**Self Bondage**

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**Self Bondage Pt. 02**

Rina was driving back to the same isolated area where she'd had the adventure with the gel pack battery and electromagnet. This time, she expected her self bondage session to be less strenuous, and of shorter duration. But what she had in mind was still exciting, because she'd be doing it outdoors once again.  
  
Her excitement was manifest by the fact that she had the foresight to fold up the towel and place it under herself as she sat in the driver's seat. A silky red set of bra and panties were on the backseat of the car. Rina didn't expect to need them at all. They were merely there as a precaution.  
  
Her 38D breasts, unrestrained inside of her blouse, swayed and jiggled with each bounce of the car on the road. This caused her nipples to rub and rub against the soft material of her blouse. That delightfully maddening friction increased her arousal, and her pussy was lubricating well in response. This might have ruined her skirt, but she'd hiked her skirt up around her waist as she drove, thereby letting her leaking pussy make direct contact with the towel beneath her.  
  
She had her car windows closed, and the aroma of her cunt juices permeated the air around her. As she inhaled her scent, it acted like a positive feedback loop, increasing her arousal, which, of course, made her lubricate even more. By the time she neared her destination, she feared she might've needed to have two towels under her, rather than one. She certainly would need to take a long drink of water to replenish the fluids her body had generated and lost into the towel.  
  
Using her cars off-road capabilities as before, she pulled in to a similar secluded location. She drank a good bit of water, as she'd promised herself. With a hair tie, she pulled her dark brown hair into a neat ponytail, before climbing out of her car.  
  
Should she strip off here at the car? Or wait until she got to the meadow? Walking all the way there naked still seemed so naughty a thing to do. But she'd been naked the last time, and she had to admit, although it felt strange at first, it became quite natural after a very short period of time. She suspected she had a healthy streak of exhibitionism, but was loath to admit that to herself yet. She rationalized it, though. "If I leave my clothes here at the car, that's one less thing to carry," she told herself.  
  
Indeed, she found that stripping 'in public' was much easier this time. Unlike the last time, this time she pulled off her skirt first, yanking it down. A stray breeze washed over her damp sex, evaporating some of her juices, and giving the tissues there a cool 'kiss' sensation. Playfully, she pressed her labia open, and let the air play with her entire vulva. What a glorious feeling!  
  
Her hands went to her blouse, unbuttoning it down her front. She imagined being on some stage, opening her blouse before a group of men whose eyes were riveted to her chest. When the blouse was fully unbuttoned, she playfully flipped one side off her tit, and then flipped it back, as if teasing her onlookers. She blushed as she realized that she enjoyed that image, and wished she had enough courage to really do such a thing. "Yeah, yeah - I'm just a big chicken," she berated herself gently. Sighing, she slipped off the blouse, and placed her clothes in the car's trunk.  
  
As she'd done before, she applied insect repellent to her exposed skin. She was happy how well this stuff worked. Not even a mosquito bite last time. Reaching back into the trunk, she pulled out a medium-sized metal cooler, along with a small cloth bag. Locking up the car, she put the car keys on top of the rear tire on the driver's side, just like last time.  
  
She started her stroll to the meadow, almost bouncing with happiness and anticipation. There was something extra special about performing self bondage outdoors. She didn't know why she'd waited this long to try it. She noticed that there was more of a breeze today, and the sky was overcast, even though it was still nice and warm. The breeze made her skin rise up in goosebumps. Her nipples couldn't be mistaken for goosebumps, but they expanded, poking forward in an amazing fashion. Both her hands were busy carrying things, or she'd have been playing with them.  
  
After a few more steps, though, she thought to herself, "Hey! Am I in a rush or something? My nipples feel like they could pop, they're so swollen!" With that, she set down the cooler and the bag and stood, playing with her nipples for a while. It felt wonderful to pinch them and tug them, and soon her hips were making gentle bucking motions as she squirmed. Once again, rationalization sprang up. "I won't be able to make myself cum for hours, in a few minutes. Why waste this opportunity?"  
  
Still playing with her tits with one hand, she used her other to probe her cunt, pulling out her sticky liquids, and smearing them on her labia edges and clit. Looking around instinctively, she even smeared some juice on her butt hole, and teased that forbidden opening with her wet finger. As her arousal built, she caressed all of her generous tit flesh, as well as her tummy, mound, and thighs, still fingering her cunt. Finally, she jammed three fingers into her hot, greedy tunnel, while polishing her clit rapidly with a finger of her other hand! The resultant orgasm turned her knees to jelly, and she sank down onto the grass, shaking and panting with pleasure waves.  
  
As she got back up onto her shaky legs, she murmured, "Being naked outdoors is making me even more horny than usual. Must be all this fresh air." She took an extra deep breath, and her tits rose as her chest expanded. "Down girls," she giggled.  
  
At the meadow, she saw what she'd noticed during her previous excursion. Near its edge was a smooth wooden railing or fence. She had no idea why it was there, but its height appeared to be ideal for her purpose.  
  
She went to the far end, and leaned over the wooden crossbar. Years of yoga practice had made Rina supple. She could easily bend over with her legs straight and press her palms to the floor in her home. Here, bending over the railing, she found that it pressed right across her lower abdomen, and her wrists easily grasped her ankles. Perfect. It might have been specially built for a person of her height.  
  
Opening the cooler, she pulled out a block of ice with a very sturdy string hanging out of it. That string was tightly secured to a handcuff key, which was embedded in the center of the ice block. She tied the string to the railing, with the ice hanging just above the low grass. Again she bent herself over the railing, verifying that the height of the ice was where she'd want it.  
  
