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SCARLETT STEELE

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GAGGED AND
PEGGED

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

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

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to pegging, ass worship and a woman's journey on humiliating her tormentor.

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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Police: Try to settle down Mr. Franks.

Mr. Franks: I can't settle DOWN! I just went through a horror worse than my worst nightmare. Do you understand? I was molested. It was like how a woman is sexually molested but it was a woman doing it me. Wait, change that. I don't know what it was. It started out looking like a hot women but by the end... I don't know. All I know is I have never been so afraid or suffered like this ... this THING ... made me suffer.

Police: Why don't you start at the beginning and try to tell us what is happened. Let me get you some more bourbon to settle you down.

Mr. Franks: Ok. Ok I will try. Yes the bourbon will help. Well me and my pals decided to hit some clubs and see if we could meet some nice girls and maybe score you know. I am 32 and not married any more so it is hard to get back into the dating scene but I was willing to give it a try. So we went to this club called Experiments because it sounded different and cool.

It was pretty cool. The music was hot and easy to dance to and it had a good mix

of college kids and young adults. So the night was going well when I spotted this very pretty young woman who looked a little shy. She was quite lovely in an innocent sort of way. She had wispy light brown hair that hugged her narrow face and neck beautifully. I could tell from yards away she did not think she was beautiful but she was. To me she looked like a young version of Princess Diana.

When I started to flirt with her, at first she seemed very standoffish. Then something happened. She slipped away and was looking at something in her purse and her personality changed. She was still cute and sweet but it seemed there were two girls in there. She flirted and it was clear we were going to have sex. Her name was Hannah I think.

So I suggested to her that we slip out of the club and go to my car. I was parked about a block and a half away so we were walking along and it was pretty romantic. It was about the time we were passing an alley that Hannah seemed to go through a transformation. Suddenly she shoved me into the alley. She was a dainty little thing but when she pushed me, it was like being hit by a truck. I hit the pavement hard and she was on me like a devil. I remember she grabbed my collar and yanked me around.

“Hannah, let’s slow down.” I said trying to get my bearings.

“Shut up!” she said and she rose up and slapped me. “I will tell you how things are going to go.” And then she slammed my head down to the pavement. I passed out.

When I woke up I had no idea where I was. It looked like a dingy basement somewhere. I was strapped to a chair with leather straps and chains around my legs and chest. In front of me was a very frightening looking woman. Her hair was blond, like Hannah’s but it flowed down her shoulders and onto her back.

She moved with a sort of weird power that was frightening. She had on a leather harness that was not really a shirt. It was straps that went down around her large boobs so I could easily see her big round nipples.

I could not help it, I got a hard on. Over the next few hours, she did unspeakable things to me. She used some kind of cattle prod on me. I remember her putting it to my balls as she stroked me up and down and when she hit the base of my cock with the electric shock, I shot my orgasm all over her face.

She pulled me out of the chair and using chains and ropes kept me under her control the whole time. It wasn't even like sex because I was never in charge. I think I have blocked out some of the tortures she did to me. I remember her bending me over a table. When I looked back, she was putting on a huge rubber penis with a harness so she wore it like it was her cock. I was scared out of my mind and for good reason.

This weird woman monster leaned in and opened my ass cheeks. I had a harness on my face with a big rubber ball forced in my mouth so I could not complain. I know I tried to scream when I felt her pushing that big dildo cock up in ass. I felt myself stretching and tearing inside. As she held me by the hips fucking me with that thing, the sounds coming out of her were seemed to be both human female and, I don't know officers, like a demon.

She was pulling on my cock as she fucked me up the ass but she did not let me come. Just as I was about to, she pulled the dildo out and flipped me over. Then she spread her big sexy thighs over me and I felt myself enter the inner sanctum of her pussy. Don't get me wrong, I was not fucking her. She was fucking me. But then the craziest thing of all these crazy things happened officers. As I was about to cum and I could tell she was too, she changed. I looked up and all of the evil and dominance and sadism vanished and I was pushing my hard cock up into that sweet innocent woman I met in the bar. I was being fucked by a demon but I came inside of Hannah and she wept and told me she was so sorry. That is

when I passed out.

