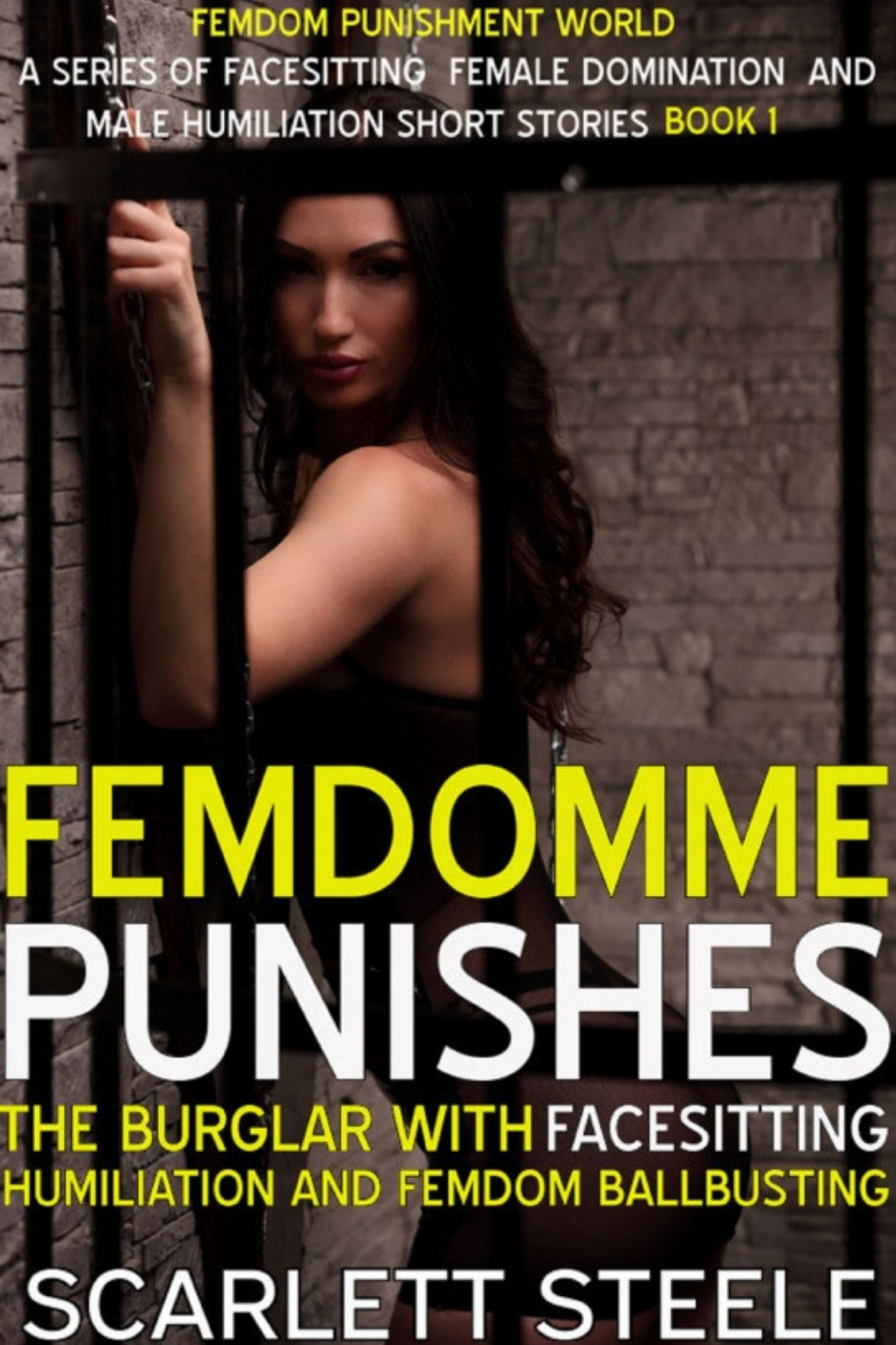


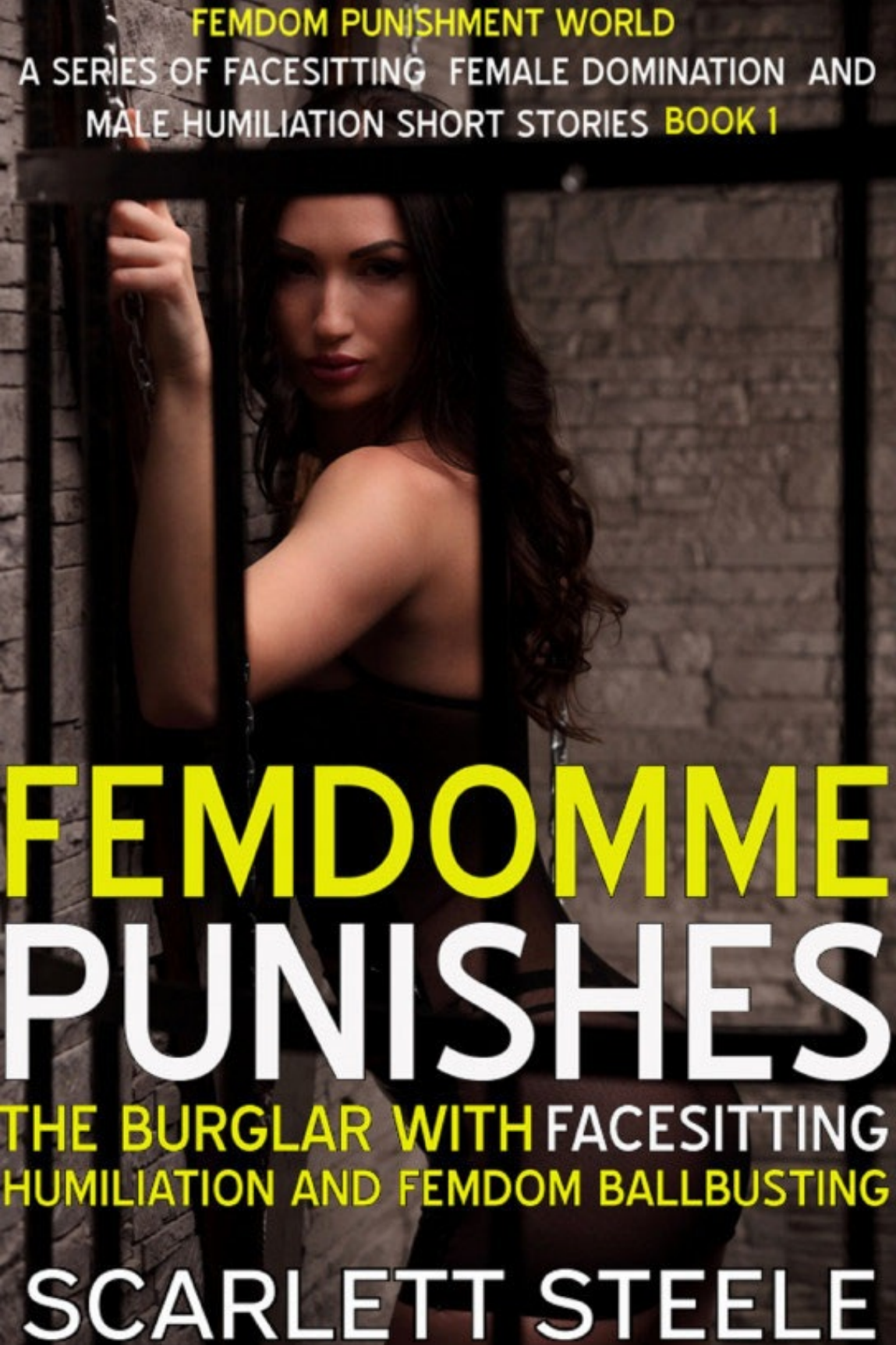
The background of the book cover is a photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a dark, strapless top and is positioned behind vertical metal bars, which appear to be part of a cage or prison cell. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her right hand is visible, gripping one of the bars. The background behind the bars is a textured, grey stone wall.

FEMDOM PUNISHMENT WORLD
A SERIES OF FACESITTING FEMALE DOMINATION AND
MALE HUMILIATION SHORT STORIES **BOOK 1**

FEMDOMME **PUNISHES**

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HUMILIATION AND FEMDOM BALLBUSTING**

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FemDomme Punishes The Burglar With Facesitting Humiliation and Femdom Ballbusting

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FemDomme Punishes The Burglar With Facesitting Humiliation and Femdom
Ballbusting

Chapter One

Stealth was never a prerequisite for his job, but it was nonetheless the way he did things. Breaking into homes had become such a natural thing for him that he had planned each break-in so meticulously, so precisely, he didn't even need to think about the job once it was underway. Tonight was no different, and as he moved through the Weaver mansion with an ease that would have you believe that he actually lived there, he was almost done within ten minutes of his arrival on the property.

As he made away with his stash, a few pieces of choice silver and about 30k in hard currency, he thought that tonight was a good night. However, he still had one hit on his mind, a hit that he had been working on for weeks now already. Elise was a single woman who owned one of the most prestigious properties on the street, and for her age, she was probably in her early twenties, this was either the result of marrying well, or the fact that she came from very old money.

