

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a black lace strapless bra. Her hand is resting on her left breast. The background is dark.

SCARLETT STEELE

FIRST TIME  
**PEGGING**  
FOR PUNISHMENT

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a black lace strapless bra. Her right hand is resting on her left breast. The background is dark. The text 'SCARLETT STEELE' is overlaid at the top in white with a black outline.

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## First Time Pegging For Punishment

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Be aware: This story 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 pegging, dangerous sexual torture with medieval devices, facesitting, ballbusting and a sick woman's journey on breaking her male victim will and masculinity...

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*scarlett steele*



*pegging*  
*the pervert*

## First Time Pegging For Punishment

Sapphire held her head high and had a huge smile on her face as she walked down the long, steely metal and glass hallway toward her boss Angelo Delo's office. On the way there she high fived several of her fellow mercenaries, who were all cheering for her loudly and clapping their hands wildly. She had once again completed one of the most complicated missions that had ever been assigned to her with flying colors, as usual. The job had been a unique and personal one for Angelo, in which Sapphire was asked to kidnap, detain and torture three local lads who had been sexually harrasing his ex girlfriend.

Angelo's ex had gotten to the point where she had almost given up on life, she began having nightmares. So Angelo sent Sapphire in to show them why they should never fuck with women in that manner, especially someone close to Angelo. By the time Sapphire was done clamping and piercing their nipples, branding their skin with hot cast irons, busting their balls to the point of them rupturing and brutally pegging their tight, virgin assholes with oversized dildos, she was convinced that they had learned their lesson and would never assault a woman, let alone touch her without permission, ever again.

As Sapphire continued down the hallway toward her boss's office and relished in all of the attention and accolades she was receiving, she noticed the provocative stares and seductive gazes that she was getting from both the men and the woman. At five feet eight inches tall, no one could deny Sapphire's exquisite beauty. Her long, straight, silky blond hair swung low toward the bottom of her back, and her gleaming green eyes enraptured anyone who had the privilege of staring into them. Her toned yet feminine size two figure drove men crazy, as did her voluptuous tits and pert, ample ass. Because today was a day of celebration, Sapphire had worn her favorite uniform, which consisted of a burgundy, skin tight patent leather cat suit that had a high collar and silver spikes around the wrists and ankles. The suit was trimmed in metallic silver leather sparkles, and came equipped with a floor length cape. Her extravagant uniform would not be

complete without the perfect kick ass shoe, so she chose a platform stiletto burgundy pump, which of course had steel toe spikes covering the tip of the shoe as well as the back of the heel.

There was one more all important reason why today was such a special day for Sapphire. After fifteen years of hard, grueling yet successful work, she was finally getting out of the mercenary game. Angelo had plucked her out of a group of troubled teens years ago, and made her a part of his team because he saw so much potential in her. His gamble ended up paying off big time, because there was no better soldier working for him other than Sapphire, including the biggest and strongest and most intelligent of both the men and the women. Beyond Sapphire's gorgeous appearance, beguiling personality, and book and street smarts, the woman had an other-worldly sixth sense and the strongest intuition and constitution that Angelo had ever seen. There was nothing that she could not sense, nothing that she could not see coming, and no mystery or puzzle that she could not crack or figure out. Sapphire was an extraordinary package, and she had it all. She knew that Angelo would be hard pressed to let her go, but he had so many other wonderful mercenaries waiting in the wings to be his number one and take over her spot. And as a family man, she was sure that he would understand how ready she was to hang up her cape, settle down with a good man, create a wonderful home and start a family. And while she had yet to find the man that she planned on doing all of those wonderful things with, she knew that once she was out of the mercenary game, she would have the time to find him.

“Great job, gorgeous!” Blue screamed at her as she stood outside of Angelo's office and jumped up and down, congratulating Sapphire. She and Blue had been best friends for years, having met during their first day of mercenary training and being inseparable ever since. Blue was a petite and adorable young woman, and many people like to call her Twinkle because she reminded them of a sparkly, adorable fairy. Her small stature, huge blue eyes, platinum blond pixie haircut, baby doll face and dimpled smile made everyone fall in love with her immediately. Her charming personality and whimsical appearance could get her anywhere she needed to go and in front of anyone that she needed to see.

