

The Deal

[Warnings: non-consensual sex, bondage, Dom/sub, kidnapping, gangbang]

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Part 1 - Jen

It's another rainy Saturday morning, and you have nowhere to go. Outside a steady drizzle of rain runs down your bedroom window. Your small, tidy apartment seems especially boring today. You had some cornflakes for breakfast, the bowl still sitting on the nightstand next to you, as you casually flick through Netflix on your laptop. There's nothing good to watch. When did you become this uninteresting? You are lying on the bed, wearing just a pair of cotton shorts (hey, there's nobody around, who cares if you're a bit of a slob today?), dark, long hair in messy tangles draping over your naked breasts. You should probably take a shower.

After a few more half-hearted scrolls you get tired of Netflix and open up Facebook. No notifications, except for your deadbeat brother's birthday. One of your coworkers posted some baby pictures. You close the browser window.

Behind that there's another browser window open to Pornhub.com. A tall blonde with fake boobs is getting spanked and fucked from behind by a tall, muscular, hairless guy, while giving a blowjob to another, almost identical man in front of her. Ah, right... last night had been particularly lonely. You had forgotten about that. The progress bar shows 2:10 out of 11:57. You didn't make it very far, but hey, who ever does? Suddenly you realize you are absent-mindedly rolling your left nipple in between your thumb and forefinger.

Shaking your head, you stop and get out of bed. "If I don't get up and *do* something I'll end up spending all day in bed." Standing by the bed you take a long, deep stretch, arching your chest forward and spreading your arms wide as you yawn. After a few seconds, you relax, only to realize you are standing, bare chested, in front of your bedroom window. Out in the rain you see a garbage truck parked out front, and in your yard, holding a large black bag and your trashcan lid, is a young guy in a yellow vest, mouth hanging open as he looks up incredulously at your window. "Fuck!" you shout and you grab the curtains and yank them closed. You laugh embarrassedly at yourself as you stand in the now darkened room, clutching the curtains. After a few seconds, the adrenaline rush of embarrassment dies down, and then, after another moment's hesitation, not really even knowing why you are doing it, you peek back out between the curtains. But the garbage truck is moving slowly down the street already. "Well, at least today is starting out exciting." You grab the towel from behind the bathroom door and head in to the shower.

After a quick shower, you throw on some holey pair of jeans, an old white t-shirt, and a sweater. "I've got to get out of this apartment. Anything is better than sitting around here all day." You grab your car keys and head out the door, locking it behind you. As you walk down the steps, you notice the trash cans sitting out by the curb. There's a momentary flutter in your chest: embarrassment, mixed with the thrill of getting caught. You take a quick glance up and down the street but the garbage truck is long gone. "What the fuck is wrong with me? I haven't been laid in way too long." A short, quiet laugh escapes your lips as you wrestle with the car keys, rain dripping down your glasses.

You are driving aimlessly at first. "I suppose I could stop by the grocery store. I'm almost out of cornflakes." But that doesn't really seem like the best way to escape the doldrums. You pass through the downtown area, watching people rush through the rain with black umbrellas. You see the signs for drug stores, a McDonald's, a couple bars. An idea settles in your head. "I'm going out to a bar tonight!" It sounds stupid coming out of your mouth, but fuck it, what else do you have planned? When's the last time you actually "went out". Maybe Tina from work will go with you. It could be fun. Maybe you'll even meet somebody. "God, when's the last time I was on a date?" You have a sudden flashback to your college days, going out almost every night, wearing those cut-off jeans and that one tank-top that always worked to get you free drinks. What happened to that girl?

Looking down at a red light, you notice the threadbare jeans and fuzzy maroon sweater you're wearing. "There is no way I'm going out like this!" Finally, with some direction and purpose, you begin to feel like today won't be so boring after all. "Stupid, getting excited about buying a new outfit and going out to a bar. What am I, some teenage brat?" But stupid or not, you can't help smiling as you pull into the local mall. It's apparently a good day for shopping, and you end up having to park way in the back of the lot. You struggle for a minute with the keys again - "Stupid old Honda. I need to get that door fixed." - all the while rain is soaking through your ugly maroon sweater, making it heavy and cold. Finally locked, you sprint through the storm to the front doors and enter, dripping on the tile floors, your shoes squeaking loudly.

Part 2 - Window Shopping

You've always been fascinated by this mall. It looks like it's stuck in the 80's, and you wonder how some of the outdated shops here manage to stay in business. But against all odds, it's always busy. Outside the storm is picking up, and you hear the dull roar of it on the roof. "Maybe I'll just stay here till it rolls over." You pass through the food court, smelling pizza cooking and regretting that tiny bowl of corn flakes. "I'll come back for lunch," you promise yourself, and set off for the boutique.

You start to shiver, and look down disgusted at your ugly, misshapen, and now freezing cold, damp sweater. You grab the bottom of the sweater and pull it over your head, struggling to get the damp cloth off your skin. Not relishing the idea of carrying it around all day, you decide it's time to say farewell to this particular item of clothing. Seeing a nearby trashcan, you try in vain to shove it down the small opening.

"Here, let me help you with that."

The voice right behind you makes you jump a little! But you quickly realize it's just one of the janitorial staff.

"Oh! Uh, thanks," you say, handing him the dripping mess. He pulls up the top of the can and drops it down in bottom.

"You look a little cold," he says, smiling wryly, before moving off.

Looking down, you notice that not only did you completely forget to put on a bra, but your old white t-shirt is fairly damp too, and your cold, hardened nipples are clearly visible. With a gasp, you try to pull your shirt forward, holding it off your breasts, without looking completely idiotic. Looking back over your shoulder, you see that janitor walking off in the opposite direction, talking into his walkie talkie. But at the last second, he turns back and gives you a wink.

“Great,” you say to yourself, “twice in one morning. I’m really on a roll.”

You duck into the nearest clothing store and find a dressing room. Once inside, you quickly take off the t-shirt, and attempt to wring it out. A few drops fall to the floor, but it’s not doing much good. You wave it in the air a few times, uselessly. In the open air, your nipples stand erect and cold. “Why the hell didn’t I grab my umbrella?” Defeated, you slip the shirt back over your head and pull it down. The feeling of the cloth against your hardened nipples makes you shudder slightly, not exactly in a bad way, just unexpected. “Those are going to be sensitive all day,” you think, trying again to hold the shirt away from your torso.

You leave the dressing room and look around. There’s really nothing here you would be interested in. This was one of those 80’s holdovers. And even if you were feeling a big like a college-girl today, you didn’t have to go back *that* far! Heading towards the door, you see the cashier whispering something to the tall security guard next to her. He moves to intercept you.

