

SCARLETT STEELE



PEGGED
in his
FANTASY

Pegged in His Fantasy

(Femdom, Ballbusting, Dominated by the Russian Female Gang, Femme Fatale)

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

Be aware: This 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, Ballbusting, Cock and Ball Torture and a Cruel and Sadistic Female Gangs journey to extract information from a male that he cannot provide.....

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

Excerpt

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"Your boss is dead. You are nothing to us. We will find out what we want to know." She nodded at the masked women. "They like pain. I like pain." Her voice had turned soft, almost seductive, "You might learn to like it."

She stepped back and slapped Jeff's face again so hard his head snapped back and hit the wall. Jeff was in a fog of terror. He tried to get his wrists from the cuffs, but they were too tight. He had been afraid before, but now he worried these people would really kill him. What was worse, it seemed they would torture him first.

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Jeff Thomas stared at the ceiling. Fixating on a single spot, he breathed deeply. Another day done. The hours were long and the tasks thankless, but at least his job at the bank paid him enough to live on. Even if he barely had much time for anything else.

Jeff, loved women, he'd had his fair share of one night stands, flings and relationships, but recently he had been under stress. Not only did he not have time to go out and meet women at the moment, but he found that his fantasies were getting wilder and his imagination was becoming the only escape. After all, he found that you could not ask for most of the things he'd been fantasizing about on a one night stand.

Jeff thought about Felicity again, feeling his hard cock pulsating in his hand, he closed his eyes and sunk back against the headboard. Starting slowly, he gently pumped his stiff hard on.

Everyone that passed Jeff in his daily life has a chance to make a cameo appearance in his fantasies.

Tonight it was Felicity's turn to be the main star. Felicity was a hot young temp who had just started working at the company and who he hadn't been able to get out of his head all day.

As he slipped deeper and deeper into pleasure, Jeff let felicity take over his imagination.....

It started out as just another normal day. He got up, went to the gym and was at his desk at the bank by 9am. But things quickly got weird when a group of female Russians dressed in black came in for a morning meeting with his boss, the bank's executive. That in itself doesn't appear that strange, what was strange was when hours later, there were the sounds of gunshots, then the leather clad females came bursting out of the inner offices. One of them grabbed Jeff, using him as a shield to prevent the security guards from shooting her. They dragged him out to their car, threw him in the trunk and sped away.

Jeff tried not to panic. He'd been versed in what to do in case of a robbery or heist. All of the senior level employees were. He'd even been told what to do in case he was taken hostage. What he couldn't figure out was why they took him. He tried to count the turns, but the drive was so fast and erratic he quickly lost count. Suddenly, the car skidded to a halt and the trunk popped open.

He blinked up at a blonde woman who spat a string of angry sounding Russian at him. Jeff didn't speak Russian. He shook his head, "I don't understand!" A brunette stepped into view, she spoke in heavily accented English. "You are bank executive's assistant. You are only other person who could know." She turned back to the blonde and spoke with her quietly for a moment before walking away.

The blonde grabbed Jeff and wrapped his wrists and ankles with duct tape. He tried to fight back but she was so strong. She stuffed a rag in his mouth and taped it in place, then taped over his eyes. He was dumped back into the trunk. Now he was really fighting panic. He tried to work the tape off her hands, but the blonde had done too good of a job.

When the car stopped again, someone grabbed him by the arms and dragged him out of the trunk, stumbling up some stairs, then into an echoey building. He heard several female voices speaking in Russian, the voice's all angry and forceful. Then a softer female voice chimed in. She sounded cold, authoritative. Someone ripped the tape off her eyes and Jeff blinked in pain. Then out came the gag. He felt himself being held up while the blonde stood in front of him.

"What do you want?" Jeff gasped out as soon as he could get past the pain of the tape being yanked off his face.

"You are only possible link," the woman snarled at him. "We had plan with your boss. All should have been good. But something went wrong. The bank knew, the money was not there. Your boss? He swore it was not him. Even when Katrina helped him to remember." She shrugged. "If not him, who? Only you. You are only other person he said knew."

Jeff shook his head, “Knew what? I didn’t know anything! I don’t know anything.”

The blonde barked something in Russian and Jeff felt the tape being ripped off his hands. His relief was short lived however, as a pair of handcuffs quickly replaced the tape. He was dragged into another room and the handcuffs locked around a pipe in the ceiling. The blonde looked at him with disgust, “You can tell what you know, or…” she shrugged and pointed at the a row of leather clad masked Russian woman lined up leering at him.