Monica dropped by to see Hannah after work. Hannah needed her friendship pretty much on a daily basis. Monica had never met an adult woman with such a fragile self-concept. Hannah was the perfect example of a young woman walking around with a victim mentality. Monica was her best friend since childhood and she worried about her BFF. That victim mentality invited abuse from men and Hannah seemed to almost thrive on being submissive to all the wrong people.

There were a couple of things that Monica had figured out about Hannah. The first thing was that she was a beautiful woman although she seldom presented herself that way to the world. Monica talked Hannah into giving her a makeover one weekend and when she was properly made up and her hair was pretty and she dressed nice, she seemed to have a very strong supermodel look to her. Monica learned that Hannah lived in an abusive house with a father who hit her and only called her names like stupid and ugly and that had a big impact on her victim mentality. Monica had some training in psychology and counselling so she used it to try to help her dear friend sort things out before something disastrous happened and someone got hurt.

Monica walked into Hannah's apartment. She had a key to her friend's apartment in case of emergencies. Not that Hannah had a hazardous job. She had a good position teaching advanced mathematics at the junior college. While she was not a professor, it paid well and she was a math geek teaching other math geeks so the classroom time was one of the few times each day where Hannah felt at peace.

Hannah was sitting on her couch with her face in her hands. Monica recognized the posture and ran to her.

“Oh honey what happened?” Monica said softly giving her friend a hug. Immediately Hannah opened up to her oldest friend.

“Mr. Lewindowsky hit me.” She said as her voice broke and she fell into Monica’s arm weeping. Mr. Lewindowsky is the department head over the Mathematics area at the school and, as such, he was Hannah’s boss. Hannah had reported to her friend serious emotional and even physical abuse from the 60 year old professor before. Monica felt Hannah should report him but he was part of the good old boy network at the school and to them, abusing little 20 year old adjunct teachers was just good clean fun.

“I went to his big office to talk about the Math Bowl competition we are hosting.” Hannah continued when she could speak. “Everything was fine but when I stood up and thanked him for his time, he told me if I wanted to thank him, I should suck his cock.”

“I was so shocked, I just said “What?” and that is when he came right up to me and slapped me hard with the back of his hand which made me fall onto his couch. I was so scared Monica when he came over and stood over me. He looked so big and powerful, I felt I had no choice but to submit to him. He ordered me to unzip his pants so I did. Then he took it out. It was so long and thick and he kept pushing it at my face. “

“Then he ordered me to suck his cock. I was so scared Monica. I didn’t want to. But something in me had to be submissive to him. I took it in my hand and put it in my mouth. He just took over pushing me back onto the couch and holding my head by the neck. His grip was so strong that I thought he was going to break my neck. He started pushing his big hard cock in and out of my mouth faster and faster. He kept calling it ‘fucking my face.’ Suddenly I heard Chloe, his secretary say someone was waiting and he just shot a big bunch of that goeey sperm right in my mouth.”

“I am so humiliated!” Hannah wept into her friends arms.

It took a while for Monica to settle Hannah down. She gave her some pills to sleep and whispered. “I am fed up with this. I will be back in an hour or so.” Hannah faintly remembers hearing the door slam. She slept a fitful sleep. As she slept, her dream took her to a small room. As she walked in, three very big and muscular men were in there.

When she entered they approached her and began to kiss her and take off her clothing. It was not harsh and abusive like she experienced with Mr. Lewindowsky. One of the big men picked Hannah up and laid her on the bed kissing her mouth. The other men were pulling her clothing from her. Hannah was totally submissive but it was sweet and skillful lovemaking, not like being hit or abused. She felt arousal which is a feeling she hardly ever felt.

Hannah woke up with her fingers in her panties as she stroked her clit and let her index finger begin to slide inside herself. She orgasmed so hard, she thought she was having an attack. After the orgasm was over, she barely made it to the bathroom to clean up because she was shaking so badly. She was glad when Monica returned. Monica returned with a special gift.

The two girls sat in dim light in Hannah’s living room looking at a small jewelry box in Monica’s lap. “There is a ring in here that has been in my family for hundreds of years. It was locked up when a great aunt a few dozen generations ago went on a rampage killing and mutilating men who had raped her. The lore is that ring summons the power of the demon Syrianna who empowers women to dominate men often in a violent way. Now I don’t believe in demons or magic but something always stopped me from using the ring. But I am loaning it to you. Maybe the lore of it can give you the courage to stand up to that pig at your work and put a stop to his abuse.”

