

Patrick Richards



**JUST
GETTING
EVEN**

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Just Getting Even
by

Patrick Richards

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Chapter One

“Ah, fresh meat awaits,” I said to myself, as I drove into the parking lot. “There’s got to be some young guy in there who’d love to get in my pants tonight. Not that he ever will, but he doesn’t know that, and it certainly won’t be love. No, he’ll end up in handcuffs and chains and will feel the never-ending pain of my whip.”

I had arrived at a little local honky-tonk just a few miles out of town. The music blasted out to the highway, as I struggled to find a parking place. I knew that by this time of night the alcohol would be working on my intended target, and he wouldn’t even know it until it was too late.

As I parked my truck way out back at the further end of the parking lot, I could feel a deep, sexual tingle in my pussy. I was so hot just thinking about tonight’s adventure. I knew that before the night was over I would have an unwilling victim for my harem of slaves. I imagined his screams, as I’d brutally beat his balls and left thick, blackening welts across his ass. My excitement grew. My pussy was actually wet as I strolled over to the bar and ordered a beer. There in front of me were dozens of horny, handsome studs just waiting for the right girl. I laughed. They all had hopes of getting laid tonight, but few of them actually would. I looked around and noticed the stares from many of those over-sexed guys.

“What ya having there, Missy?”

“One of them,” I said, looking off to the side of the dance floor. “Oh, I’m sorry, give me a Lead Dog.”

After looking around a bit longer, I finally got my beer and took a sip straight from the bottle.

It didn’t take long to get the attention of several young, make-believe cowboys in their tight jeans, big fancy buckles

and polished western boots. I too had dressed for the occasion and had all the right bait - skin tight Daisy Dukes that were extra low on my hips and cut off right at my crotch. I wore a white, almost see-thru blouse that was open almost to my navel. It was unbuttoned and just tied loosely at the bottom. I wasn't wearing a bra, and the excitement of the moment made my nipples hard, leaving definite marks in the thin cotton cloth. Yea, my breasts aren't very big, but as some guys say, "anything over a mouthful's a waste." I had enough to make them stare and get their attention. My fancy western boots with tall slender heels were just the icing on the cake, making my legs look extra-long.

God! There are several out there that seem to fit the bill, I thought. I knew that sooner or later they'd all approach me and give it a try. Boy was I ever right.

A tall guy in tight jeans and a wide western hat was the first in line. "Can I buy you another beer?" he asked.

"Depends.... What's it going to cost me?" I yelled, as the music of Sundown echoed across the dance floor.

"What do you mean?"

"Well how I figure it, you buy me a beer and then expect to fuck me later," I responded with a little smile.

"Maybe... we'd have to see how things work out."

"Oh, there's no doubt what you have in mind. After all, we all come here for the same reason. So tell me... what do you have to offer?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, you can plainly see what you're getting. It's pretty much out in the open - nice firm tits, long legs and a great ass. What do you have you're so proud of? I don't see much of a bulge in those tight Wranglers. You got seven or eight inches of cock hiding in there to satisfy me for the night? I

like big dicks with the ability and endurance to please a woman for a long, long time. It's not going to be one of those 'wham-bam, thank you ma'am' situations, where you get your rocks off in just a couple of minutes, and I'm lying there hoping for something more."

"Boy, you get right to the point, don't you?"

"Yea, it's my pussy you're after, isn't it?"

"Ah...."

"Besides that, I like a guy who'll spend endless hours with his head between my legs and his tongue deep in my twat. That's what it takes to satisfy me. This isn't just going to be a quick fuck and then I'm forgotten. A woman has needs as well, and a real man knows it and is willing to do something about it."

After all that, he just walked away with his tail tucked between his legs, as I chuckled to myself. Maybe he only has a five inch dick. Maybe he doesn't like to eat pussy either. Hell, the night is real young, and he was only the first in a very long line of possible suitors. I knew that sooner or later the right guy would come along.

Several more guys did. I was immediately turned off by them. I want a really good looking guy with a great body who has an attitude that needs to be taken down a few notches. He has to think he's the greatest stud in the bunch. It's like breaking a wild stallion. You have to show them who's the boss and who will be in charge right from the get go.

Finally I think Mister Right wandered up. He was tall and really good looking with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. By the looks I figured he was twenty-one or two years old, but he had that special look about him - confident and sure about himself.

“I’ve been watching you for quite a while,” he said. “I see you’re rather fussy.”