Leaving the cooler off to the side, she took the cloth bag back to the other end of the railing. From that bag she pulled out not one, but two sets of handcuffs, and her trusty brad nail. She stooped down and carefully ratcheted the cuffs to a fit that was snug, but not tight, one on each ankle, and double locked them with the brad.  
  
Relishing the moment, she paused and looked at the railing, the ice, the meadow, and the woods surrounding the meadow. The breeze flipped her ponytail around, making it brush sensuously against the nape of her neck. That same current of air even ruffled the short brown pubic hairs that adorned her mound. After several deep breaths, she was ready.  
  
Rina folded herself over the railing again. Leaning down, she attached the cuff at her left ankle to her left wrist. The moment she did that, she was committed to this adventure. A frisson of delight coursed through her body. Getting more excited, she secured her right wrist to the cuff on her right ankle. For safety, she double locked them with the brad as well.  
  
Now she was stuck like this until the ice melted.  
  
Not only that, she'd have to work her way laboriously down the railing, inch by inch, shuffling along, to reach it. This would certainly take hours.  
  
At first, she just rested where she was, enjoying the feeling of being restrained like this. In a mental image, she saw her bare ass, thighs, and shapely calves exposed on one side of the railing. On the other, her tits were pressed against her knees as she stared at her shins. Her ponytail dangled off the back of her head, nearly touching the grass. The railing actually gave her some support, so she doubted that her muscles would fatigue very much.  
  
Turning her head, she looked at the block of ice. From this distance, she couldn't tell if it was even starting to drip yet. Similar blocks of ice, in the past, had taken about 4 hours to melt fully, so she was in no rush to start moving toward it.  
  
After perhaps 10 minutes of her confinement, her mind started the typical 'what if' and 'worst case' scenarios that made self bondage such a thrill for Rina. Of course, there was the thought, "What if someone stumbles upon my car? Will they find the keys? Drive off with it? Or, what is more likely, will they start calling out and searching for the driver?" The last time, none of that had happened, so these thoughts were less intrusive than they'd been. She trusted that the car would be unmolested. She relaxed as much as she could.  
  
Five minutes later, the sun briefly broke through the cloud cover, and shone brightly on her ass cheeks. She'd neglected to put on any sun block, and sincerely hoped she wouldn't end up with a sunburn on her exposed butt and sex region. That might be difficult to explain. The clouds churned and returned, so the perceived heat of the sun was only apparent during brief gaps in the cloud cover. But Rina knew that exposed skin could even receive a burn through cloud cover, anyway. Yet another thing she'd have to take into account during future outdoor sessions.  
  
About fifteen minutes later, she mumbled, "Oh drat! I was going to call Suzie and tell her what I was doing, and where, with the idea to come and look for me if she hadn't heard from me in... let's say eight hours. But I forgot! And my phone is now locked in the car. I hope I don't regret neglecting to do that. Her heart started thumping hard, imagining being stuck like this. She had to breathe faster, lest she get dizzy. She forced herself to calm down. The ice block 'timer' had never failed her before.  
  
To escape these worries, Rina went into a special state of mind. She'd heard of submissives entering something often called 'subspace' when having a session with their Masters, but she didn't know if that was what she did during her self bondage sessions. Perhaps her mind was going into an alpha state - conscious but unfocused - when she lapsed into this mindset. It was better than fretting about something going wrong, and her being trapped like this, and ultimately being discovered.  
  
Being discovered. That triggered a whole new type of reverie. With her very healthy libido, Rina often fantasized that her restraints were due to the actions of captors. They might be pirates, or robbers, or men that kidnapped women and enslaved them - really, any sort of lusty males. And of course these males had sex on their minds. Sex with her, as she was rendered helpless and vulnerable.  
  
Rina seized on this mental scenario now. Maybe the men were outlaw desperadoes, and they'd robbed a train or a stagecoach. Finding a delectable female traveling alone, they'd grabbed her, and taken her away with them. This railing might be a hitching post outside their cabin, and they'd secured her there until they played cards to see who won the right to be the first to use her sexually. She could beg them... plead with them... to let her go, but their lust would have to be satisfied.  
  
Rina was so 'into' this visualization that her pussy was now lubricating like mad. Its juices anointed her thighs, evaporating in the soft breezes. Even with her head down by her shins, she could smell that aroma. That scent, wafting into her nostrils, triggered areas of her brain. Primitive areas. Areas devoted to passion and reproduction. Her hands grasped her ankles right next to where the handcuffs encircled them. The chain on the cuffs jangled slightly as Rina tightened her grip, and pressed her thighs together firmly.  
  
While this was going on, Dave wandered into the far side of the meadow. He wasn't expecting his friends to be there yet, waiting for him, since he'd come quite early. He enjoyed the peaceful solitude of that meadow, and wanted to have some quiet time before they arrived. He scanned the open space for any evidence that they'd shown up uncharacteristically early. He didn't see his friends, but his masculine eyes discerned the partial shape of a woman. The shape of a woman from her buttocks to her heels. Correction. The naked shape of a woman from her buttocks to her heels.  
  
Dave was incredulous. This was something a guy dreams about happening, but never really expects it to actually happen. He blushed, and averted his gaze for a moment, trying to be a gentleman. But, being a man, he had to look again. He stared. "Yep, she's naked from the waist down," his brain confirmed. He noticed a glint of metal, down by her ankles. "What the hell is that?" he asked himself.  
  
He'd been frozen in place, stupefied during all this. But then he thought, "Why isn't she moving? Why is she bent over like that? Is she in trouble?" Mentally donning his 'white knight' outfit, he moved toward her, quietly, hoping not to startle her.  
  
