



*Strong  
Chief*

**BOUND  
VIOLATED  
PEGGED**

**3 STORY BUNDLE PACK**

# The Thong Thief

## Parts 1-3

(Feminization, Female Domination,  
Male Submission, Ballbusting + Pegged Humiliation, Facesitting Dominatrix, Sissification, Chastity)

**includes TWO FREE BONUS STORIES**

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Individuals on the cover are models and are used for illustrative purposes only.

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

Be aware: This bundle of stories is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, pegging, ballbusting, facesitting and a team of women's quest on teaching a thief the ultimate lesson for stealing their underwear.....

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

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**Included in this bundle**

***The Thong Thief Part 1***

***Breaking his Backdoor Cherry***

The **Thong Thief** was well versed in his trade and had perfected his techniques.

Making a small fortune breaking into woman's houses, stealing and selling their freshly worn underwear.

**Tracy's thongs** had been his **best seller** by a mile, making up the large portion of his sales.

Not one to let a future profit slide, he returns to the busty blonde's house for further supplies of her used thongs.

Tracy catches the thief and takes him on a **brutal ride of pain and punishment**.

The moment her **feet smash** into the **thief's vulnerable balls**, he realises he is in for a **world of hurt**.

His night gets worse as she **dons** her **black strap-on** and **lubes up**.

She plans on taking the thief on a **lesson he will never forget**, one where she **rips his backdoor cherry from under his nose!**

## *The Thong Thief Part 2*

### *Bound to be Pegged*

The Thong Thief falls into a dangerous trap.

Elise tricks him into raiding the sorority house for the **ultimate raid of freshly worn panties.**

Using her flirtatious charm, teasing cleavage and mini skirt flashing her rear entry. She leads him into an ambush.

An **ambush by 10 females** who are intent on **punishing and breaking the Thong Thief.**

He finds himself at the hands of the **merciless gang, double-pegged** in front of a **scantly clad sorority audience.**

Subjected to rounds of **facesitting, ass worship** and **backdoor domination.**

The **girls videotape the action** in the lead up to their **ultimate punishment, deep penetration with a metal studded strapon.**

### *The Thong Thief Part 3*

#### *Gang Pegged*

The Thong Thief ran as fast as he could from the scene of the crime.....

.....but he was no match for the **cruel dominatrixes chasing after him.**

He is caught and **on trial** in the **court of femdom.**

Facing the **evil Domme judge** and the **cruel female jury.**

His freedom, humility and balls are in the **tight grips** of the very **Dommes he attempted to steal from.**

**The punishment will be big, hard and raw, THREE TIMES as big, THREE TIMES as hard and THREE TIMES as raw ALL AT THE SAME TIME.**

Will he be proven guilty and **VIOLATED** by **THREE DOMMES AT THE SAME TIME** or will he be set free for the crimes he has committed.

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# The Thong Thief - Part 1

## Breaking his Backdoor Cherry

### Chapter 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Chapter 3

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

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

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

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

That night around nine o'clock I went to Tracy's house. In order to stay in business and maintain my enviable sales reputation, I had to go over the top and be better than the other sellers in the business.

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

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

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

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

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

“Stand up!” Tracy snarled towards me .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Had I known what she was going to do I would have protected myself, she didn't bother turning on her bedroom light but I could see the angry expression on her face from the street light coming in through her bedroom window.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was crying at this point, any man would have been crying from the seer of pain that went through my balls into my cock, resting at the head of my cock. It was throbbing and not because of pleasure. There was no doubt I was going to be bruised and battered for a while. Like she said, my punishment for breaking into her house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 4

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

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

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

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

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

When I felt myself being dragged back into the bathroom I knew that I thought I was done with. As I felt my feet landing on the hardwood floor I felt the arms come away from me. Turning around to face her once again she had her hands on her hips and scowling at me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

strap on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Your not so tough now, are you?” She laughed at me, she was enjoying it all. I guess I deserved it for not staying away like she had told me to do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tracy couldn't understand why I had to come back. If she did she didn't let on, it wasn't that hard to figure out why I came to her house in the first place. It was all about the money, if she couldn't figure that out than she was the one who was slow.

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

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

**TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 2**

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## The Thong Thief - Part 2

### Pegged by the Sorority

#### Chapter 1

After Tracy had taken my anal cherry as punishment for breaking in and stealing her underwear, I had decided to take a break for two months from stealing and selling freshly worn women's underwear.. Just thinking about the pain she had put me through sent a strange sensation across my body and made my cock tingle. The pain and embarrassment stayed with me long after she threw me out at midnight. Tracy made me feel like nothing, I tried to rise above it, she didn't take the small bag that I had tossed her see-through thongs into. Either she was just too pissed at me to see that I had the bag or she didn't care. Either way I had made a lot of money selling the underwear of my bestselling victim, enough to get me through the two months without any further money.

I had come to realize that I couldn't run my woman used underwear selling business on my own anymore. I had to have a partner in crime but had no one that I could trust, all the guys would want the panties for themselves and I wouldn't be able to make a single point of profit. I fought the urge myself many many times only because I loved the money more.

Looking at the calendar, I saw that it had been exactly two months since I had been on the prowl. I had committed no crimes and was hoping that everyone thought it was over, at least hoping to fool the media.

I bought another black outfit, this time it was almost like a second skin that's how thin it was. Harder to get off of me. It came with a hood and a mask that covered my face including my eyes. I could see out of it though so that was pretty cool.

I wasn't going out to steal any more panties but I had to make sure that I went to a different side of town. I wasn't ready for more punishment from Tracy. I was going to try and play it smart, knowing I was going to get myself into more trouble. Tracy would be waiting for me.

As soon as it got dark outside, I went out, I was going to take my car but I didn't want to draw that much attention to myself. I left the house early allowing me to get back to my room early. I was used to not being out so late and even though I had to get back into the swing of things I was hoping to work my way into it.

As I was prowling the streets and neighborhoods I was glad that I went out when I did. To my surprise someone else was working their way to houses, I watched closely seeing that it was a woman. She went into two houses. They were side by side as I stood in the dark in the bushes by a street light. My arms folded and I couldn't help but grin.

The woman had a keen eye as well as I did. Though she noticed me she didn't approach me. She walked under the street light and I could see her face. I had seen her walking the student halls a few times, her name was Elise.

Elise wasn't dressed in the same outfit as I was. She was wearing a very revealing attire. She had on a leather top showing off her ample cleavage. If she bent down she would have showed off her hard nipples. It was a shiny, black, leather top.

Keeping my mouth shut I watched as she got into her purse and pulled out two pairs of thongs. Each of them had a hole in them. It looked like they were made like that. I watched as she put them up to her nose and took a deep breath in. She seemed to be enjoying smelling them, what turned me on even more as I continued watching was that she brought the panties to her mouth and began them into her mouth slowly. Pulling them out and suckling them back into her mouth. I felt my hard cock straining to burst from the outfit I was wearing.

As I looked down her body her flat stomach was showing before I focused on her skirt. I wasn't sure if she was looking to get caught or just look sexy. Either way my cock was hard just looking at her as she caught my eye but didn't say anything. Evidently I wasn't a threat to her.

Elise's skirt was so short that when she turned her back on me I could see that she wasn't wearing any panties. Her ass cheeks showing, the bottom of her skirt raised just below her ass cheeks but I could see the roundness of where her ass began.

Looking further down her body I saw that she was wearing long, black, boots. They reached her knees and if I could have had her I would have taken her. I wasn't there for sexual pleasure at the moment though. I was scoping out houses myself and just happened to catch her there. I knew that she was the one I needed to help me. She was the one who I could trust though I didn't truly know her.

As I was just about to call her name out, I watched her run across the street and out of sight. I smiled at myself as I rubbed my hard cock through the thin layer of clothing, she could run in boots and she could run fast. If there was any reason we would get caught together I wouldn't have to wait for her to catch up with me. I thought it was the best plan ever. She was after the same thing I was. Woman's panties. It gave me the encouragement that I needed in order to approach her as a possible partner-in-crime.

## Chapter 2

After catching Elise going from house to house for a few minutes I left and went on my way back to my dorm room. I had a feeling she wouldn't turn me down, I was too excited to even sleep that night. I knew that I had to sleep and I knew that I had to rest up but just thinking about teaming up with Elise had kept me awake all night. An hour before my alarm was to go off is when I began to drift, knowing I couldn't go into a deep sleep I got up and headed to the shower in order to wake myself up.

I took a fifteen minute shower and got myself ready. A pair of blue jeans and a white shirt before I shoved my stocking feet into my beat up, old, white shoes.

There were plenty of existing customers coming up to me asking when I would be able to get the packages that they were looking for. I ignored them, I pretended they weren't there. I would hook up with them tomorrow as soon as I found out what was going to go on with Elise.

I went in search for Elise, it was easy to find her, she was in the cafeteria sitting by herself at one of the booths.

“Hi.” I said, giving her a big smile as I slid into the booth across from her.

“What do you want?” Elise asked, she didn't even bother looking up from the newspaper she was reading.

“I know that you saw me last night Elise. I came to you for help.” I told her, getting to the point.

“Really?” Elise asked me, looking at me with her dark blue eyes, pushing her dark black hair out of her eyes.

“I need a partner Elise. I need someone to help me out with the line of work I'm in.” I told her, leaning towards her and looking around to make sure that no one else heard me.

“I know what you mean. It's not easy working alone. What exactly do you want me to help with?” She raised her eyebrows at me, giving me the go ahead to keep talking.

“I will be the one who comes up with the plan and you help me break in. That way if something goes wrong its two against one you know?” I asked her, seeing a big smile on her face. She loved my way of thinking.

“That sounds good enough to me. I know you saw me scoping out houses and getting into some of them so why don't you let me help you plan it?” Elise suggested to help me even with the planning.

Basically all I had to do was get the panties and back out with her help. It was a great plan, she had been right. Maybe I wasn't out of practice but I was off my game, it had been two long months since I been out there doing my job.

“We are to split the money down the middle. No matter who does more of the work. It's an equal team effort here. I won't be having you taking a bigger cut because I came to you for help.” I pointed a finger at her, showing her that I was no fool when it came to the game. She wasn't going to make a fool out of me and take have me think that I didn't know what I was talking about.

“That's fine, I wouldn't want anything more than what I'm titled to.” Elise nodded her head, a smile on her face and I saw a twinkle in her eye as I got up from the table.

“I want you to meet outside tonight around eight. I don't do late night shifts. I need my beauty sleep.” Elise pointed a finger back at me.

“From what I can see your beautiful just the way you are.” I winked at her, checking her out and watching her blush.

Elise was wearing a red leather top that had buttons coming down it, a small space showing off her belly button and then a matching skirt that was almost just as short as the outfit that she was wearing last night. I couldn't help but compliment her and she took it better than what I thought she would.

“See you tonight.” She laughed, shaking her head back and forth as I almost walked into a pole before leaving the cafeteria.

I couldn't focus on any of my classes, I was too excited about that evening. Meeting up with Elise and teaming up with her.

The day couldn't go by fast enough, every time I looked up at the clock I was getting more and more agitated, time just couldn't go fast enough. As soon as lectures were over, I made a quick exit. I needed to make sure that I had enough time to get myself ready. Not knowing what the plan of action was going to be yet, I imagined Elise was going to take control on our first run.

I headed out of my dorm room twenty minutes before eight that evening. I went to the meeting spot Elise wanted me to be at. She was surprised to see me but gave me a wonderful smile that made my head spin.

Elise was wearing a thin, black, top. I don't know if she had dressed up for me but I was the only one she was going to be with that night. Her thin top showed off her hard nipples. I looked into her eyes and saw that she noticed I was looking. I felt my cock starting to stir.

“Are we here to work or here for something else?” Elise laughed, giving me a wink.

When she bent down I could see her ass, once again, she wasn't wearing any underwear, I found this amusing as she was skillful at stealing others. My cock started to stiffen even further.

“Both?” I questioned and looked down and saw that her skirt was just as thin as her top was. Standing in front of her I could almost see her pussy, I wanted to see what it looked like as my cock began throbbing for her.

“We will talk about that when we get done with this job. Come on, I figured I would let you work this out but I have to point out a few houses to you that look like easy jobs.” Elise told me, showing me that she wasn't willing to take over the complete job. Showing me that she was willing to give me ideas and her point of view but it was all up to me.

When Elise lifted her skirt up, seeing she was teasing me by exposing her pussy to me. I couldn't help but groan. She caught me watching her and spread her legs slightly under the street light, I could see her lips and they were whispering my name.

“I was thinking that we can get a lot of panties at the Sorority house. It's a gamble but you like the kind of man who likes a challenge. We will make a lot of money there.” Elise whimpered to me, letting go of her skirt and hiding her pussy.

“Whatever you want to do.” I told her softly, licking my lips as she took my hand and giggled,

We walked side by side without much conversation. I knew that we had to be prepared for anything. As we walked hand in hand towards the big, white, house that was the dorms for the college girls I felt nervous. It could have been because of the two long months of not working like I should have been.

Standing in front of the dark, white, house I couldn't help but have a strange feeling wash over me.

“Are you ready?” Elise whispered to me.

“Why is the house completely dark? You would think that the girls would still be up” I told her softly.

“Let's not worry about that” Elise told me as she let go of my hand and stood in front of me. Making sure that I was paying attention she lowered her top and exposed her big tits to me. Her nipples so hard I was star struck.

“Fuck.” I grunted to her, shaking my head as she pinched her hard nipples before covering them back up.

“If we hit the motherload here then we will have a whole night of fun.” Elise moaned to me, hinting the future of our newfound partnership.

“Yeah. Longs we don't get caught.” I murmured, sour at the memory of Tracy punishing me for breaking into her house

the second time around.

“We won't, I'm going to go through the window right there in the front. See its cracked slightly.” Elise told me, pointing it out.

“Good idea.” I nodded my head firmly.

“I'm going to unlock the door so that you can just walk in. I don't mind doing the grunt work. Like you said its fifty-fifty when we split the money.” Elise told me as if I had forgotten what the deal was.

“I know.” I whispered, watching her walk away from me.

Elise looked from side to side and in back of her. She was making sure that everything was alright, she didn't want to get caught herself.

I watched as she slid the window open and lifted herself into the house. She closed the window behind her and I knew that I would have to talk to her about that. Never leave a way out closed.

Elise opened the door and gave me the nod that the coast was clear I walked up to the house. Checking from side to side myself and behind me. No one was up, it was late at night and most people were sleeping.

The second I walked into the house the lights came on downstairs, before I could turn for the door Elise was already there shutting it and locking it behind me. I knew the second I looked into her eyes that this was an ambush.

I couldn't help but glare at her. She set me up all along. For what reason I didn't know. I thought we were going to be a duo on crime but as I looked around the room I could see that it had all been a set up all along.

### Chapter 3

I looked around, I was surrounded by five standing female and another five sitting on the couch I knew that I was in for a long night. I shook my head, wondering how I could be so stupid to be mesmerized by Elise's body and have her lead me to the Sorority house. I should have known all along that it was a gamble, she made me feel as if it was a smart idea and I went with it. Agreeing with her that it would be a great idea.

“How could you do this to me?” I murmured, seeing that the five naked girls eyeing my body up and down. I couldn't help but feel my cock stiffen to it's limit at the danger I was in.

There were no smiles on their faces at all, i knew from that moment that I was in for a lot of pain, I could see the lust and the controlling look in their eyes. The same look I had seen in Tracy's eyes two months before.

“You girls have the video camera ready?” Elise asked, looking at a long, blonde, haired girl that was completely naked. I noticed her tits were bigger than Elise's.

“I have it ready.” The girl giggled, seeing that I was watching her as she put the lens up to her eye. The light green so I knew it was recording.

Elise was getting completely naked as a strap on was tossed to her from a red headed girl that I didn't even know.

“Thanks Melody. I thought I would have to look for something to fuck him with on my own.” Elise laughed, shaking her head back and forth as she put the strap on around her waist and the thick dildo was tightly fastened against her pussy.

“Get on your hands and knees!” Elise demanded. I refused to do so, stating my dominance over her knowing that it probably wasn't the right way to go about things.

Melody walked over to me and shoved me onto the floor.

“I know our little pantie thief isn't deaf!” Elise got down to my level and got in my face.

That's when it clicked. She had known who I was all this time. She knew that I was the one going around and stealing panties to sell to make a profit. Even with my fake name and fake description the only way she would have known it was me was because she had followed me.

“I know that you've been stealing panties from my friends. I've been watching you, even now when you came to me for help. You still haven't learned your lesson.” Elise chuckled, sounding vicious now instead of sweet and giggly.

I didn't respond to her, I knew that it was best to just keep my mouth shut and go with it. My ass was already hurting thinking about Tracy again. I knew that Elise was vicious, worse than Tracy could ever think of being.

“Nothing to say now?” Elise asked me as she spread my ass cheeks.

Again I said nothing. Elise closed my ass cheeks and had changed her mind about my position. I felt her flip me over on my back. I saw the girls on the couch laughing at me, enjoying the show already.

“You need an audience to be tough?” I asked her, shaking my head back and forth.

“Carol you know what to do!” Elise snapped at the girl with the black hair. I felt Elise spreading my legs and then my ass cheeks. My asshole exposed.

“I can't believe you came through for me.” Carol moaned, making her way to me.

Carol was a stunner. Thin and big tits, I could smell her feminine scent as she made her way to me. She had a trimmed pussy but the perfect amount of publi hair. She hovered my pussy over me and looked down.

“I told you I would. I don't break a promise.” Elise pointed out to her, looking angry that Carol would doubt her.

“You are going to have so much fun struggling to breathe under my pussy.” Carol grunted as I moved my head back and forth.

I didn't know how to respond, I was going to be torn between a world of pleasure and pain, then out of nowhere I felt the surge of pain to my ass.

I squealed as I felt the dildo that was pressed hard against Elise's pussy being rammed into my ass, it was thicker than what Tracy had used on me. Stretching my asshole to fit the dildo inside of me. I could just imagine Elise's cold eyes, seeing that she didn't care about how I felt. As long as I felt her punishment, that would be was all that mattered to her.

## Chapter 4

I felt Carol's pussy cover my mouth restricting my breathing. She was riding my face with her pussy, fulling blocking off the air and suffocating me with her womanhood. Sliding her trimmed hair to the side, I dipped my tongue into her wet pussy and started to caress her inner walls. I took a deep inhale of her pussy air and began gagging, I heard the girls laughing, all of them.

