still penetrated her. Realizing what he was staring at, his eyes darted upward, only to come to rest on her nearest breast, its areolae still puckered in arousal, peaked by her swollen nipple. That nipple was bobbing up and down, since Ryn was starting to hyperventilate with worry -- well, worry blended with acute arousal from having two males appraising her form, while she was helpless.  
  
The Sarge cleared his throat, breaking the spell of bewitchment that Ryn's breast had on Officer Baker's concentration.  
  
The younger cop quickly examined the gag and found to his relief that its release mechanism was obvious. With fumbling fingers, he managed to remove it. Ryn's couldn't turn her head to look at him, but she worked her sore jaw muscles a couple of times and whispered, "Thank you, Officer." He just blushed and climbed off the cart to stand next to his partner, perhaps feeling there was strength in numbers. He himself was sweating a little after his proximity to this naked woman in her current state.  
  
"OK, lady. You want to explain what the heck you're doing, going through the neighborhood like this? Ever hear that 'indecent exposure' is a crime? And who are you, anyway?" the Sarge asked.  
  
Hearing the word 'crime' made Ryn swallow hard, and her stomach tied itself into knots. "I'm sorry, Officer," she began. "This cart I designed wasn't supposed to take me out into public like this. My name is Ryn Henderson."  
  
"This cart you designed?" the Sarge queried. "You made this? All by yourself?"  
  
Ryn would've nodded, but for the posture collar. "Yes, Sir. I did. I'm an engineer, and this cart was supposed to only carry me like this in the privacy of my own back yard, where no one would see me, so I wouldn't offend anyone." This was only a tiny white lie, since she'd planned to go from her back yard over to Louise's. She added the name of the company for which she worked as a verification of the truth of her abilities.  
  
The two men had finally torn their eyes away from Ryn's exposed flesh long enough to walk around the cart, examining the craftsmanship that went into its design. One of them was whistling in admiration. It might've been the Sarge, because when they returned to the front, he said, "That's a pretty nifty job there, Miss." Then he frowned, "But you're all trussed up. You sure no one was supposed to see you? Who tied you up? And how would you get free?" They seemed to be in no hurry to hide Ryn's nudity, which was a little odd, since people might still be looking out of their windows, or driving or walking down the street.  
  
Now Ryn flushed a deep red with embarrassment, because she'd have to explain about her fetish with regard to self-bondage. But, with a slight stammer in her voice, she did just that -- explaining how she liked designing devices that would render her helpless for set periods of time, and then release her. She tried to make them understand how this was a need of hers, which was difficult to do when people didn't have that same need. It's easy to understand how hunger or thirst need to be satisfied. But it's not easy to understand how a person could need the thrill of self-bondage.  
  
The younger officer looked too shy to ask questions, so the older one asked, "So, if that's the case, what went wrong this time? Why didn't the cart release you so you could at least scamper home for clothing, and then come back for the cart?"  
  
"I really don't know, Officer," Ryn replied, apologetically. "Until I examine the cart, I can only speculate that whatever failure destroyed my ability to steer must've compromised the release timer. Believe me, I should have been freed long before the battery finally lost its charge."  
  
"So that's why you stopped moving? You didn't stop just because you saw us standing here?"  
  
If Ryn was humiliated about explaining her fetish, now she was mortified, given what she'd have to answer. But she figured she'd better not lie about this. "Errr... ummm... Well, Sir, to be very honest, I was caught in the throes of an extended orgasm, with my eyes closed when you arrived." Figuring a further explanation was needed, she took a deep breath to steady her nerves. The deep breath made her tits rise prominently, again momentarily mesmerizing the officers.

"You see, the saddle I'm straddling has a dildo sticking up into... into... my... well, my pussy, not to be too technical about it. And the cart is programmed to vibrate that device at random intervals, for random intensities, and random durations. It's OK for my eyes to close, since the cart's sensors would avoid any collisions in my back yard. Anyway, before you arrived, the dildo had activated, apparently at maximum intensity, and the duration of time involved drove me to one orgasm after another." She smiled timidly, "I almost fainted, there were so many in a row. It was still buzzing inside me when the battery died. And with the battery dead, I can't even activate the emergency release, or the horn signal for help."  
  
"Well, Miss Henderson, I'm afraid we're gonna have to take you in," the Sarge stated. "I'd hate to have to destroy parts of your machine to get you out of it, though."  
  
"I have a spare battery that I can activate, Officer," she told him, helpfully.  
  
"But if you do that, won't it just keep crawling up the street?"  
  
