

Strangers

by Bernie Roehl and friend, June 2008

Allison glanced at her watch. Almost 2 am. She looked around at all the other cars in the small parking lot at the top of Highway 6. She was surprised to see how many cars were still there at this hour. She was expecting the lot to be almost empty. She tried to see if the cars were occupied, perhaps by people sleeping in them. It was hard to tell.

She took a deep breath. It was almost time. Time for her first... "adventure". Part of her couldn't believe she was actually doing this. She was more than a little scared, even though her friend Barbara had done it before, and said it was the most incredible experience of her life. Still, trusting her safety to a group of complete strangers...

Her phone beeped. A text message from Barbara. "Have a great time, call me in the morning. And be ready for anything!"

Ready for anything? That sounded... disturbing. Allison checked her watch again. Five minutes to go, and the parking lot wasn't going to get any emptier. She opened her car door, and stepped out. She looked around to see if anyone was watching her. As far as she could tell, no one was. She kicked off her shoes, then undid her jeans and slid them off, taking her panties with them. She tossed them into the back seat, as she had been instructed. She hid behind the car as best she could, before removing her sweatshirt and bra and tossing them into the back seat as well. It was a cool night, and she shivered a bit. She locked the doors, and got on her knees beside the car. She slipped on the blindfold they had sent her, put her car key between her teeth, and put the handcuffs on behind her back.

And then she waited.

There was a lot of trust involved here. She didn't have a key for the handcuffs, so she had no way to get dressed, let alone drive herself home. What if nobody showed up?

The minutes ticked by.

How good a friend was Barbara, anyway? And how well did she really know her?

More time passed.

She heard a car door slam, a few feet away. Male voices in the distance. Footsteps. She sensed at least two people standing near her. She wanted to say something, but she wasn't allowed to drop the car key she held in her mouth.

A vehicle pulled up. Suddenly two sets of strong male arms lifted her up and tossed her into inside. A van, perhaps? Hard to say. Cold metal, rough against her bare skin. The door slammed shut, and the vehicle started to drive away.

She tried to keep track of the twists and turns, but it was no use. She had no idea where she was going. It seemed like a very long drive, and eventually it changed from highway to a gravel road.

The vehicle stopped, and she felt herself being lifted out and carried into a building. No one spoke. She was lifted to her feet, and the handcuffs were removed. She rubbed her wrists for a moment, before they were attached with leather cuffs to something overhead. Someone finally removed the key from her mouth, and she opened and closed her jaw a few times.

There was music playing softly in the background, some sort of chant. Latin? Possibly.

More movement around her. A few people, then a few more. A crowd. The music was getting louder, deeper, more ominous. The anticipation was the worst part.

Finally, contact. A hand, a single hand, sliding down her back. Caressing her gently, soothingly. That wasn't what she expected. Of course, she didn't know exactly what she did expect, but this was... gentle. Surprisingly so.

The sensual touching continued, as she felt some of the assembled crowd come forward. Swiftly and deftly a pair of cuffs were placed on her ankles, and she heard the rattle of chains being attached to them. The chains were pulled, and Allison was forced to open her legs.

She suddenly felt very.. vulnerable. Very exposed.

More hands, touching her. Roaming over her body, some gently, some not. She felt a man standing behind her. She knew it was a man because she could feel his hard cock pressing against the cheeks of her ass. His hands came around her sides, and reached up to her breasts. As he squeezed them, she could feel his erection pressing more firmly against her.

And then another hand, between her legs. Small, delicate... a woman, perhaps? A skilled hand, in any case. Allison was breathing heavily now, and her body began to tremble as she became more and more aroused. She heard the music build to a crescendo, she felt the man bite down on her shoulder, and suddenly, almost unexpectedly, her orgasm hit her. She screamed, her body shook and convulsed, as Allison surrendered herself to the moment and this place and these people, giving

herself over to these complete strangers in utter abandon. She had never felt this before, never felt this... intensity. Her whole body kept bucking and heaving.

After a few moments, Allison felt her ankles being unchained, and her legs lifted up. The man behind her placed a hand underneath each of her thighs and raised her up, supporting her weight and holding her legs open while another man stepped up to face her. This new man put one of his hands behind her, and pulled her close to him. She felt his hairy chest against her breasts, and his hand in her hair as he forced her head close to his. His mouth pressed against hers, and his tongue began probing between her lips. And then she felt herself being penetrated. It had been months since she had a man inside her, and this felt good. He moved slowly at first, but he was long and very hard and very... determined. She wanted to meet his thrusts, show her willingness to give herself to him, but she was immobilized. These men didn't care if she was participating or not, they just wanted from her what all men want from women.

As she gave herself over to the sensations, as the man increased his pace. His hands moved down to her ass, gripping her tightly as he pounded into her faster and faster, urgently, passionately. And then she felt his orgasm, heard him groan, felt his whole body tighten and convulse as he came.

And then, in one smooth motion, they spun her around and immediately traded places. The man who had been behind her was now pulling her towards him, while the spent man held her up for him. Before she had time to realize what was happening, this other man's cock was deep inside her. As he began thrusting, she felt herself building towards a second orgasm. She tried holding back, tried to keep it in check, but after a few deep, hard strokes her body took over and she came again. Not as intense as the first time, but just wave after wave after wave. It felt like she couldn't stop coming, as this man plunged into her again and again. He lasted longer than the first one, and when he finally came he held her tightly, almost crushing her in his powerful arms.

And then they spun her around again. A new man, different from the first two. And then Allison realized what was going to happen to her this night. Each and every man here, and Allison knew there were many, was going to use her the way these men had.

Six hours later, Allison woke up in the back seat of her car in the lot at the top of Highway 6. She was wrapped in a blanket, the doors were locked, the key was in the ignition and her clothes were right where she had left them the night before.

She was going to get dressed, she was going to head home, she was going to shower. She really needed to shower. But first things first. She reached for her cell phone. She had to call Barbara – and thank her.