**The Hunt**

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The moment she felt the sting of the dart in the back of her thigh, Leela thought, "Oh shit!" She immediately plucked it out, tossed it aside and kept running in a zigzag pattern, trying to be a tougher target. But those new ultra-safe game darts were very sophisticated, and efficient. Upon impact, they quickly injected the tranquilizer. Around the impact spot, they also splatted a colored indelible dye whose color identified the hunter. She hoped she'd removed it quickly enough, but only time would tell. She detected the soft hissing puff of the air rifle again, and was almost certain she'd heard the whiz of another dart cleave the air near her, but gratefully felt no sting.

Finally finishing the crossing of the meadow, she streaked into the relative safety of the dense forest once again. She'd known it might be foolish to spend even a second out in the open, but she'd seen no evidence of any other place she could ford that river. She did manage to snatch a handful of water to partially quench her thirst. She'd been on the run for hours, and was parched, and beginning to feel the fatigue of her efforts. Her muscles were protesting and beginning to shake intermittently. Knowing that the hunter would be pursuing along the vector she'd been using as she entered the trees, she changed course, arcing in a path that would double back, not to the meadow, but into the dense undergrowth on this side of the river.

She tried to move silently, controlling her breathing, and disturbing the plants as little as possible, since a good hunter could also be a good tracker. Of course, when she'd sized up the men before the hunt started, they'd failed to impress her as professional hunters. It was more likely that they were paying handsomely just for the thrill of the chase. She figured that a skilled hunter would have tracked and bagged her in the first hour or so. She was congratulating herself on her abilities, when to her horror she realized that the fatigue she was feeling in her muscles was unnatural, and it was spreading. The tranquilizer dart! It must have injected not enough to drop her quickly, but just enough to do the deed. Running would soon be out of the question. She'd have to try hiding.

Altering her course through the woods, she thought, "Come on muscles... please! Just a few more minutes! I need to find a place." Getting dirty and filthy, she scrambled through the undergrowth's bushes, leaves and mud. Fallen leaves and spores from disturbed plants stuck to the sweat on her now grimy body. Luckily she happened upon a large log, hollowed out by decay. She could look all the way through it, so she could tell no critters occupied it. Carefully backing into the opening, she moved near what she felt was its center point before she slipped unconscious.

When consciousness returned, she found herself back at the camp, bound. Her position was humiliating, since she was kneeling, her back against a sturdy pole in the ground, her arms tied to a crossbar in the pole. Ropes also encircled her torso above and below her breasts to keep her upright. Finally, a leather strap went across her forehead, secured behind the pole, to keep her head up and still. She was still dressed as she'd been as the running prey, except her shoes and socks had been removed. The antidote for the tranquilizer had worked as advertised. Leela awoke clear-headed, and felt no ill effects, but she was tired.

One of the film crews was there, recording her awakening, and one guy held a bottle of water for her to drink. She sipped, rather than guzzled it, since drinking too fast might make her sick, and she didn't want something like that captured for the viewers' pleasure. From the contract she'd signed, she knew that a film crew had also been summoned to record the moment that her limp body was dragged ignominiously from that hollow log. When she'd finished drinking, Alan, the director, told her that now that she was finally caught, the hunters would get on with the next part of the procedure when they'd finished a light repast. Leela heard that with a little smidgen of pride, since it sounded like she'd lasted the longest of the three 'prey' women.

Since she had nothing to do but wait, she spent the time reflecting on how she'd come to be here, wondering if her decision had been a good one. "That ad I saw was so enticing," she thought. "It said something like 'casting call for upcoming reality show... monetary rewards... athleticism preferred' or words to that effect. And I figured all those years I spent doing various sports like the track team might finally pay off." In spite of her bindings, Leela grinned. "Pay off - what a wonderful phrase. I really needed the money. That was the main attraction. And when I heard the amounts discussed during the interview, I saw dollar signs swimming through my vision!"

One of the film crew checked her bindings, asking, "Everything all right?"

Her chain of thought broken, Leela answered, "Yes. I'm fine. I hope we don't have to wait much longer." She had no idea if that interaction was recorded, but they were allowed to do so, of course. She went back to her thoughts. "So when I interviewed or auditioned, I learned that the reality show was going to be intended for 'mature adults' and would be a pay-per-view special. That's why the pay scale was so high for participants." She learned that it involved a hunt, and that, if selected, she be one of the 'prey' animals.

She'd balked at the idea of being hunted. It took a lot of convincing for her to believe the information about the new tranquilizer, and its antidote. Scientific reports were provided, and she was free to check their validity and accuracy in the comfort of her home. "I have to admit that I almost drooled when I heard the payment plan. We 'prey' were guaranteed $10,000 and could get another $5,000 for each hour we evaded the hunters. Since the hunt could only last a maximum of 9 hours, I knew it was possible to earn $45,000 more. And the clincher was a bonus of $100,000 if I didn't get caught at all." She sighed. "Well, I lost out on the $100,000 bonus, but there's still the rider clause of the contract to consider, to perhaps really cash in."

Before she focused on her feelings about accepting that final clause of the contract, she thought about how the day had started. She'd met the other two female participants, the taller brown-haired green-eyed Maddy, and the shorter blonde-haired Gloria who had brown eyes! Leela had never met a brown-eyed blonde before, and found the effect rather striking. Right away, she got to see their bodies, and they saw hers, because the three of them had to shower naked out in the open, while the hunters watched and the camera crews filmed. Some of the hunters' suggestive comments made them blush.