“But I don’t know anything!” Jeff cried out. The women came closer and Jeff began to seriously wonder what they intended.

“Stoj!” It was the gentle female voice from earlier. Jeff craned his head to look in that direction and saw a tall brunette woman dressed in a black skirt and a black t-shirt with a stern look on her face. The others quickly backed off. The woman crossed to Jeff. She took his chin in her hand and turned his to face her.

“Very handsome,” she said, his English only slightly accented. “A shame to ruin such a nice face. Mr Thomas , your boss assured my people that he did not act to ruin our plans. I say this because you must understand what is at stake here. Today was final step in a series of plans that would make us \$8 million richer.

But…” she shrugged. “We find that the corporate offices know. They have moved money. What was there for taking is no longer. And I think, who could do this? Who would know? Only your boss. And you.”

Jeff’s eyes went wide. “But, I didn’t know anything!”

The tall brunette in the leather skirt shrugged. “We will see. This was just the first of many steps. I need to know if everything is compromised. Because of you, I may lose billions. Do you understand how serious this is?”

She turned away from Jeff and nodded at the blonde woman. She pulled a wickedly sharp looking knife and forcefully cut Jeff’s clothes off. The women started snickering and giggling. Jeff did not need to understand Russian to know he was about to be humiliated and worse.

The blonde stepped up and slapped him across the face, hard. She shouted at him in Russian, then translated into English. “You will talk, you will tell us what you know. Who else knows of the heist? Who else knows of us?” She slapped Jeff again.

But Jeff just shook his head and kept repeating, “I don’t know, I swear, I don’t know.” The tall brunette something in Russian and the blonde quickly wrapped her hands around Jeff’s throat. She squeezed, harder and harder until Jeff couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t even swallow. At first, it was just uncomfortable, but soon his lungs were screaming for air, his brain was pounding from the restricted blood flow. His eyes rolled back in his head and the blonde released him.

She grabbed Jeff’s chin and got right into his face, “Who told you about the heist? How else knows about us?”

When Jeff still didn’t answer, she stepped back and one of the masked women came forward. She leaned in and grabbed one of Jeff’s testicles and pinched it hard. Jeff wailed in pain as she squeezed harder still. She yelled at him in Russian, then grabbed the other testicle, twisting as she pulled on it. She let go for a moment, then quickly grabbed both testicles, her fingernails biting into his skin until he screamed in pain. When she let go, Jeff felt a rush of relief. Then the blonde stepped back up. She stroked the tender skin where the masked woman had just been pinching and spoke softly.

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She stepped in very close to Jeff and wrapped her fingers around his throat again. The woman whispered in her ear, “I feel your blood in your veins,” she squeezed harder, slowly constricting Jeff’s breathing. “You struggle to breathe,” her hands tightened again. Jeff felt her skin flushing, the pressure in her lungs building. “You submissive deep down, ya? Your lover squeeze your breath from you.” Her hands tightened again and she rubbed her arms over Jeff’s nipples. Finally, just as Jeff was about to pass out, the woman released her grip slightly.

In the fog, Jeff wondered what would happen to him. He didn’t know anything. He’d never heard of any plot, or heist, or anything. His boss had always been very quiet. Why he’d told them he knew something, he had no idea. He couldn’t imagine being tortured until he finally was killed. Why did he say that? Unless he thought he could save his life that way. Jeff’s eyes snapped open. He suddenly realized he might have a chance. It was risky. He’d have to fight his fear and face whatever they were going to do to him.

If he fought and held back, he could convince them that they’d beat it out of him. Then he could say his boss was the one. That he’d lied to them and blamed his, he was trying to cheat them. He couldn’t do it too soon, they’d know he was being fake.

Air rushed back into his lungs as the Russian blonde let go of his throat. “I should introduce myself,” the woman purred in Jeff’s ear, “I am Felicity. These men are Karly, Melody, and Sabine. Violet is the boss.”

She clasped her palm around Jeff’s cock again, pinching the head, then laughed. When she released her fingers, they were wet. She wiped them on the woman she’d introduced as Karly, then they left the room, leaving Jeff hanging by her wrists.

Jeff was stunned to realize how hard and aroused he was. Somehow, this was exciting him. His arms ached and he was having trouble breathing from the position. He kept himself semi-awake thinking of how he could convince them the leak was really his boss.

The door opened and Melody walked in, her heels clipping the concrete flooring. Jeff braced himself for what she was going to do, but she merely undid the cuffs and led him to another room. She locked a cuff around his ankle and then left, wordless the entire time. Jeff looked around. There was a low cot, a toilet, a locking cell door. The cuff on his ankle went to a heavy chain that was bolted to the wall.