As he got closer, to his amazement, he could tell that the metallic flash had come from handcuffs - handcuffs around her wrists and ankles. She was trapped on that railing. He swallowed hard, and said with his softest, most soothing voice, "Miss, I don't mean to startle you, but are you all right?"  
  
She startled. Her leg muscles contracted, pushing her up onto her toes. Her ass muscles performed a mesmerizing rhythmic, rippling set of contractions. "Oh fuck!" Rina exclaimed. "Who's there?" Her heart leaped into her throat as it accelerated. It had no difficulty doing this, since gravity was tugging it that direction anyway.  
  
"Ummm. My name's Dave, Miss. Ummm... who did this to you?" he asked curiously.  
  
Rina's face and neck, already red from blood pooling there from her pose, flushed a rather deep shade of purple, as the restrained woman tried to figure out how to answer that. Ultimately, she decided that the simple truth was best. "I did," she admitted.  
  
As she was answering, Dave had walked around the end of the railing to see the rest of her. He was pleased to see that the top half of her was as naked as the bottom half. He was delighted to see those glorious tits of hers, which drew his eyes like a magnet. As he restated, "You did?" with a questioning tone of voice, Rina turned her head, to face where his sound was coming from.  
  
She was mortified to see him ogling her nude, vulnerable form. But as his eyes left her breasts to look into her face, she was relieved to see a pleasant looking young man, whose expression was one of concern for her. She thought to herself, "If I had to be discovered by anyone, this might just be the best guy to do so. He looks really nice." While she had eye contact, she stated, "My name's Rina, Dave."  
  
To allay Dave's look of concern, Rina launched into what she hoped was a lucid explanation of self bondage, and tried to give him some concept of why she had these needs. She was pleased that he sat down on the grass where he was, listening carefully. When she finished, he didn't berate her at all, just nodded his understanding of what she'd said. "He's a good listener, too," she judged. "I like him even more. I wonder how he'll respond to a gentle prodding."  
  
"I realize how naughty this looks," she said, smiling at him. She even winked.  
  
Catching on, Dave said, "So you know how naughty you are, huh? Do you think this deserves a spanking?"  
  
She swallowed hard, which was difficult, being upside down. But her libido demanded that she feel his touch. Her inner slut sent shock waves to her tits and cunt, crying out for attention.  
  
"Yes, Sir. I think this naughty slut deserves a spanking for disturbing your day like this."  
  
"I must admit that it did disturb my day," he responded. "But only in a good, fantastically good way. I wish that every day I'd encounter disturbances like this." He grinned impishly. "However, far be it from me to deny you the spanking that you deserve." He got up, and moved out of sight behind her.  
  
Rina knew he was behind her now. She knew he was staring at her naked ass. She bit her lip as the thought occurred that he might even be able to see her pussy. Maybe her puffy labia lining her slit. Maybe her fluids, weeping out of that slit. She was both humiliated and very, very turned on. She waited an eternity for that first swat from his hand on her bare flesh. She was wondering if he'd reconsidered - decided that he couldn't take advantage of her helplessness. She was beginning to feel disappointment.  
  
Therefore, the shock of his first spank actually caught her by surprise. The 'whap' sound came to her ears simultaneously with the bright sensation of pain being reported by her right ass cheek. "Ow!" she cried out, without thinking, as her body jerked involuntarily.  
  
"Sorry," he said from behind her. "Too harsh?"  
  
She'd only cried out like that from the surprise. She didn't want to discourage him, though. The warmth from his swat was spreading through her body, and a lot of the sensation seemed destined for her cunt and tits. "No, Sir," she replied quickly. "This naughty slut needs that, and more. If it gets to be too much, I'll say your name, Dave. OK?"  
  
He scratched his chin, considering. "OK, if you say so... slut." His open palm cracked against her left ass cheek this time. She gasped loudly, for two reasons. First, the mild pain was lighting up her cunt and tits, making them engorge with hot blood and get even more sensitive. And second, she loved the way he used the word 'slut' when referring to her. He'd clued in on her suggestion.  
  
For the next several minutes, Dave alternated between spanking Rina's ass, and rubbing his hand sensuously over her sensitized skin. From her breathing, gasps, and other sounds, plus the extra wetness streaming down her thighs, and the scent emanating from it, he was pretty sure she was getting more and more aroused from his actions. It was certainly turning him on - his dick felt like a steel rod inside his pants. He decided he wanted to ask her a question.  
  
With his ass gently gliding over her reddened ass cheeks, he said, "Tell me something, Rina, and please be very honest with me, OK? Have you ever fantasized about being used when you were bound?"  
  
Her eyelids flew up, hearing his question. "Ummm... by 'used' do you mean sexually?"  
  
Now it was Dave's turn to blush, hearing her ask that so directly. He cleared his throat, nervously. "Y... y... yes. That's what I mean."  
  
"To be honest, Dave, yes. Yes I have. It's actually a recurring fantasy of mine."  
  
Dave found that he was having trouble breathing now. "Would you... would you like that fantasy to come true, Rina? Right now?"  
  
Rina's inner slut was jumping for joy. She slowed her breathing, since her body was trying to hyperventilate from excitement. "Yes," she choked out. "Oh my god, yes. I want it to come true. Make it come true, Dave."  
  
His hand slid down her ass crack, across her butt hole, and touched the edges of her puffy pussy lips, that were protruding from between Rina's thighs. In response, she moved her knees apart, widening the gap between her thighs invitingly. When his fingertip slid into the wet slit between those pussy lips, Rina groaned, "Oooo, yes! Fuck yes! Yes, yes, yes! That feels amazing! More, please - more!"  
  
