**Angel's Tease**

by[sexyasian](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=209731&page=submissions)©

I felt a tingle when my swollen & erected nipples brushed against the surface of the towel. I lifted my fingers and touched gently on my right nipple, it was so hard that it hurted. Thinking to myself, this meant that I was going to do it. Now, what exactly was "it"?  
  
You see, I am a 22 years old Asian girl and on the surface, I looked not a least bit like a slut. But I guess you can't judge a book by its covers. I am aware of an inner secret desire, one filled with lust, though I really don't know why I am feeling like this. Since a few years ago, I started to fantasize about rape and gangbangs. Most importantly, I knew it was only a fantasy.   
  
But as time goes by, thoughts could not satisfy my desire. I started to think about ways I could tease men without getting myself into trouble. After all, it was nice to fantasize about being raped in gangbangs but in reality I know I would never want it to happen. My dark side was never known to my boyfriend of 2 years, as I always appeared like the little angel in front of him. Afterall, it was the Asian culture that framed all women as the submissive women who held fidelity & virginity as virtues.  
  
But constantly in my thoughts were the sensual teasing and playing with many men. In my fantasies, I knew that I'd like to pretend to resist the men and put up a fight. All because I knew that it would arouse them more and they would punish me even more. That is the slut in me. I am proud of my sexy body with dangerous curves, standing at 1.63m and weighing 46kg. Though I am petite, my 34C breasts are large for my frame, filling my bra tightly with easily aroused nipples. My nipples are large and often are the culprits to set me in the horny mood where I start to touch myself wantonly.  
  
Oh yes, as I said earlier, I decided that I need to move from just thoughts to some real actions. Just thinking about it makes my cunt wet and my nipples swollen. I have planned for "it". "It" is going to write a new chapter in my dark side.. it's a virgin event for me. Well you see, a few months ago, I plucked up the courage to stand in front of the window naked, playing sensually with myself for passer-bys to see. But I knew the arousal was mild, because I didn't dare to stand there long enough. I was afraid that many would see. It's weird how my logics is fighting off the thoughts of a whore in me.  
  
Therefore, I wanted to try something more daring. My targets naturally became the 3 tenants who rented the rooms from my parents. The three of them were colleagues and were all a few years older than me. One of the reasons I chose them was because they looked so hunky and I could imagine how big their erections would be when they see the "show" I planned for them. Today was perfect, I knew my parents would be out of the country for a business trip. I knew that the three of them would be around at this time, watching TV in the living room.  
  
A while ago, I walked to the bathroom and took a quick shower. And here I am, water still dripping from my hot anticipating body. I wrapped the towel around myself, made it not too tight so that it became flimsy. I was just waiting for my courage (or rather lustful thoughts) to take control of me to walk into the living room. I would pretend I didn't know that they were around.   
  
Taking a deep breath, I pinched my right nipple through the cloth hard and a lingering sensation shot through my whole trembling body. I flipped my shoulder-length rebonded hair to the side and whispered to myself, "Slut, it's time to tease some cock". I opened the door and walked slowly towards the living room. Every step I took was registered with the increasing wetness I could feel forming at the top of my thighs.  
  
I rehearsed mentally in my mind what I wanted to do - That is to walk a step into the living room and "accidentally" drop my towel. Then I will look embarassed and shocked and pretend to stand there as if I don't know what to do, like a reward for their lustful eyes. I would next bend down to pick up the towel and rushed back into my room. And in my room, I can slowly recall the scenes and get aroused over and over again. Smiling to myself, this was going to be so fun.  
  
Taking a step into the living room, I let my towel dropped as planned, but only to let out a soft scream of shock when I saw at least 7 men in the living room. They were all topless (probably due to the hot weather) and in their boxers, their gazes fixed on the various vital parts of my body. I swear at that moment, all my lust were exchanged with a strong sense of fear. I felt helpless being exposed fully to so many men. Their initial expression of shock were slowly changing to a tint of lust in their eyes. My nipples were betraying my fear by standing hard, red and visibly swollen.  
  
One of my tenants, Stan, spoke in a stammering manner, unable to contain his excitement, "We didn't know... you were... home...my friends...came over to...to watch...a soccer match..." He took so long to finish his sentence that the other guys were enjoying the ample sight of me. I bent down to pick up my towel in a swift motion, heart racing as fast as the gushing of the wetness in my cunt.   
  
I ran quickly to my room, banging it hard and threw myself on my bed. I was panting, heartbeats pounding in my ears. I could hear some muffled noise outside that sounds like a discussion. "It" backfired on me, the sight of so many men made me feel so scared and helpless. My thoughts were in a mess when I heard the knocking on my room door. Then the voice came,  
  
"Erm, are you alright? Can you open the door slightly? We want to apologise. Really."  
  
Maybe I was still in a daze but I pulled myself, still naked, to the door and peep out slightly. Stan was standing just outside and looked into my eyes. His hands were resting on the door knob, and brushed hard across my tits accidentally.   
  
"Yes?" I asked, nervously.

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My heart was pounding faster as the seconds ticked away while both of us stood there, eyes locked intensely together. The moisture forming at the top of my thighs shook me back to reality. I was angry with myself...how could I still feel aroused when my plan backfired on me?  
  
But it was evident, my wetness and my swollen nipples betrayed my arousal...here I am standing naked behind the door and if I were any bit remorseful for my behaviour, I would have at least cover my shivering body with something. I made no movements to close the door, not knowing what reactions of mine would be appropriate for the situation now. After all, it was my fault. The slut in me wanted to tease my three tenants but in turn exposed myself to a whole gang of guys.  
  
"We're...really...sorry." Stan murmured, his eyes shifting downwards to my nipples.  
  