“Uh, ma’am, could you hang on a second.” he drones.

Curious, and a little nervous, you reply “what’s wrong?”

“I don’t want sound accusatory ma’am, but it didn’t look like you took anything out of that dressing room. Did you pay for that shirt?” He eyes it suspiciously, looking for tags, and lingering just a little too long on the chest area. You feel his eyes running over your skin, checking your pockets, uncomfortably close.

“This is mine! I was just trying to get it dry. I didn’t try on anything.”

“Hm...” he grunts noncommittally. “Can you turn around please? Face the wall.”

“Am I under arrest or something? This is stupid.” you say, rolling your eyes.

“Just face the wall, please.”, he reiterates.

A little annoyed, you decide it’s better not to start a fight with a dumb mall cop, and turn to face the wall. You suddenly feel strong hands roughly patting down your back, sides, then moving down to your jeans pockets.

“Hey! Is that really necessary?” you say, startled.

“Standard procedure ma’am,” says the guard in a monotone.

His hands move down your thighs, to your calf, and and back up to the front of your shirt, where he stops short.

“Ok,” he says to the cashier, “she’s fine.” And then to you, in that same monotone voice, “you can move along ma’am. Try to stay out of trouble.”

Irritated and offended, you walk briskly for the front of the store. “The nerve! I don’t even think that’s legal. I should report this to management. What was his name?” You look back trying to see a nametag. You see the security guard with his gaze fixed on you, making sure you leave. He reaches for his walkie talkie and clicks it on and says something under his breath. “Ah, forget it,” you think, and walk out into the mall.

Three stores later, the excitement of “getting a new outfit” is starting to wear off. You always forget how much you hate shopping. And your stomach is starting to rumble at the thought of that pizza place just down the other end. “Alright, if one of these doesn’t work out, I’m done.” You walk to the dressing room holding a pile of six or seven outfits. Trying to stay positive, thinking about hitting the bars later that night, you tried to find something a little sexy, but not too slutty... not like that stuff you wore in college. “Though, when’s the last time I got a free drink?” you wonder, smirking. Next to the dressing rooms you see some cut-off denim shorts, and you grab one quickly, thinking “what the hell, I can try it on.”

Just inside the fitting room is a handsome young guy, probably early 20’s, sorting through a huge pile of clothes and putting them on hangers.

“How many items?” he asks, sounding like he’s been asking the same question all day.

“Uh... eight, I think?” you say, juggling all the hangers in your arms.

He grabs a hanger that says “8” on it and walks down the line of rooms. He knocks on one, and pushes the door open. “Here you go,” he says, as he walks away.

You bump around the small room, trying on outfit after outfit. A skimpy tank top, tight skirts, those denim shorts, a button-up blouse, skinny jeans, a low cut t-shirt, and more. Nothing is screaming out at you. Frustrated, you try escaping the tight t-shirt, but it’s so tight it gets stuck around your head. While you are pulling frantically at it, you hear a knock at the door, and someone pushes it open.

“Here you go... oh! Sorry, someone in there. I, uh, ok.” and he closes the door. You have just enough time to yank the top off your head and see the young guy’s widened eyes through the door before it snaps shut.

“Is everyone going to see me naked today!?” you say under your breath. But again, you feel a little flutter in your chest, remembering the blush in the young man’s face as he closed the door. “Don’t even go there, he’s at least five years younger than you.”

You continue through your pile of clothes, pulling out a tight skirt with a slit up the thigh. You slip off the denim shorts (they didn’t look quite like that fabled old pair) and, standing in just your panties, try to unzip the skirt. “Dammit, this stupid thing!” you say out loud as you struggle with the zipper.

“Need any help in there?” you hear the attendant’s voice from outside.

You freeze, feeling awkward. “Uh, no, thanks, got it.” Why was he listening so closely? Anyway, after a few more yanks, you get the zipper undone, and slip the skirt up over your hips. It’s just too tight. You pull and pull, trying to squeeze into it, then trying in vain to pull the zipper up, but it won’t make it to the top. You give up, standing there with the skirt halfway off and look up, just in time to see (or at least you think you saw) a pair of eyes staring at you from between the door and the doorframe. “Did he really just peep at me?” you wonder. You shift slightly to the right, and yes, there again are his eyes. You are about to say something, when you get

another idea. Smirking, you turn your back to the door, and, putting your hands on the band of your panties, slowly slip them down over your ass and let them fall to the floor. Then you turn to the door, open it with a jolt, just a crack so you can look through, and say “enjoying the view?”

Eyes wide, the young man coughs, or hiccups, or something, and bends down to pick up a discarded piece of clothing. “Just, cleaning up, I didn’t, sorry...” he trails off.

Closing the door and smiling at yourself, you put back on your old jeans and t-shirt. As you walk past the blushing man, who is talking low into one of those damn walkie talkies that all the staff seemed to have, you drop the pile of tried-on clothes in front of him. “Mind putting these back for me?” And strut out of the fitting room.

Feeling confident and sexy after your little prank, you stroll back down the length of the mall towards the food court. “I’m sick of shopping. I’ve got something at home I can wear, I’m sure.” You smell baking cheese and pepperoni as you reach the pizza joint, and walk to the back of the sizeable line already forming, even though it’s only mid-morning. Squinting up at the menu, you see a smudge on your glasses, and take them off to rub them clean. Thunder booms overhead and the lights in the old mall flicker. “As long as the power doesn’t go out before I get my food!”

Part 3 - Captured!

I put down the walkie-talkie and turn in my chair to the array of security cameras by my desk. Scanning from one monitor to the next, I spot the person I’m looking for. She’s standing at the back of the huge queue of people trying to get pizza. That fucking pizza place is always packed, I don’t know what it is about it. It’s not even that good. I take the controls, select the correct input stream, and pan down and left a bit, then zoom in to see closer. Tall, skinny, boobs poking out from her white t-shirt, still-damp hair in waves down her back and shoulders. She takes off her glasses for a minute to clean them on her shirt, and I catch sight of a few inches of her toned stomach before she tugs it down and puts the glasses back on her face. These new hi-res cameras were a good investment.

Getting up, I grab my big ring of keys and head to the door. I take the service elevator up to the main floor and then the back hallway towards the food court. Emerging from the door marked “Employees Only”, I turn to scan the crowd. There you are, on the balls of your feet, craning your neck and squinting up at the menu.

“Excuse me ma’am,” I say firmly.

“What now?” you reply, exasperated. This really has been a long morning.

“I’m going to need you to come with me.” I respond.

