

Hersey Runs Free

All Characters © GSPervert

Hersey's chest heaved as she dashed along the sidewalk, her massive tits held as firmly as could be hoped by her sports bra as her legs moved with powerful insistence. Her tight sports bra was stretched so much as to barely contain her massive chest. It was coated in logos from her sponsor, Xtream Blu, as were her tight running shorts. She wore one-piece running goggles to keep her eyes clear, and true to her sponsor she had dyed her hair a rich blue to match. All that blue made a nice contrast with the deep, rich brown fur of the mountain lion, along with the soft khaki-colored fur that coated her rippling abs and bountiful cleavage. She was only halfway through the Trans-Urban Free Race, an endurance marathon which required her to make her way from one end of a massive city to the other. It was a mixture of marathon running, parkour and cross-country, intended to push her body to its limits. With no strict course to follow and no objectives other than to reach the end, Hersey found herself in the middle of the greatest challenge she had ever faced. While she had been briefed on the major streets and thoroughfares of the city, there were no roads closed off for her to use, no clear paths to the far side, and no way to figure out the fastest way through the city. All she could do was work hard, avoid obstacles and hope for the best.

Still, she was very confident and felt that, though there was no way to tell if she was in the lead, she was at least doing very well. The pack of runners had broken up almost immediately after the start and though she knew that there were two other runners she hadn't seen them for almost an hour. Still, she making very good time, avoiding intersections and other delays by deftly vaulting this way and that and by diving into and running through subway stations. She had studied the city extensively and knew that all she had to do was keep heading west, towards the sunset, and she would eventually reach her goal. The final destination would be hard to miss, after all, seeing as it would be lit-up by searchlights and surrounded by a crowd of cameras and fans.

Without warning, a fast, lightly built cheetah popped in front of Hersey as she dashed down the sidewalk, nimbly skipping by pedestrians and leaping over garbage cans as though they were hardly there at all. She was well-muscled for a cheetah girl but still lightly built, and she was wearing a tight green sports bra over her sizeable chest, with green pants to match. She was certainly good looking, but there was something wrong with her appearance, as though she gave off an air of unearned confidence and beauty. Hersey recognized the girl immediately. It was Muthuka, a former Olympic-level runner who had recently joined the Xtream Green Action Team, the rival of both her sponsor and herself as an athlete. The Xtream

Green Action Team was noted for their dirty tricks and their "win-at-all-costs" attitude. They had thus been disqualified from many events. They seemed to have a grudge against Hersey and her impressive victory record, and they took every opportunity to try and make Hersey lose. Muthuka was a new member, but the way she would gently nudge people into Hersey's path or "accidentally" knock over garbage cans to trip her up made it clear she was just as bad as her teammates. She had been disqualified from the 2008 Olympics for doping, after all!

"Nice dreadlocks," said Hersey. "Or are those licorice whips glued to that ugly yellow mat you call fur?" Hersey needed Muthuka to make a mistake so that she could catch up, and if Muthuka was anything like Chance, leader of the Xtream Green Action Team, then one or two taunts would do wonders. It was a little bit dirty, and Hersey somewhat regretted it, but taunting someone was a lot less mean than knocking down a stack of newspapers in an attempt to trip someone!

"Shut the fuck up," said Muthuka. "If you could move your legs as much as you move your mouth, I wouldn't be so far ahead of you!" The cheetah bounded from the sidewalk down several flights of stairs, her green running shoes barely touching the cement as she dove into the depths of the subway. The subway stations of this city tended to bypass a lot of roads and buildings and Tyler had intended to take this route herself, and the fact that Muthuka was taking it ahead of her filled Hersey with determination. There was no way she was going to let this cheating cheetah reach the goal first! Hersey dove down after Muthuka, determined to close the gap between the two of them.

This particular subway stop was in what might kindly be called "up-and-coming," and was not a place where Hersey felt entirely safe. Hersey had felt somewhat safe up on the surface, but now that she was underground in a poorly-lit subway station she felt much less so. The station was closed for repairs, and the lighting was poor. Forced to get creative by the remodeling of the newsstand area, Muthuka jumped the non-functional turnstiles headed down to the platforms, dashing at high speed through the poorly lit gloom. Hersey could barely see her now, it was so dark and she was so far ahead. How was she ever going to win now? She could barely see where she was going, and she certainly had no idea if it she was even going in the right direction.

All of a sudden, Muthuka shrieked, and her footsteps came to a halt. Hersey slowed down, half expecting to see that her competitor had tripped and fallen onto the tracks. The third rail was still hot in these abandoned stations, and even though she had no love for Muthuka she didn't want to see a fellow runner laying dead on the train tracks.

It wasn't a trip in the dark that had stopped Muthuka, however. As Hersey slowed to a stop, she saw four sets of hungry-looking cat-eyes staring out at her from the gloom. As they moved into the single bare bulb that was illuminating that part of the platform, Hersey saw

that they belonged to the biggest most muscular panthers Hersey had ever seen. They were built like tanks, and dressed only in small red running shorts and new red running shoes. They were clearly members of one of the new teams, Red Limit, and they were clearly up to no good. The panthers grinned, Muthuka trapped in their powerful grasp.