“Why, ‘cause I know what I like.”

“What’s that? What do you like, little lady?”

“I’m not just some sleazy broad who’s desperate to have a guy in her life. I’ve had loads of guys and only certain ones are going to get in these britches.”

“Obviously, you need one now, or you wouldn’t be here tonight, strutting that magnificent body around the bar, looking for a taker.”

“I’m not strutting.”

“No, you don’t have to. It’s obvious that you can have any guy you want. Maybe I can be that guy, if I meet your strict criteria. What do you really want?”

“A guy with a seven or eight inch dick who knows how to use it, as well as a talented tongue with a little magic in its tip.”

He just laughed. “As I said before, you’re rather picky about certain things.”

“I can afford to be.”

“I bet you can.”

“I see you aren’t walking away like the last few guys.”

“I don’t have to. I’ve got the goods you’re seekin’ and know how to satisfy a woman,” she said with a sort of Texan drawl.

“Do you like to eat pussy?”

“Oh yea – the breakfast of champions as some people refer to it. I’ve never turned one down yet. Actually it’s one of my favorite meals. The real sex is just the icing on the cake – the desert, so to speak. You know... the climax of the whole night.”

He was really peaking my interest.

“So, what are your thoughts about doing things just a little bit kinky?”

“What do have in mind? I’m pretty open minded. Over the years the only thing I’ve ever drawn the line on is when some woman wanted to shit on my chest.”

I just laughed. “No, I like a little bit of bondage every once in a while.”

“Do you like to be tied up or the other way around?”

“Either one... well, maybe both before the night is out. It really turns me on and gets me all excited. I just might let you tie me down and have your way with me for as long as you want. But, what would happen if I tied you spread eagle on the bed and just rode your tongue and big, hard cock ‘til morning,” I asked, as I looked down at his growing bulge.

That really excited him.

“I’d like that,” he replied.

“I can tell,” I said with a coy little smile, as I pushed my hand against his jeans.

Oh, this guy was getting hotter by the minute. There was no doubt he’s the one I want – tall, handsome, well-built and willing. Yup, he’s my next pain slave.

“Tell you what... I’ve got an old green Chevy pick-up out at the north end of the parking lot. Take your time and finish your beer. Meet me out there in half an hour. There’s no big hurry. It’s going to be a really long night before we’re done.”

“I’ll be there.”

“Good. Just give me a little while. I’ve got to go down the hall a piece and relieve myself, if you know what I mean. Looks like there’s quite a line.”

Actually I didn’t want to be seen with him, so I quickly exited out the back door and waited at the truck. Sure

enough and right on schedule he came wandering down through the parking lot.

As he approached, I was ready. "Hey there, cowboy," I said, as I put my arms around his neck, inviting him in close. We kissed for a few moments. I ground my body against his, letting him know I was really hot.

"Why don't you hop in and ride with me? I got a little place just across town. I can drop you back here in the morning so you can get your truck."

"Sounds good."

"Besides, I've only had half a beer. They sometimes have road checks a mile or so from here."

As I drove my foolish victim towards the highway, I leaned over and ran my fingers up his leg a couple of times just to keep his interest. Then I noticed him looking at the ashtray. One shiny loop of steel hung down over the front edge by its short chain. It was a pair of handcuffs.

I smiled to myself, as he learned I was serious.

After about twenty minutes or so I turned off the highway and continued up a narrow drive through a gap in the hills. It was close to a mile, but at the end of the road was a small ranch house with a couple of out buildings.

The moon was up allowing him to look around a bit. "Nice place... lived here long?"

"A couple of years. It belonged to my granddaddy. I like it because it's so secluded. My nearest neighbor is better than a mile away. I can do whatever I want and never get bothered."

"So what do you like to do that you need so much privacy?"

"Sit out here naked in the sun. I don't really like tan lines. You can try to find some in a while if you're real good."

He just nodded his head and smiled.

“Let’s go inside. I’ve got some more beer in the fridge, if you want one.”

“That’s not what we came here for, is it?”

“I don’t know. What’d you have in mind?”

He just grabbed my ass with his hand and herded me towards the front door. Now we didn’t rip our clothes off like you see those actors do on television. No, it was slow and sexy. I unbuttoned his shirt and just rubbed my hand across his bare, nearly hairless chest. My lips kissed him on the neck before settling down onto one of his nipples. I was tempted to bite down hard and test his tolerance for pain, but I just played with it for a bit.