"No, Sir. There are manual steering controls, also. Either of you could steer it when it's in motion."  
  
"Baker, I signed out the squad car, so you'll have to steer her cart," the Sarge said. "We don't want to waste the department's resources to tow this machine back to her home. So you'll have to ride on it."  
  
Officer Baker's Adam's apple bobbed up and down in his throat as he swallowed nervously. "Uhh, Sarge, if we're taking her in, shouldn't we cuff her?"  
  
The older officer chuckled. "Look at her wrists. She's already cuffed, son," he pointed out. Baker gingerly hunched down on the cart in a spot next to Ryn on her right. Both officers listened intently as she explained the manual controls. When they were satisfied that they understood, and Ryn was about to toggle the auxiliary battery, the Sarge added, "Baker, you'd better cover her tits with your hands to give some semblance of decency."  
  
Baker's eyelids disappeared upward as he heard what was virtually a command from his partner. Carefully, he stretched out his free arm horizontally across her chest. Fully stretched out, his arm took his free hand only far enough to reach her left breast. As Ryn used her toe to switch to the other battery, the cart lurched suddenly into motion. Instinctively, Baker's hand sought for a steadying handhold. Ryn felt an icy hand grasping her left tit, and gasped from a mixture of reaction to the chill, but also from the thrill of a strong masculine hand holding her breast. Her nipple stiffened into his palm.  
  
With the squad car offering protection on the street, Baker steered the cart down a driveway into the street, turning it laboriously back in the direction of Ryn's house, and guiding it back up onto the sidewalk. With each bump they hit along those uneven sidewalk slabs, Baker had to squeeze her tit to steady himself. He was too shy to point this out, or even apologize. He was just glad that Ryn didn't get angry and berate him.  
  
In fact, even though she was scared about being arrested and maybe jailed, she didn't mind his hand manipulating her breast flesh -- quite the contrary. His hand was now warm and soft, and perhaps subconsciously, he seemed to be massaging her tit. She wanted to be able to make eye contact with him, so she explained the manual release for the posture collar, which he was able to accomplished by letting go of the steering controls for a brief moment.  
  
"Thank you, Officer Baker," she said, giving him a smile that made his heart jump in his chest. "Gee, that sounds so formal, Officer. Will you tell me your first name?"  
  
"It's Daniel, Ma'am," he replied. "Danny to my friends."  
  
"I'd like to be your friend, Danny," she purred seductively. "Please, Danny, I don't want to go to jail. Please? I didn't mean any harm. This was all an accident. Please? I'll do anything." As she said the last sentence she pressed her tit harder against his hand, signaling what 'anything' might mean.  
  
She watched him blush. "But Ma'am..." he choked out.  
  
"Ryn, please, Danny. My name is Ryn. You can call me that."  
  
He swallowed hard. His voice cracked a little as he said, "But Ryn. The Sarge says we've got to take you in. And he's my partner, and a superior officer." The cart lurched over an uneven surface, and Danny's hand sank into her tit flesh to help him keep from losing his balance. Ryn noticed that when the ride evened out, he didn't release his grip this time, and she experienced a small sensation of hope.  
  
"But you could maybe talk to your partner on my behalf. Oh, what's his name, by the way?"  
  
"His name is Sandor. I don't think anyone uses his actual first name... they just call him Jerry." He thought for a moment, then whispered, "It might be Gerald, or something." Ryn giggled like they were sharing some secret joke.  
  
"Then maybe you can talk to Jerry for me, Danny. You could tell him how sorry I am that this all happened. You could point out that it was just a horrible equipment malfunction, and that I didn't mean any harm. Maybe you two can be lenient with me this time? I'd be ever so grateful." Then, as if completely changing the subject, she asked, "Are either of you married? Or seeing someone?"  
  
"I just got out of the police academy. I haven't had time for a wife or even a girlfriend, Ryn," Danny confided. "Jerry's divorced... has been for years. With the hours he's putting in on the job, I doubt he's seeing anyone." Part of his concentration was on steering the cart over a cross street at that moment, so he wasn't thinking of the ramifications of his answers.  
  
But Ryn was. "Danny," she said softly. "I saw how you looked at my body when you two first appeared. It seemed that you liked what you saw. And I like having my body looked at and admired. I'm rather proud of the way I look, if that doesn't sound vain -- just honest. Our path is a straight, even stretch for a while and there's no one around. Jerry's keeping the patrol car behind us. You can look at my body some more, if you like. You can take your arm away from across my chest and look at my tits all you want. If you need balance, you can use an underhand grip on my right tit. I bet that would make it poke forward and look all sexy for you. You can also look down at my pussy lips and clit. They're all shiny and wet from my excitement at the thought of you looking at me some more. Please? Look all you want, Danny."  
  
