Forest For the Trees

By Javaceles

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Mar 2008

**

 This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 United States License .**

Bondage in the big woods

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/forest-for-the-trees.aspx

She trudged on through the endless, winding trail of ankle-scathing brush, eye endangering branches and hot, sweaty summer air, not wanting to think about the man who walked behind her with a buggy whip in his hand.

A pack full of ropes and other "toys" weighed down on her shoulders, the pack straps like trails of fire, cutting deep into her flesh, as she continued to labor, seemingly forever, through this hellish trail of pain. It didn't help that he had forced her to strip her shirt off at the trail head, roughly slathering sunblock onto her skin, his coarse hands finding every inch of her tender skin, leaving her feeling completely used and humiliated, yet somehow aroused.

Her bare legs grew fiery scratch after scratch from the underbrush as he urged her on, his low voice cutting more deeply into her psyche than the whip he held ever could.

"Keep moving slut. We have further to go, and you are taking your sweet time. I want you tied up before sunset, and we have another two miles to travel before we get where we need to be."

He punctuated his last statement with a flick of his wrist, sending a blazing line across the backs of her thighs, the sweat immediately adding to the sting.

"Thank you, Sir," she dutifully replied as she picked up her pace, already regretting her request to him to act out this scene in the wilderness.

The drudgery of the hike never seemed to end. Her hair was a sticky, sweaty mat, piling on the back of her neck and itching. Agony poured through her light frame as each trudging step seemed to drive the straps of the pack deeper into her shoulders.

"It would help, slut, if you stopped struggling and realized that this little hike is part of your scene."

"Yes, Sir," she managed between labored breaths. "Thank you, Sir."

He punctuated his point with another sharp swipe of the whip, and she thought about how much she loved that sting as the mix of sweat and sunblock covering her skin began to burn the mark she knew was forming. She'd never thought of a forced march as being part of the scene before.

She noticed something, then. First, beneath the ache and strain of her shoulders, she understood that her body was warm, in that wonderful, glowing way that her body always got when she was experiencing either hard exercise or a good hard fucking. The more she thought of that, the more her shoulders relaxed into her burden and the wetter her pussy got.

Which brought upon a new problem.

"Sir," she asked, stopping to turn to him. "I need to pee, Sir."

"Oh you do, do you? You're not here for your own comfort, slut! Pee while you walk."

Her mind almost screamed in humiliation and embarrassment at that. He'd done things like force her to squat right in front of him to pee before, but to keep moving and soak her already sweat-laden shorts? Had this man no mercy?

"You're not walking, slut. Do we need an object lesson right here and now?"

"No Sir, thank you, Sir."

She turned, feeling the redness in her face as she decided she'd rather die than pee herself while hiking this way.

She heard the whistle of the whip right before it laid across the backs of her thighs, a strip of acid-hot fire on her skin.

"If you have to pee, then pee, slut. Right now, while we're walking."

He laid another stripe form the whip in the other direction and she burned, her face burning with shame, her thighs burning with the fire of he whip and her shoulders tensing and hurting, a band of agony she had almost allowed to slip form her mind.

The stream of acrid-smelling urine which ran slowly down the inside of her right thigh felt more like blood and shame than relief, and as she walked, the addition of the smell of her own piss mixed with that of her sweat and tears began welling in her eyes.

"Good, slut. Cry, get it out," he whispered into her ear, seeming to have appeared from nowhere. "Understand who you belong to. Understand that you are here merely to pleasure me, merely for my every whim."

He did something then, something that showed her he still cared, that this was just a scene, and that he was working toward a goal far higher than making her feel like a pack mule and slave. He reached up to her shoulder and pulled the sweaty ball of her hair away from her neck, laying a cool, wet bandanna over her shoulders in its place, relieving the itch. "Now move," he growled.

Dutifully, she pressed on, tears of humiliation and shame turning to tears of joy as she realized she had not gotten herself in over her head this time.

Yet another smell crept into her mind as she hiked onward - the scent of hot pine needles piled thick on the trail. The occasional whiff of wildflower and the deep musty smell of the thickly mossed trunks of long-fallen trees. She began to realize that the smell of her body - of her embarrassment, toil, piss and fear was mixing with the smells of nature around her in a surprisingly pleasant and even arousing way.

The whistle and crack of the whip across her thighs brought her sharply back to the here and now.

"Where are you wandering off to now, slut? Can't you see that we are here?"

"Here" was a glade, about 30 feet across, sitting on the shoulder of a hill and commanding an amazing view of the valley floor, almost 2,000 feet below. The smell of hard-baked pine was replaced with the lighter and somehow more sensual odors of meadow grass and wildflowers. And at the back of the meadow, completely out of place, stood a wizened old oak tree, fed by a gaily tinkling rill which ran through the back half of the glade.

There, under the tree, was a tent, a fire ring and a couple of camp chairs. Her heart sank as she realized someone had beat them to this little out of the way paradise and that she'd have to wait for the rest of her outdoor scene.

