

The Return of the Bikini Thief

Damsels Anonymous Volume 5

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Story by Valereya James and Headlock Homer

1.

“Mlleett mmmee mooo! Ufff mmm glllbbllm!” The lifeguard mumbled into her gag as she wriggled her nude body against Anya's feet. Her struggles caused her brown hair with blond highlights to fall in front of her eyes. She huffed into the layers of white medical gauze wrapped around her mouth – the same gauze that bound her hands behind her back and her ankles together – and tossed her hair back to glare up at her captor.

Anya only smiled and shrugged at the girl as she adjusted her breasts in the red one piece swimsuit that had once belonged to the naked, bound, girl. During her career as “The Bikini Thief”, Anya had a weakness for lifeguard uniforms, and had several whole dressers on her yacht filled with them. There was something about lifeguards and their uniforms – the fact that they were able to be sexy while they worked, but also because a lot of the time they were young, and innocent – that just worked for Anya.

“Hllp! Hllp mfff!” The girl tried screaming into her gag, and started to smack her bound body against Tanya's ankle. Her small breasts rubbed against Anya's bare legs, causing the older blond woman to break out in goosebumps. Once again, Anya smiled at the girl and turned to her reflection in the full length mirror along the wall in the guard shack.

The girl was younger and more petite than Anya, therefore her swimsuit didn't quite fit right. While the lifeguard was relatively flat chested, Anya was quite buxom, which meant that she had maximum cleavage in the small suit, and a lot of side boob. Anya's ass was also bigger than the girl's, something that the bikini thief was proud of, and when Anya turned to check out her backside in the mirror, she couldn't help but notice that the red fabric of the swimsuit barely covered her large, solid ass cheeks.

Better embrace it. Anya smiled and pulled on the rear of the swimsuit, hiking it up her ass crack

into a thong.

All swimsuits should be thongs anyway. Anya smiled and turned back around. Her ass was all natural, a product of hours spent in a gym every day, and she loved to show it off.

She realized that there was probably a rule about lifeguards showing off their buttocks, but she didn't care. Anya wasn't planning on posing as a lifeguard for long. In fact, she was only going to be playing the part long enough to relieve some lucky – or unlucky – ladies of their sexy swimwear. It was one of Anya's favorite cons, she would go to a very popular beach, pose as a lifeguard, and then rob several women of their money, valuables, and bikinis. People trusted you when you looked like a lifeguard and dropped their guard, and that meant that Anya could usually trick them back to the guard shack or somewhere else private and strip them and tie them up.

Of course there was a time limit: Anya only had until the guard that she stole the uniform from was found.

Anya finished checking herself in the mirror and stepped over the still wriggling lifeguard to a table where she had set her bag. Also on the table next to her bag was the bikini she had previously been wearing, a black two piece thong, and her small handgun. She shoved both the bikini and the gun into the bag and turned to take a final look at the bound and gagged lifeguard.

“Oh don't worry honey, I'm sure that fella you were flirting with will come along and find you any minute now.” Anya chuckled.

“Ufff ffflll...” The girl tossed her head back and moaned. Apparently, being found naked and bound and gagged by her crush was not an ideal situation for her, though perhaps it was the guy's fantasy.

When Anya first stepped onto the beach, she saw the lifeguard standing by one of the guard towers talking to a boy about her age with a deep tan, hard pecs, and frosted blond hair. It was obvious by the girl's body language and the way she laughed at everything the boy said that this girl was into him. Then Anya came over and started to deliberately exaggerate her South American accent. She

pretended to swoon, to say that her legs felt wobbly and her head hurt, that she thought she had heat stroke. The girl didn't appreciate that her flirting was interrupted and told her to sit down, but Anya insisted that she need out of the sun. After some more theatrics, the girl sighed and said she would bring her to the guard shack to rest. It was another one of Anya's favorite moves – interrupt them when they're distracted by something else. From the lifeguard's point of view, Anya was some annoying blond tourist, and the girl would do anything to make Anya go away so that she could get back to flirting with the other guard.

Once the girl brought Anya into the guard shack, Anya pulled her gun and made the girl strip, and that brought her to where she was now: bound, gagged, and naked.

Once she had her bag, Anya once again stepped over the wriggling girl, who tried to raise her bound feet in an attempt to trip Anya. The bikini thief dodged the girl's feet, and then chuckled and wagged a finger at her.

I like her, she has spirit! Lots of times when Anya tied someone up, they usually just blubbered into their gags or tried to plead with her. This girl was a fighter. In a way she kind of reminded Anya of the women of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department.

Maybe she has a future with them? Anya smiled, and then opened the door to the guard shack and blew the girl a kiss.

“Ffff mmo!” The girl glared at her.

Anya only laughed and stepped out into the warm afternoon air. As she strolled away from the guard shack, Anya found herself thinking about her adventure in Marston's Pointe three months ago. It had started as a normal beach raid, but ended with Anya crossing paths with a police force consisting of bikini clad ladies and stealing a crashed plane filled with millions of dollars.

I wonder what happened to those ladies? Anya wondered. She had left them naked, bound and gagged, and dangling from a crane to be found, but hadn't heard what happened after that. Maybe in a few years she would circle back to that town and see what became of them.

Right now she knew that she couldn't go back to Marston's Pointe anytime soon. The whole town was run by Ace, a secretive and mysterious crime lord, and the plane full of money was from a heist Ace orchestrated. Somehow she knew that if she ever crossed the Marston's Pointe town line again that Ace would know and would demand her head.

Oh well... Ace was a big fish in a small pond, and Anya had the rest of the California coast to play in.

She could feel eyes on her as she strolled the beach, male eyes, salivating at the lifeguard in the too small swimsuit, and women glaring at her in envy. Anya didn't care because she too was scanning the beach, looking for her next victim, but her thoughts though kept going back to Marston's Pointe.

A police force with a uniform that consisted of a thong bikini. For Anya it was too good to be true. Those girls were fun to play with, though Anya had to get rough a few times with them. In retrospect, she regretted attempting to kill a few of them, but when you're a criminal, you can't play nice. Anya herself had also come close to dying during that little excursion when she found herself bound and gagged by Ace's men and left in an old outhouse to be washed away during a storm. She had escaped though, and ultimately had the last laugh.

Anya's eyes continued to scan up and down the beach. So far, there was a drought of interesting bikinis.

Come on! This is California, there's gotta be some nice swimwear out there!

For Anya, it wasn't just the bikini, it was the woman wearing the bikini. The right woman could make any swimwear into something exquisite.

She turned out towards the ocean to see see an older woman, maybe fifty or so, wading back towards the beach. The woman had a head of bright blond hair, and a black bikini top that contained her massive breasts. Anya stopped and gasped as she watched the woman wade in.

What is that she's wearing?

It was a bikini top with straps that criss-crossed under the woman's breasts and across her

tummy, down towards her bikini bottoms. Anya strained, trying to see what the bikini bottoms looked like but a wave crashed over the woman, briefly obscuring her.

Anya grimaced, trying not to look like she was straining to see the woman's full body.

This woman, this older woman with the massive chest, may just be the kind of woman that Anya was looking for. She was a woman that was proud of her figure and her body, and wanted to accentuate it.

The waves receded, giving Anya a look at the woman's tiny black bikini bottoms, connected to the top by black strings...

Yes!

Anya's blood pumped through her chest and she tightened a fist. This was the woman!

“Excuse me!” Someone ran up behind Anya and grabbed her arm, snapping her back to reality.

Anya's excitement was replaced with sharp, stabbing anger. She spun around, glaring at whoever it was that interrupted her.

It was a woman. She seemed about middle aged, with black skin and long thick black hair that ran in braids down the back of her head and wore a blue EMT uniform. Anya sighed. One of the risks of posing as a lifeguard was that sometimes people actually thought that you were a lifeguard.

“Excuse me please, but we got a situation.” the woman tugged on Anya's arm. She had a strong grip, and Anya looked at the woman's arm in her short sleeved shirt to see thick, rippling muscles.

“I'm sorry but I think you have the wrong person.” Anya tried to pull away but the woman kept a tight grip on Anya's arm. Damn, she was strong!

“Look, we just need an extra hand okay? It's serious!” The woman's eyes were wild and desperate and she tightened her grip on Anya's arm, causing Anya to wince.

“Hey,” Anya threw her free hand up. “I haven't even started my shift yet.”

She had to get away from this woman, she was starting to draw attention. Worse, what if the situation she was referring to was the lifeguard Anya had tied up.

It was a worse case scenario: Someone found the tied up girl, called 911, and EMT's were dispatched to see if she was alright. Maybe the girl had a panic attack or something, and the EMT's needed help loading her onto an ambulance, so they recruit Anya to help, thinking she's a lifeguard, and then the girl points out that Anya was the one who attacked her.

It was a bad situation, and meant that Anya would have to make a quick getaway.

“Look, you're the only one we can get right now! So do your job and help us save a life!” The woman tugged on Anya's arm again, eliciting another wince from the bikini thief.

They were drawing a crowd now. Anya saw several curious onlookers turning in their direction, including the older woman in the sexy bikini.

Damn! Anya didn't need this much attention and suspicion. She sighed, knowing that she would have to go along with this.

“Fine, okay, lead on.” Anya nodded. The woman relaxed her grip and smiled.

“Oh thank God, follow me!” She patted Anya on the shoulder and took off down the beach with Anya jogging after.

While she followed the woman, Anya hoped and prayed that it was just a situation where she needed an extra hand loading a stretcher or something. If not then Anya may need a back up plan. As she followed, Anya tightened her grip on her bag hanging from her shoulder. If things went south, she would need to get to her gun quick. Her heart was pounding and she had broken out in a cold sweat as she followed the EMT to the edge of the beach.

Anya's brow furrowed as she realized that the EMT was heading for a ramp that lead off of the beach. If she needed help that bad, why head all the way to the beach to get it? Then Anya realized that the EMT was probably specifically looking for a lifeguard because they were trained for situations like this.

Damn! Anya did not have any first aid training, so if they expected anything more from her besides lifting someone, they would be in for a shock.

They ran up the ramp and across the boardwalk, and then down another ramp to a parking lot. Anya could see an ambulance sitting in the parking lot with its rear doors open.

Why did they need help so close to the ambulance?

The EMT slowed, and Anya did too. Instinctively, her hand started reaching into her bag.

“It's just around here. I'm sorry to take you so far, but it's my partner...” The EMT began, and lead Anya around to the back of the ambulance.

So the other EMT was hurt? Anya supposed that she had never thought of what to do if an EMT had an emergency on the job.

Anya stepped around to the back of the ambulance to see a stretcher sitting on the pavement, like it was waiting for something, or someone...

There was no one else around, and one word echoed throughout Anya's mind like a gunshot.

TRAP!

Anya turned to run while plunging her hand into her bag for her gun, only to run into another woman dressed into an EMT outfit. This woman was also middle aged, her dark, tan skin showed that she was of Latina descent, and had striking black hair. The Latina woman smiled and locked her hands around Anya.

“He-ummmph!” Anya tried to call out but the black woman came from behind and clamped a powerful hand over her mouth.

“Oh shush Anya.” The woman whispered in her ear.

“Mmooo! Ummph!” Anya moaned and tried to twist free. Then she felt a sharp sting in her buttock. She turned her head to see the black woman inserting a syringe into her butt cheek.

Anya's eyes widened. No sooner had the question of what was in the syringe run through her mind than she felt every muscle in her body turn to jelly.

“Get her feet.” The black woman said, and the Latina nodded and grabbed Anya's limp legs.

“Mu.... mmm....” Anya mumbled into the woman's hand. She still seemed able to speak,

somewhat.

They laid her flat on the stretcher and the Latina started securing restraints around Anya's legs while the other woman kept her hand clamped over her mouth. Whatever they had given her, it must not last for long if they were securing her.

Anya felt restraints around her ankles and thighs and tried to will her muscles back to life, but they remained limp jelly.

Come on! Anya grimaced, moaning into the hand clamped over her mouth.

Then she felt restraints around her wrists, and then across her chest.

“Mmoo...mmm...” Anya moaned, trying to use every ounce of willpower to make her arms and legs move but her body refused to obey her commands.

Once she was done with the restraint across her chest, the Latina woman hunched over Anya's head. The other woman moved her hand but before Anya could cry out, the Latina shoved a wadded up white cloth in Anya's gaping maw.

“Mmm...” Anya could only offer a pathetic moan as the Latina then pulled out another thick, white cloth and place it over Anya's mouth and tied it at the back of Anya's neck.

“Mmm... ummm... mm...” Anya moaned.

The women stepped away and then raised the stretcher up to full height. Anya was completely helpless and could only lay there staring up as they prepared her to move. The older black woman's head filled her vision as she looked down at her victim.

“Okay Anya, time to travel.” She smiled and patted Anya on her gagged mouth.

“Mmm...” Anya moaned. They knew her name!

“Everything okay?” A male voice called.

Anya's eyes widened. Yes! Someone that could help!

She looked to the side to see a man in trunks, a sleeveless shirt, and flip flops about to step onto the ramp to the beach. He was starring at the two women dressed as EMTs and the apparent bound and

gagged lifeguard they had.

“Hillp... ummm... mmm....” Tanya moaned. She was unable to turn her whole head but could look at the man and mumble weakly into her gag.

“Oh yes, everything's fine.” The black woman said.

The man seemed unconvinced and his eyes never moved from the bound and gagged Anya.

“She seems... Is she gagged?”

“She had a seizure, it's something we do to keep her from biting her tongue.” The black woman said.

“Mmmooo... mm...” Anya moaned and tried to move, hoping for something, anything.

Her whole body spasmed.

“Mmmeep!” Anya squealed. She moved! It wasn't graceful or coordinated, but she moved!

Whatever they gave her must be wearing off!

“Mmmmpph! Umm mmmph!” Tanya moaned and spasmed again.

“Oh there she goes! We're sorry but we need to get this woman to a hospital!” the black woman screamed, and motioned to the Latina. They quickly started to load the stretcher into the back of the ambulance.

“Do you need any help?” The man offered.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph! Umm!” Anya spasmed again in the stretcher.

“The best help you can give is just let us do our job.” The black woman said, and with that slammed the rear doors of the ambulance shut.

Then Anya was alone with the woman.

Well this can't be good. She thought, eyes racing around the back of the ambulance.

Both of them loomed over her, looking down at her predicament with amusement.

“You think that was funny back there?” The black woman said, narrowing her eyes at Anya.