Brett wasn't too concerned about which it was though, just content that there had to be a variety of trinkets inside the home that would make for easy pickings.

"Brett, buddy, how's it going?" Andy, one of his friends and a fellow burglar asked into the phone at around 11:30.

"Good, good. I've just finished for the night. You wanna meet up for a drink?" he asked, knowing that this was the only reason Andy would call him so late. He was probably also just done with a job, and he needed a drink to take the edge

off. Brett didn't understand how, after so many months on the job, there was still an edge that needed to be taken off, but everyone was different, and he just put it off to these differences.

"The usual spot?" Andy asked, the relief audible in his voice.

"See you in twenty!" Brett said, needing to just drop his stash off at his apartment before making his way to the Sleazy Lizard, a local pub that they frequented just because it was off the beaten track and nobody cared too much about anybody else's business.

About a half hour later, Brett and Andy were seated across a small table from each other at the bar, letting off their versions of steam from the night's escapades.

"So, you still casing the Stewart place?" Andy asked, raising his hand for another round. He was curious about the progress Brett had made with Elise's mansion, partly because he wished that he had first dibs on the place, and partly because since he was relatively new to the game, he enjoyed listening to Brett speak of his process, lapping up as much as he could from the veteran, learning as much as he was able to from these casual conversations.

"Almost ripe for the pickings. I think I've figured out her routine, and figured out her visitors and movements. So just about one more week, and I'll be sure, of when to hit, and how. It seems easy, too easy. But I never look a gift horse in the mouth, and every now and again, a hit comes along that is just smooth sailing. This is that hit for me I think," Brett said, calmly, casually.

“That’s good,” Andy said, taking his drink from the waitress and downing it along with the pangs of almost-jealousy creeping up his chest.

For the next hour they sat there just chatting about general things. Even though they had individual thoughts running through their heads, they managed to stay grounded enough in the conversation they were having, so that when they finally walked out of the pub and went their own way, it really felt like they were talking to each other, and not just passing the time talking past one another.

Brett got home about ten minutes later, and as he locked himself in his apartment, his head was once again flooded with images and thoughts of Elise Stewart. She really was a strange one, a curious woman that drew more than just the usual attention from anybody who looked at her, even in passing. She was certainly too young to live in as lavish a mansion as she did, and definitely too young to live there alone. But she did, and she seemed more than just a little comfortable doing so.

She was also incredibly beautiful, which made her solo lifestyle just that much more curious. One would think that a woman so beautiful would at least have a string of suitors, giving her a busy social life, or at least she would have a single man who was unable to leave her alone. But Brett had watched her for a while now, and there really was no such man, or men. There were a few men who visited her, but from the look of these visitors, they were probably accountants or lawyers, just checking that she was managing her wealth well.

Brett poured himself another drink, and settled into his couch, looking at the industrial view from his window. He took a deep breath and the exhaled as hard, really appreciating the ease with which he had settled into his life. He was a burglar, and he was a good one. He just had to carry out one hit every couple of weeks, and this was enough to sustain his life. Every now and then he had a hit like the Stewart house, where the occupant of the house was so attractive that he felt himself stir a little.

But he had always managed to control his sexual appetites, knowing that sex was something he could get on tap, whenever he wanted. And he understood that confusing issues was never good, knowing that if he slept with Elise, which was possible if he approached her on the street or in a restaurant, then he would not be able to rob her. He was a thief. But he was a noble thief, and it was easier to steal from strangers, sex immediately disqualifying Elise from this label.

He noticed, when he stood up to go and jump in the shower, that he was hard. Probably this was because of all the thoughts of Elise running through his head, or maybe it was just the time of the night. After checking the time on his wristwatch, it was almost 2 AM, he decided that he would take matters in his own hand. It wasn't too late for him to call one of the women he had on speed dial, women who would be more than willing to service his cock. But he wasn't in the mood for the complicated process of getting them to leave before breakfast, a rule he had with one-night stands. He didn't do breakfast, just because this bordered on relationship, and the last thing he needed right now was to feel like he was in any sort of relationship.

He valued his freedom more than anything, for the moment at least. He also considered himself a bit of a player, and this was part of, a very big part of, his player strategy.

Brett took himself to bed, and pulled on his hardening cock for a while. He really didn't want to shoot, not wanting the hassle of the clean up afterwards, and so he just played with his meat for a while and then let it go, putting his hand on top of the covers, to distract himself from his increasing need below. The distraction proved too much for him though, and soon enough he was tugging at his balls.

He tried again to forget about the urges building inside him, but soon realized that there was not going to be any sleeping here until he shot his load. He also found it difficult to sleep if he hadn't showered, so there really was nothing to it. He just needed to get under the shower and kill two birds with one stone. One of these birds was so hard no, throbbing painfully, that he knew that if he didn't attend to it soon, he would have more than just a stubborn erection to deal with.

Under the cold water, he shook and shuddered, but only for a little while. Soon enough the water started to heat up, and soon enough the steam filled the cubicle so much that he felt like he was in the sauna at the gym. It was a strangely familiar feeling, one that he enjoyed, not because he liked the sauna at the gym, but just because he appreciated the fact that he could, at will, have a hot shower. Before he discovered his skill as a burglar, life was hard for Brett. He moved from shelter to shelter around the city, looking for his big break. And one thing that was always lacking at the shelters was a decent, hot shower.

He palmed shower gel into his hand and then massaged it deep into his cock. He really gave his meat an incredible series of squeezes, bringing his cock to full life with just his hands. Then he started to move his hand over his head, squeezing harder still. He liked the feeling of pressure on his head, pressure that only he was able to deliver just the way he liked it. Then he moved his fingers up and down his shaft, getting into a nice rhythm. There really was much to be said about a man's ability to please himself.

His fingers found his balls and he pulled on them hard, his free hand pulling on his cock now. Again he found his rhythm, pulling on his nut sack while squeezing his shaft from base to head, and then back down again. He leaned back against the wall of the shower, and closed his eyes. He let images fill his head of his recent and not so recent escapades, pulling from his memory images of all of the ass and pussy he has had the pleasure of devouring.

He brought himself closer and closer to the edge, not holding himself back at all

now. He knows that even though he shoots a mother of a load, this will be taken care of by the spray coming from the spout. He knows that he will be cleaned of his jizz quickly, and this sets his mind at ease, knowing that it really didn't matter where he shot. And he knew that he could and probably would shoot everywhere. He was really close now.

When Brett started to cum he groaned loudly. He didn't even mind the sounds coming from him now, because he knew that the location of his apartment in the building meant that nobody could hear him, no matter how much they tried. This was one of the factors that led to him choosing this particular unit. He knew that he liked a woman to make noise, and he actually remembers asking about the acoustics of the apartment. It was positioned in the corner on the top floor, which meant that all sounds went out and up into the air. They fused quickly with the sounds of the streets in the industrial surroundings, so that it really was perfect.

Brett came for the longest time, streams of hot cum shooting from his head. He watched, admiringly, for a while. Then he just squeezed his cock, emptying it completely. When he was done, he showered, washing all traces of his penis pulling from himself, and also washing the recent burglary from himself. When he got back into bed after what really was a long shower, he fell asleep immediately, feeling fresh, and ready to rid himself of the silver he stole, and more than ready to spend some of the cash he managed to make off with...

Chapter Two

The next few days were run of the mill for Brett. He cased Elise's house again, and then he took the time needed to rid himself of the silver from his last raid. He counted and recounted the money he took, and put it in his safe. Then he spent a few more days just relaxing, browsing the internet and watching more porn than usual. It was a good job and he was happy with his takings. He knew better than to be greedy though, and so he decided that the next job would be Elise's house, and that he would probably do it in a few weeks.

He also liked the idea of letting the dust settle between hits.

About a week into his rest and relaxation, he found himself outside Elise's house again. He watched for the longest time as nothing seemed to happen. One light was on, in the foyer by the stairs. It lit the entire staircase, which was visible to the outside world because of the massive windows that made her house look every bit like a glasshouse. A car arrived at around 9:30, and he watched as an accountant type got out of the car and made his way to the front door. He knocked, but she didn't come and open the door. The man seemed to have access to the house, because he just went in, after it was clear that he was not going to be let in.

Brett thought for a moment that it might be a boyfriend. But then again, many other similar visitors have been seen coming to the house, all late at night. It was more likely that they were accountants and lawyers, tasked with helping her keep her money, money that she might have got as a result of a divorce settlement, or some other windfall that needed a group of suits to manage. Rich people really did have it easy, not having to go anywhere. Even the people they needed to keep

them rich came to them, at all hours of the night, Brett thought.

The driver of the car was in the house for three hours. They must have had a lot to discuss, Brett thought, as he watched the man leave the house looking as well put together as he did when he walked into it. Brett couldn't make out the details of his face, but he was sure that he had seen him before, at least three times, at the house. This was a detail that didn't really bother him too much, because he was always gone by midnight. All of the men who called on Elise were always gone by the time the clock struck twelve. This would be the best time to break in, he thought.