At some point, someone pushed a bowl of thin soup into the room and Jeff ate. He hadn’t realized how hungry he was. He managed to fall into a fitful sleep on the narrow cot only to be woken up by a splash of cold water across his body.

“Get up!” Felicity shouted at him and tugged on the chain. Melody came in and grabbed him, dragging him by wrists, she dragged him into yet another room where she cuffed his hands over his head, then spread his legs wide and cuffed them in place as well. Jeff realized he was being spread out facing a rough, X-shaped cross. Felicity stood on the other side of the cross, her face inches from Jeff’s.

“We will see what you know today,” she nodded over Jeff’s shoulder and Jeff heard a smooth whoosh sound, then felt a bloom of pain across her back.

“Karly worked with horses whole life,” Felicity explained. “She is artist with whip.” Jeff heard a loud crack near his ear, then a split second later, searing pain as Karly crossed his skin with the whip again. He jumped as she flicked the whip lightly along her back and thighs. Each strike stung, but not as badly as the lashes across his back. Then without warning another burning stripe down his back. Jeff wailed in pain as the heat bloomed.

The pattern continued, Karly would tease his skin just hard enough to sting, then she’d crack the whip and lay into him so hard he was surprised he wasn’t bleeding. At each crack of the whip, Jeff jumped and felt his cock twitch, pulse and stiffen. He could feel the cock continue to harden, sucking the blood from his thighs as Karly moved on to whipping his ass. His back was on fire, every inch of skin crisscrossed with red stripes. Now she was doing the same to his ass.

He felt the press of something cold and hard against her entrance of his anus. Felicity was kneeling in front of him, sliding a police baton into his anal opening. She pumped the thin end of the baton in and out in time with Karly’s whip and Jeff felt his body tensing and convulsing in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Every now and then, Felicity would stop and ask Jeff for details. And every time, Jeff would cry, “I don’t know, I don’t know.” When Felicity pulled the baton from his anus, flipped it around and pressed the thicker end of it against his asshole, Jeff

screamed, "I don't know, really! I promise! I don't know anything!"

But to no avail. Felicity gave the baton a shove and it popped the thick end into Jeff's ass. He felt a moment of blinding pain that quickly turned to pleasure as Felicity began fucking his ass with the thick heavy end.

After several minutes, Jeff's body was shaking and the tip of his cock leaking with pre-cum. Felicity turned to the women watching, "I warmed him up for you ladies!"

Melody pulled Jeff from the cross and quickly cuffed his hands together. She forced her to her knees in front of him, then just as quickly, shoved her fist into his mouth until he gagged. Felicity was there, whispering in his ear, "Cooperate and you might live. Bite and you die, as slowly, and painfully as I can manage it."

After Melody's hand came Karly, then Sabine. Then Sabine pushed her down to the floor and circled the tip of a thin long dildo across the opening of this shaft and shoved it into his erect cock. Jeff screamed.

"His ass is all warmed up for you Karly," Felicity was playing the conductor, telling the women what to do, how to use him. Karly spat on her other dildo, then rammed into his ass hard and deep. Jeff screamed, but that was muffled as Melody shoved her fingers back into his throat.

Sabine held his hands as Karly pounded the dildo into his ass.

Karly held her down and pounded his ass even more furiously as Sabine forced the mini dildo deeper into his cock. "You are not done yet," she smiled at Jeff.

One of the women grabbed his ass cheeks and spread them wide apart, digging their fingers into his innocent. Tears sprang to his eyes and rolled down his cheeks and he was practically chanting, "I don't know anything, I don't know anything!"

Suddenly the women traded places, Melody pulled out a slightly longer and thinner dildo and forced it deep into his shaft. Karly wrapped her fingers around her throat and constricted and released in time with Melody's thrusts.

As brutal as the other woman had already been to his ass, Sabine took it to new heights. She pulled out the one dildo only to replace it with a monster so thick it looked like an arm. She laughed when Jeff screamed in pain as she shoved it into his already abused ass.

The women took turns, swapping positions and toys, each fucking his ass and the no enlarging hole at the tip of his penis with toys or fingers. Every now and then, Felicity would laugh and tell him this is what happened to people who lied and cheated and stole from Violet.