"Well well well, looks like we caught ourselves a cheetah!" said one of the panthers. The name "Ryan" was emblazoned on his shorts. "And a mountain lion too!"

"Shit, I'm gonna be doin' all the mountin' this evenin'!" said another one, with shorts that read "Tony," grinning and lunging at Hersey, deftly grabbing her by her arm.

"Let me go!" She said, squirming and pushing against him. She punched and kicked him as best she could, but she was certainly no fighter and his massive muscled frame barely moved as she lashed out at him.

"Oooh she's a feisty one!" said Tony. He quickly forced her to the floor and began to zip-tie her hands together, pinning her and keeping her from squealing.

"We're a new team here, and we're very concerned about performance," said the panther in the middle of the group. He was about an inch taller than everyone else and was clearly the leader, his shorts emblazoned with the name "Marlo" in brilliant gold letters. He grinned, his fingers tracing up and down Hersey's hot, panting body and then sliding under her top, slowly sliding it up and over her breasts. "You see, we've never competed in any of the Xtream Sports Pro Challenges, and we'd like to win this one," he said, his sharp claws gently squeezing down on one of Hersey's nipples. It was painful, but in a disturbingly erotic way. Hersey was filled with fear and frustration, but deep down part of her just wanted to drop down to her knees and submit to this monster. There was a feral power to him, a power that seemed to bend Hersey to his will.

"So what, you're going to kidnap us and let your friend win?" said Hersey, mustering what resistance she had. "That's not very sporting, and-" Hersey's conversation was cut short by Muthuka's yelling and screaming as she desperately attempted to escape. She might as well try to make Xtream Green tasty.

"Let me go, fuckers!" said Muthuka, writhing and struggling in the grasp of her captors. She wasn't tied up with zip-ties like Hersey was, and so they fixed that, quickly dragging her over to a nearby section of fence and zip-tying her to it with her legs spread wide. They were not gentle, and Hersey winced as she saw Muthuka roughly slapped around as they restrained her. "What the fuck are you doing?" Muthuka said. "Just keep that bitch and let me go! I've got a race to win, fuck her!"

The fourth panther, named "Jones," chuckled at Muthuka's words. "Whaddya know, she's a psychic!" he said. The leader nodded approvingly.

"Oh, we intend to," said Marlo. "And we intend to prove to you, Hersey, that we are very sportsmanlike." His claws made quick work of

the thin Swet-Tek fibers of Hersey's top, cutting through the tight, stretchy material as though it were wet tissue paper. "We're going to have a little contest," he said. "We're going to fuck the both of you, and the one who cums last gets to go free. Maybe you'll win, maybe you won't, but at least you won't have to stay here, and at least you'll have a fighting chance. So what do you say?"

"Like you're giving us a fucking choice!" said Muthuka, yanking and pulling hard on the chain link fence she was zip-tied to. "Why the fuck can't you just let ME go!" Tony and Jones slunk over to her, grabbing at her tight running outfit and ripping it to ribbons in a matter of seconds.

"May the best bitch win," said Marlo, who was still standing in front of Hersey. He grinned and began to pull down his running shorts, making sure that he had a good view of Hersey's face when she saw what he pulled out. He laughed heartily when he saw her jaw drop open. He was almost a foot long and he wasn't even hard yet, his massive black length just dangling down between his legs. "What, you've never seen a cock this big before?" he said, laughing. "Well let's just hope your pussy is as flexible as those legs of yours."

Marlo pressed her up against the subway wall, the cool tiles up against her cheek as he shredded her running shorts, leaving the torn remains to clump up around her ankles and over her shoes. He rubbed at himself furiously as Ryan put his hand in the center of Hersey's back, pinning her against the wall with the strength of just one of his immense arms. When Marlo seemed content that he was ready to go, he rubbed himself up and down Hersey's slit a bit and then roughly began to shove and work his enormous length into her, causing her to scream and squeal.

"Stop it! You're too big, FUCK!" she cried, squirming and trying to get him off her but failing miserably. This was humiliating, being pinned and helpless like this, and the fact that Marlo's cock felt so hot and firm inside her just made it more embarrassing. Was her very body betraying her now, after it had done so much for her in so many competitions?

"Fuck yeah, this bitch is RIGHT!" said Marlo as he worked and shoved his massive shaft into Hersey. He hadn't even gone in all the way yet and he was already enjoying himself, working his massive length in and out of her with aggressive delicacy, stimulating her even as he put the strength of his powerful hips into it. Tony chuckled, grinning and working himself so he would be ready when his turn came. Hersey sobbed, and out of the corner of her eye she could see that Muthuka was getting much the same treatment. Ryan and Jones had their shorts down around their ankles and were taking turns pounding her like a jackhammer and whacking it. She hated it, and yet, her body was receptive to their touch and their aggression. Though she was disgusted, she knew that her body was getting aroused, and the feel of that gigantic shaft deep inside her was thrilling her to no end. She whimpered, trying to hide the fact she was crying as

she felt the gigantic male bend over and put his weight into her, crushing her inside and out.