He looked out for her, seeing nothing but a few shadowy glimpses of her though. He knew it was her, because her form was unmissable, even in shadow. She was one of the most beautiful women that Brett had ever seen, and she had the body to match. Everything about her seemed to work effortlessly together, combining in complimentary perfection so that she really almost looked ethereal. Elise Stewart really looked like she was not of this world, and this elevated her status more so even that the obvious money she had.

It was clear that Brett needed to break into her house soon, before he suddenly decided to hit on her instead. He had a rule never to rob anybody he knew, or was intimate with, and the risk that he might be intimate with Elise really was growing stronger and stronger by the second.

He didn't even know if he was her type, but he was very aware of his charming nature. Very few people could resist his charm too, he knew this from years of experience. He really did know how to wrap women around his pinky, and it was the same with all women. It really didn't matter if they were white or black, Latino or from the Czech Republic. It didn't matter if they were wealthy or not either, Brett could become anything to anybody, and land them in the naked horizontal in under ten minutes flat, if he so desired.

He drove away from her house thinking, not about the possible treasures in the house, but really focused on the treasure between her thighs. He had never seen it though, and this allowed him to imagine it anyway he wanted. He thought, although unsure why, that it wasn't shaven, with just the slightest hint of curls on it, covering it in a soft almost blanket. He imagined her engorged clit, and the way her pussy lips would open to let him in, shimmering with the slightest hint of moisture.

It was a beautiful image, one that saw him drive past his apartment block and end up outside the pub. He really didn't even remember driving there, and when he was outside, he really didn't even want to go in. Something about Elise made him come undone, and he couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was. So he really just needed to get this job over and done with. After a moment's deliberation, he decided that he would go inside for a drink anyway, just one drink.

He also hadn't bust a nut inside someone in a minute, so since he was already at the pub, this was always prime hunting ground, he may as well take advantage of the opportunity. He really was a predatory opportunist when it came to women, and provided he wasn't about to do a job, he really had lots of fun picking up all sorts of woman. Tonight though, he just wanted the easy kind. She had to be pretty, and she had to have a killer ass. But she had to be easy, just because Brett really wasn't up to any sort of challenge.

Not tonight!

Inside the pub he thought for a minute to look around for Andy, but then he quickly thought against it. If Andy was there, this would complicate his mission here. He really was hoping for a quick in, quick out approach. He tried to get into the pub without attracting any attention to himself, thinking that if he was inconspicuous, then Andy, or any of his other friends, would see him, or come

up and talk to him. The last thing he wanted was to spend the night drinking and just shooting the breeze.

As he made his way to the bar, he noticed two women sitting near the end. They looked like they were together, together-together, and Brett's ego suddenly surfaced, all thoughts of not wanting a challenge gone swiftly to the background. He approached them and raised a hand to the barman, who knew exactly what he wanted to drink. By the time he got to the two women, he had a drink in hand, sipping it quickly, working out his approach in his head.

When he got to them he sighed very loudly, and downed his drink in one sip. He tapped his glass on the counter, and another one appeared as if by magic. Then he sighed again, as loudly. He watched the women out of the corner of his eye, noticing that each time he sighed, they looked at him with a measure of concern. He knew it wouldn't be long now before they asked him what was wrong. He got halfway through his second drink before one of the women looked at him questioningly. Brett didn't understand the look on her face though.

She could have just been looking at him wondering why he would bother them with his frustration. His sighing might just have irritated her too much. Brett really wasn't sure. But now he was caught in a stare with her, a sort of deadlock, a sort of stare off, and he knew that the next words to come out of her mouth would let him know just how his game was going for him. She reached a hand over to him, running delicate fingers up and down his forearm, and asked him in a very concerned voice, "Is everything okay?"

He knew he was in!

"Rough day," he responded, nodding to the other woman in acknowledgement, she too looking at him with concern.

“Wanna talk about it?” she asked, the other woman turning her stool now to invite herself into the conversation, and also to make Brett feel like she too cared about whatever it was that was weighing so heavily on his mind.

“I’m Brett,” he said, and the two women introduced themselves as Justine and Ashley. These were perfectly respectable names, and so he knew that they were not whores. He didn’t try to guess at their professions though, still taken aback by the fact that they seemed to be together, in a way that was more than just girlfriends or colleagues out for a post work drink after burning the midnight oil.

Brett went on to spin them an incredible tale about how he just found out that his fiancé had been sleeping with his father. He told the two women who were listening with incredible interest that he felt like a fool, because the two had been at it for at least two years, before he became engaged, and for a full year after. He tried for a tear, but it wouldn’t come. He was really not that good of an actor. But Justine and Ashley lapped up his story, and he thought he spotted a tear in Ashley’s eyes.

“You poor thing. You’re better off without her, and as for your dad, shame on him. I wish there was something we could do to make you feel better. I wish there was something that we could say,” Justine said. Brett stopped himself from saying ‘well there is,’ knowing just how cheesy this would be. This would disqualify everything that he said, making his story lose all credibility that it may have had a few minutes ago. And then the line came to him, clear out of heaven.

“It’s okay. I’m done with women, for good...” he said, and looked at the barman for another drink. There was one of two possibilities now, and the possibility where they would agree to come back to his place for a mercy fuck was the one that he was edging towards, the one he was hoping for. He stared into the bottom of his glass, waiting for the magic words to fall from their lips. These words

wouldn't come though, and he started to think that maybe this was a bust. There really wasn't any other potential in the bar too, none that wouldn't require work at least.

Justine and Ashely looked at each other, and seemed to have a whole conversation with just their eyes. Again Brett was just watching them out of the corner of his eyes, and he saw the exchange between them. There was a moment where he thought that they were going to just wish him well and leave, but then they both turned to him together, and smiled. "Let's get out of here, go somewhere a little more conducive to helping you forget all your troubles," Ashely said. Brett was the happiest he'd been in a while now, once again receiving external validation of his good looks, and his exceptional fucking game.

They made their way back to his apartment, and the lesbian tag team went over and above the call of duty that was required by the mercy fuck. Brett thought that they were probably not even really lesbian, but when they worked on each other, he was once again not sure. It didn't matter though, because he got everything he wanted, and then some. And by the time they slipped off into the night, Brett was a very satisfied man...

Chapter Three

To say that Brett waked around with a grin on his face for the next couple of days was an understatement. He had a spring in his step, and even his fantasies about Elise had taken up a position on the backburner. His focus was now razor sharp, and he went through the details of his next home invasion with crystal clarity. He worked all the details out in his head, and he even decided with great certainty the point of entry that he would use. While he would like to have thought that this had nothing to do with the sex, he knew it had.

Sex had always worked one of two ways for him. He always felt very tired, drained, and slept for two days. Or he felt inspired, and his focus was suddenly there, all there, precision in all his thoughts and actions. The lack of sex also had a dual effect. When he was about to do a home invasion, the effect that he used though was the fact that he was able to dangle it as a carrot in front of him, a reward for a job well done. This worked for him, too.

He decided, upon a thorough examination of all the facts in front of him, that the best time to break into Elise Stewart's home was around 1AM. This was still a little up in the air though, because he knew from watching her home that there were several other pockets of time when he could successfully enter the home, and make an exit before anyone was any wiser. He also decided, and this was more definite, that he would gain entry through the basement. There was a trapdoor around the side of the house, and apart from a simple lock, it seemed to be unsecured.

Brett remembers that he thought this was strange, with the state of the art security in the rest of the house. But he assumed that there would probably be

security on the door leading from the basement to the rest of the house. If he was lucky though, Elise would neglect to arm this door. If not, he knew that he could probably get around the alarm system. It was one that he had successfully bypassed before, and he knew the intricacies of this particular myself like the back of his hand.

One thing that he didn't have though, was knowledge of the interior of the house. He could pose as a gas man, or someone from the electric or Cable Company, on a routine inspection, but this has been his *modus operandi* for three jobs already, and he really didn't want to exhaust these mechanisms, in case there came a time when he really needed them. What he did know was that Elise's house was one of the older mansions in the suburb, and he remembered reading something about it being of historical significance. So he knew that there would be a plan of the house at the local library, or down at the city archives.

He knew that this wouldn't tell him where things were in the house. But just having a general idea of the layout would give him of where the most likely place for things like a safe would be. He liked houses with safes, because this meant that everything that the homeowners prized was in one place. Then it was just a matter of figuring out the combination, another skill he had perfected and one he could do in his sleep, and bob was really your uncle.

After breakfast he made his way to the library, which incidentally had the archives in the basement, and set about on his search. It took him four hours, but by lunchtime, he was armed with plans for every part of the mansion that he had set his sights on. He found it as strange that nobody even asked him why he wanted the plans, allowing him to make photocopies of all of them. He made his way to the nearest Taco Bell, found a booth, and laid out the plans on the table. He examined them with the same clarity that he'd been carrying around with him for the last couple of days.

If there was a safe in the house, it would be in the library, or in the master

bedroom. Brett wasn't sure if the original master bedroom was the current boudoir of the mansion's current owner, but he really hoped not. He noticed that the one thing about Elise, was that she never went out after midnight, at least not immediately after. So she might just be there when he did the job. This was dangerous he knew, but the house was really so big that if he just had to go to the library, he could be in and out of there before she stirred.