Finally, the women seemed exhausted, but Felicity barked out orders in Russian. Melody quickly laid Jeff out on the table, chaining his wrists and ankles in place. Felicity stepped up and flicked her fingernails along Jeff's testicles. Without warning, her hand came down and slapped Jeff's tender testicles. Jeff hissed in a breath, shocked at the intense sensation, the mixture of pain and exquisite pleasure. Felicity held up a short leather strap with a forked end. "This is tawse," she explained. "We use it to extract information. I show you."

With that, she slapped the forked end of the leather into one of his Jeff's testicles, then quickly slapped the other. The pain burned, hot and intense, but Jeff felt his cock throbbing even harder.

Felicity continued with the tawse, alternating the slapping between the different testicles again and again until the entire area was swollen and bruised. Jeff was in tears when Felicity pulled out vicious looking clamps and fastened them onto the tip of his penis. She put two on either side at the tip on his foreskin and two just under the head putting pressure on the blood flow.

Then Felicity reached down and pinched the tip between her fingers. She pushed back the foreskin, exposing his swollen head, then she placed a clamp directly on the head. Jeff opened his mouth in a silent scream as the pain shot through him. Felicity thrummed her fingers along the various clamps and suddenly, Jeff shook in a violent orgasm. The pain and pleasure blurring into a bizarre mix. Felicity flicked the clamp on her tip of his head and Jeff howled in fresh pain. She asked Jeff a bunch of nonsense questions, and each time Jeff answered incorrectly, she would use the tawse to slap one of the clamps until it popped off. Jeff screamed as each one came off. His cock was already swollen and bruised and it felt as if

each clamp was tearing his skin away.

Finally, only the clamp over his head remained. Felicity asked Jeff a bizarre question. In tears, Jeff answered that he didn't know the answer. Felicity smiled, "Wrong answer!" She drew back her hand and the tawse came down straight onto the clamp, then she continued the stroke so the ends of the tawse slapped into Jeff's swollen and bruised tip as the clamp came off.

Jeff shuddered in an orgasm as he passed out from the pain. He woke back in his cell, an ice pack pressed against his limp cock. He carefully pulled the pack away to see he was not bleeding, but his cock was badly swollen and was already dark black and blue. His testicles were bruised as well. When he moved the ice pack back into place, the friction gave him a shudder of the weird pleasure-pain mixture before he passed out again.

Jeff woke up again to find Violet sitting across from her. When he tried to sit up, she waved him back down. "You are stubborn. I don't know many who can withstand what Felicity has done and not break." She sounded like she admired him. Jeff allowed a ray of hope to penetrate. Maybe, just maybe, he could get out of this alive.

She stood and spoke quickly with a female guard, then left. The guard came into her cell and dragged Jeff to a shower. She scrubbed him down roughly, then gave him a bowl of thin broth to drink. He was taken, still naked and shivering, into what had to be Violet's office. She sat at a large desk, peering over her fingers at him.

"Felicity tells me you find pleasure in pain," she began, "that is good. One way or the other, we will both get something from this."

Jeff wanted to correct her, he didn't find pleasure in pain, not at all, but the mere memory of the tawse slapping onto his testicles made him hard. Violet stood over him, her ample chest easily dwarfing his upper body. She wrapped a hand into his hair and pulled him off the chair and to his knees.

Suddenly, Jeff felt a plastic dildo slapping his face. "Open this and take my strapon you worm" she growled and shoved it into his mouth. He tried to resist, but she sank her fingers into the tender spots behind his jaw, forcing his mouth open. Then she shoved in so deep he retched and gagged. She kept shoving, forcing him to swallow anything that came up. He couldn't breathe around her plastic dildo, it was hugely girthy, every bit as big as the dildo that had been shoved in his ass. But she didn't care. She held his face and fucked his throat until tears streamed down his cheeks, his nose ran freely with snot, and he was choking back spit and mucus and trying not to vomit.

She didn't stop, she kept fucking his face as his tears fell until finally felt her own pussy starting to become wetter and wetter. As it did she, shoved the dildo in even further, "Gag on it," She commanded, clamping his hand over his mouth and nose and holding him still. She waited until he obeyed, basking in ecstasy as she came inside her black panties while forcing the dildo deep into Jeff's mouth. Then she slapped his face so hard she sent him reeling back on his ass.

She picked him up by the hair and grabbed one of Jeff's testicles, her fingers gripping tightly, digging in until he cried out. She threw him onto his back on her desk, then forced his legs apart. "Felicity does good work," she nodded in approval at the bruises on his still sore and tender swollen cock.