Danny warred internally for all of two seconds. Truth be told, Ryn's sexy voice, scent, nudity, and implied offers had gotten to him, stiffening his cock painfully in his uniform trousers. She smelled divine, and to his youthful eyes, looked even better. Given her strapped, kneeling position, he couldn't evaluate her legs very well. But he was well aware of her silky blonde hair and blue eyes as she stared at him. And, at her explicit invitation, he removed his arm and became even more aware of this close-up view of her impressive 38C breasts. His hand shook a little as he gripped the nearest one with an underhand grip, as she'd suggested.  
  
"How does it feel?" she whispered.  
  
"It's... it feels... amazing," he whispered back, feeling a lump in his throat that almost matched the one inside his boxer briefs.  
  
"You can touch my pussy, too, Danny. I'd like that. My clit is aching to be touched."  
  
Sanity struck. "No. No, I can't do that... Ma'am... I mean Ryn. Not when your trussed up like that. It'd look and seem like I was molesting you while you're helpless."  
  
"Well, we can agree that I'm certainly helpless at the moment," Ryn confirmed. "But it can't be molestation if I'm asking you to do it." Before he could argue, she continued, "But I can understand that onlookers might not interpret it as acquiescence. So... once we get to my house, and I'm unrestrained from this device, I intend to make the offer again."  
  
Danny's shirt collar suddenly seemed way too tight, and he found his forehead covered with new droplets of sweat. He wished he could adjust the angle of his cock, but he had one hand on the cart's steering, and the other on her tit, and didn't want to let go of either. In fact, the fingers and thumb of his hand holding her tit were slowly sliding forward. Mentally quivering, he whispered, "Is what I'm doing OK?"  
  
Grinning, she whispered back, "Only if you don't stop until you're holding my tit by my areola and nipple. I really need to feel your fingers there, kneading my sensitive tit flesh."  
  
Danny almost came in his pants, hearing that. Growing up with nerd-like tendencies, he'd never truly imagined that women like Ryn really existed. But here she was, begging him to caress her. A cynic might think that she was only doing this to get out of trouble. But that cynic didn't know the real Ryn at all, and had no insight to her psyche or her libido. She loved any sort of physical attention, male and/or female, when she was bound and vulnerable. As his fingers closed on the tip of her breast, her pussy gripped the dildo tightly as the sensation made her cum. She gasped and quivered.  
  
"Oh! Am I squeezing too hard, Ryn? Should I let go?" Danny worriedly asked.  
  
"No... no... you're not, and please don't let go, Danny," she gasped out. When she'd calmed a little she turned her now twinkling eyes toward him. "Haven't you ever felt a woman cum before?"  
  
"You mean you came, just from me kneading your nipple?" he asked incredulously.  
  
"Your touch had a lot to do with it, Danny," she answered honestly. "It acted as the trigger to the release of my arousal, building up from being naked and helpless, and having you look at my body with admiration, mixed with lust. Yes, that got me off, and in a magnificent fashion," she asserted. After a little pause, she added, "I hope to be able to do the same for you and Jerry."  
  
"You mean you want to..." the rest of the words got stuck in Danny's throat. His cock knew what she meant though, judging from the damp spot near the top of the tent bulge in his trousers.  
  
At that tension-filled moment, Ryn said, "There's my driveway, Danny. The third from this one. You might want to signal Jerry. I'm so grateful he's not using his lights and siren, alerting all my neighbors."  
  
Danny actually laughed, showing that he was loosening up. "Well, Ryn, it wasn't exactly a high speed chase, now was it?" With her directing, he guided the trundling machine into her secluded back yard. Jerry drove the squad card silently up the driveway, relatively out of sight from the street. As Danny brought the cart to a halt manually, he said, "I hope you'll be OK here, while I go talk to the Sarge."  
  
Ryn laughed a little nervously, replying, "I can't exactly go anyplace now anyway, Danny," reminding him that her restraints still confined her. She began wondering if her next stop would be that of her being booked and jailed. She hoped that if that happened, Louise would come and bail her out at least. Joe would be her next choice, followed by Harry, if it came to that. The police cruiser was relatively soundproof, so she had no idea what they were talking about, or deciding... all she knew was that it was taking an eternity. The butterflies in her stomach were fluttering like mad while she waited.  
  