“What? Why?” Suddenly very worried, you look around at the other people in line who are now all staring at you curiously.

“We should talk about that in private ma’am,” I say, reaching for your arm.

Reluctantly, you allow me to lead you away from the crowd and towards the “Employees Only” door.

“Where are we going?” you say skeptically. Why wouldn’t he say what this was about.

“Please ma’am, I need you to come to my office for a minute,” I explain. “I am the chief of security for this mall, and we’ve had some reports regarding you that we need to discuss.”

“This is ridiculous, I haven’t done anything.” My hand is still clasped firmly on your upper arm, and for a brief moment you feel like a little girl getting in trouble. You feel patronized and helpless, but you’re not sure if getting defensive is the best option. “I’m sure once we talk it over, you’ll see I haven’t done anything.”

The elevator hits the lower level and the doors slowly open. “All the way down the hall and to the right, please,” I instruct. You hear a jingle from the walkie talkie at my hip. I unclip it from my belt and flip it open. After a moment, I say, “Yes, it’s taken care of. Yes, in a minute,” and then clip the device back to my belt.

Turning the corner, you enter a large room that looks like a warehouse. There are shelves and boxes everywhere. In the center of the room is a long table, with a single chair.

“This is your office?” you ask, surprised?

“Please ma’am, have a seat.” I direct you towards the chair.

From the corner of the room, a man comes out from next to a stack of boxes. It’s the stupid security guard from earlier! He walks forward and pulls out the chair for you to sit in.

“You? Is that what this is about? Look, this is *my* shirt.” you shout angrily.

“Have a seat!” I say with a strong, raised voice that makes you stop short. You sit down in the chair being held by the security guard and look fearfully back at me, standing in front of the table.

“I have had numerous reports from staff members about you over the past hour,” I begin. “Shoplifting in a department store...”

“I did not...!” you begin, but I cut you off.

“Improperly disposing of oversized waste,” I continue, looking down at a clipboard of notes.

“Are you fucking serious!?” Now you are really outraged. “I’m being interrogated for...” but again you are cut off.

“Knowingly exposing yourself to a staff member,” I say, pointing to the clipboard with my pen.

“I uh...” you start. “He was peeking at me through...” but again, you are cut off. It’s as if no one is listening to a word you say.

“What kind of car do you drive?” I ask.

“Honda Civic, why?” you respond, shaking with anger now.

“You were parked in a handicapped spot,” I respond, “we’ll have to issue you a citation for that as well.”

“Bullshit!” You are shouting now. “I was way in the back of the lot.”

“Keep your voice down, please! What is your name ma’am, do you have any ID on you?” I ask.

“It’s Jen, Jen Stevens. I work downtown. You can check my ID!” You struggle for a moment to reach your wallet, but you can’t reach with the handcuffs on. You look from me to the guard, and back, thinking fast. “I want to speak to a lawyer! This is all preposterous.” You stand up to leave. This is getting out of hand. You need to call someone about this right away. But as you stand you feel cold metal on your left wrist, as the security guard clasps a handcuff on you.

“What!?” you shout, as thunder rolls dimly outside against the roar of rain on the roof. The security guard is much stronger than you expected. He forcefully sits you down in the chair again, and quickly cuffs the right hand through the back of the chair to the left, leaving you immobile.

Your heart beats faster as adrenaline pumps through your veins. This can’t be happening! You don’t get arrested and handcuffed for ‘improper disposal of oversized waste’! You pull hard at the cuffs, but only manage to dig them painfully into your wrists.

“I’m sorry ma’am,” I continue calmly, “but I’m going to have to ask you to stay put until I can verify the claims and call the police.” I take out the walkie-talkie again and click it open, saying “alright boys, can you come in here?”

Part 4 - The Deal

A few tense moments pass without anyone saying anything. You feel like you are fighting to breathe, your mind racing. “How can I talk my way out of this?” you think. “Do I really want the police involved? I suppose I did expose myself to that one guy, but that was innocent enough! And if it’s my word against the store, how can I prove I didn’t shoplift?” You begin to feel like this day has gone way out of your control.

A moment later, in walks the janitor and the young man from the fitting room.

“Thanks for coming down,” I say, turning to them. “Is this the woman you reported to me about?”

“Yes!” says the janitor, with a unsettling smile on his face.

“Yeah, that’s her,” says the young man, though he doesn’t look so bashful now. There’s an excited look in his eyes.

“Look,” you start, “this is all a big misunderstanding. You see, it was raining, and my sweater got wet, and…” but explaining the whole thing from the beginning just seems to be pointless in the face of these determined men glaring at you, and your voice trails away.

I approach the table again, staring down at you where you sit, dejected and chained to the chair.

“I’m sorry, Jen was it?” I ask slyly. “I’m sorry Jen, but I’m going to have to call the police. Just be patient and they will be here soon.”

“Wait, please don’t!” You beg, the anger starting to slip away from your voice.

I glance at the security guard behind you and give him a knowing look. You can’t see it but he is smiling wickedly behind the chair. The other two stare hungrily at the scene unfolding in front of them.

“Tell you what,” I begin slowly. “I think we can make a deal.”

“What do you mean?” you ask suspiciously. “Are you trying to get me to bribe you? You can’t do that!”

“No, no, nothing like that,” I say quickly. “I was talking with this young man here, and he says you were quite the tease in the fitting room a while ago.”

“Um...” you start to say. That caught you off guard. Where is this going? “Yeah, I suppose I did, a little.”

“Well,” I ask, “if you were comfortable doing it once, how would you feel about doing it again?”

This just took a turn towards the bizarre. This man, these men, were asking for a striptease to get out of legal trouble? It was absurd! And degrading. And highly illegal. And... but why not? A little under an hour ago, you had done it with a smirk on your face, and walked away feeling powerful and sexy. Was it such a bad thing? And if just doing a little striptease could get you out of all this stupid hassle with police and lawyers. How would you ever explain this situation in court? It would be a nightmare.

“So...” you begin slowly, hardly believing what you are saying. “So I do a, uh, like a striptease for you guys, and then that’s it? I can go?”

“Well, not exactly. For the next two hours, I just want you to follow my directions,” I say, enjoying the sight of you becoming agitated at the idea. “Show us a little more of what you were teasing, that’s all. Just follow my directions, and at the end, if you’ve done everything I’ve asked, we’ll drop these charges and just forget this whole thing ever happened.”

“Two hours?” you ask “That’s a bit long for a strip tease.” (You can’t believe you are even discussing this, this is crazy!) “Is that all that would be involved? What do you mean by...”