There were 4 hunters, increasing the tension between them, since with only 3 'prey' to hunt, one of them would go hungry, so to speak. As the hunters watched the women shower, Leela used that time to evaluate the hunters themselves. Two of them were gross, and appeared callous and uncouth. One was average everything - height, weight, coloring, and the last one looked at least slightly better. In her eyes, none of them were particularly attractive. She certainly had incentive to evade the whole pack of them, and started making her plans.

In addition to the director, and the only other woman present - Tracie, the producer, the 3 film crews and the hunters, there were also judges who would observe the proceedings and act as referees, enforcing the rules. The main judge announced, "For this hunt, the 'prey' will be given a 15 minute head start. They must remain inside the perimeter fence at all times, but there are over a thousand acres of woods, meadows and streams available."

Turning more toward the hunters and film crews, he stated, "The camera crews cannot follow, of course, since things will be moving too fast. The unencumbered judges can travel as they please, keeping abreast of the action as best they can. They're equipped with bodycams - the images might be choppy, but may be inserted into the final cut before this is shown. Such inserts might add to the excitement of the chase."

Holding up a finger to make sure he had their attention, he said, "Hunters, in the event you've caught one of the prey, you must signal the base with your GPS coordinates, and wait until a film crew arrives, so they can record the capture, binding, and retrieval. Does anyone have any questions?"

Since no one spoke up, the women, who'd dried off from their showers, were given flesh toned sports bras and spandex shorts, plus socks and sturdy shoes. From a distance, it would almost look like they were running naked, but the clothing would offer some support and protection. Minutes later, Leela, her heart pounding in her throat, waited for the signal to start. Adrenaline was coursing through her blood stream, and she shifted from one foot to the other, eager to explode into action.

The lead judge held up a stopwatch and called out, "Go!" When they started running, Gloria wisely scooped up some dirt and began rubbing it into her hair to dim the blonde color. As they reached the woods, leaving the clearing around the base camp, they angled apart, rather than staying in a noisy bunch.

"Thank goodness I'd worked out a preliminary strategy," Leela thought, squirming a little in her current bindings. After several strides into the dense, dark forest, she'd cut to a 90 degree angle from their original flight path, staying well concealed by the edge of the woods. Instead of running for the full 15 minutes, she dropped into concealment, and watched the hunters. At the 15 minute mark, the hunters and judges went charging off, following along the path the women had taken. They didn't use any stealth, perhaps figuring that a noisy pursuit would panic the women and make them do reckless things.

"I waited until they were deeper into the woods, and then took off on a risky ploy," Leela remembered, grinning because in hindsight she'd been successful. "My heart was in my throat as I loped across that clearing, praying no hunter was looking back over his shoulder. Gosh - I wonder if any of the film crews saw me doing that and managed to get it recorded? Anyway, reaching the side opposite the original direction, I entered the woods and began moving as fast as I could manage, remaining silent. I was shaking, wondering if I'd hear a hunter crashing into the trees right behind me... I would have been a sitting duck!"

Stepping in front of the pole that currently held her bound, a couple of film crew members decided to record an impromptu interview just then. "Congratulations on being the last one caught, Leela," the spokesperson began. "You must've covered a lot of territory. How far did you get?"

Leela shifted her pelvis a little to one side, hoping to alleviate a cramp forming in the back of that side. "I did move fast at first, wanting to place as much distance as possible behind me during the initial period. But then I had to shift to stealth. I crept slowly for a while, listening intently. At the faintest sound - the snap of a twig, the rustle of leaves - I froze, ears straining, trying to determine the direction and distance. I suppose most of them were the normal activities of squirrels, chipmunks, and birds. But I couldn't afford to take a chance. After a while, I'd move swiftly again for short bursts. I made it as far as the perimeter fence, which was both gratifying and dismaying. Gratifying because I knew I'd covered a lot of distance. But dismaying because then I had to decide whether to hunker down in place, hiding, or choose a new direction to move."

"We know you didn't stay there the entire time, based on where your capture occurred. So what did you decide?" he asked.

"It's difficult to tell time when you're being hunted," she admitted. "You get into the mindset of an animal, running for your life, if you're not careful. I was winded, and my heart was racing and I was panting hard. I was acutely aware of the acrid stench wafting from my sweating body. So I decided to rest, listen and observe for perhaps fifteen to twenty minutes. Then the tension got to be too great, so I mentally flipped a coin, and moved to the right, but also back into the woods at an angle. I didn't want some hunter to merely work his way along the periphery of the fence and pick me off." She paused, considering whether to add something. Finally, she spoke, "In hindsight, perhaps moving to the left would've been better. The direction I chose later brought me to a river. Crossing it, I had to break from cover and try to streak across a meadow to get back to tree cover. A hunter must've either been waiting there, or coincidentally happened to reach the spot at the same time I did."

"We interviewed him," the spokesperson said. "He actually said it was a combination of his tracking skills, and a great deal of luck that led him to that spot, where he decided to wait. He praised your ability at being smart and elusive, and admitted he'd panicked a little when you started running into the clear. Of his three darts, only one actually struck you. And then he stated he had a... what was it?... oh yes, a 'dickens of a job' finding where you'd hidden yourself before you collapsed. His tone was full of admiration."

"Which hunter was it?" Leela asked, prepared to be horrified at the answer.

"We're not allowed to disclose that," he answered. Then he glanced up. "But the mystery will soon be solved, because here he comes to claim his prize."

Leela held her breath, her eyes as far to the side as she could swivel them, trying to look over her shoulder toward the sound of his approaching footsteps. As he came into her line of sight, she saw, to her relief, that of the foursome, he was the slightly better than average looking one.

"Hello, Leela. My name is Rhen," he stated in a warm tone of voice. "You led me a merry chase. I'm honored to be your hunter."

