**Trial Run in the Woods**

by bula

It was one of those gorgeous early spring days. An almost blinding bright sun shone, once in a while obscured by a tuft of a white cloud on an otherwise clear blue sky. A gentle cool breeze on my back contrasted the rays warming my front and face. Life was reasserting itself after a long, dreary winter. Fresh vivid green leaves decorated the tall trees. White, blue, and yellow flowers had sprung up between dead brown leaves covering the forest floor. Male birds twittered and sang, marking their territory and vying for the attention of female birds.

My boyfriend and I sat in companionable silence. Gentleman that he was, he'd offered me his backpack to sit on while the big macho grouch sat directly on the cold, damp ground.

He had suggested we go for a jog in Stetdover Woods. It was a long way to go for a run, but I thought the clean air, the spring forest, and low rolling hills would be breathtaking this time of year.

We had been resting a while. My breath had settled down, and my running sweats felt a bit clammy and cold. Sweat had been pearling on my forehead and cheeks. I decided it was time to move on and folded my arms around his arm. With a grin, I wiped my cheek on his flannel shirt, savoring his scent, “This was a great idea,” I said.

Cole draped his arm over my shoulder, pulling me closer to him. He leaned over and pecked me on my forehead, “I love watching your sweaty face.”

The gentle touch of his rough lips made me smile. I was warm and snug in the cocoon of his arms. A blush of embarrassment warmed my cheeks. I get hot and perspire a lot during sex. We sometimes joked about it in the playful banter of post-coital companionship. The thought of sex gave a familiar surge of butterflies fluttering down below, “We should get going again.” I started to rise.

Cole put a little added weight on his arm.

Okay, he wanted to stay a little longer. His loss!. I eased down and wrapped my arms around his body, and rested my head on his shoulder.

“Let’s sit here a little longer. I enjoy being with you, the sight of you, the smell of you, the way you blush after a good run,” he growled in his deep voice.

I stiffened in his arm and looked up at his chin, trying to gauge his mood. This was getting weird. A good run was another of our shared references to sex. Oh god, he wanted to have sex with me out here, in public. Now the butterflies in my belly were working overtime. I leaned in and kissed his neck. Taught sinews in his neck made me think of other unyielding body parts.

He turned his face and kissed me on top of my head. “I’m not the only one who thinks you’re hot. All the guys at the office lust after you. Heck, some women too.”

I shifted around a bit. This was getting uncomfortable. I started to extract myself, “Look, let’s -”

Cole held me back and cut me off, “- there’s this one guy, I won’t mention names, he told me to my face he’d love to fuck you.”

My body tensed and I grasped his shirt, "I hope you punched him in the nose," I said, yet now the butterflies turned my nether regions into a warm leaky mess.

"I did no such thing. I told him I'd like to watch," he said in a serious voice.

My mouth fell open. I tried to jerk away. Adrenaline surged throughout my body, “you said what? To who?”

"Ah ah ah ah," he held me firm against his body, "This is how I plan this game."

'Game' was another shared keywords from the bedroom. Any kind of role-play or scene he'd refer to as a game. Did he expect me to fuck one of his colleagues on his say so? Did I want to? The tingling all over my body said, hell yes!

"I've found a quiet spot here. There is only a slight risk of anybody walking by. I'll take you there, tie you up, blindfold you and let him fuck you. When he’s had his pleasure with you, he'll leave. Once he's gone, I'll untie you.”

Cole stared at me, “From now on, the rule when you pick me up at the office is to enter the office. One guy in there will have been with you in the most intimate way possible. Only, you will never find out who.”

I gasped and squirmed in my seat. Fear and excitement made my hands tremble.

Cole let go of me and pulled me off the ground. His chestnut eyes bore into me, “I want you to do this for me.”

Fuck, I loved this guy. He wasn't telling me to do this. He was asking. My body trembled from both cold and excitement. Already, my knees were a little weak. I nodded my assent, "ye-" my voice trembled, "yes," I said in a firmer voice.

He reached into his bag and produced a set of cuffs, “put these on.”

We'd used these cuffs before in our bondage games. The black nylon cuffs had nice soft padding and were comfortable to wear. The Velcro made them easy to put on and remove. Only, my hands were shaking too much. I held out my wrists, "Help me put them on." I cringed I could hear the desperation and excitement in my voice.

Cole chuckled, “Fuck, you’re as turned on as I am.” His hands were trembling too.