Before long, he had untied the knot on my blouse and buried his head between my naked breasts, making my nipples get hard and erect. He sucked gently on my left one.

“You think they’re too small?” I whispered.

He just eased his head back and forth, as he suckled it.

After a couple more minutes I loosened his belt and unsnapped his tight blue jeans. He pushed my blouse back over my shoulders, letting it drop off my arms to the floor below.

He moved to my other breast as I opened his jeans even further. It was just slow and deliberate, as I pushed them down over his gorgeous tight ass far enough to gain access to his hardening cock. My hand slid across his stomach and gently rubbed his stiff dick. When it was released from the confines of his boxers, I realized he wasn’t lying a bit. There was a good seven and a half, maybe even eight inches of hard, throbbing male meat ready to be tormented.

My hand slide down over it, feeling a reaction to my touch. I continued down and lightly grasped his large, firm

balls, gently rolling them through my fingers. Our lips met, and his tongue slipped easily in with mine. This lasted for several minutes before he loosened my shorts. I worked them over my hips a little at a time and let his hand wander downward into my tiny panties. Soon he found my hot, wet slit. I let him rub his fingers along it, so he'd realize I wanted him, but what I wanted was not what he thought.

We continued to make out like a couple of teenagers, kissing and groping each other's bodies. Finally I eased him out of his shirt and pushed him back on to my bed. He lay there and watched as I pulled off his boots and socks. Finally I pulled the last leg from his jeans along with his underwear. He was naked, and he was mine.

He tried to get up, but I pushed him back, as I climbed up and straddled his head.

"You know what I want you to do, big boy?"

My pussy settled to his lips and his tongue went right to work. He licked and probed between its lips and pushed his tongue deep into my tunnel exciting me even further. Several minutes passed before he moved up and ran the tip of his tongue over my hard little clit. He took his time and brushed it lightly. God! It felt so good.

I leaned my head back and moaned as he nibbled gently on my love nub. Finally he grasped it with lip-covered teeth and violently beat it with his tongue. As he continued his powerful assault my loins shook, louder moans escaped my lips and a powerful sexual rush blasted through me. I thrashed and screamed as my orgasm exploded.

"Holy fuck! You weren't lying about your tongue either. I'm going to need several more of those, but let me calm down a bit first."

Finally I let him bring me two more times.

“I’ve got some toys over in that dresser. How ‘bout I go get them and fasten you spread eagle on the bed and have my way with you. I’ve got several things in mind,” I said, as I ran my hand up his hard, throbbing meat. Later you can do it to me as well.”

“I’m all yours,” he whispered.

Oh God... this is way too easy, I thought. He had no idea what he just agreed to. He certainly would be all mine. He was going to feel the pain of my tortures and scream like he’d never done before. By the time the night was through, he’d realize just how much of a sadistic bitch I really am.

Before long I was wrapping strong leather manacles around both his ankles and his wrists and tying them tight to the four corners of the bed. It was so simple. I had my new slave. He had no idea what he would endure before it was all over.

When he was securely tied with no possibility of escape, I climbed back up on the bed, straddling his naked body once more. I slid back and lowered my pussy to his lips, but I was facing the opposite direction. As his tongue touched my wet slit, I leaned down and licked his pecker. Then I moved my cute, little ass around a bit exposing my rose bud. He took the hint and went to work on my tight little hole. I continued to lick and suck on his dick, bringing him closer and closer to his much needed orgasm. When he was just a moment from blowing his rocks, I pulled away.”

“Please, let me cum,” he whispered.

“Not yet, cowboy... I got other things on my mind. But don’t worry, stud. I’ll give you lots of attention in a few minutes. You’ll beg me to stop before I’m all done. Promise.”

I climbed off and headed into the bathroom before going back to the dresser for more fun things. Slowly I wrapped a

thin leather strap around his balls. It had a metal loop on the one end. I slid the other end through the ring and tighten the noose-like strap down with a solid tug.

“What are you doing?” he asked with a slightly different tone in his voice.

“Just getting you ready for a little game,” I replied, as I snapped a length of rope onto the end of the strap. That I threaded through a ring on the ceiling before pulling it down tight with much more force than he expected.

“Ah - h....”

Instantly I got a reaction from him, as his balls were pulled higher.

He raised his head from the pillow, whispering, “Please. That hurts.”

