

“Hey, Aly, we’re headed over to the boys’ football match, do you want to come?” my roommate asked. “All the male cadets will be there...” My boy-crazy roommate was continually surprised that I wasn’t. Boy-crazy, that is.

“Uh..no thanks. I have some...studying to do. I’m just going to stay in tonight.”

“Studying? Aly, it’s a Friday! You fucking love Fridays, don’t you? Come out with us. Maybe you’ll meet someone nice.”

I watched her smile slowly fade as she tried to comprehend why I wouldn’t want to go out. Her gaze turned to one of worry, then pity...then she gave up. “Sure, Aly. I’ll see you later.”

I didn’t think she believed my ‘I want to study’ story...we both knew if I studied as much as I said I did, I’d be getting better grades. The truth was, I was eager to get back to my saucy novel, ‘Greener Pastures.’ The heroine, the Baroness Miriam had been claimed by the general of the entire ork army, and I was dying to know what was going to happen next.

Moments to myself to enjoy my book in private were rare and precious, so the thought of a few hours alone was invigorating. I stripped down to just a loose undershirt and panties, pulled back the covers of my bed, and crawled over to retrieve my book from a crevice in the wall behind it.

Lying back on my pillow, I was about to open to the bookmarked page, when I impulsively slid my panties off as well. Within a few pages, they would just be getting in the way.

Sure enough, the scene was getting good right away: *“I was led into the general’s tent by a guard who had put steel manacles on my wrists, and pulled me along by a leash to the collar about my neck. The ork women who cleaned me up had put me in a rough linen dress that barely covered my hips and hugged my body, leaving little of me to the imagination. I could hear the approving murmurs of the general’s captains who had been assembled in his tent.”*

I sighed. The thought of being led on a chain, collared and leashed, to be presented to a powerful ork, in front of an audience...a shiver rolled through my body. I settled lower on my bed and spread my legs apart. I held the book in my left hand while the fingers of my right hand traced down my side, across my tummy, and down toward the rapidly warming area below.

*“The guard handed my leash to the general, who was seated facing his men. The general grinned as he wrapped my leash around his massive fist and pulled me close. He was a massive ork, and even though he was sitting he dwarfed my slight frame. I felt even more small and vulnerable to be in his presence, and to know I now belonged to him.”*

“Hmmm...” I sighed again, as my fingers began to trace over and around, teasing but not yet touching the places that were already aching to be touched. This was new to me, the thought of being claimed and owned by a powerful being, and the intensity of the fantasy gripped me. To

be captive and have things done beyond my control was one thing...to be chosen by the biggest and best was something else altogether...this might be my strongest fantasy yet...

*“He seized the chain between my wrists and pulled my arms up over my head. With a hand at my waist, he turned me to face his men, displaying me to them as his trophy, his prize. He was the most powerful ork in all the land, the conqueror, and I was the spoils of war. And yet, as he held me up in front of his men as a symbol of his conquest, a human woman in a collar and chains, I couldn’t help feeling an odd sense of pride to be so valued.”*

I needed to feel that sense of being so valued. As a lowly cadet I held little value to anyone. I wanted to be in her place, held up as a prize. Setting the book down, I retrieved my panties from beside me. I put one hand through each of the leg holes; then, rotating one wrist several times around them, I twisted them until they were wrapped and cinched tightly around each wrist. I crossed my wrists above my head, pushing my hands backward over the pillow as if they were being pulled from behind me.

Then I closed my eyes, and began to imagine the crowd of orks before me. To see their yellow eyes looking over my stretched and exposed body, sense their hunger and lust for me. To know that each and every one of them desired me, would fight over me. And yet, none of them could have me, for I belonged only to the one who held my leash, the one whose hand gripped my waist as he held me up for display as a token of his status over the rest.

As I lay there with my eyes closed and my wrapped wrists pushed back over my head, I became aware that I had brought my legs together, bent at the knees, and was pressing my thighs tightly together. My hips rolled as I squirmed and scissored my legs, trying to gain some satisfaction for the growing heat and desire between them. I longed to bring my bound hands down between them, but not yet...I needed to know what would happen next. I grabbed the book.