Finally, both officers approached, standing close to the cart. Jerry spoke. "Well Miss Henderson, we've run your name through the system. It showed you have a clean record... no wants or warrants. The picture on your company website clearly identifies that you are who you say you are." He cleared his throat. "Now, is it true that Officer Baker molested you while driving that cart back here, Miss Henderson?"  
  
Ryn looked shocked. "Molested me? No, not at all. He was a perfect gentleman the whole time. I cannot think how you ever got that idea!"  
  
Jerry Sandor grinned. "I was just testing you. Danny said you encouraged him to play with your nipple, and that made you cum. I wanted to be certain you actually coaxed him into doing it."  
  
"Oh yes, I did. I most certainly did. And he was wonderful about it."  
  
"I see. And did you also state that you'd be willing to do anything to avoid being arrested?"  
  
"I most certainly did. Yes, I said that, and I meant it... Jerry. Anything you want."  
  
His eyes lit up, and he grinned from ear to ear. "That sounds good to me. Our shift ended, and therefore we're officially off duty. I've radioed that we were going to stop for something to eat before returning the squad car." He paused. "Ryn, since we're on first name basis, there's something I want to tell you. Apparently, no one complained about you. We just saw you as we were cruising on patrol. So it would appear that no member of the public was harmed by your actions. There's no longer the threat of going to jail hanging over your head."  
  
Relief washed though her. Ryn would've jumped for joy if she'd not been strapped into the cart.  
  
"I'm telling you this, so you know you don't have to do anything for us, Ryn. We can simply release you, and drive away, if that's what you want."  
  
"Thank you for being honest with me, Jerry. Now let me be honest with you. I love being touched while bound. Danny tells me that both of you are unattached... no wives, no girlfriends. That being the case, I'd love to feel your hands on my tits, Jerry. And I'd love to feel Danny's fingers exploring my labia and clit, before you release me. If you want to, that is."  
  
Before long, Ryn was squirming in her restraints as Jerry expertly squeezed and kneaded her tit flesh. His skilled fingers had her alternately making moaning and keening sounds deep in her throat. Danny was more timid about actually touching her privates. His fingertips were cold with nervousness the first time they made contact with her smoothly shaven labia. He kept glancing up at her face, trying to see if she liked what he was doing, but he saw what Jerry's hands were doing, and figured her pleasure was probably from that anyway.  
  
Seeing as how Ryn was distracted, Danny got bolder in exploring her genitals manually. In theory, he knew what a clit was, but he was astonished when his fingers actually touched a real one. His first touch was too firm, causing Ryn to try to twist her hips involuntarily. He lightened his touch and was rewarded with Ryn's urging, "Oh yes, Danny... yes... right there and just like that. Ohh! Just a little more! I'm close! Close! AAAAAAAAhhhhh!" Ryn shivered in her restraints and more of her cum juices streamed into the waiting receptacle.  
  
Seeing that, Jerry dipped his finger into the receptacle, and then sucked it clean. "MMMmmm. Have you ever tasted a woman's cum, Danny?" Danny blushed, shaking his head. "Well then, here's your chance. Taste some." Both men dipped their fingers. Jerry immediately sucked on his, but Danny carefully sniffed his, before touching his tongue to it. Both Ryn and Jerry watched this experiment with interest. Danny promptly inserted that finger into his mouth and hollowed his cheeks as he sucked it clean. Jerry chuckled, "And I think you'll find it tastes even better, coming straight from the source, right Ryn?" He winked, and they both laughed joyfully.  
  
"OK if we free you now, Ryn?" Jerry asked. "I think Danny's cock is threatening to tear his uniform trousers if it doesn't get let loose soon."  
  
"Yes, Jerry. I agree. Just press that large red button." As he did so, the cart obediently released all her restraints, and the men helped her off the saddle and back to the ground. Holding onto the cart with one hand, Ryn opened a small panel, and pulled out a key. "There's the key to my back door, Jerry," she said, handing it to him. "Danny, would you please carry me inside... I can barely stand since my legs feel like pins and needles... they're still waking up." Danny was all too happy to scoop up this beautiful, naked, willing woman into his arms and follow Jerry.  
  
When they were in the kitchen, Ryn pointed at the refrigerator. "Jerry, there's cold beer in there if you'd like to have one while you wait. For what I'm imagining might be Danny's first time, I think that it should take place in my bed, with both of us naked." Danny's face went crimson with the embarrassing declaration that he might be a virgin, but he made no protest. Jerry hid his smile by opening the refrigerator to get a beer as Ryn whispered directions to her bedroom.  
  