But what many didn't realize was that Blue's biggest asset was also her biggest weapon. Underneath it all, Blue could be an evil, ruthless, crazy bitch. The hugest mistake everyone always made was underestimating her. The woman's strength, vengeful spirit, take-no-prisoners attitude and lack of moral consciousness got them every time, and she was known for leaving a room full of men dead and bleeding within seconds upon entering. While others called her Twinkle, Sapphire called her Fatality, because that is exactly what one would become if they ever crossed her.

"Thank you, Blue!" Sapphire told her, smiling brightly as she hugged her friend. Sapphire knew how sad Blue was that she was finally getting out of the game. But Blue knew that she and Sapphire would forever be best friends, and that she would always be a part of her life and family. What Sapphire had yet to tell her was that she would eventually be given the all-important job of serving as god parent to children once she had them, which she knew that Blue would be over the moon about.

"Good luck," Blue told her, holding her arms tightly and giving her a reassuring wink right before she punched in a secret code and gave Sapphire access to Angelo's office. Sapphire squeezed Blue's hand, then entered the office and waited for the huge, heavy metal security door to slide closed behind her. When it did, she walked toward Angelo's steel desk and watched as the short, squat, greasy-haired man struggled to get up out of his chair and walk around to greet her.

"Sapphire! My best girl!" Angelo bellowed, waddling over to her and wrapping his flabby, miniature arms around her. "It's so good to see you! You are one awesome chick, you know that? Those little fuckers who you kidnapped and tortured on behalf of Samantha are so shaken up that they had to be checked into a mental hospital. And they're so scared that they have refused to tell the authorities a thing about what happened to them!" Angelo laughed wickedly.

“I’m glad that I could deliver that one last, important mission for you before I retire, sir,” Sapphire said as she and Angelo walked over to his desk and sat down. She knew how upset he was to be losing her. But she did not want for him to lose sight of the fact that it was indeed still happening, which is why she brought it up to him at the top of their meeting.

Sapphire’s words caused Angelo to grow quiet and look down at his desk. She noticed that his expression had immediately turned downtrodden, and she felt sorry for the man who had been so good to her over the years. But for once in her life, it was time for her to put herself first.

“Yeah, about your retirement,” Angelo began, looking back up at Sapphire slowly and folding his fat, stubby hands over his portly belly. “It’s not going to happen just yet. I need you for another mission. One that is even more important than the last one.”

Sapphire took a deep breath and willed herself not to go off on Angelo for pulling this shit on her. While she was not surprised, she was irritated as hell that the man refused to respect her wishes and let her get on with her life. “Sir, I can’t. I’ve dedicated the past fifteen years of my life solely to you and every single mission that you have sent me on and that I completed successfully. It’s time for me to bow out. I want to move on and start living a normal life now.”

“That sounds so wonderful, Sapphire. And I so want all of that for you. But again, I promise you that this mission is bigger and more important and more complicated than anything that I have ever assigned you to.”

“Send Blue in to do it,” Sapphire said flatly, not moved by a single thing that

Angelo had just said to her.

“No. I can’t. You are the only person within this unit that could pull this one off.”

Sapphire looked at Angelo and sighed deeply, then rolled her eyes at him and stared up at the ceiling. “What does the mission entail?” she asked, despite the fact that all she really wanted to do was tell him to fuck off then walk out of his office a free and retired woman.

Angelo smiled brightly, happy that Sapphire seemed to be changing her tune. “This mission involves the kidnapping and torturing of Michael Burns,” he said, sliding a file toward her and opening it up so that she could see a picture of the man. “Mr. Burns is a very high level, high power politician who is extremely well-liked and well-respected by everyone in our sector. He is looking to move up even higher in the ranking, and in order to do that, he wants to make some huge changes and shakeup the makeup of our sector.”

“Okay,” Sapphire said slowly, trying to grasp exactly what it was that had Angelo’s panties all in a bunch over a man who sounded like a good, appreciated person within the community. “So what’s the problem? Why do you need to have a man who sounds like a decent guy kidnapped and tortured?”

