**Sally’s Christmas Break Mistake**

by CityWolf

Sally was high and horney. She had been smoking pot all day, waiting around, watching TV with nothing to do. She was a sophomore in college and it was Christmas break. Last year she had gone to Florida, but this year she did not have the money. She certainly did not want to go home so the thought that she would hang around campus. She did not realize just how dead it would be, however. Hardly anyone was around.

On of those who was around was Joe, a senior who lived across the hall from her and the object of her horniness. He was dreamy and she had flirted with him all year. He had a bitchy girlfriend, Betty, who could tell how Sally felt and the animosity between them was obvious. It even carried into other campus activities that both of them were involved in. Joe had told Sally in passing that his girlfriend had gone home for break, so she thought that this might be her chance.

Joe had been over at his fraternity, probably drinking with the guys. Maybe they were watching porno flicks, Sally thought. She would throw herself at him this time. They lived in a converted three-story townhouse, with two apartments on each floor. She knew that her and Joe were the only ones left in the building for the rest of the week. At about 11PM she took off all of her clothes and went out into the hallway. At the top of the steps the banister continued down the hall from the steps and overlooked the stairwell. He looked like he would like kinky. She brought handcuffs with her and hooked one to the banister. She knelt down and spread her arms wide. She hooked the other handcuff to another point on the banister which, when she cuffed them to her hands would extend her arms to their maximum span. With her head spinning, as much from the horniness as the pot, she cuffed her left hand to one cuff. With her right hand she felt the keys on the chain around her neck and reached to the other cuff. With her only thoughts being of Joe and sex, she cuffed her right hand to the other cuff.

What a sight she was. Totally naked but for the handcuffs and the chain with the keys around her neck. Her nipples rock hard. Her vagina almost dripping. Her heart beating so fast that she thought it could probably be heard outside. Kneeling in the hall outside of her and Joe’s rooms, her arms pulled wide by the handcuffs attached to the banister and the key where she could not reach it.

It did not take her long to start to think that maybe this was not the best idea. After about a half hour, she wondered when he would be back. Another logical question would be if he would be back. He could stay at the fraternity overnight. He could stay somewhere else. What if he came back with a date? What if he came back with a group of guys from the frat? What if he was too drunk? What if he was not interested in her? How humiliating would that be? How humiliating would any of this be if it did not work out how she fantasized? What if he just ignored her and did not let her loose? Even if he did not appreciate her gesture, he would certainly be enough of a gentlemen to let her go. Wouldn’t he? There was not much she could do at this point. She was naked and helpless. She had seen to that. The more she thought about it, the more scared she became and the more naked she felt. Her arms would tug on the cuffs, but they would not budge until someone took the keys from around her neck and released her from her self-imposed bondage.

About midnight (which seemed like many hours to Sally) she heard the door to the apartment open downstairs. She held her breath as she heard the footsteps coming up the steps. At least they seemed to be only one person. Finally, after what seemed to be an eternity, she could sense Joe behind her. She didn’t turn around, but he paused and did not say anything. After a few moments, he continued up. He turned the corner and paused in front of her, looking at her with a drunken grin on his face. “Well Sally,” he said, “It’s nice to SEE you.” “It’s nice to see you” she replied shyly. “Did you do this for me?” he said. “I thought you might like it,” she said as she looked down at the floor.

Joe didn’t waste any more time. He quickly opened up his pants, zipped them down and revealed a raging hard on. He walked up to her and grabbed her hair near her ears. Sally couldn’t wait for what was coming. She opened wide and he speared her mouth with his member. She heard him grunt out “Suck it good, slut.” She did what she was told. She sucked like she never had before. He gave it an in and out motion and she worked her tongue all over it. Her helplessness and vulnerability made her hotter. She had never been naked someplace like this, let alone handcuffed. She could picture the scene in her mind. She got hotter when she thought about other scenes, of multiple guys, one after the other using her mouth.

She was bought back to reality when his cum spurted into her mouth. Joe pushed further than he had before. She did not like to have her lovers cum in her mouth, let alone swallow, but there was not much that she could do. Somehow, it seemed appropriate. “Drink it all, you slut” he said, as if she had a choice.