"I think you can set me down now, Danny," Ryn told him. "My legs feel much better now. I'm looking forward to wrapping them around you while you fuck me." She grinned at him, turning down the top sheets, climbing onto the bed, and bracing herself partially reclining against her pillows. "Please take off all your clothes, Danny. I want to feel your skin against mine for this."  
  
Ryn wanted to give him a good view as he stripped, so she raised her knees and spread her thighs wide apart. When his eyes were drawn to her crotch, she used her fingers to delicately open and close her labia over and over, almost mesmerizing him to immobility as he saw the opening that had previously been filled by the cart's dildo. "When you finish undressing, you can taste my fluids 'coming right from the source' as Jerry said."  
  
Danny licked his lips, hearing that. He pulled down his boxer briefs, divesting himself of his final piece of clothing. His jutting cock was bobbing up and down with his rapid heartbeat, and precum was streaming from its slit. Instinctively, he crawled onto the bed on his hands and knees, and settled himself on his stomach, with his head over her glistening pussy lips and opening.  
  
"Go ahead, if you want, honey," Ryn urged him. "Kiss, lick, or suck... or try them all," she whispered.  
  
With her coaxing and offering gentle suggestions, he tried them all. He took to performing cunnilingus like a duck to water. Both of them were thrilled when Danny got his first mouthful of her fresh cum. He beamed a grin at her, his lips smeared with the little he hadn't swallowed.  
  
Ryn'd been concerned that Danny might be too nervous once they approached the 'main event' and might therefore go limp, and be humiliated. Seeing her cum on his lips, she got an idea. "Honey, slide right up here and let me taste my cum from your lips, please," she whispered seductively. Without thinking, he obeyed, with his chest rubbing up across her mound, tummy, and tits. As his lips approached hers, she'd moved her right hand under her right thigh, and quickly guided his cock into her pussy. He gasped as she was busy licking her cum off his lips as he realized that he'd actually penetrated her!  
  
"I'm... I'm..." he gasped.  
  
"Yes, darling. Your cock is inside me now. Raise your torso and have a look."  
  
As he raised himself up at an angle, looking down to where they were now joined, the look on his face was one of incredulity. Ryn was even more convinced that Danny had been a virgin, up until that moment. He gave a tentative thrust, then drew his cock back so that only its head was inside her. He brought his hips forward smoothly, plunging his manhood back deep into her slick honey pot. Ryn noted that his expression of wonder was turning into one of concern.  
  
"Danny honey, are you all right? Is this OK?" she asked.  
  
"Ryn... this is the most wonderful feeling in the world! It's just... it feels so good that... I'm trying not to..." His lips were trembling now.  
  
He looked so vulnerable that her heart ached for him. "My sweet lover," she cooed softly. "If this is your first time, and you're worried about cumming too soon, please listen. This is for your pleasure. I want you thinking about and feeling only that pleasure. So if you want to pound your cock into me, and let yourself erupt deep inside me... please do it. I want to feel your cock throbbing as it spews your hot seed inside me. I'm sure you'll have me more than once today, so let yourself go... and enjoy me."  
  
His eyes brimmed with what were probably tears of relief. Holding his cock motionless, fully sheathed snugly in her warm, wet tunnel, he leaned down and kissed her lips. She softened hers, making the kiss more intimate while humming to express her happiness to be joined with him.

As the kiss ended, Danny leaned back up, and his eyes roamed from her face to her breasts to her tummy and mound down to where they were coupled. He started pumping in and out of her with long strokes, his balls touching her each time he was fully inside, his body already trembling. Within less than a minute or so, his excitement peaked! With a heartfelt groan of joy and triumph, his cock head swelled and spurted! Three long, healthy spurts of release jetted from him, followed by two weaker ones, intent on making sure this batch was propelled fully. Ryn felt each surge and moaned her approval.  
  
Danny lowered his torso snugly against hers, as she wrapped her arms around his back and her legs and thighs around his hips, keeping him against her and inside her as they sealed this glorious coupling with many sensuous kisses.  
  
When his cock softened enough that it threatened to slip out of her, Ryn told him, "Now please pull out of me and straddle me kneeling, with your knees on either side of my chest." He obeyed, still too caught up in the bliss of what had just happened to think too much about anything else.  
  
As he got into that position, his cock, slimy with his semen and her pussy juices, rested between her tits. His attention snapped into focus as Ryn used her hands to push her breasts together, enclosing his dick. "Now move your hips some more, Danny. Give me a little tit-fucking please. Then you can put your cock in my mouth for cleaning."  
  
