**The Ultimate Hunt-Nude Female Prey**

**by [Thadsgood](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=915614&page=submissions)**

Pride. That's what did me in. Simple, foolish pride. I'd gotten in over my head all because of my stupid, uncontrollable competitive streak. I can hear them. It's the sound of their ATV, I'm sure of it. It's the same ATV I was pleasurably riding in, just a few hours ago. That was back when I had my clothes on. I was comfortable and relaxed. I was just hanging out with my girlfriend, her boyfriend, and two of his hunting buddies. Now I'm sweating profusely. The sweat is pouring down my naked body, I can feel it dripping off my tits, now heaving from my latest sprint.. My knees are scuffed, I've got dirt all over me from numerous falls, I'm scraped and scratched up from all the brush and bramble I've had to maneuver through, all while naked. I am being hunted. Men were hunting me. And why was I naked? Pride. I was on the verge of losing a bet. Losing would be unthinkable, it would be to my best friend's boyfriend. I'd promised him something secretly that I just couldn't tell her, if he won. They were close now, I could hear them yelling, how are they finding me so easily? If I can just make it past those rocks ahead I might be able to slip across stream and lose them again. I'm just so exhausted, I've been running, crawling, climbing now for hours, at least it seems like hours. I have to go, one more sprint...maybe I can make it. More yells, I was hoping there was only one. I could maybe elude or hide from one, but it sounds like all three of them. Oh god, I just have to make it to the rocks.  
  
My own penchant for being naked also led me to this. I started, as many people did, by just starting with revealing clothes. I had done the mall thing many times, flashed unsuspecting salesmen unrestricted shots of my cleavage, exposed my panties, that sort of thing. It wasn't enough for me though, I always wanted more, so I took it further. I started to do it more openly, out in public. I would allow joggers to see me in the park. I'd pretend I was reading a newspaper, but I'd allow my skirt to ride up and expose my panties. I moved into flashing my tits in my car to passing trucks, buses, that sort of thing. It always left me wanting more, for it to be riskier, so that I knew that the price of getting caught might be high. It was the thrill of that thought that always drove me on.  
  
My girlfriend, Beth, knew about my exhibitionistic nature. She'd actually been my helper, my aide, my confidante, and even my safety valve. She'd always make sure she was around 'somewhere' to make sure I always got home safely. She'd make me hand her my panties and take me into an old book store, whose clientele was made up of college kids and hiippie types. She'd make me get up on those stools to help one reach higher shelves. She'd wait and signal to me when someone was coming. Then, on cue, I'd reach up and let my skirt ride up my cheeks, hopefully allowing some lucky guy a nice view of my shapely ass. She'd gotten so into my wanting to expand my nakedness in public that she'd set up the last couple of outdoor games for me. She expanded my public nudity a great deal weeks ago when she took me to a local hiking park. She had me give her my clothes and I had to walk about two miles, through the paths, and meet her on the other side. Several times I had to dive into the bushes to hide from hikers but god it was a thrill being naked outside for that long. I wanted more, especially to be seen and she was going to help me do it. So, a couple weeks ago, she and I were a party along the river and we were both kind of tipsy. It was a couple bars, next to each other. Each had outside decks, music blasting, with tons of partiers. She giggled to me that she thought of something for me to try.   
  
"Another flashing game,"? I asked excitedly, "I'm all for it!"  
  
The party was on one side of the river. Along the other side there was a dirt road. The river was a manmade one, so that boats and tugs could get through from one adjoining lake to another. The dirt road went only a few hundred yards before it turned directly into the woods.   
  
"Come with me!' Beth giggled. I followed, already feeling that warm feeling start to rush over me. Beth led me out of the party and to my car. I asked her what her game was, what she had in mind.  
  
"Samantha, does this stuff really turn you on?" she smiled sweetly, no doubt already knowing the answer.  
  
"You already know it does Beth, you are just teasing me."  
  
"I know Sam, and you like it." She said, and I smiled back.  
  
"Come on, tell me," I begged.  
  
"You dirty girl, you might like this one. "Here's the plan. See how the party is on one side of the river and how that dirt road goes down the river on the other side for a little bit?"  
  
"Yeah, so?"  
  
Well, look at the party, everyone outside, on the deck. I nodded. Ok, you see how long it took us to get out to this parking lot, it's quite a haul to get here." I agreed.   
  
"Ok, here's what I want, do you trust me on this?" She asked, I nodded meekly. "All right then, take your clothes off, we're going for a ride, well, one of us is, " She chuckled.  
  
I was getting used to this, taking my clothes off for her. We'd known each other for 15 years. We went to high school together, we've been best friends ever since. She's seen me naked on many occasions, but since I've confided in her my exhibitionistic nature, it just seems she enjoys it now, watching me humiliate myself in front of her. I stepped out of my sundress, peeled my panties off. She was grinning. I turned my face away.  
  
"Now now Sam, you know you like being seen naked, you are a beautiful creature," she said softly, with sincerity as she turned my face with her hand and looked directly into my eyes. "Trust me, you'll like this one."  
  
She had me get in the car and we drove back about a quarter of a mile upstream to cross the bridge. She turned back towards the party, and took the dirt road which forked off of the main road. She stopped the car. We could clearly see and hear the revelers on the other side. We, however, we were in the dark, only illuminated by what light came from the other side, probably just less than a 150 feet away.   
  
"Ok, get out," she urged.   
  
"But it's dark here, they can't see me." I said, revealing my desire to be seen.  
  
"I'm not stupid, dear, I've got it covered." She grinned, with an evil smile. "Now walk!" she barked.  
  
I started walking. I looked across at the party, I hadn't quite reached the opposite point yet. Suddenly, Beth's plan was put into action. I almost felt it before it hit me but the light from the headlights blazed past, and seemingly through me. I was enveloped in light now. She kept the car creeping slowly behind me as I walked now towards where I'd be across from the party of hundreds. I could feel the blood leave my head. My legs got weak, shaky. I was totally naked now, about to be seen by all these people. It was what I desired, but it was still so scary. I wasn't walking fast enough, Beth leaned out the window.  
  
"Come on, you naked slut, move it, these people want a show!" she laughed. "Put your hands on your head, like a prisoner," she urged, 'It'll help them see your big tits better!"  
  
I tried to pick up the pace, my hands on my head. I heard some commotion on the other side. I was noticed. Suddenly I heard some yelling and hooting on the other side. At first it was just some non-intelligible shouts, but as I neared their best vantage point I could hear more clearer shouts.   
  
"Look, that chick is naked!" "Look at her, everyone, look!" I heard from across the way. I could see people gathering near the bank on the other side.  
  
I put my hands more over my face, in a lame attempt to hide. I could feel the lights on me, their eyes, I was completely naked, they could see everything I had. It was...powerful. We passed by the first bar and the second bar was approaching. This is the bar we had frequented. This time Beth further added to my humiliation. She laid on the horn. Just when I thought it was embarrassing enough she proved me wrong. I could hear a bunch of them scurry off the deck, down to some of the docks which poked out in the water, they were even closer now, I was much more viewable. Suddenly a chill went through me when I heard a new chant.  
  
"It's Samantha! Hey, Samantha, show us your ass!"  
  
I felt a tear stream out of my eyes even while my pussy felt a familiar glow, a slow burning that I knew from my new experiences. We had danced with quite a few guys, they recognized me. Beth finally stopped the horn blowing. We were approaching the bend. She stopped.   
  
"Well dirty girl, show them your ass," I understood. At her urging I turned my back to the crowd and bent over, giving them a full view of my round, voluptuous behind. She made me stay like that long enough for their shouts to get into my very soul.   
  
"Get in, quick, before they get in their cars after us!" She chuckled.   
  
I hustled in. She hugged me and wiped away my tear. "That was good, Samantha, that was your best one ever!" she smiled and I had to agree as I put on my clothes. "I'll bet you are very wet now dear aren't you?" she asked sweetly as she drove us away. She knew I was, and it was embarrassing to think that she knew me that well.   
  
"Show me," she said, much to my surprise. I looked at her questioningly, full of shame. I knew what she wanted, however. I dipped my fingers into my pussy folds which were creamy by this time. She could see them glisten. "Ah, I knew it." She grinned. The final embarrassment was that she pulled over, still just around the bend, just out of sight of the revelers. She made me masturbate, right there, in front of her. She urged me to hurry, lest some partiers take off after us. I came quickly on my hand from the excitement of it all. She just shook her head. I'm not sure if it was in awe at how hot it got me, or in bemusement. Either way, I was hooked on it now.  
  
It was this desire for that thrill that got me to where I am now, naked, sweaty and hunted. It was stupid really. We were over at Beth's place, a huge , sprawling place that her daddy owned. She had acres and acres of private land behind her that sat in the valley between some large foothills, crossed by several streams and rivers. Her boyfriend, Scott, was an avid hunter. He and his friends hunted her land back there often. Beth hated it. She hated all hunting of any kind. They often argued over it. Here we were in the middle of it again, It was after spending the morning on their ATV's, mile after mile of traversing their territory. I was quite familiar with it myself, Beth and I practically grew up in the wilds there. The argument this time was in full swing when I returned to the porch with my margarita. Hunting season was coming and Beth tried, as she did last year, to dissuade Scott and his friends from doing their annual hunting trip. It was always a long week of binge drinking and slaughter that they so jealousy guarded.  
  
I didn't care for hunting myself, but I normally don't try and tell people how to live. Beth was my friend though and I had to at least back her up. I never cared for Scott. He was an arrogant guy. He had had everything he ever needed given to him. He was from a rich family. He was handsome and he knew it, and he was openly cocky about it. He thought he was a gift to women, sent from on high. He unabashedly ogled me. I have nice firm tits, on the large side and pronounced nipples which, as you've found, I like showing off. But with him, I found it to be a bit creepy and untoward. I found him to be jealous of the time Beth and I spent together, and no doubt, some of it was my own jealousy for him taking time away from us.   
  
It was for that reason, no doubt, that I butted in. I told him how unmanly it was, actually, to shoot innocent animals that were unarmed, and not even aware they are being hunted. I denigrated his manhood, Beth flamed on his hunting trip, while Scott defended his 'god given right'. Like I said, I didn't really care, but I just found Scott to be aggravating. We went back and forth like that as the drinks flowed. Scott's friends, Mel and Bo, were quieter, rarely pitched in, though they supported Scott wholly, as the alpha male of the group. In normal circumstances, I'd have found Mel and Bo to be nice, polite boys, being attached to Scott though, made them my enemy in this one. Finally, after much debate Scott threw out a challenge.  
  
"So you women think it's easy to hunt?" he snarled, emphasizing the word women as if we were below him. It rankled me, fired up my pride.   
  
"Not saying it's totally easy, but they are unarmed, and totally unaware of someone hunting them, that makes it.....um, slaughter, really," I said, sticking in the knife.  
  
"So, if the prey, say, knew it was being hunted, it'd be more fair?"  
  
"Well, yeah."  
  
"Well, here's the deal. I don't think it matters what the prey is, a good hunter will be able to track and hunt, " he said, looking directly at me.  
  
"Well, I don't agree, " I sniffed, my buzz starting to subside.  
  
"What if it was a person?" he blurted, suddenly.  
  
"What? What the fuck are you talking about?" Beth and I both said, simultaneously, thinking he'd lost his mind.  
  
"No no, I don't mean like hunt to kill, I mean like hunt, track, and capture." He saw our blank stares. "I mean like, what if I could prove how good a hunter I was, by allowing a person to be dropped off, somewhere back there, " he said, gesturing out into the wide expanse, "and then tracking them down and catching them, before they reach the house, or, before a time limit expires.?"  
  
"You're crazy," Beth sniffed as she went back to her tequila.  
  
I was getting the idea though. "No no, I think I know what he's getting at. So, you want to prove your manliness by hunting down someone, no doubt you mean one of us, one of us women." I said, mocking him.  
  
"Well, perhaps not one of you, " he said. "I don't think you could last ten minutes out there." He said, laughing.  
  
He'd raised my ire now. 'I grew up on this land buddy, I know trails and paths and shortcuts you'll never find if you live to be 100," I said, my competitive nature was winning out against common sense. I mean, why do I care if he hunts, hell, it just means more time for Beth and I. But no, he'd found that soft spot on me, the dare, the challenge, the "You can't do such and such" that I just could not resist.  
  
"Please," he said derisively, "I've hunted animals that were quicker than you could ever be, more elusive."  
  
"Bah," I said, visibly shaking. No one spoke for awhile. A calm started to return.  
  
Then, out of the blue, Scott reeled me all the way in. "I didn't think you could do it anyway," he said quietly, though directed at me specifically.  
  
Beth, now incensed, fueled by the tequila broke in, 'Ha, she could do it, she could do it naked." There was a hush. I nearly shrank into the lounger. She seemed on the verge of spilling my secret.  
  
"Naked eh," Scott said, rubbing his chin while his two friends laughed. "Well, in actuality, that makes sense though, I mean, out there, the animals are all naked, defenseless, like you said. That would actually prove your point." He said thoughtfully. Mel and Bo went back to the ATVs, and headed off in the other direction to get some quick fishing in from a nearby stream. They no doubt wanted to get away from the crossfire.  
  
"There's no fucking way you guys are seeing me naked, buddy, so forget it." I yelled over Scott's laughter. Beth was also enraged, but still drunkenly on the hunting trip thing. I'm sure it was alcohol induced, for it seemed Beth meshed my fantasy for exhibition with her desire to end her boyfriends hunting trip plans, but Beth rose and laid it out there.  
  
"Ok, I have a bet then," she said as she unsteadily tried to stand still. "I'll drive Samantha off out there in our ATV, take her clothes. Scott, you have to catch her before she either gets back here, to the house, or till an hour passes." she said slurring her words now.  
  
"An hour? That's crazy, there's hundreds of acres back there." He said, waving it off as fantasy.  
  
"Ooooh, Chicken huh?" I said, giggling.  
  
"Fuck no, it's just that an hour is stupid, hell, it'll take a half hour for you to drive somewhere and drop her off far enough for it to be fair. How about this, Beth, you drive her to Nob's point. You take her clothes there, " He said, staring directly at my chest, making me uncomfortable. "Then, she either makes it back here, or until it gets dark?" Darkness was still some 6 or 7 hours away.   
  
Beth was about to agree when I jumped in. 'That's crazy also, hell, I could find me in all that time as well, you are just too chicken to do it in less." I cackled, full of myself.  
  
