

Hersey's Free Fall

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"We're almost to the jump site!" screamed Hersey's instructor. The flying squirrel was dressed in a bright red jumpsuit and wore a matching helmet and parachute. He had many years of experience jumping, and in fact had once approached a few height records. Only a month ago Hersey had not completed a single parachute drop, but now she felt herself to almost be an expert. Not a moment too soon either, as today she would be parachuting nude as part of a charity drive. Her biggest fans had put down hundreds of dollars each to charity in order to get a chance to photograph her descent, and though she wasn't too keen on the wind burn, she was excited to experience the thrill of jumping, as well as what would happen when she landed. The exhibitionist in her was eager to drop in naked on a bunch of horny fans, their cameras clicking and flashing all the way down. She just hoped a few of them had good zoom lenses and skill with moving targets, she wanted to see how good she looked coming down.

While ostensibly a nude jump, Hersey was by no means completely naked. She was wearing her socks and boots to protect her on the landing, fingerless gloves to keep her palms from being burned by the parachute cords and her favorite pair of windproof glasses to keep her eyes from drying out. She also had a bright blue helmet designed to match her hair, and a simple one-claw necklace that dangled between her ample breasts. Her parachute was also bright blue, and the harness had been especially designed not to cover her crotch or interfere with her massive tits. It was comfortable and firm, and she had absolute confidence that it would hold on to her tightly. The ripcord was long and had a bright blue flag on it, and on the dozens of jumps she'd done so far, she'd never once had trouble finding it. Even if she did, her reserve chute had an altimeter on it, and if she was still falling beyond a certain point an explosive charge would deploy the chute fully in a matter of seconds. Under a controlled jump she had experimented with it, and while the reserve chute had a tendency to leave her dangling by her ass instead of flying from her shoulders, it brought her down much more slowly and delicately than her main chute.

"Green light! Time to jump!" said her instructor. He grinned and gave her the thumbs up as she grabbed onto the jump door; the wind whipping at her hair and making her necklace flip around wildly. Her instructor took one quick vanity photo for her to post on her web site and then pressed on her back, encouraging her to jump. She didn't really need encouragement, though, and she leapt wholeheartedly with both legs, curling up into a cannonball and spinning through the air as she dropped herself hard.

Through repeated jumps she had grown used to the powerful rush of cold air, but it still wasn't exactly comfortable in the nude. Still, it helped that the sun was hot, the clouds were absent, and years of extreme sports had given her the sort of muscular body that most could only dream of. Her skin was tough like leather, even though her fur retained a beautiful sheen, and years of exercise (and the occasional injury) had given her toughness beyond what she'd even thought possible.

Free to fall as she wished, she began tumbling and twirling, twisting this way and that. She'd opted to fall from the highest height she was licensed to use; but that meant she'd only have about two minutes of freefall, even if she waited until the last moment to pull the cord. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation, using her arms and legs to "swim" through the air. She had grown to love the absolute freedom of movement involved in a parachute, along with the pure blue skies that surrounded her. It was so beautiful up here, and she wanted nothing more than to drag it out for as long as possible.

Suddenly, she felt the icy cold of a shadow getting between her and the sun. Surprised and alarmed that something might be in the air with her, she flipped over and let out a cry of surprise as she saw Chance, her arch rival, coming right at her. The big cougar was even more muscular than she was, thanks to the steroids he was using, and likewise clad in only a parachute and safety essentials. Chance had harassed her many times before, and many of her game losses were due to his interference. He had been banned from just about every extreme sport out there thanks to his constant cheating. Hersey had no idea how he got into the air with her, but considering the way his erect penis was flapping in the wind, there was no doubt as to what he intended to do.

Hersey began to twist and roll herself forward and downward, doing everything she could to get away. But Chance had all the momentum and was dropping hard, and he had no difficulty catching up to her. She began to struggle, crying out and grabbing at him, trying to get out of his grasp, but it was useless. Chance was fueled by hatred, frustration whatever drugs he'd been juicing most recently. There was no way for Hersey to force herself out of his powerful grasp, and no way to stop him as he began to pry her legs apart.