But again I cut you off. “Just follow my directions. Is that so hard? I’m trying to give you a way out of this. I thought you would be up for it, you seem pretty open minded, but if not, I’ll just call the police now and you can stop wasting my time!”

There is a long pause. The other men in the room shift excitedly. You notice the janitor has his hand in his pocket, and he’s clearly stroking himself. This is wrong. Everything about this is wrong. But is there even a choice at this point? These men seem determined to make this happen, just saying ‘no thanks’ doesn’t seem like it would work. Two hours? What could they possibly have in mind that would take two hours. This was not what you had in mind when you said you wanted to get out and do something interesting today. This is not what you had in mind when you said you wanted to meet somebody at a bar. This was weird, and uncomfortable. But in the back of your mind, a very small part of you was feeling that adrenaline rush, just like this morning when the guy outside your window caught a brief glimpse of your breasts. Just like when you bared your ass for the young man in the fitting room. It felt dirty, and exciting, all at once. You didn’t like it.

Finally, with a feeling of stepping out over a cliff and not knowing where you would land, you said quietly “ok”.

“You agree to do whatever I say for the next two hours?” I ask pointedly.

“Yes”, you say, with more conviction in your voice now.

“Yes sir” I correct.

Puzzled, you ask “What?”

“Yes sir,” I repeat firmly. “I am the ranking authority figure both at this mall and in this deal we’ve made. It’s just a sign of respect. You will address me as sir. You want me on your side in this, so you could do with showing me a little more respect. So, do you agree to do whatever I say for the next two hours?”

The word feels uncomfortable in your mouth, as if by saying it you were giving up some piece of yourself, some amount of your free-will.

“Yes, sir.”

Part 5 - Session 1

I smile at you, happy to feel you giving way somewhat. This is all going exactly as planned, and I give an approving nod to the security guard behind you. “Go ahead, get her out of those cuffs. She’s going to do a little show for us.”

The security guard’s rough hands work quickly to unlock the handcuffs, which he puts back on his belt.

“Step forward, away from the table,” I say with authority.

Timidly, you stand up from the chair, rubbing your bruised wrists. And step forward. An overhead light directly above you is the only light in the room, almost making you feel like you are on stage. The corners of the room are dim and hard to make out, where the other three men are standing, watching. You can just make out a red EXIT sign in the far corner. Could you make it if you ran? No, not with them watching. Your eyes flit back to me, standing in front of you, waiting.

Your voice wavers a little, but you manage to say “Wh-what do you want me to do?”

“Well, start with your top,” I suggest.

You take a deep breath, and reach down for the edge of your shirt and start to pull it up. “Just pretend they’re not there, nobody’s watching,” you think to yourself.

“Hold on! Not like that. Come on, dance a little, give us a show!” I say brightly and patronizingly.

Feeling even more awkward than before, if that is possible, you start to sway your hips side to side, trying your best to look like what you imagine the girls at strip clubs do. Though you don’t think those girls ever have to do it under a bright light, in silence, and without a bouncer nearby to save you if anything goes wrong.

You drag your fingers up from your hips to the bottom of the t-shirt, then slowly pull it up, first showing one breast, then the other, and finally pulling it off over your head. You give it a little twirl and toss it towards me, but instantly that just feels silly and you become more self-conscious. Well, there it is, you are standing topless in the middle of a dark room, with four men staring directly at you. You feel that familiar rush in the back of your mind, building up in your chest. You think about standing in front of the bedroom window. You try to ignore it. It feels too inappropriate to enjoy anything about this whole degrading thing. "Get it over with and go home," you think to yourself. You were not going to allow yourself to see any bright side to this.

At this point, you notice in one of the dark alcoves, the janitor. He no longer has his hand in his pocket. He's unzipped his pants, and he's stroking his erect cock right there in plain view. For a moment you stop moving, disgusted. "Well, what did I expect this was going to be," you think. "Did I really think they would just sit and watch?"

"Don't us waiting," I say, startling you out of your thoughts.

"Sorry," you say quickly, and resume swaying.

In two quick steps I'm right in front of you, and you feel a swift slap across your left cheek. It's just hard enough to sting for a few seconds (honestly, you've had worse in your past), but the shock of it makes you freeze in your tracks.

"Sorry sir, you mean." I say quietly.

After a pause, trembling, you say "Sorry. Sir."

"Good girl. Now continue," I say, as I walk back out of the spotlight.

Everything suddenly feels more tense. You hadn't expected any of them to actually touch you, let alone hit you. But what could you say about it? It was part of the deal. You start dancing again, turning on the spot, trying to regain that feeling of putting on a show. You run your hands down your sides to your hips, and then begin unbuttoning your jeans. Thinking back to that moment in the dressing room, pretending you are still there, you slide the jeans and panties off in one smooth, slow motion to the floor. You step out of them, and give your small pile of clothes a little kick to the side. You can see the eyes on the men watching you hungrily as you dance in front of them, naked and silent. There is something satisfying about being that captivating, though. You give a weak smile, and try to accept it like praise. "Just get in the right mindset, and this is easy, and it'll be over in no time," you think.

"Very nice," I say, though I don't sound all that impressed. "Get down on your knees."

You've started imagining some club music with heavy beats in your head, to combat the stifling silence and the sound of the rain. Without missing a beat you go down on one knee and then the other, spreading your legs wide and gyrating up and down, running your hands over your body. Despite all your internal protests, you are a little turned on just from touching yourself and the motion of your body. This isn't so bad! You can do this, you are powerful and sexy, and you'll probably laugh about this tomorrow. Lost in your own thoughts, you don't even notice the janitor approaching you from the side.

In a heartbeat he grabs your head with both hands as you sit on your knees on the floor, and guides your

mouth onto his already hard, wet cock. Your mouth opens instinctively to accept it, and you hate your instincts for giving you away so easily. He shoves deep into your throat and you gag slightly before pushing him off with as much force as you can.

“What the hell!?” you shout, wiping your mouth, and looking from the janitor to me. “You never said...!”

“You said you would do whatever I instructed you to do,” I say sternly. “And right now you are going to suck his cock until he’s satisfied you’ve done a good enough job.”

“But...” you begin to protest, but already the janitor has taken another step towards you. You back your head up a few inches reflexively, but the back of your head hits the table behind you, and you feel suddenly trapped. Your heart is racing, you can’t think straight. You barely notice that he is deep inside your mouth again, pumping back and forth. You feel saliva drooling down the corners of your mouth. Finally he pulls out and you gasp for breath, spitting out a glob of saliva and precum.

“Up, on the table” says the janitor.

