

Breaking

his

BACKDOOR

CHERRY



THE THONG THIEF - PART 1

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Breaking His Backdoor Cherry

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, ballbusting and a thief learning a lesson that will ultimately cost him his backdoor cherry.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting adults.

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The Thong Thief - Part 1
Breaking his Backdoor Cherry

Chapter 1

Hitting the age of 23, I had many friends at university. Friends who I will never forget, always hustling, they showed me how to make good money without working a regular job after class like some schmuck.

The work wasn't entirely legit, what they taught me was something that both triggered my hunger for money and to provide the dreams of pussy to my fellow men, they taught me the art of stealing freshing worn women's knickers. Creeping into their dorm rooms, I would nab a freshly worn pair nightly. It was the best damn business I could ever be in.

It wasn't the easiest job to do but I got better with each passing panty I stole. At two in the morning I looked around my dorm room which I had all to myself. All the panties I had stolen from that night were hanging on a clothesline across my room. I smiled looking at the red thongs, pink thongs and black ones. They seemed to sell better than the laced white and black panties.

"You have done great Kevin. Look at all the money you're going to make." I whispered to myself, feeling my cock growing hard.

If I had the time I would look in on the women that I stole the panties from. Sometimes I would have to go into their room and feel around in the dark for their panties, when I found them and if I hadn't stirred the woman I would stare at them imagining them dressing themselves. They were beautiful woman, I couldn't help but get turned on at the mere thought. It was a challenge for me, knowing full well they could wake up at any time, watching me fondling and taking possession of their recently worn fragiles.

Turning my attention back to my computer I got into my personal online account. I was popular and known around the area for my panty supplies. I selected only a small crowd to begin with and it grew, I always made sure to cover my steps and that I would never get caught and face possible jail. I used a fake name when I went online. Everything was fake about me except for the panties that I sold.

Gerald: I have more than a handful of panties. They are now up for sale. I will take a picture of them and post them.

I typed into the chat box in the chat room I had set up specifically for this purpose. I watched as men of various ages bid and outbid each other for the scented underwear. I had decided I was going to up the price on all panties I took possession of, I knew that if I got caught, I needed to have covered my risk.

I took my small, digital, camera and began snapping photos of the panties I had hanging on the line. Quickly hooking the camera into the computer I began uploading pictures to the chat room and making sure I had them saved on my laptop.

The more pictures I produced the more men were trying to outbid the others in the chat room. A few men private messaged me in case I didn't see the price that they were offering to give me. I just laughed and shook my head.

I never sold on the first night of collecting. I waited a few days to see who the real men were who really wanted them. I learned early on that once the bids slowed down, the more serious the men would stay and keep up the bidding war. There have been a few times I have arranged to meet to exchange the panties and I have been stood up so I always played cautious. The underwear usually sold between fifty to a hundred dollars and this was for just one pair of panties.

Whenever I picked a woman's panty from under their noses I always tried to take a bottle of perfume and sprayed the panties so it smelled like the girl I had stolen them from. I knew this would drive the men crazy once they smelled them. A mixed smell of sweet pussy and perfume, what man couldn't resist.

My biggest customer was a chap named Brad Avery, he has been buying the panties from me from day one. He was my best and loyal customer but he was also very demanding. Although he paid a high price for the underwear, he would insist on a picture of the ladies wearing them beforehand. I can certainly understand the appeal of this but it was very hard to do this. I had turned into an expert peeping tom just to meet the needs of my best customer.

I stood up after submitting the pictures to my private bulletin board, picked the panties off the hanging line and placed them individually in vacuum sealed bags, retaining it's full freshness. The bags were expensive but they were a necessity, they contained an aroma and added a greater level of femininity and realness to the customer. The moment they opened one of the bags, they would get the perfect wiff of pussy and perfume.

Just before I got all the panties sealed up tight I got a call on my cell phone. It was Brad.

Chapter 2

“Hey I see all the panties online. I was wondering if you would get a pair of Chloe's panties for me. You know how much I love that girl.” Brad said into the phone without even a hello.

“That's going to be hard to do.” I replied, I knew that Brad had been eyeing Chloe for a while now. She didn't seem to notice but the more Brad watched her the more Brad got turned on and wanted anything he could have of Chloe's.

“That's fine. I will pay whatever you want for them but you have to get pictures of her in them as well.” He begged me, he made my heart skip a beat just thinking about the money that I could make off of him.

“Come on man, I need to see her in her panties. I will pay you two hundred dollars for them.” Brad begged,

“Fine. When do you want them.” I sighed heavily into the phone.