The praise in his voice made Leela blush mildly. "I can't say that I'm happy that I was caught," she murmured honestly, thinking about the loss of that $100,000 bonus. Since his mannerism was decent, she decided it would be polite to add, "But if I had to be caught, I'm glad it was by you."

He seemed pleased by that response. "Now we have to move on to the next phase," he explained, untying the ropes that bound her arms to the cross piece. As she shook them gently, he busied himself removing the ropes from around her torso, and then the leather strap that was across her forehead. "It would be best if you don't struggle at this point," he advised her.

She whispered back, "Right now, my legs feel so cramped that I doubt I could do much with them anyway."

He grinned at that, displaying clean white teeth. "Then this next part will be easier." So saying, he helped her to lie flat, stretched out on her belly. Drawing her arms behind her back, he skillfully tied her wrists together... not too tightly, but her hands would certainly remain in the small of her back. Next, he tied her ankles together with a lark's head bar tie, with the rope securing her ankles, but with a wrapped column of rope between the ankles. Leela couldn't see what he was doing, or why he was doing it, but the film crew nicely captured closeups of the procedure, which she'd see later.

The voice of one of the judges could be heard, announcing, "Now the hunters will hang their 'kills' to skin the carcass." The words themselves didn't frighten Leela, since she knew what that meant and it wasn't anything harmful. Still, as her hunter hoisted her up over his broad shoulder, her legs held by his chest and her torso and head draped over his back, she was embarrassed by her position, knowing it was being filmed. She swiveled her head and saw that the trio of posts and crossbars were positioned so that none of the prey could see any of the others while they were tied there, probably to add to a feeling of isolation. She wondered how long the first woman had been tied there, waiting for the other two to be hunted down and captured.

Suddenly other hands were on her legs and hips and she was lifted, upside down, off the hunter's shoulder. When enough bodies got out of the way she looked along her body toward her feet to watch as people maneuvered the rope bar tie between her ankles over a blunted hook that was attached to a sturdy wooden frame. She was left hanging upside down with her hands still tied behind her back, and her head perhaps a foot off the ground. Looking from side to side, the wooden frame blocked her view, but she was pretty certain that the other two women were dangling in a similar fashion from their hooks.

Once the cameras were properly positioned, this ritualistic 'skinning of the prey' could commence. There were shrieks of dismay from the other women as their hunters began their work. But Leela only had (upside-down) eyes for Rhen as he stepped close to her. Kneeling down, he gave her a grin and a wink, and then reached out to her sports bra. Taking his time, and obviously enjoying it, he used trauma scissors to snip across one shoulder strap, and then the other. The tight, clingy fabric still encased Leela's breasts.

Placing his left hand at the center of her chest, he slipped the end of the scissors under the material near her right armpit. He snipped through the bra along the right side of her dangling torso. The cloth parted easily and snapped free across her back, but her breasts remained covered due to his hand placement. Putting the scissors on the ground, he grasped the flap of bra material and teased the camera and viewers with tiny glimpses of the side and undercurve of her right breast, letting Leela's anticipation build. She knew what was coming. Still, the suddenness of her tits springing into view as he finally whisked away what was left of the bra made her shriek with surprise. And her shriek and the jerk of her torso made her tits bounce and sway enticingly.

Once her squirming settled, Rhen ran his warm hands softly over her newly exposed flesh as he stood up. From her upside-down perspective, Leela couldn't help but stare up at his crotch as he now towered over her. Her lips curved into a fetching grin as she noticed the slight tenting of his pants material in that area. But her attention was quickly drawn to her left as Rhen stepped in that direction, pulled out the waistband of her shorts, inserted the scissors and began snipping up toward her knee. In seconds, her left thigh was bare.

Moving over to her right side, he repeated his actions and the severed piece of clothing ended up merely draped over her pussy and ass crack. With scant ceremony, Rhen grasped the tattered garment, pulled it free and tossed it aside. Leela's face was already red from hanging upside down, so her flush of embarrassment could only be discerned as it spread upward from her neck to the upper part of her chest. Fully naked, she felt exposed, helpless, and, truth be told, somewhat aroused. After all, the man standing next to her was gazing at her body with a look of sensuous appreciation.

The other women must've also been 'skinned' by this point, because the main judge announced, "Hunters, time to clean those carcasses. Their actions during the chase have rendered them rather filthy." Leela couldn't protest that statement. Her body was crusted with salt from her dried up sweat. Dirt and plant material was clinging to her legs, tummy and back.

Hoses were brought out, and Rhen seemed to take perverse pleasure in sluicing cold water over Leela's body from her feet to her head. The initial shock of that spray hitting her elicited a brief scream, but then she had to close her mouth as water cascaded downward from her legs and feet. She also had to tilt her head and emit undignified snorts to dislodge the water running into her inverted nose. After he'd drenched her front and back, Rhen turned off the hose and picked up a sponge. With a bucket that thankfully held warmer water, he began giving Leela a sponge bath, still working from her feet downward. Sponging her with one hand, his other hand had to brace her, grasping her naked flesh warmly, and sometimes intimately.

Despite her awkward, humiliating position, Leela grew to enjoy Rhen's touch, which felt full of compassion and consideration. His attentions all felt good... especially as he paid special attention to her pussy, ass cleft and tits. Satisfied that he'd cleaned her thoroughly, he toweled her off with a fluffy towel. She felt gratified to have the grime and stench removed, feeling that if she had to be filmed naked, it was better to be clean and fresh for it. The other hunters might've finished cleaning their prey earlier, because the moment Rhen took the towel away, the head judge intoned, "The hunters will now feast on their prey."