“Ufff hmmm...” Anya tried to nod, but only succeeded in twitching her head slightly.

“Well, let me introduce us. I'm Tee” The Black woman motioned to herself. “And this is Em, and you're in our world now.” She motioned to the Latina and smiled. The Latina nodded and moved to the front of the ambulance.

A moment later the engine started, and Tee took a seat on a bench next to Anya, who had regained enough feeling in her neck to turn and face her captor.

“Wfff usss iss?” Anya mumbled while pulling at her restraints. They were secure, there was no way she was going anywhere.

“I bet you're wondering what's going on,” Tee said, crossing her legs and watching her captive with amusement. “You see, after that shit you pulled in Marston's Pointe, you made some powerful enemies.”

“Wfff?” Anya's eyes went wide. So that was it!

“Oh yes,” Tee continued. “You don't just steal millions of dollars from Ace and get away. He's paying a lot of money to have you brought to him alive so he can teach you some manners.”

“Ufff fffll...” Anya leaned her head back and sighed.

So that was it. These two were bounty hunters, taking her back to Ace to collect a bounty on her head. How could Anya be so stupid! She should have known that Ace wouldn't just sit and pout over losing millions, of course he would go after her. Still, Anya didn't think that he would find her so quickly. Then again, if Ace put a big enough price on Anya's head all he would have to do is announce the bounty and sit back while other people did the work for him.

Anya was mad that she didn't think of Ace looking for her, and she was mad that she dropped her guard enough to let these two get their hands on her. She had become complacent, thinking that she was invincible after ripping off a major crime boss.

“I see that it's all washing over you now.” Tee smiled, no doubt realizing that Anya had put the pieces together. “Well you better sit back and relax because we have a long ride back to Marston's Pointe, and thanks to the siren, we don't have to stop for red lights.”

The bounty hunter smiled, stood up and patted Anya's bare leg.

“Mmmpph!” Anya moaned and once again pull on her restraints. Tee only smiled and made her way to the front of the ambulance.

A moment later Anya heard the siren go off and the ambulance picked up speed, no doubt running through a light. Once the ambulance was free of the intersection, the siren died and the vehicle reduced it's speed.

“Ummph...grrmmpph...” Anya grumbled while pulling on her restraints, which still held tight.

Damn! She was helpless, nothing but a bound prisoner to be transported.

No! There was no way she was going without a fight. If these women delivered her to Ace, then it was all over. Anya had heard stories of Ace and his “girls” and knew that the worst case scenario was that after Ace taught her “manners” then her body would most likely not be found. Best case was that Ace decided to showcase her in one of his brothels or sell her to traffickers. She had to escape, and fast.

Whatever drug the women had given her was quickly wearing off, which was good, but she was still secured to the stretcher and bound and gagged. Even though she had control of her muscles again, she was still helpless. Anya's eyes scanned the back of the ambulance around her, looking for something that she could maybe use to her advantage. She looked and listened, knowing that anything in her environment could possibly become useful.

Up front she heard the two bounty hunters talking in Spanish, which told her that they either didn't want her to hear what they were saying, or more likely, Em didn't know English. There was another sound, something else over the sound of the engine... a rattling noise.

Anya lifted her head and looked at the rear doors of the ambulance, seeing the long, winding highway behind them...

... and the rear doors rattling with every movement. The doors had been closed and latched, but not well. Anya watched as the latch rattled with every movement the ambulance made, threatening to burst open at any moment. Then Anya thought back to the bystander who stopped to ask the bounty

hunters about the bound and gagged woman they were loading into the ambulance. Both Tee and Em must have been so distracted by the man that they forgot to lock the rear doors of the vehicle, no doubt they were in a hurry to escape before he asked more questions or got more suspicious.

“Ummmf!” She squealed in excitement. It was a dangerous play, but it might be the only one she had left.

“Oh shush back there.” Tee mocked from the front seat, and then went back to talking to her partner in Spanish.

“Urfff...” Anya grumbled and then looked at the rattling door. If she was going to act, it had to be fast. There was a very good possibility that at one point one of her captors would come back to check on their hostage and notice the rattling door and secure it.

“Mmmph!” Anya exerted herself and used all of her strength to jerk herself forward. Her muscles felt like they were thawing out of ice, and the movement sent a slight burning through her body.

“Urrrghh...” Anya huffed, wheezing slightly into her gag.

Come on girl! Get over it!

Letting out another huff, Anya summoned whatever reserve of strength she could and heaved her body forward. The entire stretcher rocked under her but held firm. Her muscles, still recovering from the paralyzing drug, let out a scream of icy hot fire.

“Errrghh... mmurr...” She wheezed.

Maybe the drug hasn't worn off like I thought it did. Still, she couldn't sit and wait for her body to return to normal.

“Mmmrrrghh!” She grunted, once again heaving all of her body weight forward. The stretcher rocked under her but stayed in place.

What's the point of working out if I can't even bust myself free! Anya spent as much time in the gym as she did the beach, though she was banned from many gyms for robbing many of the female

patrons.

“Urrrgh!” Another heave, and the stretcher shuddered again. Her muscles were beginning to feel like hot jelly. Her body was telling her that it needed a rest.

We'll have plenty of time to rest when we get out of here!

“Murrfff!” the stretcher rocked forward again. If she got out of this, Anya was heading back to her yacht and sailing straight for international waters, all the while sunning herself on the deck.

“Urrggh!” She pulled again, and felt the stretcher move forward slightly.

“Eeep!”

Yes! She was finally getting somewhere.

“Hey, what are you doing back there?” Tee asked from the front seat.

“Mmmph! Mmmmm mmoo!” Anya moaned, making her muffled protests sound as petulant as possible. She wanted her captors to think that she was just a helpless damsel.

She turned her head to see Tee look back at the bound and gagged bikini thief, and then roll her eyes and turn back to the road.

“Urrrgh!” Anya groaned, and the stretcher heaved forward. This time, it pulled itself out of its locked position and thudded against the rear doors of the ambulance.

“EEEEP!” Anya squealed in excitement. At the same time, the rear doors shuddered as the stretcher hit them. It was hard enough that Anya thought they were going to burst open, but they held.

Anya lifted her bare foot and brushed the edge of the metal latch.

Yes!

“What do you think you're doing!” Tee shouted. Anya turned her head to see the muscle bound bounty hunter getting out of the passenger seat.

Shit! If Tee got to her, then she could lock the stretcher back in place, or worse, give Anya another dose of that paralyzing agent. A harder dose of that drug could mean that Anya would be nothing but a frozen vegetable for the entire trip.

There was no way she was letting that happen.

“Grrrrmm!” Anya grunted, and used all of her strength to push the stretcher back. Gravity was on her side, as the ambulance also happened to be making a sharp turn.

The stretcher wheeled back, catching Tee off guard and slamming into her chest. The bounty hunter cried out and fell back across the driver's seat, hitting Em, who let out a curse in Spanish and the ambulance careened wildly.

The stretcher rolled back towards the double doors as the bounty hunters yelled and cursed from the front seat. Once again, the doors shuddered as the stretcher slammed into them. Anya didn't waste anytime, and raised her foot and started trying to wrap her toes around the latch.

Come on... Come on...

“Oh I'm getting you for that, bitch!” Anya looked back to see Tee pulling herself up while Em regained control of the careening emergency vehicle.

Anya didn't give them a second look. Her foot wrapped around the latch and she pulled.

The rear doors swung open and Anya used all of her strength to tip the stretcher forward.

“MMMMMPPH!” She screamed as she rolled out the wide double doors.

The legs of the stretcher extended under her automatically as it rolled out of the moving vehicle and the wheels connected with the paved highway.

The ambulance screeched to a halt but it was too late. The stretcher and bound woman raced past it and down the road.

“EEEERRRMMMFFFF!” Anya screamed, realizing that she didn't have a plan beyond getting out of the ambulance.

It felt like she was rolling at a hundred miles per hour, and gaining more speed as she went. Her hair whipped her face and she saw that the road ahead curved sharply to the right.

If she didn't turn then she was going to go over a rocky cliff.

“URRRRRFFFF!” Anya screamed, and used all of her strength to angle her bodyweight with

the road. The stretcher obeyed and she banked hard to the right.

She felt like a bullet out of a gun as she came around the turn and saw that the road curved again immediately.

“ULLLPH!” Anya heaved her body again and steered the stretcher around the turn. The adrenaline pumping through her body distracted her from the blinding pain in her muscles.

She wasn't prepared for the next sharp turn, and looked up just in time to see the pavement end underneath her.

Shit!

“Mmmmoool!” Anya screamed as the stretcher rolled down a very bumpy hill.

“Urrrrm... mm..... ggrmm... mmmmm...” She blubbered, every muscle in her body vibrating with the gurney.

Then the wheels of the gurney stalled, hitting a rock, but Anya's momentum carried her forward and the flat piece of the stretcher that she was secured to ripped free from the gurney...

“Mmmmmoooo!” She screamed, and the stretcher became something of a sled, carrying her down the rocky hill towards...

She looked up – the hill ended in a sheer cliffside, and past it she could see the blue of the ocean... and heard the roar of the waves as they broke against rocks below.

There was nothing she could do to stop her stretcher-turned-sled and it shot out over the cliffside, sending Anya careening out into space.

She spun in mid-air, screaming into her gag, with nothing but the angry ocean crashing on rocks below her...

2.

Anya's happy place had always been the beach. As a little girl, she loved going for vacations to the beach, and promised herself that one day she would live on the beach, wearing only bikinis. So far, she had lived that promise, though in her own “unique” way.

As she returned to consciousness, Anya heard the sounds of seagulls above her, the roar of waves, and the warm sand beneath her face, and momentarily she thought that maybe the events of earlier that day had been a terrible dream.

Yes all a dream. I fell asleep on the beach and had a nightmare. She had been worried about Ace seeking retribution, so it would make sense that she would start having nightmares about it.

Then she felt a cold wave crash over her prone body, and tasted the salt water filtered through the thick cloth gagging her.

“Ulllbb... gllubbb...mmmbbblll...” Anya coughed and shifted, feeling the hard, flat surface of the stretcher against her back.

Damn!

Part of Anya had to appreciate the poetic justice of what had happened to her. Three months earlier, she had been hired by a woman named Shelly Arnold to come to Marston's Pointe and kill the women of the Sheriff's Department. Shelly was a small time wannabe crime boss that apparently had a major vendetta against a group of former bikini models turned police women. Intrigued, Anya couldn't pass the opportunity up. Soon though, she quickly regretted it because Shelly proved to be a high maintenance client. Then the prospect of stealing several million dollars from a crashed plane came up and Anya decided that she didn't need Shelly's money anymore so she tied Shelly and another nosy women named Tanya to surfboards and dropped them in the middle of the sea.

Anya didn't know or care what happened to the two women after that, but she couldn't help but

think of them as she was tied to a stretcher and falling off of a cliff into the ocean below. She had no idea how long she bobbed up and down on the waves because she was drifting in and out of consciousness, but Anya was grateful that the stretcher was buoyant enough to keep her afloat.

Until now, when she finally washed ashore.

Anya lifted her head. She had been deposited on her side, with half of her face pressed against the dirt. She could still feel the restraints around her legs and ankles.

Great...

“Urrmm...” She grumbled and lifted her hand to rub her aching head.

“Mmmeep!” Anya's eyes went wide. She lifted her hand! That meant...

Looking at her wrist, she saw that the restraint must have snapped at some point during her adventure at sea, and now dangled uselessly around her slender wrist.

“Oohmm gmmm...” Anya exclaimed and ripped the gag off of her mouth and spit out the saltwater tasting cloth. After that it was relatively quick to undo the other restraints and scurry out from under the stretcher.

Anya stood and turned to see another wave crash over the beach and wash the now unoccupied stretcher back out to sea.

Good riddance. Anya watched her former prison disappear into the ocean and then turned to take in her surroundings. She was on a lonely, quiet stretch of beach, but further down in the distance she could see what looked like buildings and people. Finding out where she was should probably be her first action, and then finding out how to get back to her boat and get far away. It was a good thing too that she was still wearing the lifeguard swimsuit because it meant that could still pose as a lifeguard to get close to people and steal things.

The sounds of the people and the beach got louder as she got closer, and she could now make out a boardwalk in the distance. Anya's muscles were still sore, no doubt from straining in the stretcher, the paralysis, and then being tossed around in the ocean for God knows how long. Every step she took

was agony on her legs and she realized that maybe she should maybe take a few days in a hotel to lie low before returning to her boat. She tried to distract herself from her aching muscles by wondering where exactly she was and how long she had been at sea. It couldn't have been a full day, could it?

Anya realized that she could be anywhere. One good thing was that the bounty hunters probably had no idea where she was either. For all she knew they probably assumed she was dead after going over the cliff, which was also good. That also meant that she should lay low because they were probably not happy that their payday was gone, so if they found out that she was still alive then they would be after her with a vengeance. She would use this to her advantage, steal a few purses, get a hotel room for a couple days, rest and relax, and then head back to her boat and make for Europe or South America.

That whole plan changed moments later when Anya stepped up onto the board walk and saw a sign suspended between two poles.

WELCOME TO MARSTON'S POINTE.

Anya froze, glaring up at the banner welcoming tourists to the beach town.

Poetic justice. The ocean had brought her right back to the town she was trying to avoid. She was in the lion's den.

Anya's previous decision to keep a low profile had just evolved into "keep a lower profile". As the bikini thief, she saw herself as an artist who left a mark, her calling card. Anyone could steal something, but to rob people and then take their bikinis, that's what separated her from the others. Then she saw that she was in Marston's Pointe, a town run by a crime lord that put a price on her head, and Anya found herself resorting to stealing cash out of purses while women weren't looking like common hoodlum.

She had made a quick circle of the beach, reaching inside bags, grabbing cash, and then running off, and now sat in a quiet corner of the boardwalk, counting just how much money she had made.

Two hundred dollars.

Anya sighed, folded the wad of cash, and shoved it in her cleavage while scanning the area to make sure no one was watching. She need to buy clothes and get off the beach, and then find a quiet, secluded motel. It pained her to have to steal like this, especially after she had seen so many beautiful women in so many sexy bikinis. They all could have been hers! But now here she was, reduced to a common thief.

Just stay calm and keep your head down! Anya's eyes scanned the people walking around the boardwalk, noticing how their eyes kept flitting her way. She tried telling herself it was because she was a buxom blond woman in tiny lifeguard's uniform, but what if...