Dave knelt down, and slid his finger into the hot wet tunnel of her pussy. One finger wasn't enough. He quickly inserted a second finger, and began sliding them back and forth inside her. Rina thought she was in heaven, but she had no idea what heaven really was. Because moments later, she felt Dave's lips kissing and sucking on her labia between his inserted fingers and her mound. Suddenly 'heaven' took on a whole new meaning. She tried hard to hold herself still for him.

But when his tongue flicked out, and tickled both her pee hole and her clit, Rina completely lost control. Her throat emitted a stream of nonsense sounds, and her cunt emitted a stream of woman cum fluids which got Dave's neck and the upper part of his shirt wet. But he didn't care one bit. This was the most sexually responsive woman he'd ever encountered, and he loved every moment.  
  
"Oh shit, I'm cumming!" Rina finally managed to gasp out, completely unnecessarily. Her reaction was both obvious and explosive. Still, Dave loved hearing her proclaim it. He kept fingering her and licking and sucking while she shuddered, moaned, and thrashed atop the railing.  
  
Finally, she gasped out, "Please stop, Dave."  
  
He felt a tiny bit of disappointment, when he heard her beg this. He could have played with her like this for hours. But she had invoked his name, so he immediately stopped, and shifted away from her cunt, easing out his fingers. "Sorry if that was too much, Rina," he said, apologetically.  
  
"Oh no, I didn't mean that," she stated clearly. "It's just that I want your cock to take the place of those fingers." She paused a moment. "I'd love to suck your cock to get it hard for you, but I don't think I can do it from this position."  
  
"That's OK, Rina," he assured her, grinning. "Maybe later. Right now, it's as stiff as a board, already." He was taking off his pants and underpants as he spoke, leaving on his T-shirt. They say 'a stiff prick has no conscience' when talking about guys and sex. Therefore it was remarkable that Dave stopped before trying to push his cock into her pulsating pussy, saying, "Oh wait! Drat! I don't have a condom, or anything, Rina."  
  
Her voice tinkled with mirth as she said, "If you're worried about pregnancy, Dave, I'm on the pill, and I have been for years. I'm fine with you riding me bareback, if you are."  
  
He needed no further encouragement. Grasping her pussy lips, he gently opened her, and positioned the head of his swollen cock at her opening, and pushed forward. But the angle was all wrong. He was too low! He looked around, desperately, as Rina, having felt that nudge, moaned as his dick withdrew from contact. "What's wrong?" she asked.  
  
"I'm too low," he informed her. He saw her cooler by the other end of the railing. "Will that cooler hold my weight, do you think?"  
  
"Yes, I think so... go ahead and try it," she answered. "Please hurry. I want you in me."  
  
His heart was thudding hard, hearing 'I want you in me' come from her lips. He ran and fetched the cooler. Its metal body felt quite substantial as he carried it back behind her, and carefully got on top of it. Its base was wide enough that he felt no danger of tipping. Once again his fingers opened her cunt. Once again he positioned the head of his cock. And this time... this time he easily slid inward. The angle was great, and the warmth of her cunt tunnel sheathed his dick in its embrace.  
  
Both of them moaned with relief as the connection was made. Dave paused, thrilled to feel his dick encased by her accepting moist musculature. Rina was giddy, being bound helpless, bent over, and feeling her cunt opened and stretched as it was penetrated. It was like a bondage dream come true!  
  
Dave grasped her hips and began small thrusts, checking the stability of the cooler. He looked down, his gaze seeing Rina's lower back and buttocks, with his cock gradually emerging from inside her, and then disappearing back into her depths. Each time he pulled outward, her labia clung to his glistening shaft, caressing it. Each time he pressed in, those pussy lips curled inward, vibrating gently on the distended veins of his swollen manhood. The sensation was exquisite.  
  
Rina was also caught up in the exquisite sensations generated by his fucking. On the one hand, it was maddening, being restrained so she couldn't participate by bucking back into each glorious thrust. On the other hand, the feeling of being so vulnerable, of loss of control, of being at his whim like this was astonishing. She was rapidly building up toward another orgasm. She knew that if he increased his tempo, she'd cum - there was no way she could prevent it, even if she wanted to do so.  
  
The cooler was stable as a rock. Dave's passion was building. The scent wafting off their joined bodies was heady - was lustful. Giving in to that passion, his body reacted. Dave was surprised to hear what sounded like a growl emerge from deep in his throat as he started fucking Rina harder and faster. His pelvis slammed against her upraised ass cheeks and his ball sack slapped her cunt lips and clit over and over as he began hammering into her depths. He heard Rina emitting a keening sound, and felt her cunt muscles grip his dick and start a rippling motion, sucking at him. She was cumming!  
  
Feeling that, knowing that, Dave kept his rhythm steady, the rhythm that had brought her to her peak, and was keeping her there. Rina would have cried out about her orgasm - would have shared that with him, but she couldn't draw a deep enough breath. Her body felt like it was glowing, melting, becoming liquid. Indeed, there was a lot of liquid. Her pussy glands were in high gear, bathing his dick with slippery cunt juice. Dave felt those heated fluids seeping onto his ball sack. The impacts of his scrotum on her labia now made wet slapping sounds. Rina's orgasm seemed to roll on and on. It was probably the longest one she'd ever experienced, if she'd been thinking rationally. But she wasn't thinking at all... she was experiencing... she was feeling, and that was all.  
  
Finally, Rina drew enough of a breath to be able to communicate. As the fierce explosion of her orgasmic energy faded to a warm glow, she gasped out, "Oh my god! That was amazing! Fucking amazing!" She drew a long, shuddering breath. "But now I want you to fill me! Fill my pussy! Fill my hungry, slutty pussy! Please, please please!"  
  