When Monica opened the box, the ring seemed to shine in the box. It was the only thing in there so Monica gave it to Hannah, hugged her and went home. Hannah did some research online about this demon Syrianna. There was a story from the Salam witch trials era about a woman who had a ring that allowed her to become possessed by Syrianna. Her name was Elizabeth Dolin and she was the wife of one of the local farmers in Salam. This was the era of witches so such evil things were passed around so they would not fall into the hands of the church.

This was an era where men dominated their wives and treated them like property or worse than property. It was common for Farmer Dolin to come home and greet his wife with a harsh slap across the cheek or a punch to her tit causing her excruciating pain. When that way of dealing with a woman turned ugly was when the deacon took his abuse too far.

In front of an audience, the farmer turned his wife over his knee and pulled up her dress to spank her for some tiny housekeeping flaw he had found. As he yanked her undergarments down, he became aroused as he slapped and abused her naked ass cheeks. Elizabeth's husband pulled her roughly to her feet with his harsh fingers cutting into the flesh of her upper arm. She was weeping with the pain and humiliation of the spanking when he pushed her toward the dining table and bent her over the corner of it.

Elizabeth was weak from the pain and crying when she felt her husband part her butt cheeks and then obscenely begin to play with her anal opening. "Please Caleb no!" she gasped in terror at what he wanted to do to her body. But Caleb only became more erect at her pleas for mercy. He opened his pants and released his very stiff member as he held her butt cheeks open revealing the virgin butthole he wanted to violate. Elizabeth held on to the edge of that table as she felt Caleb's hard on begin to penetrate her in that sinful hole. She cried out and that brought to the door Farmer Stephens.

“Caleb what are you doing to your poor wife?” He said to his dear friend Farmer Dolin when he entered.

“Ibrahim,” Caleb spoke gasping as he felt his hard cock go deeper up his wife’s asshole. “The woman needs to be made submissive again. Come be in her mouth as serve God in this way.” He offered.

This perverse theology appealed to Farmer Stevens who had become erect watching Farmer Dolin sodomize his wife. He crossed the room and stood before Elizabeth pulling out his smaller cock that was hard and ready. He stared at her beautiful eyes looking up at him with a pleading expression not to do this. But he did it. He grasped his best friend’s wife by the hair and pulled her face up. Roughly he forced his hard cock into her mouth and began to fuck in and out.

Elizabeth could not have felt more miserable and humiliated as the man who gave cared and nurtured her tore through her anal cavity and his fellow farmer thrust into her mouth. But when both men suddenly moaned, it got worse. At almost the same exact time, Farmer Stephens thrust his hard manhood deep in her mouth and shot a massive load of seed with such force that all Elizabeth could do was swallow. She gasped and whimpered doing that as she felt her husband moan and pushed entire shaft of his erection as far into her as he could and he released a flood of hot cum filling her rectal hole completely.

Elizabeth clawed at the table and writhed to get free of the raping of her two holes. Just then her hand went into the smock of her apron where it closed around the ring of the demon Syrianna. Suddenly a huge surge of anger took over the other emotions and flooded Elizabeth. She felt rage over being abused and raped by the men she was supposed to be able to trust and respect. The ring became hot in her hand and began to fill her with a new power and

empowerment that women of that time never felt.

That power gave her the ability to do the impossible. She stood up. Instantly she clenched the muscles in her rectum and trapped the long cock of her husband inside her butt. Caleb cried out feeling the vicelike grip of his wife's sphincter muscles grab his cock and refuse to let it move. Holding him like that, Elizabeth brought her right hand up and impacted the testicles of the man who raped her mouth. She clasped on and pulled down.

Farmer Stephens cried out so loudly that the entire village flooded the streets. Elizabeth literally walked out into the street holding her husband by his cock trapped in her ass and dragging Farmer Stephens by the balls.

“LOOK AT YOUR RESECTED MEN!” Elizabeth cried out full of the power of the ring. With that she yanked her hand down and pulled Farmer's Stephens' testicles away ripping them from his body. The farmer cried turned to a sickening gurgle and he fell to the ground bleeding and twitching.