What if they're Ace's people?

She knew that Ace probably put out instructions to capture her on sight, but she also knew that if he had people on the board walk that they wouldn't grab her in public, they would wait until she was alone.

Just stay calm, pretend like you're a normal, everyday tourist.

She knew that she had to get out of the lifeguard uniform and into something less conspicuous. The board walk was littered with clothing outlets and beach supply stores, so she would grab a swimsuit or outfit from one of them.

Her hand rose to her breast and felt the folded cash nestled in her cleavage, and then she stood and strolled down the boardwalk. Once she changed, her next course of action would be to find somewhere safe.

Where was safe in this town though? Ace notoriously had his hand in a lot of businesses.

Then she realized that there was one place she knew was safe – the police department. The women of the Sheriff's Department were not loyal to Ace, but they were also not fans of Anya for

obvious reasons.

Still... Anya stroked her chin as she walked. There was safety in numbers, and the enemy of her enemy was her friend. She could possibly get the Sheriff's Department to work with her if she offered them something in return.

Anya came to a sudden halt when her eyes fell on a flyer hanging from a pole. Her jaw dropped and her heart thudded against her chest. What she saw on that flyer was one of the most beautiful sights she had ever seen. Given her current circumstances, it was also one of the most dangerous things she had ever seen.

ON DISPLAY ONE DAY ONLY AT THE LADY LUCK CASINO! SEE THE GOLDEN SLING! THE MOST LUXURIOUS AND EXPENSIVE BIKINI EVER MADE!

The flyer showed an illustration of a skimpy slingshot bikini, made entirely of solid gold. A piece of gold ran from between a buxom woman's legs and up between her beautiful butt cheeks. Two strings of gold ran up the woman's midsection and connected to two pieces of gold covering her nipples but keeping most of her breasts exposed, and then the strings ran over her shoulders and down her back, wrapping together and meeting at her ass.

WHO WILL BE THE BEAUTIFUL MODEL TO WEAR THIS PRICELESS BIKINI asked the flyer.

Apparently, there was going to be a pool party at the Lady Luck Casino, where this priceless golden sling bikini was going to be unveiled, along with the mystery model wearing it.

Anya felt herself salivating at the sight of the bikini. She didn't just want it... she *needed* it. Her whole body had broken out in a cold sweat when she saw the illustration of the bikini and the model and both of her hands had balled into fists. There had been a lot of things Anya had craved, but she had never craved anything like she had craved this bikini. Something like that should be hers!

Then she realized that she was still standing on a boardwalk in the middle of a hostile town, practically salivating over this flyer. Without thinking twice, she pulled the flyer down, folded it, and

stuffed it in her cleavage next to the money. Anya hurried down the boardwalk with her head down, not bothering to meet the gaze of anyone passing by. A voice at the back of her head told her to forget it, that it was too dangerous. She knew that Ace owned the casino, and that sneaking into the casino to steal a priceless golden bikini would be going into the belly of the beast.

Still... there was another voice in her head, stealing a priceless bikini from Ace would not only humiliate him publicly, it would give her substantial negotiating power.

I'll return your bikini to you if you agree to drop the bounty...

Or it could be a show of strength. She could show Ace that she could strike at any time, on his very turf. It would be her striking back and punishing him for going after her, and she would promise more attacks and more humiliations if he kept coming after her.

Anya smiled as she walked. Yes, that was it. Why should she be the one running and hiding when she had beaten Ace before? He should be fearing her!

That was it! She wasn't going to run, and wasn't going to hide. She was going to make Ace regret ever putting that bounty on her head. Still, until then, Anya needed help, and needed someplace safe, and the women of the Sheriff's Department were still her best bet.

And she knew right where to find them...

3.

Janet Rossi was used to being degraded. When you were a bartender, especially one with breasts like Janet, it came with the territory. Recently, her degradation changed from having her body leered at by men to frequently being bound and gagged in some sort of humiliating situation. She supposed that her feelings of being degraded was part of the reason why she enjoyed binding and gagging Felicia so much during their intimate moments.

When Janet and Felicia decided to open their beach cabana bar, it was an attempt to take control of the narrative of their lives. They could hang out on the beach in tiny bikinis while men salivated at them, but they would have the last laugh, using their wives and bodies to slowly drain these lustful men's wallets. It worked for a time too.

Then Felicia, their roommate Gina, along with Caitlyn, went out to see to stop Anya, the Bikini Thief, and never came back. Janet had been used to Felicia getting kidnapped or tied up in some way, but Felicia always found her way out of it. Days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months, and still no sign of the three women. Eva, a lusty, bondage obsessed Latina, was the only Deputy of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department left, and against her better judgement, Janet went to Eva to help with finding the missing women. Janet's pleas fell on deaf ears though, because Eva insisted that she had her hands full with running the department and couldn't look for the missing women.

Three months had passed, and Janet was seriously considering hiring a private investigator to help, but then other financial obligations came up. Namely, with Felicia and Gina missing, Janet was now responsible for paying all of the bills for the house herself. Which brought her to where she was now. Working at a beach bar in a bikini wasn't enough anymore, especially with Janet working the bar by herself now. As her bank account got lower and lower, Janet's bikinis got smaller and smaller.

The men ate it up.

It was another beautiful day on the beach, and the bar was filled with the usual afternoon crowd of men of all ages, all there to see Janet degrade herself for them with a smile on her face.

She had her back turned as she poured a draft, feeling their eyes on her practically bare ass, and then heard clicks as they snapped photos with their cell phones. Finishing up the drink, Janet turned and flashed a smile.

“Don’t let your girlfriends see that fellas.” She giggled as she carried the drink over to her customer, a young, skinny nerdy looking kid with thick glasses.

She thought he was going to have heart attack as she leaned over, baring her full cleavage in the tiny, purple bikini top for him and flashing him another smile as she did.

“Here you go hon...” Janet finished by batting her eyes at him. He let out something like a squeal and graciously took the drink.

The bar was lined from one end to the other with men shaking cash and credit cards at her, and Janet moved down the line, smiling giggling as she did. They ate it up, which was good because she needed to eat up their money. Behind the bar, she could see plenty more men crowding, wanting to get drinks as an excuse to leer at her body. Business was picking up with each passing week, which was both good and bad. It was good because Janet needed the money, but bad because it was getting difficult to run it all by herself.

When Felicia worked the bar, she loathed it when men took her picture, but Janet changed that, thinking that photos would be good for social media exposure. It worked almost too well, and word of the bar started to spread to the point where it was quickly becoming a mainstay for beach tourists. Janet knew that she would have to start looking for additional help soon, but part of her knew that meant letting go of Felicia.

You’ve already let her go. Janet thought as she put up a big smile and took another drink order from customer. He handed her a credit card and winked, which was something she was used to.

Janet winked back at him and turned to slide his card in the card reader, stooping slightly to

stick out her ass in the tiny g-string bikini bottom. This particular g-string was a bit different from others, like most string bikinis, it had strings that run between her legs and up her ass cheeks and strings that ran along her hips. How it was different was that the string that run up her ass connected to a group of glittery rhinestones positioned just at the top of her butt crack. The rhinestones were arranged in an upside down triangle pattern, and then connected to the strings running along her hips. It was an extremely sexy and revealing bikini, and from a distance it almost looked like she wasn't wearing anything. Hell, Janet practically felt like she was wearing nothing because though the rhinestones looked ornate and fancy, the bikini bottoms still left her whole ass exposed.

But the customers loved it, and it kept them coming. She heard their hoots and cat calls as she stooped over the machine, and thought back to how Felicia hated this. Despite Felicia's best efforts, she was a cop at heart, which is why Janet encouraged her to go back to the police force.

I told her to go back and look what happened. Janet paused, staring down at the credit card machine. The cries of the horny men behind her faded into the distance as the same thought that had passed through her head every night for the past three months once again ran through her head.

It's all my fault.

If she hadn't told Felicia to go back to the police force, then Felicia would be here now, working with her.

And Felicia would be miserable! You know that! Another voice in her head told her.

Still, if she hired another bartender, it felt like she would be acknowledging that Felicia wasn't coming back. Janet still fantasized about Felicia, Gina, and Caitlyn washing up on the beach one day in a raft, talking about how they got stranded at sea or on an island or something. The thought of Felicia surviving on an island was a much better situation than the alternative...

"Hey babe, could we get some drinks over here!" A customer bellowed, bringing Janet back to reality. She turned and flashed a toothy grin at a mopey haired college aged fellow.

"Sure thing doll!" She said, and leaned over the bar, folding her arms under her chest so that it

pushed her cleavage together, and took the man's order.

As the salivating young tourist gave Janet his drink order, all she could think of was what she would do with Anya if she ever got her hands on her. She had fantasized about punishing Anya about as much as she had fantasized about Felicia coming home, though she was starting to believe that neither situation would become a reality.

After taking the man's order, Janet bounced away and bent over a cooler to retrieve a beer for him. The cooler turned out to be empty, but she still hovered over it for a moment, giving everyone a nice, long view of the purple string running down her ass. It worked, as the mating calls from the men on the other side of the bar got louder and more intense.

“Oh gosh, I have to run to the cooler in the back.” Janet turned to the man and smiled, catching his slack jawed expression as he leered at her backside.

He fumbled to form words and then nodded. Janet giggled and stood.

“You boys behave until I get back.” She smiled and strolled towards the door leading to the back of the bar.

“I hate to see her go but I love to watch her leave.” Someone called after her.

Janet turned, smiled and wagged a finger at her male customers, and then stepped through the door leading to the back room. As soon as the door closed behind her, she sighed and shook her head.

Men...

“Rough day?” An accented voice asked.

Janet gasped and jumped. Who-

There, leaning against a pillar in the middle of the store room, smiling at her, was Anya the Bikini Thief. After all this time, after months of dreaming of getting her hands on the woman that was most likely responsible for Felicia's disappearance, here she was, just... waiting for her.

Janet blinked, suddenly questioning if this was real.

It was. Here was Anya, smiling at her, arms crossed over her chest. The bikini thief wore a red

one piece lifeguard swimsuit, but there was something... different about her. She looked... tired?

Yes, there were dark circles under Anya's eyes, and she looked like she had been through the wringer, though she was attempting to hide it with a cocky smile.

All of this and more ran through Janet's head in a single instant, and she realized that if she was going to live out her fantasies of punishing Anya, that time was now. She knew how dangerous Anya could be, after all, this very same woman once tried to kill her by locking her in a washing machine.

Janet's muscles coiled and she sprang on Anya like a cat, grabbing the bikini thief by the front of the swimsuit and slamming her back against the wooden pillar.

“You! You have a lot of nerve coming back here!” Janet hissed, pressing Anya back with all of her strength.

“Oh hey, calm down lady!” Anya cooed, throwing her hands up in a surrender gesture.

“I've waited a long time for this!” Janet shouted and pulled Anya away from the pillar.

I need... I need to keep her restrained somehow. She knew that the customers out front would be getting restless, so she needed to keep Anya locked up until close.

Janet spun Anya around and bent her over a stack of beer cases while looking for something to tie her hands.

“Oh hey lady! I always took you as someone that liked it rough!” Anya giggled.

“Oh you'll see how rough I can be!” Janet spat and grabbed a tapegun.

“Hey hold up! I'm just here to talk!” Anya's voice sounded more alarmed when she saw the tape.

“Uh huh, I'm sure you are!” Janet started to use the tapegun to secure Anya's wrists together.

“Seriously! I just came to talk to your lady friend! I'm here in peace!” Anya's tone was sounding... almost desperate. Janet stopped and stepped back. Anya's wrists were still behind her back, held together by several layers of tape now.

She realized that despite how rough she was being, Anya hadn't resisted at all. There was

something else... she mentioned a lady friend.

Janet spun Anya around and had her sit on the stack of beer cases.

“What are you talking about?” Janet asked, and kneeled down and started taping Anya's feet together.

“That girl, the cute one with the great ass. Felicia! She used to be Sheriff.”

Janet finished taping Anya's ankles and stood, glaring at her captive.

“You of all people should know the answer to that.” Janet grunted, her patience wearing thin. Why was Anya playing games with her.

Anya shrugged. “I don't know what you mean?”

Janet let out a sigh of frustration. “Last time anyone saw Felicia, Gina, and Caitlyn, they went out looking for you.”

Anya's eyes lit up with realization. “Oh yeah! They found me!”

White hot anger blazed in Janet.

“You got five seconds to tell me what you did with them before I wrap this tape around your mouth and lock you in my freezer!” To accentuate, Janet started peeling a length of tape from the tape gun.

“Whoa! Whoa, lady!” Anya pleaded, leaning back. “I didn't do anything to them! Well, actually I did...”

Janet's eyes were practically blazing. After closing tonight she was going to have a good time teaching this bitch some manners. She stalked towards Anya, tape gun at the ready.

“I mean, yeah I caught them!” Anya blurted, pleading with Janet. “But then I left them tied up somewhere that they would be found.”

Janet paused, glaring at Anya.

“What?”

“I found the money, I figured what good would it do if I killed a couple cops. I left them at a

construction site, and I figured they were naked so someone would be around to find them.” There was something sincere about Anya's tone. She seemed genuinely surprised that the women were still missing.

“You mean... If you don't have them, then what happened to them?” Janet asked, her mind suddenly racing.

She had spent months assuming that Anya had kidnapped the girls for some nefarious reason. If it wasn't Anya, then who?

Anya just shrugged.

“I came here to ask them for help.” Anya shrugged again, acting like that was further proof of her innocence.

Who had the girls then? If Anya did leave them in a public place to be found, then there's a good chance that Ace's people could have found them. If the girls were in Ace's clutches, then they could be anywhere now, including at the bottom of the ocean.

What else could have happened to them? If Ace's men didn't find them, then who could?

If she was a random passerby that wasn't a criminal and found a group of naked women bound and gagged, what would she do?

She would call the police.

The only officer on duty at the time was Eva.

Eva!

Janet's eyes went wide. Eva!

Every time she went to Eva about the missing girls, she had been evasive. Plus, Eva no so secretly had a bondage fetish, and had delighted in keeping Janet and Felicia as prisoners once.

If Eva found all three girls, naked and tied up, she wouldn't be able to control herself.

Janet's blood started to boil at the thought. All this time, and Felicia and the girl's had been right under her nose.

“I think I know where they are.” Janet muttered.