"Ok, then, how about 4 hours or is this all just some stupid bullshit talk you women like to do," he said with a sly smile.  
  
He got me with that one, I was so infuriated I yelled, 'You got it fucker!"   
  
"What's the bet then?" he asked, "what do I get when I win?"  
  
"Ha, if you win, joker," I shot back.  
  
Beth spoke up, "well, if she wins, Scott, you don't go on your hunting trip this year."  
  
He didn't like that, 'No fucking way...well, what if I win," he asked, all the while leering at my cleavage. Beth looked at me.  
  
I had an idea, "If I win, then Beth and I get to spend the money you would've spent on your trip." He just waved it off.  
  
"No fucking way."  
  
We spent a good while all just sitting around silently, while Mel and Bo were out somewhere on the back expanse. It was early afternoon now, it was a nice warm, sunny day, I wanted to strip down to my bathing suit top but I didn't want to give that leering fucker any better look at my boobs. I started to go in for another drink, as I passed him I whispered softly in his ear, "chicken," and walked away laughing. Beth was quietly enjoying her buzz now. I was in the kitchen when Scott came in.  
  
"I think you are all talk," he said gruffly. "There's no way that me capturing you and just seeing you naked is prize enough for me, I mean, you get, like a grand, that's how much my end of the trip usually costs. I can have strippers all night for a week for that. And you ain't no stripper," he said sarcastically, ogling my voluptuous figure."   
  
I sniffed, "One that you can't keep your fucking eyes off of for two seconds."   
  
Scott just raised his hand in disgust, "I knew you'd come up with some bullshit that would be totally unfair."  
  
He'd gotten me so riled up I knew I wasn't thinking straight. I was so sure, he was so cocky so full of himself that I didn't see that same thing happening in me. I just knew I could do it, that I knew that land so well I could easily avoid him for hours. I set my neck in my own trap.  
  
"Ok then, what is fair then?" I asked sincerely.  
  
"I think you know," he said, his voice lowered.  
  
"What?" I asked incredulously, "what, you want me to have sex with you or something?"  
  
"Well, I was thinking that after I capture you a blowjob would be appropriate, though it's most certainly not worth a grand and a missed trip," he said, taking a stab.  
  
I just glared at him.  
  
"Eh, I knew you were full of shit, saying I'm chicken, when you hide behind your femininity," he said, chuckling as he walked back out.  
  
That did it. I was on the hook totally now. I walked back out to him as he sat in his chair, Beth's eyes were closed. I leaned over good, right in his face, I made sure my boobs hung nicely for him to ogle.   
  
"Ok, bigmouth, I'll take that bet, and I'll even let you have me like you want to, if you win," I said, whispering in his ear, sealing my fate. He was still wavering, 1000 dollars and a missed trip, I could see him weighing it. I threw in another enticement. "I'll let you take pictures of me too." My pussy reacted to that, against my conscious will. He just grunted.  
  
Scott rose, shook Beth back to consciousness. He told her the hunt was on. He neglected that part about my having sex with him, of course, he wasn't stupid. He told her that I'd agreed to let him take pictures of me with him, naked, after I was captured, that was to be his 'prize' for winning. In addition, if Beth and I lost, Beth would have to go along with the men on the hunting trip, and be their personal cook. I knew that would hurt Beth the most.

"Excellent," said Beth, as she looked at me with a knowing smile. If I didn't know better, at that moment I thought maybe she set me up. Though I knew her boyfriend fucking me was never part of any plans of hers.  
  
There was a buzz, an excitement all around us as we made quick plans. Beth was revived and alert now, no doubt salivating over the prospect of having her boyfriend miss his hunting trip, not to mention some extra cash. We decided that for safety, I'd only have a two way radio, in case of emergency. Beth would be on the other end. Scott could use his ATV, since the land was so huge, I actually figured that to be an advantage for me because I'd hear him coming.  
  
"I think you should get naked now," Scott said, in all seriousness.  
  
"Why the fuck should I?" I snapped.  
  
"How do I know what Beth will let you have out there, I can't trust you two, you are in this together."  
  
"You don't trust your girlfriend"? I teased.  
  
Beth said, "Fine, search the ATV, make sure we don't have anything, I'll come back with the clothes she had on, end of story. " He made a quick pass over the ATV, and removed the compass, some rope, and the medical kit.   
  
"Ok, you are good to go, " he sneered, his eyes burning through me. It was as if I felt naked already in front of him, as if clothes enough were not sufficient to bend his gaze away from me, from my body. The agreement was, they'd leave my clothes on the edge of the opening that led to the house, several hundred yards away, if I made it there, I was safe.  
  
Beth and I took off into the wilds. She was headed for Nob's point, it was an outcropping of rocks, well known to all of us. It was where we used to swim, dive, and even camp overnight. It was a place I knew well, even though my heart was thumping fiercely, I had some confidence in my ability to navigate this area. It seemed only minutes before we reached our destination, no doubt due to my mind working on overdrive, at all the possibilities, some too disgusting to even consider. She stopped the vehicle.  
  
"This is your stop, hon," she laughed, still a bit giddy from her drinking. She could hold her liquor well enough, it just tended to make her tired.  
  
"You be careful driving that thing back," I said with concern.  
  
"Don't worry about me, you have your own problems to worry about." She giggled. Scott called her on her cell phone. She talked to him for only a second. "Ok, he said start the clock now, you have four hours." She handed me the two way phone. It had a clock on it. It was a couple minutes after 3pm. I had until just after 7 to elude him or make it back to the house. I bid her goodbye.  
  
She laughed, 'Aren't you forgetting something dear?" She said, snapping me back to the reality of it.  
  
I once again had to take my clothes off in front of her. She watched me intently, smiling. It made me tingle, knowing that I was here again, naked, out in the open. I just couldn't help it. Beth just shook her head a smiled at me. Probably in bewilderment at what I have allowed her, and now them, to do to me. She wished me luck and drove off. I was alone.  
  
I had the idea that Scott would expect me to work my way back to the house. He had the ATV, I'm sure he figured he could stay between me and the house. He could zip back and forth as he searched for me, to cut off my retreat. I decided against it, there was an open expanse most of the way back to the house, it was wide open territory, I'd be a sitting duck there. I figured it would be better to work my way towards the hills and the deeper forested area. His ATV would have more trouble there, plus, I could gain the advantage of having a panoramic view of him approaching. I headed towards the hills.  
  
At first, I was content to walk. It actually felt wonderful walking naked, the soft warm breeze comforted me, it was thrilling to me to be so far from my clothes. It was totally naughty, and I loved it. An open area approached and I decided to limit my time in the open. I started to run. Normally, having nicely sized tits is an advantage, for attraction of male attention certainly. In this situation, however, my boobs were a disadvantage, as running with them unfettered did me no favors. At the beginning I tried to run holding them with one arm, but I found it hard to get through the occasional underbrush without it hitting me in the face. However, if I used my arms to protect my face, then my tits were often lashed by some of the branches and brush that I had to fight through. I was getting nicked up pretty good, and I'd barely started. I reached the opening. I dashed across as quickly as I could, my boobs bouncing wildly as I ran. A chill went up my spine when I heard what sounded like an engine in the distance.   
  
"Fuck," I said, and it urged me to run faster. I lost my footing at the edge of the clearing back into the woods. I tumbled face first into the dirt and brush. "Son of a bitch," I choked as I spit out some dirt. I noticed a red slash mark across my belly from my fall. There was blood starting to form. It wasn't much, but it stung like mad. It infuriated me. I saw the base of the hills in front of me. I felt if I could make it there, and start the climb, I could elude him for the remainder of my time. I looked at the clock on the two way, I'd only been at it for about 30 minutes. I needed to be in those hills, I could eat the time up there.  
  
Suddenly the two way rang in my hand and scared me so badly I dropped it. It was Beth. "Hey hon, how are ya doing?" She said, obviously relaxed back in her chair on the deck, he demeanor smoothed by the rum she was drinking.  
  
"I think I hear an engine, it's starting to get loud," I said with concern.   
  
"Oh, well that's probably because there are three ATVs out there now," she said calmly.  
  
"WHAT????" I asked in horror.  
  
"Yes, you'll love this!" She said gleefully, "Mel and Bo are in it too, they wanted in on the bet."  
  
"BETH!!" I screamed.  
  
"Yes, think about it hon, they put up their money too, if you win we get to split 3000 dollars!  
  
"Beth, Beth, oh fuck, of fuck, what were you thinking?" I cried.  
  
Beth sounded nonplussed. 'I don't get what the big deal is Sam, you like being naked, you like people seeing you. If you get caught, you get that thrill that you enjoy, and if you don't get caught we share in all that money, AND, Scott has to stay home during hunting season. Just seems like it's win all the way around."   
  
She was right, in theory, I felt alive, exhilarated in a way I can't describe when I did crazy sexual things like this. However, I couldn't tell her the real reason, about my agreement with Scott. I let her go. I could hear the hum of the engines stronger now. It seemed they were onto me. They were going to reach the hills before me, cutting off my access there. Then all they'd have to do is push back towards me and I'd end up in frequent open areas, with no chance of escape. I had to adjust. I headed back towards Nob's point. I thought maybe I could get into the rocky terrain and climb somehow, even though naked is definitely not the way you want to approach it. Still, anything is better than being caught, I thought, by him. I doubled back.   
  
I hoped that they'd waste time going towards the hills before they figured out I wasn't headed that way. Instead, it seemed like they were arcing back towards me. I was starting to sweat now, I could feel the air crispen and my nipples were hard and throbbing. I went back through the same underbrush and found myself getting lashed furiously. I was being whipped with hundreds of small sticks. I looked at my two way. I still had nearly 3 hours to go. The rocks, I have to make it. I fell again. My knees got scraped. I was bleeding again. I was exhausted, the sweat was pouring off me now. They were coming. I can't let them get me, what would happen? I mean, I'd bet Scott, but not Mel and Bo. Crazy thoughts flew around in my mind. "Do you even want to escape them? " Of course I did, I fought with myself, what am I even thinking? "But you love being naked in front of men." "Stop thinking with your pussy!" Oh god, I'm getting delirious. I have to make those rocks. I had made it far enough into the uneven terrain that I knew that an ATV would have trouble maneuvering, they'd have to get me on foot now.  
  
Pride. This is what it got me, back to the present. They are close now, how do they keep coming in my direction? Every time I swerve, they swerve, how is that possible? The rocks were ahead. There was a small clearing just at the base of the rocks. I was just about there. They were right behind me. I tripped into the opening. I fell onto my stomach. Suddenly someone was on top of me. I heard them shouting,, 'Get her, get the bitch!" A strong set of hands grabbed my hands and forced them roughly behind my back. I started kicking my feet. Another set of hands held them down. "Get the rope," Scott yelled. My face was pushed into the grass. I felt the rope circling my ankles, then my hands. They were trussing me up like they do with steer in the rodeo. I was helpless now. Scott grabbed me back the back of my short, auburn hair and yanked my face to meet his.  
  
"Well hello Samantha, fancy meeting you out here," he sneered. "Go find a suitable carrying pole,' He yelled to no one in particular. He shoved me back into the dirt. I could feel them circling me like vultures. Suddenly, I heard a familiar sound. It was a camera. Click, click, click, they were recording my shame. I was helpless, my knees were slightly opened by the way I was tied. I was trying to keep my legs closed but I could feel them back there, looking, all the while madly clicking away with that camera.  
  
"Ha, Beth will like this..." Scott chuckled, "...when we show her the great Samantha, captured by those silly men." I'd let her down, my heart sank. "As a matter of fact, I think these pictures will go over nicely at the hunting trip. I'm sure Bill, John and all the others will like seeing and hearing about our latest hunt." I felt sick. This couldn't be happening. "Yeah, " Bo replied cheerfully, "I'd bet most of them would pay a ton to go on a hunt like this themselves," he said, laughing.   
  
Suddenly Mel appeared out of the woods. He was carrying a fallen tree trunk, a small one, about 4 or 5 inches in diameter.   
  
"Yes, this should do nicely, " Scott beamed. I had no idea what he had in store until he untied my hands and ankles. The men retied my hands in front of me to one end of the beam and my feet to the other. They were binding me just like a deer they'd caught, to carry me back proudly. It was humiliating, I could hear them laughing and bragging as my face stung with shame far worse than the sting from any of my wounds. They carried me a ways like that, I was hanging limply from the beam. They let my ass brush the ground occasionally. Scott was quick to make them raise it, 'Don't ruin the merchandise," he said evilly. I was carried back to the vehicles. He untied me.  
  
"Look, for official sake, it's just past 4 o'clock, within plenty of time, do you agree? Plus that give us plenty of time for you to pay off your end of the bet," he said with a cruel grin.  
  
"Yes, Scott, you won," I said in defeat. "I didn't agree to have all three of you hunt me though, I think that's bullshit," I said, hoping for a loophole.  
  
"Who cares, Beth agreed, and she was the one that accepted the terms with Mel and Bo. If we lost, we were going to pay up, right guys?" He asked as the men nodded in assent. They spent a few more minutes filling up the memory card on their camera with my nakedness. "I think it's just about time you fulfill your end of the bargain, as well, " he said, his gaze piercing my soft blue eyes, his meaning fully understood.  
  
"Scott, I can't...I mean...I didn't agree to....all of you..." I squeaked.  
  
"I didn't say you did," he said gruffly.  
  
He stood me up. I was a mess. I was covered in dirt and I was bleeding a bit in several places, most notably my knees.   
  
"I can't have some whore that's covered in dirt, even I have my standards," he laughed. He motioned Mel and Bo to take me by the arms and they led me that way, the two of them, with Scott trailing behind, to the stream. No doubt Scott was checking out my naked round ass the whole way. The ass I know he's drooled over on numerous occasions. This time however, I couldn't stop him, and for some reason I was feeling his eyes on my behind this time, and it was getting me warm...in that way.  
  
We reached the stream and unceremoniously, they picked me up and tossed me into it. I came up flailing and sputtering. I tried to get out, the water was icy my body was flushed. Scott wouldn't let me get out until, in his words, the dirty slut was clean. The men ogled me as I cupped the water in my hands and did my best to wash off the dirt and sweat I'd accumulated on my unsuccessful escape flight. He finally let me out, though one thing the frigid water did was it helped stem the flow of blood from my various nicks and cuts.  
  