Caleb was in huge amount of pain as his cock was pulled forward as his wife walked with it inside her. He tried to keep up and fell back and was pulled forward by little more than the flesh of his penis. Having finished with Farmer Stephens, Elizabeth turned on Caleb and with a mighty constriction expelled his cock from her butthole. The Farmer fell to the ground screaming pain in his cock when Elizabeth turned on him like a wild animal. She fell on his body and straddled it pulling up her skirt.

“You wanted to fuck me? So fuck me!” she demanded using language she had never used before. Caleb had no control over his own body. “See how you like it!” she possessed wife declared and as she fit his damaged cock to the opening of her pussy hole. At the same time, she reached around and shoved her index

finger up her husband's ass abruptly. As he screamed and arched up, his cock went instantly hard and he filled her vagina with his erection.

Caleb's cock was so damaged from being dragged that the thrusts Elizabeth pushed down on him as she impaled herself on his penis caused him intense pain. He screamed in agony as she fucked onto him over and over again. Elizabeth had her left hand on her clit and with her right hand, she violated Caleb's butt finger fucking him. Suddenly with thunderous whoop of excitement, Elizabeth orgasmed and pulled Caleb's cock into another orgasm as well. The pain of ejaculating into his wife overwhelmed him and he passed out. As Elizabeth stood up, sexually satisfied for the first time in her life, she looked at the shriveled bodies of the two deacons and she just spat on them.

Farmer Stephens died on the spot and later that day, Farmer Dolin passed of a massive heart attack. Elizabeth was burned as a witch but the ring disappeared. It was secretly hidden by Elizabeth's older daughter and it was passed hand over hand from mother to daughter until it came into the possession of Monica who loaned it to Hannah to help with her problem with men making her a victim.

Hannah sat back from her computer and thought about what she had learned. She knew that often stories got glamorized on the internet and all that stuff about the ring possessing Elizabeth and all the violence may or may not be true. What unnerved her is that she did some additional searching on the history of the Salem Witch Trials and the episode with Elizabeth and the two farmers did happen and both men did die and Elizabeth was burned as a witch. There was no mention of a ring or the demon but it made sense that some of that would be hidden from public knowledge.

Hannah was not superstitious but she did watch shows about demons and hauntings and they scared her so there must be some ability to believe it in her. She rolled the small ring around in the palm of her hand. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She slipped it on her finger and it felt large.

The funny thing was after she went to the kitchen and got some water and sat back down, suddenly it fit her.

She decided she needed some air. Hannah lived near the college campus where she taught so she walked toward the student union because there was often someone performing there or other light hearted college kid activity that always cheered her up. As she walked, she thought about what happened to Elizabeth and she felt empathy for her because of the abuse she had suffered from her superiors at the school. When that thought broke into her consciousness and she began to relive the horrible moment where Mr. Lewindowsky forced her to suck his cock.

Just then a new feeling started to take over. It was the emotion of anger. It pushed the self-pity out of her and replaced it with the same righteous rage that Elizabeth experienced centuries ago. Hannah also noticed that the ring on her finger had begun to get warm and then hot. The ring thrived on anger. She slipped it off before she turned into a wild killer like Elizabeth did. Hannah put the ring in the pocket of her dress but her mind and heart and emotions had begun the transformation.

It changed her physically. She could not help but let her hair drop out of the bun she kept it in so the long blond hair flowed over her shoulders. Suddenly instead of that hair appearing long and stringy, it seemed to be full of life and beautiful and lush. Her skin lost that grey pale look of a scared waif and it began to glow with a warm tan and brown hues with pink in her cheeks. Hannah dug out her purse mirror and she hardly recognized herself. Her breasts stood up and were full and round instead of lifeless and hanging down. Her eyes were full of fire and she was gorgeous and even sexy.

It was dark on campus but there were ample lights along the paths for safety. She heard the sounds of romance all around her and Hannah suddenly realized that her pussy was tingling and wet and she felt the need for sex. This was new also. Most of the time, Hannah felt uninterested in sex. Now she urgently wanted to orgasm. Just then she spotted a skinny young freshman boy walking from the library with his arms full of books. She recognized him from one of her classes. His name was Brian and he was very shy and a little geeky looking with his big round glasses and out of style clothes.