You look to me, and I nod sternly. You get up off of your knees and sit up on the table. The janitor’s hands are on you now, laying you back on the table, massaging your breasts, pulling you so that your head hangs backwards over the edge. You feel a sharp pinch on your right nipple and you gasp with the pain of it.

This was not part of the deal! Or was it? “What have I agreed to?” you wonder to yourself. Now the door was open to a whole slew of other possibilities. “I can stop this anytime I want,” you thought frantically. But can you? would they stop? You didn’t think so. And even if they did, the deal would be off, and you would have gone through this for nothing.

Better to get this over with as fast as possible. You are actually pretty good at blowjobs, a fact that you would have gloated about happily at the bar later, but not something you felt particularly proud of now. But if I can just get him to cum, this part will be over.

You lean your head back and open your mouth wide as the janitor approaches again. He slides his cock slowly into your mouth. Gripping your hips with his mouth, he rocks you back and forth on the smooth table, using you like a toy. You can feel his hot, firm cock in your throat, pressing ever further. You begin to feel like you can barely breathe, and you push back on his chest. He thankfully gives you a few seconds to gasp and spit before plunging back into you again. You are experienced enough that you can tell he is already close. He must have been warming up this entire time over in his corner. The arms holding your hips tense, muscles in his stomach clench. You feel dirty even using this trick, acting like you enjoy it, but you’ve been with enough guys to know a little moan will send him over the edge. Despite the thick cock preventing you from speaking, you manage to get out a rather loud moan, opening your mouth wider and sliding yourself back onto him. He spasms, hot cum shooting into your throat. It’s too much to hold in your mouth and it dribbles out from your lips and onto the floor. For five full seconds he holds it there, not moving, occasionally pulsing more hot liquid into your already full mouth, before pulling out of you with a loud sigh.

“Swallow that,” I order.

You had almost forgotten there were other people in the room, watching the whole spectacle. You try to close your mouth and swallow as much as you can. Finally you open your empty mouth, breathing hard, and coughing.

And as the realization of what just happened floods your mind, you find, to your disgust, that there's a small wet spot on the table under you. "Did I really get wet just now?" You reach down absentmindedly, still laying on the table and breathing heavily, and touch your wet pussy. "God, what the fuck? What is wrong with me?" You quickly move your hand away, not wanting to think about what it meant.

I look approvingly at you breathing heavily on the table. This is all working out so well. I look over to the tall security guard standing in the shadows. "You're up, mate."

Part 6 - Session 2

You turn your head on the table and look at the approaching guard.

"I thought..." you start, fumbling for words, and still trying to swallow the remnants of cum in your throat. "I mean, how long has it been?"

"Only 15 minutes. But you're doing fine. You do want to continue don't you? We still have a deal?"

Again, with that feeling of entrapment, you say "Yes sir."

"Good girl. And what do you want?" I ask.

Taken aback, you look back at me. "What do you mean?"

"Answer my question. What do you want?" I ask again.

A number of things enter your mind. Going home? A slice of pizza? Not to be trapped in a basement with four deranged perverts?

"I saw you touch yourself just now," I explain. "I think maybe you want to have an orgasm."

"Um, no, I don't think..." you reply, still confused.

"I think you do. Tell him you want to cum." I instruct.

The security guard approaching looks questioningly down at you with a smile, almost a sneer, on his face.

"I want to cum." I say robotically.

"I don't believe you," replies the security guard. "Tell me again."

"Alright," you think, "if we're going to do this, I guess it has to be full-out."

"Please sir, please let me cum!" you beg, trying your best to impersonate the cock-hungry nymphomaniac actresses you were watching online last night.

"Not bad, but I think you can do better," says the guard. Once again, he takes out his handcuffs, and kneeling

down quickly by your head, locks your hands to one of the table legs. Moving methodically around the table, he takes out more cuffs and shackles one leg to each of the opposite table legs. You are spread out in an "X" on the table, somehow feeling more exposed than ever, though you've been naked for almost half an hour now.

"Say it again," the guard prompts.

Internally rolling your eyes, you say "Please, would you please make me cum? I want to cum so bad." It sounds silly and baby-ish, like the worst, cheesiest pornos.

Because of how you are cuffed to the table, you can see what the guard is doing down at the end of the table where your feet are. You shift uncomfortably, then decide to try again. "I, uh, I really want to cum, please sir, I..." and suddenly you feel a strong rough tongue on your clit. "Oh!" you squeal, without meaning to. His large, tough hands are roaming your body, making your skin prickle with goosebumps wherever they touch. The fact that you can't crane your neck enough to see what's going on makes it even more exhilarating, not knowing where they will be next. His strong, slow, steady rhythm on your clit is making you hot and flush. You begin grinding your hips up to meet his mouth. A small, and ever shrinking part of you, is horrified at what you are doing, and the other part, the part that makes your chest flutter and mind race, was growing stronger. "Why are you playing along? This is wrong, wrong, wrong! Are you really that sex-deprived and weak?" But at this point the answer was irrelevant. You couldn't stop the building intensity in your body if you tried. You had no choice but to accept it. "Mmmm," the moan escaped your lips unbidden.

At once, the hot breath on your sopping wet pussy disappeared, the course tongue left with a final lick. The hands that had been pulling at your hard nipples vanished.

"No, please! Don't stop!" you blurt out.

"Now that one I believed," says the tall man.

Writhing in agony, and with a now returning feeling of revulsion, you feel your resolve start to weaken.

"Please!" you beg again.

Then you hear a buzzing sound coming from somewhere by your feet. The vibrator sounds more intense than the ones you had tucked in your bedside table at home. It had an extension cord plugged into an outlet in the floor. He brought it up to the table and touched it briefly to your calf. Shivers went up your body and made the hairs on your scalp stand on end.

He slowly moved the vibrator up to your knee, and then the inside of your thigh, making you twitch violently. From there he moved even slower up to your hip. The buzzing sensation even from there sent waves of sensation through your clit, and you felt like everything below your bellybutton had electric currents shooting through. He moved sideways from your hip, pressing the soft head of the vibrator onto your clit, massaging it there for a few seconds. You were seeing dark patches and sparks in your vision. "Yes, yes!" you shouted, not even holding back anymore, desperate for it to be over.

And again, the sensation vanished. The buzzing sound stopped. "No!" you complained loudly. "I'm so close, please, just let me finish, please keep going." The tall security guard smiles down at you and casually runs his fingers up your wet pussy, flicking your clit with his thumb. You are so close you feel like a breath of wind would push you over the edge to the best orgasm of your life. His fingers disappear again, and you moan in

disappointment. It is starting to physically hurt being so close to cumming and not going over the edge. The next thing you feel are two fingers sliding deep into your wet pussy, then sliding out and over your clit. You strain against the metal holding you down, trying to push your hip onto his fingers, but finding nothing but air.