"Didn't mean it, really."   
  
A more confident voice spoke and I recognised it as Dan's, another of my tenants. Perhaps I wasn't really concentrating, I got a shock because of him and moved slightly. My room door opened and once again, I was standing there naked, in front of Stan and the others. A soft gasp escaped from my lips and I lifted my left hand to cover my nipples, while my right hand dropped to block my shaven cunt.  
  
At that very moment my left hand touched my nipples, a hot little pain seared through my breasts, my nipples were so hard and red it hurted when they were touched. I could feel a gush in my lower abdomen, marking my increasing wetness. I thought to myself, why am I so aroused? A mixture of fear and lust was permeating me now.  
  
Inside me, that little she-devil was smiling and chanting: You silly slut, you want this, don't you? You want Stan to pinch your nipples now, don't you? You want the guys to grab you now and make you their play-thing, don't you?   
  
I closed my eyes and shut the she-devil up. My logic was fighting hard with her, I know I am scared...all I wanted was a little tease, not a real gangbang. I took a deep breath and calmed myself down.  
  
"It's alright...you guys continue with...watching that soccer...game." I whispered, trembling and ended the sentence with a 'thud' when I closed my room door.   
  
I threw myself onto the bed and buried my head deep into thoughts of logic and fear. The image of my boyfriend kept surfacing in my mind as I held on to that image to curb my horny self from performing any more teasing acts, which only will bring more trouble for me.  
  
Listening intensely for a while, it seems like the guys outside has resumed their activity of watching the soccer. And so it 'seems'. Unknowingly, my fingers are wandering all over my nipples, pinching it a little and pulling it a little. I let out a soft moan and looked at myself in the mirror. All I saw was a horny slut getting ready to offer more tease. Why? I was really confused.   
  
A loud voice spoke inside me: "You know you want it. It's your fantasy...just let the men do what they want...you are their little slut."  
  
It was too much for me to bear...I could take it no more. My lust was overpowering my logic and my sense of fear. As if in a possessed state, I walked to the door and opened it. The door was left open in a 45 degrees angle. I could hear a moment of silence from the men and I realised they had switched the television off.   
  
Catching a quick glimpse, I could see that their attention were drawn in the direction of my room. I walked back to my bed and laid by my side, legs crossed in the most suggestive way. I breathed hard, pushing out my tits and breathed again, each time harder and letting my right tit rub hard on the bedsheet.  
  
I closed my eyes and started touching my tits. I gave them a gentle squeeze, then traced an imaginary line to both my areolas, circling them. My nipples reacted fast, erecting even more, just like little raisins. i moaned softly, enjoying the sensation building up in me. I slipped my right hand down to my shaven cunt and touched my clit gently.   
  
I moved down a little and was greeted by the enormous wetness in my vagina. I wantonly pushed my middle finger into my cunt, halfway in and twirling it around. This time, I moaned louder, loud enough for all the men to hear me. Pinching my left nipple hard, I let out an audible sluttish moan which I know will raise cocks.  
  
I opened my eyes slightly, peeping at the direction of my door and I could see all 7 men looking at my direction. Some were even standing to get a better view. I know they were enjoying it, because some of them were already stroking their cocks and flashing an undeniably lustful stare. I was turned on even more, and moaned even louder, shoving my middle finger in all the way.   
  
In my little mind, I told myself it's going to be alright, and my sexy game was working well. The tenants would not dare to do anything to me, they will have to account to my parents if they try something funny. After all, I was enjoying my fun immensely. I could still be the angel I was after I had my fun, since nothing will happen, I thought naively.  
  
I went into a kneeling position and went down even lower, letting only the tip of my nipples touch the side of my bed(which actually had a surface like sand paper). I moved my body in a forward and backwards motion, dragging my nipples along the rough surface, gasping and moaning in ecstasy. I know I want the guys to see, and I kept consoling my logic that it's nothing to worry about. After all, they are only seeing, what 'else' will happen?  
  
My eyes rested upon the metal ruler I saw on my desk and next I gently pulled the metal ruler along my clit, my body now shivering in an excited motion of ecstasy. The coldness of the metal ruler made my whole cunt tingled in excitement.   
  
I threw my head back, allowing the men to see my facial expression while I moaned shamelessly, like a bitch on heat. By this time, I could sense that the men were just outside the area near my room door, having an open view of me, playing with myself in the naughty manner.  
  
Perhaps it was due to the fact that I got more horny, I swept my hair back to one side, knelt down and opened my legs wider, growing more daring as each second ticked away. I looked at the men straight and moaned, moving my hands all over my body, as if inviting them to fuck me.   
  
I was about to shove my middle finger into my cunt again when I felt a pull on my right nipple. I looked up and gasped in shock, Dan was standing right in front of me, stroking his seven inch' cock as he pulled my nipple. I moved back in surprise, causing my nipple to be pulled hard and released, which went red and swollen the next instance.  
  
"What are you doing?" I screamed.  
  
"Don't you need some company, slut? You've been playing with yourself for too long and it's time we help you with it!" Dan exclaimed with a menacing grin.  
  
"I...I...Go away! It's...none of your business, my dad will...will...kill you!" I gathered my words in pieces and shot them out.  
  
Tony, the other tenant who was the most muscular of all, came right up to me and pushed me back into the bed, causing me to lose my balance and falling onto my back.   
  
Tony snared, "Slut! Let's see who your dad will kill when he sees the video tape of you playing with yourself!"   
  
He bent down and glared menacingly at me, "Your old man will then know what a cock-teaser you are...so do you think he will see it as our faults?"  
  