“Hello Brian”. Hanna said trying to seem normal like a teacher having a friendly chat with a student. But her body was on fire under her cute outfit.

“Hi Miss Chambers.” The boy responded shyly. He looked at Hannah, did a double take and looked again. “You look nice. Are you going on a date?”

Hannah felt empowered and like the new Hanna was not the mousey and nervous woman who didn't know what to say most of the time. It was like she was watching a confident and sexy version of herself she had never seen before.

“No just getting some air. Do you think I look nice?” she answered the young

student. She found herself walking toward him. The closer she got to him, the more nervous he appeared and that somehow excited her.

“I... I ... I” He stammered the closer Hannah got to him. “Yes. Sort of but not in a bad way.” What Brian didn’t realize is that he was moving into a narrow space between two buildings where he and his teacher would not be seen easily by other students or adults on campus.

A new kind of sexual power was taking over the normally shy and retiring Hannah Chambers. She backed the young student up to the wall and pressed herself to him.

“Then let’s let you think in the bad way.” She hissed and out of the blue she pressed forward and kissed the him hard on the mouth. Brian was squirming and trying to protest through the kiss but as Hannah’s tongue pressed into his mouth, he could not get much past it. Instinctively he sucked on her tongue and moaned feeling his erection coming up as she pressed into his body against that wall.

“Please Ms. Chambers stop.” He moaned when the kiss broke but Hannah was out of control. Her hand shot down to the zipper of the freshman’s pants and unzipped him. Before he had any ability to stop it, she had pulled out his hard cock and began to stroke it up and down as she kissed his neck. “Ms. Chambers I am the president of the Campus Youth Club.” He objected but his hips were removing as Hannah masturbated him.

Brian’s legs were wobbly from the anxiety and attention to his hard-on so his legs gave out and he slid down the wall. Hannah rode him down until he was flat on his back with her straddling him. She pulled up her skirt with one hand while the other continued to hold Brian’s cock firmly. Then she took his hand and moved it up to her panties. She forced his fingers past the panty crotch until he

was stroking her slit and feeling the cunt of his beautiful teacher.

“Brian, do you feel that bump?” she said softly but in command. “That is my clit. Stroke it!” she ordered and the frightened and excited 18 year old obeyed. Soon both Hannah and Brain were moaning as she pumped his cock and his finger stroked her very hard clit inside her panties. The fingers drifted down and he found the soft and wet opening to her pussy.

“Oh God yes Brain!” she gasped as his finger penetrated the woman. For the first time, Brain felt the inside of a girl’s vagina. Brain was gasping and crying out in ecstasy as Hannah molested him and forced him to give her satisfaction. Suddenly Hannah felt his young body stiffen and she arched up. At the same time, he thrust two fingers into her hole and she felt her orgasm hit.

Both Brain and Hannah came hard. She bucked on his fingers and he felt her pussy constrict around it as she came. His cum shot out of his cock high in the night air and landed on the grass. The streams of cum seemed to go on and on as Hannah pumped it out him. When the cum subsided, the violated boy began to weep. As her passion began to drain from her system. Hannah felt her old self return. She let the young man go and he fled from that hidden spot holding his crotch and zipping up as he ran. Hannah got herself together and back home as waves of emotions too complex for her to understand began to wash over her and through her.

The power of her rage and the ring must have subsided by the time Hannah got home because the remorse was chronic by then. She barely slept thinking about how she had dominated that poor boy. She took off that ring and put it back in the protective box that it was stored in when Monica gave it to her.

By morning, the effects had worn off. Hannah looked in the mirror at that

skinny, pale girl with grey skin and stringy hair and she barely recognized the gorgeous goddess that she was when she dragged Brian into that narrow passageway on campus.

Her work day was not that much different as Hannah returned to her shy and submissive approach to the world. Even when Mr. Lewindowsky slapped her hard on the ass when nobody was looking, that exciting woman of fury and lust did not come out. She just looked down and blushed and he took that as a yes that she wanted more.

He pulled her to the couch and pressed her to the leather. She felt him force her legs apart and those big groping hands find their way to her panties. The fingers pushed inside and he began to probe her wet pussy hole. What upset and surprised Hannah is she felt aroused being taken like that as much as when she was “taking” Brian the night before. As he finger slid up inside Hannah he growled, “You are wet. You like it to be my little slut.”