"Looks like we're going down on each other!" he grinned, his arms still locked around her wrists as he pushed his way between her legs. "See I've had enough of your bullshit, enough of your winning no matter what I do...So neither of us win today, Hersey, today we both lose!" He shoved his length between her legs, making her yelp in pain. Chance was massively well endowed, and in fact had begun to star in various pornos since his ejection from the world of extreme sports. His huge cock wasn't exactly comfortable going in, and she winced from all the pain it brought her.

"You're fucking insane!" said Hersey, closing her eyes and turning away from Chance's hateful glare. "We'll both be killed! Is

that what you want? To end your life as a greasy spot in some farmer's field?"

"Fuck you!" said Chance, a horrible grin crossing his face. "I don't care what happens to me, so long as I know what happens to you!" He was drooling now as he began to force his way into Hersey, jamming his length over and over and over. Hersey had found herself forced to submit to him before, but somehow this was different. Before the objective had always been to either win the race or allow her to continue her trial. She'd never had to worry about dying, she'd always thought that even Chance wasn't up for murder, especially when he knew that would cut off his access (consensual or not) to the only pussy strong enough to match him on both the track and in the bedroom. For the first time in a long time, Hersey felt herself gripped by fear.

As Chance pounded away mercilessly, the ground seemed to get closer with increasing rapidity. The awkwardness of their position was making them spin and twist wildly as they fell, the nausea adding to Hersey's sense of helplessness. She began to sob uncontrollably. "Please, please let go...I'll do anything when we land, just let me pull the chute! I don't want to die!" she frantically reached for her own ripcord, or Chance's, but the monster's arms held firm. He growled, trying to press her down, trying to make her fall faster even as his shaft pounded into her again and again. She struggled, trying to kick him, trying to punch him, trying to bite him, but it was all to no avail. She was helpless in his grasp, and as he took advantage of her for what seemed like the last time, she could do nothing but sob.

Feeling the ground rush up on him, Chance began to shove and fuck as fast as he could, doing everything possible to stimulate himself. He was already quite aroused and worked up from the feel of it, but even a drugged-up junkie would have trouble cumming while plummeting to earth at ten thousand feet per minute. Still he persisted, shoving himself harder and harder. Hersey wasn't aroused in the least, but she was beginning to think that Chance was going to dump quite the load in her. At least she wouldn't need to worry about getting pregnant, seeing as she'd be nothing but a red spot in the middle of a fallow cornfield in just a few seconds. She closed her eyes and tried to hope, her lip quivering as she let out one last sob.

Suddenly she heard a massive explosion, and felt her entire body being yanked backward and pulled upward. Chance, a shocked expression on his face, began plummeting earthwards beneath her. The reserve chute! It must have hit its safety limit and gone off! She was being slowly lowered to the ground from her waist instead of her shoulders, but at least she was now traveling safely. Her normal chute was designed to put her down a thousand feet per minute, but her reserve chute was a large, circular, uncontrolled chute designed to bring her down as leisurely as possible. She was positively floating as she descended, and she sighed with mild dissatisfaction as she saw Chance

hurriedly pull his own ripcord and begin to glide to safety. He might break an ankle, what with how fast he was falling, but he wasn't going to die. Now that she was safely gliding, she almost regretted the fact that he was alive, but he DID just commit rape and attempted murder under the watchful eye of the cameras of her fans. He'd better hobble quickly, if he intended to avoid the cops.

Hersey smiled and did her best to strike a few poses as she came down, struggling to grab at the ropes so she could get vertical. Still, she gave her fans more than a few excellent ass shots, her legs spread wide and kicking as she worked to put her feet under her. Her tits, too, were bouncing and flopping around in front of her, something that would have been much more embarrassing had she not been explicitly out for exhibition. She did her best to recover, striking pose after pose and lifting herself up to grip the handles of her reserve chute firmly, making her tits stick out. As she landed, crowds rushed up both to see her and to make sure she was okay and their cacophony of praise and attention made it clear that everyone was on her side. Fear had turned to pride as she had overcome it, and the attention from her fans let her know everything would be okay. The only thing she had to worry about now was finding an even bigger challenge than the one she'd just conquered!