**Strip**

By Louetta

Yummy whipping, naked in the woods.

Today I give my body to those around me to do with as they wish.

Stripped naked, without a trace of modesty, bound tightly to a tree,

suntanned body glowing in the morning sun. A captive, helpless, trembling,

erotic, tempting, tender. Here is the tree to which I'll be bound. The

air is cold but I am not.

My own inner engine warms me as the erotic effects of surrendering my

body overcome the embarrassment of being forced to strip naked in the

woods. First shoes, then socks, then jeans, then shirt, then bra, then the

soft white panties that hide my tender pink sex from the world. Then

bound. Bound naked to a tree deep in the woods on a cold September morning.

Bound naked, hands behind the tree, above my head, wrists tied tightly

together, pale white breasts glowing softly in the morning sun, offered to

the hands that will lovingly caress them. Ankles bound to the sides of the

tree, legs spread just enough. Just enough to offer a clear path to the

moist pink lips of my sex, just enough to allow a gentle stroking, a gentle

spreading, the sudden, electric touch of a finger tip, the quiver and moan

that accompanies the entry of fingers into the warm and moist tunnel that

makes me a girl.

"Strip!" I'm told. "All the way."

And strip I will. Slowly. They want me naked, they shall have me naked

but they will wait for it. A morning surrendering your body tied to a tree

requires more than a one minute strip tease. My shoes first, then my

socks. I build a neat little pile next to the tree to which I will soon be

bound. Now my jeans. I struggle a little with the buttons as eager eyes

await the first glimpse of my thin brown legs. Summer has just ended and

except for my lily white ass and smooth white breasts my body is brown as

the bark on the trees.

Carefully I remove my jeans, first one leg then the other and demurely

add them to the pile. My legs are long and thin, ten thousand meters a

week in the pool has given me a body more like a teenage boy but what I

lack in tits and ass I make up for in legs. A pause. I look at them and

they look at me. They like what they see. Now my shirt. Slowly

unbuttoned, from the top. Slowly opened in the front, slowly off my

shoulders and down my arms and it takes its place in the pile. Now naked

except for my perfunctory little bra and panties.

The sun feels good on my long brown body. I feel my breathing quicken

slightly as facing them I put my hands up behind my neck and slowly fluff

my hair. My hair is fine but I want them to have a good look. At five

foot ten I look nakeder in my underwear than other girls do. Long legs and

a long body give you maximum girl and minimum underwear. Now my bra.

Slowly I drop the straps over my shoulders.

I look at them and they look at me. The ache in my loins makes me

wonder who wants me to get naked faster, them or me. Slowly I reach around

for the clasp that holds my bra. Alone, I would simply spin the flimsy

garment around and unhook it in front but today I do it from behind, elbows

high, tits thrust out. I have to make the most of what I have. First one

clasp then the other then slowly I bring my hands around to my sides and

finally they meet in front of me. I look at them, they look at me and I

drop my hands to bare my tits, white as snow, soft as silk, pink nipples

pouting, about the same size as my little sister's.

Now bare assed except for my little cotton panties I casually put the

bra on the pile. More hair fluffing. My nipples are so hard they hurt.

Now my underpants. This I can't stretch out. Once they're down the first

six inches no one will care about the rest. They will have what they want.

My taut white ass, the silken ramp of my pubic hair, the moist pink lips of

my pussy. Fingers in the elastic at either side I slowly ease them down,

down in back, ass is bare, down in front, hair exposed, daylight between my

thighs, the sun peaks at the pink lips of my cunt. In an instant the

panties are at my ankles, I step out, they join the pile. Naked as a

jaybird. Naked in the morning sun.

Hungry eyes upon me, devour me. Now hands behind my head once more I

display myself proudly like a Roman whore. They look at me, I look at

them. They like what they see. All brown hair and boobs and flat tummy

above sleek brown hair, long thin legs, taut little rear. I rejoice in the

power of my own naked body. I enjoy being a girl. Naked. In the woods.

In early September. With the warm sun shining.

With one of my captors on either side I am placed back against the tree.

Time to be bound. Stark naked. I can feel my breath quicken. Soon I'll

be helpless, feel the roughness of the ropes against my skin, the tightness

in my stomach that is the fear I always feel when I'm bound, the fear that

feeds the fire building in my body, the fear that's fanned when first I

feel the whip, that fans the fire that burns in my loins, that burns hotter

with each cruel stroke of the lash til finally with the wanton thrusting of

my hips nature takes over and my whole body explodes in the mind blowing

display of fireworks that is orgasm.

I can't wait to be tied. Hands over my head my captors pull them behind

me, behind the thin white oak so I can be bound. Wrists crossed in back of

the tree in back of my head they are bound together tightly, very tightly

with a six foot strand of the dreaded rawhide. Over and under, down and

thru. Then tied off. Now there is no turning back. There will be no

escape today.

Thus bound I have an audience in front of me. Now I know the true

meaning of what it is to be naked. Hands behind me, above my head, bound

to the tree, my brown and white body offered. Defenseless, vulnerable,

ready for the taking. Now my ankles and we're through. Roughly they pull

my feet around to either side of the tree. Roughly they bind then and now

I am truly helpless. Truly a prisoner. Truly a captive. They stand in

front of me and stare. And the more they stare the more my moist pink

pussy burns.