There was no sense in denying it. I had had a whiff of the excitement trickling into my undies. He would notice it too. I swallowed, made a tight smile, and nodded.

I had to lean on his shoulders while he snapped on the ankle cuffs. My cheeks and ears burned. I was acutely aware that his nose was next to my crotch.

He guided me to a clearing. I would have stumbled and fallen several times without his powerful arms to keep me steady on my wobbly legs,

Two white nylon ropes already hung from high in two trees. He’d planned this beforehand. My heartbeat as if I'd been running a marathon. Without a word, he tied the ropes to the wrist cuffs. My arms stretched out to the sides at shoulder height.

He stepped in front of me, tilted his head, and looked me in the eye, “Comfortable?”

Excitement had already fogged my mind a little. I pushed all my love for him into my eyes, “yes, this is fine.”

He stepped back and picked something up from the bag. It was some kind of belt or girdle, made from the same coarse nylon material as the cuffs. He wrapped the girdle around my waist and, with a firm pull, forced me back a few steps using the o-rings as handles.

His rough handling put my pussy on fire, I was breathing raggedly, and we hadn't even started yet. His firm tugs forced me to lean forward, putting a strain on my arms, stretching my tits flat against my chest.

“Stay there,” he said.

He attached some rope to the girdle and tightened the rope. The pull of the ropes forced me a further step back, putting even more stress on my arms and torso.

Cole stepped up next to me and reached to cup my breasts. He squeezed them roughly, milking them with firm hands.

I moaned. My body was hot and tingly. The rough treatment of my stretched tits made my knees give. The ropes were the only thing holding me up.

"You're such a horny slut. I bet right now you'd let anyone fuck your cunt." He gripped my hair and swiveled my head around, "but you're my fucking cunt. I get to say who fucks you.” He let go of my hair, “Right, let's get your legs trussed out and your clothes cut off."

In short order, except for my running shoes, I stood blindfolded and nude, Legs spread wide, body leaning forward. I’d calmed down a little from the dismay of him holding a pair of scissors to my running outfit.

A refreshing breeze kissed my body. The gentle rustle of wind in the trees soothed my senses.

"A few last things," Cole chuckled. "First, I'm going to ball-gag you. He prefers gagged women." He gave my ass a slap, merely a quick attention slap, "open up."

I opened my mouth. I don't like ball-gags. My mouth keeps watering, which I cannot swallow, so I end up drooling. The ball pushed my tongue down. Saliva was already filling my mouth. The fastenings clicked, strapping the gag to my neck.

"Second." He pressed a soft ball of cloth into my right hand. "This is the panties you'll be wearing home." Cole paused, "this is a pretty secluded area, but you never can tell. Someone might wander by. Some random guy might even want to join the fun. I will not tell you to fuck him. I'll let you decide. If you drop the panties, it means that you want to fuck him too. You got that?"

My stomach dipped, I tightened and loosed my hands into fists. Was he going to invite a stranger to fuck me? I moaned around the gag. If someone else showed up, it had to be something Cole had organized. If not, I’d die from shame. I nodded my understanding.

I could hear leaves crunching. I jumped in fright. Someone else was coming.

“Ah, he’s a bit early,” Cole said. “Hold on,” he called in a thundering voice, “I’m explaining the rules to my slut.”

My face reddened, my stomach tightened in dread and fear. He had trussed me up, naked, displaying my most intimate parts to some mystery man. I hung my head in shame.

"Third." Said Cole in a loud voice, "He will not say a word. I don’t want you to recognize his voice. He is here to use your body for his pleasure. He can touch you, bite you, slap you anywhere he wants. No part of your body is sacred as long as it gives him pleasure. In return, he has promised to fuck you hard, to slam his cock into your slutty cunt as hard as he can."

Another man was breathing behind me. A hand ran up my side, cupped my left breast. It wasn’t Cole’s hand. This hand was larger. He pinched my nipple hard, a jolt of pain shot from it into my tit. I gasped through the gag.

The man walked behind me. He leaned forward.

His clothes rubbed on my back. His rough hands grasped my arms.

He slid his firm hands down my arms, touching me, caressing my skin. He ran his hands over my shoulders, down and around my body, cupping my breasts.

My skin was overly sensitive. I sighed with pleasure when he touched my longing breasts. Every small eddy in the wind soothed my skin. Every button on his shirt scratched and tickled. My pussy was achingly empty. I wanted it filled so badly. I needed something, anything, inside me. One hand stayed on my tit, squeezing it firmly. The other hand wandered down, circled my belly button, and continued further down to caress my pussy lips. The gentle caress was titillating, lifting my mood oh so slightly. I moaned in pleasure.