“Tonight, I want you to do it tonight. Then you can bring them into lectures with you tomorrow in a paper bag and hand them over. I will put an envelope in your bag before I get the panties of course.” Brad told me as fast as he could.

“Alright, I have to get going then. It's three in the morning already. Pretty soon the sun will be coming up.” I told him, hanging up with him without saying

another word.

I put on my black suit that I used along with my black ski mask and headed out the door. Making sure that no one saw me leaving the dorms. It was just my luck that even college students hated getting up early.

It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do. I had gotten to Chloe's bathroom window just as she was preparing herself for the morning. Keeping the flash off on my camera I began taking pictures as fast as I could. Chloe had long blonde hair and light blue eyes. She was in a pair of blue panties and a short white tank top that showed off her sizeable breasts.

It was turning me on just looking at her body and seeing that she was really hot. I could feel my cock growing hard inside my black suit, I wished that I could go in there and not only take her panties but take her right there on the bathroom floor. I could see why Brad was so obsessed with her.

I ducked down as she walked towards the stack-able washer and dryer. My heart was racing as I closed my eyes tightly and prayed that she hadn't seen me.

After I heard the bathroom door shut, I took another peek and saw that Chloe's panties were on the floor. I wondered why she hadn't put them in the wash but it was my luck that she hadn't. When I heard a car start up in the driveway I moved along the side of the house and saw that she was leaving for the morning.

I pressed myself against the house and walked slowly to the front door. I was lucky that she didn't have a dead bolt on her door as I took the credit card I had in my pocket out and slid it between the door and the door frame. I got the door

unlocked in record time and entered the house, shutting the door behind me.

I only had one mission, to get the panties and leave the house without being noticed and I would make the money I expected and then some when I handed them over to Brad. I was only in the house for maybe a minute before quickly leaving, I felt better as I walked down the street and around the corner. No one knew I had been there, no one had seen me and as I took a deep breath I knew that I had succeeded in once again taking something that a friend of mine needed, showing them I would go to all lengths for them to get them what they wanted as long as they had the money that I wanted and needed. Brad never steered me wrong so I knew that I would have a pocket full of cash for not even a five-minute job.

Chapter 3

As my business of stealing and selling panties grew, things started getting out of hand, word of mouth and rumours spreading brought more and more unwanted attention to my business. I knew that one time buyers were going to get the word out and I knew I could eventually get caught, this was the reason I put an alias on my computer and a description that looked nothing like me from the start. Somehow, someone had put a five thousand dollar ransom sitting on top of my head for identifying my real identity and catching me.

That didn't stop me, I had to find out which panties were the best sellers, they belonged to a woman named Tracy that I had nicked from time and again. I went to her house at least three times a week. I knew it was a risk going back to her house. To be honest, if there is a bestseller, there is nothing I can do apart from going back and milking the source.

Tracy liked to wear red, blue, and pink see-through thongs, some even glowed in the dark. I had hoped that it would be an easy catch to get them from another woman but it wasn't that easy. Tracy was always the one who was setting the pace for underwear fashion.

I gave it two days to let the media die down some. My clients were not happy about the lack of products but it just meant that they would pay more when the panties came in. On the second night, I got myself ready in my black suit and mask again. Only my eyes showing this time, if I did get caught they couldn't get a good description of me.

That night around nine o'clock I went to Tracy's house. In order to stay in

business and maintain my enviable sales reputation, I had to go over the top and be better than the other sellers in the business.

I got into Tracy's flat through the back door which was the easiest way to go. It was easy to break into the house. The front door had a dead bolt on it, the backdoor simply required the skillful use of a credit card.

I wasn't expecting what was going to happen that night, if I had I would have waited another night and let the heat die down.

I made it into the bathroom using a small flashlight along the blue carpeted floor in the hallway. One thing I didn't like about Tracy's flat was everything was wide open. Even the bedroom which was just off the living room. It looked more like a loft than anything else.

I guess I was getting too comfortable sliding in and out of houses that I really wasn't paying attention this time. Not so bright on my part I suppose. I was after only one thing and wasn't listening for sounds.

When the bathroom light flicked on I closed my eyes as I had Tracy's panties balled up in my hand.

“Stand up!” Tracy snarled towards me .

I quickly got up on my feet and turned around slowly, praying to god that she didn't have a gun or something. That was the last thing I needed.

“Who are you?” Tracy demanded, she had her brunette hair up in a loose ponytail, her brown eyes looking menacing. She was wearing a tight blue tank top and sweatpants that evening, barefoot with blue painted toe nails.