She pulled two letter openers from his desk and used the points to pull the tip of his foreskin apart. She dug the point down the sides of his exposed shaft and he screamed in pain. Her fingers reached down and she pinched her tip of the head tightly, still driving the point of the letter openers further down his foreskin. He writhed and squealed, fresh tears sprouting in his eyes. Finally she released him and removed the letter openers, then slapped her open palm down against his testicles so hard the room echoed with the sound. Jeff let out a loud wail, sobs wracking his body as he tried to pull away from her. But she held him fast in place.

Violet quickly handcuffed him and locked the cuffs to one side of her desk, then spread his legs wide and locked them in place as well. "You think you are first man I torture?" She shrugged at him.

She pulled out a small knife, then sat straddle his hips and began delicately poking at her testicles. Jeff winced at the sharp pain as she traced each testicle with the knife point, lightly at first, then harder, and harder, until his skin was welting and swelling up at each stroke. She didn't quite make him bleed, but only just. Then she leaned down and fastened her teeth on one testicle. She sucked his sack into her mouth and sank her teeth into the tender testicle.

Jeff felt his world going gray, but he also felt his cock getting harder and harder. Violet noticed it as well. "You can't help getting excited, yah," she sat up and sniffed the air. She slid off of him, rubbed the palm against the top of his pre-cum wet penis and then slammed her palm into his testicles again. The slap made a wet sound and she smiled. "Oh yes, you are liking this."

She traced the knife tip along his belly, then between his thighs, finally poking his penis with the point. She pulled her foreskin back and scraped the blade along her tip until he screamed in mixed agony and ecstasy. She leaned down again, and inhaled, "Yes, you are very excited." She whispered just before she sank her teeth directly onto the tip of his head and bit down hard.

Jeff thought he'd felt pain before, but this was something entirely new. This was pain like nothing else. The electric shock of it traveled from the tip of his penis to his entire body. But still he felt his convulse in orgasm as she ground her teeth together, mashing the head of his penis between them.

She continued to bite, leaving deep teeth marks on his tip and on his thighs. When Jeff shuddered in another painful orgasm as she bit down on his head once more, she started to pull out her large strap on.

"You were fucked with a dildo in your ass, ya?" She asked. Jeff nodded, confused. "You still say you know nothing?" Jeff shook her head,

"I don't know anything!" He cried.

"You know that dildo has stretched many holes, including mine" Violet looked at her, he could believe it. "You will take even more in your ass but first I will continue to ruin your manhood" Violet showed Jeff a long and thin purple dildo.

Jeff screamed out in pain as she slide the purple dildo into his bruised, cockhead, thrusting deep into the entrance at the tip. Each thrust beat against the fragile flesh inside his foreskin. Her hand closed over his mouth and nose, stopping his breathing as she she fucked his cock harder and harder. She watched as he convulsed from pain, orgasm, and lack of air all at the same time.

Her dildo was like a battering ram slamming into his flesh. Tears streamed down his cheeks. She parted her fingers enough for him to gasp a quick breath before she pressed down again. Jeff could imagine this is what having his manhood fucked to death would feel like. Each stroke felt like his insides were being slammed into tender body, then yanked back out through his pulsing cock.

Finally, she pulled out and, Jeff unexpectedly came on his belly, then ordered to be locked in a cell attached to her office. There Jeff sat all through her business day, and all that night. He was fed a watery soup, led to the bathroom periodically, and hosed off with cold water when he was dirty.

Violet would use him regularly. If she needed to take the edge off before seeing someone. If she was angry. If she was frustrated. She strapped on her dildo and shoved her huge cock into his mouth or her purple dildo into his shaft until he orgasmed. Before fucking him, she would spread her legs wide open and use a leather strap to beat his testicles until they were black and blue again.

She kept him like this for days on end. If he did something to anger her, she would turn him back over to Felicity, her only limit was that they not touch his ass. She wanted his ass to tighten back up and forget the assault before she shoved her monster strap on into him.

When Felicity had him, Jeff knew there would be clamps. Felicity loved nothing more than using the clamps on his foreskin and the tip of his penis. The pain never got any easier, but one day when Felicity used the clamps on him and left them a particularly long time before smacking them off with the tawse, Jeff was incredibly tender. That day, Violet didn't wait for him to be returned to her, she marched in and grabbed Jeff as Felicity was returning him to his cell. She shoved Jeff down on the cell floor and started kicking him with ferocity all over. Again and again, over and over giving his testicles more than their fair share of her vicious kicks.

She knew exactly what he was doing. She wanted to humiliate him with how much he enjoyed the pain. She knew he was so sensitive right at that moment he would cum harder than he ever had before from the pain and beating.. And she knew that

would horrify him.