“Because he wants to fire me and replace me with one of his men who has been heading up a unit of mercenaries over in a neighboring sector,” Angelo said matter-of-factly.

“Ohh, I get it now,” Sapphire replied, completely understanding the urgency of

this mission. And while she hated the fact that the government wanted Angelo fired and didn't want to see him lose his job, she still wanted out. "Lucky for you, you've got a room full of thoroughly trained, well-organized, eager mercenaries sitting right next door who would love to take on a mission like this. Blue can head it up, and they'll have Mr. Burns in line in no time, and in turn, you'll keep your job. So if we're done here," Sapphire said, getting up and preparing to head over to the door.

"Sapphire, please, sit down and hear me out. No one would be able to complete this mission except for you. You're an expert. You're the one who will know how to get past the vast, fully armed security team that surrounds Mr. Burns at every turn. You're the one who could lure him to go away with you for what would appear to be a little rendezvous. And ultimately, you're the one who could torture and intimidate Mr. Burns until he gives in and allows me to keep my job. Please. I'm begging you. Do this for me and I will never ask you for another thing ever again. You will be free to retire after this one last mission..."

Sapphire looked into Angelo's pitiful eyes and at his pleading expression and actually felt sorry for the man. Aside from running their mercenary unit, she knew that he had no other skills whatsoever. If he lost his job, there was nothing else that he would be capable of doing. He did have a family to feed and a sick wife at home whose medical expenses were through the roof. Sapphire knew how badly Angelo needed this job. And after she thought about it, then looked down at the photo of Michael Burns and saw how handsome he was in a slightly older, distinguished, Brad Pitt type of way, she caved.

"One last mission, and I swear to you I'm done," Sapphire said to Angelo firmly.

"Oh Sapphire, I love you!" he exclaimed, jumping up from his chair and bouncing around his desk to once again wrap his stubby arms around her tightly. "You just saved me, and I will forever be indebted to you. I'm going to pay you so handsomely for this job, baby. And you can take the most exquisite horse

drawn carriage that we have available in the warehouse on this mission. You know the one with the eight white horses guiding it, the beautiful cream exterior, the soft velvety interior and vast amount of roominess inside of it. It's yours. And if you can pull this one off and complete the mission successfully, I promise to give you a huge bonus in the end."

Sapphire smiled down at Angelo and rubbed his back consolingly. "Thanks, Angelo. I appreciate it. You've been good to me, so I can do this one last mission for you. Now I'm pissed off at this man for trying to fire you and replace you with one of his boys, so don't worry. I'll make him pay. Then I'll bring him to you so that he can crawl in here on his knees and beg for your mercy."

"Ahh, yes, you're making my dick hard!" Angelo said sleazily as he rubbed his bloated miniature hands together.

"And that's my queue to vacate the premises," Sapphire laughed. She grabbed the file on Michael Burns off of the desk and headed toward the door. "I'm going to the warehouse to get the carriage, and then I'm off on the mission. I'll call and check in with you throughout in order to keep you abreast of what's going on. Talk to you soon."

"You're the best, Sapphire!" Angelo called out as she exited his office.

"Don't I know it!" she replied before heading to the warehouse to begin what she swore to herself would be her last damn mission.

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Sapphire slowly climbed the winding staircase inside of Michael Burns' mansion with her back against the wall and her eyes peeled to every angle and corner around her. She had just shot darts from her narcoleptic machine gun, which was capable of putting its victims to sleep within less than a second, into the necks of several of the armed secret service agents who were surrounding the outside and inside of Michael's home. According to her surveillance, there were only two more agents left in the house for her to knock out before she could kidnap Michael and get him out of the house and back to her headquarters. It had taken her several days to even find his home, but once she captured him, it would take even longer to get him back considering she would have to take all side and back roads so not to be seen or discovered. For Sapphire, she knew that completing this mission was critical because it was her last and final job before finally being able to leave the mercenary game and retire.