I didn't know what Elise was going to do with the videotape but I knew that she was enjoying what was going on. I was thankful that no one could see my eyes. My nose was almost crammed up Carol's ass as she kept grinding her pussy into my mouth, my tongue going into her pussy further and further.

“Yes you love that baby, god you love having your tongue deep inside my pussy.” Carol moaned, throwing her head back as she pushed her wet pussy against my mouth harder and harder.

I could hardly breathe with my nose pushed against her ass and my mouth covered by her pussy. I was hoping that she would get off my face before I passed out.

I thought it was by the grace of god for some reason when I felt Carol get off before I really did pass out. I felt dizzy when she got off of me. Giving Elise a confused and dazed look.

“I want you to be punished, I don't want you dead.” She laughed, slamming the dildo back into my ass as I cried out weakly.

“Show him that he can't come in here and steal our panties. He can't come in the middle of the night and make a profit off our panties!” The five girls chanted together that were sitting on the couch getting a front row seat of the torture.

Elise took the dildo out of my ass and began crawling up me. She has a second dildo in her hand and I knew what she was going to do, she wanted to shove it in my mouth, I clenched my teeth tightly together, my lips were white from

“Don't be such a sore sport Kevin. I thought you would enjoy all this.” Elise teased me, knowing very well that I wasn't enjoying any of it.

“Don't be so shocked that I know your name isn't Gerald like it says on your website page. I have connections.” Elise laughed again when she saw the shocked look on my face.

Elise pushed the head of the dildo against my lips, trying to open them. She succeeded after many seconds but she still had to get through my teeth in order to drill my mouth with the dildo she had strapped to her.

“Come on!” Elise growled, slapping my face. It was clear she didn't like being made a fool of.

I finally had to give in when I thought she was going to break my teeth each time she slammed the head of the dildo against it.

“There, such a good boy.” Elise grinned at me, getting her way of course.

I could smell the wetness of Elise's pussy as she pushed the dildo further and further into my mouth. She didn't care when she hit the back of my throat and I began gagging. She didn't care that there were tears in my eyes. She wasn't ashamed of what she was doing.

Little did I know that there was more pain to come. I could see the pleasure in all the woman's eyes. Knowing they all wanted a piece of me. I just wasn't ready for what happened next.

Melody handed the video camera to Carol and came to join the fun.” I heard Elise call out as I gagged louder and louder as she pushed the dildo further and further down my throat.

Melody giggled and did as Elise asked of her. I saw that there was a gray strap on sitting on the couch. It had hard,

plastic spikes on it as she quickly fastened it around her.

“You will never want to steal panties again after tonight.” Melody looked down at me before walking around me.

Melody took a few minutes before she settled between my legs and had her way with me. I could see that the girls were crazy and this was a bunch I shouldn't mess with. I thought myself a fool for teaming up with Elise. For going to her for help I wanted.

“Shirley get over here and join us too. I know how much it turns you on to be an observer. I want you get a close up and pleasure yourself while you are watching.” Elise looked up at the blonde headed girl who originally had been holding the video camera to begin with. I don't remember when it had switched hands. It could have been when Carol was sitting on my face with her hairy pussy.

Shirley nodded her head, I wanted to smile at her. She was the type of girl that I would have fucked if I had chance of course.

“Where do you want me to stand?” Shirley giggled softly.

“Anywhere you want. You are here for the sexual pleasure right?” Elise asked, raising her eyebrows as she pulled the dildo halfway out of my mouth just to slam it back into my mouth. Harder this time.

“Yes. I want to pleasure myself.” She whimpered.

I could see her shaved pussy and I wanted it on my hard cock. Do you think I would have gotten that lucky? No.

I didn't think it was possible to have someone to get themselves off by just looking at a sexual act that was played out in front of them but I was wrong.

“You don't know much about sex do you?” Elise asked me.

I blushed when she took the dildo out of my mouth completely and moved away from me. I saw Shirley standing over me. Her legs on either side of my hips, I could see her pussy as I looked up her long legs.

“I will fill you in since you don't know.” Elise laughed at me, putting her hands on her hips and walked around me.

“This is Shirley as you know but what she's really into is watching someone being tortured and getting off on it without even having to be touched during the process. She doesn't even have to touch herself.” Elise laughed as my eyes widened in disbelief.

“I know that you don't believe it but she will show you. Its called voyeurism. There are many people out there like her.” Elise proceeded to explain it to me.

I was so focused on what Elise was telling me and I was focused on Shirley's naked body in front of me I wasn't focused on what Melody was doing.

“Fuck!” I screamed out as Melody slammed the dildo into my ass. I felt the hard, plastic, spikes scrape against the inside of my ass. It hurt more than the dildo that Elise had in me.

“You weren't paying attention Kevin, that's what put you in this spot to begin with.” Elise pointed a finger at me and laughed before straddling me again and slamming her dildo into my mouth.

I kept my eyes on Shirley like I was told to. The last thing I wanted to do was make Elise mad.

It didn't take long before I watched her spread her legs further and further apart, she put her hands on my hips and held on tight as she slowly did the splits. Her pussy just wavering above the head of my cock.

“She use to be a cheerleader in high school.” Elise giggled hearing me moan and seeing the tears in my eyes from the pain I was receiving from both Melody and her.

I kept my eyes on Shirley and before I knew it her, her wetness started to dribble out from between her legs. Running down like a waterfall on the head of my cock. My my cock was getting a shower, she wouldn't stop dripping her wetness.

"I told you she could do it." Elise looked around the room and watched as all the girls clapped for Shirley as she did the impossible.

"I have only known a few people who are able to do that. I have come across two other girls being able to do what she's doing right now." Elise grunted, thrusting the dildo further and further into my mouth.

Melody had left the hard, plastic, spiked dildo inside my ass and unhooked herself from the strap on.

I watched as Carol walked around me with the video camera, I felt Elise take the dildo out of my mouth.

"Its break time girls. Lets go into the kitchen and get something to eat." Elise told them, watching the naked girls and the girls on the couch head for the kitchen.

Elise followed the girls, leaving me there with the dildo still shoved in my ass. I looked at the clock and saw it was only ten o'clock at night. It was still early and I couldn't believe that they had all left me in the living room. If I was going to escape, this had to be my chance.....

**TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 3**

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# **The Thong Thief Part 3**

## **Gang Pegged**

### **Chapter 1**

I grabbed my suit and tied it around my waist, trying my best to tie my hard cock. The throbbing adding to the pain. The women had cornered and pegged me, yet I couldn't control my cock, I was turned on and I wanted more, when one of them showered the tip of my cock with her juices simply by hovering over me, I knew I was no match for the gang.

This was their punishment. I had made a fortune breaking into woman home's, stealing their used underwear and selling it for a profit. When I teamed up with Elise, I foolishly thought we were going to be partners in crime. Instead she led me into an cruel ambush by the sorority gang. Pegged and humiliated, I had to make my way out of here, with what little dignity I had left in tact.

Hearing the girls laughing and talking from the kitchen I knew that I didn't have much time. I slowly waddled to the door, the dildo they had shoved inside my was still deep in my ass. My heart beating rapidly, my hands sweating as I unlocked the door, the clicking sound grabbed someone's attention. I had to get out of there.

“Did you guys hear that?” Elise asked, the girls were quiet and I quickly put my hand on the doorknob opening the door and running outside.

“You girls know what to do! This is going to be fun!” Elise exclaimed as I ran barefoot down the sidewalk.

While I was running I thought the dildo the cruel women had lodged inside my ass would fall out but it I didn't. The hard, plastic, spikes had a good hold on the inside of me. The pain was becoming unbearable. Despite my increasing distance from them, they were continuing to cause me pain.

I thought things were going good for me, that was until I looked over my shoulder and saw that Elise was ahead of the pack and catching up to me. I don't know where the other girls were but I knew they were close behind.

I faced back forward to see where I was going, I ran up on someone's lawn, not sure why I did it but it was the dumbest move I could have made. I tripped over something in the dark and fell to my knees. Just as I was getting up I felt two hands dig into my shoulders. I felt the sharp pain of fingernails and knew that I was doomed.

“Did you really think that you were going to get away from me?” Elise growled in my ear as Melody ran up to the other side of me and grabbed a hold of my arm.

“They are waiting for him.” Melody told Elise through her gasping breaths. I could tell that she had been running hard to catch up to me.

“Good, it's about time.” Elise grunted, shaking her head.

“Better late than never.” Melody shrugged her shoulders. I was surprised to see that they were both naked on either side of me. I couldn't believe they would simply run out chasing after me without any clothes on, then again, after what they had done to me. I was not surprised..

I didn't have any idea where we were going and I didn't dare ask. I was already in hot water, I had given it a shot to get out of there and run away. If it hadn't tripped, I am sure I would have got away!

We didn't walk too far, it was a few minutes away from the sorority house. When we stopped walking I was standing in front of a courthouse. There were no police, no cars in the parking lot. I wondered how they had gotten into the courthouse

without anyone finding out. I was sure that there had to be some kind of security lock on the doors and wondered why there was no alarm going off yet.

“I know all this is confusing to you Kevin but you will soon find out why we brought you here. You will get all the answers you want.” Elise laughed, looking behind me seeing that the dildo was still in my ass.

“Please take it out.” I pleaded.

“I don't think so. You are such a bad boy from running off the way you did. We can't let you go Kevin. You are never going to learn your lesson if we just let you go. When we are done with you is when your ass will be free.” Elise murmured in my ear as the girls made me walk up the stairs of the court-house.

It felt like forever before Elise opened the doors to the courtroom. I looked around and saw six females in the juror's box. I was surprised to see that one of them was Tracy. Tracy was the first woman who had caught me stealing her underwear, she had warned me and then as punishment, violated my ass with her strap on. That was the first time I was punished in that way, and I have never forgotten it since. The rest of the jurors were some of the females who were watching the ambush Elise has led me into at the sorority house.

“Are we ready to start this trial?” A woman asked, I think it was Shirley sitting up there in the judge's chair.

“You guys can't do this. I could go to the police.” I tried telling them, hoping to scare them. It wasn't like I would really do it, not with all the crimes I had committed.

“Someone needs to explain to him that there is a new law that just passed.” Shirley hid a smile behind her hand.

“Oh yes, I think we forgot to tell him.” Elise laughed, nodding her head.

I looked over at her waiting for her to explain as I stood up in front of the courtroom. I was thankful to have my suit tied around my waist, I was still hard and I didn't want the women to see this.

“We are allowed to take the law into our own hands if we could capture you. I am surprised and shocked at you Kevin. You should have been keeping up on the news.” Elise happily told me, she couldn't get the words out fast enough.

I bit down on my lip, I couldn't believe that they had passed such a law. I knew there had been many complaints to the police about me and they were unable to track me. They obviously knew justice would be better served in the hands of the very woman I was stealing used knickers from. I knew they justice the woman would serve would be harsh and painful, yet part of me felt shivers of joy running through me blood.

“Yes, that means we can do anything we want as long as you are still breathing.” Shirley nodded her head, looking at me with an evil grin on her face. She wasn't as sweet as she looked back at the house.

“Take his suit off of him.” Shirley told Elise after a few moments of silence.

Elise chuckled and shook her head as she untied my suit from my waist. She threw it on the floor and I heard the all female jury giggle as I looked down at my hard cock. Despite my obvious objection, they could tell I was aroused by the ordeal and that I was telegraphing for them to punish and humiliate me even more. .

## Chapter 2

I looked around the room and saw that no one was talking. They were all glaring at me, condemning me silently. I knew that I wasn't innocent in the matter. I just didn't think that it would come down to this, for stealing panties.

“Now, has anyone here actually seen him steal a pair of panties?” Shirley asked, looking around the room as she put the black judge's robe on to stay warm. It was quite chilly in the room.

“I have. He has come to my house twice at least that I know of. I punished him the first time and told him to stay away. He came back after a few nights and I was ready for him.” Tracy stated, standing up from her chair and pointing a finger at me.

“Then you are guilty.” Shirley glared at me, slamming the gavel down on the judge's desk three times.

“Please, it was a job that I had to do. I had to make money somehow and that's the only way I could come up with fast cash. I wasn't targeting anyone, I need to make a living too.” I tried defending myself, shaking my head back and forth. There was no way that they could find me guilty. I was hoping that they were going to have mercy on me. To feel bad for me, however there was no chance in that.

“Do we know what his punishment is yet your honor?” Elise asked, I could see that she was getting excited about it. She wanted my words to go unnoticed.

“You should have thought about that before you broke into their homes, before you put your profit ahead of their possessions!” Shirley scowled at me, her face red as she pointed a finger at me.

“The first time I forgave you Kevin” Tracy grunted “The second time you paid the painful price and you were seen going up to the sorority house with Elise to steal more panties. To steal mounds of panties to make money.” Tracy made it clear to the courtroom.

I looked at Tracy, noticed her see-through bra she was wearing and her tight black skirt I knew that this was for their own enjoyment. It wasn't about me doing anything wrong, it wasn't about me stealing their panties. They were getting their own sexual thrill out of it.

I looked at the other jurors and they were wearing white matching tops, their hard nipples rising just about the top of their shirts. Their skirts were either black or white. Shorter than what Elise had been wearing earlier in the night.

“This was a set up.” I murmured, shaking my head back and forth.

“We are here to teach you a lesson. We haven't done anything, you young man, have been accused of stealing panties and selling them.” Shirley looked at me, I could see her getting angry but she kept calm.

“Again, what do you want us to do to him?” Elise asked, waiting for the go ahead. She was growing impatient, she wanted to hurt me and humiliate me.

“Tie him up and we will go from there.” Shirley answered, standing up from her chair and nodding at the jury.

I couldn't believe how dumb I had been to believe that Elise would be on my side of all things. Her exotic and luscious body had me in a trance, leading me on until it was too late.

I felt Elise pull my arms back and her tying me up with my suit. She double knotted my hands behind my back and it was very uncomfortable.

Tracy came down off the box and she had something in her hand. I couldn't tell what it was until I felt my hair being pulled hard and my mouth opened up because I was screaming. Keeping my eyes on Tracy's hand I saw that she had handful of little blue pills.

“There you go, open up.” Tracy giggled as she grabbed a glass of water from someone beside her. If I didn't swallow down the pills and water she gave me I knew that I was going to drown right where I stood.

“What were they?” I asked gruffly, trying to sound tough as the girls around me laughed and laughed.

“Viagra. Little pills that are going to make your cock hard for hours. You are only supposed to take a pill and it lasts up to four hours but we have all the time in the world. Those pills are going to be taking effect soon.” Tracy shrugged, biting down on her lip as she looked at my cock.

“You interested in this?” I asked her, slowly jerking my crotch forward.

“You think I do? I'm going to be watching excitedly as you're tortured beyond belief for your crimes.” Tracy shoved me and my ass fell hard against the cold floor. I thought Elise was still behind me.

I cried out when the dildo that was in my ass went further inside of me. I didn't think it was possible but as I hit the floor hard, my ass almost swallowed it whole, tears sprung to my eyes as I felt the pills taking effect on my cock. It felt like my cock was going to bust wide open as it got harder and longer.

“This is just the beginning for you.” Tracy glared down at me as I finally got to my feet. The girls were laughing at me and I felt my face growing hotter and hotter.

“He hasn't yet begun the feel of punishment that is going to reign down on him!” Shirley smiled.

Without saying a word, Elise got the thick rope off the table behind us. I hadn't noticed it until now.

“Lay down on the floor.” Elise demanded, looking at me with anger in her eyes. I didn't dare tell her no.

I got back down on the floor, wanting to sit easy on my ass but she wasn't going to let that happen.

“Lay on your stomach.” She told me quietly, it sounded like she was using a normal tone of voice, the courtroom was quiet and her voice echoed off the walls.

I got down on my stomach and felt Elise tying the rope around my ankles. The rope was tied tight enough, it started to hurt. My cock pushed flat down on the floor it was getting harder and harder.

“How are you feeling?” Shirley asked, a small grin on her face.

“Fine.” I grunted, lifting my face up off the floor to look at her. I wasn't going to go down looking as if I was ashamed.

“Good, then I know how much pain you can actually take.” Shirley's grin grew wider into a smile.

I closed my eyes and shook my head. Keeping my pride was going to cause me more pain than I thought. The only thing I had left was my pride and I wasn't sure if I could swallow it long enough to get out of there. There was no escaping this time. There was no way out with all the women in the room. I knew I had to pay for what I did but I didn't realize just how much pain I was going to endure for my punishment.

“Well I think that we should give him a fair trial. We will let him defend himself to the fullest.” Shirley laughed harshly.

“What?” Elise asked, giving her a strange look. It looked like things were turning around in my favor.

“Let the trial begin.” Shirley clapped her hands as did the rest of the women in the room. I should have felt lucky that I was going to get a trial but for some reason my stomach was in knots.

### Chapter 3

Elise brought me up into a standing position since I couldn't stand up on my own. I felt relief for a few minutes as Shirley took the judge's seat again, looking down on me.

“You say you had to make money. What did you have to make money for?” Shirley asked with Tracy standing beside him.

“I did what I had to do to survive. I thought it was the easiest way to get money I needed. Everyone needs money when we are in college. You girls know that.” I looked around at the woman hoping one of them would feel bad for me.

“What did you need money for?” Shirley asked again, appearing to get annoyed that I didn't give her a straight answer.

“I needed it for books, for a new laptop.” I told her, trying to come up with excuses. They were all lies but I needed the girls to believe it.

“Did you think that you were going to get away with it?” Shirley asked, hearing the woman murmuring and shaking their heads.

“I didn't get away with it though. I was punished for my crime. Tracy made sure that I was.” I pointed out.

“That's right, you're right.” Shirley agreed with me.

“Then why did you come into the house tonight? Why did you go into the sorority house?” Shirley asked, putting her hand up so that the girls couldn't answer. More or less so that Elise couldn't answer.

“I was invited it. Elise broke into the house, I didn't.” I shook my head, technically I was invited in.

“You know why we were there!” Elise interrupted.

“What would you like to do in order to make him pay for his lies?” Shirley asked, looking over at Elise.

I couldn't believe what Shirley was saying. I couldn't believe that because I was telling the truth she was going to punish me.

Elise slipped her hand around my ass, slide her hand between my cheeks and started to pull the dildo out of my ass, the studs on the insides clung to the inside of me. The pain started to sting deeply.