She was right. The coarse feel of her boot, her feet swinging into his torso, and the pressure as she slammed into him made him scream out, but not in pain this time. He screamed and cried out in an intense orgasm that left him shaking on the floor, and trying to cover himself as everyone watched her. After Violet left, Felicity spat on him, "Twisted fuck, you like that shit!" One by one, all of the women walked by. Some spat on him, some kicked him in the stomach, some swung their boots into his sore crotch. When it was all done, he lay on the floor shivering, covered in spit and bruises and sobbing.

The next morning, Violet had him hosed off and brought to her. She laid him on the desk as usual. She spread his legs wide. She traced lines over his testicles with his knives. She bit his testicles and the tip of his cock. He didn't respond. It was like he was dead. His mind had gone somewhere else.

This was the risk of sexual torture. Go too far and you can lose someone. But Violet didn't think he was lost. She pulled out a small vibrator, then gently peeled the foreskin and rested the little vibe directly on his sensitive tip. He jumped and Violet smiled. She put him back in the cell in his office and ignored him for days. He barely ate and barely drank, he just stared at her with empty, dead eyes. She brought other men in to torture. She brought other men in to abuse and fuck in her own special way. She made sure he was always watching.

Finally, she pulled him back out again and chained his face up on her desk. His bruised and swollen testicles had mostly healed. Most of his bruises had faded into pale memories. She was about to fix that.

Violet started by slapping his testicles lightly. He moaned as his skin reddened. Then she brought out the weighted sap and laid into his testicles even harder. The thud of the sap hitting his tender flesh was satisfying, but even better were the cries that were escaping his lips.

She brought out her leather strap and without warm up, brought it down full force on the center of his scrotum. He wailed in agony, and when she laid the strap down on a second stroke, she could see his cock hardening. She swung the strap again, clipping him on the scrotum. Then across the tip of his penis. Again and again she laid the strap down on his testicles, making him jump and cry out. Again and again until he was beginning to bruise.

She reached for something she rarely used. For most people, it was too much pain. A flexible piece of leather. "This is something special," she told him, "The dragon tail whip can cut someone open if you don't use it correctly. I like" Violet laid lines of red across his chest and thighs, smiling each time he cried out.

"Tell me what I want to know," she admonished softly as she laid the dragon's tail high up on his inner thigh. When he repeated that he knew nothing, she let the tail fall directly on the tip of swollen penis. The loud crack sounding a split second before his high pitched wail of pain pierced the air. She repeated the stroke on the left testicle, then the right.

Violet flicked his testicles with the dragon tail, barely brushing them at first, then cracking the end of the whip on his testicles. Jeff screamed again,

"I don't know anything!"

"I do not believe you," Violet whispered in his ear before continuing to alternate whipping his testicles and the tip of his cock. "You were the executive's assistant, how could you not know? You must know something."

He was crying freely now, tears streaming down his face. Violet laid aside the whip for a moment and reached into her drawer. She removed a handful of clamps and proceeded to clip them all over Jeff. He put a clamp on each testicle, then along his shaft. Finally, she pulled the foreskin back and put a clamp on the tip of the penis. Jeff screamed in pain when she did that, but she also noticed he got even harder, starting to leak some pre-cum. She knew Felicity had done this to him as well, so she turned to Jeff, "Where do you think Felicity learned all her skills from, hm?" She flicked the clamps on his testicles for a moment.

"How long have you worked for the bank?" Violet fired the question off, then lightly danced the whip across his skin.

"Two...two years," he stammered it out quickly.

"How long have you been assistant to executive?" Then whip flicked the tips of the clamps on his tip.

“I got hired for that job,” Jeff hissed in a breath as he let the whip caress the clamps a little harder.

“Tell me about executive. His habits.”

“What?” Jeff sounded confused.

Violet flicked the whip hard and cracked it over his left testicle. The clamp tore off and the whip left an instant bruise. Jeff cried out in pain.

“Tell me about executive. His habits.” Violet repeated.

Jeff tried to recall everything he knew about the man. He outlined his habits as he knew them. Violet continued asking questions, any time she didn't like an answer, she flicked a clamp off. The clamp on the tip clit was still in place when Violet unfastened his legs and flipped him over facedown on the desk. She pulled him back so he was standing, bent over the desk, his arms stretched tight above his head. Then she spread his legs wide and chained them in place to either side of the desk.

With no warning, no question, no preamble, she flicked the whip out rapidly, once, twice, a third time. Three red welts rose on Jeff's ass and his crying turned to outright sobs. Violet grabbed her strapped on and strapped the monster dildo to the front of her skirt, stroking in anticipation. Whipping him had her soaking wet and it had been long enough since he'd been abused sexually that he was no longer numb to the trauma of it.