Stan, who looked a bit worried, brought out the hidden video cam which has been running all these time. I was dumbfounded and stared blankly at the video cam. My heart sank and fear gripped my heart tightly. My little body was shaking in this aftermath of fear.  
  
Dan added coldly, "Well, we could have lots of excuse for your dad, like you didn't come home at all! There's many things we can do and will do!"  
  
All the men entered my room now and started laughing. They were all in various states of undress, many with their cocks exposed and erected. At that very moment, my mind was really a blank and genuine fear was rushing through me.  
  
"Please...I don't mean it! Please go away!" I begged, sobbing.  
  
"Fuck you! You tease us so hard till our cocks are all standing and you want us to let you go? You are a dumb slut, are you?" Tony replied, reaching his huge hand over to my right tit and slapped it hard. The pain shot through my tit like an arrow and I whimpered in pain.   
  
Tony sneered mercilessly, "Slut, that is nothing compared to what you will get from us!"  
  
I pleaded even louder upon hearing that, not noticing that my tits were jiggling even more, which aroused the men even more. My resistance was definitely enhancing their arousal, as all of them were naked now, surrounding and towering over me.   
  
Dan nodded to one of his friends. A tall, tanned man, with a huge tattoo on his chest, returned Dan's nod and walked out of the room, as if to fetch something...

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I shivered in fear when the tanned guy came back with some ropes. I realised that all these was for real. It wasn't my fantasy anymore, and I know that I really didn't want this now.   
  
"Please.. I didn't..didn't mean it! I just wanted to experiment..experiment for fun! I tried to plead with Dan, grabbing his left leg and kneeling in front of him.   
  
His face showed a change of mood and I saw a shimmer of hope. Afterall, I was just having a little fun with my backfired "towel show" and the "slut show" earlier on. Wiping my tears away, I pleaded with Dan in the most pitiful voice.  
  
He seems to have soften down and was wearing a smile. There was something different about the smile, and the stare. I traced his stare back to where my nipples were, right on his left leg. In my rush in pleading, I was actually rubbing my nipples hard on his leg when I grabbed his leg earlier on.  
  
My red and swollen nipples are arousingly rubbing his leg all along. His mood of change was not to pardon me, but in fact an elevation of lust to nail me. I was thrown into an atmosphere of pivotal fear, I knew I cannot handle a gangbang. In fact this is rape! Naively and down to my desperate end, I screamed loudly for help.  
  
The next instance, I saw my lacy bra forcefully stuffed into my mouth and a swift hand gave me a hard slap.   
  
Darkness.   
  
I struggled to open my eyes but still everything was pitch black. Narrowing my eye, I realised that I have been blindfolded. The chilling cold swirled around my body, hinting to me that I am naked. I wasn't gagged anymore but I did not dare to shout out for help. Feeling a bruised cheek, I realised that I must have pass out from the slap. My hands were tied together at my front while my legs were free. I tried to pull at the ropes but my feeble hands would not even loosen any bit of the ropes.  
  
Suddenly, I heard some noises followed by loud footsteps. The noises were chaotic, mixed with whistling and laughter. I kept very still and did not dare to move an inch. It was really scary as I couldn't see anything, hearing the surrounding sounds itself was making me break out in cold sweat.  
  
"There she is. Can we do it?"   
  
I recognised Tony's voice and somehow my wetness formed again. I did not know why his voice is making me wet, ashaming me of my logics.   
  
"Hmmmmmm, her body looks like a crowd-pleaser. Alright, you've got a deal." A deep voice answered.   
  
The conversation was weakening me, it doesn't seems like I could escape. Forgetting my pretence, I sniffed a sob and I realised I have drawn their attention.  
  
"Oh, so our toy has woken up."  
  
My blindfolded was removed at once, and I was greeted by the sight of many men. Not only Tony and his gang, but a few other middled-aged men. I pulled my tied hands close to my breasts, hoping to block my tits from being exposed while crossing my legs.  
  
Dan giggled and said, "What are you trying to hide from us? You can't escape now, don't even dream that help will come!"  
  
My eyes watered at his words and I stifled a few "No" admist my sobs. Dan dragged a chair over and instructed James, the tanned guy to tie me to the chair. I was pulled up to sit on the chair, with my hands tied at the back and my legs were spread open, being tied to the front legs of the chair.   
  
"Listen, you are in our hands now. We are going to do anything we like with you, and at the same time we will get money by using you."  
  
I kept quietly and bit my lips, knowing that pleading would not work. I was confused at Tony's words... how are they going to make money out of me? I scanned the older men in the room, and they were all wearing the same shirt. There was a logo on the left chest but it was alien to me.  
  
Tony lighted a cigarette and continued, "This is the famous underground club. Only one in Singapore. Works like a brothel in the day and in the night, it functions like a club running shows. Sex shows, to be specific."  
  
He took a deep suck at his cigarette and smiled,   
  
"And we are putting you on a show later. Aren't you happy? Haha, there will be lots of guys watching you!"   
  
"Please, Tony, Please! I don't want to do it! I can't... I am scared." I replied.  
  
Dan interrupted with a sneer, "Precisely. We want you to be scared. On stage, the more you resist, the more the guys will like it. You should be proud that you can perform for all those guys, they paid a lot for each show...and of course we will give them the best entertainment! You are a horny bitch!"  
  
I closed my eyes, wanting to shut out the laughter from the guys. Deep inside me, I knew it was me who brought this upon myself. If I had never tease my tenants by dropping my towel in the first place, this wouldn't have happen. Yet after hearing them, there was a shameless excitement with my gush of wetness smearing my cunt lips.  
  