As he softened, he kept it in her mouth, telling her to lick it clean, which she did eagerly at this point. He finally pulled out, hitched up his pants and walked into his apartment, leaving her there. She was stunned.

“Hey, don’t leave me here,” she called out.

He came out and immediately took a picture of her with a camera. “Hey,” she said, “No pictures. I did this for you and for now. Now let me go.” He snapped two or three more pictures and said, “What are you going to do about it. I can have lots of fun with these. Again he left. She called out to him again, this time sounding more desperate.

“I’ll be back, I just have to call a few friends to invite them over,” he replied.

Those words took Sally’s breath away. The thought was too horrible to even consider as serious.

After a few moments, she again called out “Very funny. Now come on and uncuff me.” He didn’t answer. After some time she called again “Come on, this isn’t funny. Let me go.” Again she got no answer.

He had left the door open and she heard him say, “Remember that goofy girl who lives across the hall from me. Yea, her. Well, when I got back, you’ll never guess what I found. . . No. . . No. . . Well, you’re getting closer. Check your email for a picture and see if anyone wants to come over. I think I’ll see you soon.”

She couldn’t believe her ears. Again she called out “This isn’t funny. Please uncuff me. You’re scaring me.” She tugged at the cuffs again, but she was going nowhere until Joe unlocked the cuffs. She didn’t think he was serious about calling anyone else over, but she was scared. Her heart was beating very fast again. She kept calling him but he did not respond.

About a half hour later, she just about jumped out of her skin when the doorbell rang. He did call his friends, she thought. She tugged frantically again at the immovable cuffs. “No! PLEASE! Don’t let anyone up here to see me like this. Please!”

Joe walked past her, ignoring her pleas, and sauntered downstairs. Sally held her breath, hoping against hope that this was a just a joke and no one was going to come up. She heard the voices and footsteps coming up the steps. She tugged frantically at the cuffs, again without success. They quickly got to the top of the steps. She had never felt so small and helpless before. Joe said “You all know my stupid neighbor, Sally, don’t you guys.” There were five of them and Sally knew them all. They were Neanderthal frat boys who she saw everywhere around school.

They laughed at her. Their laughter went right through to her gut. Her just being in that position was humiliating enough, but their words made it a thousand times worse. They said they couldn’t believe that anyone could be so stupid or so much of a slut to do what she did. It made is worse that they were right. She couldn’t believe how stupid she had been.

“We’re going to have fun with her tonight” one of them said. Were they actually thinking about raping her, she thought? “First, lets get some insurance,” said Joe. He left and came back with the camera again. “Smile for the camera” said one of the boys. She tried to turn her head away, but it was no use. “You better service us all and do whatever we want, or these pictures will be emailed to everyone in school in about ten minutes” said another one. “No, we can do better than that. We can go into her apartment and email them to everyone on her own email list” said another as he went into her unlocked apartment. Oh God! she thought. Everyone she knows is on that list. Her parents. Her grandmother. How could she get out of this? How could she have done this to herself?

One of them let down his pants in front of her and pushed his hard penis to her lips. She didn’t know what to do, but she did not see how she really had much choice. She opened her mouth and he grabbed her hair and fucked her throat. She could hear and see them taking pictures of this latest perversion. “Every drop, slut. Every drop” he said just before she felt the cum splash against the back of her throat. She followed the instructions and swallowed every drop. As the first one pulled out, another stepped up. “Use that tongue, bitch,” said the next one. He wanted her to do all the work. No matter how hard she tried, he still taunted her. He pulled out and spurted in her face, with the ever-present camera recording this latest humiliation.

“Next” called out Joe. The next one stepped up and forced his penis into her mouth. After a few minutes, the doorbell rang again. She stopped in fear. The guys all stopped and got real quiet. They seemed no happier about this development than she did. “Who the fuck is that?” said one of them. “Not a clue” said Joe. “Shut her up while I see who this is.” One of the guys went back into her apartment and emerged with her panties. He shoved them into her mouth and held them there.

Joe was gone about 10 minutes. Everyone seemed nervous. Finally Sally heard footsteps again. “Tonight is just full of surprises,” said Joe. Sally looked around and saw Joe’s girlfriend, Betty. “You bitch” she blurted out. “You little bitch. Thought you’d steal Joe? You’re getting everything you deserve.” Sally averted her gave from the irate Betty. “You know what we need? Let me use the phone,” said Betty as she disappeared into Joe’s room.