"Nob's point," Scott said. "Isn't it interesting, all that time we ever spent out here...all those camp outs, swims, I've never gotten laid here," he chuckled. "It's also interesting that this is where Beth dropped you off, and yet, just about two hours later, you didn't make it any farther away," he said sarcastically with a boastful air.  
  
He motioned me over. I approached in resignation. Mel and Bo were sitting comfortably, watching. I stood before Scott.  
  
"Put your hands on your head," he ordered, and I complied. "Now, turn around, slowly," he began, "I want to see what I'm going to be enjoying." My face flushed, but I obeyed. "Keep your hands on your head," he said. He stood up and got behind me. He gripped me tight against him. I could feel his hardness pressing into my backside. His hands worked towards my breasts, I started to lower my hands but he pushed them back up.  
  
"Obey!" he said, like a parent scolding a child near a hot stove. I placed my hands back where he wanted them, out of his way. He fondled my breasts. He fondled them like I know he wanted to for so long now. So many times he wanted to lay his eyes and hands upon them and now he had them, in between his strong fingers, kneading and massaging them. I saw Mel and Bo with excited looks on their faces.   
  
"Scott, I can't, Mel and Bo, I didn't agree to them...watching," I complained.  
  
"I didn't say you did, " Scott repeated, "however, they are damned well sure going to watch." I acquiesced. I closed my eyes and tried to block it all out. Scott noticed this and commanded me to open them.  
  
"You keep your eyes open, bitch, I want you looking at them while I manhandle you," he said, sending an electric jolt embarrassingly through me. His fingers found my pussy. Mel and Bo's eyes got wider. He dipped a strong finger down between my folds.  
  
"Fellas, this bitch is wet, what did I tell you? Didn't I tell you she'd dig this kind of shit" Didn't I tell you that she liked being naked?" My heart sank, I knew I'd been betrayed by Beth. She no doubt had been telling him all along about my trials with exhibition. I was helpless, naked, about to be used by a guy I detest, deep in the wilderness with two other men watching, and my best friend had help get me here.  
  
Scott sat back down, the boys took out some brews, but didn't offer me any, they made me stand there like their own naked statue while they talked amongst themselves. Scott sat down on a blanket. He beckoned me to him. I stood in front of him. He patted the blanket, motioning me to join him. Reluctantly I did, though my body was starting to fight another battle. I positioned me between his legs, on my knees. Oh god. He started to unzip himself but stopped.  
  
"You do it," he said, staring coldly at me.   
  
"Scott, I didn't say I'd suck you," I said even though the idea now didn't totally repulse me now.   
  
"No, what you said was, you'd let me have you, any way you want me," he corrected.  
  
It was all so much, he was going to make me suck his cock while his friends watched from a few feet away. Funny thing though, my body was inexplicably warm, even as the evening air was cooling. There was a fire building in me. I unsteadily fumbled for his zipper and finally got it down. He helped me help him wriggle out of his underwear. His cock was mostly flaccid, but it hung nicely down his leg.  
  
"Now suck my cock, Samantha, suck it like the whore we both know you are," he urged.  
  
I wanted to slug him while at the same time a growing need was rising in me. His cock was twitching under my touch. It was so soft, so incredibly velvety. I lowered my head. Mel and Bo scootched closer. Scott moaned softly as I took the tip of his impressive member into my mouth. It was something he'd wanted since he met me, he knew it, I knew it. All that time, and now, his fantasy was coming true, he had me, naked, on my knees serving him. His cock grew quickly in my mouth, filling me with that powerful feeling I get when I know I'm giving pleasure. It was starting to dawn on me now that part of my hatred for him was a defense mechanism to counter my own desire for his manliness, his rugged handsomeness.  
  
"That's it dirty Samantha, suck that cock good," he groaned. I did, I sucked his cock like he wanted. I teased him, I licked him and engulfed him. Mel and Bo were in awe, they could see me rocking back and forth on my knees which gave them a wonderful view of my shapley ass.  
  
"Ok, slut, that's enough of that!" he said, yanking me off his dick with a pop. I actually was disappointed. "Now, to fulfill your end of the bargain," he said ominously. He pulled me over roughly, the softness in him was gone, I'd awakened the tiger. He produced some more rope and bound my hands behind me.   
  
"You don't have to tie me, Scott, I'll do what you want," I begged.  
  
"I know you will," he said, "I just want to tie you down, like the animal you are. You are my prize." He pushed me over a huge, fallen log which presented my ample ass to him. My grooves in the tree trunk cut into my tender nipples. "Looks like you've been whipped already...bet you liked that too, didn't you bitch?"  
  
"Noooo," I protested.  
  
He leaned into me, his voice soft and rough in my ear. "I'm going to punish you Samantha. I'm going to make you pay for all those times you teased and pranced around me, knowing you were showing yourself off. All those times I could see your nipples poking out of your tops, knowing you wore outfits like that just to tease me, to tease us all."  
  
"Noooo Scott, I didn't mean to, I.." I whimpered, scared now.  
  
"Yes you did, you knew exactly what you were doing. He was right, I realized now that I'd been wearing revealing clothes around him, even when it wasn't necessary, I had been doing it to tease him, and I had denied all this time. I'm going to punish you, I'm going to make you pay for everything, tonight."   
  
He called Mel and Bo over. They held my arms to the side and up, away from my ass. Suddenly, I knew why. Scott's belt broke across my ass in a lightning bolt of white hot pain.  
  
"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I screamed.  
  
Again and again he whipped me, with malice. I could feel the welts raising between strokes. I struggled against my captors, it was no use, I feared I wouldn't have any skin back there when he was done. My ass was on fire, especially when a stroke would fall in the same place twice. I was shrieking like a madwoman.   
  
"Shut the slut up," Scott growled. He sent Mel back for something. He came back with a small tennis ball. We carried them on the ATVs so that the dogs could chase them. Scott shoved it into my mouth, He was gagging me with a nasty dog toy. I fought him the whole way until he showed the metal end of his belt to me, inches before my eyes.  
  
"Should I use this end on you"? He asked sadistically.  
  
"No," I cried.  
  
"Then open up." He shoved the ball into my mouth and tied a bandana around it to keep it in place. I was reduced to grunting. He continued his assault on my tender flesh only a few more strokes. My grunts truly were animalistic at this point. Then, he stopped. My mind was awhirl I sincerely was no longer thinking, only feeling. I felt his cockhead rub across my pussy lips. It was wet, I was wet, for him. Then, he was inside me, he skewered me with that big beautiful cock. That cock that I'd resisted for so long. It was inside me, deeply. It was as if it belonged there. I whimpered only when he'd withdraw it, teasing me with it's fullness, it's length. I was whole when it was inside me, I was empty when he pulled back. I found myself backing into him, trying to keep it in there greedily. I only felt his cock, my wetness, the absolute fire in my ass cheeks, all blended together in my fevered mind. He was drilling me now, hard, I could feel pain in my thighs as he drove me into that wood. In subconscious my mind there was only us, only this feeling, though I knew that Mel and Bo were there. I was being raped, taken, defiled, used and no one else existed but us.

The trance was broken by Scott. 'Boys, you ever see a good ass fucking?" He said. I had no will left, it was broken. I just waited for the inevitable. Sure enough, his cockhead now probed my ass, slick with my own juices, betrayed by my own filthy desire for it. "Beg for it Samantha, beg me to fuck you there," he said in a frenzy.  
  
"Do it, Scott, fuck me...please...use my ass." I said, wonderfully defeated.   
  
He pushed in, roughly. I screamed into the ball. He owned me. He took my ass like it was his, and tonight, it was. He rode my ass just as hard, if that was possible, as he did my pussy. I was his bitch, his anal whore, my grunts now were of pleasure. I was still being held down, almost as if they let go I'd drift away in my own ecstasy. Scott had the stamina of an athlete, but soon it was over. I could feel his cock twitching, then finally exploding, filling me with his cum, so hot it matched the heat from my beating. He stumbled back, pulling out of me, his cock covered in his cum mixed with my juices.  
  
Scott fell back on the ground, I could even hear him panting. Mel and Bo released my arms. I fell back limply over the log, not having the strength to even try to stand. Scott rested for awhile, I'm not sure what Mel and Bo were up to but I was lost in a fog, still hanging over the log.  
  
Scott pulled my limp, naked body up and forced me to stand. "Ok, I'd say you fulfilled your bet," he smiled softly. "Now, this goes no further, right"?  
  
I nodded. I no more wanted to tell my best friend that I'd allowed her boyfriend to fuck me in my ass than he did. He removed the gag. Scott marched me back to the ATVs. Mel and Bo were waiting. The look on their faces was priceless. Scott had me model for them again and for the camera. They most assuredly captured cum dripping out of my ass, down my inner thighs. Scott made sure I knew his intentions.  
  
"You know all our friends are going to see these pictures, right baby girl?" he teased.  
  
"Yes sir," I said instinctively.  
  
"And you are ok with that, right?" he said, now fully knowing my weakness.  
  
"Yes sir, I want you to show my pictures around," I said as I heard Mel and Bo gasp.  
  
"See"? Scott said to the men, "I told you."  
  
My pussy was throbbing, the exhibition, the nudity, the hunt, the rough sex with that wonderful cock...I was still on fire. My whole being was in a jangled mess of hormone and adrenaline. It was as if Scott knew my very soul.  
  
"So, we agreed that only I get to 'have you like I wanted, right'?   
  
I nodded, though I wanted it somehow to not be true. It was if they also were a part of this incredible day that I wanted them to have something too.   
  
Scott saw right through me, "So, Mel and Bo can't have you like they want, right"? I nodded, wishing somehow I'd worded it differently. "Ok then, guess that means it has to be your idea, what you want." My legs got weak. I knew what he was going to say before he said it.  
  
"Samantha, " he whispered. "What is it you want?"   
  
"I want to suck them," I said softly back. I actually wanted to be devoured, completely filled by all of them but I knew time was a factor.  
  
"I don't think they heard you, tell them what you want." he ordered. '  
  
"I want to suck your cocks. Mel, Bo, please let me suck your cocks."  
  
They were on me in a flash. Scott shoved me down on my knees. "Dirty whore," he said with disgust, though not convincingly.  
  
Their cocks were out, in my face. I sucked them in, one at a time. I slobbered over their cocks like I hadn't had a cock in years. First one, then the other. I knew they'd wanted me for a long time. I knew they always figured I was out of their reach. But now, here I was, a naked, spunk filled slut, slurping them down like a two bit whore. They felt their prisoner whore up while I sucked them. They rolled my nipples between their strong fingers, they probed my pussy, then my sore rosebud with them. They got to feel everything they'd been fantasizing about since they'd seen me. They wasted no time, they filled up this whore's tummy just as Scott reappeared.  
  
"We have to be getting back he said, tapping his watch."  
  
He was right, if it was to appear that I lost. He'd have to bring me in before the time limit, otherwise Beth would assume I won. They'd had me captured and taken me now for over two hours, there was less than an hour left though, on the ATVs I figured we could be back in 10 minutes tops. Scott had other ideas though. Another branch, much smaller was laid across my shoulders. A rope was tied around my wrists and looped over the branch on each side, binding my arms up like that. He attached the other end of the rope to the front of his ATV. He was going to parade me in, like the defeated slut trophy I knew I was. I was broken, scraped up, whipped, used. I thought of Beth, I thought of how disappointed she'd be. I thought of how I'd betrayed her, even as she'd betrayed me, allowing her boyfriend to rape me, to mindfuck me. I didn't know how I'd be able to explain away all the marks, especially with the belt. He threatened to whip me again if I slowed down. Occasionally he'd lash my behind with a thin stick, though it was nothing but a prod, nothing like the pain of his belt. My mind was racing as they led me, their naked prisoner, back to the house. The sun was fading behind the trees and the light from the ATVs shined past me, like that night at the river. They were marching me home, still I could hear the camera whirring behind me.  
  
"We should mark this slut, like cattle, as she's our prisoner, our property," Scott joked to the boys. "Maybe a tattoo on her ass, of our victorious hunt or something." He said no more about it, though he was definitely thinking.  
  
We approached the wide open expanse that was visible from the house. Beth, no doubt was waiting. Only a few steps more and I'd appear, naked and defeated. I turned to Scott and said, 'Wait." Scott stopped the caravan.  
  
"Listen, what we did out here...well, that's between you guys and me. I mean, Beth had nothing to do with this. All she wanted was for you to spend some more time with her. The rest of ...that," I said, referring to my debasement, "was my doing. She shouldn't be punished for that."  
  
"So, what do you want me to do about it," Said Scott, wondering where this was leading.  
  
"Is there any way you can, you know, act like you lost, let me go here and let me get to the house?"  
  
"NO fucking way," all the men said in unison. Scott replied, 'First, it means we'd lose, second, we'd lose our hunting trip, third, we'd lose three thousand bucks."  
  
I knew there was another way. "Can I pay you back somehow?" I begged, hoping against hope.  
  
"How?" said Scott questioningly. "You don't have that kind of money, and if you are referring to sex, my little slut, I think 3000 and the fact we've already had you, might be a little steep, not to mention taking away all the fun we have, that's priceless."  
  
"Well, I said, sticking my neck all the way into the noose now, "Didn't Bo say that men would pay for something like this?"  
  
"This? This what?" Scott asked with a little more interest.  
  
"Well, first, all those pictures you have, you guys said you know people who will like them, can't you...I don't know, sell them somehow, like on the internet"?  
  
Scott stroked his chin for a moment. 'Well, for one thing, we own those pictures already, and if we want to put them on the net, we will, don't see how that benefits you, in fact, now that you mention it, I definitely will distribute them on the net. In fact, I'll put your name, slutty Samantha, on it. I design websites, you know that, I'm going to make your own site, we have hundreds of pictures here. We both know how that excites you."  
  
I blushed, even though it was ridiculous for me to do so at this point. Still, my pride didn't want to let me lose, at least to have my best friend know it. I took my final gamble as Scott tried to urge me into the opening.   
  
"Wait," I panted. "Ok, how about this? How about if I agree to go to hunting camp, next year, with you, without Beth knowing. I'll cook and clean for you, just like she would." Scott looked unconvinced. "I'll do it all naked, of course, all weekend."  
  
Scott just laughed. "You'd do something you like, just for us," he said scornfully. "No way that's worth 3000$ plus, either. Let's go, slut, you are stalling" He began to creep the ATV forward, urging me forward. All of a sudden he stopped, just as I was about to step through and be viewable to Beth.   
  