When he had committed the parts of the plan that he needed to memory, he settled into a lunch that really was large enough to feed four. He really had an insatiable appetite, and he loved the fact that he could now afford to feed it. It wasn't always this way, and he really didn't like to think of the times when he went to bed hungry. He had now perfected the skill that would ensure that he never went to bed hungry again.

By the time he got home he was really excited about this job. Every part of him wanted to do it tonight even, but he held himself back. He knew that he couldn't rush it, and that he had to let just enough time pass between his break-ins, or risk doing something stupid. He wasn't about to let his impulses get the better of him, and lead him to doing something so stupid that he ended up in jail, or dead. Just for fun, he went through the plan over and over in his head, and by the time he had his first drink of the early afternoon, he really had figured it out quite nicely in his head.

Just a few more days, he thought, and he would be done with Elise's house. His mind really was racing with the possible treasures he would find in her home, and he thought, that judging from the outside, and also judging from her appearance, there might not be jewels. She really was a simple woman, in dress at least, and seldom wore any jewelry. She was just a natural beauty who needed to rely on nothing else. And when she did wear jewelry, it was just a hint, a tiny pair of earrings, a delicate little chain, or an almost fragile looking bracelet. Never together, though.

Shit, Brett was still thinking of Elise as a woman!

He needed to shift his thinking, and quickly. It was as though he almost needed to dehumanize her in his head, if he was to successfully complete this job. It was proving difficult though, because she was incredibly mysterious. Moore then even her beauty, which was undeniable, she exuded that certain something that made you want to get to know her.

On a whim Brett called Andy. He wasn't exactly sure why, or maybe he was, but he had made the call already and Andy was on his way to his apartment. He really was overly enthusiastic, but also, and most importantly, he was a great burglar. Brett was a little competitive, but he was also very shroud. He knew that if he could get Andy to do the Stewart house, which he knew would be easy, he could be open to pursue Elise for her other attributes. He didn't even want a relationship with her. Brett just really, really wanted to fuck her.

"My man," Brett said when he opened his front door to the young man who really idealized him.

"Hey buddy, I was a little surprised to receive your call. Happy, but surprised..." Andy said, as he walked in to the small but comfortable apartment and was handed a beer almost immediately.

"You've always hinted at the idea of us working together on a job," Brett started, not really wanting to beat about the bush, and also wanting to test the merits of this idea rather quickly. He knew that he had to be sure to save himself an out though, in case he changed his mind, which was really very likely.

“Yeah buddy... I’d just like to see the master at work, you know!” Andy said, irritating Brett slightly with his overkill of the word ‘buddy’. But he just shrugged it off as his way, his young, overly enthusiastic way.

“What if the master wants to see you at work first?” Brett asked, tentatively. He already knew that this was a bad idea, but he was already in the conversation and there was no turning back from it now. He really started to filter the conversation in his head immediately.

“You mean like you hang back while I do a job, like a test?” Andy asked excitedly.

“Exactly, just like a test. Would you be keen on that?” Brett asked, knowing that he would leave this conversation right there. There really was no need to take it any further. All he did now was brace himself for the field of questions that would follow, knowing that he had planted a seed in Andy’s head that he could not unplug.

And boy did Andy shoot straight from the cuff. He asked detailed questions about details, details that Brett wasn’t about to divulge to him. He regretted the conversation immediately, but Andy’s enthusiasm was a direct result of a chat that Brett initiated, so he really just had to suck it up. He had to just sit there and take all the questions, fielding them as best he could, and drinking more beer than he would have liked to at that time of the day. But soon enough it was over, and Andy walked out of the apartment feeling like everything was possible.

Brett knew better, and while he wasn’t keen on the idea of working with Andy in any way, he decided that he would, after he had done the job on Elise Stewart, come up with an amateur job for Andy to do, just to get it out of his system.

The rest of the day was spent trying not to think about the job. He watched films on Netflix, and ate a whole pizza. He had a long shower and listened to some grunge. He needed to clear his mind, so that when he revisited the plan, he would be able to identify immediately any possible holes. Somehow, he knew there were none, but still, he needed to be sure.

Why this particular job was so significant for him was clear, of course. He was conflicted because he was really attracted to Elise, even though he hadn't even spoken a word to her. He really just wanted her body, and he knew that this would not be possible pre-break in. post break in was a different story, but that was a story he would start to entertain after the job was done. He remembered Justine and Ashley, and he went hard a little. At least, in his head, Elise had a little bit of competition, which was a very good thing indeed.

Brett fell asleep watching the tail end of The Revenant, not that he really wanted to watch the film, but because it was next in the queue of DVDs in his player. He slept well too, and by 5:30, he was up, and amped for a little bit of physical activity. He decided that he would hit the gym, and after making himself a protein shake, he made his way to the gym which was on the other side of town, but which he liked because it was quiet at that time of the morning...

Chapter Four

Elise wasn't about getting in anybody's business, keeping to herself mostly, because it was just easier that way. She was in her early twenties, and she lived in a house that was so far beyond her years, and beyond the grasp of observers, that rumors had started to surface. But these rumors were so far removed from the truth, that Elise really didn't mind them at all. She actually enjoyed hearing about herself in passing, from people who really had no idea who she was.

The rumor mill was rife in town, but it was very, very wrong. At least when it came to her.

There were stories of old money passed from generation to generation. The people who spread the rumor, this particular one at least, didn't even care about filling in the details. Coloring it seemed so unnecessary, when the meat of the matter was just so juicy. It wasn't clear even who had started this rumor, but it started shortly after the so-close-to-twenty-it-was-sickening young woman moved into the old mansion of Walnut. It actually started days after, when it was clear that nobody else would be moving into the house except for the young, beautiful, incredibly alluring Elise Stewart.

The story went that she was an heiress, who had been disinherited by her family. However, to save face, they gave her just enough money so that her new lifestyle wouldn't bring the family into disrepute. Now, how it was possible for anybody to come up with so colorful a tale was really outside of the ambit of Elise's reasoning, but when she took into consideration where she heard it, it made sense to her in a funny sort of way. She really had no choice but to find it amusing, because it really was just the beginning of a barrage of stories about

her that would surface.

She was in the showers at the country club, a membership she has since relinquished just because the women there were really not her cup of anything, when she first got wind of this theory about her life. The woman spreading the rumor was Sandra von Helmsley, also in her early twenties, married to local property tycoon Seth von Helmsley, who was thirty years her senior. Elise remembered thinking that she was a fine one to talk, when she was the butt end of many jokes in that very country club. But it really was none of Elise's business, and so she just stayed in the shower cubicle and listened.

The content of the story didn't bother Elise. She knew that she was bound to cause a stir, as she had in the last two towns where she lived. This one, she thought, would be no different. Why would it be, when she knew that she presented a whole lot of questions, and not too many answers? So no, she really didn't care about the content of the rumors she inspired. It was a part of the territory, an occupational hazard, if you will.

What bothered Elise, more than she even cared to admit to herself, was the enthusiasm with which Sandra told the story. It was as though she were giving a factual account of the news, and it was as though, no matter how you tried, nobody could refute that what she was saying was nothing but the absolute truth. A simple google search of her name would of course reveal that this story was not true, but nobody was about to conduct said search. Everybody just lapped up the story, adding their own interesting addendums to this script that was carefully constructed in the mind of Mrs. Von Helmsley.

Another rumor was that she was divorced from a rich older man, and this was her opportunity to start again. Again there was no merit to this rumor, but the swiftness with which it spread, and the eagerness that it was lapped up with, Elise knew that fighting this one too would be an exercise in futility. As with the other rumor, it was not so much the content, but the eagerness that bothered her.

She just shrugged it off though, and soon enough, learnt to shrug off most of the things that were said about her. It was just easier that way.

She led a quiet life, and except for the local grocery stores, she really didn't need to see anybody. She kept to herself, did all her clothing shopping out of town, and went to restaurants that seemed not to care about who or what she was. She travelled a lot, and when she was home, that is just where she stayed. At home, in a robe, watching TV or listening to music, usually with a glass of wine in her hand. Sometimes she would read, psychological thrillers, because she was a thinker.

If, she thought to herself often, her neighbors knew the truth of her life, of her wealth, things would be very different for her. She would probably be tarred and feathered, and sent out of town naked with nothing but a sign around her that read unclean. She knew that how she actually made her money was still considered taboo, and the fact that she brought it into a respectable neighborhood, made her crimes all the more deplorable. She wasn't a drug dealer, or a member of the mafia. That would have been way too much admin for the twenty-something year-old.

No, what she was, was the kind of woman you hoped your husband never met. She was the kind of adult entertainment you prayed your husband never got a taste of. Elise Stewart was a dominatrix, and a very popular one. Clients flew in from all over the world for just a few hours with her, and she charged up to \$15 000-00 a session, which explained her incredible wealth. She didn't even need to advertise anymore, word of mouth and referrals keeping her client list fed. In fact, she recently acquired a new client in the form of Seth von Helmsley, and she thought to herself that this is exactly what his wife deserved.