I just laughed. “No asshole, that doesn’t hurt. It’s just a little uncomfortable. When I beat those worthless things a dozen times with a riding crop, that will hurt.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Let me up right now,” he demanded, as he yanked and tugged on the unyielding ropes that held him. “Stop! Untie me! You can’t do that to me.”

“Oh yea. I can do anything I want, and you can’t stop me. You gave up all your options when you let me tie you down to my bed. I’m in control from now on. Before the night is out, you’ll scream and beg for mercy. I’m going to make you wish you never came home with me.”

“Why? What’d I do to you?”

“Not a thing. In fact for the last hour you made me very happy, but I really like to hear guys scream and cry from the pain I give them. It excites me. And for the next few days you’ll satisfy my every need.”

He used all his strength to pull loose, but there would be no escape. The bed was made of massive timbers and the headboard was lag bolted clear through the studs in the walls.

“Let me go. I’m not telling you again. Untie me, goddamn it!” he screamed with a panicked tone.

I laughed and pulled on the rope even harder until he raised his hips off the bed to ease the strain on his nuts. When I had his butt a few inches off the mattress, I tied it off to a ring on the wall. It didn’t take long for his muscles to tire and cause more pain to his balls. He couldn’t hold himself up any longer, even though he tried.

“Please... please just let me go,” he quietly begged.

“Sorry cowboy, but you’ve just become my sex and pain slave. You’ll satisfy me, and I’ll give you more pain than you can handle. Both those things get me off.”

“You can’t. Let me go now!”

I just chuckled and walked back to the dresser, returning with a small cat. It wasn’t necessary to swing it very hard as the nine braided leather tails bit viciously into his overly stretched nuts.

“Ah - h - h - h...,” he screamed from the instant pain of the strike. “Please, no more. It hurts.”

“I didn’t bring you all the way out here for just one little strike from my whip. No, there’s going to be a whole lot more before the night is out. In a little while you’ll wish you’d never picked me up tonight.”

My arm came back around again, letting the strands of leather catch his balls from the other side, striking them even harder. He yelled and begged for mercy. Back and forth my arm went, whipping his tightly stretched jewels over and over again. His screams of agony echoed off the

bedroom walls, as I increased the speed and intensity of the strikes. After probably two dozen or so painful hits, I took a break.

I sat out in the living room and slowly enjoyed a beer, as he cried and moaned in the other room. After a while I decided to continue.

“Please,” he begged. “Lower me down and let me go.”

“In a while I’ll let you down, but there’s no way I’m letting you go,” I responded, as I grasped his dark red swollen nuts. “I’m having too much fun.”

My sharp nails dug deeply into his thinly stretched and badly bruised sac. Tiny drops of blood appeared on the surface. I drew in a deep breath and squeezed his nuts harder and harder, trying to crush them in my fist.

“Ah... ah... ah... p - l - e - a - s - e....”

I gripped them with more force and twisted his testicles much harder, as he screamed in pain. Without lessening my brutal assault, my other hand took his cock and started to rub it. It always amazes me that even when a guy’s in excruciating pain, he gets hard if his dick gets the slightest bit of attention.

For several minutes I tortured his balls while slowly jerking him off. By combining both pain and pleasure he didn’t know whether to beg for mercy or ask for more. I took him within a stroke of blowing before moving my hand back to his balls. Suddenly I slammed my fist into his nuts with all the force I could muster, crushing them between the palm of my left hand and the knuckles of my right. He screeched in agony, as my fist punched his poor testicles several more times.

His head rolled back and forth as pleas of mercy mumbled from his lips. Then I started all over again, getting

him rock hard and ready to blow. Five more times I used his balls as a punching bag. He nearly puked from the agony he was forced to endure.

Finally I lowered him down so his butt was back on the bed. My hand quickly brought him to a full erection once more. I slipped out of my panties and climbed on for a ride. His hard cock easily slipped inside of my hot, dripping pussy. I was so horny that I needed my own pleasure.

"I'm going to use your useless tool to get myself off. If you dare blow before I'm totally satisfied, what I just did to your nuts will be mere child's play. You never know... if you piss me off, I might take a knife and cut them off. Understand?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"It's yes, Mistress," I yelled.

"Yes, Mistress," he struggled to say.

I rode his cock up and down. It was big and filled me. On and on I went, getting closer to a much needed orgasm. I watched his face and smiled. I knew he was extremely close and was doing everything possible to keep from blowing. Just before he blew, I quickly moved up to his head and straddled it, placing my dripping cunt right on his lips. In just moments he brought me.