She spat on his ass and rubbed it around a bit, then shoved her huge strapped dildo deep in his ass in one powerful thrust. She ignored his cries and struggles as he tried to pull away. Instead, she pulled him tighter against her, then began to thrust hard and fast into his ass.

Violet grabbed a handful of his hair and yanked his head back, reaching around with her other hand, she grabbed his scrotum and squeezed one of his testicles between her fingers. She knew the rough surface of his desk would feel exquisitely painful on his freshly whipped skin, especially as she fucked him and made his body slide against the rough desk.

Jeff cried out each time her cock slammed into him. The tip of his cock still fastened securely with the clamp sliding across the desk, she could feel him getting harder and his orgasm building. Violet braced herself and pounded into him even harder. Jeff felt his testicle swelling and bruising under her fingers. His tip was throbbing from the clamp and still she pounded her huge cock deep into his ass. Again and again he felt her disappear into him. Her body slapping into his, the sound echoing in the room.

With a loud grunt, she pulled out and grabbed his face. She spat all over his face, then immediately turned and picked up the whip. She flicked the whip against his abused asshole and Jeff whimpered. Then she flicked it over the clamp, sending the clamp flying off. Jeff came as the pain tore through his body.

“It was my boss!” he screamed as the pain subsided enough for him to breathe. “He was playing both sides.” He was crying freely, trembling in pain and fear. Felicity was terrible, but this woman was a true sadist and Jeff was starting to like it.

Violet listened as he spun a tale of vague stories. “I don't know much, really. And he told me I'd die if I ever... if I ever told anyone.” He hiccuped his way through what he hoped was enough. For Violet, something did not feel right. Jeff told a convincing story, at this point he had no reason to lie. But something felt wrong.

Jeff watched as she weighed the possibilities. He had to resist the urge to embellish more. “The simplest lie is always the best,” he'd been told during his training in terrorism tactics. So he held his tongue and allowed the tears to flow.

Finally, Violet ordered him cleaned up and placed in a secure cell. After Jeff's tearful false confession. Jeff waited, wondering if he'd given her enough, or too much. Violet still felt something was wrong. No man could go through what he'd experienced and still hold to a false story.

Felicity urged her to give Jeff back to her. “I'll get a true confession out of him,” she was practically salivating. She wanted to use electricals and cutting.

“I'll cut her scrotum open to start,” Felicity gave an evil grin. “You will stay away from him for now,” Violet ordered. But Felicity made her suspicious. She watched her, monitored her time, her activities, and her emails. Suddenly little pieces

clicked into place.

“Melody,” she called one of Felicity’s pets into his office, “Tell me what you know of this!” She laid it all out for the woman. Felicity’s treachery, her lies, the whole story came out. And she watched. Melody looked genuinely shocked. Either she was the world’s best actress, or she knew nothing. Violet did the same with Karly and Sabine. All were completely innocent. It was all Felicity. She realized she had been working with the bank executive all along. That was why she’d killed him. She wanted everything for herself.

She ordered Jeff moved from his cell and placed in a secure room that was far more comfortable. He was given access to a shower, and good food. And most importantly, no more torture. Felicity, she had immediately taken and placed in Jeff’s old cell. When all was done, he went to see Jeff and explained everything to him.

“Your confession didn’t fit the things I knew to be true,” she told him. “Still,” she shrugged, “I could not believe you would allow yourself to suffer all that you did and be able to lie. That left only one possibility. You had been telling the truth all along and the confession was the lie. Felicity had worked with the executive, and she set him up. She alerted the authorities, she made everything happen. The narrow escape in the bank was part of her plan. She wanted me to believe she had actually failed. The truth is,” He led Jeff out the door and started walking toward Felicity’s cell, she kept talking as they walked. “The truth is, she succeeded, and she needed this ruse to give her time to process the funds without me knowing. You were Felicity’s little sacrifice.”

He stopped outside of Felicity’s cell. “She will pay for her choices, I do not tolerate lies and deceit in my organization.” She smiled, and it was a mixture of sadness and anger.

“What will you do to her?” Jeff wasn’t really sure he wanted to know, but some deep part of him was curious. “She used sex as a weapon, as a means of control. Sex is what we will use to punish her.” This time, her smile was even less pleasant. “It seems I owe you an apology,” Violet looked at him. “You have 15 minutes, you may do whatever you wish. Then we will finish the job.” She handed Jeff a small bag and walked away, stopping to talk to the guard briefly, when she was done, she turned to Jeff again, “She is to watch and not to interfere in whatever you do. She is also to ensure your safety. She will not allow her to harm you.” She nodded at her and left.