“I think that’s enough for now,” I say, giving the security guard a look.

“No!” you say, writing and straining on the table. “I want to cum, please sir, I want to cum,” the words tumbling out of your mouth without thinking.

“Maybe later, if you behave,” I say. “Anybody hungry?”

Part 7 - Lunch is Served

“What?” You ask, amazed? “What do you mean?”

“Food, you know, lunch? I’m hungry.” I say, with a smirk. “How about you guys?”

“Yeah, sure,” comes the general consensus from the other three men.

I begin unpacking a bag at the side of the table, and the three men pull up three more chairs to add to the one that is already at the table.

“What the fuck is going on?” you think, as the men pull up to the table.

“Don’t look so scared,” I reply to the wordless question on your face. “We’ve been going at it for about an hour now, it’s after noon, and I brought sushi. Do you like sushi?”

Not sure if you should be taking this seriously, or if this was some sort of mind game, you look over to the bag being unpacked. Sure enough, in it were containers of sushi rolls, chopsticks, wasabi and soy sauce, a small stack of plates.

“Um... sure?” you reply, still in disbelief that they would put their sex games on hold for a snack. However, your stomach is grumbling audibly at this point, and you sincerely wish that you had had that slice of pizza before being captured. Then you shake your head, completely amazed that you are thinking about pizza while being humiliated, fucked, and tied to a table. This was not a normal day.

“Have you ever heard of Nyotaimori?” I ask, casually. “No? It doesn’t look like it registered.” Using my chopsticks I grab one piece of sushi from a tray and place it on your stomach. This is just beyond weird. The cold touch of the rice on your skin makes you twitch involuntarily, your body still on edge from a few minutes ago, making every light touch feel like a slap in the face.

“Nyotaimori is a Japanese practice, and is considered quite a deluxe activity.” I place two more pieces on your stomach. “It means literally ‘serve foods on the female body’. Only in Japan, right?” Another piece goes on your hip. “I saw it once when I was visiting there last year, and I’ve always wanted to try it.” More pieces placed on the hips, thighs, and boobs. “And now you’re here! Now, you are going to hold very still while we eat, right?”

Perplexed by this bizarre turn of events, you nod your head and say “Sure, I guess.”

I reach out with my chopsticks and pinch hard on your nipple.

“Yes sir!” you gasp. “I meant yes sir!”

“Good girl. How make sure you don’t move this,” I place a bowl of soy sauce and wasabi right at the triangle of your pussy and upper thighs. “You don’t want to spill that, I’m sure it wouldn’t feel too good.”

At that point, the men began talking amongst each other, completely ignoring you as you lay on the table. Every touch with the chopsticks makes you tremble as the almost-orgasm slowly subsides, leaving your body aching with denied desire. You struggle to hold your body rigid to balance the bowl of liquid sitting precariously by your crotch.

But once you began to get past the alien, bizarre, weirdness of the whole thing, you start to relax. “At least I’m getting a break, right?” you think. “Nobody is fucking me, or slapping me, or choking me. Does this count as part of the two hours.”

The conversation around you has moved on to some of the women the men work with at the mall, and the various things they would do to them. At first you feel disgusted by some of their suggestions, until you stop to think about the situation your are currently in. “I guess I’m not one to judge, am I? Look what I am doing.”

Out of the corner of your eye, you can still see that red EXIT sign through the dimness of the dark warehouse. If they ever let you off this table - and that’s a big if at this point - you could still make a run for it. And do what? You’ll probably end up naked, in the parking lot, without your keys. But would that be worse than laying here, sore, hungry, and being used as a human table? There was no right answer. “And you did give your word to sir,” you thought, and then just as quickly silently cursed yourself for it. The sentence sat there in your mind, mocking you. “What the hell is wrong with me?” you thought again.

“Would you like some?” I ask, startling you out of concentration.

“Yes, please sir.” you answer, almost automatically. You are so hungry.

“Open your mouth,” I order, and you quickly obey. If it was a trick, at this point you hardly cared. What else could these men possibly do to you? But to your surprise, I actually fed a piece of sushi into your open mouth.

You greedily chewed, and though it was difficult to manage lying on your back, managed to swallow. Your stomach gratefully gurgled. Knowing full well what you would have to say to get more, you say, “Thank you sir. May I please have another?”

Another piece, and then a third. You like sushi. And there are worse things than being hand-fed good food, as much as it may feel like being some sort of pet. And you were hungry enough not to care anyway.

Again you asked “Please sir, can I...” but a light slap on the cheek told you that you were being too greedy, and you immediately fell silent.

I look across the table to the young man from the fitting room. “I believe it’s your turn. Enjoy.”

Part 8 - Session 3

Ok, now you were beginning to see a light at the end of the tunnel. Two men down, two to go. There was a system to this thing. You just have to persevere to the end.

But wait... you feel a key clicking in a lock by your feet! The handcuffs fall away, leaving your legs free at last. You feel blood rushing back into your feet, and feel painful bruises where you had pulled against the restraints in uncontrolled passion. You hadn't even noticed that you did that.

And now your hands are being freed, one at a time. The plates and things have all been cleared away. Everyone is moving away from the table, dragging chairs back to the sides of the room. This is your chance!

You bolt for the EXIT sign. You have no plan. The only thing in your mind at this exact moment is escape. Fear fills your chest, your blood pounding in your ears. If you can just reach it, this will all be over, and who cares about the police and the car and all that, you'll just run as far as you can.

"I don't think so!" I shout after you. And there standing under the sign, was the security officer. He beat you to it by several steps. Grabbing your arms and holding them behind your back, he walks you unceremoniously back to the table and leans you over it.

You hear the unfortunate clack of handcuffs coming back out, and how your arms are bound fast behind your back. Then, without warning, the security guard pulls his hand back and gives you one, hard, spank on the right side of your ass. Pain shoots through your body, and you feel a tingling on your skin where his hand print must surely be visible.

I nod to two other men, and they in turn stand behind you while the security guard holds your cuffed hands. Each gives you a satisfying smack, in the same spot, causing your eyes to water. Lastly, I step up to you. I see you brace for the impact, screwing your eyes shut, a sharp intake of breath. But it never comes.

I bend down close to your ear and whisper intently, "Are you going to try to escape again before you are finished?"

"No sir!" you say through gritted teeth.

"Do you know what will happen if you do try again?" I ask.