Without warning, Elise shoved me to the ground, raised her knee up and slammed the heel of her foot down on my balls. Maybe it was the overdose of Viagra they had shoved down my throat but my testicles felt even more sensitive, I don't know if I could take any more shots to my balls. Yet Elise raised her knee two more times and stomped down on my tender balls two more times. Despite the agonising and crushing pain, my cock stood hard begging for her attention.

“You are not going to lie! You knew why we were there!” Elise screamed at me over and over again as she slammed her heel harder onto my balls, I began coughing. It felt like my balls were in my throat.

“Fuck! You're crazy!” I muttered, tears streaming down my face.

“Now you get up here and lie again!” Elise screamed, pulling me up to my feet by the head of my hair.

I could have kicked her if my feet weren't tied together.

“Now, you think he's guilty?” Shirley asked, looking over at Elise.

“I know he is. He came to me for help.” Elise glared at me.

I could see that Shirley wanted to be as fair as possible. It was probably all one sided and she was just trying to give the impression of a fair trial.

“Well no we have no evidence that he was actually going to go through with it. He followed you to the house. You climbed in through the window, opened the door and let him in. Is that correct?” Shirley asked, raising her eyebrows at Elise.

When I looked over at Elise waiting for her answer I couldn't help but smile.

“Right.” Elise muttered.

“I didn't hear you.” Shirley told her, teasing her slightly. I know that she had heard Elise's answer just fine.

“I said yes!” Elise raised her voice..

“Hold on, he broke into my house to get my panties.” Tracy reminded all the women.

“Yes he did, he did do that but you made him pay. You punished him Tracy if I remember correctly.” Shirley agreed with her but also pointed out that I hadn't been back to her house for two months.

“That's not the point.” Tracy sighed, shaking her head back and forth. She couldn't understand why Shirley was taking my side on this.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Shirley looked my way. Seeing that I may not have been innocent but I had changed my ways as far as she was concerned.

“I never went back to the house. When Tracy had punished me, I had learnt my lesson.” I told her with renewed confidence. If Shirley was going to take my side I was going to tell her what I had to say.

“Did you in fact go to Elise for help in stealing more panties?” Shirley asked me, her smile disappearing.

“Yes...yes I did, but again I was invited in. I didn't break in.” I reminded her.

“Since you had gone to Elise for help intending on breaking into someone's house, anyone's house you do have to be punished for that as well.” Shirley nodded her head, losing her smile altogether.

Shirley looked over at Elise indicating she had permission to do what she wanted. I was hoping that it was going to be something that caused me as much pain as last time.

Elise called over Carol, Melody, Tracy and brought Shirley down from the judge's chair. All five female suck their mouths in and spat. They spat on my cock, they spat on my face, they spat all over me. Carol opened my mouth open and spat in my mouth. They kept spitting everywhere. I don't know why but it turned my on, being degraded in this fashion with my cock harder than ever, I was turned on more than ever.

“Okay, okay. I even wouldn't want all that spit on me.” Shirley laughed as she stopped the other, only just before she slapped me across my face, leaving a stinging sensation lingering on the surface of my cheek.

I watched her return to the judge's chair and she sat back to relax.

“Did you know that she was inviting you into the house to steal panties? Was there ever a plan in place to steal panties?” Shirley continued her barrage of questions.

I felt my heart pounding in my throat, my hands were clammy and I felt sweat beading up on my forehead, either that or the spit was rolling down I couldn't really tell.

“No.” I lied through my teeth, I looked straight into Shirley's eyes and lied to her. I didn't know what else to do.

“What?!” Elise screamed at me and slapped the back of my head.

“Did you like stealing the panties? Did it turn you on? Did you want to sniff them, lick them knowing that the girls had

just taken their panties off for the night when you broke in?" Shirley fired off question after question.

"Yes, yes it did turn me on. Yes I wanted to sniff and lick them, I wanted to absorb their very essence." I blushed, it didn't show that I was guilty of doing it but that I was just like any other man.

"Do what I say Elise." Shirley nodded her head calmly.

## Chapter 4

Elise looked surprised that she was being instructed by Shirley.

“Yes your honor. What would you like me to do?” Elise asked after a second of silence. I believe she was trying to get her anger under control.

“Since Kevin has told the truth, I think that we should give him some sort of award for his honesty. Since he has admitted to wanting to sniff and licking the panties that he steals, you can pick one of the girls from the jury box to come down here and he can sniff and lick their panties.” Shirley grinned at her, nodding her head slightly.

“And I get to pick?” Elise asked, licking her lips. I wondered who she had in the back of her mind.

“Yes.” Shirley confirmed what Elise had asked was true.

“Carol, I want Carol to come down here.” Elise looked at Carol who had just gone back to the box and watched as she stood up with delight.

“I can't believe that I'm the first one you thought of.” Carol giggled, she was thrilled to come down in front of all the woman and do what was asked of her.

Carol was wearing a white skirt and white top, her hard nipples were peeking out of the top of her shirt as she strutted towards us. I looked at her white skirt and noticed that she was wearing a black pair of panties. The crotch of her panties were stuck between her pussy lips and she didn't mind showing it off. Her hairy lips were spread and waiting for my mouth.

“Here, let me help you lay down.” Elise grinned at me, she knew how to turn me on and I bet you she was intent on humiliating as much as she could.

I closed my eyes slightly and knew that I had to do what I was told. Elise helped me lay down on my back as the girls in the jury box laughed at me. I felt humiliated and that wasn't even the worst part all the jury members were from the house from earlier that night. Of course Tracy was there and she knew me quite well.

“Since you like stealing panties and wishing that you could lick them. You are going to lick through Carol's panties until she orgasms inside of them.” Shirley told me, banging the gavel on her desk as the girls started clapping and laughing at me.

The room was quiet once again as I watched Carol lower her pussy down to my mouth. Each knee on either side of my head.

“I'm really going to like this. I have wondered a million times how many of my panties you have stolen and who has them now.” Carol moaned as she pressed her panties against my mouth. I could taste the fabric crotch of her panties as her pussy spread wider for me.

“Is he licking?” Shirley asked Carol.

“No.” Carol whimpered.

“Don't make me come down there Kevin. You know what your punishment is. You wanted to lick panties and now you are going to, right in front of all of us!” Shirley hollered down at me.

Though my eyes were closed I knew that Shirley was mad at me and I should do what she wanted before she thought of something else that was far worse torture.

I pressed my tongue flat against her panties and began licking slowly at them. They were already wet. The sweet taste hit the tip of my tongue.

Now with the Viagra working it didn't matter if I wanted to be turned on or not. My cock was rock hard and there was nothing I could do about it. In a way I guess that was a good thing. The longer I stayed hard, the more chance the woman would be impressed and maybe, just maybe.....

“Is he licking?” Shirley asked again after a few seconds.

“Slowly, but it feels so good.” Carol nodded and closed her eyes. I could see her eyes were closed when I looked up at her.

My tongue worked faster and faster on the crotch of her panties. I could feel the outline of her hairy pussy. I could handle this, I knew that I could handle this. I closed my eyes and pictured Elise on top of me as I licked faster and harder at her panties.

“Yes! God yes! That feels so fucking good!” Carol cried out, she began running the crotch of her panties back and forth over my tongue.

I didn't even have to do any further work, after a while all I did was stick my tongue out as far as I could while Carol rubbed her crotch against my tongue and once in awhile she would grind the crotch of her panties against my tongue.

“Are you almost done?” Elise asked, I could hear in her voice that she wanted the trial to continue.

“Almost, god almost.” Carol moaned and whimpered softly, her eyes still closed as she was enjoying my wet tongue.

Without even a warning I felt a sharp object pressed against my ballsack, I don't know what it was but it felt like someone grinding the tip of their high heels into me. My cries were muffled by Carol's crotch, the louder I cried out the harder Carol began grinding her pussy against my tongue and mouth.

“Elise!” Shirley screamed at her.

“What?!” Elise asked, slamming the heel of her high heeled shoe into my balls one more time. Pain suddenly surged through my body, I thought for sure she was going to break my balls.

“Stop it, this instance.” Shirley slammed her gavel down on the desk again while the jury members were giggling and laughing. They were getting a kick out of it.

As all this was going on I could feel Carol's pussy getting wetter and wetter inside her panties. I could feel the taste of her pussy on my tongue.

“God, that was so good.” Carol moaned, getting off my mouth and standing up. Everyone could see a big smile on her face.

“Now take your panties off.” Shirley told her.

I wasn't sure what was going on but I stayed right where I was. I wasn't able to get up without assistance either way.

“I want you to take your panties and shove them into his mouth. Kevin you are going to suck the juices right out of the panties. Is what you would have done if given the chance when you stole them from other women.” Shirley gave the rest of the instructions.

I wanted to get out of there. I wanted to go back to my dorm and go to bed. I was in too much pain. The pain in my ass was just a numbing sensation now, my balls felt like they were crushed in a million different pieces. I had no idea how I was going to overcome this new pain I was experiencing.

I kept an eye on Elise, I didn't know if she came close to me again. I didn't even know when she had slipped on the high heels but I sure felt it when she slammed them into my balls. I wouldn't have been able to do anything to stop her if she wanted to do it again, I was praying silently that she wouldn't do it again.

I watched Carol slide her panties off and I watched her get down on her knees. I opened my mouth and felt her shove

them into my mouth. I really didn't have much of a choice here. I was tied up. My hands behind my back, my feet were tied up as well.

“Here is your chance to taste them Kevin. You should see this as a treat and not a punishment.” Shirley told me softly.

I looked Shirley's way and saw that she was really enjoying it. She had a smile on her face and watched as I began breathing through Carol's panties.

The lack of air, started to choke me and I spit the panties out.

“What's the matter Kevin?” Shirley asked, not understanding why I as reacted in this way.

“I need air. My throat.....I need air.” I told her as calmly as I could.

“We are almost done, Relax will you Kevin.” Shirley told me, looking over at Elise and nodding her head to tell her to help me up.

I was lifted on my feet, I was glad she didn't attempt to stick the panties back in my mouth.

“Now that you know what panties taste like I think that we should be able to let you go.....” Shirley looked at me with a smug look on her face.

“Really? You mean I've won?” I asked, delighted to hear that they were going to let me go and it would be the end of it.

“Well here's the deal.....” Shirley paused for a moment

“What?” I asked, at this point I would have done anything to get out of there. To get away from the girls and not go into their houses anymore.

“I want to know why it excited you and you have to do one thing for us. If you decide not to then we will keep you here until the police show up and we will share the five thousand dollars that's on your head.” Shirley explained to me.

“It excited me because they were all beautiful women. I did have fun going in and stealing their panties. It was a challenge as well as an income. I only went for specific women.” I told her as quickly as I could.

“Are you ready for what you have to do in order to get out of here?” Shirley asked, rolling her eyes. She looked at me with disgust.

I didn't care what I had to do. She was going to let me go, she had said that I could leave and that meant that I had won.

“I don't even know what it is yet.” I told her, confident that it would be something easy. Something that would please me because she was claiming I was innocent. It was time to celebrate my victory.

“The deal is.....” Shirley stated, leaving room for the women and myself in suspense.

## Chapter 5

The silence was almost unbearable. You could have heard a pin drop if there was one to drop. My heart was racing, there was a smile on my face knowing that they were going to let me go. The judge had made her ruling and I could go as long as I made the deal with her I would be free. They wouldn't go to the cops I would be free. I was ready to walk out the doors and go to bed, that was all I wanted to do.

“Elise get the item behind the bench that's behind you.” Shirley told her.

I watched as Elise turned around to face the bench that was behind us. There was a big smile on her face and I had a feeling I wasn't going to like what the deal was. Elise never had a smile on her face unless she was going to get something out of it.

When Elise bent over I could see the back of her pussy and it was glistening with wetness. Licking my lips, I wished at that moment I could take her there and then. It was calling out to me, whispering me to slide inside. silently.

As soon as Elise stood up and faced the judge and I my eyes grew wide and I shook my head slightly. My feel of celebration and freedom was draining from my body.

“You are going to take the biggest strap on up the ass my friend. This is to make sure that you don't do again. In order to show that you are willing to change your ways you must do this. If you choose not to you like I told you, you will be turned over to the police and they can deal with you. Your whole life ruined because of something so stupid.” Shirley explained to me.

I looked at the strap on and saw that there was nothing that I could do. I had to agree. I couldn't see myself sitting in a jail cell and going to real court in order to get this figured out. This was the only deal that Shirley was willing to make, I could see it in her eyes so there was no way that I was going to try to convince her to make a different deal with me and make her change her mind for the worse. I could only imagine what I would have to suffer and deal with if I made her mad. After all she was the judge, what she commanded the women would follow through with.

“Okay, okay. I will do it.” I whispered and nodded my head.

“Say it so that all of us in the room can hear it. I want you to admit that you will change your ways.” Shirley glared down at me.

“I will take the deal. I am sorry for all the things I have done. I won't do this ever again.” I said louder this time. Looking at the women in the room as I watched them nod their heads. Each one had a perfect smile on their faces.

I could see that they were horny, I could see the lust in their eyes as they waited for the show to begin. The audience looked like they all wanted to cause me harm all at the same time. Something that I was sure I would never survive.

“Elise it's time.” Shirley told her, she bit down on her lip as she watched Elise attach the strap on to herself.

“I want him on all his hands and knees. Untie him so that his palms are flat on the floor.” Shirley instructed.

I had a feeling Shirley knew that I wasn't going anywhere. I wasn't dumb enough to try and escape and even if I tried there was no way I was walking out of there with my feet tied together. Everyone knew that.

Elise got behind me and untied my hands. It felt good to have my wrists free, my hands were falling asleep.

Elise shoved me down, it was a good thing that I had my hands free. I put them out and felt them hit hard against the hardwood floor.

“Let the show begin!” Shirley shouted out, her voice echoing off the walls of the courtroom and I heard the woman cheering as Elise spread my ass cheeks and began to push the white, thick, dildo into my ass.

I couldn't help but whimper out, I wished that Elise would have just slammed it into me. The pain would have been easier for me to handle. Instead she slid it into me slowly. No lubrication, completely dry, I clenched my teeth while the girls continued laughing and cheering.

I looked through my watery eyes and saw that the girls were pointing at me and nodding their heads. I tried to close my eyes but the more Elise pushed the dildo into my eyes the more my eyes widened more.

When the dildo was slid all the way into my ass, Elise kept it there as she reached underneath me and cupped my balls with her hand. She started to squeeze and I knew what was coming. It was a fraction of a second before she clenched her fist and started squeezing my balls.

“This wasn't part of the deal!” I screamed out, trying to look over at Shirley.

The look on her face, the determination and smile I knew that she wasn't going to say anything. She wasn't going to help me at all.

“This is to better yourself! You will think about this court trial the next time you feel the need to steal panties and sell them! You have a problem Kevin and whether you want to believe it or not we are helping you!” Shirley snapped back to me, I think she only raised her voice so that she could be heard over the women and my cries.

“You lied!” I screamed back at her as Melody came down from the jury box and stood in front of me.

I didn't know what she was going to do until she slid her skirt off. I looked up at her and the second we made eye contact she spit on me. I don't think she meant to spit in my eye but that was where it landed. The stinging sensation quickly came to my eye as I wiped away the spit the best I could with one of my hands.

“This is where the fun really begins.” Melody giggled before spitting on me again.

Melody took her panties off and I could see her freshly trimmed pussy. She spread her lips and began running two of her fingers against her clit. I was torn between the pleasure from watching her finger herself and her pain that Elise was delivering to my balls and ass.

“God, when is this going to stop!” I cried out, trying to close my eyes.

“When I say to stop!” Shirley smiled back.

Keeping my eyes on Shirley instead of Melody's pussy I watched as she stood up from the judge's chair. I watched her as she took the robe off and came down naked off the stand to come closer to me.

“This is the fun part for me. Watching up close and observing. Watching Elise punishing you is getting me wet.” Shirley giggled as she got down on all fours beside me, I could tell she was looking at my hard cock.

As I looked around the room again I noticed that all the women in the jury box were standing up, they were taking their clothes off, not that there was much clothing to take off anyways. They put a foot up on the railing of the box and dug their fingers into their wet holes while they kept watching Elise torture me.

“We are a group. We always make sure that we get what we want in the end. This is how we get our satisfaction. From punishing weak, pathetic and worthless men like you.” Shirley stated.

My cock was harder than it had ever been, despite the pain coursing through my ass and my testicles. I didn't want my cock touched by anyone and prayed that no one thought about grabbing my cock. I wanted the pills to wear off but I knew they wouldn't for some time.

As if Shirley had read my mind she looked down at my cock again and licked her lips. Her eyes filled with lust.

“I bet you want me to stroke this hard cock of yours.” Shirley whispered in my ear. The second I heard the words I could tell that there was a worried look in my eyes.

I shook my head back and forth as quickly as I could, begging her with my eyes when she looked into them. I knew that she wasn't going to show me any mercy when she laughed like the devil in my face.

With Elise slamming the dildo into my ass I could feel my asshole stretching more and more. I knew at that point I was going to have a hard time walking out of there. I promised myself that no matter how much pain I was in I wouldn't go to the hospital. I wouldn't be able to explain what had gone on without getting myself into trouble.

Elise was squeezing and yanking on my balls at the same time now that I thought she was going to tear them off of me. I was screaming in torture but none of them cared.

I looked up at Melody who was wrist deep in her pussy by now, slamming her fist in and out of her pussy as she whimpered and murmured, watching everything that was done to me.

“I think that we need to try to give you some relief before you cock bursts.” Shirley moaned against the side of my neck.

Shirley reached out and grabbed my cock, she grabbed it tightly in her hand as she stroked it for me. I would have liked it any other time but now it was just too much pain and too much pressure that I really thought that my cock was going to explode.

I heard Elise moan for the first time and I looked over my shoulder. Tears were running down my face as I looked at her. I couldn't believe that someone as hot as Elise was causing this much pain to me.

“Keep going.” Shirley told her and Elise gave a nod of her head as she grabbed me by my hips and kept drilling the largest strap on I've ever seen in and out of my ass over and over again.

I had to concentrate on something in order for the pain to go away. I looked at the girls fingering themselves, gyrating their pelvises and running their free hands over their bodies.

