**The Thief Who Wanted To Get Caught**

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I finally get all my books together, and put them in my bag after way too many hours of cramming. I look up at the clock, and much to my dismay, it's already 11:30. I had planned on unwinding before I went to bed, but I really need to get some sleep. After stuffing multiple chapters into my brain, there is no way I'm going to be able to just shut down, and go to sleep. I need to spend some energy, and get my mind off of all of it.

I walk over to my closet, and strip off all my clothes, throwing them in the laundry basket. I find a pair of athletic short lying on the ground, and slip them on. Nobody is awake in my house so no need to really cover up. My stereo is playing Killing in the Name Of, which is one of those songs that will get anyone pumped up for a workout. After swinging out my arms a little, I drop down and bust out a set of 50 push ups. Now that I have my heart rate up, I just keep moving; I get in a set of 100 sit ups before the song ends, counting reps to, "fuck you! I won't do what you tell me!"

I live in the basement of my house, and there is a back room that is unfinished (with the furnace and such), so the I-beam that supports the house is exposed. I grab the t-shirt that I was wearing, roll it up, and put it on the side of the I-beam for something to hold onto. I start cranking out pull-ups, when I hear a loud thump coming from my room. I don't act immediately because the house often makes strange noises as it cools at night, and maybe I'm just hearing things. But I hear something more convincing: the distinct sound of my window being opened.

Someone has dropped down into the window well, and is now breaking in. Afraid that this person may be armed, I stay completely motionless hoping that they won't notice I'm in my room. I hear them jump down from the window sill, and start to walk toward where I am. Much to my relief, they stop, and the closet door slides open. They apparently know what they're looking for, and they know where to find it. I keep a wallet of spare cash in my closet, and they should be staring at it if they are where I think they are. My bare feet silent on the concrete floor, I slowly step forward to peer out of the door into the room.

What I see is nothing what I expected. This is no professional thief, armed and dangerous, but a tiny little girl who looks to be about my age from what I can see, wearing dark blue baggy sweatpants and a hoodie. Her back is to me, and she is peering into the shelving in the closet. I continue to make my way forward with the rolled shirt still in my hands. I glide past the threshold of the doorway without her losing her focus on what's in my closet. She reaches into the middle shelf, and pull out exactly what I knew she'd found. As she opens up the wallet and sees the green, she lets out a little whisper of success, "Yes..." I can tell there is a smile spreading across her face. A big open grin is exactly what I want from her.

Just as she's refolding the wallet, I extend the shirt over her head, and yank it back slipping it between her teeth, and muffling her short scream. She tries to pull forward, and drop down, but I have her pinned against my chest. She reaches up trying to pull my hands free, but my pumped muscles easily overpower her. Recognizing that she has been outmuscled, she stops struggling, and she only continues to hold my wrists because she has nothing else to do with her hands.

I talk softly, but commandingly, "I'm going to remove this from your mouth. If you promise not to scream, you will leave here alive."

She gives a muffled "uh-huh," and nods energetically, clearly fearing for her life.

I release the gag from my hands, and quickly reverse her grip to grab her wrists, and pull them down behind her back. With her now completely in my control, I walk her over to my bed, and pin her face-down like a cop arresting a reckless driver on the hood of his car. Conveniently, the handcuffs my girlfriend and I were playing with last night are still sitting on the night stand, which I take, and slap on this girl's wrists. I can only assume that she does not know that these are fake handcuffs with release switches right on the cuff.

"Don't even think about moving a muscle," I say, and walk over to the open window, and shut out the draft.

To be expected she did not heed my advice. She quickly bolts toward the stairs, but I have only stepped a few feet away, and my hands are not tied. She only makes it to the second stair when I grab the chain linking the cuffs, and pull her down. She twists, and lands hard on her side. She rolls to her stomach, and start to clamor toward the window I had just shut.

"Where exactly do you think you're going to go?" I ask casually.

I stride over to her at a fast walk, and with one push on tailbone, she faceplants into the carpet. Standing over her, I reach down, and grab a fistful of her long brown hair. Getting my face right in hers, I tell her, "You're not getting out of here until I make sure you are leaving with nothing that belongs to me."

With one arm around her neck, and one around her waist, I lift her to her feet, and lead her over the treadmill in my room. I quickly undo the handcuffs (pretending that I used a key), and swing her arms around the metal post holding up the control panel, and reconnect her wrists. Before I ratchet the cuff closed, she tries to pull it from my grip. Almost succeeding, I use by body to slam her into the bars of treadmill. This successfully knocks the wind out of her, and she gives up her resistance.

