The Tree

by sharedare Â©

It had been almost three months since losing that bet with my hubby. We

had been in a pub watching a baseball game with a bunch of friends (I

can’t even remember who was playing) when I let the beer-bravery get the

best of me. My wager was for a five-day cruise to Mexico, while hubby

simply wagered an unstated sexual fantasy of his choosing. I figured it

was a win win for me, win or lose, so I took the bet. Half the pub heard

the bet and the cheering and applause was tremendous. It was all great

fun. After extra innings, hubby’s team won the day. Though taunted by our

friends, hubby would not let on what exactly he had chosen as his fantasy.

Then one lazy Saturday, in early Fall, hubby said it was time to make good

on our bet. I had almost forgotten about the wager, but hubby was quick to

refresh my memory. “A fantasyâ€¦.of my choosing”, he emphasized. Before

leaving the house, hubby told me wear something I wouldn’t mind getting

dirty. He also indicated that we would be doing a little hiking on this

adventure. With no clue what to expect, I pulled on a pair of hiking

shorts, a simple button-down blouse, and my hiking boots.

As we drove along, I asked hubby what he had in store for me. He replied

that he had this long-time fantasy involving one of our favorite hiking

trails, but refused to provide any details. “Telling you ahead of time

will lessen my fun”, he said.

Soon we arrived at a familiar trailhead. We had both enjoyed this

particular trail over the years, so it was not really surprising to me

that hubby had selected this particular trail for his fantasy. As is often

the case, our car was the only one in the parking area, indicative that we

would be alone on the trail.

As hubby grabbed his daypack from the trunk of the car, he told me I

should leave my clothes in the trunk for safekeeping. I asked him if he

expected me to go naked and he just smiled and nodded his head. The

thought of walking our favorite trail in the nude was quite stimulating to

me, but I objected to leaving all my clothes at the car. I begged to have

him carry my clothes in his backpack, but he was adamant about leaving

everything behind.

I finally relented, and stepped to the back of the car to disrobe. I

looked carefully up and down the road and, seeing no hint of anyone else

around the area, slipped quickly out of my clothes. It was about 1:00 P.

M., and the warm weather was perfect for hiking. Hubby closed the trunk

leaving me standing there completely naked except for my shoes and socks.

I could tell he was quite pleased with himself.

As we proceeded down the trail, I felt more and more comfortable with my

situation. I was guessing that we would make our way to our favorite

little meadow where hubby would no doubt bed me down in the grass as he

had done so many times in the past.

As we walked along, a light breeze rattled the leaves, calling my nipples

to attention, and leaving me hornier with every new step. Our favorite

meadow was about a mile from where we had parked and when we reached it, I

thought we had reached hubby’s intended destination. I was surprised when

we just kept on walking. I asked hubby where we were going and he pointed

up ahead to a lightly wooded knoll about another half mile farther on. We

had explored this area too, over the years. The knoll looked over some of

the back-waters of San Francisco Bay, and the view from there was always

very nice.

As the trail approached the top of the knoll, hubby and I veered off,

making our way overland towards higher ground and a more dense area of the

woods. As we continued to walk, I noticed hubby studying the area around

us, as though looking for something in particular.

Finally, hubby declared that we had arrived at the perfect spot. Dropping

his backpack, he pulled out a large blanket and spread it out on the

ground. He plopped down on the blanket and beckoned me to join him.

Reaching back into his sack, he pulled out a bottle of wine and two

glasses.

For the next hour, we enjoyed our bottle of wine and the magnificent view

before us. I was a little nervous, sitting so close to the trail without a

stitch of clothing to wear. But as the wine began to take its effect on

me, I grew less and less concerned about someone barging in on us. As a

matter of fact, I was actually getting turned on by the entire event. I

couldn’t wait for hubby to climb out of his own clothes and make love to

me. Little did I know what hubby really had in mind.

After checking his watch, hubby said it was time to execute his fantasy. I

had thought watching me hike naked with him to be his fantasy, so I was a

little shocked when he pulled out a long nylon strap and asked me to stand

next to the tree by our blanket. Dutifully, I stood at the tree wondering

what was on his mind. He told me he wanted to tie me to the tree and

blindfold me. He said that he wanted to play out a little rape fantasy

that he had thought about for some time now.

The tree was only about 12 inches in diameter, so it wasn’t difficult for

him to lash my wrists together around the tree. I pointed out to him that

we were still very close to the trail, close enough that anyone walking

along would easily see me. He said that exposing me to anyone walking the

trail was part of his fantasy and that he was hoping to do just that.