“Oh good,” Anya sighed. “Well if you want to let me go and we can go talk to them... I'm in a bit of a bind.”

The voices of the customers outside brought Janet back to the moment. They were getting rowdy, impatient. She knew she had to return to the bar.

Janet turned and looked at the taped up Bikini Thief.

“How can I trust you?” She bent over and sneered at Anya.

“Well,” Anya shrugged. “You can't... but right now I've had a terrible day and those girls may be the only ones that I can trust. Let's just say that we have a mutual enemy.” Anya smiled, beaming up at Janet.

Janet stood and listened to the cries of the men outside. They were like animals at a zoo before feeding time. It would be insane to try and handle them by herself.

Then she smiled. She wasn't alone. Not anymore. Janet grabbed a box cutter from a shelf and smiled down at Anya. Seeing the box cutter in Janet's hand, Anya leaned back slightly.

“Fine... but first I need something from you.” Janet sneered.

“...sure...” Anya recoiled.

Janet bent over and sliced the tape around Anya's ankles. Before the bikini thief could react, Janet reached behind her and used the cutter to slice the tape around her wrists.

“Do you know how to pour drinks?” Janet asked.

4.

As it turns out, slinging drinks was not Anya's forte. She was an international thief topping many “most wanted” lists and had successfully dodged both the Marston's Pointe police and the most powerful crime lord in the town, but she couldn't mix a drink to save her life. Not that Janet minded though, having an extra hand at the bar helped, and the men loved drooling over Anya. About an hour into Anya's shift and her and Janet worked out a system where Janet would handle making the mixed drinks and Anya would handle pouring beers and talking with the customers.

She could almost be a natural at this. Janet thought as she watched Anya interact with the customers. The blond bikini thief enjoyed the attention and knew how to play the men just right. The fact that Anya was wearing a lifeguard outfit that was several sizes too small that showed plenty of cleavage and side boob as well as her solid, round ass also helped.

There were a few rough moments though. Anya reacted poorly whenever a man tried to take her picture, to the point where she at one point smashed a customer's phone when he snapped a photo of her. Given that Anya was a wanted thief, Janet understood why she was reluctant to have her photo taken, so Janet told customers that only photos with her were allowed, which didn't please them. Then of course there was the upset customer whose phone Anya smashed, but Janet distracted him with her cleavage and gave him a few free drinks to calm down.

Eventually though, the night came to an end, and now Janet and Anya were walking along the moonlit beach towards Eva's house. Janet had slipped a pair of tiny, cut off jean shorts over her small g-string and intended to ride her bike while Anya followed, but the bikini thief complained about sore muscles and how she didn't want to hurry, so Janet resorted to walking her bike alongside Anya.

Anya turned out to be quite the talker, and chattered endlessly along the long walk to Eva's. Part of Janet was grateful for the bikini thief's endless chatter because it distracted her from thinking about

what Eva had been doing to Felicia this entire time. Janet had found herself helpless and at the mercy of the Latina before, and it was not a pleasurable experience for her. Her hands tightened along the handlebars of her bike as she envisioned Felicia being a prisoner of Eva for three months.

Oh the things I'll do to Eva when I get her! Janet gritted her teeth, realizing that Eva would probably enjoy whatever punishment Janet would dispatch against her. That thought only enraged Janet even more. Nothing seemed to faze Eva, and she seemingly had no weaknesses.

Damn her!

Still, the blinding white hot anger that she felt, knowing that Felicia had been right under her nose this entire time, and that Eva had been lying to her face, couldn't be suppressed. But there was another thought that kept parading through her head.

What if she doesn't have the girls?

Right now they were only heading to Eva's on a hunch, but what if Janet was wrong? What if Eva had been telling the truth and didn't know where Felicia, Caitlyn, and Gina were? Then they would be back to square one. Worse, that would mean that the girls may be truly lost. If that ended up being the case, Janet truly had no idea what she would do.

Then she was snapped back to reality when she heard Anya say something about Shelly Arnold.

Shelly?

“Wait, what about Shelly?” Janet asked, feeling suddenly guilty for not paying attention. She realized that it was probably silly to feel bad for not listening to Anya, seeing how Anya had attempted to kill her once.

Not just me. She thought, remembering how Anya had also tried to blow up her house with Gina and Eva inside. Now here they were walking along the beach together after a shift at work.

It was truly a strange day.

Anya started over, revealing that Shelly Arnold had paid her to come to Marston's Pointe and kill the girls of the Sheriff's Department as revenge. As she spoke, Janet felt a fresh wave of anger

welling up in her at Shelly. She always knew that Shelly had been a conniving, evil bitch, and had been somewhat relieved when she heard that Shelly had disappeared around the same time that the other girls disappeared. Part of Janet had hoped that would be the last she heard of Shelly, but another part of her knew that women like Shelly had a way of popping back up.

As Anya talked, she revealed that she had eventually turned on Shelly in favor of going after the downed plane filled with stolen money, and had tied Shelly and Tanya Donnelly onto surfboards and left them in the middle of the ocean.

“And then what?” Janet asked, grateful that she was finally getting a complete picture of what had happened three months ago.

Anya just shrugged. “I dunno.”

“What do you mean, you don't know?” Janet asked. How could she not know?

“I just kicked them off the boat and kept going. Anything could have happened after that.” Anya shrugged again.

“You mean... you just left them tied up in the middle of the ocean and didn't care to go back and check?”

“Yeah... I gave them a fighting chance.” Anya seemed genuinely confused at Janet's sudden concern. Janet though, was confused at how Anya could just throw two women in the ocean and not have a second thought.

Then she remembered how Anya had tried to kill her, Felicia, Gina, and Eva, and then it all made sense. Anya seemingly was all instinct and impulse and seemed to have no grasp on the difference between right and wrong. The only person that Anya seemed to care about was herself.

Anya continued to talk and revealed how she had caught the three girls after they had located the downed plane, and then tied them up and taken the plane for herself.

“I left them tied up and hanging from a crane at a construction site. I thought it would be rude to kill them after they went through the trouble of finding the plane for me. Plus, it's kinda fun playing

with them.” Anya giggled.

Janet's jaw went slack. Fun? That's how Anya saw this, fun?

Her anger at Shelly changed to Anger at Anya. She had just insinuated that if the girls hadn't found that plane, then she probably would have left them for dead in the middle of the ocean like she had Tanya and Shelly, or worse. Janet's grip tightened even more on her bike's handlebars and she resisted the urge to grab Anya by the front of her swimsuit and scream at her about how she could be so inhuman to treat people like she did and then come back and ask them for help.

She knew though, that given what Anya had just said, that Janet's words wouldn't sink in. Plus, as much as Janet hated to admit it, if Eva did have the girls, Janet probably wouldn't be able to save them by herself.

Janet stayed silent and kept her eyes on Eva as she talked, continuing her tale. Given what Anya had said earlier about turning on Shelly, it would probably be wise to assume the worst of Anya. If she had that quickly turned on a woman that was employing her then she could turn on Janet just as easily.

Maybe once we get the girl's free then we can team up and take Anya down. Janet decided that wouldn't be a bad idea.

Anya went on to tell her how the bounty hunters had ambushed her on a beach and tied her to a gurney, and of her daring escape and subsequent plunge into the ocean and washing up on the beach in Marston's Pointe. Right now it seemed that Anya was in a bind, and needed the girl's as much as they needed her.

She needs us for the moment... Janet knew that as soon as Anya got what she wanted, she would turn on them.

But not if they turned on her first.

They would cross that bridge when they get to it though. Ahead, a light from a lone back porch light shined out over the beach. It was Eva's house.

“Here it is, better be quiet.” Janet put her finger to her lips to accentuate this, and Anya nodded

and quickly shut up.

As they got closer, Janet started to realize how it all made sense that Eva had the girls. Eva lived in a small, one story, secluded house at the end of a lonely beach road with a large back deck overlooking the beach and the ocean beyond.

There was something eerie about the lonely house looking over the beach. Maybe it was how quiet everything was, other than the sound of the waves crashing on the beach. With every step they took, Janet's heart pounded faster, to the point where she thought it was going to jump right out of her chest. The butterflies in her stomach started to feel more like a swarm of angry bees, and it took all of her self control to stop herself from shaking.

Felicia could be inside that house, and in a few moments, in a few steps, Janet would know. Three months of not sleeping, worrying, and searching could be all over in just a little bit.

Janet dropped her bike against a sand dune and picked up her pace, now speed-walking towards the house. She could see lights on inside through the windows. Someone was home. This was confirmed for her when she saw a police car parked out front. Behind her, she heard Anya panting as she hurried after. Turning and looking over her shoulder, Janet saw the bikini thief wincing with every step she took.

If you're going to turn on her, now would be a good time, seeing how she admitted that she was tired and sore. Janet thought, and then shook the thought from her mind. She needed Anya for the moment.

In a few moments, Janet had closed the distance between her and the house, leaving Anya a few yards behind and struggling to catch up. Janet stopped just under a window, knowing that she would have to stand on her tip toes to see inside. She gripped the bottom of the sill and braced herself to look in but stopped, frozen. This was it, the deciding moment. If she looked in that window then all of the questions she had over the past few months would be answered.

Don't be silly Janet! It's not like you're going to look inside this window and see the three of

them tied up and at Eva's mercy. Janet knew that there was a good chance that Eva was probably keeping them in a room somewhere in the house, or it was possible, and likely, that Eva was keeping them at the police station, where she had kept Felicia and Janet before.

Either way, Janet couldn't stand here wasting time for much longer. She would just have a quick peek to scout out the house, and then pop back down. Janet took a deep breath, bracing herself for anything, and stood up to look inside. What she saw made her gasp.

She was looking at a spacious, brightly lit kitchen. A large oven was set in a far wall, the digital read out on it told Janet that it was preheating. Prancing around the kitchen in a chef's hat and apron was Eva, and the curvaceous Latina was wearing *only* a chef's hat and white apron, her beautiful, mocha colored buttocks bouncing and heaving with every movement she made. Her perky breasts swayed under the tiny apron, and her nipples were poking through the white fabric.

In the middle of the kitchen was a large kitchen island, and seated on two stools on one side of the island were Gina and Caitlyn. Both women were naked, with their hands bound behind their backs and their feet tied together at the ankle. They were gagged with what looked like white dishrags pulled tightly through their lips and secured at the back of their necks. Both women were clearly unhappy with their situation, and were struggling furiously against their bonds while trying to verbalize their displeasure through their gags. Both Gina and Caitlyn were quite busty, and their large breasts heaved up and down as they struggled. Caitlyn, shorter and stockier than Gina, flexed and strained her thickly muscled body against her bonds but to no use. Gina's long, slender legs kicked back and forth as she arched her body, tossing her mane of long brown hair back and chewing on her gag.

Janet's heart fluttered in her chest when she saw them. So they were here! But then, just as suddenly as it fluttered, she felt her heart leap into her throat.

Where was Felicia?

Then Janet's eyes fell on something else in the kitchen. A large, silver, dome shaped cover sat on a giant serving dish set in the middle of the island. It was a cover large enough to hide a person.

No sooner had Janet seen this then Eva danced over to the dish and smiled at her captive audience. Both Gina and Caitlyn increased their struggles as Eva wrapped her hands around the top of the cover and lifted it. Underneath, hogtied and naked, was Felicia. Felicia had kept her hair short for the past year, but now it was starting to grow out thanks to her three months in captivity. Her nude body writhed up and down on the giant dish, and a plump, red apple shoved in her mouth kept her quiet.

Caitlyn and Gina screamed into their gags at this reveal and increased their struggles ten fold. Eva waved an arm over the hogtied and gagged Felicia like she was a chef unveiling the night's main course.

Janet gasped when she saw Felicia like this, and then at the oven, and realized the implication. Eva's eyes shot up towards the sound and Janet placed a hand over her mouth and quickly dropped to the ground. Anya happened to just catch up as this happened.

“What? What happened?” Anya asked between breaths.

“Shh!” Janet hushed, grabbed the bikini thief, and dragged her away from the window towards the beach end of the house.

“What? Did she see us?” Anya huffed as Janet pulled her.

“Just shush!” Janet hissed and ran up a small set of stairs onto the deck, pulling Anya behind her as she did. No sooner did the two women scramble up onto the deck and press themselves up against the side of the house than Janet heard the window they were just at slide open.

Both Janet and Anya were flat up against the house, frozen, afraid to even breath.

Did she hear us? Did she see us? Janet's eyes were wide as every possible scenario ran through her mind. If Eva did see us, they could have easily overpowered her if Anya was at full strength, but Anya had admitted that she was still feeling the effects of whatever drug the bounty hunters had given her, plus falling off a cliff into the ocean probably didn't help. They would have to take their chances though if Eva did come after them.

Worst case scenario would be that they end up bound and gagged prisoners like the other girls.

Janet's blood ran cold at the thought. To end up as Eva's prisoner was truly a fate worse than death.

It seemed like an eternity that the two waited their, pressed up against the wall on Eva's deck, but then the stillness of the night was disturbed by the sound of the window sliding shut. As soon as it did, both women let out a long breath of relief.

“Think we're good?” Anya asked.

“Wait here.” Janet ordered, and slid down along the outer edge of the house towards a sliding door leading inside. Once she was at the edge of the sliding glass door, Janet peeked her head around to peer inside.

It appeared that Eva was satisfied after inspecting the window that no one was outside, which was good. What was bad was that she was back to work on Felicia. Janet had a view of Felicia's perfect ass cheeks as they flexed up and down as she struggled in her hogtie. Normally, Janet would find the sight of Felicia's bare buttocks in bondage arousing, but this was something... else entirely. Eva was standing over the bound Felicia with a turkey baster squirting juices over Felicia's nude body as she struggled up and down on the kitchen island.

Janet watched in morbid fascination as Felicia's naked, tanned body started to glisten from the juices being basted over her. All the struggling girl could do was wriggle around and moan into the apple shoved into her mouth.

“Is she going to eat her?” Anya asked right into Janet's ear, causing her to jump back and clutch at her chest.

“Whoa, chill!” Anya grabbed Janet, attempting to calm her.

“Don't do that!” Janet said in a hushed tone, pushing Anya back.

“I'm just curious!” Anya said through gritted teeth.

“Do you want to get us caught? Then shush!” Janet was shaking now, terrified that she would turn back to the sliding door to see Eva glaring back at them.

Thankfully, Eva didn't notice them, and went to back to basting Felicia. Anya was watching this

time as well, looking over Janet's shoulder with equal morbid fascination.