"It's not gonna be that easy, sweetie." I tell her, "Now spread you legs."

With a cue on her inner thigh, she complies. I proceed in frisking her to make sure she isn't hiding anything. I start at her left ankle, and feel through the sweats all the way up her leg. As I move up, I start to notice how tight and firm her muscles are. I move to the other leg, and again find a very smooth, muscular leg. I can't help but find out how high that tightness goes. My left hand is sliding higher up her inner thigh, and I make no effort to stop it when it collides with her crotch. Clearly unexpected, she gives a short gasp as I touch her private parts so forcefully, and do not immediately remove it. My right hand continues up over her right ass cheek, which I find is round, tight, and smooth... smooth? Yes, very smooth, not even the hem of panties to interrupt my groping.

Playing it off, I ask, "what is this that I've found?"

"Nothing," she responds quickly, "I don't have anything."

I can see that, I think to myself. "I'll have to examine this," and with one movement, I pull the elastic of her sweats down of that round ass, and confirming my suspicion, there is nothing stopping me from staring at her bare skin, and pussy lips sitting idly between her legs.

"Well, there's nothing to be found here," I concede, "So I'll have to check the pants thoroughly."

I kneel down, and untie her shoes. Obeying well, she lifts each foot as I pull each shoe and pant leg off her feet. I pick up the sweats, and feel them absently as I stare at the spectacle before me. The large round humps of her ass sticking out over her smooth strong legs that extend down at an outward angle as to expose the prize that lay between them. If that wasn't enough, I notice that there is a drop of moisture building between her lips which I also notice are quite bare. As I stare, I notice that my cock has become fully erect and pushing out conspicuously in my thin shorts. I stick it up in my waistband to keep it from rubbing on the mesh, but now my head is sticking out far over the top of my shorts.

"you'll get these back when I'm finished," I say as calmly as I can.

I continue with the search, and start the feel along the sides of the sweatshirt she is wearing. As I move up the shirt, the rest of my body comes forward, and I push my rock hard dick against her ass. With my hands on her shoulders, I freeze as the sensitivity of my dick is initiated. I slide my hands down her arms, back up, and down her back. I stop at the middle of her back, and much to my enjoyment, another garment is conspicuously absent.

"I'll have to check this too," I tell her.

"Please," she begs, "haven't you had enough fun with me?"

I don't answer because I can't admit how much fun this is, or I would ruin the whole thing. Instead, I grab the bottom of her sweatshirt, and start to pull it over her head. With a sigh, she surrenders, and bows her head so I can slide it onto her arms. I guess she figures she is already half naked, why not go all the way? While pulling the sweatshirt over her head, I lean to the side to watch as her small breasts become exposed, and hand nicely beneath her.

Since I can't let her see my arousal, and I need to remove the handcuffs briefly to take off that sweatshirt, I pull out her ankles from behind, and she falls to her knees. Her hands slide down the pole, and come to rest on platform of treadmill. Her legs have fallen even further apart, and now that she is in the classic doggy-style position, my imagination begins to run wild with things I would like do to her, but not yet.

I straddle her back, and reach down to release just one cuff again. Not wanting to flee in the nude, she stays put. I slide the sweatshirt off one arm at a time, and reattach the cuffs. Now that I have her completely naked, on all fours, with her moistening pussy in full view, I am completely unaware of what I am doing with the sweatshirt. I don't even notice the crumpling of a fifty dollar bill as I grab the big front pocket, but apparently she does. "Shit," she mutters, and snaps me out of my trance. I reach inside the pocket, and pull out the money.

"Well, well, well, look what we have here. It looks like our little thief would have gotten some booty after all this anyway. Did your mother ever teach you that good little girls don't steal? I guess not because you have been quite the naughty little girl, and now you are going to receive the punishment a naughty little girl deserves."

With that, I toss the sweatshirt and money aside. Doing the first thing that comes to mind, I give her a hard slap on her tight little ass cheek. She gives a short little moan, and I continue with a harder one on the other side. Her feedback is a little louder this time.

"Do you know what I'm punishing you for?" \*smack!\*

"uh-huh" her breathing is starting to get heavy.

"Are you ever going to do it again?" \*smack!\*

"no!" getting louder

"Don't you think stealing is bad?" \*smack!\* getting harder

"Yes!" \*smack!!\* "Yes!" she pleads

"Do you think little criminals should be punished?"

"Yes!" \*smack!\* "O! Yes!"

I stop. "What did you say?"