Suddenly that rage came out of nowhere. “NO!” she heard herself shout and she pushed the perverted professor off of her so hard he fell back and broke a drawer on his desk. As Hannah stood up to run from the room, Lewindowsky caught her with the back of his hand with a violent slap that sent her to the floor in a heap.

Just then the door opened and the people from the lobby came in. “Are you ok professor?” His secretary gasped running to him out of concern.

“I am fine. Just an accident. Make sure Hannah is ok.” He said with a concern for her that was totally performed.

Hannah scrambled out the room with tears in her eyes. She was totally confused about what just happened. Walking around campus, she began to get her wits about her. That rage she felt was what had transformed her the night before. She needed time to think. As much as she had tried to stay away from the ring, that feeling of power and erotic excitement was like heroin. She put it in her pocket as she walked the campus.

Just then she saw something happening that made her stop and watch. She recognized Steven as one of the “jocks” of campus. He was one of those guys all the girls wanted and he knew it. He was in the commons with a cheerleader who was still in her uniform. Hannah barely recognized the girl. Her name was Hailey and she was a freshman. The senior jock was pulling her to him and she was resisting although the attraction was there.

“Come on Hailey. You are sexy and I am sexy. It was meant to be that we fuck.” Steven was insisting. Hannah saw his hands pushing her unwilling legs apart. “You know you want this. Just lay back and take it. Every girl on campus wants my cock.” Steven hissed profanely.

“Please no.” she whispered fighting her racing heart rate and feeling of arousal of being taken by the sexiest boy on campus. He pulled her to the grass next to the bench and eased her to her back so he could get her skirt up.

“I think you need more than just some freshman coed Steven.” Hannah’s voice said commandingly. She was grasping the ring and that confident and sexy Hannah had control. The transformation had happened again. She stood over the couple with that glow of sexuality taking her over as it had the night before. This was about more than just being intimate with a boy as Hannah had done. Now she had her sights set on a sexual bully.

Steven rolled off of the coed and looked up at Ms. Chambers with a gasp. The shy and mousey teacher that he barely looked at before was now round, sexy and bursting with appeal. Quickly Hailey scrambled from under the sexual bully and ran to Hannah. Hannah held the gaze of the senior. "You want to fuck this?" she said pulling up Hailey's skirt to reveal her panties.

"Yes." He gasped while trying to contain his alarm and fear.

"And this?" Hannah added lifting her own skirt. But this time Steven did not see panties. He saw the naked pussy of the young teacher full and round and exciting his hard-on. She threw a card on the ground next to him. "Come here in an hour and get all you want." She added and then Hannah took the young woman away with her.

The address on the card was a small apartment in one of the campus buildings that was used to house kids visiting the campus for workshops. It was in the basement of a building that was mostly offices and it had not been used in a while. Hannah was aware of it because she was in charge of the key. She took Hailey there and explained the plan as they transformed the apartment into a lair. Just before Steven was due to arrive, Hannah and Hailey held the ring and remembered his assault on the cheerleader. Their anger and rage energized the ring which transformed two timid girls into powerful, sexy and dangerous women.

Steven arrived at the address with his friend Robert from the wrestling squad because he figured, two girls and two boys is just right. As Steven reached to knock, the door inward opened to a darkened interior. They only heard the voice of Hannah say in a low and intimidating way, "Hello boys." Suddenly there was a massive blast of very hot air that hit them in their faces and knocked them backward. Steven heard a sickening thud behind him as Robert went down. Just then Steven felt two shocking sensations. Hot wet lips kissed his as Hannah pulled his head to hers and forced a wet and aggressive kiss into his mouth.

The other feeling was two small hands on his leg. It was Hailey down there tying a rope to his ankle.

“Hey” he complained but it was far too late. Suddenly lights flooded the lair and the pulley system engaged pulling Steven upside down suddenly by that rope so that before he knew what was happening, he was dangling in front of the two sexy girls helpless. “ROBERT!” Steven cried out but as he spun upside down he saw Robert was unconscious and seemed to be slowly getting pulled out of the room by a rope on his leg. It was all very disorienting and bizarre for the young college senior. Robert was out of the picture.