When I brought my attention back to Melody I felt Shirley grabbing at my cock again. With one hand, she was stroking my cock and with the other hand she was using her finger to pinch the head of my cock repeatedly with her sharp fingernails.

I couldn't help but cry out louder and louder. All the pain I was going through, I knew it wasn't worth getting caught again just to make money for my own enjoyment. I realized then and there that I wasn't going to steal panties anymore. I had to come up with a different way to make money.

“Look up at me!” Melody cried out with pleasure.

I looked up at her like she had ordered me to do and her pussy was just inches from my face. I felt wetness hitting my face as my cock finally gave in and came for Shirley. She was pumping out as much cum as she could as she stroked it harder and faster. As she pinched the head of my cock to squeeze the cum out.

“There you go! Look at you cum! You love having a big strapon shoved into your ass! I knew it!” Shirley exclaimed, grabbing everyone's attention so that they could see my cock shooting out everything it had built up for hours that evening.

I tried to ignore the laughter and the humiliation. It was hard to do with the girls standing on both their feet now. They were completely naked and laughing at me as my cock kept squirting. I thought it would never end.

I stayed focused on Melody like I was told to do. Her juices hitting my face.

I fell flat on my stomach, I felt the large dildo come out of my ass and I heard Elise demanding me get up on my knees again. Though I heard all this commotion there was nothing I could do. I couldn't get up. I felt Shirley's hand let go my cock.

I closed my eyes and I wasn't sure if I had passed out but I must have.

“Let him be.” I heard Shirley mutter and then everything went black.

## Chapter 6

When I opened my eyes the courtroom was empty, the lights were left on and there were clothes scattered around. The judge's robe was laying on the floor by the stand. I sighed with relief but when I tried moving my feet I could part them, looking behind myself I could see that my feet were still tied together.

I slowly got up on my hands and knees, my body was shaking as I turned around to sit down on my ass. My ass stung and I struggled to sit.

I came to realize that it wasn't worth the pain and punishment. I was closing down shop of stealing and selling panties. How much I made no longer mattered. I wasn't willing to go through this pain again.

I noticed one thing that wasn't in the room before. There was a mirror and a note attached to it. I got up on my feet and waddled my way to the mirror. Though the large strap on wasn't stuck in my ass and I was thankful for that the inside of my ass hurt like hell.

It hurt so much that I didn't even care that tears were rolling down my cheeks again. No one was there to laugh at me. No one was there to point at me. I looked around the room to make sure that there were no traps and that's when I realized that a little camera was set on the railing of the jury box. It was attached to the railing so that it would sit there. They were watching me. I had a feeling they were watching the outcome without having to be here.

I couldn't help but wonder where they were. If they were outside waiting for me, I think that I had paid enough for my actions and I hoped that Shirley had stood by her word about letting me go after the deal we made. The deal that she had made with me was add on to. Something that I should have seen coming.

“Keep staring at me, keep watching from afar.” I murmured, staring into the lens of the camera, letting them know if they were watching that I was looking at them and I knew that they were having a good time seeing me in pain.

When I finally made my way to the mirror in order to see the note, I shook my head back and forth. I knew the reason they put the mirror up now. The note read:

*Turn around and spread your ass cheeks. What you see will be worse if we ever catch you again. We do believe that you have paid for your crime now. We do believe that you will change your ways. Don't prove us wrong.*

I turned around and looked over my shoulder. Sucking in my breath and holding it I spread my ass cheeks to see what they were talking about.

There was small shiny object stuck to one of my ass cheeks. As I felt around, it appeared to be in the shape of an earring. They had pierced my ass cheek and stuck a hoop earring inside of me. No doubt this was one of Elise's. She would forever torment me. There was no way I would go into hospital and ask them to remove this without questions being asked.

“How could you guys hurt me this much?!” I screamed, knowing that I could have been seriously injured but they didn't care because they had just left me there.

I let go of my ass cheeks and made my way back to the where my suit was. I bent over and shouted out in pain as I grabbed it and tied it around my waist. I wasn't able to put it on me. Knowing that it would ride up my ass.

My cock didn't look as swelled as it had once been. I could be thankful for that at least. I made my way out of the courtroom and looked around to see if any of the girls were still hanging around, waiting to have someone jump me and drag me back into the courtroom. No one was there.

I was glad to be out of there as I walked up the sidewalk slowly I was moving further and further away from the courthouse. Away from the horrible punishment that had been laid upon me.

It took me an hour to get back to my dorm room, originally it was only a five or ten minute walk but with each step that I took, it hurt my body more and more. I felt like giving up right before the dorms came into view. There was no way I was going to be going to classes the next day.

I knew that it would take a long time to heal from my injuries. I was thankful that the only lasting physical damage was the permanent piercing of Elise’s earring embedded into my ass cheek.

When I finally made it into bed that night I stayed up, the pain dulling to a point that I could actually stand. Despite everything I had gone through, there was one person and only one person that I could think of right now.

My cock started to stir at the mere thought.

As I closed my eyes, I pictured her again, cornering me, punishing me and controlling me, my cock getting harder and stiffer..

‘Elise’ I whispered to myself ‘Elise’ .....

The End.

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**BONUS STORY 1**

**PEGGED BY THE GANG**

## Chapter 1

Thrown into a car blindfolded, Jermaine was shaking. He heard both the back car doors slamming shut. He could hear his kidnappers talking and had already worked out that he had been captured by women. They were using a language he wasn't familiar with, but he knew that they were Russian. He had heard about these Russian gang members who were apparently looking for people who might have information on who ratted on them. The Russians were working on a bank heist which should have earned them about \$8,000,000 but someone had fouled their plans and they weren't happy about it. Jermaine knew that they had been watching him. He had been expecting them.

He was usually a bit more cautious nowadays than to just walk out in the street on his own without thinking. They would not have approached him had he not been alone. They had grabbed him with such force that he was lifted into the air and then thrown against the car. They had rushed up behind him and before he knew it he was taken down to the ground. He was blindfolded and his hands tied behind his back before he had chance to struggle. Somewhere in the commotion and panic, there was almost a hint of excitement as the women pinned him down, the heat and the force of their bodies stopping him from being able to move before forcing him face down into back seat.

“Why are you doing this?” He asked them, already knowing the answer. There was no response.

Jermaine was tall and thin. He usually wore thin, black, framed glasses as he had always been short-sighted, but now he knew that he was no longer wearing them and they had been taken off when he was blindfolded. He was worried that they were still somewhere on the sidewalk where they had picked him up. He was wearing a pair of black jogging shorts and a white t-shirt that was now soaked with sweat from the scuffle. He suddenly felt embarrassed that these women could have sneaked up on him and taken him down so easily. He had to remind himself that they were a gang. They were stronger than he was, stronger than most.

The car ride felt like it went on for ages. Jermaine was not too sure if that was a good thing or not. It seemed like hours before the car finally stopped. Hearing the doors open, he bit down on his lip in anticipation and fear. Suddenly he felt a hard tug on his legs and before he knew it he was being dragged feet first from the car. He put his knees down quickly onto the hard concrete to stop him from falling on his face. This caused a sharp pain to shoot up his legs and he groaned aloud.

He could hear one of the women talking quietly but could not hear what they were saying as the blindfold had partly covered his ears, plus, he was sure that they were still talking in Russian; but he could tell that they were pissed. He had expected that, after all, he would be.

“Is that the guy I want?” A female voice asked gruffly.

“Yes. It's the guy.” A softer voice said right next to him. This was the first time he had heard them speak English.

“Bring him over here and take that damn blindfold off”, the stronger voice snapped at the others. Jermaine could tell right away that she was the boss of the operation by the way she spoke to them.

## Chapter 2

Jermaine felt himself being pushed against a wall, it knocked the air out of his lungs, he felt sweat rolling down the sides of his face. The blindfold was loosened from the back of his head and slipped straight off onto the floor. The first thing he noticed was that the room was in complete darkness, he could see that there were no windows. At that moment no one was talking, he could barely make out the shapely silhouettes of his captors in the darkness. Their stillness and silence unnerved him. He was comforted only by the sweet scent of perfume and sweat that filled the room.

“I am going to give you one chance to tell me who leaked information about the heist.” The boss's voice called out to him, the break in silence making him jump for a second.

Jermaine had no idea what he could say to make this situation any better, he had started to regret his plan.

“Are you going to speak or what?” She snapped at him, pushing him harder against the wall, her hand wrapped around his throat.

Jermaine's eyes had adjusted slightly to the dark by that time, just enough to make out the woman in front of him. He could now see the roundness and redness of her lips, so close to his that he could taste her sweet breath. He could just about make out her long hair stopping at her slim waist. It looked like she was wearing some kind of catsuit. Jermaine licked his lips.

“I don't think he's going to talk.” he heard another girl speak, almost giggling.

Suddenly Jermaine heard the flick of a light switch and the room was illuminated, bit by bit by long fluorescent light strips hanging from the ceiling. Jermaine blinked hard while his eyes adjusted. When he stopped he saw a woman standing in front of him. He was delighted to see that he was right about the catsuit, it clung to every curve of her body.

She had the zip pulled down her chest far lower than it should have been, exposing her soft, ample cleavage. Jermaine wondered to himself if she does this for comfort or to tease the men that she was torturing for information, or maybe because her tits were so big that they could not be contained by the clinging PVC of her chosen outfit. Jermaine couldn't take his eyes off of her tits, she was so close to him that he could feel the warmth of her body.

His breath had become shallow and his heart pumped loudly in his chest, his hard cock pressing firmly against his jogging shorts. Finally, he took a look around the room, and swallowed hard. There were 4 women in total. Jermaine had never been in the presence of such beautiful, sexy women. He knew he was in trouble.

“Where are his glasses. I want to make sure he knows what is happening to him. I want him to see everything.” The boss growled, looking over at one of the girls she called Kelly.

“Yes, I have them.” The girl handed them over quickly and Elise walked over to Jermaine, pressing her body against his.

She could feel his erection pressing hard between her legs. She purposely pushed harder against him. she placed his glasses on his face. As she did this Jermaine noticed she was sweating slightly, just enough to make her skin glisten and a few strands of hair stick to her face and neck. Jermaine wondered if she was as turned on as he was.

Elise walked away, the curves of her ass exciting him further as her hips swayed, every inch of her body highlighted by her tight costume.

Without saying a word Elise returned and Jermaine saw that she had a knife in her hand. He hadn't even seen her pick it up, he had been too busy eying up on her tight body. With the knife still in hand she grabbed hold of his T-shirt and cut it straight in half, exposing his hairless chest.

“I have plenty of plans for you today so I'm going to go easy, at first.” Elise dropped to her knees, then she roughly pulled his shorts down. Feeling exposed and vulnerable like this was a turn on for Jermaine. Elise noticed how hard his cock

was and smiled. It was only inches from her face and it took all the energy she could muster to fight the natural urge to put it in her mouth. But she had a job to do and that was not what he was here for.

“Someone's in the mood to play today” She smiled, licking her lips. “I am gathering you're not going to tell me what I need to know, so we are going to have to do this the hard way.” Elise grunted, shaking her head back and forth at him.

Jermaine had no intention of giving them information yet, not while he was so turned on. Elise was also glad he wasn't giving anything up just yet, see Elise loved mixing torture with sex. Lately she had not had the opportunity and she knew that she was going to enjoy this. Her pussy was dripping already, just thinking about what was going to happen to him. She knew she was going to cum over and over again watching her sexy girls torture him.

Jermaine looked at her while she rubbed the cold metal blade of the knife over his body, he groaned in pleasure. This was driving him crazy with anticipation. He had heard about her gang and how they sexual dominated and tortured their men first, breaking them for information.

Looking down at her tits, he noticed her hard nipples were starting to poke through the PVC of her catsuit, his eyes followed down her flat stomach and then stopped at her pussy. Elise wondered if he knew she was getting turned on. Whether he could sense her wetness. A small smirk came across her face.

“I am sure you are thinking right now that this is all fun and games. You are going to learn very soon that's not what this is about.” Elise brought a finger down to his cock and pushed it down, pressing her long, sharp, fingernail into the head. Hearing him gasp, she pushed down further.

Jermaine didn't answer her but he loved how she drove her nail into the head of his cock. The more she pushed down onto it with her sharp fingernail the more he was getting harder for her.

Elise brought her finger off Jermaine's cock and stepped away from him. Teasing him she slowly lowered the zip of the catsuit, first letting her breasts bounce out, then lowering the zip further until he could see that she had been wearing no panties underneath. She stepped out of the suit one leg at a time so that now she was stood there completely naked.

She brought her hand up her leg and couldn't resist rubbing her shaved pussy for a few seconds knowing that he was staring at her.

“I bet you want this don't you Jermaine?” She asked him, grabbing her tits and rubbing her hard nipples she watched as Jermaine nodding his head slowly, he couldn't take his eyes off her. Still not saying a word, he had never been more excited.

Elise giggled, turning around and bending over. He watched as Kelly moved closer to her and spanked her smooth, naked, ass hard as Elise whimpered and bit down on her lip. Looking at him teasingly over her shoulder.

“You really have no idea what's going to happen to you while you're here. This is so much fun for us.” Kelly laughed, running a hand through her long red hair. Her hazel eyes bearing into his.

Kelly was now practically naked herself. Wearing a black, leather thong and a bra that barely covered her hard nipples. Jermaine studied her athletic body, his cock throbbing for her.

Two more girls that had been hiding near the back of the room came out of the shadows and into the light. He looked them over. There was a gorgeous brunette woman wearing nothing but a leather skirt, that was barely long enough to cover her pussy. Looking up, he loved her flat stomach and the curve of her hips. He was sure that she had been wearing more clothing when he first got there, but she obviously liked to get in on the fun and had started to undress.

“I guess we should introduce you two huh?” Elise asked, seeing Jermaine's attention was now on the girl.

“This here is Ginger.” Elise told him when no one answered, pointing to the topless girl.

“She is nineteen and always looking for some fun.” Elise laughed, turning around quickly so that her tits bounced when she turned.

“And this here is my best friend Jennifer. Come here Jennifer.” Elise held her arms out to her and Jermaine watched as Jennifer went to her. This is the first time he had really noticed Jennifer, who had still been mostly out of view. Jennifer was completely naked. Her almost hairless pussy looked great as it glistened with wetness. Her tits were smaller than the other three, pert and round, with small hard nipples. His cock was throbbing looking at all four girls.

He watched as Jennifer then wrapped her arms around Elise pressing her pussy and tits against Elise's. Elise seemed to like this as she groaned in pleasure and kissed Jennifer each using their tongue to explore each other's mouths, Elise bit gently on Jennifer's lip and let her hands caress her pert tits and bottom. Jermaine saw how much the girls were enjoying each other and wondered for a second if they had forgotten he was there. Both of them moaning loudly for another before Elise pushed her away roughly, suddenly remembering that she had a job to do.

“Are you going to make this easy or hard?” Elise asked, raising one eyebrow and waited for his answer. Again Jermaine didn't answer her.

“I guess he's choosing to do this the hard way.” Jennifer giggled, her pussy so much wetter now. Jermaine saw that she couldn't take her eyes off Elise and he knew it wasn't just part of the act.

Jermaine's silence seemed to anger Elise “Then let this begin.” Elise demanded, with a subtle smirk appearing across her face.

### Chapter 3

The girls stood round Jermaine in a circle. Jermaine knew there was no escape and started to worry slightly. He looked at the naked girls and all he could think about was them pleasuring him. His cock was aching now and he wasn't sure how much more he could take. Elise went to the other side of the basement and came back. When he saw her, his eyes grew wide. Biting down on his lip he became more fearful than before.

Elise was wearing a strap on. The dildo was thick and black. A bigger smile came to her face when she saw that Jermaine was looking worried. She knew the look well, she could smell the fear coming off of him.

“Get down on your hands and knees!” Elise barked at him.

Jermaine stayed right where he was.

“Not so fun anymore is it Jermaine? You had your chance. Ladies.” Elise looked at the three of them keeping her calm as best she could.

Ginger, Kelly and Jennifer went to him. Jennifer and Ginger grabbed both his arms and Kelly got behind him shoving him from the back. Quickly they had him on his hands and knees. Jermaine cried out and put up a struggle but he'd have to admit that he liked being forced to the ground by three naked women.

“There you go.” Elise cackled as he struggled to break free from their tight grasp, his ass shaking from side to side. His hard cock still standing proud to attention.

Ginger got down on her hands and knees slowly and crawled over to him. She reached out with her mouth when she was close enough to ass and bit down hard on one of his ass cheeks hearing him yelp out from the pain and surprise. Ginger smiled.

Elise looked at her girls. She loved watching them work. Her pussy wet with excitement.

Elise brought her hands to Jermaine's ass cheeks and spread them with her fingers. Seeing his perky asshole that was begging her to fuck him he continued squirming around more knowing in just a few seconds what was going to happen to him.

“Hold him tighter!” Elise hollered at the three girls. She couldn't believe with the three of them holding him down that he was still able to move.

Elise licked her lips and looked down at him, squirming and exposed. She wanted to lick his asshole, to shove her tongue in, just to tease him, but she stopped herself. It'll hurt more if I don't she thought. Getting closer and closer with the thick dildo she pushed the head of the dildo into Jermaine's ass.

“Fuck!” He gasped out in pleasure, closing his eyes tightly. The first time he had said anything since he had gotten in the car.

“Find something to shut him up!” Elise looked at Jennifer

Jennifer went in search to find something that would keep him quiet or to at least muffle his voice.

“I don't see why you have to have him quiet. It's not like someone's going to hear him.” Jennifer muttered under her breath, slightly annoyed. Jennifer liked to hear the screaming and groaning.

Jennifer came back quickly and got down in front of his face. Her hard nipples brushing against his cheek slightly as she pushed a red ball inside his gaping mouth. She tied the leather straps behind his head so that he couldn't talk.

“You like that Jermaine!” Elise screamed out to him and laughed as he nodded. His screams of ecstasy muffled slightly.

Elise slid the dildo in and out of his ass as she kept his ass cheeks spread. Seeing his ass hole stretch to the size of the dildo as she repeatedly entered him.

Elise loved this part of her job. She loved the power, she loved the struggle as he pretended to try to fight her off. Elise was wetter than ever now as she continued thrusting the dildo harder and faster into his ass.

Jennifer knelt down beside Elise and wiped the sweat away from Elise's forehead with her hand, not being able to resist brushing her hand against the side of her breast as she moved it away.