Hearing this luscious woman begging him for his load was like tripping a switch inside him. His grip on her hips increased, sinking his hands deeper into her flesh, claiming her. His growl became a lusty roar as the head of his cock became so swollen it would have looked like the cap on a mushroom, if he'd drawn it out of her. But he didn't. That swollen head raked along the now ultra sensitive tissues lining her cunt, causing her to scream with delight.  
  
He erupted.  
  
His semen boiled up seemingly from the depths of his balls, along the convoluted path leading to the tip of his penis. And spewed out into the greedy cunt, whose walls were contracting in a sucking motion, not only accepting that hot load, but demanding even more. His cock spurted even more. He was no longer thrusting. He was pressing his dick as deeply into her as was possible, and he was feeling each and every spewing, twitching ripple that drove his seed from his body. His ball sack had tightened so fiercely that his balls were pressed at the bottom of his torso. Dave had never felt such an orgasm before!  
  
They stayed as they were - joined - for quite some time, recovering their breath and their control. Finally, Dave eased his softening cock out of Rina, and stepped off the cooler. He looked at her splayed labia, and the white, gooey semen that was beginning to ooze from her still dilated, reddish-pink fuck hole. Putting his underwear and pants back on, he walked around the railing and got onto his hands and knees, bringing his face near Rina's dangling head. Her dark hair was matted with sweat, and her tits were being mashed against her knees with each of her shuddering breaths.  
  
"Rina," he whispered. "That was amazing! I've never felt anything like that! Thank you!" And then he added, almost shyly, "May I kiss you?"  
  
She turned her head, making eye contact. Her eyes were shining... glowing... so alive. "Yes," she answered, smiling. "I think you'd better kiss me, after all that."  
  
The angle was awkward, but Dave helped support Rina's head as he brought his lips to hers. The kiss - their first - was almost chaste. As their kiss ended, she giggled softly. "I think you know me better than that. Really kiss me. I need it." Dave kissed her again, their soft lips firmly together, and this kiss was filled with passion. And very satisfying.  
  
He wanted to embrace her, so he asked, "Can I free you from these?" He touched one of the handcuffs.  
  
Rina swiveled her head and looked at the ice block. It was about half melted. She knew that she could tell Dave to smash that block, and obtain the key it contained, but she was still enjoying her self-imposed confinement. Besides, she figured Dave may as well get a better understanding about what happens when she sets up a session for herself, if they were going to have some sort of relationship. She was definitely interested in exploring that, and hoped he was, as well.  
  
"Sorry," she answered, looking back into his eyes. "I'm afraid I'm stuck like this for about 2 more hours, as a guess. But I don't mind if you want to keep me company while my ice melts."  
  
Hearing her mention 2 hours stirred something in Dave's foggy, sex besotted brain. He looked at his watch. "Uh oh!" he said. "That long? I'd better tell you that I'm supposed to meet two friends here. They're due almost any minute. Should I fend them off? Take them away from the meadow?"  
  
Rina shivered at the thought of being used by two more lusty guys. Dave saw her face flush a deeper red, but he also noticed her nipples hardening. He looked at her quizzically.  
  
Clearing her throat, she spoke, not looking into his eyes. "Dave, remember when you asked me if I ever fantasized about being used when I was bound?"  
  
He nodded, then realized she wasn't looking at his head movements, so he replied, "Yes?"  
  
Her voice dropped to a bashful whisper. "The fantasy usually involves several guys." Her blush deepened, if that was even possible, as she confessed this.  
  
Dave's eyebrows shot up, and he swallowed hard. "You mean... that is... are you implying... well... ummm... that instead of taking my friends away... that I... that you?" His voice trailed off after uttering that implied question.  
  
"Would you think it horrible of me if I said yes - that I want that fantasy to come completely true?" she whispered, still not daring to look at him. If she had looked at him, she might've noticed that his cock stiffened again and made his pants tent forward, as he thought about watching Lou and Cliff having sex with her. He had a brief inner struggle with typical masculine possessiveness.  
  
But he had no real foundation for jealousy. He and Rina had just met. She seemed wonderful, and was certainly a great fuck, and he hoped that she liked him, and he hoped that this could possibly be the start of something between them. And then he thought, "She wants this - she said so, quite plainly. If she gets fucked by all three of us, and still ends up with me, that's really saying something about her and me." This sort of flashed through his mind, and he realized she'd ask him a question.  
  
He felt he'd better be tactful. "It sounds like you have a healthy appetite for sex, Rina. So, no, I don't think it's horrible or anything. I think it's the day that your fantasy can become reality, if you really want it to."  
  
"You're so sweet and understanding," she sighed, looking again into his eyes. "I like you - a lot." She thought it very endearing to see him blush as she told him that. "Would you do me a favor, Dave?"  
  
"Sure, Rina. What is it?"  
  
"When they get here, please keep them behind me. I don't want to see their faces, or have them see mine. I want to be fucked anonymously." She thought for a while, then added, "I also want them to think you've trapped me here like this. That you're my Master, and I'm just a submissive slut, to be used for their pleasure. When you tell me that they're going to fuck me, I'll protest a little, and you can spank me into submission. OK?"  
  
Dave couldn't believe how exciting that roleplay sounded. Supporting her head, he gave her a deep, tender kiss. "More than OK. I hope it's OK that the very thought of all that gives me a rock hard boner."  
  
Rina laughed merrily. "I'd be very happy if we put that boner of yours to good use. Can you save it until I'm free? I still haven't tasted your cock, and this position doesn't give you the sort of access to my tits that I'd like."  
  
He was about to make a comment about that, when he saw movement in the trees on the far side of the meadow. "Here they are," he informed Rina, as he got up and moved behind her, partially blocking their view of her. He waved at his friends.  
  