Rhen hoisted Leela free from the hook and carried her cradled in his arms over to the round dining table. Sitting her on the edge, he reached behind her, virtually embracing her as he untied her wrists, then retied them in front of her torso. Behind Leela there was a body pillow on top of the table. Rhen pressed her backward to recline on it, then raised her bound wrists out above her head. He looped the wrist binding rope over a hook protruding from the table centerpiece. The other hunters were doing the same, so all three women were now stretched out on top of the table, their wrists through hips radiating out like the spokes of a wheel. Their buttocks ended up near the edge of the table, and their knees were up with their feet resting on either arm of their hunter's chair.

The men began 'eating' their prey, each performing cunnilingus on the woman he'd caught. There was a camera suspended above the centerpiece, angling to get good closeups. The other cameramen slowly circled the table, providing side views, and closeups of the women's expressions and torso movements as they squirmed and in some cases hyperventilated. The sound men focused parabolic reflectors to pick up the slurping, sucking sounds of the men, and the gasps and moans of the women as their arousal built. From time to time, a camera cut to the lone hunter who hadn't been successful. Ultimately, he opened his pants and began masturbating as he watched.

Leela didn't know what the other pairs were doing, and she didn't care. She even forgot she was on camera, most of the time. Her arms secured over her head, and Rhen's hands pinning her hips near the table's edge, she gave herself over to the sensuality of the moment. Looking down her naked torso, her eyes locked with Rhen's as he sucked and probed. He winked at her, which made her giggle, her tummy fluttering. Those contractions forced out more of her now flowing pussy juices, and Rhen slurped them up. His tongue slicked up inside her, evidently seeking more of her nectar. She groaned aloud and writhed on the pillow supporting her back and head.

Rhen might've been only a little above average in looks, but his oral skills turned out to be exemplary. He proved to be an expert at teasing and tantalizing her. He didn't neglect her upper, inner thighs... kissing, licking and gently nibbling them. His tongue lapped at her anal ring, and he then plowed it along her furrow, letting its tip barely touch her clit - just enough to make her aware of the contact. All this attention had the effect of turning her honey-making into high gear. She fed him copious amounts of her fluids as she arched, groaned, and strained at the ropes confining her wrists.

Watching and recording this highly charged carnal display, even the camera crew had cocks threatening to tear themselves through underwear and trousers. One camera was focused in closeup on the grandeur of her crinkled areolae and stiffened nipples. Leela was begging Rhen, "Please let me cum! Please! I need to... I want... I can barely... My head feels like... it's going to... explode! Please!"

But it turned out that it wasn't Leela's head that exploded. Mercifully, Rhen began a gentle suction on her clit, while tapping its head with the tip of his tongue. He was also using two fingers to fuck her pussy, rubbing their tips along the sensitive area deep to her clit. Leela gasped, took in a deep breath and shrieked as her pussy exploded, erupting a gush of her cum. She shook violently beneath Rhen's free arm, which pressed across her hips, controlling her, and preventing her from hurting herself. Two cameras were focused on the action, one aimed at Leela's sex, and the other framing her tits and face as she came. Another camera managed to catch the spurts of semen jetting from the masturbating hunter's cock as he watched Leela and Rhen.

The other two women, hearing the commotion, were also soon triggered into their own releases, which pleased their partners. The hunters dined until they proclaimed themselves full. At that point the women were unbound, and shared a light meal with their captors. They also needed to rehydrate themselves after all that cunnilingus. The only thing that looked a bit strange about the dining was that the men were clothed, and the women were still naked. And they were going to remain that way. Rhen and Leela talked quietly about the upcoming evening.

There was one final clause in the contract, which the women were certainly free to decline. That clause stipulated that their hunter could use them sexually until the next morning. There was a great incentive for them to agree, though. The incentive was that each woman that agreed would receive not only another $25,000 - they would also get a small percentage of the pay-per-view income. If they declined, they could get a pleasant night's sleep, but they'd receive no extra funds and no percentage. The contract stipulated that the men could not do just anything to them, of course. There were strict limits established per person, and a safeword. The women could not be gagged, so they could cry out their safeword if necessary. But they could be tied up.

The production company knew that they could easily recoup those funds, since more sex would draw more viewers, and the pay-per-view could be shown several times, with more subscribers as word got out. And the women knew that even a small percentage of the pay-per-view income could add up to quite a bit, if the action was hot enough to draw lots of subscribers. The hunters had been told that the women would be allowed a final decision once the dinner was over. Surprisingly, Maddy and Gloria decided to opt out. Apparently, they couldn't stomach the thought of being under the control of those other two gross hunters for even one night. The guys were indeed rough and coarse, as they'd demonstrated throughout the day and evening. But Leela looked at Rhen and nodded her approval, and signed the final clause, to the great relief of the show's producer. At least there'd be some more sex for the show.

In a final attempt to boost the ratings, Tracie approached Maddy and Gloria and diffidently offered them $10,000 each, but no percentage, if they'd spend the night together having sex on camera. To earn the money, they'd have to provide at least two hours of footage, if not more. Gloria stepped up to Maddy, embraced her and gave her a lusty kiss. Maddy looked shocked at first, but then melted against Gloria and kissed her back just as fervently. So the two of them, plus a discrete film crew, retired into one of the special rooms designed for sex. Rhen and Leela got another, slightly larger one which had good indirect lighting, and remote controlled cameras and parabolic sound pickups. Two cameramen, Mike and Larry, took steady-cams into that room with them for special angles, although the cameras could be placed on tripods if the holders got excessively fatigued during the night. The director and producer would operate the remotely controlled cameras from the production trailer, which was parked far enough away as to be unobtrusive.