“You are really enjoying this aren't you sweetie?” Jennifer whispered and licked her ear quickly.

“I am” Elise answered breathlessly. Elise looked at Jennifer, suddenly realizing that she had been enjoying what she had been doing so much that she forgot they were supposed to be getting information. She slowly eased the dildo out of his ass and stood up, her legs shaking.

Elise walked around him so that she was looking at his face now. He looked exhausted, but she noticed his dick was still rock hard and he saw that he was still desperate for her body by the way he looked up at her pussy, licking his lips. Jennifer was standing next to Elise now, she obviously couldn't resist her either because she started rubbing Elise's ass with one hand and slowly stroking her pussy with the other.

“Are you ready to talk to me now?” Elise looked down at Jermaine with a grin. Still shaking and now squirming in delight at the feel of Jennifer's hands on her. Jermaine lifted his eyes and met her gaze. Slowly he shook his head.

Jermaine's ass was sore from Elise's torture but he wanted to see what else she had in store for him. He wanted to see if she would fuck him by the time she was done.

Jermaine looked around at the girls. Hearing him scream out had obviously turned Ginger on so much that some of her pussy juice was running down slowly on the inside of her thigh.

“Wow, I have to say that this man is very brave.” Elise shook her head, a small smile forming on her lips.

“You are so sexy when you're all revved up.” Jennifer whispered in Elise's ear. Still massaging her wet pussy.

The one thing Elise loved about Jennifer was Jennifer liked pleasing her while she was torturing their men. She knew that Jennifer was really wet without even having to touch her pussy, knowing that Jennifer would do anything she wanted if she asked her to.

## Chapter 4

Elise put her arms around Jennifer, so turned on now she began sliding her pussy up and down Jennifer's as she whispered in her ear for the next phase in the plan. Jermaine saw Jennifer whisper something that obviously pleased Elise as smile came across her face and she squeezed Jennifer's ass in delight.

“You do this for me and you can do what you want to please yourself.” Elise whispered, slipping a finger gently in Jennifer's warm pussy licking her juices off her finger as she walked away.

“You are so naughty Elise.” Jennifer giggled and quickly went to the other side of the room.

Elise looked at the girls “One of you girls put that strap on around your waist. I will let you know when to use it.” Elise made her face hard and mean again. Never showing the girls her nice side unless it came to Jennifer.

“Kelly and Ginger get him on his back now!” Elise hollered at them watching them scurry around and before Jermaine knew what was happening he was on his back looking up at the girls.

His cock hard and throbbing even more. Though he was slightly scared of the next step because he didn't know what it was he was also excited feeling his cock coming alive more and more. Looking up at the naked girls he had a great view.

Jennifer came back skipping to Elise. Jermaine loved watching her little tits bounce up and down as she skipped her way to them with a smile on her face. She was holding something green in her hand.

“Now strap it tight around his balls.” Elise told her softly, taking the remote out of Jennifer's hand and grinning down at him.

“You want my hot pussy Jermaine?” Elise asked him, getting down on her hands and knees getting closer and closer to his face she licked the ball with the tip of her tongue.

Jermaine nodded his head and grunted at her. He had never wanted anything more. Elise looked into his eyes and saw the lust and fear mixed together.

“Are you going to tell me what you know? Eight million dollars is a lot of money that we missed out on because someone wanted to open their big mouth. We've been watching you Jermaine. You walk the same streets as other gangs. You walk by that bank daily you must have heard something.” Elise told him softly, moaning in his ear.

Jermaine didn't nod his head up and down and he didn't move his head back and forth. He stayed still. His body tense.

“Suit yourself.” Elise giggled when she felt Jennifer's hands on her shoulders.

“Is it ready?” Elise moaned, leaning back against her.

“Yes darling. Its ready.” Jennifer whispered in her ear. Knowing that she could do anything she wanted to Elise she bit down on her lip as she thought about the possibilities.

Elise took the green remote she had in her hand and turned it on low before pressing a white button on the side.

The girls laughed when they heard Jermaine screaming. It wasn't as loud because of the red ball being lodged into his mouth but they knew he was in pain.

Elise shut it off and got on top of him, resting her pussy against the head of his cock and hearing him whimper for her. At first she just slid the tip in, moving slowly back and forth as she teased him. She could feel his cock throbbing against her pussy and couldn't help letting out a moan she lowered herself and felt the length of his cock slip inside her wet pussy.

“Nice and wet right?” She asked him, giving him a wink as she pressed down more and more onto his cock. Feeling it go into her wet pussy slowly. Grinding very slowly back and forth.

She laughed when she watched him nod his head for her.

“Now all you have to do is tell me what you know and we can have a great time with each other without all the pain.” Elise told him, giving him a pouting look.

Again Jermaine didn't answer her. He didn't move.

Elise began riding his cock as fast as she could as she pressed the button on her new toy to shock his balls. She had never used it before but she liked the results of it.

Hearing Jermaine muffled screams she moaned and whimpered for him. Keeping her finger on the white button on the side of the remote. Jennifer was getting wetter again just hearing Elise's sexual cries.

Jennifer stood over Jermaine's body. One leg on either side of him, her pussy facing Elise who knew what she wanted.

“Go ahead baby, I said anything.” Elise whimpered to her, licking her lips as she looked at Jennifer's pussy.

Jennifer began rubbing her pussy against Elise's mouth, whispering Elise's name as she felt her hot breath.

Jennifer brought a hand to the back of Elise's head and pushed her mouth against her pussy. Jennifer began grinding her pussy harder and harder against Elise's mouth while Elise teased her with her tongue, licking and lapping at it hungrily.

Elise's loved licking pussy and the excitement had made her cum, her pussy was cumming all over Jermaine's cock by this time. Grinding and sliding back and forth and moaning until she stopped coming, she listened to his muffled cries of pain and Jennifer's low whimpers which had slowly turning into screams. Elise knew she was good at licking pussy. Jennifer got louder and louder whilst grabbing the back of Elise's head, grinding her pussy against her mouth and tongue. Finally Jennifer came with a loud scream, grabbing Elise's breast and squeezing gently as she came all over Elise's face and chin.

“Such a good girl Jennifer. Elise said licking her lips, lapping up all her juices. You are such a good bitch. Whenever I want you, you are here for me.” Elise whispered as Jennifer stepped away from the two of them so Elise could continue her business of torture.

Elise looked down at Jermaine, she threw her head back and laughed before she got off his cock which was still hard. She had got her pussy to cum all over his hard cock but yet she didn't give him the chance to cum inside of her.

Elise got down on her hands and knees in front of him as she pushed the shock collar again and again. She looked down between his legs and saw his balls shaking from the shocking effect that she had created. Looking back at Jermaine she brought her tongue down to his chin, slowly licking up the side of his face. Licking the wetness of his tears then moving her tongue down across his chest and down his stomach, just stopping before his cock.

“Jermaine it doesn't have to be this hard.” She giggled, looking down at his cock and seeing that it was a nice little joke since his cock was still completely hard.

“I bet your cock is throbbing, I bet it wants to cum so fucking much right now doesn't it?” She whispered to him. Jermaine nodded his head quickly.

“Turn him over on his side.” Elise looked over at Kelly who was wearing the strap on waiting to see what she wanted

done.

Kelly watched as Jennifer and Ginger rolled him over on his side quickly and waited for the next set of instructions.

“Fuck his ass nice and hard with that cock Kelly. I want to know he's feeling it.” Elise told her in a harsh tone of voice.

“I am so going to enjoy this.” Kelly laughed as she got down on the floor beside him. Shoving the dildo into his ass quickly and feeling him trying to get away from her.

“I would lay there and take it if I were you!” Elise screamed at him, pointing a finger at him as she pressed the remote again three or four times repeatedly. Hearing him scream louder and louder with the ball in his mouth.

“Unstrap that ball and let him scream.” She hollered to Ginger.

Ginger quickly did as she said and hearing Jermaine's screams made her jump back away from him. She knew that he wasn't going to hurt her but she was surprised at how loud he could be.

“He needs to shut the fuck up.” Ginger covered her ears quickly as his screaming continued.

“He wouldn't have to go through this if he would just talk.” Elise told her sadly with a smile on her face as she shook her head from side to side.

“You should sit on his face.” Jennifer suggested to her wanting to see her ride his tongue with her mouth.

## Chapter 5

“You should bring your ass to his mouth and make him lick your ass.” Jennifer moaned to her.

“You are a dirty little bitch aren't you?” Elise laughed at her, giving her a wink as Jennifer spanked her hard before she walked away from her.

“Fuck”. Jermaine cried out, deep inside Jermaine was in heaven but he knew that had to make the gang believe he was hating the torture, he closed his eyes and pushed tears rolling down his face to feign vulnerability.

Elise slowly sat down in front of Jermaine's face with her legs spread wide open for him. He eyed her pussy and licked his lips seeing how wet she was. He wanted to lick her pussy and see how sweet she'll taste.

“Don't think for one minute you are going to get my pussy baby.” She laughed at him, moving closer and closer to him as she brought a leg across his neck and brought her ass up to his mouth taking the side of his head and pushing his face into her ass.

“Lick it!” She hollered at him and kicked him in the neck with the heel of her foot when he didn't.

“I said fucking lick my ass. Shove that wet tongue deep inside there!” She screamed at him this time. When she was horny she demanded so much more and when it wasn't done when she wanted it to be done she got angry.

Again there was another kick to his neck, harder this time with her heel before he pushed his tongue between her ass cheeks and began licking at her ass hole quickly. loving the feel of her ass pressed against his face and hearing her groans.

“Oh yeah, there you go. Shove that wet tongue deep inside my ass. Lick me clean.” She moaned to him grinding her ass hole down onto his tongue more and more until she was happy to feel his hot breath between her ass cheeks.

The more Kelly fucked him violently with the dildo she had strapped onto her the more his tongue went into her ass as he cried and begged for Kelly to stop with his muffled noises.

Jennifer moved closer to where the action was and loved how wet Elise's pussy was getting. Her legs spread awkwardly and wanting to have some fun with Elise. Wondering if she should ask or just take what she wanted the way Elise did.

“You can sit on my face too baby. Lick my hot pussy.” Elise moaned to her. She didn't care who was pleasing her as long as she was having fun at the moment. She knew it was the perfect time to have Jennifer sit on her and lick her pussy at the same time as Jermaine's tongue licking the inside of her ass furiously.

Jennifer didn't have to be told twice she spread her legs over Elise's body and lowered herself down onto Elise's mouth. Elise was more than willing to shove her tongue into Jennifer's pussy. Whimpering as she felt Jennifer licking at her quickly, finding her clit.

Jermaine tried to push the pain out of his mind with all the sex going on around him. He was still hard, but was aching and desperate to cum.

The more he licked Elise's ass the more he wanted her pussy. There was something about a nice wet pussy that made him want it constantly.

Suddenly Elise pushed Jennifer off of her and watched as Jennifer's mouth came off her pussy. Laughing when she saw the shocked look on Jennifer's face.

“Don't worry honey you will have your time later. I am about done with him. If he's not going to talk I have some more moves that will make him give up the information we need.” Elise was thinking it was time to up the pain more.

“Stop! Stop! I have something to tell you!” He cried out to her once she removed her ass from his tongue as he sensed that Elise was going to change course.

“You do?” Elise asked him, raising her eyebrows at him and licking her lips as she nodded her head at Kelly to stop.

“Yes. Maybe it's not something you want to hear but I have something to say none the less.” He nodded his head at her again. Hoping this would get him fucked finally.

## Chapter 6

Elise nodded her head at him, glad that she had won over him, finally broke him. Sad that once they got the information they needed they would have to let him go. That was the rule and she wasn't going to change it now.

“Can I have a glass of water please?” He asked her, not caring about the other women around him. He only looked at Elise for an answer since she was the boss.

“Get him a bottle of water.” Elise nodded over at Jennifer and kept her eyes on him. Watching as Jennifer handed him a bottle.

“Now talk!” Elise hollered at him, putting her hands on her hips. Wanting to get her revenge on whoever leaked out the information.

“I, well, I...” He paused for a moment before taking another drink of water. Not knowing if he was going to survive what was going to happen next when he got done saying what he needed to.

“Just come out with it!” Elise hollered at him losing patience with him. She had a funny feeling she wasn't going to get the information she wanted from him.

“I don't know anything.” He sighed heavily.

“What do you mean you don't know anything?” Elise squinted at him and placed her hands on her hips.

“I mean I acted like I knew who the leak was.” He told her softly as he watched her walk over to him slowly.

“You are lying!” She hollered at him and slapped him across the face. Jermaine brought his hand to his cheek and felt the sting of her slap.

“No, no I'm not.” He told her quickly putting his hands up in front of his face.

“Why wouldn't you have said earlier if you knew nothing?” Elise grumbled shaking her head not believing him.

“I've heard about your Russian gang....about what you guys do to men sexually and I thought that it would be fun to have sex with you girls. I heard you guys were unbelievably hot and I wanted to get fucked by you all”. Jermaine gave them a small smile looking at each one of them hoping that they would understand where he was coming from.

“You have got to be kidding me.” Elise sighed, rolling her eyes at him. “You think that I was just going to let you go once you told me that?” Elise laughed again. “You are wrong. You and your pathetic little cock that's still hard.” Elise got down on her knees in front of him and flicked the head of his cock.

Just by looking into her face he could tell that he was in for some more punishment.



## Chapter 7.

Elise flicked his small cock harder and harder as she thought about ways she could humiliate him in front of the girls for what he'd done.

“Come with me.” She told him, getting up from the floor and watching him slowly get to his feet, his legs shaking as he followed her across to the other side of the room.

“What are you going to do?” Jermaine asked her softly when he saw the Iron hand cuffs attached to the wall.

“Wouldn't you like to know?” She laughed, hearing the girls laugh behind her. They knew what was coming next.

“Actually I would like to know.” He told her when the room was quiet again. He heard louder laughter he head it echoing off the walls and heard it ringing in his ear.

“You will find out soon enough.” She winked at him with the dazzling smile of hers. Looking around the room he saw the other girls closing in from the gang and he knew that leaving now wasn't an option.

“Get down on the floor and press your back against the wall with your arms up in the air.” Elise told him. When Jermaine didn't move towards the wall she spanked his ass hard with her hand and made him move.

Jermaine slowly went to the wall and turned around to face the girls. Seeing they all had big smiles on their faces he knew they were enjoying it. Pressing his back against the wall he slowly slid his naked body down the wall and sat on his ass. Slowly he put his arms up above his head and he waited for what was going to happen to him. They knew that he had tricked them, he had wanted to get captured and he was worried more than ever about what they would do to him now that they had found out.

“We are going to have so much fun girls.” She giggled as she slowly went to him and locked his wrists into place. Tightening the cuffs tightly around his wrists so that he couldn't move his hands.

“I can't wait to see what you have in mind.” Jennifer whispered and kissed the back of Elise's neck.

“You are going to think this is so hot.” Elise looked over her shoulder and gave Jennifer a wink. She knew that Jennifer would get turned on with what she had in mind.

Elise got down on her knees as she took Jermaine's legs and spread them as far as she could. Hearing him cry out softly when she spread his legs too far.

“You have such a small cock Jermaine. When I was riding it earlier I could hardly feel it while it was inside of me.” She laughed, watching Jermaine's face turn red quickly as he looked over at the other girls who were covering their mouths and trying not to laugh.

“It's not small.” He whispered to her, clearing his throat. He knew that she was trying to humiliate him and wanted to sound strong, but he felt the embarrassment of her talking about the size of his cock.

“Well Jermaine the way I see it, your cock isn't long enough. You have to agree with me on that don't you?” Elise raised her eyebrows at him.

“I don't agree with you.” Jermaine told her in a stronger voice. His lips quivering wondering if he was going to be punished for speaking out against her.

“You will agree with me though. You have to.” Elise winked at him and grabbed his hard cock in her hand pulling at it roughly and hearing him curse under his breath when she was pulling on it slightly too hard stretching it more and more.

“Do you have a small cock?” Elise whispered to him.

“No!” Jermaine screamed at her, shaking his head back and forth fiercely.

“Yes you do Jermaine! Your cock is the smallest I've ever seen!” Elise screamed so loud in his face that some of her spit landed on his cheek.

“Stop!” He cried out to her, closing his eyes tightly as she kept yanking on his hard cock. Stretching it more and more.

“Do what I fucking said!” Elise hollered back at him. Squeezing his cock as hard as she could. She felt her heart quickening. She was about to let go until she got what she wanted.

“I have a small cock!” He screamed out as loud as he could and slammed his head against the wall hard.

“See, that's all you had to say.” Elise laughed, regaining her cool letting go of his cock and hearing a sigh of relief come from him.

Elise took a step back, running her fingers through her hair she took a deep breath before turning around to face him with a big grin on her face. She was enjoying this. Well, he wanted sexual torture she thought, that's exactly what he's getting.

“Now that's the first part of the battle Jermaine. Now that you know you have a problem because of your small cock we might have a way of fixing it.” Elise winked at him picking up the shock collar off the floor where she had left it and held it tightly in her hand.

“What are you going to do?” Jermaine asked her, looking down at the shock collar.

“We are going to make that cock nice and long for me.” Elise licked her lips as she got between his legs again and strapped the shock collar around his thick cock. She had to admit that she loved how thick it was. That was what she felt with her pussy the thickness of it but the length wasn't long enough.

“Please don't put that on me.” He whispered to her, shaking his head slowly.

“You've been a naughty boy Jermaine. Now you have to pay for lying to me. Did you think that I was going to be nice to you for being honest finally? If you had told me straight up you didn't know anything when you were brought here I don't think it would have gone this far.” She told him softly, looking down at his cock and seeing that Jennifer had fetched her the remote and was waving it in her face.

“When I'm done with you I promise you will never forget what happened here.” She told him grinning as she pressed the button again and heard him cry out for her to stop.

## Chapter 8

Jermaine was tired now, covered in sweat and still desperate to be pleased, he felt almost defeated by these women. He felt another shock on his balls and groaned louder.

Elise looked at him and almost felt sorry for him. she stopped shocking him but kept the device wrapped around his balls.

“See another thing you could have avoided if you just told me you didn't know anything. If you had come clean way before now then we wouldn't be doing this now. Whose fault is this Jermaine?” Elise asked him, wiping his mouth and kissing the side of his cheek.

“Mine.” He whispered to her.