When she approached Michael's master bedroom door, Sapphire pressed her ear against it and listened as men spoke in hushed tones. She slowly turned the doorknob, cocked her gun, and prepared to shoot darts into every single neck in the room. She opened the door swiftly and unleashed a round of darts into the man's neck standing on the left side of the room, then the man standing on the right side of the room, and then finally Michael, who had sat up in the bed with a gun in his hand, preparing to shoot Sapphire. But he wasn't quick enough, and she watched as he along with the other two men immediately fell out into a deep, snoring slumber.

Sapphire swooped in immediately, lifting Michael out of the bed and dragging him out of the room, down the stairs, out of the house and inside of her horse drawn carriage. She laid him down on a hard, cold wooden bench in the back of the carriage, stripped him naked, handcuffed his wrists over his head then cuffed his ankles, and wrapped a heavy metal chain around his waist and locked it with a huge padlock. As he lay there knocked out cold, Sapphire looked down at his handsome face, muscular body and huge cock. Then she remembered the mission at hand walked back to the front of the carriage. She sat down, grabbed the reins and ordered the horses to ride off, guiding them toward a secret back

road that would set them off on their journey back to the mercenary unit.

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“HELP! HEEELP!” Sapphire heard Michael scream from the back of the carriage. “What the fuck is going on? Where the hell am I? Somebody please, help meeeee!” he continued yelling anxiously.

Sapphire let out a huge sigh as she expertly maneuvered the horses through a dark, dank, hilly, fog-filled road filled with bumps and stumps and rocks. She looked down at the clock and realized they she had been riding for hours, without once taking a break for food, water or rest. So she pulled the reins slightly and guided the horses toward the side of the road. They gladly obliged and obediently stopped the carriage on queue. Sapphire hopped and took food and water to the horses, then climbed back inside and locked the door securely. She grabbed her tote bag, which was filled with torturous goodies, then smiled wickedly as she headed to the back of the carriage.

“Who the fuck are you?” Michael hollered at her as he eyed her up and down madly. “Where am I? What is this? What do you want with me?” he continued to rant.

Sapphire reached inside of her bag and pulled out two nipple clamps, unwilling to waste any torture time considering all she wanted to do was secure Angelo’s job then get Michael back to her unit so that she could go on with her life. She approached Michael gingerly, laughing as she noticed him staring at her overflowing breasts.

“Who am I, you ask? I am Sapphire, and I am your worst fucking nightmare,” she breathed sexily, reaching down and snapping the tight clamps down roughly onto his hard pink nipples. He screamed out in excruciating pain, but she ignored his cries and continued to answer his questions. “You are inside of my horse drawn carriage, and we are headed to my mercenary unit, where you’re going to see my boss, Angelo Delos. Word on the street is that you’re trying to get ahead in your political career by taking Angelo’s job away from him in order to give it to one of your men. I’m here to see to it that that doesn’t happen.”

“Bitch, you’re out of your fucking mind,” Michael spewed. “I swear I’m going to have you killed. Now take these goddamn freaky clamps off of me and release me, now! Where the hell is my security?”

“Aww,” Sapphire cooed, tapping Michael on his nose then running her finger lightly over his cheek. “You have no idea who you’re talking to, do you?” She smiled down at him, her pussy heating up and getting moist at the mere thought of what she was about to do to him.

“No, you’ve got it all wrong, you little cunt. You have no idea who you’re talking to! Now do as I say and release me!”

Sapphire looked down at Michael, her face expressionless. She reached back and began unzipping her skin tight patent leather uniform, then kicked off her shoes and slipped it off. Michael stared up at her in awe, his mouth hanging open in stunned silence as he was unable to take his eyes off of her magnificent body. She slid her spiked stilettos back on, then slowly shook her finger in Michael’s face as if to scold him like a child.

“You should not have spoken to me in that manner,” she said to him calmly, looking down at his big cock and seeing that it was rock hard at the sight of her

naked body. She grinned from ear to ear, then reached down inside of her bag and pulled out a male chastity belt that was spiked on the inside. Michael looked down at the apparatus, and his expression turned into one of pure terror.

“What the fuck is that?” he asked as his voice trembled. He struggled to get out of the handcuffs that were binding his wrists and ankles, but to no avail.