Rhen and Leela ignored the cameras and the two other people - they only had eyes for each other. Leela was still naked, and Rhen now stripped down as well, giving her and the cameras the first look at his manhood. His member was limp, but impressive even so, and nicely shaped. He gestured at the bed. At dinner, they'd discussed what they'd do together, at least as a start, so Leela silently climbed onto the bed sitting upright, and placed her forearms together across her chest below her breasts. Grabbing some rope, Rhen tied those forearms together. When that was accomplished, Leela brought her heels toward her buttocks. Swiftly and skillfully, Rhen took more ropes and bound each of her legs to its corresponding thigh. He rolled her onto her back, and gravity made her knees move apart... or was Leela being submissively obliging?

The cameras panned slowly down Leela's body, from her face, with her eyes and lips showing a sultry 'take me' expression, down past her breasts jutting forward, framed on the sides by her upper arms and below by her crossed forearms. The panning continued down across her tummy and mound, pulling back to give an overview of her frog-tied legs, and then zooming in tight on her exposed, vulnerable sex, made even more vulnerable when Rhen pried open her pussy lips, exposing the wet pinkness that they'd covered. She looked magnificent like that!

"I spent a good deal of time eating you, my dear," Rhen stated. "I think it's only fair for you to return the favor."

She grinned up at him. "Gladly, Sir." She wriggled a bit drawing attention to the ropes that restrained her. "But I seem to be at a disadvantage for such a thing."

"No problem," he replied. Lifting her by her shoulders, he rocked her torso to a more upright position, which brought her face - and more importantly her mouth - to his waiting penis. Without hesitation, she opened her lips and sucked his entire cock inside her mouth, from its head to the base where it arose from his well trimmed pubic hair. Her lips were touching those hairs as she started sucking and using her tongue on his intimate flesh. Those sensations caused fresh, hot blood to surge into his erectile tissues, beginning his engorgement.

As his cock came to life in her mouth, Leela gradually found herself unable to keep the entire length trapped inside. Like some beautiful erotic magic trick, his cock shaft began to emerge from her mouth, wet with her saliva. As she continued sucking, his balls moved up and down in his ball sack, indicating his pleasure at her actions. More cock emerged. And still more. She was suckling and now swallowing lustily, since salty, tasty precum was streaming out of his aroused cock. "Your mouth is magical," Rhen murmured... but loud enough for the sound man to capture with his equipment. It might be noted that Rhen's cock was not the only one stiffening in that room.

"Ready to be fucked, Leela?" Rhen asked.

She pulled her head back until his cock sprang free from her lips. "Yes, yes please," she begged. He lowered her again onto her back. Undulating on top of the bed as well as she could, tied as she was, she said, "See how wet I am? I'm so ready for you now!" A camera zoomed in, confirming her assertion. Her pussy looked like a ripening flower spreading its dark pink petals, dripping with morning dew. Her breasts rose and fell as she breathed more rapidly, obviously keeping pace with her accelerating heart rate.

The other hearts in the room were speeding up also. Behind the cameras, more than one mouth had to be subtly wiped to catch a trickle of drool that had escaped. The other men in the room felt that Rhen had to be the luckiest bastard on the entire planet. He'd won the right to use her all night if he wished. And her luscious body might inspire him to do just that! The remotely controlled cameras and sound pickups swung silently on their gimbals, as the director and the producer jockeyed them to favorable angles.

It was obvious from the volume and angle of his tumescence that he was more than ready to accommodate her request. A camera got a good closeup of his swollen glans, glistening with his precum. It tracked the motion of that glans as it neared her pussy lips, rubbed against them, and then began sliding out of sight as it began a slow, sensuous penetration. Leela was straining, panting with need now. Rhen held his torso as upright as possible, ensuring that the cameras would have a good view of Leela's body and her reactions as he entered her.

When they'd been chatting quietly during dinner, they'd needed to communicate some important information, which they didn't want caught on the sound track. The solution to this was achieved as Rhen leaned over and slowly kissed his way up Leela's neck to her ear. Giving the impression he was kissing her ear as well, he softly asked, "Do you want me to use condoms tonight?"

In an apparent loving response, Leela kissed her way up his neck to his ear and whispered, "No. That's not necessary, since everyone involved with this production was certified disease free, and I'm safely on the pill."

They ate and chatted aloud a little more, then Rhen again kissed his way up to her ear and whispered, "Do you enjoy anal sex?"

Leela's pupils dilated slightly, but she quickly realized it was better for him to ask in this manner, rather than ruin the mood later by doing something she'd reject. Kissing her way to his ear, she answered softly, "It depends on the size of the cock. If it's OK, I'll actually ask you to fuck me there."

Therefore, the two of them had a rough idea of a 'game plan' for the evening. And Rhen was gratified to feel the skin to skin contact as his cock pressed its way into her well lubricated tunnel. The wet, velvety warmth engulfed his manhood. It felt like she was already using her muscles to grip and gently massage his member. They both sighed as he bottomed out, fitting her like a hand in a glove. He paused, and stared down at her with warm affection. He'd really been impressed by her skills in the hunt, and now he was even more impressed by her sensuality. He was determined to pleasure her - a lot - no matter what it took.

Leela was enjoying the moment... the feeling of fullness inside her intimate channel... the feeling of helpless vulnerability brought on by her horizontal position, tied forearms and splayed secured legs. All that, plus the smoldering look in the eyes of her hunter - her captor. That look of lust and desire and... even tenderness? She was his for the night, and her heart beat faster, considering that. He was planted deep inside her, but not moving yet. And the anticipation was making her tremble now. It was becoming unbearable. Finally, she whispered, "Please," in a shy, needy voice.

He heard her, but he toyed playfully with her, almost flirting. "What? What did you say?" he asked with a smile in his voice. "Speak plainly."