As she turned toward him, he could see the disappointment in her eyes.

"What is the matter, slut?" he asked, moving closer to her so she could smell the heat of his body in

the midst of the wild around her.

"Sir, somebody is already here. What will we do?"

He laughed then, a rumble deep in his throat, spilling form his lips as he smiled a most wicked smile.

"Who's tent do you think that is, slut?"

"Does it matter, Sir?" she asked, still not understanding why found her disappointment so amusing. He just looked into her eyes until she came to the realization. Of course! How could she be so stupid?

"It's your tent, isn't it, Sir?"

"Yes, it is, now get over there beneath the tree and put your pack down."

The tree had long, sprawling branches, the lower ones as thick as her legs, and one, in particular, worked its way almost level to the ground, seven feet in the air. He had staked a tarp down there, and made sure the ground was level. The fire pit and tent were not too far away, and she smiled as she noticed that he had hung a wilderness shower behind the trunk of the tree - she still felt filthy and used after being made to piss herself.

He had other ideas, though, and was right there next to her as she stood. "I want you to drink some water, slut. That was a long hike and it is hot out."

"Thank you Sir," she replied, taking the water bottle he offered her. The cool, sweet relief that poured down her throat was like bliss, and she genuinely thanked him a second time once she had drank her fill.

He, meanwhile, had turned to the backpack she had carried and was busily extracting several hanks of rope. She loved the way his back curved as he bent, and the glisten of sweat on the back of his neck meant he'd noticed the heat of the walk as well.

"Strip those filthy clothes off now and put them by the stream," he ordered then. As she obeyed, he threw a loop of rope over the tree and secured a big steel ring to it. He passed the rope over the tree and through the ring several more times, creating a beautiful, chrysalis-like web which ended with the ring in its center.

"That ought to hold. Are you ready, slut?"

She looked up, feeling caught. She was straddling the little rill, washing the smell of her piss from her bare pussy and legs. "Sir?"

"Ah, I see you think you need to be clean, don't you? Did I tell you you could wash?"

She hung her head in response, understanding that she scene was ongoing and that she had not requested his permission to clean herself from her embarrassment.

"No Sir," she replied as she walked back toward him, nude body glistening in the sun with the combination of sweat and cool water.

"You will have to be punished for that, won't you?" he asked as he began passing a length of rope around her chest. He spun her, then, pulling the rope through the loop in its own center, creating the first wrap of a rope bra.

She could not respond, but merely nodded, her breath catching as he spun her roughly and added another wrap above her tender breasts. He continued to wrap her, taking three passes of doubled rope above and three below her little, pert breasts, wrapping her arms as well, before bringing the doubled rope back between her shoulder blades and splitting the ends to tie her upper arms securely. He finished the knot in the center of her back, and she shivered with delight at the caress of his breath on her skin, contrasting with his rough hands. Then he grabbed the harness and tugged another rope through the top, almost throwing it over her shoulder as he spun her again, controlling her every move. The rope passed under the top part of the harness, under the bottom and then back up, with a twist, and over her over shoulder. Then he pulled it through the knot on her back and yanked, hard, snugging the harness and forcing her little breasts up and out, squeezing them a little, and completely robbing her of breath for a brief moment. He grabbed her wrists then, crossing them behind her back and using the rest of that rope to tie them securely at the small of her back, completely immobilizing her upper body.

"Now, isn't that better, slut? Don't you like wearing this rope?"

His hiss in her ear brought goose-bumps to her spine and she merely nodded again, unable to speak. She could smell her own arousal - she was so very hot - the way he was manhandling her, his massive shoulders dwarfing her small frame as he simply moved her where he wanted her with one hand entwined in her ropes. She almost did not understand what he was doing when she felt downward pressure, but realized he had maneuvered her beneath the anchor he had woven and was forcing her to kneel.

He then took a short length of rope and began tying her pony-tail tightly, twisting her head which ever

way he desired and creating a long, firm "tail" of rope. She was shocked when he pulled her back to a standing position by that tail and then reached up, tying it to the anchor.

Next, he knelt in front of her and began wrapping rope around her waist, three, then four passes before tying it off behind her back, pushing her hands up out of the way so he could do so. He then looped another length of rope through those passes, and began wrapping the top of each thigh over and over, thick "pads" of rope enveloping her upper thighs.

"You need to tell me if this hurts, alright, slut?" he whispered in her ear. She managed so squeak out a "yes, Sir" as he roughly passed yet another length of rope through the knots at her back and then pulled them through the anchor. He yanked then, pulling her almost completely off of her feet, just her toes touching the ground as she hung there, eyes wide and breath knocked out of her, before she began to relax into the rope and realized that he was suspending her from that ring. A little, breathy, "ooh," escaped her lips at that realization.