It was easy for her to keep her life a secret, to keep her job a secret that is, because she was just good at keeping secrets. That was a part of her success in business actually, her ability to keep no records, but still keep track of everyone

that passed through her dungeon doors. She had a photographic memory, so she had the ability to remember all the cell numbers and the names attached to these numbers that rang her phone. So she was able to give every one of her clients exactly what they wanted, the way they wanted to, and then forget about them immediately after they had left.

Also, because of her high rates, fully justified by the service she offered, she didn't have to take on too many new clients, and her repeat customers needed a fix just once, maybe twice a month. So she managed to keep her diary, and the traffic in and out of her house, in check. Things had really just reached that state of perfect equilibrium for her, and so she was content.

She didn't even long for any personal connections, having more than enough people in her private life to jeep her happy. She had a great relationship with her parents, even though they didn't know what she did for a living, having sent her to law school and so they still thought she was a partner at a law firm, but this just worked for them. Ignorance really was bliss, and while they found it a little bit suspicious that they could only reach their daughter on her cellphone, and found it even stranger that she had moved three times in four years since leaving college, they thought it best not to ask her anything.

Elise was always an independent thinker, and a free spirit. Her parents knew this, and they knew better than to put pressure on her to disclose details about her work or personal life to them. Whatever she said to them is what they accepted, and this just made their relationship a whole lot easier. As long as their daughter was happy, so were they. And this was the measure of their relationship, how happy they seemed to be, both apart, and together.

Elise also had a number of close friends from her college days, and a few colleagues in her current industry that she liked enough to let into her life. These two groups of people gave her escapes for different reasons, and she liked the fact that when she needed normal, she had access to people who would give her

just that, and when she needed spice, she had a group of people who not only understood where she was coming from, but also who really knew how to let it all hang out, while keeping the nature of their lives on the down low!

So Elise was happy, with everything in her life as it stood. And while she got ready for a client that night, she realized just how blessed she was. She remembered with gratitude Madame Louise, the woman who introduced her to the world, and the swiftness with which she took to this lifestyle. And it really was a lifestyle, all encompassing, so that she really was unable to do anything else. She didn't want to, actually, and as she lay in the bath mentally preparing herself for the client, a new one, she couldn't help but feel an incredible sense of appreciation.

She could have told her parents what she did, she knew of course. They were cosmopolitan like that. But with the emphasis they had put on her law studies, when she herself said she wanted to become a lawyer, she knew that she couldn't burst their bubble. Besides, she thought, what they really didn't know really couldn't hurt them. And she did have her law degree, so she really could practice anytime she wanted. She had passed the bar exam too, so the only thing standing in the way of her and a law career was just how much she enjoyed what she was doing now.

At around 9:30PM she was ready to receive her client. All she knew about him was that his name was Trenton Isaacs, and that he was a friend and colleague of Seth von Helmsley's. She really didn't want to take on a new client, but she wanted to keep Seth happy, and engaged as a client, so when he mentioned that he had a friend that he wanted to refer, Elise really didn't have to think too much. She wanted to keep Seth in her clutches until she had done sufficient damage to him so that it trickled into his marriage. She wasn't vindictive, but Sandra really deserved it.

Sandra actually deserved a whole lot more for the way she treated her, so soon

after her arrival in the town. But Elise really wasn't there. She didn't actively seek out Seth, but when he happened into her sights, there was no resisting it. She was given the opportunity to play, and she would play for as long as Seth wanted to play. By the looks of things, it would be a very long time indeed.

Elise focused on Trento as soon as he arrived, giving him the exclusive attention demanded by her high fee. She couldn't be distracted at all, by anything or anyone, and especially not by her own thoughts. She needed to be completely in the moment, and she was. By the time Trenton left her house almost three hours later, he was thrilled, he was hooked, and he had already made another appointment with Elise later in the week. This was to be expected. Newbies found the experience so thrilling that they wanted more, quickly.

Soon enough, he would settle into his own pattern though!

Chapter Five

Brett couldn't take it anymore after about a week. He knew that it was now or never, and that he would carry out his break in tonight. He hadn't watched Elise for about two days now, but he thought that nothing would have changed in the last couple of days. He assumed that Elise would be home, but he assumed that she would be sleeping by the time he broke in. he also decided that if the safe was not in the library, he would not look in her bedroom for this. It would just be too much admin for him.

He got his tools together, and then had a long shower, at around 10PM. He would go to her house at around midnight, and watch and wait for an hour before he went in. He might go in earlier, but that depended on what he say when he arrived at the house. He was anxious now, and he knew that this was not a good way to go into any job. But he just really couldn't take the anticipation anymore. He needed this to be done and out of his system. Brett also wanted to see if he would still be interested in pursuing Elise after he had got what he wanted from her home.

Outside her house, it was dark, expectedly. The only light was in the foyer, on the stairs, and this too was expected. He didn't spot any shadows though, none. This was strange and not, because Elise really never moved around her house like she knew she was being watched. She couldn't possibly know this too, at least not that she was being watched by Brett. He really had mastered the art of the stakeout, and the art of watching, from the shadows.

He lit a cigarette. He didn't usually smoke, but this seemed like the thing to do in the moment. He dragged on the smoke, watching the house still. He wondered if

Elise was in, thinking that the best thing would be for him to assume that she was. If he assumed that there was somebody in the house, then he would be careful, more careful than if the opposite were true. And so this is what he would do, and he would really try and get out of there as quickly as possible. He checked his bag again, checked his tools.

The largest tool in his arsenal was the bolt cutters he would use on the lock. He would leave this in his bag after he had dealt with the lock too, just because any trace evidence might have been traced back to him. He didn't see how, but still, he was not about taking unnecessary risks. It would take up unnecessary space in his bag though, but this really was a small sacrifice to make for the certainty that he would leave nothing that might incriminate him behind.

He really was anxious enough about this job as it was!

Elise was home, and she was not with a client. She was sitting in her bathtub, even though it was midnight, just relaxing. She was about to try on a new outfit that she had purchased online, but she wanted to just chill in the bath first. She had a huge glass of wine with her, and candles lit all around her. Elise really loved baths, and she always made sure that it really was an experience. When she couldn't indulge, she would shower. When she could, this is exactly what she did.

It didn't matter what time of day it was either.

Sometimes she would have a breakfast glass of champagne in the bath, sometimes the whole bottle. Her life was really unscheduled, her time her own, so the days and nights really just moved seamlessly into each other. They fused together so perfectly that she really didn't have set times when it was appropriate to drink. Or eat, or anything actually. Elise Stewart owned her life, she owned

her time. And there was nobody in her life who would, or could, stand in judgment of her for any reason.

It was a beautiful life, and she loved it.

When she was done in the bath she spent the next half hour air-drying herself, and then another fifteen minutes moisturizing. Then she looked at the outfit, laid out on her bed, and she decided that she wouldn't wait another second to try it on. The corset was just too stunning, and the fishnets were to die for. The suspenders were also rather stunning, with hints of bling that made them look like they were just begging to be worn. She had also bought, on a recent trip, the highest stiletto boots she had ever seen, and she needed to try them on too.

She dressed up in everything, and even put on perfume, just because she felt that this would complete the look. As she stood in front of the mirror, she really admired herself, enjoying the vision before her as much as she knew the clients would enjoy it. The boots were a little bit uncomfortable though, but she knew that all she had to do was walk in them for a minute. She would too, walk around the house, for a while at least, because she wasn't feeling sleep at all. She wasn't even a little drunk, having just had one huge glass of wine.

Elise walked up and down the stairs a few times, and then walked around the ground floor of her house, before walking from room to room on the upper floor. She was a little tired now, but she had gotten the boots walked in pretty good, so that she was now able to crouch in them with ease, something she knew she would need to be able to do in them if she was to use them as part of her wardrobe. She was happy with her purchases, mostly because of the quick time it took for her to get comfortable in these normally very restrictive items.

Bret stood outside the trap door, after he had scaled the wall. There were a few

cameras mounted carefully on the exposed redbrick, but nothing insurmountable for the expert. He caught Elise's shadow a few times, but now she seemed to be upstairs, and from his previous watchings, he knew that this is where she was going to stay. He took a deep breath, and cut through the lock. He put it on the grass quietly, and then waited for a minute.

Then he opened one of the trap doors, then the other. And then he looked down into the darkness, trying to get his eyes to adjust. They didn't, and so he took out his flashlight. He shone the light on the stairs, and tried to see where they ended. He couldn't, and so he started to walk slowly down the stairs, careful not to make a sound. He knew that the acoustics in old houses were unpredictable, to say the least, and the last thing he wanted to do was attract attention to himself before he had even made it into the house.

At the bottom of the stairs was a long corridor, and it too was pitch dark. He shone the flashlight close to his feet, not wanting to shine too far ahead of himself, just in case there was somebody at the end of the dark passageway. At least he wasn't nervous now, not anymore. He was very excited, and this excitement fueled his adrenalin. Brett was completely in the game now, and he knew that the way he was feeling in this moment was one of the main reasons that he did what he did. The financial rewards were great, but the thrill, that was absolutely awesome.

He made it to the end of the corridor without incident. And at the end of it, he came face to face with two large doors. There wasn't a lock on them, and there wasn't a key. He wondered for a moment how he would get inside them if they were locked, edging his hands towards the large brass handles. As he pushed down on the handles, he started to take short, shallow breaths. If these doors were locked, this would present for him an unnecessary complication, which was his worst kind.