"Slut, Mr Sin is the owner of the club. You will be sold to him after the show and you better serve him well as a toy!" Tony warned, pointing his finger at a man in his forties, the only one not dressed in the same shirt but clad in an expensive suit.  
  
The man nodded with a lustful smile. His stare was very charismatic though I know he is scrutinising every part of my pettite body.   
  
His deep voice answered, "Not yet Tony, I said you guys can do the show with her, I didn't say I will buy her yet. I think...hmmm I think it depends on her performance later. To work here as a toy is a great enjoyment for the girls themselves. Echoing the end of his words, the whole gang of the guys laughed loudly.  
  
"Yes! Yes, sir! We tried your girls before here, they were so different." Stan answered eagerly.  
  
"Trained. Young man, the girls has to be trained. After the training, they as toys will be unique!" Mr Sin replied, like a peacock.  
  
Dan pointed out that it was time to prepare and Mr Sin & his men left the room. Before he left, he instructed Tony not to give me any drugs. He did not want me to get horny by drugs and he specifically mentioned he wanted me to be allowed to resist on stage and punished hard.  
  
"Can we fuck her now, Tony?" Stan stood in front of me, pulling down his zip.  
  
"Stan, you are dumb or what? We are playing in the show, not now! It will spoil everything if we fuck her now! But we must make her wet now."  
  
Tony pulled out his belt and walked towards me. I stared in fear, afraid that he will whip me. Using the belt, Tony slowly slide the belt gently down from my ears to my neck, and from the neck down to my right nipple.  
  
"You like the ruler just now, don't you? I think you will like the belt more!"   
  
With a fast whip, he slapped the belt moderately on my nipple. My right nipple reacted immediately to you, standing swollen and hard. His slaps were neither too hard or too soft, though it stimulated a few moans of pain from me. I realised my cum were now dripping at the side of my legs.  
  
The other guys crowded around me and started to touch me all over. When I tried to scream, James will twist my nipples hard, reducing my screams to moans. I shaked my head in disbelief and now, I knew I was so wet until my cum were flowing down my legs.   
  
"Guys, let me try this on her." Dan said and the other guys made space for him to stand near me. Without any warning, Dan took two pieces of ice and rubbed continuously on both my nipples. A stinging pain seared through my nipples and the freezing cold numbed my nipples with pain. The two raisins swell to the size of 1 cm in height. I kept pleading but apparently all the guys were enjoying it.  
  
When the ice melted on my nipples and the ice got smaller, Dan took them and pushed up into my vagina. I could feel the ice inside me, making me even wetter and I felt that I was horny. I controlled myself and this was definitely not the time to get horny.  
  
I wanted to scream when I saw Stan approaching me with an even larger piece of ice. It will hurt, I know. Stan was about to push the large ice into my tight cunt when someone shouted:  
  
"Tony, the stage is ready! Time to play!"

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"Quick! Put on her bra and her G-string. We want the customers to get aroused gradually." Dan instructed the group of men with a lusty stare.  
  
Amidst my pleas and whimpers, a voice was constantly blaming me for this unfamiliar situation. My conscience hit me recurringly, "Why did you have to start off with the tease? It's your fault to be in this damn club!"   
  
I couldn't think straight and really don't know what lay ahead...Stan smiled at me, scrutinising my nipples and decided that I needed to have my seducing red and swollen raisins. He took two large pieces of ice and put both into my tight bra. My nipples defied my mental state and erected themselves proudly to the rhythm of a searing pain.  
  
"Slut, remember to stay horny later for the show, isn't that what you want? Lots of men to play with you, whore!" Tony hurled his heavy words at me. With that, he blindfolded me, leaving me wringing in my growing fear which was consuming me.  
  
Lights.  
  
I knew someone carried me and then threw me gently to the ground which had a rough surface. I couldn't see anything but I could see a mass of brightness under my blindfold, I knew I was in a place where there were very strong lights shining on me. There was silence and it was deafening in a way, deafening my senses and heightening my fears.  
  
"Gentlemen, we have a new girl here tonight as our play toy." I recognised Mr. Sin's voice as he spoke. "Well, let me tell you how this pretty cock-teaser got here. You see, this slut's name is Angel and earlier today, she was having a little tease with her parents' tenants by dropping her towel purposely. She daringly raised the cocks of seven burly men as she went on to masterbate in her room with the door open. Well, little did she expect that these tenants are loyal patrons of our club."  
  
My heart beats increased its tempo with every word Mr. Sin said and strangely enough, my cunt was glistening with wetness at this equal pace.  
  
"She, this slut here then resists the seven guys. Now gentlemen, do you think she deserve to be punished?" An echoing wave of consent hit my ears, gripping my heart in stitches. Who was there? I could hear many low rumbles though I couldn't hear exactly what those noises were.   
  
Mr Sin went on to elaborate, "Great. She will be teased; played; man-handled; humiliated and much more tonight. No fucking though, except for one man who will get her tonight. And if you gentlemen fancy her, feel free to bid for her at the end of the show. She will be your supper tonight at our Royal Palace room, equipped with all the slut-taming instruments."   
  
My imagination was running wild, I did not understand about the show, the bidding and the Royal Palace room at all. Little did I know that my punishment for my tease was going to start from that moment. Someone took off my blindfold and the bright lights blinded me for a moment. I shaded my eyes from the lights and made out at least 20 blur figures in front of me. The vision gradually took form when I clearly saw many men sitting on various couches and sofas. They were all undressed and many were stroking their cocks. I let out a moan and felt cum flow out from my love-hole. The sight of so many men somewhat aroused me and not forgetting the ice that Stan has put into my bra, made me very wet. I was lost in the no man's land between logic and desires.  
  
"Please, no...no..." I pleaded resistingly. Mr Sin smiled menacingly and said lustfully, "Let the show begin!"  
  