"Yes," she pants.

"Yes, you should be punished, or yes that you WANT to be punished?"

She turns her head to look back at me with a devilish little smile, and quietly replies, "both."

"In that case..." \*SMACK!\* I lay the hardest one I can onto her cherry red bottom.

She moans with pain, and she starts rocking back and forth. Her ass is criss-crossed with hand prints, and as I admire it, I see that the drop of moisture that was forming in her pussy is now leaking out, and dripping off her clit.

"Since I've found one thing already, I know I can't trust you. I'll have to continue with a full cavity search. It looks as though I will not be needing any lubricant for this," I say as I run my fingertips up her slit wiping up an ample amount of fluid. Her breathing increases, and she starts to lean back to my hand. Giving her what I know she wants, I slide one finger easily into her tight pussy.

"o, my... you are so tight. I wouldn't be surprised if you said you were a virgin."

She leans back further, engulfing my entire finger in her sex. I pull out, and ready a second finger. She reaches her ass even further back sliding both fingers into her begging pussy. She lets out a long exhale, and my middle finger penetrates her as far is can go. Taking pleasure from her enjoyment, and begin to slowly pump my fingers in and out. She matches my movement, rocking her hips back and forth. Together we increase our speed, and her breathing turns to moaning increasing in pitch and volume to match the speed of my fingers slamming into her pussy. When I feel her pussy clench, and her holding back a scream, I slam my fingers deep into her, pushing her entire body forward as she reaches climax. I slowly pull my fingers out followed by a rush of her cum covering my hand.

I position myself between her legs, and lean over her. Taking a handful of hair, I pull her head back, making her mouth open wide where I insert the fingers covered in her juice.

"Clean these off," I command.

She gladly obliges, taking my fingers into her mouth and cleaning them off thoroughly, using her tongue, and sucking up and down pretending they were another member of my body which I introduce her to at the same moment. Releasing her hair, I use my left hand to slip my rock-hard cock out of my shorts, and slide just the tip into her dripping pussy. Her approving "mmm..." entices me to go all the way.

Taking a little of my own spit, I lube up the rest of my cock, and slam my full length into her pussy which is much too small. Losing control of her actions, her mouth opens, and she gasps with pleasure. I figure that my fingers have been clean and she has had her fun, but as I pull my hand back, she remembers them, and reaches for them with an open mouth. As they retreat out of reach, she gives a pitiful moan of want. I quickly take her mind off of it though. Placing both hands on her hips, I pull her ass to my crotch with increasing speed and force. She again participates in taking in my dick with each thrust.

Each time her ass slaps against me and my dick fills her entire pussy, she lets out a forceful moan, as she starts to form them into words, "yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me!"

She is almost screaming at this point.

"Is this the kind of punishment you deserve?" I ask

"YES!" she cries.

"Yes it is for such a bad girl," I say as I remove on hand, and give her another smack on her already red ass cheek. Every few thrusts, I plant another one on the opposite cheek.

I can't tell how many times she has cum, but I am not far from it myself. As fate would have it, just as I'm thinking this, she almost screams, "O, FUCK! Yes! I wanna suck your dick!"

With no intention of refusing, I pull out of her, and stand up. I quickly remove my shorts all the way, and walk around her. I drop to my knees, straddling her extended arms, so my dick which is covered in her juices hangs right in front of her face. She immediately opens her tiny mouth, and takes what she can of my cock into it. She bobs up and down on my shaft vigorously, sucking off all of her juices. Each time the head of my dick hits the back of her throat, I am pushed closer to climax.

I reach behind me, feeling out the handcuffs, and pull the release. I open the cuff, and she slides her hands out from around the pole. I stand up, bringing her up to her to knees without taking my dick out of her mouth. Now free to use her hands, she does so, grabbing my shaft, and pumping from her lips to the base of my dick. She uses her other hand to massage my balls, gently, but professionally. The back of her throat massaging my head, her left hand massaging my shaft, and her right hand massaging my balls is enough to send me over the edge.

"fuck yeah, here it comes," I say just before I explode.

Without hesitation, she increases the speed of her sucking, as I pump my love into the back of her throat. She swallows with each rush of cum, and only gagging slightly, she takes it all in, only a few drops sliding down my shaft. She moves down to lick them up, using her tongue from my balls, slowly up my shaft, all while staring up at me. She again swallows my head, and I spasm due to the sensitivity. She can only smile and laugh.

She stands up, and wraps her arms around me.

Looking up at me, she says, "hmm... That was fun. What do you want to try next week?"