Eyes dilating, she licked her lips. Drawing all of her carnal need into the tone of her voice, she spoke loud and clear, "Please fuck me, Sir! Please! You're driving me mad, waiting like this! I know I'm your toy for tonight, but have mercy and fuck me!" Rhen kept his cool, but the jaws of the onlookers fell open with surprise. In the production trailer, both Tracie and Alan jerked upright and manipulated their cameras into closeups.

Grinning, Rhen slowly pulled his cock back until just its head was still inside her. "You mean like this?" he asked rhetorically, as he began thrusting forward and back, starting to provide the fucking that she so desperately craved. The upward curve of his erection dragged the swollen head of his cock in a sublime scraping action along the soft, squishy tissues of her G-spot. It was exactly what she needed. Exactly.

She let go of her control completely, letting the actions of his cock spiral her higher and higher in a dizzying peak of arousal. The ropes creaked as she strained against them, her muscles bunching up as she neared her first climax. She was making sounds, but she wasn't even aware of them. Her world at that moment was the glowing ball of energy that was blossoming in her core. If her rational mind could've dominated, it might have been thinking, "I don't know if it's his skills, or if it's being trussed up like this, but I don't think I've ever been fucked this well before!" But that rational mind was completely drowned out by her body gibbering, "Must cum! Must cum! Must cum!"

Leela came.

Everyone watching knew that she was in orgasm. Her sounds said so. Her eyes said so. So did her lips, the flush spreading from her face to her chest, the crinkling of her areolae, the fluttering of her tummy muscles and the arch of her back. Of course, the onlookers couldn't tell what her pussy muscles were doing to Rhen's cock, but he was reveling in those sensations. It's one thing when a woman voluntarily clenches those muscles to create more friction. It's a completely different thing when those muscles go into involuntary ripples and spasms. It's a glorious sensation to a man paying attention. And he was paying attention.

Rhen kept thrusting during her climax, wanting her to fully enjoy it. But he had to slow those thrusts, because he was close to his own peak, and he wanted this night to last. So when Leela sighed as her release began to ebb, he reached down and lifted her by her shoulders as he rocked back onto his heels. She was now upright over his lap, pressing against him, impaled and anchored in position by his throbbing but now immobile erection. Her tits were mashed delightfully against his bare, muscular chest as his lips claimed hers in a surprising kiss. It was a good kiss. It was a great kiss. As Leela began returning it with fervor it became a fantastic kiss!

Since the handheld cameras were focused on the kiss, they missed the fact that Rhen's hands were busy untying the ropes that bound Leela's forearms together. But the remotely controlled cameras were being used to give a more overall view of the scene, and they captured that action. They also recorded her arm movements as they came around and wrapped Rhen in a tender, grateful embrace.

"Thank you for making me cum, Sir," Leela whispered as they ended their kiss. She giggled softly. "I definitely owe you one," she added, playfully.

He laughed. "Good. You can start by cleaning all your cum off of my cock and balls." So saying, he eased her down onto her back again, swiftly removing the ropes that bound her legs and thighs together. She groaned and sighed as she straightened out her slightly cramped limbs. During all this, his cock had stayed sheathed inside her warm tunnel. Now he slid his glistening member out of that vaginal embrace. Straddling her shoulders, he brought it near her mouth. Since her hands were now free, Leela was able to use them to guide his cock to her lips.

The heady aroma of her cum juices mixed with the manly scent of his precum swept to her brain, and stoked her fires of lust. Her lips enclosed his glans, and the force of the suction that she applied actually pulled his hips forward as his shaft began disappearing. Her hot, wet tongue explored his cock as it began washing it clean. Leela was familiar with the taste of her own juices, but this new blend was unique. It was as if she couldn't get enough of this delicious nectar as her hands moved to his butt to urge him deeper.

She was starting to choke and gag as the head of his cock pressed hard against the entrance to her throat and her lips brushed against his pubic hair. No one heard her sounds, though, because Rhen was groaning loudly and exclaiming, "Oh fuck, yes! That feels amazing!" Leela was busy swallowing rapidly for a few moments, and then used her hands on his butt cheeks to silently begin guiding him backward. Still sucking at his shaft and glans before they vacated her mouth, she became aware that the taste had shifted heavily in favor of his salty precum. She wanted more of it, but she decided that he'd probably make a lot more as she shifted her attention to licking and sucking his balls clean.

The next few minutes proved that her assessment was accurate. As she was busy ironing out the wrinkles in his scrotum with ball suction so that her tongue could give it a thorough cleaning, she felt drip after drip of that salty fluid of his raining down on her face. Her tongue probed as far back as his anal ring, making sure that she'd gotten every trace of her cum. As her tongue slithered over his perineum to touch that magic spot, she heard him grunt, and a large glop of precum splatted onto her forehead, making her giggle with joy. His cock was practically vibrating now.

"On your hands and knees now," he growled playfully. "I'm going to fill your cunt with a load of hot spunk!"

Leela wasted no time in assuming the position. It was obvious she was as eager as he was, as she placed one hand between her thighs to splay open her pussy lips and reveal her intimate opening to his eyes, and the single eye of one of the cameras. As his cock merged with the warm, wet receptacle designed by nature to receive it, both parties moaned blissfully. Leela was more than ready to be fucked, so Rhen grabbed her hips and began a vigorous coupling with her. His thrusts made her dangling tits sway enticingly.

After several minutes, it looked like Rhen's intense pumping action was pushing Leela forward, but that wasn't really the case. She was deliberately moving forward and down, guiding him to come with her. Just before her pelvis reached the surface of the bed, she quickly slid a pillow under her hips to keep that part of her body invitingly elevated. Rhen moved his thighs outside hers and humped her even harder than before. And that was exactly what Leela needed! This new angle - her favorite position - caused his cock to rub inside her in a manner that made her see stars and comets as she came hard, screaming with delight!