Sapphire ignored his question as well as his struggling and unlocked the side of the metal device. Then she reached down and position Michael’s cock inside of it and shut it closed forcefully, not caring how intensely the spikes were pressing into his sensitive cock flesh. Michael let out a blood curdling scream, and Sapphire reached up and slapped the shit out of him several times in a row, angry at the possibility of his bitchy screeching upsetting the horses. Then she climbed on top of him, positioned her ass and pussy over his mouth, and grabbed his jaws tightly.

“Open up wide, bitch!” she yelled, squeezing his jaws until his mouth cocked open then slamming her wet pussy down directly inside of it. “Stick that fucking tongue out and lick my pussy good, slave boy!” she continued, ignoring the tears that were now streaming from his eyes and down face. As she sat on his face, she grinded her pussy hard and relentlessly over his lips, nose and chin. When he began to choke, she wrapped her hands tightly around his neck and squeezed with all her might. “Take it, worm bitch! Take it!”

Sapphire felt Michael choke so hard that he bit down on her clit. She screamed out in pain, then got up and stood on the side of Michael, completely enraged. “Have you lost your goddamn mind?” she asked sinisterly, reaching down and touching her clit to see if he had drawn blood. He hadn’t, but nevertheless she was still pissed beyond belief. She stared at his pitiful face, which was covered in her pussy juices, and slapped the shit out of him three times in a row. He cried out and begged for her to stop, but she ignored his pleas then reached back and punched him in the balls five times in a row with every ounce of her strength. He

opened his mouth wide, but he was in so much pain that he did not make a sound. Figuring that she shouldn't let a wide open mouth go to waste, she climbed back up onto the bench and squatted over him again, then slammed her asshole down onto his mouth.

Sapphire felt Michael cough lightly into her moist slit and resisted the urge to punch him. She once again wrapped her hands around his throat and squeezed tightly, silently daring him to have another coughing fit and bite her again. He proved to have learned his lesson and obediently began sucking and licking her asshole pleasingly. “Yeah, that’s it, bitch boy. Lick that ass good,” she said, closing her eyes and rolling her ass crack back and forth over his mouth. Juices began to pour from her pussy as she got turned on from Michael’s expert tongue thrashing. She reached down and began playing with her clit, then said to him, “Stick your tongue out and shove it deep inside of my anus and tongue fuck my ass like a good little slave boy.”

Just as he was told, Michael submitted to Sapphire’s demand and thrust his tongue deep inside of her ass. He rolled it around in wide, erotic circles, and she reached down and began flipping the clamps that were still piercing Michael’s nipples while bouncing her ass up and down on his tongue. When he screamed at the painful feeling of the clamps on his nipples being manipulated, Sapphire’s body shook uncontrollably as she squirted cum out of her pussy and onto his chest. Once her quivering body calmed down, Sapphire opened her eyes and hopped up off of Michael’s face, pissed that he had turned her on to the point that she came. No victim of hers was supposed to have that sort of control over her. She became so enraged that she reached down and punched Michael’s testicles over and over again violently, to the point where his balls swelled up and ruptured painfully.

As Michael lay there, writhing about in unimaginable pain and squealing like a pig, Sapphire wrapped herself in a silk, floor length robe and headed back to the front of the carriage. She called and checked in with Angelo, letting him know that she and Michael had stopped to take a quick rest but were now getting back on the road. Then she grabbed the reins and prompted the horses to put their legs in motion and proceed in getting them back to the mercenary unit.

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“Sapphire...Sapphire...Sapphire...Please, help me! Please!”

As Sapphire continued to guide the carriage through the sectors' back roads, she shook her head at the continuous moaning and groaning that was coming from the back. Again, she and the horses had been riding for hours, and she felt as though it was time to stop and take another break. So she pulled on the reins and guided the horses toward the side of the road, then got out to take more food and water to them. She climbed back inside, still dressed in her robe, and ate a quick meal of arctic char and a baby spinach salad. She thought about giving Michael some food, but then decided against it and settled on allowing him water instead.