As they got closer, Dave could see that their eyes were practically bulging out of their sockets, and they were trying to peer around him.  
  
"What's going on, Dave?" Lou asked. Lou was the shorter of his two friends, and looked like a surfer with his sun-bleached crewcut and lithe body.  
  
Dave stepped aside, fully revealing the lower half of Rina's nude body, draped over the railing, with obvious metal handcuffs securing her like that. From their angle, her face was hidden by her legs. "What? This?" he replied, giving one of Rina's ass cheeks a little pat. "This is my slut. I decided to give you guys a little treat today, if you're interested."  
  
Lou and Cliff moved in much closer. They stared in disbelief. Rina's pussy was no longer gaping open, but its lips were still a bit red and puffy, and there was a bit of Dave's semen partially dried on her slit.  
  
"What sort of treat?" Cliff asked, suspicion tainting his voice. Cliff, a young black man, was just beginning to grow out his dreads.  
  
"Why, what else is a slut good for?" Dave asked. "To fuck her, of course."  
  
"And just why wouldn't we be interested in getting a piece?" Lou asked, having picked up on Cliff's tone of suspicion. He looked around. "Are we being punked, or something?"  
  
"Naw," Dave assured them both. "This is a one time, no strings attached offer. You might not be interested, because I just got done fucking her myself. See?" he stated, prying Rina's labia open enough to let a little more semen leak out. The skin on her ass rose up into goosebumps as she shivered from his touch.  
  
"Hell, is that all?" Lou asked. "I don't mind sloppy seconds one bit. Can I fuck her first?"  
  
"Master, please," Rina moaned pitifully, acting out her part.  
  
"You heard my offer to my friends, slut. I don't want any back talk from you. You'll fuck them both, and like it." He swatted her ass firmly several times, while his friends watched, mouths gaping.  
  
"Ow... ow... yes, Master... yes... yes!" Rina cried out. "They can fuck me. I want them to fuck me. I promise to obey, Master," she moaned, head down, face hidden against her shins. Secretly, she was thrilled that Dave was playing his part so well. She had no idea what his friends looked like, but the very thought of being fucked by them, unseen, was turning her on so much that she was almost cumming already. Dave's careful swats, sensitizing her ass, also helped arouse her.  
  
"You heard her. She wants it," Dave confirmed. "Look at how her cunt's leaking now." He pointed at Lou. "I think you'll find that it's better if you stand on that cooler. I had to, to get a better angle. Oh, and she's on the pill, so just shove it in her." He tried to sound blasé and callous, but he was having a hard time keeping a straight face, since he knew how much Rina wanted this. Luckily, neither of his friends was looking at him - they were mesmerized by the sight of Rina's cunt, lubing itself for action.  
  
Without further ado, Lou unzipped his fly and fished out his cock and balls. Being what might be termed a young stud, his dick was fully ready for action. He climbed onto the cooler, and skewered his cock firmly into Rina's cunt. She felt the entry of that unfamiliar hunk of manhood, and couldn't suppress a shriek as she climaxed, having been driven to her brink merely by anticipation. The guys could interpret the shriek in any manner they chose, but it was actually her shriek of triumph, since she'd dreamed of something like this for years.  
  
"Oh fuck!" Lou articulated. "I think this slut just came on my dick! She's sure a hot piece, all right! You're a lucky man, Dave!" With that, he started fucking Rina fast, drumming his body against her ass. It felt great, sliding his dick in and out of that hot, wet, receptive tunnel. He grunted with effort as he pounded her. He was torn between wanting this fantastic sensation to continue for a long time, and fearing that something might cause an interruption before he got his rocks off.  
  
Rina solved his dilemma for him. She was so excited by what was happening that after only a few minutes, her cunt muscles contracted rhythmically in another orgasm, squeezing and tugging at Lou's cock, virtually sucking the cum out of him. Rina was bucking up and down on her tiptoes, shaking from her orgasm, and speaking gibberish as she panted rapidly. Lou squeezed his eyes shut, bowing his back, holding his cock deep inside her as he yelled, "Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Take it bitch! Take all of it!" before his voice failed him and he started gasping. It was one of the best fucks he'd had in a long time.  
  
Dave had positioned himself at the end of the railing. He'd placed himself there so he could see the side of Rina's face, watching for any sign of regret or dismay - ready to call this all off instantly if anything like that occurred. He also was there to block his friends from circling around to her front, since she'd requested he try to prevent that. He was pleased to see how much pleasure Rina was receiving.  
  
They waited until Lou felt ready to pull out of Rina's pussy, and step off the cooler. Dave looked at Cliff, and silently raised his eyebrows questioningly.  
  
Cliff said, "I'd love to fuck her, man. But I got a problem." He undid his pants and drew out a cock of prodigious length! "The trouble is, man, chicks can't handle this beast in their pussy. I bottom out too fast, and it hurts them. The only way I can really get a good fuck going is to fuck them in their ass. Does your slut do that?"  
  
"Fuck her in the ass, huh? That could be amusing," Dave muttered. He was stroking his chin, as if deciding, but he was stalling for time, and surreptitiously looking for a cue from Rina, not knowing if she'd like that. He saw her nodding with tiny movements of her head, signaling it was all right with her.  
  
Without missing a beat, Dave continued, "Well, maybe. But how would you open her up and lube her? I've got no lube handy."  
  
"No problem, man. I'll use my spit and fingers to open her and get her ready. I do this all the time."  
  
Lou and Dave watched as Cliff stepped onto the cooler, placed both his hands on her ass cheeks and pressed them apart from each other. That action alone pulled her ass hole open quite a bit. Cliff spat accurately into her opening a couple of times, then used his finger to work the spittle inward. He wasn't fastidious as he worked - he even scooped up leaking fluids from her cunt - semen mixed with her own cum juices - and also used that to lube her ass hole. But he was careful, and thorough.  
  