The doors gave way smoothly, not even making a sound despite their size. Relief

filled him, but also a little bit of anxiety. He started to push the doors open very slowly, and as they opened he caught shapes on the other side, although he couldn't make out exactly what they were. They were not moving though, which was a good thing, and so he just continued to push the doors open very slowly. Once they were open wide enough for him to slip inside, he did, expecting almost anything, but going that there would be nothing but basement on the other side.

What he found caught be by the most incredible surprise. He was inside a dungeon of sorts, dimly lit from candle shaped lights dotting the walls. He looked around himself in complete awe, and the disbelief was evident on his face. This place looked like a lair, and it wasn't difficult to guess at the types of activities that took place here. It was really like another world, and he felt like he had just stepped over into another dimension. Brett knew that there wasn't time for him to process this, but he really just needed a minute to do just that.

Suddenly the doors that he had just walked into closed. Again they moved so silently on their hinges that he didn't know they had shut until the final thud. He went back and tested them again, expecting them to open, thinking that it was just the backdraft that forced them closed. They didn't open though. No matter how hard he pulled on them, they just wouldn't give. They were shut and locked, and he wondered at the magic that made this possible. He started to panic now, but he took deep breaths, trying to steady himself, just so that he could think.

He looked around the room for another exit, spotting a staircase in the room on the far end, a staircase that ended in a wall. He imagined that this would be the only logical out now, but he couldn't see how. There seemed to be no mechanism that would move the wall out of the way so that he could get out. Shit, shit, shit, he thought, and he started to feel his way along the walls. There just had to be a way out of here, and he knew that he had to find it quickly, or risk being caught like a mouse in a trap.

Elise was in front of a set of monitors in another room, just outside the basement. She had been alerted to the intrusion when Brett scaled the walls already, a secondary security system in place to protect her dungeon. There was no way for Brett to know this, and this was the plan. If anybody decided to break into her home, they would be cause by the primary system. If anybody tried to break into her dungeon, the secondary system would kick into action. She watched as Brett felt his way around in the semi-darkness, and then, from a control panel next to the monitors, she brightened up the room just a little.

He looked around as the lights gave him more, well, light, and he knew suddenly that he wasn't alone. A wall flashed to life, and he realized that it was a plasma. On the screen was Elise, looking very hot, but extremely menacing, and he was suddenly both turned on and very scared. To say that he felt trapped was an understatement, and to say that he had no idea what to do next was an equal but no less damning understatement!

Chapter Six

Brett knew that he was stuck now, and that he was not going anywhere unless he was let out of this dungeon by Elise herself. And he knew that she was in the house too now, the screen flashing on the wall letting him know as much. He was speechless, not knowing what he should say to her, just looking from her eyes to her cleavage.

“You’re in a bit of a predicament, aren’t you?” she said, pressing a button on the panel in front of her.

Brett looked around, waiting for something to happen. When nothing did for a while, he looked back at the screen, and said, rather meekly, “I’m Brett...” He really didn’t know why he introduced himself, but he did anyway, and now all he could do was wait.

“I’m going to assume that since you’re in my house, you know exactly who I am. How long have you been watching me?” Elise asked, looking directly at Brett as though she were in the room.

“A couple of weeks now,” Brett answered, the seriousness of his situation suddenly dawning on him so that he knew that he would be better off if he did not lie.

She moved away from the monitor now, and Brett looked around the room in a

bit of a panic. When one of the walls at the top of the staircase slid open, he held his breath. When Elise appeared in the doorway, Brett's jaw dropped, because in front of him stood a woman so unlike the woman he'd been watching for weeks now, that he had to really give himself a moment to process. Once he had though, it was still difficult for him to pick his jaw up off the floor.

Elise is wearing a tight leather corset, fishnet stockings held up by braces, ten inch high boots and a paddle in her hand. She stepped into the room, and pressed a button in her palm, the wall sliding back into place behind her. As she walked down the stairs, Brett stepped back, looking around wildly for the point he used to gain access to the room. It was nowhere to be seen though, and he felt trapped once more. He knew he could take her, but he was unsure what other security mechanisms were in place in the house, mechanisms that would hinder his exit from the property.

She got to the bottom of the stairs, and then walked up to Brett, who was now unable to move. She brought the paddle down on his shoulder, and he dropped to his knees. His mind was racing wildly, with thoughts of what he should do, what he could do to escape. Suddenly all thoughts of the burglary have left him, and all he wanted to do was get out of there. But he was so incredibly curious now that he knew he wouldn't move until he saw and experienced what this new version of Elise Stewart was capable of.

"So you're the sneaky burglar who's been terrorizing the neighborhood?" she asked, looking like she already knew the answer. Brett's head just dropped, not in shame, but in acknowledgment of the fact.

"Are you going to call the cops?" he asked, just wanting to know his fate now.

"Where's the fun in that?" she asked back, and came down so low on her heels

that she appeared double-jointed. She took his shirt off, and then as she rose, brought him with her. "Take off your clothes," she instructed, beating her palm with the paddle as she watched Brett take off what clothes remained on him. When he took off his boxers, she wasn't surprised to see him sporting a semi-hard on.

Elise walked over to the shelves that housed an array of toys and tools. She took a dog leash and fastened it to Brett's neck, just before bringing him back down to his knees with a hard whack from the paddle on his upper back. Like a dog, she walked Brett the length of the room, and then led him to the bed, and instructed him to get on it. His cock was rock hard now, and Elise smiled to herself. Whatever he thought was going to happen here now, the reality of it was very different.

But only Elise knew this.

She brought the paddle down on his back a few times, and Brett was soon lying flat on his stomach. Elise straddled him, and using nothing but her sharp-nosed boot, she turned him around so that he was lying on his back. Then she planted her sharp heel into his chest, and pressed down hard. Brett screamed, and Elise raised the paddle, silencing him immediately. Then, with her heels on either side of him, she crouched down again, almost landing her perfect butt on his belly.

"You're a bad boy, aren't you, Brett?" Elise asked, Brett nodding profusely. "And what happens to bad boys?" she continued, running the paddle up and down his legs, her eyes on Brett's, locked in a sort of death stare. This time, Brett just shook his head. The paddle landed on his balls, and then ran the full length of his fully erect shaft. He thrust upwards, into the air, and as the paddle lifted off him, he seemed confused for a moment, the lack of contact with his cock fueling this confusion.

Suddenly, without warning, the paddle landed on his balls with a hard thud, and Brett screamed. Mid-scream, the paddle came down a few more times, and he was silenced. The pain was so incredible, so intense that he couldn't make a sound. All he could do was moan inaudibly, trying desperately to make sense of this assault, so unexpected, so violent. The paddle came down a few more times, hitting him directly in the nuts even though Elise wasn't even looking at his sack. Then she pivoted on him, the skill of a cat, and blew hard over his now-aching scrotum.

She then ran her fingers over his nuts, gently. As she feathered his balls, he quickly forgot the pain he just had to endure, and was soon caught in that beautiful place between pleasure, and the promise of even more pleasure. Elise wrapped her fingers around his nuts, and started to squeeze, gently. Then the pressure increased so that he was suddenly aware of every part of her hand on his balls. When the squeeze became an intense burning, he knew that this too wouldn't end well for him, and he started to scream.

Elise squeezed harder still, adding a twisting motion that made Brett feel like his balls were about to be ripped from between his legs. Again his screams were silenced by the pain, and he couldn't even ask her to stop. Tears started streaming down his face, and he was so confused that all he could do was shake his head. Elise turned back to look at him, and then she looked down at his balls in her hand, and she knew that she had him exactly where she wanted him now. She was a dominatrix, this is what she did. And she knew exactly how to read a man and his responses.

After she let go of his balls, she took his now-limp penis between two of her fingers. She pulled it away from his groin and gave it a short, sharp twist. This wasn't painful though, but this didn't stop him from starting to scream. When he realized that she wasn't going to inflict more pain on him, he just exhaled hard. Elise smiled, and then positioned herself next to him, reclining next to him, so close that he could feel her breath on his face.

She pulled him close to her face now, and kissed him on his lips, no tongue. As she continued to plant her lips on his, she threw her eyes on his groin again. He was once again getting hard, and she smiled to herself. Then she moved onto his chest with her mouth, teasing him, working her lips up and down his chest, edging closer to his cock with her mouth, but then, at just the right moment, when he thought that her lips would finally land where he so desperately wanted them to be, she would move them away. It was really becoming an excruciatingly frustrating exercise.

When she was sitting up again, she had her eyes on his thighs. Thick tree-trunk like stumps that made him look more solid than he felt in the moment, she couldn't resist bringing the paddle down on the whiteness. He quickly turned red, and then a deep, dark blue. She was really hitting him hard, this evidenced by the changing color on his thighs. She didn't care, each stinging whack from the paddle bringing him closer and closer to tears again. He knew he didn't like it, but he felt, in the moment at least, that he deserved it.

At least she wasn't calling the cops.