“Whose fault is it? I don't think I heard you right.” Elise told him, pretending she hadn't heard him.

“Its my fault!” He screamed in her face, his face getting red from a mix of sexual frustration and humiliation.

“Now that you know it's your fault. We can continue our little game.” Elise nodded her head as she reached up and unlocked his wrists.

## Chapter 9

Jermaine was relieved when she released his hands from the cuffs. He rubbed his wrists the second he was freed.

“I learned my lesson Elise. Please let me go.” He asked. Not sure yet if he was ready to leave, but scared of what these women were capable of.

“No I will tell you when you have learned your lesson. We are having too much fun right now. Are you having fun Jermaine?” Elise asked him, squinting at him and letting him know with her glance that he had better give her the right answer.

“Kind of”, he replied honestly

“Good. I know how much you loved that strap on deep inside your ass. So we are going to have more fun with that.” Elise told him laughing and pointing at the shock collar that was still tightly wrapped around his cock.

Elise pushed the button on the remote and watched as he dropped to his knees holding his cock. Laughing at him as he groaned.

“Okay I won't do it again as long as you tell me again you have a small cock.” Elise giggled when she watched him get back on his feet.

Jermaine shook his head no.

“Have it your way.” Elise sighed, shrugging her shoulders and pressed the button again. Hearing him scream out as he hit his knees harder on the floor. He knew that he was going to have bruises in the morning, there was no doubt about that.

Elise pushed the button faster and faster sending waves of shocks to his cock over and over again. Not letting up for a minute to let him relax before pushing the button again.

“I have a small fucking cock! I have a small fucking cock!” Jermaine screamed out, closing his eyes.

Elise turned the remote off and tossed it on the hard ground. Going over to it Elise picked up a brick and dropped it on top of the remote watching the plastic pieces fly everywhere.

“Why did you do that?” Jennifer frowned at her sad that she had broken it for good.

“It was getting boring. It's time for something new don't you think?” Elise asked.

Elise went to the dildo, remembering where she had left it and strapped it on herself. She saw Jennifer videoing her on her camera phone as she put it on and moved her hips around so that the dildo bounced up and down. This was one of Jennifer's hobbies. She loved to watch the videos back after.

“I'm gonna love watching this.” Jennifer laughed looking at Elise's tits bounce as she was walking. Jennifer licked her lips.

“Kelly get the dog collar and leash on the wall.” Elise told her calmly pointing at the wall behind her.

Kelly jogged over to it. Jermaine looked at her tight ass as she turned round and he felt an urge to bite it. Kelly grabbed the things off the wall and skipped over to Elise with happiness gleaming in her eyes.

“Put it around Jermaine's neck and walk him over here.” Elise laughed, giving her the next set of instructions.

Kelly went to him and snapped the collar around his neck. It was so tight he began gagging. Elise looked over and was worried he wouldn't be able to breathe. The torture wasn't meant to kill him or cut off his breathing. It was for pure humiliation now. She loosened the collar, only a bit.

“You will be able to have it taken off as soon as you get on all fours and crawl over here to me.” Elise told him. Jermaine lowered himself to his hands and knees.

“Come on doggie. Come along.” Kelly told him gently, Loving the look of humiliation on his face.

“Bark for me Jermaine.” Elise told him, brushing strands of hair away from her face.

## Chapter 10.

Jermaine looked at the camera phone that Jennifer was still holding. He imagined her watching the video after. Getting turned on by his humiliation.

“Jermaine do as I said!” Elise called out to him and glared at him as he crawled over to her and began barking like a dog.

“Such a good boy you are.” Elise laughed and patted him on the head like she would a dog for doing something good.

Jermaine's face was inches away from her pussy now, and he wondered if he started licking her would she stop him. Before he had time to think further she spoke.

“Take the collar off of him now.” Elise nodded her head at Kelly who held the leash in her hand she had acting like she was walking the dog across the floor. Elise noticed how hot she looked completely naked.

“You have to be kidding me. You want the collar off him so soon?” Kelly told her, rolling her eyes and shaking her head.

“Yes. Do as I said.” Elise nodded her head, glaring at Kelly tangry that she could ever second guess her. The girls knew it was Elise's show. She was the boss.

Elise wasn't about to admit but she almost felt bad for Jermaine. Knowing that he'd had enough pain but she wanted to keep going now that Jennifer was recording everything, she wanted to give Jennifer a show. Plus, she worried about her reputation, this guy had deceived her, made her look stupid and wasted her time, all for his own sexual pleasure. That's not what she wanted, she wanted people to fear her. She wanted them to know that she was still out looking for information and no one was going to get in her way of finding out who had been the one to open their mouth about the eight million dollar heist. They were suppose to be rich and hundreds of miles away by now . Her plan hadn't worked out the way she had wanted it to. She was lucky that she had kept herself and the gang out of trouble.

Kelly sighed heavily and unsnapped the collar from Jermaine's throat. He rubbed his throat massaging it and Elise could tell that it had been too tight, she saw the ring of redness from the collar all the way around his throat. It had made a full circle.

Elise wasn't going to yell at Kelly for answering back. She would have her time with her when she finally let Jermaine go and she would get Kelly to make it up to her.

“Jermaine stand up for me for a minute.” Elise told him.

Jermaine got up quickly, hoping that there was no more pain and humiliation coming his way. He was still hard and all he could think about was pussy.

“Look at your cock compared to mine" Elise continued. My cock is nice and thick isn't it? I mean my cock is much longer than yours.” Elise laughed, looking at Jermaine's cock and then the dildo she was wearing.

Jermaine didn't say anything to her. He had already admitted to his cock being small.

“I said isn't mine much longer than yours?” Elise asked him again sweetly.

“Yes.” He muttered to her, nodding his head. He had sensed her pity earlier and hoped that by just going along with it now she would fuck him and it would be over.

“Why don't you stroke my long, hard, cock.” She whispered to him. Staring at him and waiting for him to touch it.

Jermaine looked at the phone and saw that Jennifer had got right in front of them making sure she got a close up.

Jermaine felt his face grow warm again and shook his head before sighing. He reached out and wrapped his hand around the dildo, stroking it up and down as Elise began moaning softly for the camera. Even though she couldn't feel anything, the scene was turning her on.

“That's so good Jermaine.” She closed her eyes and began moving her hips back and forth so that the dildo was sliding in and out of his hand.

Jermaine was embarrassed by the act but the sight of Elise thrusting back and forth, groaning, her tits bouncing and nipples hard was turning him on more.

Please fuck me" Jertmaine begged.

“Begging and pleading only makes you look weak. Get down on the floor for me and suck my cock.” Elise told him sternly, smirking.

Jermaine let go of the dildo but didn't get down on his knees in front of her. He wanted to put an end to the humiliation.

“You haven't learned by now?” Elise placed a hand on her hip and nodded her head at Kelly and Ginger.

Both girls eagerly took him down to his knees, as Elise brought the head of the dildo to his mouth. Jennifer had moved over beside Elise so that she could capture the whole thing.

Elise forced the dildo between his lips and looked at the camera whilst thrusting the length into his mouth.

“You getting this?” Elise asked softly to Jennifer.

“Yeah.” Jennifer nodded her head as Elise closed her eyes, pushing the dildo so far into his mouth until he started to gag.

Eventually she stopped. “There that wasn't so hard now was it?” She asked him softly, sliding the dildo out of his mouth one more time.

## Chapter 11

“Now ladies who has the most tired and worn feet right now?” Elise asked looking at their feet. She knew that the floor wasn't all that clean.

Kelly and Ginger lifted their feet and both their toes were nice and black.

“Okay Ginger. You haven't had much fun during all this time now have you?” Elise asked, watching Ginger shake her head no and grin at her.

“I didn't think so. You are going to shove your toes into his mouth.” Elise nodded her head, satisfied with her next plan of action.

Jermaine loved feet, he gained sexual pleasure by licking and sucking toes, and loved his toes licked as well, but dirty feet, he'd never done.

"No" Jermaine shouted without thinking.

“You really don't have a choice in the matter now do you?” Elise wasn't going to have Jermaine try and take control of the situation now.

“That's not up for you to decide. This is for you lying to me. You have to pay for what you did Jermaine. When you do something wrong there are consequences to your actions.” Elise told him as calmly as she could and pointed a finger at him.

"I won't do it" said Jermaine definitely, "Just fuck me or let me go".

Elise walked up behind him so he could no longer see her. Jennifer was still recording for her twisted fantasies. Elise spat on her hand and wet the dildo still strapped to her. Without a word she slid the entire length of it into his ass. He gasped in both shock and pleasure.

“You like that baby? You like my hard cock deep inside your ass?” She asked him, slapping the side of his ass cheek with the palm of her hand. She spanked him over and over again repeatedly until he gave her the answer she was looking for.

“Yes! Fuck yes, that feels so fucking good!” He screamed out to her. As he opened his mouth wide in delight Ginger found the right opportunity to shove her foot into his mouth. Tasting Ginger's toes, tasting the dirt and grime that was going onto his tongue and into his mouth he felt powerless to do anything but comply.

“Jermaine is sucking her nasty toes clean. Licking and loving it while his ass is being fucked with Elise's big cock.” Jennifer explained for the video, bouncing around excitedly.

Elise shoved the dildo in deeper and the surprise made Jermaine bite down onto Ginger's toes and she let out a yelp of pain.

“You fucking asshole!” Ginger screamed out and slapped him across the face. As she slapped him across the mouth she hadn't realized that her sharp fingernails had caught his lip and there was blood coming out of it.

Jermaine let go of her toes with his teeth when she slapped him across the mouth. Jermaine felt the trickling of blood from his split lip and looked at Ginger.

“Shut that off for a minute.” Ginger told Jennifer abruptly, looking at the camera and rubbing her foot. He had broken the skin. Ginger was mad.

“Don't shut it off, keep recording Jennifer?” Elise commanded slamming the dildo into his ass again harder this time

“Just do it.” Ginger told her

“Fine, shut it off Jennifer.” Elise sighed heavily and slid the dildo out of Jermaine's ass. Jermaine collapsed to the floor. His cool cheek hitting the concrete hard.

## Chapter 12

Jennifer stopped recording and brought the phone to her side. She knew that Elise wasn't happy that Ginger had stopped their fun.

“Who the hell are you to tell me when to stop recording!” Elise hollered at her.

Ginger didn't speak to her she just pointed down at her foot. Elise could see the blood running down her foot and then looked at Jermaine. Jermaine's lip was bleeding a lot now and he looked in a bad way, slumped and exhausted against the concrete.

“Fuck.” Elise muttered under her breath as she shook her head. "What did you did that for?" She asked, looking at his bleeding lip.

“I'm sorry.” Ginger whispered to her. She suddenly realised that she had done the wrong thing by hitting Jermaine and stopping Elise's fun. She was now wondering what Elise was going to do to her.

“Did I tell you to smack him! Did I tell you to even put your hands on him!” Elise hollered in her face, getting angrier. Ginger knew that Elise was more angry at the fact that Ginger had answered back to her than she was about Jermaine.

“No but he bit my toes. It hurt.” Ginger tried to defend herself as she looked over at Jennifer and saw a smirk come across her face. Jennifer seemed to like it when the girls got into trouble with Elise. Knowing that it made her the favorite because she did everything Elise told her.

“Come talk with me.” Elise whispered to her, grabbing Ginger's arm and squeezing it tightly making sure they were far enough away from Jermaine so that he couldn't hear what was going on as he wiped his mouth and looked at his hand. Smearred blood.

“I said I was sorry.” Ginger whispered to her, seeing Elise was getting angrier and angrier with her.

“I'm the one who's in charge not you, not Kelly and not Jennifer. You guys do as I say and I never told you to stop the show, or to lay a hand on him.” Elise snarled at her.

“I don't know what else to say. I was in the wrong. He bit me, I was angry” Ginger whispered to her, biting down on her lip and wondering what Elise was going to do to her. She was really mad.

Without any warning Elise punched Ginger in the stomach and made her drop to her knees as she cried out from the pain. Jermaine was watching the whole thing glad that Ginger had gotten some punishment while he was right there watching them. It showed that Elise didn't take any shit from anyone, not from her girls either.

Elise walked away from her as if nothing had even happened to Ginger and put a smile on her face.

“Kelly I want you to get him cleaned up before we continue" she commanded, barely looking in Kelly's direction. She was walking back towards Jermaine.

“I do apologize for what Ginger had done to you. My girls know that unless I tell them to they don't do anything.” Elise told him.

Jermaine nodded his head as Kelly helped him across the floor and to the small sink around the corner away from everyone else.

## Chapter 13

Elise and Jennifer stopped talking to one another when Kelly came back out with Jermaine. He wasn't smiling and he was limping a little as he walked on his own to the girls. He was hoping that Elise felt bad enough to just give up and let him go. He knew she felt bad to a point and he was hoping to play on it.

"I won't tell the Police any of this if you let me fuck you." he said confidently. Hoping this would work, hoping the girls knew that they had taken this all too far.

"Jermaine I don't know how many times I need to tell you. I am the boss and I will say when it's time for you to leave." She placed her hands on her hips and spoke to him softly.

He sighed heavily knowing there was no way he could convince her to be nice to him. He knew that she was sorry for what they were doing to him but not sorry enough to let her go.

"But..." Elise continued, "since Ginger can't be a good girl and play nice she is no longer allowed to have fun with us."

Elise looked over at her and saw Ginger's eyes fall to the floor afraid to make eye contact with her. Elise liked that she could dominate them when she had to. From time to time she had to remind them that she could be their best friend or she could be their enemy. Either way she was still the boss and there was a line they weren't suppose to cross.

Elise put her finger to her chin as if she was thinking about what to do next. She knew that she wanted to use Kelly for the next piece as she looked around the room she saw the mini fridge and remembered there was a bottle of ketchup in there.

Elise went to a fridge in the corner and grabbed the glass bottle, it was cool in her hand and she wiped the bottle across her forehead as she went back to the group waiting for her.

"Bend over Kelly. I want your ass facing me, and Jermaine lay down on the floor on your back, Jennifer turn the recording back on." She ordered all three of them.

Jermaine was the only one who didn't do what he was told to do. As usual he had to make a fight out of it.

Elise didn't say anything as she watched Kelly bend over and Elise opened the bottle of ketchup. She began shaking the bottle and watched as the ketchup came out of the bottle and dribbled down her ass crack leaving a trail leading between her ass cheeks.

Elise made Kelly spread her ass cheeks so that she could shove some ketchup into her ass and around her asshole.

"You are going to have so much fun licking this up Jermaine. You are going to love it." Elise said clearly so that the recording could pick up her voice. Jennifer videoed Kelly's ass and then moved the phone over to Jermaine who was getting excited by the thought of caressing her ass with his tongue. But he did not move.

Either you get down on the floor Jermaine or you are going to be forced to get down there." Elise grinned at him, reminding him that she had the power to get him down on the floor.

Jermaine decided to comply and got down onto the floor on his back. He watched as Kelly lowered herself down onto him. He couldn't help notice how perky and round her ass was as she got closer and closer to his mouth.

Jermaine was disgusted by the ketchup but Ginger squirming and groaning on top of him was getting him hard again. His dick was throbbing and once again was desperate for pussy. Without thinking he tried to get up, I can pin her down I thought, shove my cock into her and cum once and for all.

Ginger and Elise noticed him trying to move away and went over to hold down his arms. Ginger was happy to grind her

ass back and forth on Jermaine's tongue. The flicking of his tongue against her asshole making her pussy throb for him. Elise smiled over at Ginger, she had been watching her and how much pleasure she was getting from this. Ginger smiled back at her and was thankful that Elise was forgiving her.

Jermaine's cries grew softer and softer as Kelly pressed her ass down onto his mouth. She felt his tongue and hot breath go between her ass crack and she moaned for him.

“Is he licking you good?” Elise asked her, giggling a little. She was now running out of ideas for Jermaine quickly and knew that she couldn't keep him forever.

“Yes! God it feels so fucking good. He's shoving his tongue deep inside my ass!” She cried out with passion. Loving how he moved his tongue inside her ass and began licking up all the ketchup.

“Remember if you see Jermaine out and about tomorrow ask him if he would like some ketchup with his ass.” Elise laughed throwing her head back. She knew she wasn't hurting him now and seeing that he was cooperating with her demands.

After a few more minutes Elise told Kelly to get up off his face, surely he had licked all the ketchup up off of her and she wanted to fuck him one more time with the dildo that she still had on before letting him go.

## Chapter 14

“Get up and come over here, I want that ass of yours. I want to shove my hard cock deep inside your ass.” Elise told him softly. Pegging was what really turned Elise on and she had been really turned on all day. She knew that Jennifer was going to get it tonight. Knowing how much Jennifer wanted her and needed her and how set Elise had been all day.

Jermaine had a hard time getting up. It had been a long day, but he decided to do so without arguing.

Elise had one last show in store for Jermaine. She knew that he was sore but she wasn't going to show him any sympathy. He was getting what he deserved for wasting their precious time when they could be finding the real snitch. He had wasted most of their day because he thought the girls were going to give him what he wanted sexually. She was still pissed that he could not help their investigation. Elise had hoped and prayed that he had been the right guy but once again they had the wrong one. Wondering how long it was going to take to get justice for her and the girls. Whoever had leaked the information had to pay. Whoever it had been was going to be sorry one day when they finally caught up to him.

Elise watched as Jermaine brought his ass up to the head of the dildo.

Elise rammed the dildo into his ass hard and fast. Harder and faster than the last few times she had done it and heard him groan. Elise was moaning and whimpering his name, grabbing and squeezing her tits as she grinded against him. It was as if she could really feel the sensation, as if the dildo was part of her.

“You go girl! Keep fucking that ass!” Jennifer cried out with glee as she got closer and slapped Elise hard on the ass. Elise yelped as she felt the sting across her bottom. Jennifer just smirked. Keeping eye contact with Elise she moved her hand down to her pussy and began rubbing her clit, all the time watching Elise thrusting the dildo back and forth into Jermaine's ass. This excited Elise even more and she groaned out in ecstasy whilst her orgasm snuck up on her.

## Chapter 15

“Get up.” Elise told Jermaine harshly when she was finished twitching and shaking.

Jermaine slowly got up onto his feet and looked around at her.

Elise thought about finally letting him go. She had punished him, pleased herself, and she knew that he was telling the truth about not knowing anything about the heist.