This was new territory for Dave and Lou. Cliff had their rapt attention. They watched him slowly work his fingertip through Rina's puckered ring, shoving more and more of his makeshift lubricant inside her. He added a second finger as Rina loosened her control, and then a third, still spitting, but now directly into the space created between his fingers. Cliff's cock was rearing up as he performed this task, and some of his precum began leaking, a sure sign that playing with her ass hole was arousing for him.  
  
The sheer eroticism of what they were viewing was giving Dave and Lou stiffies too, but their dicks were trapped in the confinement of their pants. They reached down and pressed and squirmed, adjusting their erections to a more convenient placement. Meanwhile, Rina was moaning and murmuring sounds of encouragement as her ass was opened so sensuously.

Keeping his three fingers inside Rina's ass, Cliff spat now on his cock, and with his free hand smeared his spittle, mixed with his copious amounts of precum, all over the cock's head and shaft. When he pulled his fingers free, Rina's ass hole didn't immediately snap shut, she'd been so relaxed by his actions. Lou and Dave had an astonishing look into the depths of her 'forbidden' hole before the head of Cliff's cock obscured their view.  
  
As that bulbous cock head entered Rina, stretching her anal ring a little more than the three fingers had done, she uttered a long, drawn out, "Ooooooohhhh fuuuuuuccckkk!" More dick entered her backdoor, causing her to emit such a groan that the hairs on Dave's arms stood up on end. Cliff was pressing inward slowly, using his hands to keep her ass cheeks spread apart. When about half his cock was inside her, Rina moaned, "Ooooooohhhh shit!" Dave was momentarily concerned, but she continued, "That feels soooooo good!"  
  
The onlookers watch with astonishment as the entirety of Cliff's cock ultimately disappeared, and his ball sack rested against Rina's cunt lips. She must've felt that contact, and realized that her ass had swallowed the whole thing. Not having seen his dick, she had no clear concept of what a feat that was, but she gave out a gasping cry, "I feel completely stuffed, Master! If he shoves in any more, it'll probably come out of my mouth!"  
  
The three men grinned at each other. Cliff started tiny thrusts, barely moving in and out, letting Rina get used to these movements. Lou and Dave were taking mental notes about Cliff's techniques, hoping they'd get a chance to use them sometime. They noticed his strokes were gradually getting longer and longer. After a while, Cliff was fucking her ass with full strokes. From time to time, air that had gotten compressed by his plunges came blasting out around his shaft in a lewd farting sound. That made the men laugh, and Rina giggled.  
  
She didn't giggle for long though, because Cliff's ball sack, which was just as hugely endowed as his cock, was now slapping firmly against Rina's labia and also her clit, visibly swollen with her excitement. Soon she was sweating, gasping and panting - her arousal nearing its peak.  
  
The muscles of her legs, ass, and arms bunched with contractions, and her handcuff chains rattled as she strained, shouting, "Oh... my... fucking... god! The reaming of her ass hole, combined with the repetitive smacks of his ball sack on her cunt had worked their magic - Rina was cumming, and cumming hard! Her ass virtually vibrated against Cliff's large hands as she shook beneath him.  
  
"Fuck, man! This chick's ass is trying to rip my dick clean off!" Cliff exclaimed, and he wasn't complaining. "She's tight... tight... tight!" He started hammering his dick in and out harder and faster, getting himself off, now.  
  
As Cliff's hot jizz boiled out of his cock, flooding Rina's nether tunnel, she screamed, "Awwwww! He's cumming! He's cumming, Master! Ohhhh shit! There's so much of it!" Indeed, Cliff's massive balls must've manufactured an equally massive amount of his seed, and he was unloading it all deep inside her. Dave and Lou practically had spontaneous emissions of their own, seeing, hearing, and smelling all this potent display of sex.  
  
When Cliff finished delivering his load, he immediately yanked his cock free, and jumped down off the cooler. Since Rina's muscles were still rippling with her spasms, and her ass hole was shockingly dilated, her ass started pumping great globs of Cliff's sticky white semen out of its opening. The globs ran together into an aromatic cascade that streamed down over her cunt, and slid earthward along her shivering thighs. Dave considered her the most erotic, desirable woman he'd ever met, seeing her like this.  
  
Strangely enough, Cliff and Lou started looking a little sheepish, as the reality of what they'd just done struck home. They'd just fucked a perfect stranger, using her sexually for their own gratification. Neither of them actually wanted to face her - not after that - even though they'd done it at Dave's invitation, and the woman hadn't given more than a token protest. Dave's friends put on a face of bravado, thanked him, promised to get together again soon, and hastily strode away.  
  
Dave went around the railing to sit near Rina, and stroked her sweaty back, neck, and hair. "How are you doing, Rina?" he asked, gently.  
  
She sucked a few breaths of air, making her tits press hard against her knees. "Oh, Dave! That was amazing! Fuckingly fantastic! Perfect! Better than I'd ever imagined." She turned her head and looked at him, sweat streaming off her face. "And you played your part to perfection - Master!" She giggled merrily, if a bit wearily.  
  
Dave took off his T-shirt, using it to wipe the sweat off her face. This act of tenderness solidified her feelings toward him. She locked eyes with him, so he'd know she was serious as she whispered, "Would you like to continue to be my Master?"  
  
Hearing that question, Dave's heart jumped inside his chest, and started thumping so hard he'd swear he could hear it. He touched her chin tenderly, and leaned close. "That would be my honor, Rina." He kissed her slowly and sweetly. "Does that make you my... slut?" he asked, smiling.  
  