Danny was astonished to hear 'tit-fucking' come so casually from her mouth. It sounded so raunchy, but also so exciting. He slid his dick back and forth in her warm, fleshy tunnel... made slippery by his cum and her fluids. His cock had been going limp, but this new salacious experience was making his cock stand up and take notice. After a little while, Ryn released her tits and opened her mouth. Danny realized what she wanted and scooted forward a little to let her thoroughly clean his dick. The sensations of her mouth and tongue were exquisite, but once she'd finished cleaning, she murmured, "We should see what Jerry's doing. We don't want him to get bored."  
  
They both walked out naked and grinning. Jerry smiled at them, but asked Danny, "Everything go all right?"  
  
Grinning broadly, Ryn parted her labia and caught some of Danny's semen leaking out of her. "It was wonderful, Jerry." She licked her palm clean, letting the men watch. "But I'm ready for more, and now it's your turn. What would you like, Sir?"  
  
He chuckled. "First off, I'd like to taste you down there, Ryn." As she started to open her mouth, displaying a concerned look on her face, he signaled 'stop' with his hand. "Honey, if you're about to point out to me that you have Danny's cum inside you, I don't mind that one bit. No matter what, I enjoy pleasuring a woman before fucking her. So is it OK?"  
  
Giggling, Ryn seated herself on a chair, sitting forward on its seat, thighs wide apart and her pussy prominently offered. "I'm all yours, Jerry. If this pose doesn't please you, we can do what you want."  
  
Smiling, he came over to her and knelt down. "It's great, with one minor alteration." Hooking his hands behind her knees, he lifted them up toward her shoulders. Ryn quickly reached over her head to grasp the chair's back rest for stability. Her glistening, dripping pussy looked even more obscene like this, a feast for both men's eyes.  
  
Jerry dove right in, and started eating her like a starved animal. Apparently, he'd been without a woman for quite a while himself. He ate out her pussy with gusto. Her appreciation of his exciting cunnilingus was enhanced by the soft hairs of his mustache stroking the region around her clit. Ryn had no trouble achieving orgasm like this, and feeding Jerry what he so desperately sought.  
  
When he'd finished drinking at her honey pot, and had lowered her feet to the floor, Ryn beamed a smile at him. "That was amazing, Jerry, and I loved how you made me cum. Thank you from the bottom of my heart! But I'd like to pleasure you as well. Is there something else you'd also like?"  
  
Jerry actually stammered a little nervously. "To be honest, Ryn, I've always wanted to try anal sex, but my ex-wife firmly refused. Are you game to do that?"  
  
"When I said I'd do anything, I was definitely offering the use of any or all of my three holes. So the answer is yes. Besides, I love anal sex."  
  
Jerry's eye's lit up. "You said your back yard is secluded. It's such a nice day... are you willing to do it outside?"  
  
"Absolutely. Let me grab some lubricant. And maybe Danny can watch and learn?"  
  
"He's my partner. It's my duty to teach him stuff," Jerry chuckled as he removed his clothing.  
  
When they were outside, Ryn found a warm, sunny patch of soft grass. Handing the lubricant to Jerry, she got first onto her hands and knees and then lowered her shoulders until she was in the face down, ass up position. Submissively, she reached back and spread her ass cheeks apart, giving the men a lewd display of her puckered opening.  
  
Jerry spoke with a voice a little roughened by lust, mixed with a complex emotion of remembering his ex-wife's refusal to perform this act. "This is going to be a little like the blind leading the blind. I've seen videos, but I've never actually done this. Ryn, I'm going to depend on you to correct me if I do anything wrong." She nodded her understanding, but kept silent, so the men could focus.  
  
"I'm going to drizzle some lube into her ass crack, and over the hole," he explained to Danny as he poured. Ryn felt the cool lube hit and shivered, mostly from anticipation. "Now I'll lube my finger and use it to start pushing lube in through the opening. My finger should start loosening the hole at the same time. Ryn sighed delightedly as his slippery finger penetrated her anal ring. She felt the finger smearing the start of her tunnel with the lubricant.  
  
"Now I'll get a second lubed finger inside." He was as good as his word. Ryn felt the extra stretch caused by the second finger. "I can spread my fingers apart a little, which not only stretches her more, but leaves a small gap where I can drizzle extra lube right inside her." Danny was watching and listening intently, mentally taking notes. Meanwhile, Jerry was working his fingers in and out and turning his wrist to spread the lubricant in as far as his fingers would reach. He'd added a third finger, which caused Ryn to moan happily.  
  