Sapphire reached down into her small refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of water, then walked to the back of the carriage. Michael was lying on the bench pitifully, curled up in the fetal position and rocking back and forth like a crazy person in an insane asylum. She opened up the bottle of water and bent down, putting it up to his lips and allowing him to take a few sips. When she stood up, Michael looked at her desperately, and the pain in his eyes actually stirred her heart a bit.

“More...please,” he whispered.

She bent down and let him take several more gulps. When he took the last one, he stared into her eyes, then spit the water in her face. “You crazy motherfucker!” he hollered at her. “You're going to pay for this! I swear I'm going to kill you!”

Sapphire stood up calmly, screwed the cap back onto the bottle of water, and sat it down on the table next to the bench. Then she reached inside of her bag and removed the key to the chain's padlock that was still wrapped around Michael's

waist. She unlocked it and removed the chain, letting it drop to the floor.

“Yeah, bitch. That’s right, release me you dirty whore,” Michael continued to rant. “Let me out of this fuck hole so that I can pay you back for what you’ve done to me. You have no idea the damage you’ve caused. I’m going to kill you and your entire family. And your boss Angelo is as good as dead, too. He won’t have to worry about keeping his job, because I’m going to kill him. Now get me out of these goddamn handcuffs.”

Sapphire slipped off her robe, grabbed Michael by the shoulders and sat him up straight, then punched him nose and watched as he fell over onto his side in excruciating pain. She mercilessly pushed him over onto his stomach and forced him to sit up on all fours. He cried out and begged and pleaded with her to let him go, but she remained silent as she reached inside of her bag and pulled out the biggest four strap dildo that she could find. She strapped it on, then because she felt sorry for the way in which she was about to annihilate Michael’s asshole, she bent down, spread his ass cheeks and graciously spit on his anus in order to provide him with some sort of lubrication. Then Sapphire proceeded to ram the humungous double extra large dildo up Michael’s tight anus as far as it would go, and pressed her pelvis forcefully into his ass just to make sure that every single inch of the dildo was impacted deep inside of his rectum.

Michael’s screams hit a pitch that could rival Mariah Carey’s highest note as he coughed and choked and struggled to breathe. But Sapphire did not care one bit. After the way that he had just disrespected her, especially when she was being nice enough to give him water which she never did with her victims, he was going to pay dearly. Once she knew that the dildo was in all the way, Sapphire began thrashing her hips wildly, plunging the huge fake cock in and out of his asshole viciously. She pounded his ass so hard that his head banged against the side of the carriage, but she didn’t give a fuck. The sound of his head hitting the wall made her fuck him even harder. Just for good measure, she began smacking his ass cheeks relentlessly over and over again while ravaging his rectum, to the point where they became bruised.

When she became tired of fucking Michael's ass inhumanely, Sapphire pulled the dildo out of him then turned him over onto his back. She once again climbed up onto the bench and belligerently slammed her pussy down onto his face. But this time, she was even less nice about it. She hammered Michael's face with her pussy and ass crack, bouncing up and down and rubbing them both all over his face. She squeezed the sides of his face severely with her inner thighs, then began pounding his face with her pussy and ass again. She wrapped her hands around his neck and choked the shit out of him until he almost passed out. When she heard him wheeze and his breathing thin to the point where it was almost nonexistent, she came harder than she ever had before. Juices squirted and poured from her pussy and dribbled down into Michael's mouth and onto his chin and cheeks. Sapphire looked down in utter confusion, wondering what the hell was wrong with her and why Michael had this sort of effect on her. But she was too exhausted and spent to focus on it. Instead she climbed off of his face, pulled her robe back on, and headed to the front of the carriage. As she pulled the reins and prompted the horses to begin galloping back onto the road and toward the mercenary headquarters again, she heard Michael whimpering from the back.

“Sapphire...Ma'am... Please. I'm sorry. Have mercy on me, ma'am. I'm begging you. I'll do anything. I'll be your slave. You can be my master. Just please, have mercy on me...”

Sapphire remained silent but smiled to herself, pleased that her malesub slave was finally being obedient and learning the ropes on what it would take for her to even consider having mercy on him.