Curiosity started to fuse with his incredible anxiety, as he started to really wonder what the end game for Elise was. Sure she wasn't just going to torture him like this, surely she too would want to be pleased? He started to call to mind all that he had read and seen about dominatrixes, and he couldn't remember a single video, not a single piece of literature where the dominatrix allowed herself to be pleased. She seemed to derive all her pleasure from humiliating her submissive. This went against all Brett's natural animalistic instincts, and again he was very worried.

Elise brought the paddle down on Brett's thighs a few more times before she tossed it onto the bed. She looked at where welts had started to form on his leg,

and then went down onto them with her nose. She seemed to sniff them for a while, and he found this strange. He wondered what she was smelling for. Then she put her tongue on the burning flesh and it burned even more. She started to lick his wounds and then seemed to savor the flavor of his swollen flesh.

Shit, she was really enjoying herself.

Brett watched as she licked his legs with all the eagerness of a cat on cream. Then he watched as she licked her lips, seeming to taste the various flavors on it, flavors that he knew could be nothing but sweat. She sniffed his balls too, not touching them at all with her nose, not even her tongue, not once. She just inhaled deeply and then held her breath for a moment before exhaling hard onto his nut sack. She did this over and over again, and then she was suddenly sniffing up and down his shaft.

Again she didn't let any part of her face come into direct contact with any part of him, the only connection between them the hot breath coming from her nose and mouth. Brett's heart was beating profusely too now, so much so that it threatened to leap out of his chest. He watched as his chest heaved and hoed, heaved and hoed, the thuds coming from deep within so close to the surface that he could almost make out the individual beats. He started to count them, just as a way of distracting himself for the moment from what was about to happen.

More hot breaths over his cock, and then the slightest hint of lips. Then the lips were gone, replaced quickly by fingers, not around his shaft, but again around his balls. He didn't even have time to process his screaming, the short, sharp shrills escaping him as the grip on his nuts tightened. He never knew what ball busting was, not really. It had never appealed to him in the slightest. But now that it was happening to him, he was suddenly curious, searching his mind for the novelty of this excruciatingly painful exercise.

Chapter Seven

His eyes suddenly went to the various cameras positioned throughout the dungeon. He didn't even know why, but he started to count the red lights, spotting them easier and easier in the dimly lit space. He was shaking too now, because Elise had left him alone on the bed. Brett focused his attention on the cameras, recounting them after he was sure that he got every single one. He didn't want to think of the punishment she had in mind for him now, still unsure how exactly it was that he found himself trapped in her house now, in the basement, no chance of escape.

He looked at his hands, and at his feet. He was not bound, but something inside him made him feel that he was really trapped. He knew that he wasn't going anywhere, not until she was done with him. When she came back to the bed, she was armed with nothing. She had just undone the cords down the front of her corset, and her breasts really seemed like they were about to pop out of her chest. They didn't though, parked perfectly in position, so that Brett wanted nothing more than to just reach out and touch them.

She stood on the bed over his head, and he couldn't tear his eyes away from the perfection of her ass. He caught glimpses, just glimpses of her pussy, wrapped tightly in the most delicate lace. Her clit seemed to be engorged, pushing against the white fabric, seeming as though it really wanted to be freed. But it stayed hidden though, tucked away just out of sight. Brett really wanted to put his mouth on it, and when it started to make its way towards his mouth, he thought that he might just get the opportunity.

Elise hovered just above his mouth with her cunt, and it looked moist, delicious.

Brett lifted his head a little, almost involuntarily, and Elise to lifted away from him. When his head dropped back onto the bed, again she brought her pussy down towards his mouth, close enough that he can smell it. Shit, he really wanted to taste it, to lick it, just once, even over her panties. He didn't care, he just wanted to make some sort of contact with it. But this was obviously not a part of her plan for him though.

Then her ass suddenly dropped right onto his face, catching him by surprise. He didn't move for a while, but then he was shaking his head so much, trying to find her pussy with his mouth, but Elise was having none of it. She dropped all her weight onto his face, her ass cheeks sandwiching his nose, and she also started shaking her ass around and around. She pushed down harder still, and his nose slipped between her crack and was squeezed shut. He couldn't breathe now, and so he opened his mouth and gasped. Elise merely adjusted her position and blocked his mouth also.

Brett was suddenly shaking his head, not because he was in search of any part of Elise. He just needed to breathe, this simple task made impossible by the weight on his face. Elise probably weighed half of what Brett did, but she was incredibly strong. She seemed to sit on him from her legs, and her calf muscles seemed to extend tautly so that it looked like she was a wrestler. She shook her ass around a while longer on Brett's face, and then, after what seemed like forever for Brett, she lifted herself off his face.

She turned to look at him, flushed red, and she smiled. She had a look of mischief in her eyes, coupled with a look of achievement and accomplishment. She was obviously doing something that she really enjoyed, and judging from her reaction to his, reactions that he had no idea he was even having, she was achieving everything that she set out to. Brett wondered if she knew that he would break into her house, if this was her plan, while he planned to break in. How could she though, he was very careful, about everything.

Her ass came down on his face again, and again he couldn't breathe. She was so petite, but when her ass came down on him, she felt literally larger than life. She felt all encompassing, and it was quite overwhelming for him. He thought that he liked it, until she was sitting on his face just a little too long, and he was once again struggling for air. His lips grazed her pussy a few times in the struggle, but he didn't even notice it. He didn't notice when his mouth made direct contact with her cunt, his survival instinct taking over completely.

It was getting serious too, because Brett was really turning blue. There was nothing sexual about what was happening to him now, and he really felt like he was going to die. He opened his mouth and gasped, but the only thing that filled his mouth was whiff after whiff of Elise's pussy. In his head he knew that this is what he wanted. But his primal instinct for survival, the urgency of his need to breathe, trumped every other one of his instincts right now. He placed his hands on her thighs and pushed hard.

She didn't lift off him because of the push though. With massive resistance, she eased herself up off his face, while pushing down on his hands at the same time, reminding him that she was in control of this situation, and that she was strong enough handle him, to take everything that he could throw at her. Brett gasped a little, and then he gasped a lot. Then he was breathing deep through his nose and mouth, trying to get as much oxygen back in his lungs as possible, before his airway was once again obstructed. Brett was having a hard time figuring out what the point of this whole exercise was.

Elise lifted herself off him completely, once again standing with her heels on either side of his head. She undid the rest of the cord that was holding her corset in place, dropping the cord on Brett's face. Then she pulled the corset away from her frame and dropped it on the bed. Her breasts were finally revealed in all their magnificent glory, and Brett wanted to just reach for them and touch them. He was just a little too far from them though, so all he could do for the moment was look.

The suspenders holding her fishnets up now seemed to really to be just be for show. Her stockings stayed up even when the suspenders fell over her thighs. Looking up at her, she really was a spectacular vision, much better in person, incredibly more attractive up close than from a distance. He thought for a moment what he would do to her if the roles were reversed, but this thinking didn't last long. The heel of one of her boots landed in his chest again, and as she pressed down hard he really thought that he was about to be pierced right through. Then she stopped, removed the heel, and came down crouching once more.

She ran her fingers up and down his thighs, and then along his chest. Elise played with the fine hairs covering his belly and then with the mass of curls on his chest. She grabbed a clump of hair and pulled on it hard, pulling the skin with her so that he was once again in excruciating pain. Finally, Brett stopped wondering what pleasure she derived from punishing him like this, knowing just that she did, and that is all that was needed for him to know.

Elise took his cock in her hand now, and squeezed hard. It was a nice squeeze though, so that he soon became comfortable with her hand on him. As she moved her hand up and down on his shaft, he started to fall into a lull, where he thought that she might just allow him to have at least one orgasm. When he feels her fingers on his balls he knows that this isn't the case though, because she is squeezing his nuts so hard now that he forgets quickly the pleasure that he was just experiencing.

This woman was either the ultimate tease, or the ultimate predator. He started to suspect that it was the latter, because her fingers on his nuts are again in a vice, and there is just no relief in near sight. There was just no sign of letting up, and he didn't even scream anymore. There was no point in screaming now, because nobody could hear him, and secondly, because it just brought no reprieve. All it did was fill the space with the loudest shrills, and then sort silences that were

filled with nothingness. It was really just an exercise in extreme futility.

The dog collar was again pulled tightly on his neck, and Elise pulled it so that Brett's head lifted off the bed, and then dropped back down on it immediately after. Then she pulled on it again, and smiled down at him, Brett unsure how to respond. He started to smirk, wanting to let her know that she hadn't broken him. The truth was, though, that she had. She had him exactly where she wanted him, and it was up to her how long this game would last. The patience and precision of her actions let him know that this could go on for quite a while.

She came down close to his face now, and licked his lips. Then she eased her tongue into his mouth and just let it sit there. He didn't suck it, didn't do anything, unsure of an appropriate response. But when Elise said 'Good boy,' he knew that he must have done something right. What it was though, was still unclear to him. What was clear to him was that if he just did nothing, and submitted to her every will, her every wish, things tended to become just a little more bearable.

He wanted to know what the next step was, the next level. He really wanted to bring Elise out completely, so that she could just do everything that she wanted to do to him, just so that he would know her worst. He was also curious about being dominated now, just this once. He realized that this was in fact a once in a lifetime opportunity, and that this opportunity might never present itself to him again. So, without saying it, he resigned himself to being Elise's submissive, just this once. Once was, after all, all it took for him to know whether he really liked an experience or not.