The lights were dimmed into a dull orange and before I knew it, Dan and Tony were behind me. Slow erotic music was played in the background, tickling one's sexual thoughts. The duo pulled me up and untied my legs. I looked at them pitifully like a puppy but was responded with a quick slap from Tony. I struggled for a while and because my hands were tied, I felt like a defenceless puppy pitted against two lions. Dan smiled and lowered his eyes to my bra. Before I could stop him, he unlatched it and revealed my round jiggling breasts. I heard loud cheers from the crowd edging Dan on.   
  
I made a futile effort in covering my breasts as Tony held my tied hands firmly. I whimpered and pleaded with tears in my eyes, "Please...don't...don't...please let me go...I am sorry...Please." My resisting pleas were answered by a hard squeeze from Dan, sending a wave of pain onto my left breast.   
  
Tony went on to pull my right nipple with a quick tug and drew a shriek of pain from me. The crowd was hurling their excitement loudly, shouting encouragement to the savage men on stage. "Gentlemen, the Pony." Dan exclaimed, pointing to the side of the stage where a weird-looking structure was wheeled in by the smiling Stan.  
  
The wooden structure looked menacingly simple yet threatened and accelerated my breathing. The audience whistled and cheered, making me more puzzled than ever. It looked like an upright "T" with straps on top and it had an horizontal plank in the middle. The two guys tore my G-string off and forced me to open my legs. They mercilessly hoisted me onto the extension which had a triangular shape at the end of the plank. My cunt was now directly on top of the triangle.  
  
My hands were tied to the top of the T-shaped structure and I realised I couldn't stand on level ground with my legs in between the plank. I had to tip-toe because if I don't, my cunt will touch and rub on the triangle. I used my strength to stand in the tip-toe position, feeling vulnerable and helpless in the restricted position. I looked away from the audience in shame.  
  
Tony smirked and said. "Gentlemen, as you all know, the wooden pony is a devious device, designed for the slow sexual torture of beautiful women. Its earliest use as a sado-sexual device was in Japan, but a similar device, the rail, was used in Europe as a general-purpose torture. In it's most vicious form the Wooden pony is a wide triangular wooden plank, set with the sharp end up. This helpless woman is lifted into the air and set upon the pony as you can see, her full body weight supported on her most tender flesh. Her legs are forced wide open by the width of the lower part of the plank. Additional weights are attached to her ankles to keep her from falling off, making her ordeal immediately unbearable."  
  
At the end of his speech, I felt myself giving way to my tired knees and I used the last of my strength to lower myself as gently as possible to the hard and narrow surface of the Pony. I uncontrollably let a soft moan escaped from my lips as I felt my delicate flesh pressed between the pony and my pelvis. In the next moment the discomfort forced my muscles to lift myself up and I rose up again, but only for a few minutes this time.   
  
Muscles throbbing, again I lower myself, carefully placing my weight on a new, unmarked place. It took longer to summon the strength to rise a third time, but after long seconds riding the Wooden Pony I pointed my toes and pushed against gravity, sweating from the exerting...I finally realised that comfort is impossible and I squirmed constantly from the pain.  
  
"This constant motion is what we want, slut, you are riding the pony." Tony explained with interest. "Let's make her ordeal worse." I couldn't resist with words anymore as I was busy trying to summon my strength to lift myself up yet failing the task and as a result moaning wantonly.  
  
"Mmm...ah...please...mmmm...mmmm" I bit my lips as I moaned. It was unbearable yet I felt this weird sense of enjoyment from this torture. I hate myself for reacting in this way and felt like a complete slut.  
  
Dan and Tony added more weights to my ankles, making my ride a more deliberate one and my "riding" pace increased due to the intensity of the torture. I was moaning louder and the slut in me was stirring even more as my breasts jiggled shamelessly with the motion.   
  
"Clamp her nipples!" a loud manly voice boomed in the room among the cheering. Before my refusal could be uttered, Stan clamped a tight clothes peg each on both of my swollen nipples, sending waves of pain through my erected nipples. I moaned even louder and I could feel my cum dripping more on the plank which was torturing me. With every motion, I was unleashing the slut in me. I knew I wanted the men to do whatever they want with me at this stage already. I knew I couldn't resist them any more, I felt helpless yet the horny whore in me was yearning for more. My resistance was waning but when Dan called the audience to take turns to touch me while I was riding the pony, I felt humiliated and resisted by controlling my moans. I bit my lips hard and made only muffled moans while all the audience came up to touch me all over while I was riding the my wooden Pony.  
  
"Fucking slut!" Tony screamed at me "Resist more and you will get more punishment!" In my mind, I wanted to give in but his words somewhat encouraged my resistance..."get more punishment" was reverberating in my head and I threw back my head in defiance. "Gentlemen, this slut needs a harder time, doesn't she? This Asian girl is a natural whore, see how she defy to get more punishment?" Dan said, reading almost every single bit of my mind.  
  
"Let me do it." Mr Sin cackled as he walked towards me. He stood hoveringly in front of me and the next thing I knew, my vision fell into darkness.

**Angel's Tease Ch. 05**

by[zamm](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=780736&page=submissions)©

This is Chapter 5 of a story started by Sexyasian who asked me to pen chapter 5 and "make me wet".   
\*  
  
I did not know how long I had been unconscious. When I came to, I heard someone say from close by, "Mr. Sin! She's waking up!" The first thing I felt was a throbbing pain between my legs where my pussy had been irritated by the Horse. I noticed Mr. Sin was looking intently at me and was holding some clothing in his left hand. "I like what you're wearing" he said, running his hand casually over my breasts making my nipples spring out immediately, almost painfully. It was a cruel joke since I was naked and had had my g-string ripped off me before I was mounted onto the Horse. As his hands moved slowly from beneath my breasts and up to my nipples, I noticed that even with the throbbing pain between my legs, I was wanting his fingers to linger on them, tease them some more, and pinch them. I was struck by that since it had not been that long ago that someone had put clips on my erect nipples as I was astride the Horse and I remembered the pain as the clips were fastened on my taut nipples.   
  