"Yes, sir!" you say, louder this time.

And for a second you had the strangest sensation. You hadn't expected the spankings. You knew obviously if they caught you that *something* would happen, so it shouldn't have been that unexpected. Before each one landed, you felt a wave of fear. How hard would he hit? How much can I take? But when you tensed up and sir *didn't* hit you that last time it felt... different. Like it was supposed to happen, and it was taken away. Was it, disappointment? "No, that's fucked up." you mutter under your breath.

"What was that?" I ask curiously.

“Nothing, sir.” You respond, burying the unsettling feeling deep inside you.

By this point you are still lying face down on the table, your arms cuffed behind you. All of the men have dispersed except for the young man from the fitting room. Turning your head to the side, you see his eyes are wide and hungry, just like when you saw them through the door of the changing room.

You could see that his his belt was undone, and you could make out a huge bulge in his boxers.

The next thing you knew something large and thick was pushing into your pussy. This guy was huge! You were in utter amazement, followed shortly by the pain of being stretched way too fast and too far. It had been almost half an hour since you had almost-cum, and you were definitely not ready for all of this.

“Ow! Please... could you please slow down just a b...ow!” came another long thrust. Turning to the side you could see the hungry look in the man’s eyes.

“Ok,” you think, wincing as another thrust, “I can do this, I can do this. Just change your frame of mind, and it will all seem easier. I want this. Just think it to yourself, I want this, I want this!” You try to ignore the chaffing, the painful stretching. Focus on the feeling of that big cock filling you completely. It was hot, and hard, harder than the other two men’s had been. You couldn’t think of another time you had felt so completely filled. None of your dildos at home were anywhere close to this guy.

Slowly, you started to feel him sliding easier in and out. You started to feel hot again, and that aching feeling in your pelvis was returning. That need to cum.

You hear him grunt behind you, obviously feeling you start to get excited as well, and loving it. His hands, which were holding the handcuffs, moved to either side of your hips and pulled in hard, sending him ever deeper into you. Your eyes are still watering with the pain of it, but at the same time you are breathing heavier, and starting to buck back at him as he thrusts. You give a little whine of pleasure after a particularly rough thrust.

For a second, he slows down, and you hear him spit. You feel warm saliva running down your ass. You can hardly focus, with the mounting orgasm returning and your mind spinning, but you wonder briefly what’s going on.

You feel cold smooth metal run up from where his cock is inserted deep in your pussy, up toward your asshole. It stops there and circles for a moment, sliding easily on his spit. You look back and see that he is holding a shiny metal butt-plug in his hand.

“Oh, wait!” You start to say, “I’ve never, I don’t...”

But then the smooth butt-plug was pushed roughly into your ass with one firm movement.

You had always been interested in the idea of anal, but had somehow never worked up the courage to try it yourself. It was fun to watch in pornos, and a few boyfriends had begged to try it, but it just seemed to be way too taboo, and kind of gross. Up till this point you had never even tried fingering yourself there, let alone anything else.

And suddenly you felt the pain, and pressure, and wonderful tightness, and fullness. It created a whole new

sensation as he now began thrusting again, feeling him rub against it through the wall of your pussy. And the strain of trying to contain both the plug and his enormous cock was causing all the muscles in your pussy and ass and thighs to shake.

“Oh my god...” was the only thing that managed to come out of your mouth.

Obviously he felt the change too. He let out a short “Ah!” and you began to feel that familiar bucking sensation as he lost control of his own muscles. Faster and harder now he pumped, and your teeth were clenched against the pain of it. But you were getting so close again, and you hoped he could last until you were there.

“I’m coming!” he shouted with one final hard thrust. His fingernails dug into your back painfully as he pressed into you, causing the whole table to lurch forward a few inches. You felt his dick pulse over and over again, gushing into you. It was amazing how long it lasted. His right hand on your hip was holding and pulling so hard you felt like you would have a permanent handprint there. Finally, exhausted, he pulled out, pulling the butt-plug along with his own cock.

Once again, you were left with a ringing in your ears, and an orgasm just lurking beneath the surface of your skin. You felt like one more touch, light enough to pop a soap bubble, would cure you, release you from this torture. As the man takes a step back, your legs buckle and you sink to the floor, breathing heavily. His hot cum leaks out of your pussy and onto your thighs and onto the floor. You can feel it dripping out of you.

That last shred of guilt made it’s way to the forefront of your mind. Here you sat, naked, used, in a pool of cum, on a cement floor. You felt dirty, and sore, angry. But you also felt sexual, desperate, every nerve in your body on fire.

“You are doing very well. And look, only 20 minutes to go.” I say, checking my watch nonchalantly.

The buzzing in your ears begins to subside as you turn, exhausted, and look at me.

“Twenty more minutes? How much more can I stand?” you think. You can’t tell if twenty minutes is good or bad, soon or an eternity away.

“There’s just one more thing, and then you’ll be free to go, and we can put this whole thing behind us.” I say smiling. Thunder rolls quietly outside, for a moment reminding you that there is a world outside of this dark room.

“Now that you are good and warmed up, we are all going to fuck you together. How does that sound to you?”

Wondering how you can possibly take all four of these men at the same time, looking fearfully from one to the other, you whimper “please, sir...”

Another loud clap of thunder shook the building even down in the basement, and suddenly the lights went out.

Part 9 - Dealbreaker

Confusion. You hear feet scrambling all around. “What the fuck?” came somebody’s voice, but you don’t know who’s. In a moment of clarity, you stumble off the table and run in the dark towards the corner that you know

the EXIT is. You run awkwardly with your arms behind your back, and hit your right side painfully on the corner of one of the large storage shelves. But you keep running, almost running straight into the wall at the edge of the room. Feeling along the wall with your shoulder, you feel the metal of the door. You can escape! You can get away, before they gang rape you so hard you won't walk straight for a month. You can find help, surely, someone out there can help.

Behind you in the dark you hear cursing and confused shouts from the four men. "Fuck! Where is she? Dammit, why aren't the backup generators coming on?" "I think she ran, I heard her over here." "Over where!?"

"Get out!" says the voice in your head. You don't know why you are pausing to listen. You start to lean into the handle of the door, and you feel a breath of cool rain-soaked air on your face.

And then you pull back.

That other part of your brain is speaking now, and it's getting louder. The part that wanted that man from this morning to rush up your apartment steps and take you where you were standing in the window. The part that liked how the janitor and security guard had gazed, transfixed by your soaking wet t-shirt. The part that felt powerful, and vulnerable, and dirty and dangerous in the fitting room with the young man watching through the crack. The part that wanted so desperately to be fucked by four men at the same time, to be told what to do, to be manhandled and forced into submission, to finally be allowed to cum. Something clicked inside your brain at that moment.