“I knew this chick was kinky but this is... something else.” Anya whispered to Janet.

“Shh!” Janet responded.

Inside, Eva had finished basting Felicia and retrieved a carrot from the plate next to the bound and gagged woman.

“Oh no, that better not go where I think that's going.” Anya whispered.

“Shh!”

Eva approached the back of Felicia while the bound woman turned her head to watch, eyes wide with apprehension. As Eva walked she held the carrot with the pointed end up right.

“It's going in her ass! It's going in her ass!” Anya tightened her hold on Janet.

“Please be quiet!”

Anya was right though. Eva positioned herself behind Felicia, partially obscuring Janet's view of her naked, bound lover with a view of the kinky Latina's equally shapely, bare buns. Eva held up the carrot and dangled it back and forth, no doubt in an effort to mock Felicia's helplessness.

It was working. Janet could see Felicia's head, turned to face Eva, as she shook her head back and forth and pleaded through the apple in her mouth. Then Eva lowered the apple, aiming square between Felicia's bound legs, and pressed forward. Janet could only watch helplessly as Felicia's whole body stiffened and her head shot straight up. The bound woman's eyes bulged and she let out a long bellow into her apple gag. Gina and Caitlyn also joined in, pleading at Eva through their gags as well.

Janet turned away, pressing back against the outside of the building, followed by Anya.

“This is getting weird.” Anya said. Her eyes were wide and confused. Clearly this was not something she was expecting to see today.

Neither had Janet, but she knew they had to do something. This couldn't go on.

This had to be a weird role play right? Janet knew that Eva was kinky, but this... there was no way Eva was intending to eat Felicia?

Hoping to confirm this, Janet turned to look back through the window. Eva had moved away, and Felicia was still on the plate, struggling away with a carrot sticking out from between her ass cheeks. Gina and Caitlyn looked down at her with obvious sympathy.

Then Eva slid back over like Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*, once again standing over Felicia and holding up a long, silver object with a round disk at one end and a sharp point at the other – a meat thermometer. Janet placed a hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp as Eva lowered it and aimed it right between Felicia's bound legs and underneath where the carrot was. As Eva angled the meat thermometer at Felicia's vagina, Janet turned back away, still keeping her hand over her mouth.

A second later, she heard more muffled cries coming from the women inside. No doubt them reacting to Eva penetrating Felicia with the thermometer.

“Okay, we have to stop this.” Janet said, moving her hand away from her mouth.

“So is she going to eat her?” Anya asked.

“She isn't... I don't know. We just can't let this go on.” Janet stammered, not wanting to admit that Eva may have at some point in the last three months reverted to fetishistic cannibalism.

“Okay, well let's go in there.” Anya stepped away from the wall but Janet grabbed her by the arm.

“Wait! We need a plan!” Janet kept a tight grip on Anya's arm, causing the girl to cry out.

“Sorry.” Janet apologized, letting go.

“Okay, what's your plan?” Anya asked, annoyed and rubbing her arm. Janet only shrugged.

Anya sighed and peeked over Janet and back through the sliding glass doors. What she saw must have been truly a sight because Anya's eyes widened in alarm and she moved back to the side. The bikini thief stood against the house, rubbing her chin.

“A plan... a plan... plan...” She muttered to herself.

“Any day now would be fine.” Janet grumbled.

Anya glared at her, and then her eyes settled on Janet's cleavage in the tiny bikini top. Her stare

lingered on Janet's tan breasts and suddenly the older woman felt self conscious and crossed her arms over her chest.

“I got it!” Anya's eyes suddenly lit up as she continued to leer at Janet's large breasts.

Janet had a feeling that she wasn't going to like this plan.

5.

Janet's initial impressions were right – she didn't like the plan, but it was the only one they had, and time was running short.

Janet had no illusions about her body, she knew that it was her greatest asset. Her large breasts and thick backside is what first got her into modeling when she was younger, and then later worked to her benefit as a bartender. Hell, the entire business model of her new cabana bar was that men got enjoy the sight of her ass in a thong while she served them drinks. Now, in this moment, her body may be her greatest asset and weapon.

She took a breath as Anya tightened the rope around her wrists and listened to the muffled cries of the three women just around the corner. For someone who had three police women as captives, Eva kept security pretty low in her house. Anya and Janet were able to find an open window and slip in, finding themselves in a bed room. What they found in there would have normally aroused Janet, but instead filled her with dread. The room was filled with restraints and gags of all sorts, complete with straps on the bed and restraints on the head board. Restraints also hung from a wall, telling Janet that was where Eva kept her captives while she slept. They also found several costumes, no doubt for role-play, in the room as well. These costumes are how they came up with the plan.

Now they stood in a hallway just around the corner from the kitchen. The entire house was in darkness except for the kitchen, giving both women plenty of freedom to sneak around, as long as they were quiet. Anya met Janet's gaze and gave her nod, as if asking if Janet was ready. Janet could only nod, due to the gag around her mouth. The bikini thief nodded back and then slunk back into the shadows while Janet turned to face the kitchen, waiting for her cue.

She knew that she shouldn't peek around the corner to see what was happening, not only would it risk exposing her, but she knew that it wouldn't help relax her to see what was happening between

Eva and her captives...

But she had to know.

No, just wait for the signal... like you and Anya planned.

It shouldn't take long for Anya to signal her... hopefully. Only a few moments had passed but every second ticking away felt like an eternity.

Just one peek, it can't hurt...

Janet started to lean forward when she heard the speckles around her waist jingle. Her eyes went wide and she pressed herself flat on her back against the wall, listening. She could still hear the muffled cries of Gina, Caitlyn, and Felicia, but had no idea if Eva heard.

She probably couldn't hear over the sound of the gagged women! Janet hoped, and prayed. She kept her eyes squeezed shut and stayed pressed flat against the wall, surrounded by darkness, inside the home of a crazed kidnapper.

If Eva found her there, now, it would be like finding Janet gift-wrapped because she was already half naked, and bound and gagged...

Then the music started, emanating from the living room on the other side of the house. It had a very middle eastern vibe, full of instruments that Janet didn't know the name of, but at the end of the day, it sounded like what they hoped it would: Belly dance music.

Once they had picked out a costume, they had found a shelf full of CDs and hoped to find something that would be comparable to the music you typically heard with a traditional belly dance, thankfully it seemed that they had picked right.

The music was Janet's signal, and she knew that she had to get out there fast to keep Eva off her guard and from getting suspicious. She took another breath, exhaled quickly, and sashayed out from her hiding place, her speckles jingling the whole time.

It was a sight to behold once she stepped out into the kitchen. Caitlyn and Gina had their backs to her, but their heads were spinning, looking over the room for the source of the music. Gina's eyes

passed over Janet once, and then back. The bound and gagged woman blinked a few times, trying to take in the sight. Caitlyn followed Gina's gaze and also stared, and then back at Gina and then mumbled something into her gag. Janet couldn't hear over the music, but it seemed like she was trying to ask Gina if what she was seeing was real.

As for Felicia, her whole body was dripping with cooking oil and she stared at Janet, first in shock, then in excitement, and then in horror.

“Ummm hmm! Ummm ummph!” Felicia muttered into her apple gag, shaking her head as Janet swayed her body closer.

Eva stood by the oven, with the door open. At first her eyes fell to the living room, to the source of the music, and then back back at her hostages. Once she saw where they were all looking, she followed their gazes and her jaw dropped. Like Felicia, the emotion in Eva's face changed from shocked, to confused, to excitement.

And then Janet saw another look in Eva's eyes... lust.

Good, that was what Janet wanted.

One of the items found in Eva's bedroom was a small, pink sarong made of sheer fabric and adorned with small gold speckles. Anya had tied Janet's hands in front with a pink cloth and used a thick, pink scarf to wrap around her mouth, gagging her. To tie the bondage harem dancer outfit together, they found a sheer pink veil that matched the sarong for Janet to wear over her face, leaving just her eyes uncovered.

Though Janet would never call herself a professional belly dancer, those girls spent years training and honing their craft, she figured that she could do a reasonable impersonation enough to distract Eva.

Janet swayed further into the kitchen, shaking her hips back and forth and up and down as she moved. As she did she raised her bound hands in front of her, allowing Eva to see the rope around her wrists. Eva's wide, twinkling eyes told Janet that she saw the dancing woman's bound hands. She

moved closer, lifting her hands above her head, batted her eyes at Eva, and turned to the side, wiggling her ass at the lusty Latina.

“Mmmo! Mmmnnnett! Mmmmo!” Felicia mumbled. Janet had her back turned and closed her eyes, trying to block out her lover's muffled cries.

She could only imagine what must be going through Felicia's mind right now.

Just be patient Felicia, only a few more minutes. Janet thought as she slowly spun around to face Eva again, meeting the Latina's gaze.

Eva licked her lips as she watched Janet's body move and sway. Janet continued to sway over to her, lowering her bound hands so that they hovered right below her breasts. As Janet moved across the kitchen closer to Eva, she caught Gina and Caitlyn's gaze. Gina's eyes were narrowed, thoughtful. The tall woman's large, bare breasts heaved up and down with each careful breath as she watched Janet move.

She knows something's up. Janet had her issues with Gina, but Gina wasn't stupid. She knew that there was more to this than meets the eye.

Caitlyn on the other hand looked confused as ever. Unlike Gina, Caitlyn had never shown herself to Janet to be either very smart or intuitive. Her eyes kept flicking to Gina, as if Caitlyn knew that Gina had an answer that she didn't.

Janet swayed closer to Eva, causing her to coo and move across the kitchen to meet the dancing woman. They met just in front of the island where the hogtied Felicia was still struggling.

“Mmmmpph! Mmoo!” She grunted, still wiggling around trying to get free. Part of Janet was worried that if Felicia kept it up that she would fall right off the island, but Janet knew that she had to stay focused and in character.

Eva started to circle Janet like a lion circling it's prey. Janet spun her body with Eva, always maintaining eye contact.

“Ohh I like this...” Eva smiled her viscous, toothy smile. It was a hungry smile, and it always

unsettled Janet.

Janet continued to dance, raising her bound hands again above her head. Eva reached out and ran a finger along Janet's toned midsection.

“Mmmph!” Felicia protested.

Eva's touch caused Janet's blood to turn to ice in her veins, but she maintained eye contact with Eva and kept dancing. She knew that if she hesitated or broke character at all that could mean botching the whole rescue, and then Eva would have two new captives to add to her harem.

I have to get her in position! Janet knew that she couldn't waste time, but also couldn't seem like she was rushing for fear of arousing suspicion.

“What finally brought you around?” Eva asked, still circling and eying up Janet's body. She reached out another hand but this time Janet gently caught it with her own bound hands.

Eva stiffened, her eyes widening. Fearing that Eva might start to think something was up, Janet pressed herself forward and placed Eva's hand on her breast. Immediately, Eva's face softened and her palm tightened around Janet's breast, cupping it and massaging. Behind Eva, Janet could hear Felicia's ever present muffled protests.

Janet raised her hands up and wiggled her chest, letting Eva place her other hand over Janet's other breast. As she did, Janet slowly backed up, continuing to sway her hips as she did. Eva followed, smiling and bobbing with each movement Janet made.

Good, good. Janet thought, continuing to back up, Eva keeping pace with her.

Once the bound girls were behind Eva's back, Janet stopped, keeping her hands above her head, and wiggled her chest at the nearly naked Latina. Eva responded by pressing her body against Janet's. It looked like the Latina's gaze was trying to pierce Janet's veil. With that, Janet backed away, leading Eva gently by the hands, her hips always moving, always swaying to the music.

Once the girls were a good distance behind Eva, Janet swayed back and turned, wiggling her ass at Eva, each movement accompanied by the jingle of the speckles. She felt Eva's hands wrap around

her waist from behind and slid down, gently caressing Janet's bare buttocks from behind. Janet spun around to see that Eva was crouching down, almost as if she was going to plant a kiss on Janet's behind. Looking up, Janet saw Anya peeking into the kitchen from around a corner, looking to Janet to see if the coast was clear.

This was it. Right now Eva's back was to the room and the bound girls. Janet had to keep it that way.

Janet nodded at Anya, and then looked down at Eva and swung her hips up and down, keeping her hands above her head as she did. Eva stood up again, her eyes taking in every movement and every sway of Janet's body. As the Latina watched her dance, Eva took the chef's hat off her head and tossed it over her shoulder.

Behind Eva, Anya slunk across the kitchen towards Gina and Caitlyn. Both women saw the bikini thief approaching and started to cry out into their gags.

“Mmmpph! Ummph!”

“Hrrry mmoo! Ullggglmm!”

Shit! They were making a racket, and were bound to draw Eva's attention.

Eva perked up upon hearing the women's bound protests, and started to turn before Janet threw herself forward, pressing her body against Eva's and throwing her bound hands over Eva's head and around the back of her neck.

Eva stumbled back, somewhat shocked by Janet's sudden aggression, but Janet didn't give her time to think beyond that and pressed her body against Eva's warm body. Their breasts pressed against each other's and Janet swayed against Eva, moving with the beat of the music. As she moved, Janet worked away at the knot of the apron tied at the back of Eva's neck. The knot came undone and Janet moved herself slightly back, allowing the top of the apron to fall, exposing Eva's bare, mocha colored breasts.

The Latina sighed and her hands wrapped around Janet's waist and cupped both of her ass

cheeks, prompting a moan of protest from Felicia.

God I hope she forgives me for this. Janet thought, closing her eyes. She could only pray that Felicia understood why Janet had to do what she was doing.

Behind Eva, both Gina and Caitlyn were still moaning into their gags and rocking on their stools as Anya approached. The bikini thief stopped in front of them and held a finger over her lips but both women still kept moaning and trying to wriggle away.

Janet slid down, caressing Eva's bare back with her fingernails as she did. Her hands stopped around Eva's waist and undid the second knot securing the apron. The garment fell away, leaving the Latina completely nude, and Janet looked up and met her gaze with wide, expectant eyes. Eva sighed and ran her own hands over her bare breasts, and Janet could see that the Latina's nipples were now hard and erect.

Janet started to stand back up but Eva's hands reached down towards her, causing Janet to momentarily stiffen.

Loosen up! This is supposed to be a seduction!