She was trying to say, "Thank you for fucking me so wonderfully, Rhen!" But all that came out were a bunch of nonsense syllables like she was speaking in tongues, due to the power of that orgasm! He too was close now, extremely turned on by the way she sounded, smelled, and shook beneath him. He lost control and his cock erupted his hot load right against her cervix. His cry of release blended with her shriek of bliss as the contact of his load on her sensitive tissues triggered her into cumming a second time. Her internal muscles sucked more of his offering into her womb.

When time started up again for the joined partners, Rhen disengaged his cock and flopped onto his back, spent for the moment and needing to rest. Without being told to do so, Leela shimmied her way down alongside his torso until her mouth found his softening cock. Avidly she licked and licked, like a kitten lapping up her cream. And the cameras caught it all. Tracie and Alan in the production trailer gave each other a delighted high five after witnessing her obvious enthusiasm. This was going to be a great show!

As Leela finished cleaning Rhen's manhood, he murmured, "Come up and snuggle with me until I get my second wind, honey." After Leela obeyed, pressing her body against the length of his, with her head on his shoulder and one of her legs draped over his thigh, he slipped his arm around her in an embrace, with his hand resting on one of her tits. As the couple went immobile, eyes closed, the cameramen placed their cameras on tripods, and left to take a break in the production trailer for food and coffee... it would be a long night. The other team, who'd been observing Maddy and Gloria, were already taking their break.

About an hour and a half later, Leela opened her eyes and basked in Rhen's warmth, listening to his breathing and the beat of his heart. She woke up refreshed, and beginning to feel needy again. He'd fucked her magnificently, and she wanted more of that before the night was over. Her gaze traveled down his torso, and came to rest where his cock nestled on the bed of his well trimmed pubic hair. Even without him being aroused and engorged, the sight of it made her mouth water. After a moment's consideration, she began slowly and quietly kissing her way down his torso.

Her actions were noted in the production trailer, and Larry and Mike hurried back to the room to silently enter and take up their cameras. The Maddy/Gloria team also left, hoping their women might provide at least a little more footage. Leela had just reached the area near Rhen's cock, and her slow progress there had brought him up from his doze. His cock stirred as he realized what she was doing. She took his cock into her mouth and brought him to semi-rigidity.

Rolling onto her back alongside him, she grabbed both of her legs and pulled them up near her shoulders, which tilted her pelvis, bringing both of her holes into view of the cameras. Seeing what she was doing, Rhen stated drowsily, "Honey, I don't think I can perform for you yet."

"Oh, but Rhen," she protested softly. "I want you to fuck my ass this time. Please? Will you please fuck my ass?"

Those words galvanized him into action! Sleep became the last thing on his mind. His cock rose to its full erection as he moved onto his knees. Using his fingers, he scooped out her slippery pussy juices, and began lubing her ass hole and his cock with them. He dipped and smeared, and dipped and smeared until both areas glistened with that fluid, and he'd managed to ease two fingers deep into her ass hole. Placing the head of his cock at the puckered opening, he penetrated her slowly as she gasped with a mixture of pain and delight. One camera was focused on her expression, catching the dilation of her pupils, and her white teeth worrying her lower lip as she accepted more and more of his wonderful cock in that tight rear opening.

When she sighed as her anal ring finally relaxed, he began fucking her anally. One of her hands began playing with her breasts, while her other one toyed with her pussy and clit. It was obvious she was excited, and was thoroughly enjoying the moment... but... it looked like she was working hard, trying to cum.

Solicitously, Rhen asked, "Leela, do you need more stimulation?" Blushing, she bit her lip shyly and nodded. "Do you want me to ask one of these guys to join us?"

Without a great deal of hesitation, she giggled saucily, answering, "Yes, please."

Hearing that, in the production trailer Tracie and Alan almost fell off their chairs, since this was completely unanticipated. Meanwhile, Rhen gestured to Mike, who happened to be in his line of sight. Hoping this wasn't a tease or a dream, Mike placed his camera on its tripod, and stripped. Tracie had shifted to a wide-angle shot to record the actions of the cameraman rapidly discarding his clothing. She was gratified to see his cock spring up as he yanked down his underpants. "Apparently Mike isn't camera shy about being naked," she whispered to Alan.

Rhen pulled his cock out of Leela's ass with a small popping sound, and rolled onto his back. Holding his dick pointing straight up, he told her, "Sit your ass down on my cock, facing my feet."

Leela straddled his hips, and grabbed her ass cheeks, pulling them as far apart as she could. Looking down between her spread thighs, she lowered herself slowly, almost dramatically. Perhaps she was playing it up to Larry's camera, as he moved in nice and tight for a fantastic view. Leela made a slight hissing sound between clenched teeth as she felt the swollen glans touch her anus. As she lowered, impaling herself on that rigid pole, her sound was a mixture of a gasp and a sigh. "Oh god... it feel so good to be stretched and filled like this, Rhen!" she exclaimed.

He reached up and pulled back on her shoulders, and as her back came toward his chest, his hands grasped her tits and finished pulling her the rest of the way down. "You're going to be even more stretched and filled in a moment, honey. Look what Mike has for your cunt."

Mike was stroking his cock, making sure it was fully engorged for this amazing opportunity. Leela's pussy was partially opened, with her fragrant juices weeping out from between her flushed, puffy lips. She stared at his rampant member and made a cooing sort of sound of surprise. It was definitely not a sound of protest. That sound transformed into a screeching sound of pleasure as the cameraman wedged the head of his cock into her front fuck hole and pushed. It was the tightest fit he'd ever experienced, since her honey pot was partially collapsed by Rhen's cock planted in her backside. But with a little wiggling and squirming, Mike got his own cock all the way in. It should be noted that Leela was wiggling and squirming too, helping him as best she could in her impaled state.