He smiled at me. 'What"? I asked with hope.  
  
"Well, I belong to a hunting club right? So, many of those members go with us on our hunting trip."  
  
"Yeah"? I asked hopefully.  
  
His grin was wide now. "They would absolutely DIE to do this."  
  
"Do what? I asked.  
  
"Go on a hunt like this, for a naked woman, with benefits at the end if they win," he emphasized.  
  
"No fucking way Scott, I mean, I know you guys, doing that with....strangers....it's just too dangerous." I begged.  
  
"No no, hear me out. How about this? I rent you out, as their naked prey. We set a price, it comes out of what you owe."  
  
"How much do you think you'd get?" I asked sheepishly.  
  
"I'd say we could probably get 500 a man, don't you think, guys"? The guys nodded enthusiastically. "So, a few hunts, you'll be paid down I'd say. Also, I'll be there, I know these guys, I'll be your security, I'll tag along, hell, I wouldn't miss this for the world."  
  
I kicked the ground nervously, unsure of my move. "Do they get to fuck me too...after?" I said in a little girl voice.  
  
"Well, that'll be part of the negotiation I suppose," Scott said, "I was figuring the 500 was with you fucking them, I don't think they'd agree to that much without it."  
  
..."And you'll tell Beth that I won, that I eluded you?"   
  
"Hell yeah," they said.  
  
..."and you won't go on your trip, or make Beth go"?  
  
"Nope," Scott said firmly. He leaned into my ear, 'however, this doesn't fully get you off the hook, if you know what I mean." I was pretty sure I did, but he continued, out of the hearing range of the other men, "it means, this..." he said grabbing my pussy roughly with his strong meaty hand..."belongs to me, until the debt is fully paid."  
  
I nodded, feeling my old world crumble around me. I was now his, whenever and however he wanted.   
  
"Don't think that 3 grand is the total, either," he said, stepping back. Just us losing that week of fun is worth 'pain and suffering' money."  
  
"Oh god, how much more Scott, how much do I owe you then?"  
  
"I'd say let's make it an even five grand. I know I can find enough hunters to pay it, and in the meantime, as interest, Me, Mel and Bo might have a few more hunts in us, right boys?" The boys enthusiastically concurred. "We'll take a few bucks off for those, maybe," he sneered.  
  
I could feel my pussy gush at the thought, "Yes sir," I said meekly. I had just agreed to basically slave myself sexually for god knows how long. Interestingly, that hum in my loins did my reasoning for me.   
  
"We have a deal then, boys, let her go." As they untied me I turned to Scott. "How DID you guys find me that quick, I guess you really are that good. " I said sincerely.  
  
Scott laughed. "Yes, we're good, but also, your two way has a GPS tracker in it," he said, showing me his phone, 'We have three of them, in case we lose one, " he laughed.   
  
"You fuckers cheated!!" I screamed in embarrassment. "Then I did win!" I said.  
  
He laughed. "We didn't cheat at all, that's how you hunt, with every piece of technology available. We didn't say anything about it. Guess you and Beth should've cleared that first with us," he chuckkled.  
  
"But that's so unfair." I whined.  
  
Scott called my bluff. "So do you want to scrap our deal, let Beth decide for herself? In fact, do you even want to stop our new deal?"   
  
He knew I didn't. I was free of the bonds. I bolted out into the opening. I reached my pile of clothes and dressed quickly.  
  
Beth greeted me on the deck. She was beside herself with joy that I'd made it, finally, she'd get to stop Scott from his hunting trip. She hugged me deeply, I didn't allow the scared look of a rented slut animal that I'd become to be visible to her. The men returned shortly after, acting dejected and forlorn. We settled back to drinking as I made up a story about how I'd eluded them cleverly, Scott played along nicely. I tried not to show Beth when I winced ever time I sat down. Scott met me in the kitchen again later, as we had before this whole game even started. He ground up against my tight jean shorts from behind. I could feel the pain in the skin of my behind, I knew I'd be bruised up for days.   
  
He whispered in my ear, "for the time being, no more panties or bra around me, I need to have quick and easy access."   
  
I lowered my eyes, "Yes sir, " as sparks shot through my pussy again.   
  
'I have a bite on the hunt thing. Next weekend, up north, you in"? he said as his fingers snaked under my shorts, finding my wetness expertly.  
  
"God Scott, I won't even be healed by then, but yessss," I purred, as he removed his fingers and bade me to lick them off. My life as a hired hunted slut had begun.

**The Ultimate Hunt-Nude Female Prey Ch. 02**

I returned home after "the hunt" and almost literally slept for the next two days. I would dream vividly of being chased, hunted down by men, sometimes they'd turn into strange creatures, all hungering after me. It had been quite a change from being a beginning exhibitionist to a hunted slut. Scott, my best friend Beth's boyfriend had hunted me down and took me anally in front of Mel and Bo, two of his hunter friends as part of losing a bet. Beth knew nothing of the payoff of the bet, her boyfriend ass raping me, we kept that part secret. The price of losing went beyond that, I am now required to pay him back the money that I cost him. I was able to talk him out of telling Beth, in return I had to agree to pay him back the money. He made me sign an I.O.U for 3000 dollars. The way I was going to pay was, apparently, by becoming a hunted slut for hire. He was planning on advertising me out to his hunting buddies, as well as on the internet, using the incriminating pictures the men took of me. As a result, I'd become Scott's, to use and to own, at least until I was paid up.  
  
Scott had told me that night that he'd gotten a 'lead' on another potential hunt. I hadn't heard from him since then. I'd had to call in sick on Monday and Tuesday to sleep my way through the hangover of what had happened. I returned to work on Wednesday but couldn't keep the recurring thoughts out of my head about what was happening to me. I kept replaying it all, the nakedness, the excitement, the freedom, the incredible erotic nature of it. I'd been taken by the guy I thought I most detested, in a totally humiliating way,. Yet I found myself thinking about it often, my body betraying my mind. I was fighting the battle between what I was so turned on by, and the guilt of having betrayed my friend, letting him fuck my ass, and now becoming sexually indebted to him.  
  
Scott called me on my cell phone at my desk. Just seeing the number caused my heart to leap.  
  
"Hey sunshine, how are you holding up?" he asked, as if we were the best of friends.  
  
"God, I'm still tired, exhausted really, I'm just dragging myself through it...plus....I'm still having a hard time sitting..." I mumbled into the phone.  
  
"Ah, not used to anal sex yet are you," he asked.  
  
"Well, that and the fact that you nearly strapped the skin off my behind with your belt, you fucker," I sassed at him.  
  
"Well, either one you'd better get used to," he said ominously.  
  
I decided to put up a strong front and maybe bluff him out of all of this. "Scott, listen...I've been thinking about all this...and....well...I don't think I'm going to go for it."  
  
"Is that right?" he asked with a bit of disdain.  
  
"Yes, I've been thinking that you have as much to lose as I do by Beth knowing. And, after thinking about it, Beth actually owes you half of that money. Plus, I've been thinking about those pictures you took of me. I mean, I have to sign something like a waiver, otherwise you can't just sell them on the internet. I'll just find some way to pay you back...without all this." I said, referring to his plans.  
  
Scott only took a second to gather his thoughts, "Ok, first, I'm not all that concerned about you telling Beth anything. Do you think she'd be more betrayed by me, a man she's only dated, off and on for a year, or her best friend since high school? Second, did I say anything about selling your pictures on the net? I am only going to use them as advertisement, for future hunts. You'd have to be able to find the site first, then you'd have to prove it is you, and that you didn't agree to all of it and again, it's not for making money. They are public shots. There's nothing more public than you, naked on your own volition. Also, I'd be the first person in history to get in trouble for posting nudes on the internet, the internet would collapse," he laughed cruelly. "I'd consider adding to your debt, if you'd rather not have me use the pictures, and if I do, I'll make you sign the fucking waiver," he finished coolly.  
  
I realized he was right, I'd be hurting Beth more than he would. She had mentioned how he's probably 'not the one'. Knowing that I might be able to keep the pictures off the internet cemented it. I was on his hook, wriggling like bait, but unable to escape.  
  
"Listen, I have a potential idea for this Saturday, are you going to be ready for that by then?"  
  
"Well, how much will he pay?" I said. I was embarrassed that my first thought was for the money and not the outrage of having to do it.  
  
"Well, it's not a regular hunt, per se," He explained, "I just have put feelers out about interest and I've gotten some feedback and I think I have an idea on how to get the ball rolling and so you can knock off some of the debt."  
  
"Ok, how are you going to do it?" I asked meekly, not believing I'm sitting here rationally discussing a man whoring me out to be hunted, naked.  
  
"You'll see, slut, you'll see....however, I have a few things I would like before then."  
  
I hesitated to ask, "what things....sir?" I said, trying to keep him pleased and less likely to take full advantage of me.  
  
"Well, come over tonight to Beth's, we'll have a barbeque, and I'll have something for you to do which can earn you some money."  
  
I wasn't sure I wanted to find out what it was but both he and I knew that I'd be there for it anyway. I was anxious all day. I was so antsy I had to leave work early and down a beer, then two, to calm my nerves. I showed up, semi-reluctantly to Beth's at the appointed hour. I'd not wanted to face her for fear the guilt of her boyfriend fucking my ass would show on my poor poker face. She acted none the wiser however. Mel and Bo were there, it was all I could do to avoid looking them in their faces. They were polite though, as always, and never let on anything. Scott was all over me, however, every chance he got when Beth wasn't around. He grabbed me when he could. He felt me up, made me show him my tits and he sucked at my nipples quickly before sending me on my way. Once, he made me drop my shorts and show him the marks on my ass. He was pleased that I remembered not to wear underwear around him. I was embarrassingly beginning that familiar tingle in my pussy at his treatment.  
  
"Nice...you know...I think the marks will actually help sell the idea," he said thoughtfully.  
  
"Scott, what's your plan, your idea...you said I could earn some of the money I owe you." I begged, not wanting to be held in this agonizing suspense any longer.  
  
"Ok doll, geez, you just can't wait for this shit," he laughed, seeing the agony it was causing me.  
  
"Ok, I had an idea. I'll say you can knock of 100$."  
  
"Doing what"? I asked nervously.  
  
"Ok, I distract Beth. She's about to start grilling anyway. You go around to the side of the house, drop all your clothes." My heart began to pound with that. "Then, as fast as you can, or want to, you race to the old fence in the back. That's gotta be what, ½ mile or so?" He said. I nodded. Ok, I give you exactly a one minute head start. I will then let Mel, and or Bo go after you." I gulped, fearing to hear the rest. "If they catch you before you reach the fence they are entitled to a blowjob. If you make it I'll knock 100$ off."  
  
"That's it? 100$ for them chasing me?" I asked, hoping for a better deal.  
  
"Well, how about I send them both, and 200$ for the both of them then, take it or leave it."  
  
I nodded in assent. I figured since Mel and Bo have already seen me and had the use of my mouth I wasn't risking much more. The game was on. He looked outside for Beth. "Ok, go now, I'll start my watch when I see you take off."  
  
I went around to the side of the house. I looked around as I removed my shorts and my top. I wondered about keeping my running shoes on but I knew Scott would make me pay somehow if I wasn't totally naked, so I begrudgingly removed those as well. I peered around the corner, the coast was clear, I took off. Again, my boobs are my pride but in running having nicely sized tits does not translate to running comfortably naked. I held them down with one arm and tore off as fast as I could. Now, I am in good shape, I work out several times a week, mostly treadmill type stuff with occasional jogging. Sprinting, however, isn't my forte. I realized it right away as I was already gassing after a couple hundred yards. I knew if I was going to make it I'd have to either take a small rest or slow down considerably. I decided against stopping altogether and began a more reasonable jog. I was about half way when I dared a peek back. They were there, just bursting through a clearing not far behind me. I had no choice, it was sprint now or nothing. I picked up the pace, I had to let go of my boobs to get full speed. I'm sure they looked a sight, bouncing obscenely as I ran. I could see the fence, it was just about 100 yards away. I heard Mel and Bo yelling. I didn't think I was going to make it, I was approaching the fence agonizingly slowly. They were right behind me, I had turned my head to look for them. Suddenly, I was there. I made it!  
  
I was doubled over, my hands on the fence, gasping for air when the guys ran up.  
  
"I....made it....I ....got here first..." I panted. They were obviously disappointed. They looked at each other but said nothing. I tried to stand fully, my hands still on the fence for support. Suddenly I felt their hands on me. One hand was on my tits, another on my ass, one was targeting my pussy. His fingers found their way and found my folds getting juicy. They were feeling me up. I was so exhausted I was slow in reacting. However, that got my adrenaline pumping again.  
  
"Stop! I won, stop it, Scott said if I made it here I won," I gasped.  
  
Reluctantly they withdrew their hands. I guess to them, they were just hoping that I was just playing those games to get cock. I guess there was some truth in that, however, it went deeper than that for me, it was the way Scott took me, used me, controlled me, that drove me now. Just the mention of Scott made the guys back off. They told me to give them ten minutes head start back, so as to not make Beth suspicious. I agreed, plus I figured I need the time just to get my breath back. I walked slowly back to the house in time, all the while wondering how I'd gotten to this place in my life, being controlled by my best friend's boyfriend Why I wasn't fighting it with all my being and why my pussy was telling a different story?   
  
I returned to the side of the house and slid my shorts back on. It wasn't until I reached for my top that I discovered, to my horror, that somebody, most likely Mel and Bo, had apparently jacked off on my top. Their cum was everywhere. I realized then that that's what they wanted the ten minutes for. I cursed them under my breath. How was I going to avoid Beth seeing that? I didn't have any extra jacket or sweater in my car, no clothing at all. I had to think of something quickly, I heard Beth calling for me. I slid in the side door, raced into her bedroom and grabbed one of her button down sweaters. I put it on quickly over my cum stained top, buttoning it as I hustled outside.   
  
She looked at me when I returned, "wow, Samantha, you look flushed again dear, and it looks like you are sweating. Are you ok?" She said, moving in closer.  
  
I assured her I was, that I just felt a little tired so I went and laid down for a few minutes but that I was feeling better now. She was standing so close I knew she could see her sweater, covering my top. I wondered if she could smell the reek of cum too, I knew I could. She stood there smiling at me, I felt like I'd wilt under her gaze.   
  
She looked at her sweater, '"Maybe you are sweating because you are warm," she smiled sweetly. I told her that I'd gotten chills. She was nearly on top of me, looking down at my top. Then, .she just turned away happily, 'Dinner time!" she said.  
  