There was a moment in the beginning where Elise was in complete control of what was happening. And while she still was, he felt like he was letting her do what she was, edging her on, so that he felt like he had wrestled some of this control from her. The dynamics of their situation were really different for the two people involved, and it was actually better that way. If any of them knew

what the other was thinking, this might have been dangerous, for Brett at least.

She holds his cock once more, and this time she isn't attacking his meat. She just moves her fingers around over his cock with a gentleness that belies her previous aggression. Her mouth falls on his nipples now, and despite the hair on his chest, she finds them and sucks on them hard. This sends electrical pulses through his body, straight to his cock, so that a little precum trickles out of the tip. She finds this precum with the tip of her finger, and moves it up and down his shaft before squeezing it a little harder, gently, and then not so gently.

Then she let go of his cock, released his nipples from her mouth, stood up and took her fishnets off. She then took her tiny lace panties off, and Brett wondered what the fuck now...

Chapter Eight

“You like what you see?” Elise asked, turning over on Brett. He looked at her and nodded, and then mouthed ‘yes’. She looked down at him and did a few more turns, hanging her forbidden fruit just above Brett’s face. Her legs seemed to go on forever, but where they met between her thighs, the sight really had the burglar salivating.

The man couldn’t wait for the pussy to come down to him now, and he reached for it. She held his hands, and pushed them down, sitting on his face in one movement. She didn’t fill his face with her ass this time though, not completely. She just grazed his nose with her ass, and teased his lips with her pussy. Brett extended his tongue out of his mouth now, wanting to taste her fruits at last. Elise just let him, thinking that he deserved at least this. Again though, she didn’t let this last too long.

She started to move her pussy in small circles over his mouth, muffling him with it in a series of drops. When she landed on his mouth completely, her ass blocked his nose and he was once again unable to breathe. He didn’t even struggle this time, knowing what would happen now, and knowing that she wouldn’t suffocate him, at least not completely. She would threaten him with suffocation, but that is all it would be. These threats were now very welcome, in fact, and he started to actually look forward to it, all of it.

When Elise was sitting on his face completely again, Brett tried to lick her pussy again. It was not possible though, because her lips pressed hard against his lips, and they really shut his mouth completely. Her ass cheeks were seating slightly, and this sweat made its way onto Brett’s nose, and inside it. The smell of sweat

made him want to taste it, but just as he tried again to extend his tongue out of his mouth, he was silenced again. He was really enjoying this now, but he was starting to feel a little bit neglected downstairs. This neglect was proving to be very frustrating.

Her ass rubbed against his nose, and sandwiched it again, her pussy against his mouth. She pushed herself harder against his face, and leaned forward to meet his cock with her mouth now. She did not take it into her mouth though, just breathing on it, all over it. Then her lips found his balls, and he felt hope. But then her teeth landed on his sack, and she started to bite into his sack. Elise wasn't gentle too, about her nibbling. She was really going to town with her teeth on him, and he started to moan, mostly fear, just a little part excitement.

When she bit into his one ball he screamed loudly, and as he did, Elise dropped her pussy full in his mouth, shutting him up immediately. When he realized what was happening, he forgot almost immediately that his nose was planted almost inside her ass fully. Then he started to devour her cunt, in its entirety. Her lips were in his mouth, part of her clit too, and his tongue moved easily over these parts of her that are inside his mouth. She moved her cunt around in his mouth, running her ass over his nose with as much eagerness.

Elise was starting to enjoy his mouth on her, losing her focus on what she was doing, what she had planned to do, and this bothered her now. She couldn't lose focus, but it really had been a while since she too was satisfied. And Brett really seemed to know just what to do with his mouth. She let herself linger in his mouth a little longer, let him just do what he did, what he wanted to do. She would resume her own assaults on him soon enough.

He was really enjoying it too, although the absence of any action on his cock too was becoming a little too conspicuous. Still, he appreciated the fact that he was being granted access to her warm, wetness, and so he just resolved to enjoying it enjoying this gift that he was being given. Elise was unable to bring herself off

him too, and even though she was still really sitting on his nose, she let his mouth have the freedom it needed to do what it needed to do. She really just needed to have an orgasm now, so that she could return her focus to the task at hand.

Closer and closer Brett brought Elise, with nothing but his mouth. He really wanted some attention too, but she wasn't even biting into his balls anymore. She had let him go completely, ignoring even his nose with her ass. She just ground her pussy deeper and deeper into her mouth, and brought herself, with incredible assistance from Brett, to the point of no return. As she leapt over the edge, she was the one screaming now. She couldn't help herself, and she just let the sounds that wanted to escape her do exactly as they wanted.

As she panted on him, with her pussy still in Brett's mouth, she tried to gather herself quickly. This was impossible for a few minutes though, and so she just let it happen, let her body do its thing. When she started to recover though, she once again started to focus on what she was doing to Brett, and in a moment of what can only be described as angry frustration, she took Brett's balls between her fingers, squeezed fucking hard, and started to bite as hard all along the full length of his shaft.

Brett was still enjoying the product of Elise's orgasm, when he suddenly became aware of teeth on his shaft. The fingers on his balls seemed secondary right now, because the teeth on his penis were really doing some serious damage. At least it felt that way. He tried to lift his head, to see what was going on between his legs now, but this was just not possible. It was impossible because her ass was still planted on his face, and post-orgasm, she just seemed heavier. He was truly pinned down now, and there was nowhere that he was going to go.

She planted her ass and cunt back on his face so hard now that he could not, for the umpteenth time tonight, breathe. This time her face-sitting took on a slightly more aggressive edge, and he was worried now. He tried to lift her from her

thighs, using his upper arms, but this wasn't working. Nothing he did to try to wriggle himself free was working, and with his mouth and nose blocked now, he was quickly going into a real panic. He didn't know that this aggression was because Elise allowed herself to cum. She was really treating Brett like one of her clients, and she would never allow herself to go there with a client.

"You're a bad fucking boy, Brett, you know that," she said, not really asking him a question. What she was actually doing was scolding herself for being so unprofessional. She really had forgotten the real dynamic at play here. Brett had broken into her house, and he deserved to be taught a lesson. There was nothing wrong with her experiencing a little pleasure along the way. There was nothing wrong with her having one, even two orgasms. But this is not where Elise was in her head.

She bit into his shaft a little while longer, and then bit into his balls again. Then she left his groin altogether and sat with more insistence on his face. He tried again to wriggle himself free, and again this was impossible. He really thought that he would lose consciousness now, any time now, and so he started to resign himself to the fact that he might just die with cunt and ass in his face. This wasn't a bad way to go, as far as the ways he thought he would die went. But still, if only he was in control of this situation, then he might not die a submissive, humiliated man.

Just when he thought that this was it, she lifted herself off him, and he took a huge gasp of air. It was really loud, and Elise looked at him now, just to make sure that he was okay. When she saw that he was just trying to do the one thing she was preventing him from doing, she sat on his face hard again, blocking him from doing the most natural thing in the world. Brett gave up now, surrendering with the most submissive exhale that Elise has ever heard.

Now she was satisfied that she had him exactly where she wanted him, and she started to entertain the possibility of rewarding him for his submission. She felt

that maybe, this one time, she could allow him to fully explore her, knowing that the truth of the matter was, she really needed this too. After a while of sitting on his face, she lifted herself off him completely and lay on her back next to him. There was nothing that she could think of to say to him, so she just hoped he would get the picture.

She started to play with herself, rubbing her clit gently. Brett was still staring at the ceiling, catching his breath, trying to figure out what was going to happen next. He had succumbed to her assault, he knew this. And this made him feel like a little less of a man. Brett knew that he would not be able to leave this dungeon without reclaiming some semblance of his manhood, but he was still too scared to look at Elise. He just didn't know what was going through her mind, and he didn't want to give her any ideas by looking at her.

His eyes fell on her, and he caught a glimpse of her fingers working her clit, and then watched, just from the side of his eyes, as her fingers started to dig into her moistness. It was an enticing sight, and he started to stare at her moving in and out of herself with the ease of a gazelle across the plains of Africa. Finally he brought himself up on his arm and he was really watching her with great interest. She wasn't saying anything, and so he still didn't know if this show was or his benefit.

Then Brett couldn't take it anymore, and he rolled himself on top of her without thinking. He just figured that she must be close to orgasm now, and her resistance would be low. He was right, because she didn't try to fight him off. Instead she wrapped her legs around him as he tried to find her pussy with his cock. When he started to slide into her, she exhaled hard. He inhaled, hoping beyond hope that she wouldn't expel him from the wetness that he was quickly gaining full entry to.

Once he was inside her completely, he dared to open his eyes, dared to look at her. Her eyes were closed too, and there was the slightest hint of a smile on her

face. Brett just shut his own eyes now, and proceeded to prove to her that despite what she had just done to him, he was every bit a man, fully capable and competent. He brought her to three massive orgasms, with nothing but the power in his incredible cock, by the time he left the dungeon, let out by an exhausted Elise, they both knew that whatever game they had played with each other tonight, they had both won!

THE END

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