Jeff looked in the bag and found the tawse Felicity used on him as well as some clamps and a large, rough metal dildo. He smiled and walked into Felicity’s cell. The same cell he herself had so recently occupied. “You come to laugh? To have revenge?” Felicity’s voice taunted him. “You don’t have it in you!” Felicity spat.

Jeff just shrugged and smiled. He walked slowly around the chained woman. He remembered each strike, each bit of torment. When Violet had said she could have 15 minutes to do whatever he wished, and he saw the contents of the bag, he knew exactly what he would do to Felicity.

Jeff walked around her in silence for a full two minutes, smiling each time Felicity tried taunting him. Felicity called him names, threatened him, and repeated that she didn’t believe Jeff could actually stomach harming her. Eventually, doubt began to creep into the woman’s voice. Finally, Jeff stepped behind Felicity and grabbed a handful of the woman’s hair. “Did you ever let any of those men you tortured ever fuck you? I bet you didn’t. You teased and you controlled, and you get off on how much they want you. Do you know what the women are going to do to you when I’m done? Every single one of those women is going to get five disgusting men to shove their fat cocks into you. They’ll stuff your pussy, your mouth, and your ass so full of cock and cum that you can’t stand it. But I have a little secret I’m going to share with you…” He slapped Felicity hard enough to make the woman tear up, “I’ll have had you first!”

First, Jeff abused her mouth, shoving his fingers into Felicity’s throat until she gagged. He smeared the spit all over the woman’s face. Then Jeff used the Tawse on Felicity’s pussy. He wasn’t nice at all. He spread the woman’s pussy lips wide open, baring her clit and hole, then slammed the tawse down on Felicity’s clit, letting the ends flick down between her inner lips, leaving bright red welts in their wake. Felicity choked back a scream.

Jeff shoved her fingers into her pussy, “What, you’re not wet, Felicity?”

What’s the matter? You don’t like not being in control? Too bad.” He forced his entire hand into Felicity’s pussy, watching as the woman fought back tears. Still Felicity didn’t cry out. The tears slid silently down her cheeks as Jeff brutally fist fucked her before reaching for the rough metal dildo and shoving it into Felicity’s pussy for a few strokes.

Jeff wasn't worried that Felicity hadn't cried out yet. He glanced at the clock. Five minutes left. He pulled the dildo out of Felicity's pussy and held the woman by the hair. "You know what's coming next," he whispered. She forced Felicity's head to the floor and knelt on her legs to hold her in place.

He worked slowly, savoring the moment. He inched a finger into Felicity's tight ass and was rewarded with the woman's gasp. He spread her cheeks and spat on her asshole, slowly working a second and third finger in. More spit and a fourth finger disappeared into her ass. Jeff spat again and shoved her hand deeper, then he pulled back and slammed the huge, rough dildo in and began brutally fucking Felicity's ass with it. The woman finally screamed and cried, her wails of pain echoing off the walls of the cell. Jeff ignored her and fucked harder. The more Felicity cried, the harder Jeff fucked. He kept an eye on the time. When he had only 30 seconds left, he yanked the dildo out of Felicity's ass and shoved it into the woman's mouth. "Remember me, for however long your life may be. Somehow, I suspect it's going to be short."

The cell door opened and Violet nodded at him, he handed her the bag, minus the dildo that was still sticking out of Felicity's mouth. "Now, leave," Violet commanded, "she is ours to take care of." Jeff walked out of the cell, "By the way," Violet spoke to her as she passed him, "If you ever need a job..." she left the suggestion hanging as Jeff walked away.

Jeff looked back as she fled the building. He saw the line up of easily 50 men forming in the hall. He knew what they had in mind. Violet had explained it. Each man would be allowed time to torture and abuse Felicity however he saw fit. their time would be given according to how much they had suffered at Felicity's hands in the past. In the end, after all had their turn, she would be fucked, repeatedly. She would probably not survive the experience, but somehow, Jeff didn't care.

He opened the door and stepped into freedom as Felicity's first screams of horror began to echo down the hallway.

As Jeff blinked, he continued to stroke himself to his fantasy world. Submitting his body to the very needs and desires of the sadistic females, he continued pumping his hard member with every thrust, Jeff had ejaculated several times, yet he continued to pump relentlessly. Drifting in and out of his fantasy world.....

THE END

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