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“Great news. We're almost there,” Sapphire said into her cell phone. Angelo was

on the other end, and she could tell in his voice just how thrilled he was that she had once again successfully completed her mission.

“Sapphire, baby, you are so phenomenal,” he gushed. “You have no idea what this means to me. I have worked so long and so hard at this job, and the last thing I wanted to do was lose it. You mean the world to me, and I can’t imagine what I’m going to do without you.”

“Aww, thank you,” Sapphire replied, so flattered by Angelo’s words. “You’ll be fine without me. And I can guarantee you that after capturing Michael, your job will be secure until you’re ready to leave it.”

“If I know you like I think I know you,” Angelo chuckled, “I’m sure you took very good care of him. He now knows exactly who’s the boss around there, doesn’t he?”

“He sure does,” Sapphire smiled, turning around and looking at Michael. He was down on his knees directly behind her, praising and worshipping her body every few minutes, just as she had instructed him to do. “So open up the gates and raise the door to the warehouse,” she continued happily. “We’re pulling up now.”

“Will do. And Sapphire? Thank you again. I truly appreciate your successfully pulling off this one last mission for me.”

“Don’t mention it,” Sapphire said, guiding the horses back into the mercenary unit’s warehouse. Before she got out, she walked around and drew all of the curtains closed, then slipped out of her robe and back into her uniform. Michael watched her closely as she dressed, and the sight of him submissively down on

his knees, eyeing her body admiringly made her pussy wet. She reached down inside of her bag and pulled out a black leather leash and snapped it tightly around his neck. Then she finally unlocked the handcuffs that had still been tightly binding his wrists and ankles. At this point, Michael was so beaten down, mentally and physically broken, and demoralized that he didn't even try and escape, because he finally realized that he was truly at Sapphire's mercy. She wound the leash around her hand tightly, then walked behind Michael and kicked him hard in the back with the bottom of her pointy stiletto platform shoe, forcing him down onto all fours. He whimpered slightly, then crawled out of the carriage at the insistence of Sapphire, who was pulling at his neck harshly with the leash.

Sapphire sashayed out of the carriage and through the warehouse slowly, swinging her hips cockily and smiling at the mercenary unit workers seductively as she pulled a naked, crawling Michael behind her. She paraded the politician through security and entered the long hallway leading up to Angelo's office. Her fellow mercenaries were lined up on either side of the hall, clapping and whistling loudly while cheering her on wildly. And she gave them quite a show as she catwalked down what she had suddenly turned into a runway, with a crouching Michael in tow. The mercenaries kicked and spit at and chastised him along the way, and he cried in silence as he continued to crawl behind Sapphire obediently and submissively on his hands and knees.

When Sapphire reached Angelo's door, Blue was standing front of it with tears in her eyes. "This is really it, isn't it?" she asked her.

"Yes, baby, it is," Sapphire replied sympathetically, hugging her tightly. "But you haven't seen the last of me. This chapter of my life is closing, but you'll definitely be a huge part of the next one."

"I'm happy for you," Blue smiled as she struggled to hide her sadness. "Congratulations on another successful mission."

“Thank you. And you already know that I’m going to put in a good word for you with Angelo so that you can take over my top spot. You deserve it.”

“You’d do that? For me?” Blue exclaimed, clapping her hands excitedly and jumping up and down for joy.

“Of course!” Sapphire laughed. “I’ll go in now and talk to him. And show him that I’ve captured this bitch slave and that his job is secure. Isn’t that right, you little dick worm?” Sapphire asked Michael, looking down and yanking at the leash roughly.”

“Yes Mistress,” Michael replied quietly with his head down low.

“We can’t hear you!” Blue yelled, bending down and staring him in the face.

“Oh shit, you don’t want to piss Fatality off now, do you bitch boy? Speak up when you’re being spoken to!”

“Yes Mistress!” Michael said, much louder this time.

“Thank you, fuck face,” Blue said before kicking him callously in the balls then giggling cutely and turning around to punch the access code into Angelo’s door.

Michael let out a loud howl from the pain and fell onto the floor, and Sapphire yanked his leash so hard that he choked. “Get your ass up and let’s go!” she demanded as Angelo’s door slid open. Then she bent down and stared him in the eye. “Don’t you fucking embarrass me in front of my boss. Do you understand me? Straighten your punk ass up and crawl in here like a good malesub would. Understand?”