Larry's cock was threatening to tear an opening in his pants as he saw all this. "Can I get in on this action, too?" he asked, his voice dripping with lust.

Rhen replied, "Sure.. her mouth's still available," in a matter-of-fact voice that almost made Leela faint. But she gamely tilted her head back, hooking it over the top of one of Rhen's shoulders and looked upside down at Larry.

She watched him strip as she intoned, "You heard my hunter. I'm his toy tonight, so feed me some cock."

Larry needed no more urging. Mounting his camera and aiming it from the side at Leela's open, waiting mouth, he quickly finished stripping, having a momentary problem freeing his cock from his underwear. Seconds later he started fucking her mouth. Leela's visual world became nothing more than Larry's ball sack swinging toward and away from her face as her mouth tasted his precum. She closed her eyes, to better focus on the various sensations.

Rhen's hands were grasping her hips, raising them up enough so that he could pump his cock at least a little bit in and out of her ass hole. Mike was doing a sort of push up over her body, and was fucking her cunt hard and fast. That sensation was made unique by the feel of the two cocks virtually rubbing against one another through the thin walls of her inner tunnels. Mike's pelvis was intermittently pressing against her clit, and his torso rubbed against her tits in general and her nipples specifically. Meanwhile, Larry's dick was rubbing against her lips, tongue, and the roof of her mouth. The cock's head teased her throat with each thrust, and she had to keep swallowing his salty precum.

Those wonderfully maddening sensations quickly drove her up to her peak, and she started cumming. Normally, such a climax might last less than a minute, since its intensity would force her to press against her lover in a signal to stop and give her a breather. But, sandwiched as she was, impaled at both ends as she was, with three horny males servicing her, she couldn't do that. She also found she didn't want to do that! They kept fucking her, almost like rutting animals, and she quickly spiraled up to another, more intense orgasm... and then another!

It began to feel like a string of firecrackers going off, peppering her sensitive flesh with exquisite, glorious explosions of release. She had no concept of time now... just orgasm. In the production trailer, Tracie was now so turned on that she opened her blouse and shoved her tits into Alan's face while she unbuckled and unzipped his pants, freeing his cock. Soon, while still recording the orgy taking place in Leela's room, there was another 'orgy' taking place in the production trailer. Luckily, the trailer had a bed handy for the randy director and producer to use.

Finally, Mike made a strange sound, which proved to be the precursor of his ejaculation. His hot seed shot into her, mixing with the copious vaginal secretions of her natural lubricant and her cum juices. She felt that added warmth spreading inward. Mike continued thrusting until his spasms stopped, then he pulled out and grabbed his camera again. After less than a minute, his milky white semen began oozing out of her in a lewd display.

Leela would've thanked him, but it wasn't polite - or possible - to speak with her mouth full. Larry was still lustily giving her a mouth-fucking to remember. Vaguely she wondered, now that her pussy was available, if he'd pull out of her mouth and go there to finish. But it seems he was too far gone for that. He felt the triggering sensation of the onset of his release. Following a raunchy impulse, as the first surge was erupting from his balls, he pulled his cock free from Leela's mouth. Confused, she wondered why her mouth was suddenly empty, and was about to open her eyes when she felt the hot splat of his semen hit her forehead and splash across her face! Her mouth opened in an 'O' shape of surprise, and Larry shoved his spewing cock back inside it. Leela closed her lips on that pulsating shaft, and sucked and swallowed greedily.

Once Larry disengaged his drained and cleaned cock from Leela's mouth, Rhen rolled her over and humped her ass hard and fast. His arousal was such now that it wasn't long before he was filling her back passage with hot seed. Her every nerve ending on sensitized alert, Leela joined him with her own orgasm as she felt the warm gush entering her rear passage. She slumped, sated. Rhen cuddled up alongside her. Fortunately, the bed was large enough for Larry and Mike to climb onto it as well, both of them finding a way to snuggle against exposed parts of Leela.

In the production trailer, a smiling Tracie was plastered against a sweating Alan as the combination of their cum juices stained his cock and drooled out of her well used cunt. They'd left the cameras running, figuring that any editing could be done later.

For the rest of the night, the three men dozed but awoke and fucked Leela every time she felt needy enough to grab whatever cock was available. Tracie and Alan managed to reposition the remote cameras from time to time when they arose from their light slumbering and weren't too busy themselves, coupling in the production trailer. Leela's performance was like some wild aphrodisiac! And it was likely that the trailer was reeking with sexual pheromones, as well.

It was no surprise that all the active parties slept late the next morning. Over a late brunch, Tracie exclaimed, "We think this will be a real money maker... that sex was really explosively hot!" Alan looked at her, wondering if she was solely referring to the action between Leela and the 3 men. Her smoldering glance at him confirmed that she was talking about more than that. His heart swelled with pride that he'd pleased her sexually, because in his eyes she was an exceptionally wonderful woman and potential partner.

Tracie continued, "Leela, you probably won't need more money after the profits roll in... but... we noticed you're a high-ranked biathlete, so you must be a great shot. That got us thinking." She was referring to some 'pillow-talk' that she and Alan had indulged in, before their final morning screw. "If we have another hunt next year, would you like to be a hunter? We could get guys like Rhen to be the prey for such a special hunt."

Leela's eyes dilated in surprise as her heart accelerated, imagining such a scenario. She grinned like a cat that had just swallowed a canary. "I'm intrigued by such a fascinating idea, Tracie." Locking eyes with Rhen, she asked with a wider grin, "Rhen.. how good are you at running and hiding in the woods?"