“I asked who you were!” She shouted at me again, I couldn't talk to her. My mouth was dry and it felt like my heart was stuck in my throat. I had never been caught before, I didn't know if she was going to call the police or if she was just going to scare me out of the house.

“Come with me.” She growled in a low voice, I could tell that she wasn't afraid of me. She had no reason to be.

She grabbed my neck and dragged me into the bedroom with her panties still balled up in my fist. I should have dropped them on the bathroom floor but for some reason I kept them with me.

In her bedroom, of all places I didn't know why she wanted me there but I was sure to find out within a few seconds.

Before I could do anything she stripped me of my mask and my black suit, I was standing in was my black and red checkered boxers. She slammed me on the floor and for a woman, racy was quite strong. Never had a woman ever put me on my back.

Had I known what she was going to do I would have protected myself, she didn't bother turning on her bedroom light but I could see the angry expression on her

face from the street light coming in through her bedroom window.

Tracy lifted her knee up and jammed the heel of her foot down on my crotch, I felt a searing pain shooting through my balls as her foot came thundering down. The pain was unbearable.

“Lay out straight! Thinking you are going to break into my house and steal my personal items!” She screamed at me , I knew at this point that I was in for some rough punishment.

I was afraid that she was going to do something worse. I did exactly what she wanted me to do, she lifted her feet up and again jammed her feet down on my sore balls, this time catching the tip of my cock. I know why, but I was starting to get hard.

“You like that? You like having your cock and balls tortured!” She screamed at me, I could see that she was really pissed at this point.

Tracy got down on her hands and knees and stripped me of the boxers, I was now completely naked laying on the floor.

“Let's see if you are so hard after this!” Tracy growled at me and drove her toe into the meat of one of my sore and tender balls,

I was crying at this point, any man would have been crying from the seer of pain that went through my balls into my cock, resting at the head of my cock. It was

throbbing and not because of pleasure. There was no doubt I was going to be bruised and battered for a while. Like she said, my punishment for breaking into her house.

My cock was no longer hard, it slowly went limp and I prayed silently that she would stop. She continued kicked and stomping on my balls, showing no mercy and relentless in her quest to crush my manhood. It felt like hours that she was torturing me when in all reality she had been hurting me twenty minutes straight.

“That should be enough! Get the fuck out of my house!” Tracy told me, bending down to take my black suit and black mask.

I watched her walk out of the bedroom and heard her going into the bathroom, slowly I got up on my feet and pulled my boxers up , something told me she wasn't going to give me my clothes back. I had to get out of there before she changed her mind about letting me go.

I managed to limp back to the dorms in just my boxers. A few people were outside that night, it was a Friday night, they stood there and watched as I struggled to walk. The pain coursing through my swelling and aching testicles made it hard to walk. They laughed as it must have been clear I was in agony. .I'm so lucky they did not know who I really was, right now the only ones who did was Brad and Tracy.

My identity has just been blown, I prayed that Tracy wasn't going to call the police on me. I wondered if she knew that there was a price on my head or maybe she didn't really care. Her way of punishment was to torture me enough that I would not return.

I had to come up with a different plan, you could call me crazy I suppose but I needed to get back into her house, that was when I realized I still had her see through panties clenched in my fist. Despite my throbbing testicles and the pain she had put me through, I felt that I was the one who came out on top in this encounter.

Chapter 4

Call me a fool but I planned on going back, it was the main source of my income. It's not as easy as people may think going through college assuming its a breeze. I needed money and I needed it now. Three days later I went back to her house in the middle of the night this time.

I had a problem getting in through the back door which has never happened before and I should have taken that as a sign. I should have just turned around and tried at a later date but the greed of needing money empowered me to keep going.

I went around the back of the house and lifted myself up from the box that I found by the house, lifting the screen and then lifting the window just enough to bring myself into the bathroom, I shut the bathroom door, put the towel between the gap of the floor and the bottom of the door so that the light couldn't be seen.

I looked around the bathroom and saw a pile of thongs that Tracy had taken off and began putting them in the bag that I brought with me. I froze when I heard the doorknob rattle from out in the hallway.

I quickly zipped the back shut and thought I had enough time to get out of the window before she opened the door. I made it halfway out before she opened the door, I would have made it all the way out if my shirt didn't get caught on this stray nail.

When I felt myself being dragged back into the bathroom I knew that I thought I

was done with. As I felt my feet landing on the hardwood floor I felt the arms come away from me. Turning around to face her once again she had her hands on her hips and scowling at me.

I tried walking around her and she blocked my path. I tried going from one end to the other and realized that I wasn't going to get anywhere.