I had to spend the next couple hours like that, my top drenched with their drying cum. Mel and Bo just smiled at me every time I looked at them and I'd shoot them an icy glare right back. The night was finally over and I was 'free' to go. Scott got in a few more feels before I left, even managing to finger fuck me for a few seconds as I got him a beer out of the refrigerator. Humiliation must suit me, I figured, because here I was, getting wet and juicy with his sick games and rough treatment. Before I left, Scott whispered in my ear.   
  
"Make sure tomorrow night is free, for an hour or so...I've got some business to attend to with you." He said, with little concern over my reaction.  
  
He left a message on my cell phone at night, regarding the next evening's plan. I was sound asleep, trying to recover from my workout.  
  
"Hey slut...I'm not sure what to call you yet...I'll figure something out, you won't earn or deserve me calling you Samantha until we are squared up. "I want you to meet me at the coffee shop on Maynard at 7pm sharp. I don't care about your top, but wear that one yellow skirt I've seen you wear. No underwear, I shouldn't have to tell you that, of course."  
  
I shuddered. My yellow skirt was an above the knee, light, airy thing. I often had to pull it down during the times I'd wear it so as to not reveal too much. I didn't like where this was headed. It was on my mind all day at work, my stomach was churning furiously, again, I had to leave early because of it. I took a short and very unsatisfying nap when I got home. Finally , I dragged myself to the shower and made myself ready. I wore a very conservative top, a thick, shapeless blouse, almost like a counterbalance to the revealing nature of the skirt. My heart was flipping as I left my house. I truly had no idea what was going to happen. I arrived at the coffee place and took a seat, he hadn't arrived yet. Finally, after making me wait and keeping my stomach acid churning, he showed up with a self satisfied smile.  
  
"Hey, nice choice in skirts there, babe," he laughed. I blushed. I was sitting on the edges of it to keep it from riding up. He had none of it.   
  
"Open those legs, let that skirt fall naturally," he growled in my ear. I reluctantly complied. "Ok, that's better," he grinned as I released the edge of the skirt. I could feel air freely flowing under my skirt and up to my bare pussy. Scott bought me a latte and made infuriatingly inane small talk as I sat there worried about looks from every man that came into that place, worse, he wasn't revealing what we were doing there. Finally he got to it.  
  
"Good, now that you've got some caffeine in you, we're talking a walk."  
  
He led me out of the store and down the street. Again, I found myself holding down the edge of my skirt with my hand. He spent just as much time swatting my hand away from doing it. Suddenly we stopped. We were in front of a tattoo parlor. My heart nearly seized.  
  
"That's right," he said calmly, even seeing the fear in my eyes, "we're here for you."  
  
He grabbed me by the arm and nearly dragged me up the stairs to the tiny studio loft of the parlor.   
  
"Scott, no...no...you can't do this..." I begged.  
  
"I can, and I will. I told you that you need to be marked each time you get hunted and caught, just like the animal you are." I was begging furiously now. He told me what his idea was. "Ok, I'll knock 250 bucks off your debt. All you need to do is get a tattoo, on your behind, of a bear paw. It's kind of my signature, showing that I hunted you. He showed me a copy of it. It was small, less than an inch high and wide. It was basically a big circle for the pad of the bear, and three smaller circles on top, representing some of the claws. "Look, I know you've discussed tattoos with Beth, she told me you've always wanted to start small, but that you'd eventually like a bunch. Well, here's your chance to start." I blanched at Beth revealing another one of my secrets, but he was right. And for 250$...I joylessly agreed.  
  
Turns out the tattooist was a friend of Scott's. He knew we were coming. His name was Derek. He was a good looking guy, dark haired, kind of Goth, well built in his arms and chest. He put me at ease. He smiled, joked and we talked for quite awhile about tattoos and art in general. Scott disappeared out of sight for the time being. Finally, Derek just came out with it.  
  
"Scott said you want a bear paw, like this," he said, showing me the mockup of the design. The pads of the paw were dark brown. Each of the pads was outlined in red. It actually looked kind of cute. "He said you want it...." he said, hesitating.  
  
"On my derriere, yes," I said softly while avoiding his gaze.  
  
"All right, I can do that," he smiled. He had me lie on his table. It was a nicely padded one like they have in massage places. I knew it was coming, but it still gave me a start when he said, "um...can I lift...your skirt?" nervously.  
  
I lifted it for him with both hands, revealing my ass totally to him. He went downstairs and locked the door. He worked quickly on me to begin before I changed my mind. He kept up chatting and had me relaxed, well, as relaxed as one can be with one's ass fully exposed to a stranger. That familiar thrill of being exposed had me getting excited, against my better judgment. I bit my lip as he worked. I couldn't help notice his chest and arms, strong and sure, as they worked on me. He was sitting close, I could feel his breath on the skin of my behind. Suddenly I winced as he hit a sensitive spot. Then I remembered, my ass was still full of healing bruises and red marks from Scott's abuse of me earlier. I felt suddenly more exposed.  
  
"Should I even ask how you got these?" he said, as if reading my thoughts.  
  
"I'd better not say," I said, not knowing what to say to him. He went back to work on me. It was no more than 20 or 30 minutes and he stood up, stepped back and admired his work.   
  
"I think that turned out nicely," he smiled as he had me stand up. He handed me a mirror, I looked at it in the larger mirror. I chuckled a bit, it really was kind of cute. I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek to thank him. He just stood there looking at me. It was then I realized what he was waiting for. He was waiting to get paid. I started to panic.  
  
"Oh...um...you want money...how much is it?" I stammered.   
  
"Well, Scott and I agreed to a hundred."   
  
I'm sure the blood was rushing from my face. "I'm sorry, I thought he...I thought Scott was paying, I didn't even know we were coming here...I...I only have like, 20 bucks on me." I said, apologetically.  
  
He nodded. "Well, Scott kind of told me to expect that. He told me you like to try and weasel out of paying."  
  
I said, "Oh my god, that is so not true, I never do that! I'll pay you, I'll just go home and get my checkbook," I said defensively.  
  
"Listen, he also said that you might like to pay...uh...some other way..." he said, laying it out there.  
  
"Oh my god, Scott was whoring me out for this, " I thought in anger. I debated my options. I thought, first, if I had 100 bucks I wouldn't want to spend it in a tattoo place, I'd be paying down on my debt with Scott. Second, he is definitely sexy... I swallowed my pride. "What is it you want for your hundred bucks?" I managed to spit out.  
  
He didn't say a word, he just led me by my hand back over to his table. He patted it, indicating he wanted me back like I was. I laid down, face first again. He pulled my legs over the edge. I felt my skirt being pulled up with his strong hands. I heard his zipper, I felt his head, pressing against my gathering wetness. Then, he was inside me. I was again being used, against my better judgment. Yet, he was sliding into me easily, my juices were making it easy for him. I felt his strong hips grind into me. I couldn't help it, I backed my butt into him, helping him in I could feel his impressive hardness touching me deeply. I reached behind me and grabbed at his hips, trying to help him ride me. I could feel him quiver, then heard his shudder as he filled me with his cum. My pussy was buzzing and I tried to keep him inside me as long as I could as my fingers found my clit. I was grinding away when I looked up to see Scott there, smiling, holding his cell cam. He was capturing this on video.

"I can't leave you alone for a minute and I find you fucking my friends," he said sarcastically. He gave Derek a high five and they laughed about what a slut I was like I wasn't even there.   
  
Scott gave me my new 'total' after adjusting for the tattoo. He told me he'd pick me up Saturday night for a chance at some real 'hunting' money. He patted me on my bare behind, sending me on my way.   
  
"You fucker," I hissed. But, as I walked down the street, holding my blowing skirt down, I could feel warm juices leaking down my inner thighs and I felt alive. I hated him, but for some reason, I loved this.  
  
Friday flew by, my thoughts were jumbled. Before I could even think, there he was, at my door on Saturday night.  
  
"You ready, cunt?" he said smiling broadly, obviously pleased he'd found his new name for me. I said nothing. I followed along obediently. The thing about Scott that made him different from every other man I'd been with is that he didn't care to play the game. He wasn't interested the niceties, he said what he wanted, he meant it, and he took it.  
  
I was irritated at myself for finding this darkness, exciting.  
  
He drove us into the darkness. He just looked at me, "suck me," he said without reserve. I did as instructed, I sucked on his thick cock as he drove me to his secret destination. I was still sucking on him when he pulled up. I popped up my head. I saw a place that looked like a VFW hall or something.  
  
"Where are we?" I asked aloud.  
  
"My hunting group's club," he said, leading me up to the door.  
  
"Oh shit," I thought, "this could be bad."  
  
Scott led me to the middle of the room. There were a number of men at tables and a few at the bar. There was probably a dozen of them. Mel and Bo were among them.  
  
"Gentlemen, this is the cunt that I have told you about. You've heard about her, you've seen the pictures. This here, my boys, is the real deal," he said as he shoved me to be in front of him.  
  
I heard some appreciative whistles and comments before Scott interrupted them, "Don't let this fat ass cow think she's hot or anything," he laughed and the men joined in.  
  
"Ok men, I've told you about her last hunt, " he started as I felt that familiar red flush take over my face. "I'm a man of my word. So, here she is. Tonight, those of you that are interested can make your decision on future hunts. But, as we've discussed and I've agreed, you need a bit more incentive, that's what tonight is for, to show you the possibilities of what you'd be getting. " He grabbed me from behind. He whispered in my ear. 'Strip."  
  
I thought, "oh god, oh god." My hands were shaking.  
  
He leaned in, 'remember, the better you are, the more you convince them they should want your fat ass the quicker we'll get the money." I couldn't argue with that.  
  
I removed my top, to the hoots and hollers, revealing my luscious breasts. Then, I kicked off my shorts in a hurry, just to stop my hands from shaking. I was standing there now nude, in front of a dozen or so hungry eyes. I closed my eyes. I could feel them circling me, all the while commenting on various parts of my body. They were discussing the merchandize like I was just a quivering piece of meat. And I was, I was just a piece of meat for them to hunt, to use, to fuck, and they knew it.  
  
I felt hands on my. They' stroked and kneaded my tits, they felt my firm ass, a few even found my pussy with their fingers. Scott pulled me back before it got out of hand.  
  
"That's it men, that's all you get for now. As we've discussed, we can begin our games now for tonight."  
  
I shuddered, I thought, "you mean this wasn't the game?"  
  
He took me out of the room, into the foyer. He looked me into my eyes firmly.  
  
"This is your chance for some money tonight, cunt, don't mess it up, this could be very lucrative to us over time," he said sternly. "Here's all you have to do tonight. Think of this as advertising. There's a perimeter fence around the property here. Just like at Beth's you are going to race. It's a somewhat shorter run than Beth's. I've got about 7 takers for the race." He saw the fear in my eyes but kept on, "you'll race them, one by one, for a hundred each. They all want to see you in action, the naked, hunted slut. I figured this was a good way that they can see whether or not you are worthy of the big money. If you win a race, great, we'll go to the next one. If you lose, I've talked the boys down to a blowjob. Don't embarrass me either and spit it out, you swallow it like the cockwhore you are, got it? So, 7 guys, 700$, that means 350$ off your bill.  
  
I said, "What? What the fuck, that's 700 off my bill!"  
  
"Fuck no it isn't, I'm not doing this for free, I get half of any hunt we get."  
  
My head was spinning, I was so furious. "This is so fucking not right," I spat.  
  
"What, you want to do it all, come up with the money? I'm the one who knows people, who can find people, if you think you can come up with it as fast, be my guest."   
  
He was right, I had no leads, I was struggling with money. My divorce had cost me plenty and I was still working my way out of that debt. I had no answer.  
  
He just glared at me, "Listen, slut, I really am tired of this resistance, one more and I'll just call the whole thing off and you know everything that could happen after that."  
  
I knew, I was crushed. "When do I start?" I asked meekly.  
  
"Now," he said. He led me out the side door and pointed in the direction of the fence. The back property was basically a shooting range. It was lighted, at night, I could see the back fence in question. "Wait here," he said, leaving me naked, in a pool of my own shame. He returned with one man. He was a burly guy, thick, hairy arms, a large neck. His teeth were crooked. He grinned stupidly at me. 'Harry, this is the slut, slut, Harry," He said condescendingly. "You only get 30 seconds head start, starting....NOW!" Scott said.   
  
I took off quickly. I just can't explain how it feels, to be naked, running, all lit up with spotlights, while a deck of men watch and cheer, and another man chases you, trying to win your cock sucking skills. I'd like to say it's the worst thing in the world, that you should hate it to your very soul. But for me, I can't help it, it's a nature that I can't even explain. I knew all the men were watching, it spurred me on. I reached the fence easily as the big man came up far too late, puffing heavily. "Ha!" I said aloud, much to his chagrin. I walked back triumphantly.  
  
The next man was a tall man with glasses. Jimmy was his name. He fared no better, definitely not the athlete type. I outraced him with plenty to spare. Scott noticed my pride, he just shook his head, he was far more devious than I'd thought, it became more apparent as I lined up each time. I'd beaten the first two easily, the third one, though nearly had his hand on me as I reached the safety of the fence. It was when I returned for #4 when I started to realize Scott's plan. Each man was getting younger, more athletic. Plus, I was now getting rubbery legged from repeated sprints. I asked him for a breather.  
  
"The only breather you get is when you are on your knees, sucking cock," Scott said coldly, "Next!" he called.   
  
It was a young man, somewhat heavy set, but muscular, with thick, strong legs. He was grinning. "GO!" yelled Scott and once again I took off. My legs no longer had the spring they had earlier, plus, my boobs were starting to get sore from bouncing wildly around with each run. I lost my train of though and I stumbled over a root a bit, slowing me down. Suddenly he was on me. He tackled me to the ground. He was laughing.  
  
"Gotcha, slut!" He snickered. I was brushing the dirt off me, on my knees. He just unbuttoned his Levi's right there in front of me. His cock was musky. I begrudgingly took it into my mouth, between gasps of air. He was hard in no time. I could feel the eyes of the other men on us. I knew they could see, it was well lit, plus, I noticed a few of them holding binoculars earlier. I knew they were getting a show. The young man didn't last long under the relentless pressure of my tongue and he soon spilled his seed into my mouth. I walked back slowly, trying to stall and rest, while wiping the excess off my lips.  
  
