

# Damsels In Distress Inc : The Hunted

By sprite

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*Jillian enjoys some 'Big Bad Wolves.....'*

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Jillian shivered, the chill of the October night caressing her flesh. She felt naked, despite the thin white shift she wore. Fragile silk was hardly adequate protection for the branches that threatened to shred it each time she brushed against them, let alone the all too real flesh and blood terrors that stalked her. There were three of them. More than that, she didn't know. That had been the deal she'd agreed to. In the distance, a howl split the night. To her ears, it sounded lupine, even though she knew better. Had they found her scent? Were they, even now, closing in on her? Her heart began to pound against her ribs as all too real panic sent adrenaline racing through her. Fear mixed with a heady mix of arousal, making her whimper as she threaded her way through the tress. This was, after all, what she'd craved since she could recall; to be hunted and, if she was caught, and to be ruthlessly ravished. Her thin lace panties had been soaked through ever since she'd been roughly forced into the van that was to transport her beyond the borders of civilization. This time the cry seemed to originate closer, startling a short scream from her and goading her into panicked flight, fauna leaving rents in her gown and scratches in her pale flesh. This was so real, just like she'd imagined it. The true taste of fear was like an aphrodisiac, leaving her trembling and wet with desire as she stumbled through the woods. "Here kitty, kitty, kitty." The words were human, the growl bestial. She froze, her eyes going big, searching frantically in the dim moonlight filtering through the thick foliage. "Looks like we caught ourselves a pretty little kitty." She swung her head toward the sound, eyes going wide as a black shape emerged from the shadows, seeming impossibly huge. "No." She gasped as it reached out, grabbing at her breasts, its clawed fingers getting a hold of her nightgown and yanking. The sound of tearing fabric startled her into action; she spun, trying to escape, leaving her scant covering behind, only her panties keeping her from being completely naked. Her breath was ragged, her heart pounding so loudly that she could barely hear the cruel laughter as he, or it, gave chase. Her fevered imagination worked over time, turning the hunters into werewolves. Thick furred, sharp fanged, clawed beasts from her darkest dreams. She ran until she could run no more, amazed

that no one had caught up to her. Finally, out of breath, she staggered to a halt, leaning against a large boulder, too winded to go on. The woods were eerily silent. Not even the ambient sound of crickets or the breeze could be heard. Alert, she peered between the trees, searching for shapes, for movement, finding none. Satisfied that, for now, she was alone, she slowly lowered herself to the ground, her legs spreading slowly, bending at the knee as she slid her hand into her moist panties. Eyes closed, her head resting against the hard surface of the rock, she teased her drenched cunt open and pushed her fingers inside, pumping them in and out, slowly at first, and then matching the beating of her heart. It didn't take her long to push herself over the edge, cumming hard and loud, her cries echoing through the silent wood. In the back of her mind, she hoped her passionate screams would lead them to her. Her second orgasm followed quickly, this time fueled by the memory of her 'abduction'. She'd taken great care in dressing before bed time, attiring herself in a flimsy white nightgown and panties, adding just a hint of make-up, trying to look sultry yet innocent. After, an alluring hint of flowery perfume at her throat, breasts and between her legs had been added, enhancing the scent of her arousal. She'd been so excited that she was unable to sleep. Finally, she downed a glass of Rose and managed to doze off just in time... 'Sometime between midnight and one' was all she'd been told. No other details. She hadn't wanted to know more, wanting it to feel real, like she was really being taken against her will rather than paying for the pleasure of being taken in the safety of her home. The wine had worked its magic, their presence startling her awake as a rough hand was clamped over her mouth, silencing any cries of alarm she might let loose. They'd been rough, too; just like she'd imagined it, pulling her arms behind her back and binding them tightly, grasping her hair, yanking her head back, gagging her so that, even if she'd wanted to, she couldn't protest. It had been so real, real enough that she'd panicked and fought them at first until, finally, one of them had protested. That calmed her down enough for them to push her down the hallway and out the front door into a plain black van with dark tinted windows. Once inside, she'd gotten a good look at her captors. In the dark they appeared to creatures of the night. Dressed all in black, only their gleaming eyes could be seen. Strangers. Strangers whom, by the end of her adventure, were going to ravish her. " Use me", she'd told Ms. Singh, the D.I.D. rep, shocked at how nasty that sounded. " I want to be fucked in every hole ." That's what she'd asked for, what she'd longed for. What she'd paid for. She came again, her panties pushed down her thighs as she humped her fingers, moaning like a beacon, giving away her presence to the beasts that hunted her. They came out of the night before her whimpers subsided, stealthily advancing in a semi-circle, their grins feral in the moonlight. "Looks like our little kitty-cat has started the party without us," the biggest of the trio growled. "Bad kitty." Chuckled another, darting forward and grasping her wrist before she could react. They were on her suddenly, twisting her arms behind her, their grips like iron, not bothering to gag her this time. "Beg for us, kitty." "Please, no." she whimpered, excitement coursing through her body, knowing that she was this was no dark fantasy. This was real. "Beg, Kitty." the leader hissed, his hot breath against her cheek, his words ending with a snarl. "What is it you really want?" Breathless, she shook her head, unable to say the words, unwilling to admit her depravity at first. Finally, trembling as they pushed her down to the earth, she broke, her voice shaking. "I want you to fuck me." "Is that all?" "I want you to...