"I think she's ready now," Jerry stated, as they watched Ryn nod vigorously. "I'll lube my cock, and we'll see how this goes." Ten or fifteen seconds later, Ryn felt his fingers slip out, and the glans of his stiffened cock pressing at the same opening. "Wow. Stuffing my dick through this tight ring of muscle is a lot harder than I'd have guessed." He grasped the shaft of his cock just behind its head to give himself more leverage for pushing. Bracing his free hand on the small of her back, he pressed his hips inexorably forward. At the same time, Ryn bore down on her internal muscles, which sent a reflex signal to her anal ring to dilate as if going to the toilet.  
  
"Ahhh," emerged from three sets of vocal cords as the head of Jerry's cock breached Ryn's anal ring and buried itself snugly inside her back tunnel. The anal ring closed around the crown of his dick in an amazingly pleasurable fashion. Jerry took a deep breath and pressed forward, slowly burying the thick shaft of his cock inside her. She took a deep breath and accepted the delightful and much-sought-after penetration.  
  
"Doing OK, Ryn?" Jerry asked.  
  
"Yes, honey... except..." she paused, imagining him focusing intently on her next words. "Except... I want to be fucked!" she exclaimed impishly. She was flushed from her building arousal, and panting softly. To Jerry, it felt like her anal ring was squeezing and releasing the base of his cock with each of her breaths.  
  
Chuckling, he began fucking her with exuberance, plowing and reaming her ass hole, making her gasp and grunt. "Oh hell, Danny! This hole is so tight! It's amazing! Like... like... geez, I can't describe it... a tight velvet sleeve... but its warm... and slippery... and... I'm fucking her ass, Danny! I'm really doing it!" His enthusiasm and excitement was contagious! "I want to do a lot more of this in the future! Don't get me wrong, Danny... fucking a pussy is fantastic too. This is just so... I don't know... taboo? That makes it feel so special when a woman gives it!"  
  
He beckoned Danny closer and whispered in his ear while steadily moving his hips to keep fucking Ryn. "Let's make this more exciting for her. Go grab my handcuffs," he quietly ordered. The sights and smells had recharged Danny's batteries, so to speak, so he went with an erect, bobbing cock. It was doubtful he'd ever run around outside naked with an erection before. When Danny was back with the cuffs, Jerry said, "OK, go sit on the ground near her head and lift her up by her shoulders, bracing them up with your knees, so her arms are free. Then move her arms up behind her back."  
  
Danny complied, and if Ryn was mystified as to why he was doing this, she soon learned. With a ratcheting sound, she felt the cool steel enclose one wrist... and then the other! Her wrists were restrained behind her back! She was being ass-fucked while handcuffed! Jerry was holding her arms near her elbows, using them as handles for leverage as he fucked her even harder. Her arousal surged rapidly to dizzy heights, and she started cumming!  
  
"Danny! She must be cumming! Her ass muscles are contracting like mad!"  
  
Ryn was cumming too hard to even speak, with her eyes rolled up, focused on the orgasmic surges crashing through her. She was shaking so violently that Danny shifted his position, centering himself by her head so he could use both his hands on her shoulders, stabilizing her. That brought his crotch right beneath her head. When Ryn's climax abated, and she regained control of her eyeballs, she looked down to see Danny's now rampant erection pointing right at her mouth. "Lower my head, Danny!" she ordered. "I've gotta suck your cock!"  
  
Remembering how wonderful her mouth felt on him when she'd cleaned off his dick, he was happy to assist. All he had to do was lower her shoulders. Her lips touched the tip of his cock and slid downward, gradually engulfing most of his length. She started sucking, her tongue coming into play, exploring. He raised and lowered her a little, emulating fucking her mouth. He also had to brace her against Jerry's thrusts, since his partner was reaming her ass hole hard now... sawing in and out, grinding against her ass when he was fully inside her.  
  
Ryn was making sounds of approval as she sucked -- maybe about the cock in her mouth, maybe about the cock in her ass, but probably about both things. The sounds made her throat buzz and vibrate and Danny felt them with his cock. His lust was rising, even as his balls were tightening at his groin. However, he was distracted because Jerry had pulled Ryn hard back against his pelvis, saying, "Oh my fucking god! I can't hold back any longer! Take it, you lovely slut! Take my load up your ass!"  
  
Ryn's mouth opened in a gasp of air, and she tried to speak, but could only form words around Danny's cock, so it sounded like, "Esss, ah eel id! Ohh ucchh ummmmmm!" when she was trying to scream, "Yes, I feel it! So much cum!" Of course the 'mmmmm' sound was again a throat vibration.  
  