I'd gained a little reserve from the respite I had while sucking cock and my leisurely walk back. I had more life. I out kicked #5 by about ten yards to the fence. I was slowly ambling back when I heard Scott announce, "If you aren't back here in ten seconds I'm sending them all out there for you to service!" He yelled. I hustled back.  
  
#6 Was Mel, he caught me far from the fence. He teased me by running around in front of me, sending me in another direction in my attempt to get around him. He basically was cornering me, herding me back towards the men. I gave up and dropped to my knees. I gave him the blowjob he'd wanted the other night.  
  
"Oh yeah, slut, that's it, suck my cock," he moaned. I'd never heard him talk like that before. I stopped sucking him and looked at him in shock. He grabbed my head and forced me back on him, 'did I tell you to stop sucking my cock you fucking whore?" he said, lost in pleasure. I'd awakened a beast in him and I guess I could see why, all those times I'd teased him, then, that last time racing to the fence, he was building for this. He blasted me with a copious load of his cream. I choked a bit on it. This caused laughter in the onlookers. I swallowed hard.   
  
I was spent now, I had nothing left. #7 was Bo. Scott yelled for me to run. Instead, I just walked up to Bo, unzipped him, and sucked his cock right in front of the rest of the men. I had no interest in running anymore. I fellated him well, even though my jaw was getting sore from being invaded by the 4th cock of the night (if you consider Scott's in the car). The men were beside themselves by this last brazen act. Scott later told me he thought that that helped drum up a little more interest than they'd even had before.   
  
My tummy was full of cum, just like he wanted. Scott took me out of there slowly, parading his slut proudly for future interest. He drove me back home, keeping me naked. Before he let me out of the car he just pulled me onto his lap. His cock was out. He had me ride him like that. I had wondered when he'd take me, it'd been since the hunt, and since all those other guys getting me. He enjoyed my swollen, excited pussy bouncing up and down on his magnificent member. He shot deep inside me without a word. I actually felt a sense of accomplishment, being able to please him like that. I went into the house, still naked, to collapse. The smell of all those men on me would have to linger, I had no interest in a shower. I got the shock of my life when I got inside. Beth was there.   
  
"Oh my god, Beth...what are you doing here?" I gasped.  
  
"Well, apparently watching you fuck my boyfriend," she snipped.  
  
"Oh my god, Beth, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry...you don't understand...I...I..." I cried.  
  
"Oh, I understand all right, I understand his cum is mixed with your slut juices right now."  
  
I just bowed my head and cried. "Beth...I'm so sorry." I fell to my knees, sobbing.  
  
"Regardless of the situation here, the fact is you lied to me, and fucked my boyfriend behind my back, even though you really were doing it for me."  
  
She allowed me to let it all out. She just stood quietly in front of me. Finally, I had nothing left, I reached for her to hug her, still on my knees.  
  
I saw her smile, " Ok, I think you've paid enough." I looked at her hopefully.  
  
She looked at me with a grin. "Oh my god Samantha..." she said questioningly, "you mean you really don't know"? I had no idea what she was talking about. "You can't be serious...oh...wow...I don't know how to tell you this then..." she laughed.  
  
I looked at her in complete confusion. "Sam, wake up," she chuckled, "You think I didn't know about all this"? she giggled.  
  
"What!?"  
  
"Yes, I knew about all this all along, the hunt, Scott fucking you, you running naked in my yard, silly girl, do you think I'm totally clueless, my god, I helped set all this up, who do you think gave Scott the two way phone to track you in the first place," she said, laughing. "Oh, the tattoo was a little bit of a shocker from Scott, but from what I can see, I really like it," she said, beaming.  
  
I collapsed on the floor. I was spent, this was all too much. She'd set me up to be at the mercy of her boyfriend. Now, it all made sense. All those looks she'd given me, the help in the exhibition games, all the secrets she'd pulled out of me. She knew exactly what I was into, what I was capable of, what I wanted, and she'd schemed to make it happen.  
  
"Scott and I are no different, you see, " she said. "We both see the potential in you, what you truly are. He is interested in fucking you, for sure, the money he doesn't really need. I, on the other hand, am more interested in your wonderful debasement. Whose ideas do you think those hunt was, the chases? C'mon, Scott doesn't have that kind of wickedness."  
  
"So what does this mean?" I asked in a daze now.  
  
"Well, it means we can drop this charade. We all know. Then, we can continue our games freely."  
  
"But, but"....I stuttered, "the money."  
  
"That's between you and Scott, dear, you are the one who signed an IOU, " she said. "Trust me, he'll use you to make us all money. However, there is still the matter of you betraying me. I still can't believe you'd lie to me, let my boyfriend anally rape you, and keep that from me, after all these years..." she said with some disdain. "He called me from the two way after he captured you. I told him I was SURE you'd back out, refuse to fuck him, after all, that's what a true friend would do. Then, he told me you begged him to fuck your ass. Well, I guess I was wrong about you, about our friendship."  
  
"I said I'm sorry Beth....so sorry....I was trying to help you," as I sniffed away a tear again.  
  
"Well, you are going to start making it up to me. Put your clothes on , slut, we're going out."  
  
"But Beth, I'm not sure if I want to...do this...anymore."  
  
Beth smiled sweetly, belying the wickedness of her intent, "Listen, if the guilt of lying and betraying me doesn't do it, and you having a signed debt to Scott, there's always the videos he's made of you."  
  
"Videos"? I asked, wondering about the plural.   
  
"Sure, he made the one of you willingly fucking the tattoo guy for money. Even better though is the security camera video of the hunt club tonight. That's right Samantha, they have cameras, GOOD ones, amazing how well that will show. But in truth Samantha, I'd never do that to you, even after what you did. Scott still might, but your deal is between you two, not me. So, it's your choice. I'm talking about you and I. This is your chance for it being right again. I know who you are Samantha, I know everything about you, I love you dearly. You can do what we ask from now on, willingly, or we can part as friends. You know what you are Sam, what you want, it really should be a winning situation for all of us.  
  
"What should I wear tonight?" I asked meekly It appeared I now had two people controlling me sexually. I knew this was going to be difficult. That feeling in my groin told me, yet urged me on.

**The Ultimate Hunt-Nude Female Prey Ch. 03**

*{Part three of "Ultimate hunt- nude female prey"}*  
  
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I was standing in my doorway naked, still dripping Scott's cum from my pussy. The corners of my mouth were sore and dry from sucking on three of his hunting friends. And now, my best fried Beth was ordering me out for more. Whether it was blackmail, guilt, or if I actually got off on this stuff, I still couldn't be sure. Beth had me, just like Scott had me. I was at their bidding.  
  
"Let's see what we have in the closet for you to wear, we can't just can't have you show up in public naked...or can we?" Beth laughed. She rummaged through my closet while I sat there in a state of shock. "Here, this looks perfect," she said as she handed me my red leather micro mini skirt. I groaned.  
  
"But Beth, I haven't worn this in years, my butt will be hanging out of it for sure," I whined.  
  
"I don't see the problem there," she smirked. "After all, you've been naked in public several times lately, this should be like wearing a parka to you."  
  
A minute later she produced a short black crop top with a V-neck. It was quite cleavage revealing, I tended to only wear that on dates. She handed me some frilly red lace panties. I was thankful that even though they were sexy, at least I was allowed panties this time. I wasn't so lucky on the bra, however, she wanted to see my nipples poke out prominently. She was pleasantly tickled when she tweaked my nipples between her fingers, which made them stick out nicely for her. Beth had never touched me like that before but I had a feeling this was going to be a night of firsts. She let me to the mirror and gave a few long whistles, showing her pleasure at what she saw.  
  
"My my, Samantha, if it's possible, I'd say you may even look better barely dressed than not at all."  
  
I could see a hint of my red panties peeking out under the back of my skirt when I turned, no doubt she noticed it as well. She gave me a wry smile.  
  
"I think we're good here," she grinned. She marched me out the door by my arm without any words exchanged.  
  
We drove for a bit before another word was spoken. "Am I allowed to ask where we're headed?" I asked, hoping for some leniency.  
  
"You can ask anything you want, doesn't mean I'll answer," she said with a condescending smile. "However, it may embarrass you more to tell you. So, here it is, we're headed back to Jake's bar along the river," She said, scanning my face as she spoke. I know she wanted to see the panic in my face and I'm sure she did. "That's right, I just have missed so much of this life you are now living, Sam. I want to watch you, be there when you do your thing," she said without subtlety. "I figured I needed to see for myself, in person, all those things you are capable of before Scott whores you out to another hunter. Scott has been quite busy, you see, dear. Your pics have been viewed by thousands by now. Scott already has a hunter lined up for you. You are going to have a busy weekend next weekend. We've been getting tons of emails daily, I've had a hard time answering them all."  
  
"Emails about what?" I asked, fearing the answer.  
  
"Oh, they want to know more about you. They want to see more, hear more about the slut in those pictures. They absolutely love hearing the stories of all the things you've done so far." I wanted to crawl into a hole in the floorboard. "So, tonight I want this to be about us, about you showing me what you're becoming, before Scott comes in a whisks you away again."  
  
I could feel that knot in my stomach starting to tighten. I saw Beth steal a glance between my legs at my partially exposed panties. I quickly closed my legs. Beth slapped my legs hard, and made me open them back up.  
  
"That just won't do," she snapped. I was made to hold my legs open the rest of the way.  
  
We pulled down the river, past the turn off of the dirt road that I'd walked naked on only a couple weeks before. It seemed so long ago now. That seemed so mild and innocent, compared to where I was now. I almost longed for that again. I feared where we were headed with all this. We pulled into the parking lot.  
  
"Get out," Beth ordered. "Go in, get us a seat. Talk to everyone that talks to you, you are not to ignore anyone. If anyone asks to dance, you dance. You are not to say no to anyone in there, got me?" "Get us some drinks, I'm sure you'll have people buying, so that should be no problem,. I like how free and loose you get when you've had a few, don't refuse any, " she said and I nodded meekly. "Off you go then, I have to make some calls," Beth explained.   
  
I walked to Jake's bar which was the first bar along the river. On weekends such as this, they always had a DJ and dancing. It was nearly always full. Tonight was no exception. I walked in. I dreaded seeing anyone I recognized from the last time I was there. I knew that many had seen me do my naked march for them. Some of them that I'd talked to before knew that my name was Samantha. I'm sure more heard from their friends about what I'd done. I hoped beyond hope that I could hide in this big crowd. Dressed like I was, there was little chance of that. I found a seat in the corner and had barely sat down when a man came up to the table. He was grinning.  
  
"Hey, nice to uh...see you again," he said, blatantly ogling my cleavage.  
  
"Hi," I said softly, barely looking up.  
  
"Samantha, isn't it?" He asked.  
  
Oh god, here we go. "Yes," I said, hoping he just remembered the name only.  
  
"My name is Billy, can I buy you a drink?" he wondered.  
  
"Um, ok, my friend is coming too," I said.  
  
"No problem, I'll get her one too, it's a woman, right?"  
  
"Yes," I nodded.   
  
He left. I took a deep breath. I took stock of my situation. I'm in the shortest mini skirt I own, panties probably poking out no matter how I sit. My tits are in a cleavage revealing top. My pussy is still buzzing, and full of Beth's boyfriend's cum. What cum hadn't leaked down my leg, that is. I'm in a bar where many of the guys have seen me walk naked across the river for them. My best friend is outside doing god knows what, no doubt some kind of planning for exacting her revenge. I still wasn't clear on her motives fully, Was it even revenge? Is it out of her friendship, her desire to have me explore these deepest, darkest things? I couldn't be sure. Billy returned with some shots. Ugh, shots. Still, I wasn't to refuse. I knocked down my shot and wiped it off with the back of my hand, reminding me of how I'd done that with those cocks earlier.   
  
Billy tugged me onto the dance floor against my protests. I tried to keep my skirt from riding up the best I could. Each time he took my hand, however, I knew the people behind could see the color and type of panties I had on. We danced for two songs, I could see faces as I swirled. They were watching me. I saw Beth had found our table. I urged Billy back. Back at the table, several men came up and introduced themselves. It was clear why. They knew who I was, in fact, word seemed to be getting around. I could tell by the way people were looking at me and whispering to each other. The women were shooting me the dirtiest looks imaginable. Finally, one man, Reggie, a well built black man, after plying me with more alcohol, came out with it.   
  
"So, there's some talk here tonight that you are the woman who walked nude down the river." I didn't respond, so Beth nudged me hard in my ribcage.  
  
"Yes, yes, that was me," I sighed.  
  
"Well, I just have to say, that was um, pretty interesting," he grinned.  
  
Beth nudged me again. "Thank you," I said, knowing how she wanted me to respond.  
  
Beth leaned over and whispered something into Reggie's ear. He smiled and pulled me back onto the dance floor. The lights were low and there were quite a few couples on the dance floor. A slow song was playing and Reggie pulled me close into him. I could feel him, his muscles, his breathing, and yes, even his bulge as it poked into my stomach. His hands got freer as the song went on. I saw Beth encouraging him as we'd turn. His hands found my ass and he was kneading my cheeks, basically holding onto me like that. I knew that onlookers were watching, I could see their interested faces. I decided to close my eyes to try and block it all out. Reggie's hands found their way up to my top. His large hands found my breasts and slowly caressed my tits through the thin material. He found no resistance. Beth's voice was echoing in my head about how I was supposed to act. He turned me towards the corner, somewhat blocking the view for most. His hand found it's way into the V of my top. He was now cupping my naked breast. He found my nipple and pulled on it. I gasped and leaned into him, automatically. Beth was right, alcohol tended to have a loosening effect on my libido. She always knew it. Combined with his manipulation of my nipple, it was sending shivers to my pussy. The song ended and we returned to the table. By now, our table was buzzing with men. There'd be 2, 3, or more men at the table at once, talking to both of us.   
  
Beth pushed me off on another man to dance, I think his name was Jim. Jim wasted no time either, his hands were on me immediately. He was kind of rough, and crude, but I allowed him to let his hands roam, per my instructions. Jim wasn't so subtle. He got his hand under my skirt. I feared what was coming. I was right, his hand went right to my mound. He started pawing my pussy through the thin material. This didn't suit him. He grunted, pulled the panties to the side, and slid his fingers over my lips. He held me strongly with one hand on my ass, while his other hand finger fucked me on the dance floor. I tried to maneuver so his back was blocking the view to the others but he constantly turned me back. I think he wanted them to see.  
  