I pushed my hips up against his bulge. I was so ready, more than ready, I was inviting him, begging him to screw me. I whimpered in need.

I heard a zipper being pulled down. His cock pushed its way inside me. As soon as it entered, a spasm of pleasure pulsed up my pussy. A red fierce wave of broiling warmth and happiness burned through my body, out into my limbs, fingers, and toes. The heat curled back into my pussy. I bucked and writhed on his dick. My world stood still in a magic moment of pure bliss and joy.

Cole was not playing tricks on me. This guy’s dick was thicker than Cole's. But oh, so good. He fucked me hard, brutally hard. Fast, strong, and furious strokes. Every push forced the air out of my lungs. He grabbed my hair in with a powerful fist and ripped my head back. On and on, he fucked me, relentlessly, incessantly. His hard shoves made it difficult to breathe around the gag. A hand wrapped around my neck in a tight choke-hold. My back arching up, forcing me to conform to his will.

He bit me on my shoulder. I sensed a sharp stinging pain, wet saliva, fiery breath, and strong teeth. The pain, the indifferent grunts he made, the hard jabs of his cock plunging inside me. With whimpering sobs, I submitted to his brutal use of my body. The sense of humiliation grew and soared alongside the pleasure I felt by his obvious joy at ravishing my body. It all compressed inside me, dragging closer and closer to the edge. Almost, almost there. I howled into the gag.

He gave this odd, painful male grunt of "Ugh" and pushed himself deep inside me in one last push. His breath came in gasps. Had he cum? My mind was foggy and confused. He had in every sense of the word fucked me senseless.

“Okay, you’re up.” Cole’s called to someone.

I moaned and crashed in disappointment when that nice fat cock drew out of my pussy. I had been so close.

A man stepped up behind me. His breath reeked of beer and cigarettes. Another one? I realized that both my hands were open and empty. I had dropped the undies without realizing it. My befuddled state had made me lose all my senses.

His cock pushed inside me. I was so wet it slid all the way in. This guy was thinner, longer. With a small stab of pain deep inside me, it touched my cervix.

One hand reached up and cupped a breast, held it tight. The other reached down between my legs. He might have foul breath, but he was a skillful hand. This guy fingered my clit like a piano virtuoso, directing my body to sing any tune he wanted. Sometimes tapping the hood, twirling his fingers in circles, suddenly stroking furiously. Each touch, each caress made me writhe in pleasure, building my level of pleasure, up and up.

He shoved his dick in and out in long, hard strokes. I whimpered, bucked, and screamed around the gag.

I'd never risen so fast to this senseless level. Only the pure singing joy in my body mattered. I was vibrating with pleasure. My pussy and clit burned, turning my body into a shaking and quivering mess. I didn’t care that I was being fucked by a stranger, only being fucked mattered. I wanted more, more cock, more force, just more.

The small stabs of pain from his dick reaching my bottom came faster and faster. Pain and pleasure swirled as rivulets in my body. Rivulets turned into streams. The pressure was building up inside me, winding me tighter and higher up, until it burst into my pussy.

I fell over the edge once more. A heatwave of red hot happiness and pleasure poured over me from the inside out. It rolled back and forth inside me. My universe comprised small firecrackers of joy going off inside my body.

I shuddered when the guy pulled his limp dick out of me. I could only hang there in my restraints. I had no strength, no coherent thought, just pliant velvety tingles. Slowly, oh so slowly, I sensed the world around me. Equally slowly, my breathing steadied. Reality crept in on me, one ragged breath at a time. Oh god, two guys I didn’t know, two strangers had    fucked me sense and spineless.

Cole removed the blindfold.

I blinked in the bright sunlight. Shamefaced, I looked down and away. I couldn’t look into Cole's eyes. I heard his gentle, caring laughter and looked up.

He was smiling, his eyes brimming with joy, "My God, you were magnificent. I'm so proud of you.” He bent down, “Let's get these cuffs off you. I want to hold you tight."

With just a few rips of Velcro, he had me out of the restraints and resting on his lap, covered by a blanket.

He kissed me tenderly on my cheek. “This is the most beautiful gift any woman has ever given me. I love you so much.”

I nuzzled into him, seeking his warmth and comfort. I was tired, sore, and sated.