For a few minutes they leave me there naked and alone. Cigarettes are

smoked. Beers are opened.  I become more aware of my body. The single

strand of rawhide used to tie my hands cuts into the skin against the bones

of my wrists. The tree bark scratches my behind as I test whether I can

escape. When I am whipped this will get worse. Already my wrists are

getting red and raw. But this will pale beside the pain the wet rawhide

whip will soon inflict on my naked body. With my underarms exposed I can

feel the dampness there and smell the faint smell of sweat.

Fear. Fear at what is going to be done to me. Fear of the awful pain

the wet cord will inflict on my tender flesh. Terrified really. How bad

will it be? How long will it last? How hard will they whip me? Will they

rape me? Before? After? While I'm tied to the tree or later on the cold

hard ground? And further down I feel the wetness between my legs. My body

is preparing for sex as well as pain. For the exquisite pleasure that my

body will provide me in just a very few minutes. I can smell the familiar

musky odor of my cunt.

I can feel my heart beat slightly inside my chest. My long brown hair

partially covers my boobs, a situation they will remedy before they whip

me. I feel a slight quiver in my thighs and my ass. I dream of the

coldness of the whip upon my body and the warmth inside my cunt. They are

practiced with the whip and I look forward to the cruelest torture of all,

as the wet rawhide lash takes me to the brink and brings me back,

skillfully, again and again. No cumming for the captive.

So the fire burns on inside of me. But I will fool them. The bite of

the whip will set me free. I try but no matter how I struggle the rope

won't budge. But I close my eyes and concentrate on the magic feelings

deep in my body. Lost in the joy they give me. Loving the soft breeze on

my naked body, the bite of the chill air, the slight heaving of my chest,

the quickening of my pulse, the hint of sweat across my forehead, under my

arms, beneath my boobs, in the soft crease of my tummy, between my legs.

The erotic appeal of my forced stripping, being bound naked, overpowers

my fear of the whip on my body. I look forward to the lash, waiting,

waiting, waiting for the pain to start, terrified, trembling, shivering in

the cold, shaking gently with the fear, the fear of what is to come.

Struggling, struggling against my ropes, feeling them cut into my soft

white skin, as the whip will soon cut into my soft white breasts.  The

waiting is agonizing, the fear, the anticipation, the pain that awaits me.

The embarrassment of being naked before strangers mixed with the pleasure

of enjoying my own body. Feeling the wonder of what it is to have breasts,

to have a cunt, to have an ass, to be a girl. To offer it to my torturers

to and revel in what my body gives back to me.

Finally the waiting is over. Finally, they gather in front of me and I

am about to be whipped. The anticipating is done and the reality is here.

And nothing quite equals the reality. Nothing quite equals the thrill of

the whistle of the whip through the air, the crack of the blow against the

skin, the pain as the thin strip of rawhide cuts cruelly into my soft

flesh, the shock of the blow, the leap of my body against its bonds, the

writhing with the pain, the searing pain which spreads from the site of the

fine red welt and registers throughout my whole helpless body, the cry that

escapes my lips, the silent plea for mercy.

Then, after a few seconds, the pain recedes, slowly, partly, not

entirely. Your breathing quiets some, you hang lightly from your bonds.

And then you hear the whistle again. The familiar sound of the whip moving

through the air. Toward your body. And it starts all over again. And

again. And again. It continues. And you learn what it feels like to be

whipped. Really whipped. Over and over and over again. Starting with my

breasts. My small, firm, eager round breasts. My breasts, soft, white,

bared to the morning sun and wind. Bared to the cruelty of the whip.

And after what seems like an eternity they are done savaging my breasts

and they move down my stomach, the long brown expanse of my stomach, firm,

harder than my tits, stronger. Then down over my hips. Painful strikes

against my hip bones, the tale of the whip sneaking around to tattoo my

bare ass. Then down my thighs, my honey brown thighs, down to my knees.

And then he moves. To this point he has stood beside me, first one side

then the other.

Now he moves in front and I know what is coming. With the last two feet

of the lash he takes aim with a vertical stroke. He aims for, and hits,

the thin ramp of hair between my legs that stands guard over the delicate

lips of my pussy. One stroke, two, three. He strikes down. And now he

aims up. Up. Up between my thighs. Aiming for that narrow space between

my thin brown thighs, the narrow space that leads to the pinkness of the

moist lips of my cunt. Over and over he targets and hits the narrow tender

target of my cunt.

And I hear it, I hear the call of my body, my naked body, writhing in

pain, I hear the call, I feel the warmth in my breasts, the hardness of my

nipples, the heat in my loins, the moisture in my pussy, the slight

quivering of my ass, the ache inside that can only be cured by cumming,

cumming, suddenly, violently, over and over again, while my sex steals

control of my body and takes my mind away to a place only orgasm can take

me.

And I experience the ecstasy of being whipped, whipped til you cry,

whipped til your whole body aches, whipped til the fire rises in your loins

and finally when all seems lost explodes through your body in a mind

shattering release of energy and you cum once and once again and again and

again and, if you're lucky, all the while the whip rains down on your naked

body as your hips buck wildly and you breasts quiver helplessly and

finally, your orgasm spent, you collapse in a heap of joy. Hanging

helplessly from the ropes that still bind you naked to the tree on which at

first you suffered and later experienced the ultimate pleasure. Joy in the

woods on a chilly September morning. Joy amidst the torment that is a

whipping.

Joy in the pleasure that only a girl's body can provide.