Logically, I should not have wanted more of that treatment and pain and I surprised myself with the realization that I did in fact want them pinched now by Mr. Sin's slender fingers. I began to question my own sanity a bit and wondered if I was going a bit crazy. I had read about previously conservative women, prudes really, who once were introduced to a liberal sex life eventually embraced it and then sex became a way of life for them. For one lady, sex became the driving force in her life. It dominated her thoughts night and day. When I realized that I was ready to have Mr. Sin's fingers pinching my nipples again so soon after I had endured the clamps, I began to wonder whether I might be sliding down that slippery sexual obsession slope. I also remembered the ice cubes that Dan had held to my nipples previously and I immediately felt the first tinges of moisture in my pussy again and in spite of the throbbing, I felt the first sensations of heat and wetness in my vagina. Then Mr. Sin said, "I have a special costume for you."  
  
He began to slowly dress me and as he did so I felt him rubbing his cock against me. I had been tortured on the Horse and treated like a slut, but in spite of this, the feeling of his hard cock against my leg was driving me insane. I knew I shouldn't but I was so horny and I couldn't help myself, and I felt my leg pushing out against his cock, trying to feel his meat against my flesh. He noticed my movements and looked straight into my eyes and with a sinister smile on his face he said, "Ah, ah ah, you naughty girl. It's not time yet for that. You've been a bad girl and you must learn how to be a good little obedient girl".   
  
He had what looked like a Singapore schoolgirl outfit that he wanted me to wear. What made it so provocative was the pleated plaid skirt which hardly covered my pussy and ass. My thighs were bare above the knee-length ribbed white wool stockings that he slipped on my feet and then pulled up to my knees, making sure that he lingered on the smooth skin of my feet and calves, about the only parts of my body that had not been splattered in cum. His touch was almost electric as by that time I was craving a touch, any touch, on my over-sensitized skin. It almost felt like sparks were shooting from his fingertips as they traced over my feet, ankles and calves.  
  
The skirt barely covered my round ass. And the translucent white blouse he buttoned across my chest was extremely tight. He had started from the bottom up, looking deeply in to my eyes as his hands fastened the buttons in to the buttonholes. As he buttoned the two between my breasts I felt my nipples swelling and rising up. They met the fabric of the almost-see-through blouse and his gaze left my eyes and moved down to near where his hands were. I looked down also and I could see my nipples pressing up forming large dimples against the blouse and the brownness of my areolas could be seen beneath the blouse. He looked from my tits back into my eyes and seemed to look deeply into my soul and then gave me an evil grin. It was like he was reading my mind. I tried hard not to show it but having ridden the Horse and been subjected to the slutty treatment that I had received, I was beginning to feel like a slut and in the back of my mind I wanted to act like one too.   
  
The sheer blouse emphasized the size of my breasts, which were more ample than you'd ever see on a real schoolgirl. My large round breasts made a mockery of the whole pretense that I was a little girl, and that made the whole scene all the more sexual -- much more so than if I would have been topless or naked. And he had little brown penny loafers for me to wear, which he slid on my feet.  
  
He walked me over to another part of the room and on the wall was a large full-length mirror. Looking in the mirror at me, he smiled a strange cruel smile. "You look delightful," he said slowly, as he pulled my hair into pigtails. "Perfectly delightful."   
  
I felt so strange looking at myself. I felt foolish in this school girl outfit and I knew that some men enjoyed seeing a woman dressed up that way. I had always thought that I would never dress up like that, that it was too demeaning. However, now that I had it on, my idea was beginning to change. I tried a girlish pout, and it suited my get-up perfectly. Then I was ashamed of myself, pouting like that, the way all the girls in high school I hated used to simper at the boys. Here I was acting just like them at the first opportunity. I pulled on my pigtails and pouted some more. I bit my glossy red lip. I couldn't help myself. I had never looked so sexy as this when I actually was in school.   
  
I turned around and looked over my shoulder at myself in the mirror, saw just how much of my ass was exposed: I could basically see the pucker beneath both my cheeks, and the elastic rim of the stark white panties he made me put on. I continued to admire myself, my nipples growing harder and harder. Almost absently, I had begun to touch myself with slow lingering motions, rubbing underneath my heaving breasts though the blouse, and my thighs, above the tops of the wool stockings. I was getting myself all worked up, and I could see by the way Mr. Sin was staring at me that I was getting him worked up too. Or at least I hoped so. I noticed that the throbbing pain that I had felt previously from the Horse was now giving away to a hunger, a hot hunger, a gnawing hunger, a feeling like my pussy was demanding meat, to be filled by a big cock.  
  
I looked directly into Mr. Sin's eyes with what must have been a lustful stare. He grabbed my wrists, and I thought he was going to guide my hands to his body and let them play, but instead he quickly bound them with a rope behind my back. "Be good, pretty little Singapore girl," he said. "Don't struggle. You like it anyway."  
  
Then he guided me into another room, which had been almost completely emptied out except for a small stool on rollers, the kind you see in doctors' offices, sitting in the middle of the room. He had me sit on the stool, and then he turned out the lights, and locked me in. I didn't know what was happening, but I was burning to touch myself, and my hands were still bound. I was ashamed to admit that I was burning for Mr. Sin to touch me and satisfy my desire and I was wetter than ever, and I wished for him to take me then and there. I thought about getting up off the stool and trying to rub myself against one of its legs, trying to relieve myself some how.  
  