Without warning Marlo suddenly pulled his entire length out, leaving her feeling empty and void. She wanted to cry out, to beg for him to jam it back in, to finish her off, but just as she turned to do so she caught herself and closed her mouth. Marlo behind her groaned and worked himself furiously, the wet slap of his hand on his shaft getting louder and louder as he released himself, shooting out blast after blast onto Hersey's back. As soon as he was finished, though, his friend slid in to replace him, but the leader stopped him, grinning. "Wait up, I think she had something to say," said Marlo.

Hersey bit her lip for a minute, but Ryan, seeming to know what was going on in her head, waved his shaft in front of her eyes, making sure she got a damn good look. He wasn't as big Marlo, but he was certainly large, and she wanted it. She wanted it bad. "Ppplease," she whimpered.

"Please what?" Ryan asked mockingly, smacking her rump with his shaft.

"Please...Fuck me..." she said, her body as filled with shame as it was lust. "I...I need it..." Her face blushed red, even as she felt the heat spread from her core to her nipples and sex. It was the feeling she had after only the greatest of workouts, her whole body was tingling and demanding, so full of energy she thought she might start shaking and thrashing around with it. Ryan and Marlo just laughed.

"Well then, I guess I'd better get to work!" Ryan, jamming and shoving his shaft in roughly even as he bent forward, his hands going to her chest and clit and working her over with painful ferocity and skill. It felt so good it hurt, Hersey's entire body bounding and exploding with sexual pleasure as she was teased seemingly from everywhere at once. Marlo got in on it as well, his fingers and claws teasing and pinching and caressing her body as his friend pounded Hersey senseless, turning the lioness into a twitching, screaming mass of pleasure and noise.

Hersey couldn't hold out forever, and soon she felt her body racked by orgasm. It was a powerful, consuming orgasm, the pleasure building up deep inside her and then bouncing around violently, like some raging beast that wanted to force itself free. She felt herself squirting all over Ryan just before her mind blanked out, and when she came to she was down on the floor on her side, panting and heaving, the cold cement floor pressed up against her side. She was still hot, and it seemed as though the slightest touch might send her on a quick ride back up the mountain, and though her body seemed to want it so bad, she had no idea what it might do to her now. The last one was so intense, so powerful it had almost drained her every last ounce of strength.

She was only just coming back to her senses, and when she saw reality rushing up at her, she realized to her horror that Muthuka was still tied to the fence. The cheetah was howling as they fucked

her, cursing at them even as she howled with pleasure, her orgasm still a long ways off. Marlo chuckled, looking down at her and gently brushing her blue hair out of the way of her goggles. "Heh, it seems like you lost, Hersey," he said. "Do you even know what that means? It means you didn't win. You lost."

"She didn't stand a chance," said Ryan, chuckling. "It wasn't exactly fair, you had her worked up so good, all I had to do was stick it in, I didn't even go off." Hersey closed her eyes and sobbed. The better it felt, the more humiliating it was. Not only had she lost, she had let herself lose, giving in to good feelings instead of fighting back. How could she, Hersey, have been so weak?

"Awh, upset you lost? Well don't lose heart," said Marlo. "I lied, I had no intention of letting either of you bitches go until we had our fill." Muthuka broke out in a string of curses as she heard this but Hersey ignored her. She kept her head down, but as the zip ties binding her arms were cut she eagerly let them lift her onto all fours. Ryan scooted behind her and slid his length back in, sending another wave of pleasure deep into Hersey's folds.

The panthers were as relentless as they were talented, each one working her in turn, fucking her cunt until they came and then moving to her head to warm themselves back up. Having totally given in to her desires and instincts she licked and lapped and sucked at their glistening black shafts, sucking their seed and her juices off them even as they ravished her again and again and again. Her arms and legs grew weak, her fur and hair grew sticky and hard, and she could feel every last ounce of strength being drained from her. The pleasure was so intense, so unrelenting that it was pure torture, and yet she could not build up the strength to resist it.

Marlo and Ryan eventually decided they were finished, blowing their last loads onto her chest and stomach before pulling their pants back up and walking away. Hersey was so exhausted she couldn't get herself to move, and she had no idea how long she'd been held down in the depths of the subway. She could see Muthuka passed out by the fence, likewise fucked to oblivion, but that didn't really matter. Hersey had lost the race for certain, and even if she hadn't already she was just too tired to get up and go on now.

But deep inside, something was burning. There was a part of her that longed for revenge, now that her urges were sated and her itch had been scratched. It was not yet strong enough to bring her to her feet and return her to the race, but deep down she knew that this was the last time Red Limit would catch her off guard. Those assholes had gotten their first and last victory over Hersey. As she closed her eyes and drifted off into sleep, she smirked. They didn't know her. And next time, they'd find out that she was more than just some piece of meat they could stick their dicks into.