“If you ever tell anyone that you were forced to do this I will find you and I will kill you.” Elise shouted sternly, still recovering from an intense orgasm but trying to sound commanding. “No one will know where your body went. There would be no evidence.” Elise snapped her fingers to show him just how quickly he could be out of the picture.

He nodded his head, understanding what she was saying. Looking at her dripping pussy as she spoke.

“Good. I am glad that you understand that this was your fault and not mine.” Elise nodded her head at him and smiled.

“I want you to get one thing straight in that mind of yours Jermaine” Elise continued. I am not sorry what I did to you. Not one bit.” Elise glared at him, wanting him to know that she hadn't grown soft on him.

“I know.” He told her.

Elise noticed for the first time how hot Jermaine was. His muscular body dripping in sweat. His strong legs, his tight, now aching ass, his cock that was still standing to attention. Jermaine was still looking at her body too. All he had wanted all day was that body. Now he was exhausted, humiliated and frustrated beyond belief and he hadn't even cum. Admitting defeat he

decided to get his clothes on, angry at himself that his plan had been a failure and how he'd been so stupid.

"Before you go," Jermaine heard Elise's voice call behind him, softer than it had sounded all day.

Jermaine turned around to see Elise's arms around Jennifer's tiny, naked waist.

"It's dark out now and we were just going to bed if you wanted to join us?"

Jermaine smiled to himself

The End.

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**BONUS STORY 2**

**BALLBUSTING GIRLFRIEND**

“Don’t move, and don’t scream, or I’ll cut you!” Tiffany was startled out of a deep sleep by the weight on her chest and the hand over her mouth. She tried to fight back, but the man’s weight had her pinned under the blankets. The knife hovered inches from her nose.

“David, get off of me!” It had taken her a moment to shake the sleep from her brain and realize her boyfriend was apparently locked in one of his late-night writing binges and wanted to fact check something, using her as the “victim” of course.

He shifted his weight so she could move, “So, really, you couldn’t fight back, right? I mean, your arms were totally pinned, but what about your legs?” This was his norm. He got an idea in his head and had to see if it worked. Which might not have been so bad except for the fact that he wrote graphic murder mysteries where the victim was always female, and always seemed to be raped and terrorized by the man.

It made for an interesting sex life, though. The frequent role playing was kind of hot, she had to admit. Just not when he woke her up in the middle of the night. She sighed. “Yeah, it worked. I couldn’t move my arms at all and the blankets had my legs pretty well trapped.” He grinned and jumped off the bed, rushing back to his laptop muttering about some plot point while she tried to get back to sleep. He’d be up most of the night working on whatever book he was writing this time, but she still needed to get to work in the morning.

She was surprised when she woke up and found his side of the bed still empty. She was even more surprised when she walked into the kitchen and he handed her a cup of coffee. “Have you slept?” His bleary eyes said he hadn’t. He shook his head.

“No. This one’s dark, Tiff. It’s going to be really good,” he usually said that. “Can we... tonight... I need...” That was nothing new either. She waited. “I need to work this guy out. I need to... I don’t know... I need to get in his head.”

She kissed him and headed to the shower, “Of course, you know I love it when you go all serial killer on me.” She knew he’d sleep most of the day. She headed to work thinking about the hot sex they’d be having later that night.

When Tiffany got home, she wasn’t thinking about sex. She was thinking about the crappy day she’d had. She tossed her things down as she walked in the door, but before she could do anything else, a pair of strong hands grabbed her from behind.

The gloved hand covered her mouth while another arm wrapped her body and hauled her off her feet. She kicked and fought, but his grip was too strong. He carried her to the kitchen and shoved her face down over the table, then leaned into her and growled in her ear, “Scream and you’re dead.” His hand came off her mouth, but he held a wicked looking knife up for her to see. He held her down and slowly slid the knife under the back of her shirt, slicing it open from neck to waist before pulling it roughly off. Then came her skirt, cut from waist to hem until she was wearing nothing but a bra, panties and the stockings and garter belt he liked better than pantyhose.

When she heard the sound of his belt unbuckling, Tiffany lashed out with a foot, catching him in the shin. He tried to shove her roughly back into the table, but she had rolled and planted an elbow in his side. Unexpectedly, he dropped the knife and Tiffany snatched it up and stood, holding it out in front of her.

He stood facing her, the black mask over his head, a quizzical look in his eyes. Tiffany didn’t know what came over her, but she decided it was time to turn the tables. He could do his research from the other side this time.

“On your knees, now!” Tiffany surprised herself. They’d never played with her as the dominant partner before. He didn’t break eye contact as he sank to his knees, and Tiffany felt a thrill of excitement pass through her.

“So, you thought you’d bust in here and just take whatever you wanted?” She tried to recall the kinds of things he said when he was in that mode. “I think it’s time you learned a lesson.”

He was sliding his body over to one side, and Tiffany realized he was thinking about attacking her again. She grabbed his hair and thrust the tip of the knife into his groin until she heard him gasp.

“Much better, do I have your attention now?” She waited for him to nod yes.

“Good boy. Today, we’re going to try something different. You’re going to learn what your victims feel like. And if you fight back, or give me any grief, I’ll make damn sure you can never fuck again. I’ll start right here,” she jabbed the knife tip deeper, poking into the base of his cock and holding it there. “And I’ll cut all the way around until I’ve taken that cock and balls you’re so damn proud of. Maybe I’ll put them in a jar.”

His eyes went wide as she poked the knife into him again. “Strip,” she commanded him as she stood back up and went in to his desk. She went searching through his books, looking for ones she knew had the most graphic scenes of sexual violence. “Come in here, no don’t walk, crawl like the worm you are!”

He crawled, and Tiffany felt her panties getting wet. This was hot. She turned to a passage in the first book. “So, here we have a nice young college girl who gets held down as the killed shoves his cock down her throat so deep she can’t breathe. It sounds really hot, until you realize that’s how he’s killing her. Lie down on that ottoman.” She pointed at the long bench that sat in front of his office couch. When he was lying on the bench, she walked over and stood straddle his head, facing his feet.

“I remember that book,” she chuckled, looking down into his face as she stood over him, her legs spread wide so her crotch was still several inches above his face. “I remember the research particularly and exactly how a cock could completely cut off air. I wonder if a pussy can do the same.”

She lowered herself inch by inch until she felt his nose brushing against her panty covered crotch. She heard him inhale as her scent enveloped him. He always did love eating her. She watched his cock twitch. Then she lowered herself more until his mouth was completely covered by her pussy and his nose was buried in her ass. She wriggled a little, getting more comfortable as she raked her nails over his bare chest. His cock was more than twitching now, it was fully erect.

She wriggled further onto him until she felt him inhale, then she pressed down harder. It took several long seconds, but eventually, he realized he couldn’t breathe and his body started to shake. He reached up with his hands, trying to shove her off, but she slapped his cock hard, then grabbed his balls and squeezed until he settled down. Once he quit fighting, she raised herself up enough so he could gasp in air, but she did not let go of his balls.

“Naughty boy, who said you could touch me?” She released his balls with a final squeeze, then slapped the flat of her hand into the base of his cock. He jumped and moaned, but his cock didn’t go soft.

She dug her nails into the base of his cock and kept her pussy just touching his face, tight enough he could feel her, but not so tight he couldn’t breathe.

“We’re going to try a new set of rules,” she tapped his balls with her hand, slapping lightly. “You’re going to be a good boy from now on. Behave, and you’ll get treated nicely. Misbehave and I’ll cut your cock and balls off so you have to pee sitting down like a girl.”

She stood up and looked down at him, the mask slightly askew, his eyes had a slightly glazed look, and his cock was raging hard. “Now go draw me a bath, I had a shitty day.” He started to stand but she stopped him with a slap to the cock. “Crawl,” she smiled as he dropped to his knees and crawled toward the bathroom. Tiffany wondered how far she could push this, and how much he’d put up with. His eyes looked shocked and a little scared, but his cock told a different story. He was liking this.

“You can fix dinner now,” she purred as she sank into the tub. “You may walk, this time. As a reward for getting my bath just right.”

She felt a little silly, but David still had the black ski mask on, and a slightly confused expression in his eyes. And still had a raging hard on. When she was done with her bath, she wrapped up in a robe and went to the kitchen to watch him finish preparing dinner.

David was a good looking man, and watching him work around the kitchen, naked except for the ski mask, was certainly

pleasant. When he served dinner, she told him to remove the mask.

“In the bath, I made a decision,” she explained as he sat down. “You’ve done all these kinky, perverted things with me in the name of research. Since your murderers always get caught and punished, I think their creator needs to be punished as well. I’m going to go through every single story you’ve ever written and find the most twisted sex acts possible. Then I’m going to see about reversing the roles and doing those things to you. From now on, there will be consequences for your choices. Wake me up in the middle of the night with a knife in my face and there will be a price to pay. Simple as that.”

That night, she straddled his chest and fingered herself until she came, drenching his chest with her juices before she rolled over and went to sleep, leaving him to take care of himself. She was only slightly surprised when he again woke her in the middle of the night, holding her down in a new way, trying a new hold to see if it immobilized her. She just smiled and made mental notes until he went back to his writing.

In the morning, she found him sleeping peacefully on his side of the bed. She quietly showered and dressed in one of her sexiest outfits. A short, tight skirt, skimpy tank top and a pair of dangerously high stiletto heels. She slid the covers off and stroked his cock until it was raging hard. Then she wrapped her fingers around his balls, tightening gently until they were firmly in her grasp. Then she tugged hard.

He was awake in an instant, looking confused. “Remember what I said about consequences? It’s time to pay the price.”

She flipped him onto his back and drove her knee into his groin hard. She watched the expression on his face cross into pain and felt his erection slowly fading under her. “I’m not going to tell you what to do, and what not to do, David. I know you need to do research for your stories, and that’s fine. Just understand that each little bit of research has a price. It’s Saturday, so I don’t have work today. And I think we should start the day off with an orgasm... for me.”

She hiked her already short skirt and slid up his body to straddle his face, then carefully lowered her pussy until it was just above his mouth. “Make me cum, David,” she ground her pussy down against his mouth. There were tears in his eyes from the pain of being kneed in the crotch, but his mouth obediently worked on her pussy. His tongue snaked out to lick her clit as she ground against him.

She reached down and grabbed his hair, pulling his face tighter against her pussy. She could feel when he couldn’t breathe, and she kept pulling him tighter, then releasing him, relishing the feel of his gasps for air. “Suck my clit, David, do it now, make me cum, or I’ll turn your balls black and blue.” She reached back and grabbed his testicles, squeezing until she heard him moan against her.

But he obeyed. His sucked her clit between his teeth and flicked his tongue over her until she was shaking uncontrollably. She came in a gush, and he sputtered beneath her. She climbed off, “You may shower, but do not dress. I want you naked today.”

She sat on the couch, flipping through his books and making notes while she directed him to do the housework. “Be a good boy and I’ll let you lick my pussy again.” She told him. At lunch time, she was horny again, she directed him to lie on the bench while she inspected his work. “Think of me sitting on your face as a reward. If your work is acceptable, you’ll get my pussy in your face and you can make me cum. For every thing you miss, or don’t do correctly, I’ll smack your balls one time.”

When she came back to him, she wordlessly straddle his face and lowered herself until his nose was buried in her cunt and his mouth smothered against her ass. “You didn’t mop in the bathroom, David. And you didn’t wipe the underside of the toilet seat. And you forgot to wipe the stove. That’s three things.” She ground her pussy against him until harder, then abruptly stood and turned quickly. She opened her hand wide and slammed the palm flat into his balls.

“Count, sweetheart,” she purred at him. He struggled to catch his breath and whispered out a “one”. She made the second one a little lighter than the first, but on the third, she took care to pull his penis up out of the way before slapping her hand into his balls. Tears sprang to his eyes and it was a full minute before he choked out a “three”.

“Good job,” she grabbed his hair and yanked him to his knees by the sofa. She sat back and spread her legs. “No touching.” She instructed him. She fingered herself until she came hard while he sat watching. She noticed his cock barely twitched and his balls looked slightly swollen.

The rest of the day, she compiled a list of things to do to him. She wondered if he’d wake her again in the night. She had

something special in mind for him if he did.

That night, David came in with a stocking. He stuffed it in her mouth, then twisted the ends around her neck, creating both a gag and a choke. He held her down and questioned her. Could she reach his hands when he held her like this? Could she buck him off if she tried? How long could she still fight back if he tightened it down?

Tiffany let him sleep late the next day. She had a few things she needed to buy. When she came back home, he was up, eating lunch and looking nervous.

“What...” his voice broke and he cleared his throat. “What are you going to do?” She smiled at him and put her bags down on the counter.

“First, you are going to strip your clothes off. I did not say you could dress. Every little thing you do has a price, remember? Some may be good, some may be bad. I think you enjoy when I sit on your face, even when it smothers you. You even enjoy some of the ball slapping. I don’t know that you’re going to enjoy what I have for you today.”

She waited until he was naked, then ordered him to his knees. She sat on the table and spread her legs wide, then grabbed his head by the hair and pulled his face into her crotch. She rubbed against him, grinding her pussy all over his face, dragging her clit over his whiskery chin until she found just the right spot. She held his head tight and rocked against his face until she came, then released him.

She ordered him to clear off the kitchen table, then she carefully wiped down the surface and told him to lie down. It was a perfect fit. She spread his legs wide and wiped his body with medical disinfectant.

“You will hold still and not move, no matter what,” she instructed as she pulled things out of her bag and began setting them up. Tiffany was a nurse by trade, she knew exactly what she needed to do. Once everything was prepped, she pulled on a pair of gloves and began opening sterile packages, laying everything out neatly on a medical towel.

“Do you recall, in one of your books, there was a scene where the murderer used needles on the woman?” She watched his eyes go wide. Yes, he recalled the scene. “He pierced her nipples. And her clit, not just the hood, her actual clit. If you flinch, or move, this will be worse, and I might miss and hurt you. You don’t want that.”

She smeared more disinfectant over his balls, then expertly grasped a small needle.

“This is a 22 gauge. It’s not the largest we could do, but it’s not the smallest either.”

She moved quickly, slipping the needle just under the skin at top of his balls, just under his cock. She heard him sucking air between his teeth. Tiffany quickly inserted another needle immediately beneath the first. He hissed in another breath. Working quickly, methodically, she created a line of needles down the center of his balls, all the way to his taint. She stroked her finger up and down the line of needles, flicking them with her nails as she watched him jump. She stood straddle his face and grabbed his cock, stroking it slowly. Then she lowered herself onto his face, closing off his breathing with her pussy and ass. She felt his cock twitch and he went from soft to almost instantly hard.

“Lick my clit, David, and don’t miss a stroke,” she instructed as she poured lube over the head of his cock. She reached for the tray and grabbed the long, thin steel rod. They were meant for doing urethral sounds. The rods she found had a gentle curve and were about nine inches long. They varied from a tiny one-tenth of an inch around to the huge half inch rod. She grabbed the smallest one and slipped the end of it into David’s hard cock. He gasped against her pussy as the rod dropped straight down his urethra.

Tiffany smiled and slid the small rod out, then flipped it over to the larger end. She applied more lube and slid it in. It also dropped in with ease. She shrugged and removed it, then reached for a second rod, slightly larger than the first. This one went in more slowly and she smiled again. Once the rod was in, she gently slid it up and down, fucking his pee hole with the steel rod. He groaned against her pussy. It sounded like a mix of pleasure and pain. She held the rod still and ground her clit against her mouth until she came.

She flipped the rod over to its slightly larger end and slipped that into his cock. He moaned again, the fit was tight, but not too tight. She pushed gently and the rod slid into his cock slowly. She used long slow strokes to fuck his cock with the rod.

After several minutes, she reached for a larger rod, his moan was long and loud as she worked the bigger rod into his cock. She didn't fuck him with this one, she just left it there and let him feel the pressure of the hard steel inside his dick.

Finally she pulled it out, then carefully pulled out each needle. Once he had stopped bleeding, she told him to go shower, "but you may not masturbate," she told him. She cleaned up the mess and the toys and pulled out her biggest dildo. She was still horny, but she wasn't letting him put his cock in her right now. He came back in to find her happily fucking herself with a huge dildo, she waved him away and told him to go clean the kitchen. She made sure she made lots of noise when she came.

That night, David was too exhausted to wake her up. In the morning, she woke him by straddling his face.

"You have a meeting with your agent today, don't you?" He nodded, his face obscured by her crotch. "She's the one you said is hot, right?" It had actually been an argument they'd had. David thought his agent was smoking hot. He'd wanted to fuck her so badly he could taste it. But the agent wasn't interested.

Tiffany got up off him, "Go shower, then I'm going to smother you with my pussy. And you will not wash off my pussy juice. You'll go see your agent smelling of me."

When David came back from the shower and laid down on the bed, she faced the headboard and lowered her pussy onto his face. She rocked her pussy back and forth, sliding her clit from his nose to his chin and back again. Every few strokes, she would press down tightly until he couldn't breathe, then she'd let up and go back to grinding against him. She rocked forward and spread her ass cheeks wide, "Lick my ass, David," she commanded. He obliged, tonguing her asshole with more interest than he'd ever showed before. She knew her pussy juices were running down his nose, and she didn't care. She slid back until her clit was above his probing tongue. "Make me cum, David," she whispered to him and pushed her clit into his mouth for him to suck.

She reached down and held his head by the hair, keeping his face buried in her pussy until she came, drenching him from ear to ear. She carefully dried him off, and ordered him to not wash or do anything else to remove her scent from his body. He dressed and headed out to meet his agent. She had the day off, so she spent the time thinking of more creative ways to torture him.

He came back later than expected and she quickly put things together. "You fucked her didn't you?" David looked sheepish, "She was all over me, I don't know what it was. It was like... I don't know... She hugged me, like always, and then... Well, one thing led to another."

The sex wasn't the problem. They had an open relationship, so fucking someone else was totally ok. It was that he didn't have her permission. Tiffany walked up and kneed him hard in the groin and smiled as he dropped to the floor.

"Did you cum?" She asked him. He managed to nod. "Was it good?" Again he nodded. "Good. I want it to be worth what I'm going to do to you for not asking me ahead of time. Isn't that our agreement David? You should always at least send a text to communicate and say sex is happening. Right?" She punctuated the question by pressing her heel into his groin.