I'm not sure how much time passed, but soon the door opened, and Mr. Sin turned on the light. Men began to file in, their heads looking down, though they couldn't help but steal glances at me, bashfully at first, and then with more lingering audaciousness. They were all Asian men, all in their forties from what I could tell. There seemed to about twenty of them packing into the room. Most of them were dressed in shirts and ties, some of them had briefcases with them. They didn't look at each other at all, and none of them spoke to one another. They seemed to be as strange to each other as they were to me.   
  
Mr. Sin entered last, after they had all were in. He was wearing a smart, professional looking business suit and glasses. He began to talk to the men in a stern, harsh voice, in a language I didn't understand. It was Chinese but was not a dialect that I was familiar with. I was thinking about whether it might be Hakka or Fukien when Mr. Sin addressed me. "School is about to begin, little Singapore girl! Stand up!" He barked. "Are you ready?" Mr. Sin looked at Dan and nodded his head. Dan walked around behind me. Instantly I thought that Dan was going to take me from behind. At that moment I was scared of the thought that Dan would be fucking me from behind while all these older men would be watching us, but at the same time I was so ready for him to take me there and then. I felt my pussy was ready to devour him! I waited to feel Dan's hands on my hips knowing that soon after I would feel his cock probing my drenched and waiting pussy. Instead I felt Dan's hands take the rope which bound my hands and suddenly the rope became very taut. He must have tied the end of it to something in the floor. Now my arms which were bound behind me were also pulled tight behind me, which kept me from walking.   
  
Mr. Sin pulled the stool away and sat on it himself, in the corner of the room. For a few minutes, nothing happened. The men just stared furtively at me and shuffled their feet. I stood there awkwardly facing them, my hands tied, feeling extremely exposed in my ludicrous schoolgirl outfit, my nipples still painfully, obviously erect and visible beneath the diaphanous fabric, even though these men, as a group, collectively did not interest me.   
  
He began to shout out some admonitions in Chinese, in that same dialect. Hearing it again, I thought it might be Hakka, and then the men began to stir and approach me. A gaggle of five or six squeezed in on me, and suddenly I felt their hands all over me, touching my breasts, my waist, my thighs, my stockings, rubbing up and down my body, hands everywhere, all at once, I could hardly tell what was happening. It was hard to keep my balance with my hands tied, and I found myself leaning into the men, trying not to fall, and turning and twisting this way and that, spinning around in place as wave after of wave of the men came at me. None of them looked at my face and none of them said anything. Their eyes were all on my hot little body with my nipples sticking up high and hard pressed beneath the tight blouse, an obvious indicator that I was turned on and hot. I was their eyes burning as they scanned my naked thighs and looked beneath the almost see-through blouse.  
  
But I could feel them. One had pulled my panties aside and tried to jam a quick finger in me. Admittedly, I was so wet, he would have instantly known how aroused I was. I saw anonymous fingers and hands on my blouse which reached for the buttons there. I watched as those same fingers held the buttons and slipped them out of the buttonholes. I wasn't sure what was going to happen next, but I did know that soon I was likely to be naked within this maelstrom of mature men. I couldn't believe that I was in this situation. Unbelievable! Only hours before I had been in my usual comfortable world at home, in control of every aspect of my life, and now here I was in the middle of a seething mob of men who were touching me anywhere they liked and I was absolutely powerless to resist them. I was jostled around continuously, and soon I was breathing heavily, both from the sexual anticipation that was building up inside me and because my breathing was made a little harder by my arms being bound behind my body. I kept being knocked around; there were so many probing hands and curious fingers exploring ever inch of my body it seemed. Of course I had never felt anything like it before. It seemed almost every inch of my body was being touched at the same time. I was both repulsed by these greedy men who sought to ravage me and incredibly turned on by everything they were doing to me. The good girl within me wanted to continue to struggle and cry out for help although by this time I knew that there was nobody there to save me. The she-devil within me wanted me to toss my head back, close my eyes and give voice to the low-throated animal moans that I give my lovers. Some of my boyfriends had commented to me in the past that as they were fucking me and heard my moans and sometimes screams of pleasure, they were incredibly turned on. I was torn -- wanting to give in but wanting to resist.  
  
My stockings were almost pulled off. One was rolled down to my ankle; the other I felt being pulled up again by a surreptitious hand. My shoes were long gone. Finally I lost my balance completely and crumpled to my knees. And then I noticed for the first time that some of the men had their flies open and their erect penises pulled out so that they could jerk themselves off. On my knees now, they turned to face me. I saw more men pull their cocks out, quickly making themselves hard, jostling their way to be close to me. I had never seen so many cocks before, so many different shapes and sizes. Some were stubby and short, others were long and bent, some were hard to see because they were being jerked so furiously.   
  
I realized with a growing horror that they were planning to ejaculate all over me. I tried to find Dan in the crowd but all I could see were hard cocks all around me, some only inches from my face, all I could hear was the heavy breathing of all these men jerking off at the sight of me. My instinct was to try to cover my face, but my arms were bound, and I couldn't protect myself. I noticed that a part of me was flattered that so many men would be so fascinated by me and would expend so much energy with me as their focus. Part of me was extremely turned on with an intensity that was frightening. Here were all these men rock hard at the sight of me in the short skirt and stockings, and the sight of my bulbous breasts hanging out of the once tight blouse, which now was completely undone. My arms were still bound behind me but now I was eye-level with all of their upright and had cocks which they were all now furiously pumping. My nipples were so completely hard, yearning to be touched, and I hoped despite myself that one of these men would place his lips on my nipples and suck me to orgasm, but none of the men did so. Realizing that there would be no lips, no teeth and no tongues on my aching nipples, I began to think about other kinds of contact, that there would soon be spurts of cum directed my way. I had seen photos of girls with cum splattered all over their breasts and I now wanted the same experience. I wanted to see cum splashing on my tits, just so that my nipples would feel some kind of contact. In fact, I realized I was arching my back, hoping to catch the first loads there on the top of my breasts.  
  