After her gasp and exclamations, Ryn went back to lovingly sucking on Danny's cock, and he was wondering if she was going to suck him off. He imagined how thrilling that would be. But then Jerry pulled out of Ryn's ass, his cock and her butt hole combining to make a liquidy, squishy, cummy fart sound. The older officer said, "Danny, set her down on the ground and come here. You've gotta try fucking her ass hole! This is your best chance! And it's still loose enough to get in more easily, and all slick and slimy so you should slide in easily."  
  
There was no denying the appeal of Jerry's enthusiastic offer, and Danny knew that Ryn said she loved anal sex. He carefully lowered her down, scrambling out from under her before she came to rest on her shoulders, with her face turned to one side. His erect cock accidentally slapped her in the face during these movements, but Ryn merely giggled about that impact.  
  
As Danny moved around behind Ryn, Jerry straddled her tilted torso, facing away from her head. His large hands grabbed her ass cheeks to spread them widely apart, partially opening her still slightly dilated anal ring. "Grab your dick right behind its head to help press it through her tight sphincter," he advised his partner. "Once the head is inside, it's smooth sailing for the both of you."  
  
When Danny was pushing his glans against her anal ring, this time Ryn did not bear down to reflexively loosen her sphincter muscle. She wanted to feel every bit of the stretch he was causing, even if it caused some pain. She was saying things like 'oh fuck', 'so damn big', 'that feels like a fucking baseball bat, but I want it' along with some syllables expressing mild discomfort, as well as encouragement. Her tactic had the desired effect -- Danny felt like he was dominating a submissive. He felt so powerful that his cock engorged even more, getting hotter and thicker as well as feeling like it was now a steel rod.  
  
Jerry mentally grinned when the head of Danny's cock finally popped through the opening, and both Danny and Ryn cried out sounds of triumph! Danny paused at that point, a little mesmerized by the sight of his cock in this forbidden hole, plus the ecstatic feel of the tightness gripping his glans. Taking a deep breath, he slowly buried the entire length of his cock in her back door. As he did this, Ryn choked out, "Oh my god, yes, yes, Danny! Stuff my ass with that amazing cock of yours!" His entry caused some of Jerry's semen to leak out around his cock, and he found that to make this act even more kinky.  
  
Jerry coached him at this point. "OK, Danny, she's adjusted to the length and thickness of your cock. Now give our lovely slut the fucking she wants and deserves! Fuck her! Fuck her and make her cum. I'll brace her for you." He stopped straddling her, kneeling next to her torso, and wrapping his arms around her there. Unbeknownst to Danny, in this position one of Jerry's fingers was near Ryn's clit. As the younger officer started bucking with youthful power against Ryn's ass, his older partner did have to stabilize Ryn's body against the impacts. But he also subtly began diddling the woman's clit to help pleasure her.  
  
Ryn could probably have cum just from being fucked so wonderfully by Danny. But Jerry's digital caresses around and on her clit send her quickly into an orgasm. As she shuddered, shook and creamed her release, Jerry kept gently caressing her labia, which were dripping with her cum juices. She quickly spiraled up to another peak, and started cumming again, gasping out, "Oooo! I'm cumming again Danny!" followed by inarticulate sounds of release.  
  
"Sarge! It feels like her ass is sucking my load all the way up from my balls! I... can't... hold... back... anymore!" he grunted with each thrust. "Ohh... take it! Take it! Take it!" he cried out as his cock began spewing his hot seed into her back tunnel. Ryn shrieked her approval at receiving this gift of his.  
  
When Danny finished this, his second cum in a short period of time, his cock went limp rapidly. The strength of Ryn's butt muscles squeezed his cock out of her hole. All three of them were panting and sweating, and the expression on every face was one of happy satisfaction. Like a good submissive, Ryn orally cleaned both of their cocks and ball sacks until they sparkled with her saliva.  
  
After some recovery time which involved kissing, caressing, snuggling and murmuring how good all this had been, the men dressed to leave. Before Ryn let them climb back into their squad car, she grasped a shoulder of each man, to make sure she had their undivided attention. She stated, "The next time either of you is off duty, and needs some sexual relief, please come and visit me. Singly, or as a pair. This was wonderful, and I'd like more." She gave each of them a kiss, and waved as they began to drive away. They were several blocks away when Danny realized, "I just met that woman Ryn for the first time, and my cock went into all 3 of her holes! And I came in two of them! Wow! They say you always remember your first time, and now I believe it!"