Sally might have asked what Betty meant, but as the panties were taken out of her mouth another penis was immediately placed into her mouth. The camera also kept recording her humiliation for future use. After he was done, they all stopped to heap some verbal abuse on her. They told her to smile for the camera. When she complained that she had nothing to smile about, they threatened to start emailing pictures. She begged them to refrain from that and started smiling as they snapped away. They asked her to spread her legs for the camera. She said that that was gross but before they could threaten her again she spread her legs as far as she could, keeping the smile on her face, much to their delight and laughter.

The doorbell rang again. Sally’s stomach dropped. Each time the doorbell had rung things had gotten worse. She had every reason to believe that they would once again. She tugged on her cuffs again as Betty giggled and said, “Oh good they’re here,” running down the steps.

Sally could hear what sounded like a group of people laughing as they came upstairs. Suspicions confirmed. Betty was saying “And she actually cuffed herself naked to the railing to try and catch Joe. It worked, but not quite like she had expected.” As she reached the top, she motioned towards Sally and said “Taa Daa!”

There were another three guys and another four girls. ALL of them others from school who she knew. Sally had never heard any people laugh so hard in her life. Laughing at her.

Betty said that they were all eager to come and had brought a digital video camera. Things kept getting worse.

“Tell you what you’re going to do,” said Betty. “I’m going to hold up a script and you’re going to read it. With a big smile!” “I’m not going to do that,” replied Sally. “OK, I’ll be right back. Give me the digital camera with the pictures you already have. I’ll be right back,” said Betty.

Sally had no choice. “OK, OK,” she said. “Whatever you say.”

With the camera recording, Sally smiled and said “Hi! I’m Sally. Believe it or not, I cuffed myself here. I didn’t expect to get caught and filmed, but it is exciting. I’ve always fanaticized about getting caught in my self-bondage and having sex with a group of people while I’m tied up. Now’s my chance. I just wish I could lick the cum off my own face. I’m sure I’ll get it eventually.” It was humiliating in every way.

“Unlock one hand and give her the key to the other,” said Betty. Before you release your other hand, use your free hand to wipe the cum off your face and then lick it off your fingers. Make it look like you love it, or else.” “Betty, please. . . “pleaded Sally. “Just do it, slut,” replied Betty to everyone’s amusement. Again, she had no choice. She wiped the cum off her face with her fingers, licked it off and smiled for the camera.

Each of the new guys then presented her with a penis for her to suck. Around her she could see cameras, some flashing, some taking video. Now they had her crawling around on the floor in the hallway, doing whatever perverted sex-act any of the guys wanted. And smiling. They made her keep smiling. There was nothing to smile about for Sally. There was nothing remotely erotic about this for her. But smile she did. One of the girls had on a skirt and pulled down her panties, making Sally eat her out with her head under the skirt.

After everyone had had their fun, someone called out “Road Trip.” Someone snapped a pair of cuffs on Sally, pinning her hands behind her back. Everyone put on their coats and Sally protested as she was dragged down the steps and out the door. The cold air hit her like a ton of bricks. It was below freezing and she was totally naked. The cold was particularly pronounced on her bare feet. She was glad to get them off the ground as they all piled into a van. The van was cold, but not as cold as it was outside. They thought it was funny to leave the windows open. Sally shivered, but there was some body heat from the others in the crowded van. The others wearing coats, hats, gloves and warm clothes.

They stopped at a 7-11 just off campus. She was told to go in and get a pack of condoms. She protested slightly, but was resigned to do what they said. They unlocked her cuffs and opened the door. She asked for some money and they pushed her out saying that she’d think of something, but if she was not out in 10 minutes and did not return with condoms, they’d leave her there.

Unfortunately, she had seen the kid in the store many times before and he recognized her. At least he did not know her name. She’d just never go in here again. He was a local high school kid, probably a senior. She made up a story that this was a sorority initiation and she had to come out with condoms. When he asked for money, she shyly said she did not have any as she had forgotten her purse. He said “What can you do for me then?” She replied “Not much, please, give me a break.” He said something jokingly about oral sex but the look on her face caused him to stop. He said “How about I just touch your breast and we will call it even.” She was relieved, even though under normal circumstances she would have been outraged. She came close to him, he brushed his hand over her left breast and she turned and ran out of the store. It was sad that this was the closest thing to a gentlemen she had encountered that evening.