Slowly you wandered back towards the shouting voices.

"Here, I found the switch for the backup generators," said the janitor from the other side of the room. "I don't know why they weren't on the automatic circuit."

He flipped them on, and the white light in the center burst back on, causing everyone to blink.

The four men stared, amazed, as you walked slowly back into the bright circle.

"I thought she bolted!" said the security guard.

Standing in the center, they stared at you. Hands locked together, nipples hard and red from being pinched, bright scratch marks down your back, a sizeable bruise on your right butt-cheek, and a trickle of cum running down the inside of your thigh.

Smiling in amazement, I step forward towards you, "You tried to escape didn't you?"

"Yes sir, I am sorry sir," you reply quickly.

"So you broke our deal? Why did you come back?" I ask, as all four men came forward into the circle.

"Please sir," you say, staring right at me, "I want to hold up my end of the deal. Please fuck me, and please let them fuck me. I want to do whatever you ask."

Like sharks they circle around you, coming closer, their eyes like daggers on your skin causing it to prickle.

The young man reaches out first, grabbing you and pulling you onto the table on top of him. How he could manage to get hard again after what he had done to you you didn't know, but he pulled you up onto his huge, hot cock and in one thrust brought you down onto it. You were already so wet there was no problem this time, just pure, instant pleasure. He rocks you back and forth as you ride him, feeling his cock shift deep inside you.

Then the security guard is pushing you forward, so your chest is flat against the young man's, and your head is near the tabletop. You look to the left and see the guard's firm dick over the edge of the table, coming close to your mouth. You open your pretty, soft, lips and swallow him hungrily, feeling the soft head of his cock on the back of your throat. For the first time in your life you have two men inside you at the same time, and you can't believe the rush of it. You feel like a ragdoll being tossed between two extremes as the young man pulls you down the table onto his cock, and the guard grabs your hair and pulls you closer to him.

I wait for a moment, watching them abuse you and fill you, the three of you starting to moan and gasp, before I approach from the near end of the table. Your ass is bobbing up and down in front of me, and I see that you are still nicely stretched out from that butt-plug. That was good planning on our part. I approach the table, my cock hard after watching this show for almost two straight hours, grab your ass with both hands, and slide into your asshole with one smooth motion.

You let out a squeal and momentarily lose the guard's dick as you shudder uncontrollably at this new sensation. Your whole body is quivering with the effort of containing both of our cocks in your ass and pussy, feeling them both move in and out with different rhythms is disorienting and explosive and satisfying. The guard grabs your hair with both hands and puts you back to work. He has had to endure longer than the other two, and I see him start to orgasm. He grabs your head, one hand in your hair and one on your neck, and pulls into you hard as he starts to cum. When he releases you, sighing and gasping, your mouth is leaking cum onto the floor. You spit and gasp for air and try to swallow as much as you can. He plunges into your mouth one last time to let you suck him clean, which you do happily.

You feel me and the young man pull out of you, leaving you practically out of your mind with desire, gyrating on the table.

"Do you want to come now?" I ask.

"Yes, please sir, I want you to let me cum. I will do anything."

I climb on the table next to you, and motion for you to climb on top, cowgirl style. I guide my heavy cock into your already wet asshole and feel you shudder and clench your muscles around it. I reach around your torso and grab your breasts and squeeze them roughly, pulling you back towards my chest so that the young man, now standing, can slide his cock back into your pussy.

I pull you slightly to the side so you can see the janitor, your first surprise, can approach from the side.

"Open your mouth, and hold still" I instruct.

"Yes sir!" You do as you are told and the janitor's slides in between your lips a moment later. He thrusts deeply in, over and over, fucking your mouth like it was your pussy.

You are moaning uncontrollably now, bucking back into the two cocks penetrating you, feeling the third throat-fucking you hard, gasping for breaths in between thrusts, that soap-bubble-thin barrier between you and

an explosive, mind-blanking orgasm just beyond your grasp.

The guard meanwhile, approaches the table from where he was standing. Leaning in through the tangle of limbs, manages to place his tongue right on your swollen, throbbing clit. His strong rough tongue once again starts licking and sucking you with strong slow strokes, but this time it isn't stopping.

You can't believe that so many sensations could be colliding all within your body. You feel so full and tight and ready to explode. The thrusting in all three of your holes is coming stronger and more wild now. You feel like a toy being played with by stronger forces, you feel completely out of control of your own body. The waves of intensity are sending rolling waves of pleasure through you, causing you to shudder and gasp. The rough tongue on your clit is past the point of no return as you feel a powerful orgasm begin to spread from that point throughout your body. But you can't allow it, not yet.

"Please sir," you practically scream, "can I cum now?"

"Yes, cum now," I say as I plunge hard into you. I feel every muscle and tendon in your body tense, clenching my dick hard and shaking uncontrollably.

"Yes!" you shout, whole body spasming uncontrollably, but with four strong, rough pairs of hands holding you down and keeping you from stopping. You finally feel me cumming deep in your ass, driven on by your wild spasms.

For three whole minutes, as the four men slowly stop thrusting, we hold you tight as your body continues to convulse. Every breath, every touch, every small movement sends another wave of orgasms through your body.

And then one by one, we disengage from your body, pulling out of your tired, hot, heaving body.

You lay on the table, eyes closed, gasping. Cum dribbles from your ass, pussy, and mouth.

Finally, you managed to open your eyes, and say between heavy breaths, "Thank you sir. May I go now?"

I nod, checking my watch. "We had a deal. You've been a very good girl tonight. I think we can overlook your little transgressions, and those charges from earlier." I hand you a small bundle that contains your clothes and keys.

With that, the four men walk away from the circle of light, and out to the service corridor, leaving you lying, sweaty and cum-drenched, on the table. After a few minutes you tenderly pull back on your jeans and t-shirt, and stagger towards the EXIT. Opening the door, you walk out into the cool evening air. The rain has become a soft drizzle now, which you are thankful for, as it helps to hide the fact that most of your face is covered in cum. You ache all over, and gingerly you walk all the way to the back of the lot to your car. After a few minutes scrabbling with the keys, you manage to unlock it, get in, and close the door behind you.

It's another rainy Saturday evening, and you have nowhere to go. You don't feel like going out to the bar. But at least you can say you don't feel so boring or uninteresting at the moment. In your head you quietly thank "sir" and his buddies for... well, you wouldn't say nice. But certainly an unforgettable day. You start the car to head home. You should probably take a shower.