Janet crouched, always looking up at Eva, keeping her eyes wide and as seductive as possible. She was finding it almost impossible to relax because being in any sexual situation with Eva felt like being trapped in the lion's den, but she had to do her best. Her bound hands lowered and caressed the curve of Eva's round, firm buttocks. For the longest time, Janet had always maintained that Felicia had one of the best asses she had ever seen in her life, but Eva gave her a good run for her money.

While Janet ran her hands along Eva's backside, the Latina's hands reached for the back of Janet's neck and started to undo the knot holding up her bikini top. Behind them, Janet looked past Eva's bare thigh to see that Anya was now leaning over and whispering something in Gina's ear. The bound and gagged woman's eyes were wide and attentive. After a moment, Anya pulled away and Gina nodded.

“Hullph mmsss! Hullp!” Caitlyn moaned into her gag, but then Gina shot her a sharp look and

shook her head.

“Hmmp?” Caitlyn cocked her head, and Gina shook head again and her eyes darted towards Anya, who was now working away at the knots around Gina's wrist.

Caitlyn turned her head to watch Anya work away at Gina's bonds and watched in confused silence.

Meanwhile, Eva succeeded in untying the top knot of Janet's bikini top. Leaning in close, Janet pushed herself back into a standing position, caressing Eva's body with her fingernails as she went, starting from tracing the curve of her buttocks up to the small of her back, and then her shoulders. Once she reached Eva's neck, Janet lifted her hands above her head again and swayed her hips as Eva reached behind her back and started to untie the second knot on her bikini top. Eva moved and swayed her body with every movement Janet made, their legs rubbing against each other's, Eva's bare breasts rubbing up against Janet's soon to be naked breasts.

The knot across her shoulders came undone, and with a flourish Eva ripped Janet's bikini top away. Janet went with the movement and twirled, carrying herself slightly away from Eva, and then stopped and spun around, giving the lusty Latina a full view of her naked, full breasts. She kept her bound hands lifted above her head as she swung her hips, and couldn't help but notice Eva's eyes sparkle as they zeroed in on Janet's naked chest.

Meanwhile, behind Eva, Anya had Gina's hands free and was working away at untying her ankles while Gina pulled the gag out of her mouth. Janet knew that she couldn't keep her eyes on them for long, and switched her attention over to Eva, who was stalking over towards her. Eva's naked body was now slick with perspiration, and every one of her exquisite muscles seemed coiled, ready to strike. All Janet could do was keep dancing, while keeping her eyes locked on Eva's. Even the Latina's eyes seemed like a lion's, large, almond colored, and hungry.

Eva closed the distance between them in no time and pressed her naked body against Janet's, once again wrapping her hands around Janet's waist and grabbing her ass. Janet felt Eva's hungry,

groping hands slid under her sarong and greedily clutch her bare ass cheeks, causing Janet to let out a soft moan into her gag.

“Ullmm...”

This seemed to excite Eva even more. Her eyes lit up at the sight of Janet's moan and she sunk her hands deep into the flesh of Janet's ass cheeks.

“Humm...” Janet moaned again, much to Eva's delight.

Eva let out a sigh of pleasure as her hands moved up along Janet's ass, lifting the sarong and exposing her thonged behind, and her delicate, shaky fingers started to trace the outline of Janet's g-string. Involuntarily, Janet froze, her hands held above her, and once again met Eva's gaze. She was terrified that the horny Latina was just going to rip off her bikini bottoms and sarong right there.

If Eva did, then Janet knew that she would just have to go with it, to allow Eva to have her way with her until Anya could get the others free.

As all of this crossed her mind, she once again looked into Eva's eyes and saw that Eva knew what Janet was thinking. Eva knew that on some level Janet was scared and nervous. Worst of all, Eva liked it. It turned her on.

Just as Janet realized this, Eva's hands grabbed at the sarong and pulled. As the flimsy garment came off, Janet once again pushed off of the Latina and did a twirl, ending once again facing Eva, naked except for her g-string and veil. Eva's chest rose up and down even faster, the sight of the naked belly dancer getting her blood pumping even more.

Behind Eva, Gina and Anya went over to untie Caitlyn, who started to protest into her gag again.

“Mmmo! Mmm mmpph! Mmmph!” Gina clamped a hand over Caitlyn's already gagged mouth and put a finger to her lips, but Caitlyn continued her protests.

“Mmm..mm... umm!” Caitlyn moaned, trying to twist out of Gina's grip, but Gina's hand was locked around Caitlyn's mouth.

Then Caitlyn's eyes widened when she felt the ropes around her wrists loosening. As as soon as she realized this, she looked up at Gina who nodded and once again put a finger to her lips. This time Caitlyn nodded and went silent. Gina moved her hand from Caitlyn's mouth and started to remove the gag from her mouth.

Janet continued her dance, turning her body to give Eva a full view of her almost naked ass and the glittery rhinestones right above her crack. Eva could barely contain herself and stalked up to Janet from behind and pressed her waist against Janet's backside while running her hands up along Janet's bare thighs. The two women embraced, with Eva rubbing her bare crotch up and down the curve of Janet's backside. Her hands slid to Janet's inner thighs and up...

“Ooohmm...” Janet moaned, continuing to sway her body while looking over at the others.

Anya and Gina had succeeded in getting Caitlyn free, and now were sneaking over to Felicia. As always, Felicia was being feisty and not cooperative.

“Mmoo! Mmm mmph! Mmmoo! Ummph” She moaned into her apple gag, wriggling her nude, oiled body on the island.

Once again, Gina put a finger to her mouth to signal to Felicia to be quiet, but Felicia's eyes were locked on Anya, and she clearly had no trust for the bikini thief.

“Urrrrff! Mmmph mmph! Ummm!” She was shaking her head and trying to wiggle off of the island, and Gina ran over and clamped a hand over Felicia's gagged mouth.

“Mmmm umm! Mmm!” Felicia shook her head and moaned.

Janet had to admire Felicia's spirit and feistiness, but in this case, it could be their undoing.

Come on Felicia! Just calm down and read the room! Janet willed while still dancing. Eva's hands were running over the front of her bikini bottoms, while she was still rubbing herself up and down along Janet's ass.

Felicia though, was being stubborn, one of the things that Janet admired most about her, except not in this case. Gina, Caitlyn, and Anya exchanged exasperated looks and Gina leaned over and started

to whisper in Felicia's ear.

Meanwhile, Eva's hands caressed Janet's hips, pulling at the waist band of her g-string. Janet spun herself around and lowered her bound hands around Eva's neck, pulling her close. Their eyes locked, and Eva's hands locked around Janet's buttocks and embraced her, Janet's nearly naked body pressed against Eva's naked body. They embraced for a moment, and then Eva moved her hands from Janet's ass and up, along her side, to her breasts, and further up...

Meanwhile, behind Eva, the efforts to calm Felicia were not going well, and she continued to protest into her gag. Anya let out an impatient sigh and motioned to the large, silver cover to the serving plate. Gina rolled her eyes, exasperated, and nodded, realizing that they would have to overpower Eva without Felicia.

Anya nodded and then motioned for Caitlyn to grab the other side of the large dish cover. Caitlyn nodded and hurried to the far end and grabbed the underside, and then lifted one end while Anya lifted the other. Gina kept her hands locked over Felicia's mouth as they carried the cover over, Felicia's eyes wide and angry.

“Mmmo! Mmmo! Mmm bffff!” She moaned, shaking her head. Her eyes looked like they were going to bulge right out of her head, and her face was almost as red as the apple shoved in her mouth.

Then Felicia saw Anya and Caitlyn carrying the cover over and increased her struggles tenfold.

“URRRRFFM! MMMFFFMM! MMMM!”

Eva perked up at hearing Felicia's increased muffled cries.

Shit! Janet knew that she had to keep Eva's attention on her, and she pressed herself against Eva as hard as she could and nuzzled her face with her veiled mouth.

“Ummm... mm...” Janet moaned, while rubbing herself up and down Eva's leg. Eva giggled and pulled Janet close.

“Ohh, let's see what you got under here.” Eva's voice was silky and seductive as her hands slid up to Janet's veil.

“Umm hmm...” Janet nodded, batting her eyes at Eva.

Meanwhile, Caitlyn and Anya were holding the cover over the wriggling Felicia and gently lowering it down to avoid making noise.

“Nnnnmmp! Nmmmpph! Nmmmm!” Felicia moaned, trying to pull out of Gina's grasp. At the last minute, Gina moved her hand away and the silver cover lowered over the dish completely, covering Felicia and muffling her moans.

Now, with Felicia dealt with, the three women – Anya, in her red swimsuit, and Caitlyn and Gina completely naked, turned to face Eva.

Eva's reached up to the back of the veil and lifted it off of Janet's face, revealing the purple scarf wrapped around her mouth, gagging her. Eva's eyes practically shimmered at the sight, and her hands lowered, her palms wrapping around Janet's bare breasts.

“Oh I love it!” Eva exclaimed, her grip on Janet's breasts tightening.

“Ohhhm...” Janet exclaimed. Eva liked to play rough.

The three women advanced on Eva from behind, Gina stopping to pick up some discarded rope, handing some to Caitlyn and Anya before picking up a gag for herself.

Eva slid down Janet's body, keeping her hands locked around Janet's breasts before once again caressing her mid-section with her nails.

Felicia, even under the dish, must have sensed it, because the cover rattled from her tossing about inside. Janet's blood turned to ice and she froze, her eyes locking on the dish, which was rattling more.

Stop Felicia! Please!

Eva didn't seem to notice, and her hands found the waist band of Janet's g-string and started to pull it down. Janet stayed frozen and looked down at Eva sliding her bikini bottoms down her legs.

Then the cover rattled and fell. Felicia must have rolled, causing the dish, the cover, and Felicia to fall to the kitchen floor with a loud CLANG.

“Ummpph!” Janet jumped and moaned involuntarily.

Eva paused and started to stand but it was too late. Gina, Caitlyn, and Anya pounced, pinning her to the floor. The Latina screamed and thrashed under the weight of the three women like an animal caught in a trap. Janet didn't even stop to pull up her bikini bottoms, and joined the pile of naked women in pinning Eva down.

6.

There was something mesmerizing about the way Eva struggled, and despite her best efforts, Janet couldn't take her eyes off of the nude Latina as she writhed around on the couch. After overpowering her, Janet, Gina, Caitlyn, and Anya had bound Eva hand and foot and laid her on the couch while they tended to Felicia, who was clearly not happy with her circumstances, despite being freed. Then again, Gina did have to remove a carrot from Felicia's ass and a thermometer from her vagina, so Janet understood Felicia's dark mood.

Before they gagged her, Eva had pleaded with them to free her so she could talk. The Latina had insisted that she never meant to put Felicia in the oven, that she really just wanted to play a sadistic, bondage chef fantasy with the girls. It was all in good fun in Eva's mind. Gina though, had enough of Eva's chattering and gagged her with one of the white cloths she had used to gag her and Caitlyn.

The awkwardness in the room could be cut with a knife, and Eva writhing around, bound, gagged, and naked, while they tried to talk wasn't helping matters at all.

"I can't tell if she's enjoying this or not." Anya observed, clearly distracted by Eva's antics. After they had all been freed, Janet figured that there was a lot of explaining to do and figured they could talk in the living room about everything that had transpired, but Eva proved too distracting.

"Umm... hm... mmmm..." She moaned, arching and twisting her body. Janet could see that Eva's skin had raised into goosebumps and her nipples were erect. They had placed her on a small sofa at the back of the living room while they all talked in the middle of the room on several chairs around a nice, glass coffee table.

"I don't like how she's looking at me." Caitlyn whined and tried to cover her considerable cleavage. Janet and Anya had found towels for the naked former captives to cover up with, but Gina and Caitlyn were considerably bustier than Felicia, and the towels exposed plenty of their heaving

bosoms.

“Umm hm...” Eva moaned and winked in response to Caitlyn. Then Gina had the idea to use the other white cloth to blindfold Eva. All that did was succeed in keeping Eva from making eye contact as she writhed her nude body on the couch behind them.

And it certainly didn't make things less uncomfortable.

We have a lot to unpack here. Janet thought as she sat on one of the easy chairs next to Felicia. She had put back on her bra but left the sarong on the floor, leaving her only in the g-string. It was fine with Janet. The girls were used to the sight of each other in very little clothing.

Across the table from them sat Gina and Caitlyn, and standing in the middle, leaning against a mantle, was Anya.

Janet had just filled the others in on what happened, though she had to resort to talking over Eva's constant muffled moans in the background. The girls were not thrilled to learn that they had been captives of the Latina for three months. It took some time to explain Anya's presence as well, which was a problem Janet had foresaw.

They all sat there in uncomfortable silence. Janet looked over to Felicia to see that the girl was staring off into the distance. A few minutes passed but Felicia would not meet Janet's gaze. For these past few months, all Janet had envisioned was Felicia returning and jumping into her arms. She had fantasized about the two of them embracing, of their lips touching. Now here was Felicia, refusing to even look at her.

Finally, Felicia moved, but not to look at Janet, but to glare at Anya.

“Well, what are we waiting for. Let's arrest her!” She motioned at Anya.

“Mmmph!” Eva moaned from her couch at the back of the room.

Anya lifted her head, eyes wide when Felicia spoke.

“Hold on a minute.” Gina held up a hand. Janet could tell that she was deep in thought.

“Hold on a minute!” Felicia's voice was getting louder and she rose from her chair. “Hold on!

We have her here, now! Let's get her!"

"We have a lot to think about. That's why I said hold on." Gina rose, calmly. Her voice was even.

"She's the reason we're in this mess! We lost three months of our lives because of her!" Felicia kept gesturing to Anya as she spoke.

"That is true." Caitlyn agreed.

"And you would still be her prisoners if not for me." Anya pointed out.

"That is also true." Caitlyn also agreed.

"Caitlyn... please." Gina held up a finger to the muscular girl and she nodded.

"Anya does have a point." Gina continued.

"So? She tried to kill me and Janet! She tried to blow you up!"

"Yes but that's in the past." Anya took a step forward, hands out in a peaceful gesture. Felicia responded by glaring at her. Taking the hint, Anya stopped.

"Look, if you want to bring me in then you can. I'm still too weak to fight you all off." Anya explained.

"There! See?" Felicia continued waving her hand at Anya. Her face was getting redder. There was one thing that Janet knew about Felicia, and that was that she had a hot head and fiery temper that often landed her in trouble.

Foreseeing a blow up, Janet stood and put a hand on Felicia's arm.