He had no control over what was happening to him. As he hung there, the little freshman cheerleader lowered herself to his pants. “You wanted to just take it. Maybe I will just take it.” She said with a menacing smile. Then she unzipped his pants and reached inside. She pulled out his cock and began to pull it back and forth. Steven had never been out of the control situation. He was both terrified and aroused. He got hard in her hand and hardly noticed Hannah securing his other legs and both arms with ropes as well. When they lowered him to a very hard bed surface, he was completely restrained.

The two sexy women came from the shadows and as soon as Steven saw what he saw, his cock became painfully hard. Bailey and her teacher, Ms. Connors were dressed in tight leather outfits that revealed their legs, cunts and breasts as though naked. But the thin patches of fabric were secured to their bodies with long thick straps of leather bound with metal rings. Hannah walked up to the bound college boy and reached around and grabbed his hair. Pulling his head down and forward, she made him cry out in pain as she kissed him. At the same time Hailey had yanked down his pants and shorts so his hard cock stuck out from his body like a pole.

“Oh God Bailey.” Steven moaned as the teacher violently ripped his shirt away using what looked like a machete to cut away his clothing. “Let me fuck you. I am so hard and I need to cum.” He begged.

“Oh look at the bully beg.” Hannah taunted him as she reached down and squeezed the shaft of his cock without giving the head any pleasure. He pulled on his restraints as Hannah sucked his neck but when the cheerleader leaned over and licked the end of his cock like a snow cone, she felt he might cum any moment.

“Yes more baby. I am cumming.” Then she stopped. Hannah squeezed his cock cutting off the flow of cum from his balls. His orgasm tried to happen and she pushed his balls hard making him cry out in pain. She denied him his orgasm.

This went on for hours. Each time his cock was about to come, she stopped it. He wanted to fuck them both so badly but he could not get free. He had to watch as Hannah pushed Bailey’s sexy long tan legs apart and spread her pink pussy open and finger it as they watch his face. Neither girl was bisexual or lesbian but Hannah knew this would drive the sexual bully wild with a need to cum. She watched his hips buck as he watched the freshman being fingered by her professor and just as he was about to cum, Hannah reached over and squeezed his cock and stopped it.

The humiliation and torture seemed to never end. Hannah violated his asshole with her some strange anal beads that she pushed into him one by one as Bailey sucked his hard cock just long enough only to be stopped from cumming. Steven felt like his balls were going to explode. “I’LL DO ANYTHING. PLEASE LET ME CUM!” He cried out. That is when Hannah pulled his head back by his hair.

“Are you going to keep molesting and bullying the woman on campus?” she

hissed.

“No. Never. I could never do that now. Please Bailey believe me. His balls were swollen and he felt they might explode when Bailey straddled him and took that long cock inside herself. She only had to pump it in and out of herself a few times when the young girl came and then she let her teacher mount him and fuck the poor tortured boy until his orgasm exploded inside her.

Hannah knew she had turned into a monster. She went out sexually stalking men on campus and in town and making them her sexual slaves in her lair. That Friday night, she went home to get the ring to go out and fill her addiction again. When she stepped into her apartment, she found her best friend Monica waiting for her. Monica asked her sweet friend to sit on the couch.

“Sweetie what you are doing is dangerous. The police know about some of the tortures you have done to men at night. Some of the men have been seriously hurt. I don’t know if they have figured out that you are the stalker but they have been questioning your victims. They may be coming for you.”

Hannah broke down in tears as what she had become. “What am I going to do?” she wept into her friend’s hair.

“There are people that love you and we are going to get you out of here.” Monica whispered. Just then two slender figures emerged and sat down and hugged Hannah. Bailey kissed her on the cheek.

“You changed my life forever. Now let us save yours.” She whispered. But the second figure shocked Hannah. When she stood up, Brian ran to her and hugged

her.

“What you gave to me was beautiful and now I have something even better.” He said and that was when Bailey took his hand. Their smile showed that they had fallen in love and the bond of all of these loving people was Hannah.