“Yes Mistress!” he said convincingly.

Sapphire turned and winked at Blue before heading into Angelo’s office. The door closed, and she approached his desk with Michael crawling right behind her. “Mission accomplished, sir,” she smiled.

Angelo waddled around the desk with open arms, hugging Sapphire tightly and thanking her profusely. Then he looked down at Michael, gasped sharply, and looked back up at her. “Baby, what the fuck did you do to him?” he asked her shockingly.

“Oh, nothing much,” Sapphire replied nonchalantly, pulling at Michael’s leash so that he would know to stand up on his knees, just as she had trained him to do while they were still in the carriage and heading back to the unit.

“Why is he so bruised up? And what on earth happened to his testicles? They’re huge! And it appears as though they’ve been ruptured.”

“Oh Angelo, he’s fine,” Sapphire said convincingly. “His nose is broken and his cheeks are cracked. That’s from all of the extreme facesitting that he experienced on the way here. His balls are ruptured from the brutal ballbusting, and his

asshole is completely ravaged from all the severe pegging that he went through with my double extra large dildo. But other than that, he's okay," she smiled sweetly.

Angelo stared down at the pitiful-looking Michael and began laughing uncontrollably. "My goodness, Sapphire, you really fucked him up! Gosh I'm gonna miss you..."

"Well Blue kicked him in the balls on the way in, so imagine what she would have done to him had you sent her out on the mission," Sapphire laughed. Then she turned to Michael and said, "Isn't that right, bitch boy?"

"Yes Mistress," he replied immediately.

Sapphire turned back to Angelo, who said to her, "Well now that my job is secure and you have beaten this man into complete submission, you're free to go, and you can return him to the government. I've already wired your payment for the mission into your account, plus your bonus, so you're all set. Don't be a stranger, and just know that I've caught every hint that you've thrown my way about Blue. I'm definitely planning on promoting her now that you're no longer with the unit."

"I think that's an excellent decision, sir," Sapphire smiled happily. She gave Angelo one last hug, told him that she loved him and would be in touch, then turned and walked toward the exit. On the way there she kicked Michael in the back so that he would get back down on all fours and crawl out of the office, just as he had when he'd entered it. The door slid open, and Sapphire saw Blue standing on the other side. "It's all yours," she said to her, confirming that she had in fact gotten the promotion.

Blue broke out into tears and threw her arms around Sapphire, crying into her shoulder and thanking her over and over again. The pair made plans to get together for lunch the following week, and Sapphire said her goodbyes to her teary fellow mercenaries as she prepared to exit the building.

When she finally made it outside, Sapphire led Michael to her car and pushed him inside of the backseat. She instructed him to sit on his knees, then climbed in the front seat and started the engine. As she exited the parking lot, she glanced in her rearview mirror and addressed Michael.

“You know,” she began, “This was my last mission, and I am now officially retired. I did this one last job as a favor to Angelo because I wanted him to keep his job. Now that my mission has been accomplished, I am free to do as I please. My plan was to get married and start a family. But the problem is, I don’t have a husband in sight. I’ve been too busy working to even look for one.” Sapphire checked to see make sure that Michael was paying attention to her. When she looked in his eyes, she saw that he was hanging on to her every word. So she continued.

“Now that I’ve found you, I think that I want to keep you. I don’t want to return you to the government. I want you for myself, to act as my malesub slave, and in turn my husband and the father to my children. So just to give you the heads up, that’s the deal. You belong to me now. You’re not going back to your former life. We’re going to be together, this is your new lifestyle, and you’re going to love it as well as me. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Michael replied loud and clear.

Sapphire looked back up into the rearview mirror and studied Michael's facial expression to see his reaction. When she saw a slight smile spread across his lips, she knew that this new arrangement was going to work out just fine for the both of them. He stared back up at her through the rearview mirror and she gave him a wink, then sped off toward her house to begin a night filled with the infliction of subservient torture and sexual pain.

THE END

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