use me. Every hole. Please?" "Good kitty." He growled, showing off his teeth. "As you wish." He tore her panties from her savagely, tossing them aside, leaving her naked and exposed. Then, without warning, he pulled his pants down and mounted her, driving his thick cock into her sloppy wet cunt without regard for her comfort. "You nasty little bitch." He grunted as he began slamming his cock into her eager pussy. "All you're good for is fucking. " "Oh, god." She shuddered, her hips rising up to meet his, barely aware of her hands being pulled above her head, of her wrists being crossed and bound in rough hemp, of her other captors kneeling to either side of her, cocks sticking obscenely out. She gasped as she felt the smooth head of a cock against her flushed cheek, another at her plump lips. Eyes wide and full of lust, she opened her mouth, eager for the defilement that she was sure to come. She wasn't disappointed. Her tongue out, she tasted the pearl of his pre-cum as he turned her head his way and pushed his cock between her lips. She almost gagged on it. She's never had a cock that big. Not in her mouth. It stretched her lips wide, muting her passion as the leader of the pack pounded her pussy without mercy. "Dirty little cunt wants it." Unable to speak, she merely nodded, wide eyed, sucking on his cock for all she was worth, feeling like a rag doll as the third man pawed at her tits, his nails leaving trails of searing pain through her flesh, twisting her nipples until she couldn't stand it anymore... Her scream was silenced by the cock filling her mouth as she came. Only the frantic bucking of her hips and the way her body lifted from the ground hinted at the orgasmic pleasure that roared through her as her body exploded beneath the savagery of the men. It seemed to last forever, long enough that she thought she might lose consciousness. They never let up, either, fucking her mouth and cunt the entire time, mauling her tits, using her like the fuck toy she'd always secretly wanted to be... "You can stop this at any time." The woman had told her. Ms. Singh. Her dark skin and dark eyes were flawless and exotic. Jillian had merely nodded, licking her lips nervously as she briefly fantasized about making love to the D.I.D. rep, finally giving a sharp shake of her head. "I won't. I want this too much." "Understood. But, if you change your mind, at any time, even during, this is what you do..." They rolled her over on her belly, pulled her up roughly until she was balanced on her hands and knees, wrists still bound, thighs spread wide apart, leaving her vulnerable. "Now it gets rough." One of them gave a short bark of laughter as he positioned himself behind her, his cock still slick with her spit, the swollen head pressing against her tight sphincter. "Fuck me," she mouthed, her words unheard. She groaned as he pushed himself slowly past her anal ring, his cock feeling like it might split her apart. Beneath her, another of her nameless attackers grabbed her nipples in his finger and pulled her down until she was impaled on his cock. Sandwiched between them, she began to pump her hips, amazed that she could take both cocks inside her at once. Painful as it was, she delighted in the feeling. They filled her, moving in unison, only a thin wall of flesh separating them as they invaded her ass and pussy, sinking deep inside of her as she writhed and moan. "Yes, fuck me, oh god..." She was silenced with a cock that tasted of cunt. Of her cunt. The alpha wolf, (had they actually been beasts instead of men.) Eagerly, she began sucking on his thick meaty pole, letting him guide her, hands grabbing a handful of her wheat colored hair. "That's it bitch. This time you don't get to come. We do. We're going to fill you nasty little ass, your dirty little cunt, and your slutty mouth with hot spunk. That's what you want, isn't it?" She merely nodded, her

heart beating so fast she thought she might pass out, the very thought of them filling her every hole with cum making her renew her efforts to fuck them back, her ass slamming into the hip bones of the assailant behind her as she was sandwiched and speared. She felt him jerk, his fingers digging into her hips as he shot his load deep into her ass, her muscles instinctively clenching his cock and milking him dry, setting off the stranger beneath her, a fountain of thick cream filling her cunt to overflowing. It seemed endless, ropey streams of cock cream spilling from her tight fuck hole and sliding down her quivering thighs. "My turn." The leader roared, pushing himself against her face, letting out a howl as he shot his load down her throat, filling her cheeks with his seed. When he finally pulled free, it seeped from the corners of her mouth and down her chin. "Please, I need, let me, oh god," she cried, his spew dripping from her lips. "You want to cum, whore?" "Yes!" she cried, shaking with need, the cocks in her ass and cunt slowly softening. "Please?" He laughed, pushing her down, rolling her onto her back and pushing her still bound hands between her thighs. "Go ahead. Show us what a nasty little bitch you are, kitty." She didn't even pause, grinding against her clit, her legs spread wide as they watched her, cum running from her asshole and cunt, pooling beneath her. She didn't care. All she cared about was cumming. She lay there, exhausted, having lost track of how many times she'd made herself cum as they watched, watching in turn as they jerked off over her, covering her face, her tits, and her belly with their spunk. She'd even done her best to scoop it off, licking it frantically from her fingers while they called her filthy names and jeered at her. It wasn't until she finally passed out that she her orgasms ceased...

\*\*\*\*\* "I see that, in our survey, you rated your experience as a perfect ten. Are you sure that there isn't anything we could have improved upon?" Jillian blushed, admiring Ms. Singh's obsidian eyes, her perfectly plucked brows, and the hint of an amused smile as she searched for the right words to frame her answer. "Perhaps next time... the pack will be led by..." She let the words hang unspoken, the trickle of arousal that she'd been feeling during the exit interview pooling on the seat cushion, hidden by the hem of her short skirt, a secret smile forming on her face as she recalled the panties she'd left on in the glove box of her car before entering the office building of D.I.D.Inc. If she cut a few corners, she'd have enough saved up for another 'hunt' by next April. Just in time for her Birthday.