It wasn't long though before the first man, a middle-aged Chinese man with a long thin cock, came, an explosive gob that struck me right on my cheek, warm and viscous, like a wad of micro-waved marmalade. I could feel it squirming down toward my chin, even as the next wad dripped on my shoulder and upper arm. This seemed to set off a chain reaction, and soon several men were coming, exploding all over me, covering my hair and my forehead, and thank God, my breasts, with their thick steaming loads of semen. I had to close my eyes as gobs of cum were hitting my face from all directions. I felt it dripping down from my forehead, covering my eyes, sliding down my cheeks and onto my lips, joining the cum that was accurately aimed for my lips and lingered there. The smell of it all was overpowering, like the sea, but much more intense, overwhelmingly earthy. Eventually I broke down and opened my mouth and began licking around my face, tasting the sperm. I had never tasted semen before much less swallowed it.   
  
While I was down there on my knees, with my eyes closed, licking my face, I could hear the men groaning, grunting, sighing with release as they came. Some muttered things in languages I couldn't understand, but I decided that they were words of encouragement, so suddenly I found myself playing it up for them, exaggerating my licking the cum off my face, shaking my cum-drenched tits for them, swiveling and swaying for them. I continued to feel their cum shower me. I never felt so depraved. Above it all, I could hear ever so faintly in the background, Mr. Sin's cruel laugh. Even still, I couldn't stop myself; it was turning me on too much not to flaunt myself in my slutty state. I even thought at that moment I would die to have one of those sweaty Asian cocks inside of me, in my mouth, in my cunt, in my ass, anywhere.  
  
Finally the men were finished. I was covered in what felt like warm goo which smelled salty and fresh. I noticed a tremendous hunger in my pussy. It was like I had felt back when I was a virgin, back when I had never been fucked before, never been touched before. I remembered the hunger and the desire that I had back then, and this hunger was much stronger. I had to have a cock and I wanted it now! I was not above begging Mr. Sin to finish me off, to make me cum. I called out to him, "Mr. Sin, please I must have a cock! Dan! Come fuck me please!" I begged Mr. Sin for satisfaction. I couldn't even see him; my eyes were stuck shut by the all the cum on my face. Finally I felt someone lift me to my feet. I felt some big strong hands on me, helping me. I was so grateful. I was so hopeful that soon I would be feeling someone's hard dick probing the inner recesses of my hot soaked pussy.   
  
I finally cracked my eyes open in time to see Dan standing naked in front of me with a huge erect cock between his legs. Next to him Mr. Sin was holding a large black rubber dildo looking at me with an evil smile. Dan untied the rope that that bound my wrists to the floor and walked me over to another part of the room. I saw a ladder there and wondered why it was there. Dan was looking up and I followed his gaze and noticed a large steel ring at the end of a chain that was suspended from the ceiling. Oh my God, I realized at that moment that I was about to be tied to the ring! Just then I felt a hard slap on my face which caused me to fall down. I felt two strong hands grab each of my ankles and lift my body up from the floor. I looked up to see Dan holding my ankles and he looked at me with an animal intensity, as I would imagine a gazelle would see in its last moments as it looks up to see the lioness with its jaws in her flanks. As Dan held me up someone else grabbed the rope that bound my wrists and maneuvered my arms such that Dan lowered my body to the floor again and Mr. Sin grabbed my feet and pushed on them to fold my legs up against my cum-covered breasts. Dan then pulled the rope and my arms were pulled to the front of my body. I felt immense relief as they were restored to their normal position again.  
  
As Dan held the rope that bound my wrists, he began to climb the ladder, ascending up to the suspended steel ring. I was getting seriously scared because this was way more than I bargained for. I remembered back to when I was in the bathroom with the towel around me, ready to walk out to surprise the three boys and thought what a fool I was. But at the same time I was ashamed because I realized that I was so turned on by what was happening and the real danger and uncertainty of the situation made what was happening even more delicious. All I could focus on was Dan's big erection as he climbed the ladder and I felt my arms being lifted up to my waist, level with my tits, which were now drenched with men's cum and which was drying into little yellowish-white splotches, and then finally over my head. Mr. Sin came behind me and smacked the dildo hard against the backs of my knees. This caused my knees to buckle a little and I went into a plie, which was a position I remembered from my ballet days, in which the knees are slightly bent. "Yes, Dan, tie her up at this height" I heard Mr. Sin snarl from behind me. I heard the clank of the chain as Dan fastened the rope to it and I felt my arms pulled above me, not so tight that I was hurting but tight enough to keep them high over my head.

Then I heard Mr. Sin behind me say, "Well, my naughty little Singapore school girl. It is time for you to have your first lesson in obedience. I hope you are ready."  
  
To be continued...  
  
And then, as the spent Asian men watched, lifted the tiny, cum-soaked skirt I wore up over my ass, and slipped the black rubber rod into my soaked cunt.   
  
"Oooh" I gasped as He slid it in and out of me, slowly at first, and then with merciless strokes that I could feel all the way up to my cervix. Some of the men, I saw when I looked up, were getting hard again. I didn't care, I was coming, coming, coming at last.