**The Set Up**

… I was 13 at the time and considered myself to be popular but actually I wasn’t. In reality I was on the dorky side. I prided myself on being pretty athletic but there was this girl in my gym class that was better and faster than me in nearly everything we did so I was very jealous of her. Her name was Tammy. To make myself feel better I used to try to bully her and play mean practical jokes on her like pantsing her in the hall and stealing her book bag. In my own awkwardness it was my way of flirting with her too since I was grossly lacking in any real social skills at that time in my life. I really enjoyed the harassment and she never really fought back that hard so I felt superior to her by doing this. She lived a few blocks away from me so we took nearly the same route home after school nearly everyday (although never together). There was a short cut through the woods that was much shorter than taking the streets and we all used it.   
  
One day as I cut through the woods on my way home, I spotted Tammy up the path seemingly by herself. Seeing yet another great opportunity for harassment I sped up and caught up to her. It was coming into the summer months and she was wearing these blue terry cloth short-shorts that fit her just right. Her shapely ass, smooth tan skin and athletic physique had my hormones racing in an instant. She must have not heard me run up giving off a startled reaction as I came up on her. She didn’t look too happy to see me of course. “Hey Tammy” I said sarcastically as I snatched her back pack out of her hands. “Watcha got in here?” I said unzipping it and rummaging through the contents. “Give me that back!” she said as I pulled the contents out coming across normal stuff; notebooks, pens, and her gym clothes. “Well, well what do we have here?” I said as I pulled her gym shorts and knickers out of the bag waving them in the air taunting her. I found the sight of her dainty cotton knickers with pink trim and small pink hearts on them wildly erotic and felt an instant “chub” forming in my pants. In the midst of my preoccupation with her knickers I failed to pay attention to the sounds of rustling leaves and trampling foot steps till it was too late. A moment later I found myself surrounded by a gang of 5 or so girls from school looking like they meant business. It didn’t take long to figure out I had been set up.   
  
They closed in around me and then with a shout of “Get him!” they came at me in force. In a flurry of grabbing, slapping an punching I collapsed to the ground. How much could I really fight back against girls anyway? In all the punching and kicking I got pushed over and next thing they are handcuffing my hands behind my back! Guess they had this planned out pretty darn well. Stupid me for never seeing any of this coming. Once cuffed and disabled they dragged me a few hundred feet back into the woods far away from the path behind this thick brush in this semi clear area and tied me to a tree. I knew I was screwed. Tammy strolled up to me with a swagger in her step and said, “Well, well what do we have here..” mocking my same statement to her from earlier. Oddly enough I had never seen this side of her before. Cocky, self confident and verging on arrogant. Not sure if I liked this version of Tammy or not but what was the difference. I was tied to a tree helpless and at their mercy.   
  
“You’re a little f\*ckin prick” she sneered in my face grabbing me by the hair. “Say it. Say ‘I’m a little f\*ckin prick. Say it now!” she commanded banging my head against the tree to the snickering of the kids around her. Reluctantly I repeated the phrase in the most monotone voice I could muster. “Is that the best you have?” she snapped back pushing my head back against the tree. “Apologize to me for everything you’ve ever done to me! NOW!” she commanded, as her little henchmen (or should I say henchwomen?) egged her on in the background. Fearing they would do something far worse to me than had already happened up to this moment I apologized with all the sincerity I could muster. I was really scared shitless at this point.   
  
Laughing at my belittlement then Tammy turned around and said, “OK, now you can kiss all of our asses!” to the outburst of hysterical laughter from the rest. She shoved her ass right in my face pinning my head back against the tree with the butt and crotch of her shorts smashed painfully square against my face. She flexed her pelvis back and forth against my head for extra effect till I was nearly out of breath. Instinctively I turned my head away as best I could to avoid the merciless face smothering she was bestowing upon me. Her dominance of me was apparently empowering to them all judging by the escalation in jeering and laughter coming from them all. Next, one by one each girl took their turns jamming their butts in my face making me kiss their asses in succession. One girl, who was unfortunately the “biggest” one of the group, had a skirt on and decided to take things even further by hiking her skirt up and shoving her fat panty covered ass right in my face (I’ll spare you the graphic details only to say I dared not even breath! Ugh!) to the out of control hysterics of the rest.   
  
Not wanting to be “one upped” by her friend, then Tammy decided take things to the next level. She positioned herself right in front of me facing her friends and, giggling uncontrollably, hooked her thumbs inside the waistband of her shorts, bent forward sliding them and her knickers down to mid thigh, and then proceeded to shove her BARE (and voluptuous I might add) ASS right in my face till her puckered anus was pressing my nose and upper lip flat against my face. “Now this is some REAL ass kissing!!!” she blurted out as the group exploded in hysterical laughter. With my face smothered in between her cheeks she held her position long enough to make me gag and shake my head back and forth panicking for air. The musk from her inner cheeks and bunghole clung to me, stuck in my nostrils well after she had moved off of me pulling her short back up with delight.   
  
“You f\*ckin bitch!!” I blurted out in anger not even consciously aware of it at first.   
  
“You know what? Let strip the little a\*\*hole naked so we can see how little his pee-pee really is!”, one of the girls suggested with glee. With my heart pumping full throttle I pleaded for mercy with all my heart but the cruel b\*tches showed me no mercy what so ever.   
  
They closed in on me undoing my pants and wrestling them down my legs as I screamed “No!!!” over and over. They tore my shirt open leaving it shredded and tattered around my arms still tied behind me, and then proceeded with the ultimate in humiliation of pulling my boxers off of me. They squealed in delight at the site of my naked humiliation mocking the size of my exposed privates. I would have chosen death at this point over the continuation of this horrible torturous experience if I had any power to do so. If they set out to completely humiliate me they had certainly succeeded. I lay there nearly ready to cry as they laughed, pointed, and poked at me.   
  
As if a gift from the almighty above, the rustling of branches and leaves in the distance interrupted my lesson in humiliation. Concerned that someone was coming some of the girls bolted off through the wood, followed shortly after by Tammy and the one remaining girl. I was left stripped naked and tied to a tree in the middle of the woods not knowing what I would do. Afraid to call out and be discovered in this condition I silently sat there twisting and pulling trying to pull one of my hands free through the cuffs. I pulled and twisted for so long I managed to rub my skin raw trying to pull my hand free. It’s amazing to know what you are capable of doing in desperate situations but eventually I succeeded in getting my hand pulled through. Finally free I crept home naked and defeated in the dimming light of the late evening with only a tattered shirt to use for cover. I snuck into the house unseen and managed to eventually pick the lock open on those damn cuffs.   
  
The rest of my days at school we equally as debilitating for me since word of my humiliation at the hands of a pack of girls got spread around fast. Guess I learned my lesson alright but am still bitter about the excess of what they did to me.   
  
I hung onto those handcuffs and still have them. Just a reminder of a very bad experience, and a perhaps a chance for some payback for little miss Tammy and her cohorts one day soon….