"Hey, why don't you sit-" She began, but Felicia snatched her arm away.

"Let go!" She barked. Janet's hand jumped to her chest, slightly taken aback by Felicia snapping at her.

Felicia too, realized what she had just done and her face softened.

"Everyone calm down." Gina paced in between them, hands out like a referee. "Let's just talk this out. Felicia, yes, she did try to kill us, but if she is to be believed, that was because she was being

paid to.”

“Yes, and I changed my mind.” Anya defended herself. “Plus, I left you on that construction site to be found by someone. I didn't know that your horny coworker would be the one to do it.”

“Urfff hrrry!” Eva moaned.

Felicia took a step forward, glaring at Anya.

“Maybe we should lock you up with Eva for three months like you did us. See how you like it.”

“Eeeep!” Eva squealed. It sounded like a sound of delight.

“You know, I've had about enough of your mouth.” Anya strolled forward, eyes narrowed.

Seeing a blowup coming, Janet jumped up in between the two women. Gina joined her. Caitlyn still sat on the couch, eyes wide. She reminded Janet of a child watching her parents argue.

“Felicia please, just listen to her.” Janet pleaded. Felicia glared at her.

“I can't believe you're on her side.” Felicia hissed.

“I'm not... but she can be useful.”

“If what she's saying is true, then she turned on Shelly. How do we know that she won't turn on us?” Felicia once again gestured wildly at Anya.

Janet had to admit that Felicia had a point. It was something that she too had been thinking over.

“Because you're the only ones I can trust.” Anya responded. There was something in her voice... something fragile... something vulnerable.

All of them turned to see Anya take a seat where Janet had just been sitting. Suddenly the bikini thief looked very tired and beaten down.

“Look, do you think I like having to come groveling to you? I know you have no reason to trust me.” Anya rubbed her eyes, the exhaustion still weighing on her face.

“I came to you because I know that you won't sell me out to Ace,” Anya continued “And I happen to know that you know what Ace does to women. Do you want that to happen to me? Could you in good conscious let that happen to a woman? Even one that you know to be a criminal?”

Gina's face had softened and she took a seat, watching Anya. Felicia still glared at her but also took her seat. Janet stepped back, watching the exchange unfold.

“You're officers of the law, and aren't you supposed to uphold the law? Would letting Ace have me be upholding the law?”

“What are you proposing?” Gina asked.

“You can't believe this!” Felicia shouted, sitting forward. Gina held up a hand to hush Felicia.

“Ace wants me, and he wants me bad. I'll draw him out, be the bait so to say, and you guys can catch him. I know you've been trying to for years now.”

Now all of them shared a look.

“What's in it for you?” Felicia crossed her arms, starring daggers into Anya.

“Well for one, I already live looking over my shoulders, I'm an internationally wanted criminal, but the police have rules, they have ways of doing things. I can anticipate cops and plan for them. Not with Ace. He has people everywhere and he has ways of sneaking up on you. If I run, sooner or later he'll catch me. No matter how far I run.”

“So I suppose that if you help us catch Ace, in return we let you go free.” This time Gina crossed her arms.

“There's no way!” Felicia shot to her feet, and once again Gina help up a hand to calm her. Felicia glared at both Gina and Anya and sat back down.

“That would be the idea, yeah. Like I said, I'm not in the shape to fight back so if you want me you can take me now.”

“Honestly, after all we've been through in the past three months, I don't think we're in the shape to fight you after having to fight Eva.” Gina added.

“Urrrrfff hrrrrfff hmmm hmmm...” Eva let out what sounded like a chuckle and Janet turned to glare at her.

“We're gonna let her walk to get Ace?” Felicia protested.

“How about this,” Gina started. “You help us get Ace. In return, we let you walk – this one time. After that, your Marston's Pointe privileges are revoked. The minute you set foot back in my town I will throw your ass in jail and prosecute to the fullest extent. I'll even make sure that you share a cell with Ace.” Gina never stopped meeting Anya's eyes as she spoke. Her voice was calm and even.

“Gina you can't-” Felicia stood up.

“Felicia, that's enough!” Gina lost her cool and turned to glare at Felicia.

The looks the two women exchanged told a whole story. Years of pent up frustration and resentment. Both had different kinds of venom in their eyes.

“Yes Felicia, you have a point,” Gina began. “But she did help rescue us and could deliver us the biggest crime lord in town. Catching Ace is what we set out to do and what we promised we will do so I'm willing to let things slide in order to get the bigger fish. That's how law enforcement works sometimes and you know that.” Gina's tone was like an adult chiding a misbehaving child.

And Felicia looked like a pouting child that had just been scolded. She sunk back into her chair and glared at Gina. Gina stood, placed her hands on her hips, and glared at Anya again.

“Be warned though,” Gina started. “If I catch a whiff of anything fishy coming from you, or any funny stuff then the deal is off and I am throwing you in jail.”

“Of course.” Anya nodded.

“And if the plan fails and we don't catch Ace, then the deal is off too. So you better deliver, because if we don't catch him then I'm taking you as a consolation prize.” Gina's tone said that she meant business, and Felicia perked up at hearing this and stared at Gina in shock.

Even Anya was taken aback by Gina's tone. She seemed to think it over for a minute and then nodded.

“Fine. It's a deal.”

Anya rose and extended a hand. Gina stepped forward but stopped, turning to look at the others.

“Any other objections?” She asked. Her tone indicated that she wasn't in the mood for more

fighting.

Caitlyn nodded, unsurprisingly. Janet knew that Caitlyn was loyal to Gina, to a fault. Gina turned to Janet who also nodded. Finally, Gina turned to Felicia. Felicia stood and glared at both Gina and Anya.

“Fine, but if she screws us over, just know that I told you so.” Felicia responded.

Gina nodded and clasped Anya's hand. They shook and then Gina broke it off.

“Now there's another matter to attend to.” She turned to the writhing, nude body of Eva.

Sensing that they were talking about her, Eva paused her struggling and perked up.

“Hummph?” She moaned, listening.

Gina strode over to the naked Latina and stood over her.

“Umm hmm?” Eva nodded, still listening.

“What, you gonna trust her again too?” Felicia jabbed, prompting a glare from Gina. Then Gina turned back to Eva.

“Just before this all went down, I told myself that I was going to fire you from the force, Eva.”

Gina began.

“Wufff?” Eva sat up, her chest heaving up and down. Somehow, this came as a shock to her.

“You held us prisoner for three months. You did unspeakable things to us, and would have kept us for much longer if we hadn't been rescued...” Gina went on.

“Mmmoo! Mmmoo! Ummm hmmm!” Eva shook her head, pleading through the gag at Gina. It struck Janet as strange that Eva was surprised at this, but then again, Eva was a strange girl.

“For that, I should lock you up and throw the book at you: kidnapping, assaulting an officer, sexual assault... you name it.” Gina continued.

“Mmmoo! Pssfff! Pffsss! Mmmeena!” Eva was begging through her gag. Janet couldn't believe that she was actually seeing Eva beg.

“But... I'll go easy on you.” Gina went on, prompting another sharp look from Felicia.

“Offf thmmm mmoo...” Eva mumbled.

“You have twenty four hours to pack up and get the hell out of here. I don't want to see or hear from you again. Same conditions that I gave Anya: if you set foot in Marston's Pointe again, I'll arrest you and charge you to the fullest extent of the law.”

“WFFFF! MMMMO!” Eva sat up straight upon hearing that. The blindfold kept her from seeing Gina so Eva's head kept sharply turning, trying to find where Gina stood.

“And since you like being tied up so much, I'm going to leave you like this...”

“Mmmmph! Mmmooo!”

“Oh yes,” Gina leaned forward, a slight smile spreading across her face. “I'm sure you'll figure a way out. Better be fast too, because when I come back tomorrow, you better not be here.”

“Ummpph! Mmmph!” Eva lunged forward from the couch, but Gina anticipated this and stepped back, causing Eva to flop belly first onto the floor.

All of them stood in a circle, looking down on Eva as she wriggled around on the floor, her ass cheeks clenching as she struggled.

“Ummm hmmm! Mmmph! Mmoo! Psssff!” Eva wriggled her nude body like a fish on dry land. Janet couldn't help but watch her struggle in awe. This woman, who seemed so dangerous, like an animal on the prowl, now seemed so weak and pathetic. They all knew that Eva loved being tied up as much as she loved tying people up, but Gina had somehow found a way to turn that on her.

Janet turned and looked at Gina with awe. Gina's face was cold and hard as she watched Eva struggle.

“Okay, let's go.” Gina ordered, and spun on her heel and started strolling out of the room. Caitlyn turned to follow. Anya and Felicia shared a look, and then Anya shrugged and followed. Felicia glared after her and then stalked over.

Janet took one final look at the writhing Eva.

“Urrmmm... mmmrrmmph!” Eva moaned, now rolling towards the kitchen. Her body was

slick with sweat, though her nipples and had softened, and her skin was no longer raised.

Janet pulled herself away from the struggling Latina and followed the others.

7.

It feels good to take a shower again. Felicia mentally sighed in relief as she felt the hot water cascade over her naked body. Of course, she had bathed while being Eva's prisoner, during those times she had been bound and gagged, and bath time with Eva had been some of the most violating and humiliating things that Felicia had endured. Part of her still couldn't believe that she was free, and she kept looking over her shoulder half expecting Eva to burst through the shower curtains like some sex crazed Norman Bates.

It's okay, you're free and showering in your own home thanks to Janet and Anya.

Anya... Just thinking of the bikini thief set Felicia's blood boiling. They wouldn't have been captured by Eva if not for her, but now they were going to trust her. Part of Felicia half hoped that Anya would turn on them just so she could say "I told you so."

And Janet... she couldn't believe that Janet trusted Anya and went to bat for her. Anya! The same woman that had locked Janet in washing machine and tried to kill her!

Janet knew that Felicia was angry about it and had spent all night and most of the morning trying to talk to Felicia, but to no avail and finally left for her job at the bar. The strange thing was that Felicia found herself relieved that Janet was gone because that at least meant that she didn't have to deal with Janet following her around trying to talk things over.

Relax Felicia, she's probably spent the last three months worrying sick about you, and then you go and ignore her.

The thing that Felicia couldn't get out of her head was Janet, her hands tied, mouth gagged, and in that tiny g-string, dancing for Eva's obvious delight. Janet claimed that it was Anya's idea as a way of distracting Eva while Anya freed the others. The image of Eva eyeing Janet up like a piece of prime rib kept flashing through Felicia's mind, along with Janet, shaking her body for the Latina.

Many times in the bedroom Felicia had let Janet tie and gag her, but the few times that Felicia had asked Janet if she could do the same to her, Janet refused.

“I don't think that's the dynamic of our relationship” Janet would say.

Before her ordeal with The Queen, Felicia would have agreed, but then Felicia overpowered and gagged the dominatrix before finding Jack and Tanya, two of her main tormentors, both bound, gagged, and helpless.

Nothing had matched the sexual thrill Felicia felt at being able to control her enemies while helpless. She hadn't felt anything close since.

The rational voice in Felicia's head told her that Janet was just doing what she felt she had to do to save her, but it kept being drowned out by the bitter angry voice.

Janet left you with Eva for three months. The voice said.

Janet was vulnerable around Eva in ways she'll never be with you!

Janet trusted the Bikini Thief so fast! Don't you wonder why that is?

Felicia shook her head, banishing the angry voice. Today was her first day of freedom, she was going to spend it relaxing by the pool, and maybe walking by the beach, clearing her head. Maybe she would calm and have a rational conversation with Janet when she got home. Before that though, she was going to take the world's longest shower.

She felt filthy after spending months as Eva's prisoner, and wanted to wash the stink of all of the unspeakable things the Latina had done to her from her body and mind.

Another pang of anger washed over Felicia, this time directed at Gina. Not only was Gina working with Anya, but Gina had opted not to arrest Eva and instead gave her a chance at escape, a twenty-four hour head start.

Felicia shook the thought from her mind and stood directly under the shower head, feeling the warm jets of water blast her in the face. After a few seconds she stepped back and looked down over her naked body. Though she retained all of her curves, three months of not working out meant that she

had lost a lot of tone and muscle definition. It would take some serious overtime in the gym to get back to where she was. When Felicia was a prisoner of The Queen's, she had been forced to stick to a strict fitness regimen because The Queen liked her girls tight and in shape. Eva was not as disciplined, and though she kept her prisoners fed and washed, she did little else for them.

While she was admiring her naked body, Felicia also noticed that her deep tan was beginning to fade. She had always enjoyed tan lines, especially since she only wore thong bikinis to the beach. For some reason she loved the sight of a stark, light tan line highlighting the curves of her already sizable and impressive backside. Now her tan lines were much more subtle thanks to three months of being kept inside. There were a few times that Eva did bring the girls outside, but they were usually secured to chairs and still bound and gagged. At one point, Caitlyn had managed to get free of a chair that she was bound to, and even though her hands and feet were still tied and her mouth gagged, had tried to hop away to freedom. Eva though had easily caught up to the naked, muscle bound girl, and rarely took her prisoners outside after that.

There was also the matter of Felicia's hair. When she had been the prisoner of The Queen, her captor had shaved down the sides of her head and trimmed the top so that it fell around her ears, giving her an undercut. After she had been freed, Felicia found that she quite liked the hairstyle on her and had kept it. The sides and top of her brown hair had grown out quite a bit during her captivity with Eva, and now fell around her neck.

Maybe I'll make a hair appointment today too.

That would be a nice way to relax. But first, she was going to shower until the water was ice cold.

As it turns out, she didn't have to wait long for that, as mere seconds later, the cascade of hot water changed to a blast of wintery cold daggers against Felicia's bare skin. She cried out and covered her breasts, and her skin rose in goosebumps as she fumbled for the handles.

It seemed to get colder as her hands grasped for the cold metal handle of the shower and turned

hot all the way up to maximum. It did nothing. There was no hot water left. Felicia must have looked like some sort of crazed animal, shivering with one hand over her bare chest and her wet hair plastered to her face, and she quickly turned the water off.

What happened to the hot water?

Felicia had only been in the shower for five minutes tops. Then she remembered that they had two new housemates to deal with now.