David groaned and she shifted her weight so the point of her stiletto was digging into his denim covered balls. "I asked a question," she ground out. He was blinking back tears by this point, but he nodded.

"Get your pants off, now!" She commanded, and watched silently as he quickly doffed his jeans and underwear without even rising up from the floor. She kicked his legs wide apart and trapped his balls under the toe of her stiletto, carefully making sure she was between the testicles. She didn't want to rupture him. She stepped down, placing her weight on him, pushing his balls further apart and grinding his scrotum between her shoe and the floor.

David moaned and she shifted. She lifted her foot and let his balls slid back against his body. She pressed the toe of her shoe delicately against his nuts and trapped them against his own body. She pushed in. With the soft surface of his body as a buffer, she wasn't worried about harming him, but it would hurt. A lot.

She angled her foot so her heel dug into his ass as her toe pushed even more deeply against his balls. David's moans turned to gasps as she rotated her foot so his balls twisted under her. Tiffany bounced her foot a bit, almost like tapping her toe. She watched the tears spill over, but she kept digging her foot into him until he was actually crying in pain.

Tiffany quickly shifted her weight and dropped to her knees over his face. She grabbed his head and pulled his face into her pussy, smashing his mouth against her cunt. She pressed until he could not breathe and held him there until he was pounding his hands against her to get her to let go.

She loosened her grip and let him catch a breath before pulling him back in and restricting his breathing again. After the fourth time, she turned so she could face his cock and balls, then lowered her ass onto his face. She sat down on him until he was literally smothering in her ass cheeks and she turned her attention to his cock and balls.

Amazingly, he was getting a hard on. She quickly slapped his cock hard, then grasped his balls in her hand and squeezed, twisting until his muffled cries came from her ass. Finally, she released his balls and stood. She sat on the edge of the bench and told him to crawl over to her. When he was in front of her, she grabbed his hair and pulled his face into her pussy.

“Use your mouth and fingers, David. Fuck me as hard as you can. Make me cum and cum and cum.” She looked down at him, there were still tears streaking down his cheeks but he fastened his mouth onto her clit and worked three fingers into her wet cunt.

David had amazing hands and an even more amazing mouth. He loved eating pussy, and Tiffany had always enjoyed his attention. But now, it was even hotter. There was something different, more intense. And David seemed like he was working even harder than usual. He sucked her clit into his mouth and covered it with his tongue. His fingers thrust and curled and stroked inside her. She looked down and saw his cock raging hard, even as the tears were still wet on his face.

Tiffany grabbed his hair and held his head still as she ground her pussy against him when her orgasm hit. “Fuck me, yes! Don’t you dare stop!” She kept fucking his fingers and mouth, holding his head between her legs, until she rode him for three more orgasms. Pussy juice was dripping down his face and his tears had entirely dried up.

Tiffany sat up and looked him in the eye. “If you ever do anything like that again, without telling me first, I will cut your cock and balls clean off and you will never be able to use them again. Your good with your mouth and hands, I’m sure she won’t mind.”

She stood up and went to the shower, leaving him sitting on the floor, covered in her cum.

A new pattern quickly established itself. David would be up in the middle of the night, writing, and he’d wake her up with some bizarre attack from his current project. She gave him what he needed, but exacted her toll during the day.

Sometimes, she would wake him up by sitting on his face and smothering him until he could no longer breathe. Other times, she laid him on the bed or table and worked needles into his balls until he screamed. He actually enjoyed the sounds, when she used the larger ones, they pressed on his prostate and he actually came from them. That became one of his rewards. When he misbehaved, or did something wrong, she used her hands and feet on his balls. She could drop him with one smack, or bring him to tears by squeezing just right.

The unexpected bonus of the new life was the house was much cleaner and Tiffany was no longer having to come home from work and do the cooking. He took care of everything. She teased him and tormented him for a week, then demanded services from him all day. He washed her car, massaged her feet, even painted her toenails.

The downside was, she wasn’t getting laid at first. Then she realized she could use sex as a reward for him. When he was well behaved, or when he had taken an exceptionally harsh punishment well, she discovered he got harder than she’d ever seen him before. So hard his cock would leak precum for an hour if she kept teasing him. She discovered that she could get what she wanted, his hard cock, and still keep him in line. It was the best of both worlds!

He would get particularly hard if they’d done sounds recently, or when his balls were nearly bruised from being stepped on and squeezed. The harsher her treatment of him, the harder his cock got.

After several weeks, she sat down with him at the table one morning and brought out her list.

“David, we haven’t discussed this yet.” She waved the list. “You’ve been coasting along and forgetting something. We still have all of your old books to go through. Can you imagine the sorts of things I found in here? The sick, tortuous things? Tell me, David, what were some of the things you thought were really hot?”

He hesitated, looking down at the floor. She slammed his favorite knife on the table in front of him. She didn't have to say it, he knew. She glanced down at his cock, sitting semihard against his leg, then back at the knife.

"I, um... I always liked the scenes where the killer rapes the girl first. Especially if there's anal sex. Ummm... and I like the ones with biting on the tits and clit. And..." his voice trailed away. She asked him to repeat it and it came out as a whisper, "The needles."

"The needles," she whispered back at him. "David, you write really bloody, graphic murder mysteries about serial killers. But they all seem to involve really twisted sex. I made a list of all the things your murderers have done to their victims. We're going to figure out ways for you to experience these things."

He nodded, and kept looking down at the floor. "Anal sex is easy, I have no problem using a strap on with you," his head popped up and he looked surprised, but she just kept going. "We've already talked about the guy using his cock to suffocate the girl. And you seem to like it when your face is buried in my cunt. And we all know how much you've enjoyed needles and the sounds." He actually blushed.

"Biting, hmmm..." she sighed, "I think we can manage that as well. So what else is there on here? Let's see... you've got face slapping, well that's easy. Several of your killers are into genital torture of some sort. Well, I think we've got that down pat, though I think we can certainly explore it more deeply. There's one that uses a cane and another that uses a whip. Huh, guess this isn't going to be as hard as I thought it would be to transform these into ways to torment you."

She waited for this to sink in, then continued. "I like this new way of things. You get the research that you need, and I get to give you a little payback for scaring the shit out of me in the middle of the night." She looked at his cock, it had gotten even harder, bordering on a full erection, while she talked about the tortuous things she wanted to do to him. "And you seem to like it. Your eyes say you're afraid. I know it hurts. But your cock tells me you like it. So, tell me David. Do you want me to stop? Do you want to go back to the way it was before?"

He shook his head, "No," he whispered. "No, I like this. It scares me, you're right. But I like it. The pain is... it's bad. It hurts. It's awful. But... I like it. I love it when you sit on my face. I love it when you smother me."

"Do you like it when I threaten to cut your cock and balls off?" She asked. He shook his head no, then looked at the floor and whispered "yes".

She rewarded him for that honesty. After he'd cleaned up the table, she laid everything out to do sounds and needles. He spread himself out on the table and she cleaned his cock and balls with disinfectant. She'd moved to 18 gauge needles, they were about as large as she could get and not have to go to piercing needles.

She placed a thin corkboard underneath his balls, "We're going to do something new today," she told him. She carefully wove a needle through the skin on his balls and then stuck the tip into the corkboard, skewering him in place. She worked her way around his balls, slowly stretching the skin out and pinning it to the board with a needle. Once that was done, she used smaller needles to create a second ring just above the ones pinning him to the board, weaving the needles together to keep things tight. His balls were pulled out tight, so the skin was smooth and shiny.

She drummed her fingers lightly on the taut skin and was rewarded when he jumped a bit, then winced as the needles pinning his balls to the corkboard pulled. She flicked her fingers along his balls, concentrating on where the skin was pulled the tightest. Each time she made contact, he jumped a little, and hissed at the pain.

She lubed his cock, then his favorite sound and slowly worked it into his urethra. It was a tight fit, the sound stretched his urethra to its limits, but he liked the feeling. Once she got it in, she let it rest for a moment, then removed it, added more lube and reinserted it. She pushed a little more firmly this time, knowing it would be hitting his prostate. When he gasped in pleasure, she pulled back and started fucking him with the long steel rod, sliding it smoothly in and out of his cock.

He moaned and shuddered, groaning as she pulled the rod out a last time. She reached for a larger rod, lubed it up and began slowly working it in. His moans increased in intensity as his urethra stretched to accommodate the new size. She slid the big rod in and out slowly, watching as his body trembled. When the real shaking started, she gently slid the rod out and slowly removed the needles, then led him to the shower to clean up.

After, he laid down on the floor and begged her to smother him with her ass. She straddle him, teasing him by bouncing her ass in his face, rubbing her pussy up and down his chest, and hovering just out of reach of his hungry mouth.

Finally, she spread her legs wide and lowered herself so her ass enveloped his face. She rocked back and forth, spreading her pussy juice all over his nose and chin while her ass cheeks surrounded his face. She felt his breath on her pussy, then lowered herself more until she cut off his air. From this angle, her ass smothered his nose while her pussy covered his mouth. She could control his breathing perfectly, letting him get a full breath, a little breath, or none at all.

She could grind against his face, taking her own pleasure, or raise up and let him pleasure her with his talented tongue. She reached down and stroked his hard cock, letting him know what a good job he was doing and he moaned against her cunt. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks wide, "Tongue my ass, David," she encouraged him. His tongue bathed her ass, from crack to her pussy. He lovingly licked her asshole, his hot tongue pressing against her puckered hole. She writhed around, letting him bathe her entire ass with his tongue as her fingers found her clit and stroked gently.

Tiffany decided it was time to stop teasing. She turned around and grabbed the edge of the bed, then lowered herself back onto his face, putting her clit right above his mouth. His tongue slid out and flicked her clit, gently at first, then with increasing pressure. She moaned in pleasure. David really did know exactly how to lick her pussy.

"Harder, David," she commanded, grinding against him. He sucked her clit between his teeth and bit down a little, just the way she liked it. She pushed her pussy back against his mouth, mashing his lips against his teeth and cutting off the air flow through his nose. He reached up and grabbed her ass, pulling her even tighter against him as he sucked her clit even harder.

She rode his face, rocking and grinding against his mouth until she came in a gush, drenching him with her juices. She looked down, he was rock hard, his cock dripping precum and twitching. "Not tonight, big guy," she told him. "You'll have to hold onto that thought for a few days. But you can get the big dildo and fuck me with it."

Later, much later, she curled up with him in bed and told him of a surprise she had arranged for him.

"Your agent says your latest book is going to go best seller. She and I decided that was something to celebrate. It seems you really impressed her with your oral skills. And she was very interested when I told her about your other talents. She suggested we should both have a go at you to celebrate your success. I was thinking we could take turns riding you. One of us could ride your cock while the other rides your face. Of course, if you don't make both of us cum, many, many times, you'll have to be punished."

She smiled at him and chuckled at the nervous expression on his face. "I want you to write out a fantasy involving two women doing that to you. Tell me what you like, what frightens you, what turns you on, and what does both."

Later that week, she saw the note from David.

"My Dearest Tiffany," it started, "You have no idea how incredible my life has been with you. I had not thought our lives could be any more perfect, any more fulfilling, but these last few weeks have proved me wrong. You've unlocked a part of me I didn't know existed. Deep, hidden, secret, but always wanting. You've freed me to enjoy our lives even more. You've given me so much."

"You instructed me to write out a fantasy with two women, and I will, but I have to add this. Everything we have done terrifies me. It shakes me to my core, challenges who I am as a man, and even my own masculinity. It frightens me that I like it. And it frightens me even more to think you might stop. The pain, oh my god, the pain. When you step on my balls, or knee me in the groin. It's exquisite. Tiffany, you have no idea the amount of pain that causes a man. But I welcome it. I enjoy it. I treasure each touch, each moment. Each one is a lesson, an opportunity to grow and improve."

"I live for one purpose now, and that is to please you. My life's goal is your pleasure. I think I've always known that, always felt that way, but was never free to express it. I was never free enough to release my manhood and say I want to serve you. I want to be your every desire, care for your every need, make you happy and proud, and satisfy your every whim."

"The idea of two women, taking turns riding my face and my cock is like a dream come true. I hope that the two of you will put some tasks before me. Order me to care for the house, allow me to rub your feet. Let me bathe you both, scrub your backs and help towel you off, and worship you as the goddesses you are. Give me the honor of being used by you. Let me

cushion your feet while you rest. Take your pleasure from me in whatever ways you desire. Use my mouth, use my cock, use my fingers, or any part of me, to pleasure your bodies.”

“I ache to taste each of you, to feel your lovely asses on my face, smothering me. To know that my very breath comes at your whim and desire. I yearn to fill my mouth with your juices, to know I’ve done a good job and that you are sated.”

“Yes, I fear the pain. But I’ve lived through the pain. Tiffany, you led me through it. Terrified, trembling, and uncertain. You brought me to a place where the fear and the pain became a positive and now I welcome them. You asked what my fantasy was with the two of you... It is simply this: to be used by you both in whatever way you desire.”

THE END

### SPECIAL PREVIEW



The woman looked at the man with a glint in her eye. Amanda liked sex. A lot. But she also liked to be the one in charge when it came to the bedroom or wherever she wanted to enjoy her fantasies. She sat at the bar nursing her drink when she saw the man look over at her. She instantly turned her head and sighed. She knew the idiot would come try to talk to her but she also knew that he wasn’t her type. No. He was the overbearing, I want to make you scream and tied you down kind of guy. The problem was she wanted to be the one to do the tying down.

“Hey baby want to go somewhere? You know and talk?” He had on a three piece suit and was the type of man that most women would fall over their own feet for.

“No thanks. I’m waiting for someone.” She smiled as the door opened to reveal the person she was waiting for. The man walked in with a lopsided grin as he looked at her. He wore a polo shirt and khaki pants. His eyeglasses peered too big for his head but she knew he was the one for her. She smiled as he made his way over on the other side of her. She turned giving beefcake her back as she smiled at the newcomer.

“Really? Him?” The beefcake an almost whine to his voice as he said it. She never looked back around at him as she shrugged.

“Yep.” It was her only response as the man angrily flung himself from the chair and walked in the direction of the table he had been at earlier. She could just imagine him sitting there almost pouting as he watched the woman who turned him down flirt with another man. The worst part she knew was that the beefcake thought himself superior to the man she now gave her attention to.

“Hey handsome.” Her pointer finger slid down the collar of his shirt to the small little buttons. She watched as his Adam’s apple rose with the gulp he took. “So. You wanna take me home or what?”

“Yes.” It was his only word as he stood. She waited in the chair as he stretched his arm out for her to take the lead. She knew she hadn’t gone wrong. Beefcake saw them head for the door and almost intercepted until she looked at him and winked. He slowly sat back down and watched them leave the bar. Amanda walked to her car and handed him the keys. He slowly pushed the unlock button and held the door for her while she sat gingerly into the seat of her small car.

“I will follow you this first time.” He nodded quickly and took no time making his way to his car. He slowly pulled out into traffic and started off slow to make sure she kept up with him. He periodically glanced in the mirror to check for her and was relieved when he saw her small red car and headlights looking back at him. He pulled into the driveway of his small three bedroom house and made sure to park on the left side of the space, giving her the shortest distance to the door. She slid from the car and walked to the door.

Kyle felt his hands begin to sweat and quickly wiped the excess moisture on his pants legs. He was almost panting when they finally came to his living room. Amanda played the part well. She was a magnificent dominatrix. He came to her and slowly took her coat as he hung it up in the hall closet. She looked at him and smiled. Slowly she undid the small buttons on the side of her dress and let it slide quietly to the floor. She knew Kyle was excited. Especially if the tent in the front of his pants told anything.

“Ok. This is how this is going to work. Have you ever been someone’s slut before?”

His eyes instantly widened at her words and he began to talk. “Why do you...”

“Answer the question. You will not like the results if you don’t.” Her eyebrows rose as she looked at him. She knew he was having a hard time with the way she spoke to him. Amanda and Kyle had been together for over a year. Their life together seemed perfect. She was unaware that Kyle had a secret fantasy until a week prior. She remembered the conversation well.

“Amanda?” Kyle sat at the kitchen table with a newspaper curled in his hand.

“Yes.” She turned to look at him.

She watched as he gulped and started to fidget with his fingertips. She knew instantly that he was nervous and something was bothering him.

“You know how we have been talking about our fantasies and such?”

“Yeah. Do you have one that you want to share?” Amanda had always been straight forward. She was also a little strict. Many said that she would have made a great teacher. She on the other hand had decided to go to law school instead. Now she was one of the most sought after attorneys in the city.

“Well kind of.”

“Come on just spill it. Or better yet why don’t you write it down. I will look at it and we will act it out on Friday.” She was glad they had separate places. This way she could follow him and they could act like this was their first time together. She

was surprised when she read the paper he left some time later on her table. She laughed as she looked at it. It was perfect. She had secretly wanted to be more dominant in their sex life. Although they had a good sex life, she wanted more. Much more. Now was her chance to get everything she wanted. She came back to the present as she looked at him.

“No Amanda.”

“My name is Mistress from here on out. You will direct me as only Mistress but only when I regard you as my pet. If you state it every time you will look like a dumb ass and it will aggravate me to no end. Understand my pet?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Second rule. You are never to be eye level with me. I am your superior. Your only purpose in life is to please me in any way that I see fit. You will do as I say and only as I say. Understand?”

“Yes.”

She stood there looking at him. As he looked at her he didn't realize it would be the last time that evening that he would be level with her. She wore all black leather. Her bikini underwear was tight and fit her completely. She had paired it with a black bra that was leather as well. She had on long gloves that reached to her elbow. Again black leather. Last was her boots. They were the sexiest part about her. They came up to her knees and zipped all along the side. They were very nice on her well sculpted legs and the heels were at least four inches high which gave her petite frame a better look. She stood tall and confident as she again gave him a look. Immediately he kneeled in front of her. He had seen movies and she would soon learn that he had a collection as well.

She walked around his slowly. “Third. When I come you will be naked. Completely naked and kneeling before me. I cannot do anything with a fully clothed man and if you are not ready for me then I will not waste my time here.”

He quickly began to remove his clothing. He did not see the hint of smile that spread across her lips. He was almost where she wanted him. He kneeled in front of her naked as she stood proudly in front of him.

“Next I will require many things from you. I will let you choose a safe word. This word will only be used when you cannot take anymore. If you use this word however everything stops and I leave. And I warn you that I will not return. Now are you ready to be my slut?”

“Yes.”

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