I moaned and cooed as the powerful orgasm roared through me. Before long it was followed by a second and then a third.

When I finally climbed off, I heard him whisper, "Please let me cum." I just laughed.

"Slaves are never allowed that pleasure."

"Slave?"

"You heard me. From now on, you're going to be my slave, and I'll be your Mistress."

“You can’t do that. People will be looking for me.”

“Let them look. No one knows where you are. They may have seen you talk with me for a couple of minutes, but it looked like I turned you down just like all the rest. Hell, I went out the back door a half hour before you ever left. I doubt if anyone saw you leave with me in my truck either. The windows are all tinted.

“Please just let me go. I’ll never tell anyone,” he begged.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” I said with a chuckle. “I own you now, and I plan on keeping you around for a long, long time. You will suffer with more pain than you can ever imagine. Making you scream some more will really excite me.”

Then from the top of each bed post I drew out some rope and tied them to each of his ankles. Before releasing his legs from the lower corners, I tied the rope on his balls to the footboard of the bed, so I kept him totally under control. I released his legs and started pulling the other ropes until his legs were stretched extra wide apart and drawn up to the top of the headboard where I tied them tight. His ass was pulled off the bed as he was doubled over. Again he screamed, as it put a tremendous strain on his balls once more.

He came here with me for a fucking, and I would hate to disappoint him. The trouble is, it definitely won’t be the way he had planned. With him trussed up like this, his ass was wide open and waiting to be used and definitely abused. An excitement engulfed me, as I watched my unwilling victim struggle in his bonds. What I was going to do to him would change his life forever.

After untying his balls from the footboard, I looped the rope around the headboard of the bed and pulled them up

extra tight to hold those worthless things up out of my way.

He watched me, as I walked over to the dresser once more. I returned with a rather large strap-on cock which I buckled in place. I positioned it so it would give me pleasure, as I took his virginity.

“Oh God no... please,” he begged. “Please don’t do that to me.”

“What’s the matter? You don’t want to get fucked?”

“No, please. I beg you,” he cried.

“Don’t beg and cry. It will do you no good. I’m going to fuck you on a regular basis. You’ll get used to it after a while. This is only the beginning of your journey. I’m just getting you broken in. You’ll need it when I’m finally finished with you. Hell, when I’m finally done playing my little games, I’ll sell you to a Mexican motorcycle gang. They’ll make you their fuck bitch and use your boy-cunt until it’s worn out. Trust me; what I do to that slim little ass of yours is nothing compared to what they’ll do.”

He watched me, as I squirted a little lube on the end of my rubber dong. Slowly I rubbed my hand up and down its thick shaft, as if I was jerking off.

“You like to jerk off, don’t you?” I asked.

He didn’t say anything but kept watching me rub the huge dong, knowing what I was going to do with it.

I reached over and grabbed his nipple. He winced in pain as I dug my finger nails into it and twisted it back and forth.

“I asked you a question. You like to jerk off, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he answered sheepishly.

“Yes, what?” I asked firmly.

“Yes, Mistress.”

I laughed, as I climbed up on the bed and knelt before him. He had a perfect seat for what was going to happen.

He could look right down between his legs and watch everything. As I continued to rub the evil dong, he watched. He knew as well as I did that it was a little too big for his virgin ass, but I wanted it to hurt. I even wished it was much larger so I could destroy him as well, but that would come later. I wanted his tight hole to be stretched far further than ever before. Today there would be no foreplay. I wasn't going to lube up his hole and stretch it even the tiniest bit with my fingers. No, I was going to jam it right in as deep and as hard as possible. It was just going to be a brutal rape, and there was no way he could stop me.

"Mistress, please don't," he begged once more.

I placed the tip of the monster against his tightly squeezed ass bud and wrapped my arms around both of his legs. He actually thought he could stop me from penetrating his bowels, but it did no good. I could exert far more pressure than he could keep out.

Slowly I pushed it against his tightly clenched hole.

"No - o - o..." he screamed.

I laughed, as I pushed it a little harder. Try as he might, he couldn't stop the inevitable. I pushed with a little more force. Just as I felt the head of my cock enter his hole, I swung my hips forward and slammed it halfway in. Better than four inches of the hard rubber dong bulldozed its way into his tight, untouched ass bud.

I smiled as inhuman screeches of pain and agony nearly hurt my ears. I wondered if my neighbors had heard him clear on the other side of the hill. He hollered and bellowed, begging for me to pull it out.