After securing me to the tree, he pulled out a dark blue bandana and

blindfolded me.

I tugged at the straps to confirm that I was in fact securely tied and

subject to whatever hubby had in mind. Standing there naked and helpless,

I asked hubby what he planned to do. He said that he was going to wander

off a bit so he could just watch, should anyone happen down the trail. He

assured me that he would be close enough to intervene if anything went

wrong. He also said that, after a while, he would return to affect his

“rape” fantasy. With that said, I could hear him walk off, the leaves

cracking under the weight of his footsteps.

I stood there for what seemed an eternity, listening to every sound around

me and trying to anticipate the approach of any strangers. For the longest

time, all I could hear was the breeze rustling through the trees and the

occasional chirp of a bird. I felt strangely turned on by my situation,

standing in the open, completely naked for anyone to see. I could feel the

juices leaking out from my bushy red-haired pussy and trickling down the

inside of my thighs. Each new breeze made me quiver a bit as the fresh air

kept my nipples hard and erect. I wondered just how far away hubby had

wandered.

I began to detect distant footsteps, suggestive that someone was

approaching down the trail. I knew it had to be hubby returning to play

out his rape fantasy. As I listened, I could hear the steps growing closer

and closer, until I could sense that someone (hubby?) was standing

directly in front of me. I called out his name, but received no reply. Was

this hubby? I couldn’t be sure!

I was startled a bit when I felt two hands grab my breasts, pinching my

nipples between their fingers. The sensation was incredible. I was fairly

sure it was hubby massaging my tits, but there was that lingering doubt in

my mind. The slight fear I was experiencing only heightened my senses as I

could feel the juices pouring out of my pussy.

After a moment, one of the hands shifted from my breast to my pussy. I

could feel the hand massaging my pussy and an occasional slip of a finger

between my already moistened pussy lips. Each time his finger would slide

over my clitoris, I could feel my knees buckling as my body quivered in

lust. It wasn’t long before I could feel that same finger begin to probe

deeper and deeper into my pussy, causing me to shudder with ecstasy. I

could only contain myself for a short while before I achieved an

incredible orgasm. My emotions ran in all directions â€“ from embarrassment

for cumming with what might be a total stranger, who was probing away at

my pussy with at least two fingers, to unrepentant lust for what more this

stranger (if it was a stranger) might be planning to do with me.

As I wondered what was next, I could feel my benefactor’s hands on my

shoulders, gently pushing me down to the ground. I complied immediately,

lowering myself to my knees. As I knelt before him, I could feel him rub

his cock across my face. It was at that moment that I knew I was being

ravaged by a stranger. Hubby has a nice sized cock, but this monster had

to be at least two inches longer. I started to panic, but my panic quickly

turned to anger. Hubby was out there allowing all this to occur, enjoying

me squirm before this total stranger. I decided that I would be the slut

that he obviously wanted me to be.

As the stranger slid his enormous cock over my lips, I opened my mouth and

sucked down what I thought to be eight inches of throbbing meat. I slowly

slid my head back, letting the cock ease out between my lips. As the very

tip of his cock slipped out of my mouth, I lunged forward again, taking it

all the way in.

The stranger placed his hands on my head, and began steadily pumping his

dick in and out of my mouth. I tried to visualize what this might look

like to my hubby, his naked wife tied to a tree, deep-throating a total

stranger. It was several minutes before I could feel the cum welling up

inside the stranger’s dick. He seemed to quicken the pace when suddenly he

plunged his cock deep inside my mouth and shot his load into the back of

my throat. I swallowed it all without hesitation, as I slowly rocked back

and forth, milking every last drop of cum from his cock.

I was incredibly horny as the stranger pulled his dick out of my mouth for

the last time. It was then that I heard another set of footsteps

approaching. Was this yet another stranger? Before I could say anything, I

could feel the blindfold being untied. Once lifted, I looked up to see

that the total stranger was really one of hubby’s closest friends. Andy

had been in the pub the afternoon that I had made my bet with hubby, and

here he was, his huge wet cock glistening in the sun.

Andy thanked me for the adventure, and apologized for taking advantage of

me. I looked at hubby, then back at Andy, and said that if someone would

take off the damn tie-downs, I might be inclined to have a little more

fun.

Stay tuned for the rest of the story.