She got to the van and everyone was laughing. There were several cameras going. Someone remarked that the store surveillance video people would have a field day. Oh God, she thought, she had not even thought about that. Now others that she did not even know had nude pictures of her. Hopefully she could not be recognized. Maybe they would keep it quite since their employee took liberties with her. Everyone in the van was laughing but no one was opening the door. When Sally begged to be let in, they laughed harder and then started tooting the horn. Sally had never heard a louder horn in her life. Everyone within 5 miles must be looking to see what the ruckus is about . . . looking at her! She was shivering again and getting colder. Finally, they let her in.

The next stop was just on the edge of campus. Sally was pulled out of the van and everyone piled out. (Now they put up the windows, she thought.) They moved towards the center of the Old Green, which was an open green area. One problem this time of year, however, was that it was not green at all, but white. There was about 4 inches of snow covering the ground and Sally was still barefoot.

There was a bronze statue of the school mascot, a knight on a horse, nearby. They made Sally sit behind the knight on the horse and hold onto his shoulders. She never felt anything so cold in her live. They had her sit in front of the knight facing him with her legs around his waist, simulating a sex act. This was really uncomfortable as parts of the saddle stuck into her hard. They had her hang off the side of the horse with her face in the knight’s crotch, again simulating a sex act. Finally, they had her kneel under the horse first simulating that she was blowing the horse and then as if the horse was mounting her doggie style. All the while cameras were flashing. As a final touch, they had her kneel in the snow and blow one of the guys with the landmark statue in the background.

They all ran back to the van and piled in before she caught up. She was not particularly fast to begin with, but being naked, shivering and barefoot slowed her up further. Again, they would not let her in. Again they tooted the horn. Finally, she was in and they took off towards the apartment.

About five blocks away from the apartment, they stopped and told her to get out. She was beyond protesting and peered out the door to see if anyone was around. As she looked and was satisfied that the coast was clear, she got a kick in the ass from one of the girls which caused Sally to tumble from the van onto the sidewalk. The girl said “We don’t care who is around, just get out.” The van door shut and one of the guys said “We’ll see you at home” as they pulled away.

She stood there for a few moments shivering now in disbelief as well as due to the cold. They had left her naked out in the cold with no way to cover herself. She came to her senses quickly, however, and started towards home. There was not much traffic, but there was some. Five or six times she had to crawl behind bushes or cars and crouch down while a car went by. One car must have seen her because the horn blared and she saw the car turn around down the street and head back towards her. She literally climbed into a dumpster and stayed there until the car left the area. Her teeth were clattering so hard that she was sure that they could hear her in the car even if they had the windows rolled up and the hear and radio on.

She did sprint past a guy walking a dog with about two blocks to go. She did not see him until she was upon him. At that point she just wanted to get home so she kept on going. He clapped as she ran by. When she got to her apartment, naturally the door was locked. She rang the bell and it seemed like an eternity before someone said “What’s the password.” They were so funny. After joking around for what seemed like an hour, they finally let her in. They all went to her room and said that they had enough pictures to ruin her, so she had better be prepared to do whatever they said from then on. Sally agreed (and would have agreed to anything at that point) and they let her get to bed. She was exhausted from the ordeal and from the cold. She was sick for a week afterwards. When school started, there were three “sex slave” sessions that she was forced to attend. More pictures were taken. Sex was not enough and they made her dance around and do all sorts of degrading things. After that, Sally knew she could not take it anymore and went home. It was her intention to transfer to another school. She told her father that she was homesick.

True to their word, all of the pictures were distributed when they realized that she was leaving to avoid them. She was the only recognizable face in the pictures. They had downloaded her PC files, so they were able to email them to everyone she knew. Her father realized that she was not homesick. Everyone in the school got copies, students, faculty and staff. The pictures of her with the knight were legendary and passed around for years. They made it look like she was sending them around, using her name and giving lots of personal information about her out. They even included some personal pictures to make it look like it was her sending these out. Several websites were set up so that everyone could share in her humiliation.