“Ok we are all ready to escape with you to a town where none of us are known.” Monica said showing her organizational skills. “We can start a new family and put that nasty ring away for the next generation of women who might need it.” She finished. Hannah wept for the joy and finally felt fulfilled. But she had one modification to make to their plan

“Yes we will all run away together.” She agreed. “I love you all so much. But I have one last one to do and then this reign of torture and domination of men in this town can end. Just one last one.”

“Did he revive enough to question him?” the police lieutenant asked.

“I think so. He is pretty shaken up. If he wasn’t such a big burly man, I would swear this dude had been raped.” The sergeant observed.

“He is a professor at the college I see. Who would do this to a nice guy like that?” the lieutenant wondered.

“From what I hear, he wasn’t as nice as you might think.” The sergeant speculated. “His name George Lewindowsky and I think he can answer some

questions now. The two officers entered the questioning room to find a broken and quivering man.

“Mr. Lewindowsky can you tell us what happened to you?” The sergeant asked.

“I will try.” The professor answered. “She did unspeakable things to me. I woke up in some kind of torture chamber. I don’t know if I was on campus or a hundred miles away. She tortured me with sex. I was bound to a table with my cock out and she abused my body. At one point, she used a lash of leather strips and spanked my bare ass like a child. She let the lashes hit my balls which made me yell as loud as I could for it to stop. But it didn’t stop.”

“I would think someone would hear and come to help you.” The sergeant added.

“I wanted that to happen but she told me the room was sound proof. She wore a leather outfit and a mask at first. But her long blond hair and that body that was so horribly sexy was easy to see. I could see those luscious tits I wanted to pinch and suck. I could see her sweet ass cheeks that I wanted to squeeze I could easily see the folds of her perfect cunt that I needed so badly to fuck but she was in on control. She dangled her sexy tits and cunt in front of me and let me taste, barely touch and barely penetrate her. But then she denied them to me which was agony.”

“She put my cock in some kind of vice that constricted it so that the harder I got, the more it hurt. She satisfied herself on me and I shot cum over and over without the satisfaction of sex with her. It just shot out on me and on the floor so many times my balls hurt terribly. I knew this was pay back for how many times I abused her with slaps and forced her to suck my cock. Now I wanted nothing more than for her to suck it and she would put her mouth on it and then squeeze my balls until I yelled and wept and then I shot but not in her mouth.”

“That wasn’t the worst of it. I finally passed out hoping that would end the torture. It didn’t. I woke up and I was bent over a table. My arms were in chains and robes and tied on the other side so I could not pull back. My legs were chained to the table on the other side and I was facing down. I was naked and my cock hung down just on the legs side of the table.”

“I begged her to stop not knowing what was next. Then I learned what was next. I looked back and she was wearing a device on her hips. It was strapped to her naked pelvis just barely covering her sexy pussy. But the front of it was an incredibly large fake plastic penis. She had it on like it was her cock. For a moment I didn’t know what she was going to do. Then I knew, part of me wanted but I was scared, this was something that will change me forever”

“When she pulled my ass cheeks open, I mind tried to resist but my body simply opened up for her . I never felt a pain like I felt when she shoved that big plastic dildo up my ass. She didn't just stop with the tip either. She pushed inch after inch into me and started to fuck my butthole with it. I was gasping and begging like a child and she just grabbed my hair and pulled it back. She made me vow I would never abuse a girl or woman again. I swore a vow to her that I would never do that again it but it did not stop. She just kept invading my ass. “

“She pounded it up my butt again and again and again. The last stew was when she reached around and grabbed my cock. It was hard. She masturbated me as she sodomized me. She pulled my cock faster and faster as she pumped the fake cock in and out of me faster. When I shot my last load, I passed out again. I woke up here.”

The professor was a jumbled of destroyed nerves. “Just tell us her name.” the police sergeant asked.

“Her name was....” Lewindowsky tried to say. “She told me she would find me and cut my balls off if I said it. Her name was....” But it was no good. The wreck of a man bent over and vomited and had to be carried out.

The attacks stopped that very night. The police never made the connection that the very same night, Hannah Connors left the college along with two young students, Brain and Hailey and her best friend Monica. Hannah never used the power she had to attack men again. They created their own kind of family unit in a far away small town. But one secret they kept together. The ring went with them to be passed along to the next young girls who needed to be empowered to change from victim to warrior by its power.

THE END

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