*“The general moved his giant hand from my waist to my chest, pulling me back against him. I could feel his solid chest against my shoulders, feel his fingers squeezing against my breasts. I could feel the insides of his thighs against the outsides of mine. Then, as I was pulled back toward his lap, I could feel something firm and warm pressing against my behind.”*

*Suddenly, he closed his hand on my chest, gripping against me, and I squealed out at the pinch of my breasts. He lightened up just enough to grip only the thin fabric of my dress, and gathered it up in his fist. Then with a violent move, he tore the dress from my body. The crowd in his tent cheered loudly. He held the torn fabric aloft while I squirmed and squealed on the chain before him, unable to cover myself, naked and displayed for all.”*

The shocking scene I was reading made me gasp aloud. I had never read or imagined something so explicit, so erotic. I’d dreamed of stripping for a captor. But never of being forcibly stripped! I brought my wrapped hands to the neckline of my undershirt. Was I really going to do this?

With a forceful move, I pulled downward. I heard the garment stretch, then snap, and then it was tearing away from me. I gasped as the cool night air met the warm flesh of my breasts and abdomen, and felt my nipples instantly growing even harder than before.

Now there was no holding back; I plunged both hands between my legs and spread myself open with my fingers. I found that one spot that was so needy for pleasure and began to give it the satisfaction it longed for. My thighs closed down upon my hands, trapping them between, and I tucked my ankles up behind them as I curled my body forward.

I imagined the ork general holding my stretched body upright effortlessly, while his other hand grabbed and groped at my breasts, his sharp claws etching around my nipples and pressing into soft flesh. I could feel him hardening behind me as my rear was pressed against him, and I instinctively began to move my hips to grind against him.

What would he do, I wondered? Would he take me right there, in front of all his men? Would he force me to my knees, to show his dominance over me and make me pleasure him while his captains watched? And would he stop there? Or would he share me with his men, elevating his own status by gifting me to those whom he wished to reward?

These thoughts and more gave pleasure to my mind as the fingers of my bound hands gave pleasure to my body. I bit my lip to try and contain the growing need to cry out, as soft gasps and moans escaped with each quickening breath.

Voices in the hallway outside my door distracted me and reminded me to keep from crying out as the tingling in my entire body grew. But the sound of a key in the lock of my door cut through my visions and snapped me to cold reality. Panic and desperation superseded any frustration at the interruption of my fantasy...that would come later.

I grasped the corner of my bed covers and pulled them over me while tucking and turning my body away from the door. I had barely stopped moving when the door opened behind me and I heard a tentative "Aly?" from my roommate. I squeezed my eyes tightly shut and desperately tried to calm my breathing. "The match was rained out so we're back early."

"I think she's asleep." came a male voice. I fought the instinct to open my eyes. This situation had suddenly gotten worse. Here I was, essentially naked under my covers with my wrists bound together with my own panties, and my roommate has brought a boy back to our room??

"So much for studying," I heard my roommate say with a sneer.

"Looks like she fell asleep reading," the male voice whispered. "There's a book beside her head. I wonder what it is."

My book! In my haste to cover myself I had forgotten to hide it. If it was lying face up, the cover illustration would leave little doubt as to the subject. Would he see it?

“Forget the book!” my roommate whispered. “Come here and show me those moves you bragged about.” I heard the sound of one person climbing onto her bed...then another.

My face burned with embarrassment and anger. And now the frustration was setting in. I had been so close to finally getting satisfaction. Why is it I was always getting interrupted just when things were getting good?

To make matters even worse, I began to hear giggles and the unmistakable sounds of two people making out behind me. Like the sound of boots in mud, I thought. Gross.

Oh! This was torture, I thought to myself. I was basically a prisoner in my own bed, tormented by the sounds of others' pleasure, while being denied my own.

Then the thought occurred to me. A prisoner. My wrists were still bound. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. Being denied pleasure while others around me indulged. Perhaps this was one way the general would torment me...

I slowly slipped my wrapped wrists down between my legs again. Perhaps if I was very quiet...I let my mind wander, and soon I was right back in the general's tent.