“I have a deal to make with you.” Tracy told me, I was surprised that she hadn't tried hurting me.

“What's the deal?” I asked after a long pause. I took a deep breath and realized that either way I wasn't going to like it.

“You give me all the money that you got for my panties and I want my panties back.” She pointed a finger at me.

“I'm not going to give the money to you for it. There's a reason why I sell them. I need the money. It's impossible to get you back your panties when they are already sold.” I glared at her, she knew who I was. That was evident.

I could see that Tracy's face was getting redder and redder. She was getting angry with me, I didn't want to make her angry but I wasn't going to give up all the money that I had made just on her panties alone. All the hard work that I put in was going to amount to nothing if I gave her all the money. Not to mention I couldn't give her back her panties they were already sold. It wasn't a deal anyways if I couldn't get the panties back. My clients wouldn't give me back the panties after they spent good money on them.

Tracy grabbed my by my shirt, I heard it tear. She slammed me against the wall and slapped me around my face a few times. I thought she was going to knock me out.

She grabbed my neck, I felt her dig her nails into the back of my neck and I thought sure in hell that she drew blood. She made me follow her into the living room and slammed me to the floor.

“Don't go anywhere.” Tracy told me in a low, deep, voice.

I didn't dare move as she left the living room and disappeared, staring up at the ceiling I prayed that she wouldn't hurt me anymore than what she already had but the first time was a warning.

Tracy had been gone for at least fifteen minutes before she came back into the living room and turned on the light. That was when my eyes popped open wide, I knew something was in store for me when I saw her completely naked and wearing a strap on.

“I thought I had scared you off. I don't know what else I have to do to you in order for you not to come back here.” Tracy told me, I could see the fire in her eyes. She was getting more and more angrier.

“Get on your back and on your hands and knees.” She ordered me, I didn't dare argue with her, I knew she wouldn't let me go until she was done with me.

I had a feeling I was in for a long night. A night that I was going to remember but not a night that I was going to enjoy. I had a feeling that I might not make it out of her house until the sun came up.

“You didn't heed my warning.” Tracy grunted to me, I didn't dare look over my shoulder to see her facial expression.

I felt her spread my ass cheeks and the tip of her dildo tease my opening, slowly I felt the head of the dildo go into my ass. I gritted my teeth as I felt her taking my anal virginity as punishment, I squeezed my eyes shut and bit my tongue to hold myself together. I figured if I didn't show I was in pain then maybe she would stop, I thought the only reason she was doing this was to truly violate me and put me through the same pain I have put her through.

I thought she would let me go if she wasn't encouraged by the pain she was taking me through. I was going to try my best not show it. I realized quickly that it wasn't going to be easy.

“Looks like you can handle a lot of pain huh?” Tracy grunted to me, I could hear that she was upset by the tone of her voice.

I couldn't handle the pain any longer when she slammed the thick dildo deep inside my ass. I screamed at the top of my lungs when she slammed it inside of me and left it there.

“Your not so tough now, are you?” She laughed at me, she was enjoying it all. I

guess I deserved it for not staying away like she had told me to do.

As much pain as I was in my cock was rock hard. I prayed that she wasn't going to find out. The last thing I wanted her was to continue pounding into me.

Tracy reached between my legs and I felt her grabbing a hold of my balls. She gripped them tightly in the palm of her hand and squeezed hard, digging her fingernails into my balls. Her wrist brushed against my cock, she knew I was hard.

“That feels so good doesn't it?” Tracy asked me, sliding the dildo out of my ass just enough so that I could still feel the head of the dildo inside my ass.

“No!” I replied as she slammed it back inside of me.

“Your cock is rock hard. You must like it!” Tracy shouted back at me.

“I don't, it hurts like hell.” I grunted, keeping my voice low and my head down so that I was looking at the carpet.

“Maybe next time you will listen to me. I don't know if you are dumb or what but anyone would have just left and it would have been over and done with but no, you had to come back.” Tracy told him impatiently.

Tracy couldn't understand why I had to come back. If she did she didn't let on, it

wasn't that hard to figure out why I came to her house in the first place. It was all about the money, if she couldn't figure that out than she was the one who was slow.

Tracy kept the dildo in my ass as she bent over me I could feel going further and further inside of me. She reached under me with her free hand and grabbed my hard cock she kept digging her nails into the balls harder. I thought for sure that she had drawn blood from me.

The night has only just started and I knew I was in for a long one. I don't know if my erection encouraged her or disgusted her, but my anal cherry now belonged to the woman whose underwear had paid for my tuition.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 2

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