The song ended and Beth bade me back, thankfully. However, my respite was short lived because she sent me out with another, then another. Each one finding my tits or pussy, and most often both, with their hands. I felt like Beth wanted all the men there to have my pussy glistening on their fingers. I, on the other hand, wanted to run and hide, though something made me stay and allow this treatment to continue. Beth was getting bored watching me get pawed.  
  
Another round of drinks, I was feeling the effects of it now. My head had a good buzz going. Beth sent me to the ladies room. She told me to wait in the hall. I walked through the maze of men, all of them ogling my outfit, the jiggling of my tits, the curves of my ass poking out. I went to the back hall and waited as she said. The ladies room was in a separate hall, I was safe, at least for the moment. Beth came around the corner. She came right up to me, her face inches from mine.  
  
"Are you having fun Sam?" She said with a smile, no doubt with some influence of alcohol as well.  
  
"Yes, Beth, lovely," I said sarcastically.  
  
"What? Don't stand there and try and tell me you don't get off on all this. Half the men out there have your pussy on their fingers, you telling me that you aren't totally wet?"  
  
I shook my head. "Bullshit!" she said with disgust. 'Show me," she said, pointing at my pussy. Hesitatingly I pushed my panties aside and slid my fingers over my lips. Of course she was right, I was dripping, I was being betrayed by my own body.  
  
"Ha, told you, you slut, don't ever question me," she laughed derisively. "You are going to pay for that, give me your panties."  
  
"But Beth, oh my god, I'll get arrested out there." I cried.  
  
"Oh, don't worry, you aren't going back there, not yet anyway." She said. She pushed me towards the back, there was an exit door. She showed me out the back. "Go to the pickup and wait, and oh, the panties, hon."   
  
I kicked off my panties and handed them to her. She grinned, took a big whiff and put them in her purse. "God, you can smell your excitement Sam!"  
  
I waited at the pickup truck. I ducked behind the side several times as people approached, now knowing my skirt wouldn't hide much of what I had to offer. Beth walked out a few minutes later, Reggie was with her. I turned red, I knew what was going to happen but I can't stop that embarrassment anyway. Beth climbed into the back of the pickup truck and took a seat, all while sipping on her long neck beer. Reggie didn't say a word. I was sitting on the edge of the pickup door that Beth had let down. He hugged me. His hands found my tits again, this time he lifted the top over my head and exposed them to the air. If his nipple tugging earlier had sent shivers through me, his twisting both of them sent hot electric currents directly to my clit.  
  
"I told Reggie I wanted to see you suck his cock, Samantha, he is going to be your first 'internet connection', he really admired those pictures and especially the video of you in the tattoo parlor," Beth said matter of factly.   
  
My head was buzzing, my pussy was tingling, I didn't argue. I loosened his belt. He dropped his pants right there. We were in the back of the parking lot, no doubt Beth chose this spot for that reason, but there were still several cars beyond us, we still had the chance to be spotted. Beth, obviously, didn't care. I took Reggie's black cock into my mouth. I'd never had a black guy before. I think Beth knew it. I think she figured it might be more embarrassing, formerly prissy white cheerleader, Samantha, sucking on this guy's nicely engorged black cock. It didn't matter to me, it was cock, and I was told to suck it. Reggie played with my tit's the whole time I fellated him. I was sitting on the end of the rear door, and he was standing, his height making it a perfect position for both of us. Reggie started holding my head, and guided his dick into my mouth. He started to face fuck me. Beth was behind me, I could hear her ooohing and aahing.  
  
"That's right Samantha, slut, suck that big cock," she was urging. I was doing my best. By now I was just getting mouth fucked. Reggie drove it into me, making me choke on more than one occasion. Finally, he let loose and filled me up with his sperm. He held my head the whole time, I coughed and gasped as it went everywhere. Reggie just looked down at me, then at Beth.  
  
"You are right, woman, this slut can suck some cock, call me anytime!" He laughed as he zipped himself up and walked away.  
  
Beth just looked at me with an amazed look. "Damn, Samantha, I never knew it looked so good, or that you were so good at that kind of thing. "Ok darling, " Beth cooed. "Time to go get some more, I heard that both bars are now buzzing about this naked slut." I rubbed in the cum the best I could then put my top back on. "You wait here again," she smiled sweetly.  
  
"But Beth, that last guy, and those other guys at the hunt club tonight, I'm tired, and my jaw is sore," I whined  
  
"Fine Samantha, I know you have two other holes they'd love to use," Beth said coldly.  
  
Suddenly, I heard something that nearly stopped my heart.  
  
"Samantha? Samantha Stone?" came the voice. "Oh god, oh fuck, who knows me?" I wondered in panic.  
  
Beth was grinning ear to ear. "Well, if it isn't Matt. You remember Matt, don't you Beth?" She knew I did. Matt was totally hot for me in high school. He was one of those quintessential dweebs. He was a techno geek, into projectors and the like. He ogled me non stop for four years.   
  
"Matt told me something interesting," Beth said, "he told me that one fall dance when he asked you to go, and you went with Bob Raines instead, that he saw you two making out under the bleachers that night. He said he saw you with your top off, on your knees. Kind of like you were a minute ago."  
  
I wanted to die, I wanted to just spontaneously combust, if only it was possible. It was obvious Beth had talked to him before this, this was just too great a coincidence.  
  
"Look at her now Matt, she doesn't seem to good for you now, does she?" Beth asked sarcastically.  
  
Matt just shook his head. Beth stood me up My face was still slick from cum.  
  
"In fact, I don't think you are too good for anyone right now," Beth chuckled. "Are you sure you even want this cunt?" Beth said, sticking in the proverbial knife. Matt wasn't sure of what to say. Beth just smirked, "Well, her pussy may still be good. Show him your pussy dear, let him be the judge."  
  
I sat back against the reclined truck door. I lifted my skirt. My pussy was in the open. Embarrassingly, my lips were puffy and engorged. "Ask him if he wants to fuck your slut pussy," Beth urged.  
  
"Do you want to fuck me, Matt, do you want this pussy you've wanted for years"? I urged, finding a side of me that has been lurking. The alcohol was helping. Beth took out her camera. I wanted to float away, to another place and time. There wasn't time for escape.  
  
Matt was on me like if he wasted a second he'd wake up. He got his dick out. It was long, but very slender, I almost laughed, but I knew Beth would punish me more, somehow. I sat up on the edge of the truck. He slid it into me. Over his shoulder I could see people looking out the windows of the bar. Oh god, I hope this is quick. Sure enough, Matt probably was either a virgin, or he had little experience at all, but after some quick humping he jacked his cum into my wetness. Beth rolled her eyes and smiled. He quickly pulled out and apologized. Just as fast as he'd cum he took off into the darkness.  
  
"Well, that was interesting," Beth giggled.  
  
"Beth, are we done now, can I go home?" I whimpered. I'd had a night where I'd been chased down, sucked off three men at the hunt club. I'd been fucked by Scott in the car, I sucked off Reggie, now this.   
  
"Hardly," she said impassively. "But, I have other plans." She had me get in the truck and we drove away from Jake's bar. We were only heading down the street, to the 2nd bar. Beth parked off the parking lot, in the grass, under a bunch of trees. Beth had me wait outside the car, naked. She returned with three men.   
  
"Seems like these men all know you, Samantha," she cackled. In my haze I noticed two of them were from the other week, no doubt they'd seen me parade naked. I think they were both bouncers. The third man hung back, out of sight. The bouncers circled me. Beth put me on my knees. I had to go from one to the other and suck them. Beth sat back in the dark with the other man and discussed me like I was a piece of meat. I could hear and see a camera working. I was being filmed again.   
  
"Man, that slut really is sexy, I love her round ass, those nice firm tits." said the man, in a voice I was trying to place. Beth would just agree and suggest things for the men to say to me. Whore, slut, cunt, I heard it all, it only spurred me on through my significant buzz. Finally, the men started to show signs they were ready. They were letting me linger on their cocks for a longer time, I could sense they needed their release. Suddenly they all stepped back slightly. One of them held my head by my hair as he jerked with the other hand. Soon, I felt ropes of cum hit my chin, face, tits. It was going everywhere. They both dumped their load on my naked flesh. They stood around and laughed at me.  
  
"Wow, that is one fucking slutty cow," they chuckled.   
  
I looked up at Beth, cum stinging my eyes, "Can we go home now?" I begged.  
  
"I don't think so, after all, didn't my boyfriend fuck you in your ass? Didn't you give that precious ass to him on the very first time he had you naked?" I think you owe me a lot more," she said ominously. "No, you have something else to offer," she said, giving me a start.  
  
Out stepped the 3rd guy. It was Ron, one of my bosses at work. "Oh, fucking christ. I can't, he's my boss. How can I ever face him again?" I asked my panic stricken mind. Beth was cold. Calculating. Far more devious than I'd ever imagined.   
  
Beth had the other 2 guys hold me, they bent me over the truck bed. "Old Ronnie here said he's wanted that ass since he met you. " I was starting to kick and scream now. I felt my top being tied around my mouth, gagging me. My arms were pinned uncomfortably up and behind me. The other men each had one leg wrapped around my legs. I was bent over, spread open. I was crying now, through the gag. Beth just leaned in, stroking my hair, "you'd better hope his cock is smaller than Scott's" she said coldly, cutting to the point of it. I'd let her man fuck my ass, this was my repayment for all of it, all this, for my betrayal. I was having to pay, literally now, with my ass.

"Let's see if he likes your ass as much as Scott does," Beth growled. Ron stepped up between my legs. I could feel his cockhead teasing me.  
  
"Gawd, the bitch is wet," he said with some wonder. He was right, he was finding my pussy nearly flooded from all the calculatingly wonderful abuse. He used my own wetness against me. He coated his cock with it and then found my back door opening. He slid in with only some resistance. The men muttered their appreciation for the sight of this cockslut getting anally reamed. Ron rode me like I know he's wanted to ride me for the all the time I'd been there. He never had a chance with me, he wasn't 'my type' but now here he was, balls deep, buried in my ass. It was all because my best friend had called him and set me up. She knew how humiliating it would be to be taken by him. I'd confided everything to her, all my desires, all my hopes, dreams. I'd told her all the people I knew, about how I felt about every one of them. That's why she contacted Matt, let him have me, and now this man, probing my ass with a couple years of desire behind it. I could feel his lust for me. He was fucking me deeply, but with some restraint, he wanted this moment to last. I tried my best to hurry him along, I bucked back against him with fervor. It only added to his building excitement. The other men were urging him on as Beth filmed me getting defiled like this. Finally, with a yell, he filled my bowels with his hot load. The men were slapping my ass now, adding to the lurid cacophony of feelings I had mixed up in my head. The men let me go free, my arms were hurting something fierce. I slumped to the ground.   
  
"So, I get a copy of that tape, right Beth?" Ron said, as he was wiping himself off with my top. Beth nodded in assent, adding a catlike grin. The men all circled me for a few moments and slapped my tits, my face, all the while letting me know where I rated for them. I was their slut, their whore they used. I didn't argue. I was filled and covered in their cum. That told the whole story.   
  
"Beth? I have to pee," I urged, all that alcohol was finally hitting my bladder.  
  
"So? Go!" she just said with a dismissive wave. I started to walk off. She stopped me. "No, here," she pointed at the ground, right in front of her. I felt tears welling up in me. I knew I couldn't fight it, I had to go. I crouched, the men gathered around. I could feel it flowing out of me, I closed my eyes. I still could hear the men mutter at what a fucking shameless slut I was. I peed so hard that I splashed my hand with it. I finally stood up when I was finished, I wanted to wipe it off. Beth just smirked. "Lick it off," she said firmly. I wanted to fight it.  
  
"Beth, no, please," I whined.   
  
"Fucking lick it off you right now or I'll leave you with these guys all night," she snapped. I took an uncomfortable swallow and did it. I cleaned off my hand with my tongue. The men were laughing.  
  
"That's fucking gross!" they laughed, all shaking their heads. Finally, the men walked off after thanking Beth.  
  
I was sobbing now. "Can we go"? I begged again, more imploringly this time.  
  
"You owe me one more thing, dearie, but, let's get out of here first," she said, pointing at a small group of men that had just burst out the door of the bar. They were heading in our direction. Beth just looked at me, as if daring me, "should I leave you here to fend for yourself, after what you've done, or should you trust me and come along?" I jumped quickly into the truck. We sped off. Beth took the same path as the last time we were there, she turned off onto the dirt road. We waited in the dark at the end of the road for several minutes. I was fearing another naked parade. Beth, though, was far more devious. A ferry started up the river channel. The river was basically a man made channel between two large lakes.   
  
"Ah, the midnight ferry, right on time," She giggled. I didn't realize the significance at first. Then I saw the bridge we'd crossed lift for the ferry. Beth sprang into action. She peeled down the dirt road to about halfway. She jumped out of the truck and made me follow. She had turned the truck somewhat sideways, so the headlights were facing mostly out towards the river. "Take off those fucking clothes," she barked, "those men need to see your naked cunt and your slimy face," she said tersely. Beth climbed up on the hood of the truck. She called me around to the front. Men were again lining up on the other side. They could see I was naked, they all knew me by now. Beth lifted her skirt, she was pantiless. "Oh my god, this can't be happening," I thought.   
  
"Now get me off," Beth said through clenched teeth, 'before that bridge lowers and we have half the county on our ass." She'd never shown any inclination for this before. Had I awakened something in her? Were my escapades so provocative that even she couldn't help herself? I guess it didn't matter. I pressed my lips into my best friend's pussy folds. I could hear the crowd cheering wildly as I brought my friend off with my tongue. This was my first experience with it as well, but I knew from my own experience what she might like and I gave her all the tongue bashing I could. She came like a freight train. I had to hold her legs down just to be able to ride her thrashing out. I pulled off her, panting heavily. She ran around the front of the truck. The bridge was lowering now, I could see cars waiting on the other side. I wondered if they were after us. Beth took off in the truck, with me chasing her, naked, from behind. I could hear her laughing hysterically the whole time. I reached the turn where we were out of sight and Beth was waiting for me. We drove off quickly. We stopped in the dark, along a lonely stretch of road.  
  
I was a mess, from my waist on up, covered in cum. My face was still glistening from Beth's juices. We both laid back into our seats and tried to catch our breath.  
  
"Wow, Samantha, that was amazing, it's like you have done that before," she said.  
  