"Yes, Sir," she replied. "When I'm doing self bondage sessions, it'll be a lot more fun if you're around to use me, too." They kissed again, sealing the bargain.  
  
Rina looked at the ice block. It was almost completely melted, and the handcuff key was visible now. Dave saw what she was looking at, and asked, "Do you want me to break that and get you the key?"  
  
"My plan was to work my way to it, so I'd like to try and see if I can," she answered him. He nodded his understanding.  
  
Rina began inching her way down the railing. With her wrists cuffed to her ankles, she could only go slowly, doing a series of tiny side shuffles. This was fine with her, since it was part of the experience she sought.  
  
Dave watched her go, appreciating the play of her muscles as she moved. From time to time, he scooted along the grass, keeping pace with her on this journey. When she eventually reached the key, the last of the ice had fallen away, and Dave observed how she freed herself from the cuffs.  
  
Rina stood up, came around to his side of the railing, and stretched - arms skyward, head back, and going up onto her toes. This was Dave's first look at the front of her body. She looked magnificent! As she stretched, a stray shaft of sunlight broke through the clouds and washed over her. Her nude body glowed in a way that made his throat go dry. He wanted to hold her, hug her, kiss her - ravish her.  
  
It was almost as if she was reading his mind. "Still have that boner for me?" she asked, grinning naughtily.  
  
Emotionally, he managed to choke out, "Now, more than ever."  
  
"Well, I haven't had a chance to taste your cock yet, remember? You want to stand while I suck it, Master? Or be on your back in the grass?"  
  
"Stretching out sounds marvelous to me," he replied.  
  
"I'm still naked, Sir. Will you get naked for me, too?" she whispered, licking her lips.  
  
Seeing that wanton look on her face galvanized him into action. In the blink of an eye, all his clothes were off, and he got onto his back, his rampant dick sticking up like a flagpole.  
  
"Now that looks delicious," Rina murmured, kneeling next to his hip. She leaned over, pursed her lips, and moved her face downward, engulfing the head of his cock along with most of his shaft. She sucked gently, and his cock twitched, delivering some of his precum nectar to her hungry mouth and throat. She'd sweated quite a bit during her self bondage session and fucking, so she was truly thirsty. She decided to take her time, drinking his precum slowly for a good deal of time, rather than rushing him toward a lusty climax.  
  
Dave didn't mind one bit. He pillowed his head on his arms, crossed behind his head, and watched his slut nourish herself on his manhood. He couldn't quite believe this was true. It was like some erotic wet dream, except it was a thousand-fold better! He could feel the warm wetness of her mouth - that was the only point of contact between them at the moment, so she'd captured his complete focus on that interaction. The twitches of his cock were so subtle that he was barely aware of them, but he thought he could feel fluids rising up into her mouth. The swallowing motions that her elegant throat was making verified that she was drinking.  
  
Finally, after a period of time, Rina slurped her mouth up and off his dick, stating, "I'd like to ride you for a while, so your hands will be free to play with my sadly neglected tits, Sir, if that's OK with you."  
  
He laughed, happiness filling his heart. "Ride me to your heart's content, my lovely slut. I'll do what I can to make your luscious tits happy."  
  
Rina straddled him, opened her pussy, and sank down, impaling herself delightfully. Sighing with bliss, she began rising, falling and rocking. Dave reached up and whispered his fingertips on the sensitive skin of her breasts. He didn't grab - he caressed - and he paid attention to the entire surface of her tits. It felt so good that both of them shuddered joyfully. Dave gazed at her - torso and face - enjoying the sight of her pleasuring herself atop him.  
  
He felt... he felt... comfortable with her... compatible with her... even though they'd just met that day, and in such an unusual fashion. With other women, the sex had been perfunctory - both parties in a rush to climax. With Rina, it wasn't like that at all. He was thrilled to feel them joined together like this, with her warm smooth thighs and legs embracing his sides and hips, and her sweet pussy sliding erotically on his manhood.  
  
Paying attention to her cues, his hands went to her areolae and nipples as Rina's fucking movements sped and intensified. He began gently pinching and rolling the engorged, almost pebbled textures at the peaks of her breasts, and saw her nodding, eyes closed in concentration.  
  
Suddenly, Rina leaned forward, planting her hands on his shoulders, and bucked up and down fiercely, gasping for air, head tilting back. Dave pinched her flesh more firmly, and rolled her nipples within mounds of the gathered flesh of her areolae. Her eyelids flew open, and she sounded a shriek of triumph as her orgasm hit her, and seized her control away. She vibrated atop him for a timeless moment, her cum fluids washing the base of his dick and his balls.  
  
Eyes sparkling with wetness, she let her torso sink down against his chest. She murmured into his neck, "Please roll us over, and take me. I want to be fucked, looking up at you as you cum inside me."  
  
Dave was already close. Embracing her, he rolled them sideways until she was resting on her back in the soft grass. He braced his hands next to her shoulders, and looked deeply into her eyes as he began thrusting. She raised her hands to caress the back of his neck, and hooked her ankles together behind the small of his back. This position opened her thighs more, and Dave entered her fully, thrusting. She moaned and bit her lip seductively, moments before her pussy again started rippling in orgasm. Her orgasm triggered his, and they maintained their eye contact as his seed rushed into her, dispelling an emptiness she'd never known she had. That moment, they magically bonded.  
  
When their bodies had calmed somewhat, gently shaking in intermittent post-orgasmic aftershocks, Dave rolled them both onto their sides, and held her. Held her. Hugged her. Kissed her. That night, they shared a bed together for the first, and definitely not the last, time. And Rina was right. She never did need that silky red set of bra and panties from the backseat of her car.