"Please stop. It's too big. Take it out... oh God... please take it out."

After mere seconds I drove all nine inches of the monster into him. My thighs crashed against his ass cheeks as the fat cock made him continue to beg and howl, but that just excited me more. I pulled it part way out and drove it in even harder.

His screams turned to incomprehensible babbles interspersed with “don’ts”, “nos” and “pleases.”

“No. Please,” he screeched. “Take it out. You’re killing me. You’re ripping me apart. It’s too big. Please stop.”

I laughed, “Friday night’s fucking isn’t what you expected, is it?”

My hips thrust harder, faster and ever deeper. I wanted to hurt him. I wanted him to suffer, so I fucked him with a vengeance. On and on I went, never letting up until I could feel an orgasm start to build deep within me. That urged me on. I rode his ass unmercifully until I came. Finally I pulled it out and smiled.

“You came here tonight for a fucking. I guess you got one,” I said with a sadistic chuckle, as I removed the monster from my hips and made him lick it clean. I told him if he didn’t do it, I’d fuck him again with an even bigger one. I shoved the dirty, evil thing into his mouth, pushing it in deep enough that he started to gag, forcing him to suck it clean.

“Before we’re done, you’ll learn to suck a cock as well. You’ll take this entire thing in your mouth and down your throat, and you’ll learn to like it. It’s an art that you will find very handy in your future.”

I took the harness and put it over his head, tightening them down until I heard him gag on the monster dong once more.

Next, I picked up a long, thin riding crop. I flexed it back and forth in front of him a couple of times, so he could see it and realize what was next. Slowly I ran the tip of the whip up and down the crack of his ass. He moaned softly, as the sharp end probed his newly stretched and tender hole. I continued. After toying with his balls for a few moments, I brought the crop back and swung it with all my might. He howled and thrashed against the ropes that held him, using all his strength to try to escape. It did no good. He was tied too tight. A dark crimsoned line of fiery pain immediately formed across both ass cheeks.

“No - o - o - p - h...!” he screamed with muffled sounds.

“I think a couple dozen lashes are appropriate for your first whipping,” I explained, as I brought the whip back, cocking my arm once more.

There was a hiss in the air as the whip came around again. A loud crack was followed by more screams of agony.

“Ah - h - h...!”

That was just the beginning. Slowly the whip found his ass and the backs of his legs. I didn't hold back. I left multiple deep red, burning lines of pain across his backsides. His entire ass was turning black and blue before I was finished. As I rubbed my hand across his damaged bottom, I could feel the heat as well as the thick welts that were quickly forming. When his screams subsided, I let the whip bite into his tightly tethered balls several times to increase his agony. Then I gave him another dose on his ass for good measure.

Finally I was done for the night. He probably couldn't take any more. I was going to leave him tied the way he was, but I figured I'd better gag him properly if I was to get any sleep. I removed the strap-on and replaced it with an

over-sized ball gag that was pushed in deep behind his teeth and buckled behind his head. Then I removed the ball rope from the headboard and pulled his balls back down and retied the rope as tight as I could to the footboard, stretching them until he screamed in pain.

“N - n - a - m - p - h....”

“Well, slave... we’ll continue this fun in the morning. Hopefully you can get a little sleep. Trust me; you’ll need it, but we’ll discuss it tomorrow,” I said with a laugh while heading for the door. As I reached for the knob another thought came to mind. I went back to the dresser and got out a really large butt plug. I covered it with an extra thick coating of Red Hot Ointment and knelt down beside him.

I pushed the tip of the plug against his red, swollen ass hole, so he could feel the fiery burn. It was instant. The gag muffled his screams and cries. Suddenly I forced the monster deep into his ass with all my might. It was a really tight fit, as the cone-shaped object stretched his hole even further and then locked around the slightly narrower base. It wasn’t coming out without some help. He shook his head and moaned behind the gag. I squeezed a generous amount of the salve in the palm of my hand and started to jerk him off. He screeched as it burned his tender skin. From the white tube I put more of the cream on my fingers and wiped them off on his stretched out balls. I could hear cries and his squeals of displeasure as I left.

Finally I headed out to one of the sheds where I had a spare bedroom and wouldn’t have to hear him scream and moan.

Once in bed I slid my hand deep into my panties. My pussy was drenched in girl juice. I rubbed my clit just a few times and brought myself once more with an earth-

shattering orgasm. It was then that I decide his fate in the morning. Finally I drifted off and slept like a baby until nearly noon.