I just looked at her and shook my head no. "I just did what I thought you would like," I said shyly.  
  
"Well, you DID, and fuck.....wow."  
  
I blushed slightly. My fingers found my pussy. It was soaked, and not from Matt's nerdy cum, either. I looked at Beth hopefully. She got the message.  
  
"What? You want me to lick that skanky thing?" She said incredulously, "you've got to be kidding!" She said, but with a wicked smile. "Get yourself off for me, Samantha, let me see you cum thinking about all the cock you've had.   
  
I wasted no time, I tweaked my nipples with one hand and stroked my clit with the other. I was too close to make it linger. I rubbed myself furiously. I came with a howl, as Beth just looked on in wonder.  
  
"You are something else," Beth said, just shaking her head. "That big game safari hunter Scott just sold you to for hunting is really going to dig you. Also, I really have to show you the website we have of you. With the pictures and video of tonight, we're going to have so many hits."   
  
I just laid back in my seat. A tear formed in the corner of my eye.

**The Ultimate Hunt-Nude Female Prey Ch. 04**

*{This is the conclusion of The Ultimate Hunt. There isn't much sex in it (sorry)}*  
  
I stayed in bed pretty much the next couple of days. Scott and Beth kept calling me. I didn't go to work. I didn't dare to, after Ron, my boss had taken my ass this last weekend. It was all thanks to Beth setting it up in the parking lot that night. I knew I'd be fired, I didn't care. In my restless sleep an idea surfaced, fermented, then took root in my brain. Scott and Beth were pulling my strings, I was their puppet. They were leading me into a life I'd never imagined. My brain struggled to regain control. Beth finally stopped by on Wednesday.  
  
"Wake up sugar, you can't sleep your life away," she giggled.  
  
"Wanna bet?" I groaned into the pillow.  
  
"Rise and shine," she said as she pulled the covers off of me.   
  
I was naked. I'm sure marks were still visible on me. I can't even remember if I'd showered yet. Beth pulled me up and basically forced me into the shower.  
  
"I've got some news," she said matter-of-factly, no trace of concern for me in her voice. "Scott has negotiated quite a deal for you with this big game hunter we talked about." I tried to tune out her voice as the hot water reinvigorated me. She kept on. "This guy has been on TV, in hunter magazines, he's really well known for hunting. The guy thought this was the best idea he'd ever heard. I guess he did, because Scott got half the money up front. You'll be interested to know, Samantha," she said, looking at me, trying to gauge my interest, "it was quite a bit of money."  
  
"So?" I said, still not quite fully awake. "Scott will just pocket the money, say I owed it to him somehow and that it won't count against my debt, or some stupid bullshit," I said, avoiding her glance.  
  
"Samantha, I'm surprised at you," Beth said with a glare, "after all I've done, after all we've done for you, setting up all these thrills just so you can get your kicks."  
  
In truth, they'd tapped a part of me I only fantasized about. I was now living the fantasy. But now I was having to actually go through with all those things that usually only bounce around in someone's subconscious. On one hand, it thrilled me to unimagined heights, on the other I was terrified that I was on a train with one track, going full speed up to an impossible corner. The idea of living it out was both exciting and terrifying.  
  
Beth interrupted my personal debate. "Besides, I think there's enough money here for all of us," she said. "Look, after this is over, I don't' see any reason we have to continue this charade. If this works out, we'll call it even with you. We were already planning on sharing the website proceeds with you. We don't need to 'buy' you anymore, Samantha. After this, I'm sure you'll do whatever we set up, both for the money, and because it's your nature," she kidded as she tossed me a towel. "Besides, I see you haven't gone to work this week, I'm sure you don't have a job by now. You could use the money."  
  
I just stared at her blankly, I was thinking a million different thoughts. One of them was how much she looked like me, after all these years. We were similar heights, we wore our hair about the same length. Her tits are a bit smaller but just as round and appealing. We carry about the same weight. The only real difference you could note from afar is our hair color is different. My burgeoning plan got another pillar to its foundation. Beth left after telling me to start answering my phone. She warned me not to "fuck this up or you'll be paying forever." As always with Beth, she said it with a sweet smile.  
  
Ron called the next day, left a message. Basically it said I was fired. Then another message, "you aren't fired, if you show up and we can...you know...continue from the other night." Then, two days later, another message, 'Bitch, you are fired, don't bother showing up." I just yawned, one problem solved.   
  
Scott called at the end of the week. He did all the talking. Basically his plan was this. Beth and I would fly out west on Thursday of the next week, on the dime of the hunter, Jackson. He had a hotel lined up for us, well, for Beth really, because I'd be 'busy'. Jackson would then take me to a wildlife preserve. The hunter and his mates would drop me off at a certain spot and the game would begin. Scott would be there for the ride, going along with the hunters but not participating. As before, if I made it out to a certain spot they'd determine, I'd be free and would win the game. If not, they were free to take me in any manner of their choosing. Scott delighted in telling me that detail, "In the manner of their choosing." He rattled off all the details, which I noted carefully. My mind was going full tilt. I had work to do.  
  
It took all of that weekend and the first few days of the next to do everything I had in mind. I wasn't sure I could make it happen, but I did it. I slept like a baby for the first time, that Wednesday night. I felt free.  
  
Beth showed up to pick me up and take us to the airport. I met her on the sidewalk, one bag in my hand. She didn't need to see the inside of my apartment. "Oh, in a hurry to get there already you hot slut?" She giggled. "It'll be a long weekend, I'm sure you'll get everything you need, dearie," she snickered sarcastically. I hope I do," I thought.  
  
On the plane ride Beth told me a few more details of the 'plan'. Basically again, I'd be out there naked again, but this time I'd have a GPS guided phone. No tricks this time, she swore, no one tracking me that way. "This guy is legit," she smiled, "he wants to do it the old fashioned way." She told me there'd be three or four others, depending on Jackson's wishes. "The more the merrier though, for us," she chuckled, "each guy means more money for us," she laughed. "Yes, bring more," I thought, "that would be just fine with me."  
  
We arrived in a nice, cozy hotel in the city, it would be an hour's drive to the edge of the wildlife preserve. It would probably be another two hours ATV drive or so into the heart of the preserve, where I was to be let off. I could have the GPS phone with 911 capability, a water bottle, a lighter to start a fire. Everything else I'd have to get or make on my own. At the drop off, I'd be given the map with the entire park, where the hunters would start, and where my finish line was. They would have an old Indian guide drive us out there, him, Beth and I. The Indian guide would capture everything on a movie camera. "For the website," Beth mentioned proudly. Partly for her own pleasure, as well as the hunters, Beth agreed that I'd be blindfolded and naked for the ride on the ATV. I made sure I heard every detail, I didn't want to mess this up.  
  
Beth took a shower and I went over the items in my bag, to make sure everything was ready. It was. Jackson showed up early. Beth was still drying her hair, it actually helped my cause. She had it wrapped up in a towel. She had no makeup on. I went to shower and I heard their voices planning tomorrow's 'festivities'. When I stepped out I could hear Jackson and Beth arguing over something. I listened in.   
  
"Listen, I've seen her pictures and some of her streaming video on that website, but honestly, how do I know I'm getting quality product?" He asked with concern. Beth tried to calm him down.   
  
"She's a beautiful girl, you'll just have to trust us, just like a bride I don't think you should see your girl before her time."  
  
"I'm giving you an awful lot of money, I really need to see something," he said, unrelenting.  
  
Beth was trying to reassure the whole time and they went back and forth like that for awhile. Then, suddenly it got quiet. I put my ear to the door, I couldn't hear anything. I just heard movement and an occasional sound, like a murmur or something. Finally, curiosity got the better of me. I inched the door open. Beth was on her knees, sucking on his thick cock. Her head was still wrapped in a towel, nice. My mouth fell open. This was just getting better and better. I had my cellphone in my purse on the sink. I pushed record. Finally, just before Jackson's climactic moment I stepped out quietly. Both of them took no notice. I heard Jackson grunt and fill Beth's mouth.  
  
Beth just wiped her hand over her lips, "Is that enough of a 'good faith' deal for you?" Jackson just laughed and shook his head.  
  
"I'd still like to see the little lady," he said wistfully  
  
I thought of something and I wrapped my head in a towel, just like Beth. I pranced out, naked. "Is this presentable?" I said.  
  
He let out a low whistle. "Now that's what I'm talking about." I twirled for him and showed him the goods. He moved in and placed his hands on me freely. I kept my hands above my head, urging him to feel what he might be getting. He took the liberty. He caressed my breasts freely. He kissed my neck roughly, all the while whispering, "you'd better be fast and ready, little one, because me and my friends, we like to play rough, if you understand my meaning." I knew, I always knew, it's what everyone seemed to want from me. Beth stepped in.  
  
"All right, all right, show's over," she said, though laughing. "Leave some for tomorrow." Jackson now was placated. He ran one finger over my mound as he pulled away, "Tomorrow..." he ominously grinned. Beth playfully shoved him out the door.  
  
"Well, that's done," she sighed. She showed me the wad of money he'd given her, she was right, it was sizable.  
  
I didn't sleep that night. I thought of all the things I'd done in the last week and a half to get ready, The job, the apartment, my car, everything. It all hinged on tomorrow.   
  
I was up and sitting in a chair when Beth finally awoke. "Already up dear? My my aren't you the impatient slut," she said with a grin. I barely moved while she showered, got dressed and made herself up. Finally, she was ready. "Ok sweets, it's finally time, are you excited?" she asked me, like you'd ask a child if they were ready for their birthday clown. We drove off quietly. I eyed her ever present water bottle. "Take a sip, take a sip," I silently urged. Finally, she did. Last night's wine dried her out, as it always does. I could always count on Beth. I kept an eye on her as she drove. She took another few swigs. My eyes never left her.   
  
It was then that I noticed her lids starting to droop. I took the wheel with one hand. She lifted her head and joked, "wow, I must be more tired than I thought," and she lowered her window for some cool air. We pulled up to a stop light. The light turned green, she never moved. I felt her slump into me, I shifted the car into neutral. I guided her down and got out and took her spot. I had to shove her into the passenger side. Cars were honking as I finally got her over to the other side. I drove to a side road, just before the meeting spot with the Native American.   
  
I got out and quickly got my bag out. It wasn't as difficult getting her clothes off as I'd imagined. What didn't slip off I cut off with the scissors, she wouldn't be needing them anyway, I reasoned. She was naked, I placed one of the wigs on my head and straightened it up in the side mirror. Then, I placed one on Beth's head. Yes, that matched my shade and style nicely. I put some bobby pins in for support. I took out the cuffs she had intended for me. I cuffed her hands behind her back. I added a ball gag and a big, thick blindfold, just for my own safety. Yes, she looked good trussed up like this, very good, and why shouldn't she? She looked like me.  
  
I drove to meet the guide. He met me with a smile. I shook his hand politely. He saw Beth in the car. He saw she wasn't awake. I told him not to worry, that I'd given her a mild sedative just to relax her, that she's used to it, and that by the time we got to the drop off, she'd be feisty and ready.   
  
We took off. It was just about two hours in, as we'd figured, when we started approaching the opening by the river that had been picked for 'me' to start. I noticed Beth starting to squirm.   
  
I joked, "the little filly is getting antsy I see, I told you she'd be feisty." He just laughed. He stole glances at her sexy, shapely body at every turn. My plan was nearly complete, just a little to go. We arrived at the site. We both carried Beth to the spot, she was kicking and moaning through the gag at this point. Hawk, as he was called, told me he would start filming from afar, the movie camera was equipped with a telescopic lens that could capture events clearly for nearly a mile.   
  
I told him to wait. I had a treat for him. I posed him next to Beth, with her wriggling furiously on the ground. I took pictures of him touching her everywhere. She was nearly beet red, drooling into the gag as he touched her, then finally penetrated both her pussy and her ass with his long, tanned fingers. Finally, we'd had our kicks, it was time for me to wrap this up before it was too late. I told Hawk to fire up the ATV, over the noise I whispered in Beth's ear, "you scream or try anything I'll shoot you down where you stand," I bluffed. I removed the cuffs first, she was still groggy, it took her time to find her motor skills, I took off for the ATV, I could hear her starting to scream at me, filthy things, disgusting things...yes, those would be the last words of a lifetime long friendship. I dropped Hawk off about a half mile back. I kept on going.  
  
Back at the hotel, I finished what I started. I took the wad of cash out of Beth's purse, I'd earned this for sure, even they couldn't deny that. I got the website address from Beth's things. I used the password to download the newest pictures. Then, I took our rental car to the airport, I had made other plans. A one way ticket out of there. I reached my destination, hours later. I was in New Mexico, so far from anywhere I'd ever been. I'd had a childhood friend that moved there, she helped me tremendously the last week. Got me a place to stay. She met me at the airport. We drove for hours into nowhere. They wouldn't find me here, no one would.  
  
Days passed, I checked the website constantly. I signed up for the site under an assumed name. It took awhile but finally there were a few pictures of the 'prey' sucking Jackson in a hotel room with her hair up in a towel. Then, some pictures of a rugged Native American copping some feels. Finally, about a week later, there was a new entry. They called it, "The safari," sure enough, there was Beth, just as I left her. Her eyes were startled open like a deer to a sudden sound. She was naked and just trying to find her legs. I watched the whole thing. The chase, the capture, the gang rape. I know that she had never taken anyone or anything that violently in her life. Her eyes looked at first terrified, then listless, then finally blank. I recognized that look. "Well, I'm glad to see that Jackson got his money's worth," I thought. I knew Scott couldn't renege on the deal, there was just too much money missing. He'd never be able to pay back what I'd taken. I counted on his greed. He whored out his own wife to save his own ass. No doubt he'd saw that it was Beth at the moment of capture. I saw nothing on the video of anyone stopping it, no voice to protest, nothing. They took her with smiles and laughter, as they should. I clicked off the site for good.   
  
In the last week I'd paid off my lease, sold my belongings and arranged a new life here. I had a thick wad of cash to tide me over. It was a quiet town, no one knew me here, no one would care. There was a bookstore in town, just a small one, but people liked to gather there. One day I found myself there, standing on a stool, reaching up for a book. I looked around to realize a young man was ogling my behind. My shirt had ridden up my back a bit. No doubt it revealed several bear paw prints, climbing up my back. I checked to make sure that I wasn't imagining things, I reached again, yes, he was looking. I smiled to myself, I reached again, this time higher... I wonder if I should have removed my panties...   
  
{The end}