He quickly added a length of rope through the harness at her waist, then pulled, essentially elevating her hips to the same level as her shoulders, laying her nearly parallel to the ground and, conveniently, at waist height. He split the rope at the anchor and used each half to pass through the wraps on each thigh, lifting her legs and holding them comfortably, much to her amusement. He then, quickly, added one more rope, tying it at the anchor and then wrapping each ankle, holding her legs wide and enabling full access to her pussy and ass. Then he untied the rope holding her hair and yanked it tight, pulling her head up so that she looked straight out, mouth forced open a little.

"Now, you see why I wanted to bring you here, don't you?" he asked, giving her a little push so that she slowly began to rotate in her hammock. He stopped her as the ropes began wrapping on themselves, tightening and lifting her a little. Then he let her go and let physics work, spinning her and dizzying her slightly. He stepped back to the pack she had carried and she winced as he pulled out the bull whip - his prized toy.

He set himself up behind her, with her legs spread wide, ass and pussy exposed, and began gently rolling the whip, so that the tip just flicked her tender skin.

Flick.

Flick.

Each kiss of the whip caused her entire body to shudder in ecstasy and before she realized it, she was in the throes of a body-wrenching orgasm.

"Good, good," he whispered in her ear, suddenly at her side again, hand caressing the light red marks on her ass where the whip had tipped her over the edge and into the mad whirlpool of orgasm and release. He fingered her then, rough hands suddenly turned gentle as he fucked her with his digits, wringing another orgasm from her body.

"I see you are ready, aren't you, slut?" he asked as he stood and unzipped his pants. His cock nearly leaped out at her and she licked her lips in anticipation as he moved toward her head, and her mouth, already watering to taste his arousal. "Just a taste, slut," he murmured as he slid the entire length of his cock into her mouth, and into her throat. She eagerly swallowed the length of him, reveling in the feel of him filling her this way and holding his cock inside. He timed the length her gag reflex would allow his cock in her throat just so, and pulled out just before she could no longer bear to hold him there.

He turned away from her again and back to the bag, coming out with a tube of lubricant, a dildo and a butt plug. "We're going to fill all your holes, slut, and fill them good. Do you like that idea?"

Her eyes widened and she could only moan, the rope in her hair preventing a nod, and herself flying too far above the earth to speak. He caressed the length of her body as he walked behind her, and she jumped a little at the cold lubricant as he dripped it on her ass cheeks. She moaned again, body writhing as best it could as he gently but firmly worked the plug into her ass. He pussy was already dripping wet and as he pushed the dildo deep inside her, she knew he would instruct her not to let it fall, forcing her to hold it with her muscles, which, when she orgasmed, would be enough pressure to force it right back out.

Then he did something which sent her over the edge. She hadn't realized that both the dildo and the butt-plug were also vibrators. He switched the butt plug on first and she cried out as she came, hard, pushing the dildo straight out of her pussy, into his waiting hand. He reinserted it once the throes of her orgasm had subsided a bit, then giggled evilly as he turned it on, too, holding it in against the press of yet another orgasm.

"Don't let either of these fall out, slut!" he ordered as he began spanking her already reddened ass with his hand. He worked her over thoroughly, spanking her, telling her how disappointed in her he had been when she first refused to relieve herself at his command and then believed someone else had found their little campsite before he had. Tears, this time of strain as she tried her hardest not to come, which would force the dildo back out of her pussy, ran freely down her face. Finally, her body betrayed her and as he spanked her ass, she came, shooting the dildo out of her tight pussy and squirting all over the tarp, and his legs, in the process.

"Now look at what you have done," he said harshly. "I guess you need some more reminding, don't

you?"

This time, he began spanking her pussy, which was already swollen and quivering with the orgasms she'd had so far. She came again, then again and again, squirting on the fourth or fifth orgasm, getting his legs even wetter.

"That does it," he spat at her. Then he did the completely unexpected, at least to her, and rammed his cock into her wet cunt, hard. Hands entwined in her suspension, he fucked her then, slamming her pussy like he was using his pelvis to punish her rather than his hand. She came over and over then, almost continuously, her senses overloading. She squirted, cried out, tried to writhe and came repeatedly.

Finally, he relented, after what seemed like hours worth of hard fucking.

"My god you are a messy little slut," he told her, somehow standing at her head again. "You had better try to clean this up," he added, sliding his dripping cock in to her mouth. She came again as she tasted both of their juices on him, his pre-come and her repeated orgasms.

Her body shuddered in time with his as he came, filling her mouth with the salty taste of his orgasm.

After she finished licking his cock clean, he knelt before her, wrapping his arms around her shoulders and kissing her deeply.

"Good girl, my pretty little rope slut. Good, good girl."

Slowly, step-by-step, he let her down, then untied her, before gently carrying her exhausted body to the solar shower he had packed in and letting the trickle of warm water wash over both their bodies. He kissed her deeply again, then told her to look behind her. She gasped in amazement at the glorious sunset displaying itself at the other end of the valley floor below them. She marveled at how she had originally complained about the hike through the wood. She had missed the beauty of the forest as she wound her way through all the trees. Now she was certain that this was going to be a wonderful weekend away ...