A fresh well of anger sprang up inside her, making her forget about the biting cold of the shower. With a dark cloud over her head, she ripped open the shower curtain and reached for a towel only to find the towel rack empty. Felicia fumed, and then felt a breeze of cold air hit her naked body. Crossing her hands over her bare chest, Felicia stepped out of the shower, her whole body shivering, in search of a towel

Felicia's search for a towel was fruitless, and five minutes water, still wet and shivering, Felicia stalked down the stairs, holding a white hand towel over her breasts with one hand and her other hand holding another white hand towel between her legs. She was going to chew someone out for this, and god help whoever that would be.

Because Caitlyn had lost her apartment during her captivity, Gina offered to take her in until she found a new place, which meant that Caitlyn took up a spot on their couch. Also staying with them on a sleeping bag on the floor was Anya because she had no place to go either. Felicia had been fine with Caitlyn staying with them, but had objected to Anya, pointing out that Anya had a massive luxury yacht to stay on. Anya didn't refute this, but claimed that the yacht was in another town that was most likely being patrolled by Ace's people. Plus, Gina said that she wanted Anya close.

When she got downstairs. Felicia was greeted by the sight of Anya with one towel wrapped around her body and the other around her head, keeping her hair up. Gina and Caitlyn stood next to her, dressed like they were going out for a night of clubbing.

Caitlyn wore a form fitting black dress, and by form fitting, it clung to her body like a second skin, accentuating every curve and muscle in her impressive physique. Like Felicia, Caitlyn's muscles had lost some definition in during her captivity, but were still quite impressive. She also wasn't wearing a bra, judging from the incredible amount of cleavage the dress exposed, and the fact that her nipples poked through the front of the thin fabric. Gina on the other hand, wore a skin tight skirt that looked to barely come past her ass and a matching tiny pink top that was little more than a bra, pushing up Gina's already massive breasts. Both women also carried small handbags that could hang easily from their wrists.

“What the hell is this? Are we going clubbing?” Felicia huffed, suddenly realizing how ridiculous she looked, storming the living room in two hand towels.

“Felicia, what are you...” Gina's jaw dropped at the almost naked Felicia.

“What happened to the hot water? And the towels?” Felicia sighed, backing towards the wall, her ass suddenly feeling exposed.

“Caitlyn and I had to get ready.” Gina motioned to their skimpy get up.

“Yeah sorry,” Anya added. “I felt the hot water going when I was in the shower.” As the bikini thief leaned back, Felicia noticed that she had a square watch on her wrist that hadn't been there yesterday. A smart watch? How could she had gotten one so quickly.

The only answer was that she took it from one of them, or it was given to her.

“Now, Caitlyn and I have to go check on a lead that Anya gave us.” Gina continued, picking up a small purse. Felicia noticed that Gina wore a watch similar to Anya's.

“Where at? You look like you're going out dancing?” Felicia said. Gina used to dress in an equally revealing manner when her and Felicia used to cruise the LA clubs. In those days, most men were defenseless against Gina's revealing outfits, which meant that Gina never spent those nights alone.

“There's a club along the boardwalk, Ace uses it as a front to scout girls.” Anya interjected.

“Then you should stay away from it.” Felicia barked.

“Here,” Anya handed Felicia a flyer.

Awkwardly, Felicia tucked the hand towel between her legs and reached for the flyer. It was for a pool party at the Lady Luck Casino showcasing a new “Golden Sling Bikini”. Some mystery model apparently would be the lucky lady to wear this priceless bikini.

“You know that this is Ace trying to draw you out.” Felicia added, handing the flyer back to Anya.

“No doubt.” Anya smiled. “And you don't have to hide, ain't nothing we haven't seen before.” Anya eyed up Felicia's practically nude body as she spoke. Felicia glared at her and returned to holding the towel between her legs with her hand.

She means to take the bait! Felicia realized.

“So wait, you're going to walk into this trap?” Felicia accused Anya.

“We think that Ace and his people are going to be scouting this club for a girl to wear the Golden Sling.” Gina informed.

“And you want that to be one of you? Ace and most of his men know what you two look like.” Felicia shook her head. This was a terrible plan.

“We know, and we don't want to be picked.” Gina continued.

“We don't?” Caitlyn looked at Gina in confusion. Gina ignored her and continued.

“Hopefully we can get close to whoever they pick to model the bikini and place surveillance on her. Whoever she is, she'll get close to Ace's inner circle, maybe Ace himself. By following her, we can figure out what their next move is.

“Still, once again Ace knows who you two are.” Felicia pressed. This whole plan gave her a bad feeling.

“And we've been missing for three months, and technically still are. They won't be expecting us.”

“And what am I supposed to do while you're out clubbing?” Felicia blurted, already exasperated.

“Stay here and keep an eye on Anya.” Gina motioned to the bikini thief reclining on the couch. Anya smiled and waved.

Felicia fumed.

“I'm a babysitter?” The dark cloud over her head grew to encompass the whole room as she spoke.

“You're doing your job, which is protecting a valuable witness.” Gina's tone was that of an adult scolding a child.

“I'm supposed to watch her, here, by myself?” While Felicia and Gina spoke, Anya's head whipped back and forth between them in obvious amusement.

Gina pointed to the watch on her wrist and then Anya's.

“See these? This is something I got last year but didn't get the chance to use until now. It's like an ankle monitor that tracks her every movement.” Gina pointed to Anya, who flashed a “who me?” face.

“And if she ventures off of the property for any reason,” Gina turned to glare at Anya. “That voids our agreement.”

“Hey I'm staying right here.” Anya threw up her hands and flashed an innocent face.

“Also, it works as a radio.” Gina pointed to a button on the side of her watch. “If Anya has any trouble she can get in direct touch with me.”

Anya smiled, held up her watch, and pointed to the button on the side.

“I can't believe that you two are going out cruising while I'm stuck here with the chick that started it all.” Felicia grumbled.

“Felicia, I'm the Sheriff, you're a deputy, and those are my orders.” Gina's tone meant that was her final word. Felicia glared at her.

“You really got a whole “moody teen” vibe going, don't you?” Anya interjected.

Felicia turned and glared at the bikini thief. Almost forgetting her near nudity, she took a few steps towards her, eyes blazing.

“Felicia that's enough!” Gina stepped forward, her eyes blazing too. “You two just stay out of each other's way. I'll be back in a few hours.”

Felicia glared at Gina, then at Caitlyn's face, and then at the amused look at Anya's face.

“Fine.” Felicia grumbled and turned to storm up the stairs, not even bothering to cover up her bare ass as she did.

Since she couldn't go for a walk on the beach, Felicia decided that exercising in the back yard would be a good way to blow off steam. After storming upstairs after her conversation with Gina, Felicia used the tiny hand towels to dry off as best she could, though by that time she had air dried pretty well, and then put on a tiny pair of blue thong panties and pair of black, skin tight spandex work out shorts.

She had forgotten how small the work out shorts really were, and turned to admire herself in her full body mirror. The shorts came about halfway down her backside, leaving most of her ass cheeks completely exposed. Part of Felicia thought that she should dress at least somewhat modestly, but then she realized that she wasn't leaving the house so who was she worried about seeing her ass?

There's Anya, but she's seen you naked already.

As she pulled on a black sports bra, Felicia realized how strange and infuriating it was that the woman downstairs, who was practically a stranger, had seen Felicia's nude body on several occasions. Not only had Anya seen Felicia naked, but every time it had been against Felicia's will. Just thinking about it caused the red hot anger to come creeping back and boil up inside of her.

Just go outside and work out, work the anger off. Don't do anything else. Felicia told herself as

she admired her body in the mirror. She had lost her muscle tone, but still was quite a sight in her tiny work out shorts and sports bra. Today would be the first day of her quest to get back in shape.

And a day of exercising would be a good way of ignoring the fact that the woman who had kidnapped and tried to kill her was now sharing a house with her.

Despite her efforts to put thoughts of Anya out of her mind, the dark cloud followed Felicia out of her bedroom, through the hall, and down the steps. She passed through the living room and caught sight of Anya, still in her towels, with the remote control in hand flipping through channels.

“What cable package do you have?” She asked Felicia as she passed.

“I don't know.” Felicia replied flatly, not slowing down on her quest to get outside.

“Hey, where are you going?” Anya asked, her tone like a mother asking her teenage child if she was going out.

“Outside.”

“Why?” Now Anya's tone was that of a child. Felicia sighed, gritted her teeth, and stopped, not turning to face her “guest”.

“I'm going outside to work out.” Felicia said through gritted teeth.

“And what am I supposed to do?” Anya whined.

“I don't know. Figure out something.” Felicia continued her march towards the back yard, not waiting for a response from the bikini thief.

It was a bright, hot day outside, and the heat hit Felicia like a fist when she stepped outside.

I didn't know it was supposed to be this hot outside? Beads of sweat were already gathering on her body, and a voice in her head told her to go back inside where it was cool and comfortable.

Except Anya was inside, which meant it wasn't comfortable in the slightest.

Felicia strolled past the patio and the pool and stopped in the grassy yard beyond. In front of her was the decaying old shed, and beyond that a foot path leading down to the beach. With the heat like it was, people were already milling by, taking the path down to the beach and cool waters beyond. For a

moment, Felicia stared at the shed and thought of how Janet had caught Tanya and left her tied up the shed before saving Gina and Eva from a bomb planted by Anya.

Tanya had escaped though, but according to Anya, went on to be recaptured and left stranded at sea, naked and tied to a surfboard.

Serves her right. Felicia nodded unconsciously. Still, there was something disconcerting about how Anya had casually mentioned that she left Tanya and Shelly out to sea, and how Anya had left Gina and Eva to be blown up.

Felicia knew that she couldn't trust Anya, and should keep a close eye on her. She could be plotting something even now. A fresh bout of rage started welling up inside of Felicia.

Relax, just... work out. Use that anger as fuel.

Taking several deep breaths, Felicia started stretching, loosening up her sleeping muscles after months of not being used.

I did use them... but in vain. Felicia spent the past three months using her muscles to strain against rope keeping her in place, or fighting against Eva's violating touches. Now, she finally got to use her body in a way that she wanted to. Once her muscles had been sufficiently loosened, Felicia settled in and started her first set of squats. Repeatedly, she had been told that her ass was her best physical asset, and during her modeling days had taken great care to make sure that her posterior was in peak shape, and squats were the perfect exercise for just that.

Already sweating from the oppressive heat of the day, soon Felicia found herself absolutely dripping with sweat during her exercises. Even her skintight workout shorts started to get soaked from her perspiration. Felicia never stopped her exercises though except to rest between sets. Her body was an ancient machine coming back to life, shaking free of decades worth of rust, and it felt good. The endorphins from exercising were starting to kick in, and Felicia's pent up anger and frustration were starting to fade away. Worried that as soon as she would stop that the anger would return, Felicia continued with her exercises.

As she neared the end of her exercise routine, she decided that a dip in the pool would be a good way to cool down from her workout, but going into the house to get a swimsuit meant having to pass Anya.

I could just swim in my underwear, or go naked.

There was something thrilling, and freeing, about swimming in her own pool in the nude, but she quickly banished the thought from her head when she noticed that she had an audience.

How long the onlookers had been there she didn't know, but she was getting up for a rest between sets of sit ups and saw a group standing a few feet beyond her fence. They were all younger men, somewhere in their 20s, clad in swim trunks, muscle shirts, and sunglasses. She didn't have to see their eyes to tell that they were lusting after her.

Worse off, she recognized the one in the front, the “leader” and his mop of shaggy, blond hair. She had referred to him as “Blondie”, and he had once harassed her at the bar months back, before they became Eva's prisoners. Blondie was practically salivating over the sight of her now, like a puppy looking at a fresh bone. He and his friends didn't seem to care that Felicia finally noticed their presence, and in fact started chuckling amongst themselves. Felicia felt the white hot anger boiling up inside her and narrowed her icy gaze at Blondie. Last time they had encountered each other, she had been armed.

Slowly, she saw the recognition creep across Blondie's face as he realized that he recognized her. The sick grin on his face shifted to a look of terror. Never once did Felicia break off her death glare. Blondie started to shrink beneath her gaze, and the look she gave him sent the perfect message.

I will fucking kill you.

Blondie started to back up, and signaled to his friends to do the same. Then Felicia started to rise, uncoiling her muscles like a serpent getting ready to strike, never breaking off her gaze. The blood in her veins had turned into venom.

Blondie was backing towards the foot path leading down to the beach, and patting his friends on

the arms, getting them to follow. Felicia knew this type of man all too well, the type that always traveled in a pack. A weak man that hid behind a shield of other weak men. Blondie's pack had noticed his growing fear and were now following suit, their fear mounting as well.

Then Felicia sprang up, like a serpent, rearing to sink it's teeth into it's prey.

Blondie jumped and ran, his friends following him. They all scrambled down the foot path after him. She stood poised in her yard, muscles stiffened, watching as the group of weak men stumbled over each other down to the beach. Most of them probably didn't know why they were running, or scared, and once they had gotten down to the beach and caught their breath, would ask their leader why he had ran.

“That bitch is crazy man” He would probably say.

Maybe, once they had gathered their courage, they would come back up that way, telling themselves that they would stand up to Felicia that time.

Good, let them come. She would meet them just the same.

She relaxed her tired muscles, unclenching her fists, and looked down over her sweat soaked body. Her whole body was glistening, shining in the harsh sunlight.

“Damn girl, what did you do to them?” An accented voice said from behind. To Felicia, Anya's voice was like nails on a chalkboard, magnified times ten.

Her white hot anger turned supernova as she turned to tell her house guest that it was none of her business.

Anya was standing by the pool, rubbing tanning oil over her cleavage.

Felicia's tanning oil.

If Felicia Fetters could have turned big and green in that moment she would have. Not only was Anya using her tanning oil, but she was wearing a purple thong bikini with black trim. Felicia's purple thong bikini with black trim. She had bought it to wear at the bar but didn't get a chance to wear it yet due to getting kidnapped by Eva.

Now here was Anya, getting to take that maiden voyage without her.

Anya noticed Felicia glaring at her and stopped massaging oil on her breast to shrug.

“What?” Anya asked innocently.

“Is... that... my... bikini?” Felicia huffed through gritted teeth.

Anya shrugged again. “What? I don't have any of my own here? I'm just borrowing it.”

Clenching her fists again, Felicia stormed towards Anya, who went back to applying the oil to her heaving bosoms.

“It was my favorite of the ones you had.” She said, not bothering to look up.

Felicia skidded to a stop, her chest rising and falling in anger.

What?

“What... do... you... mean?” She huffed again.

“I took a look through what you have. You have great taste.” Anya continued, still not looking at Felicia.

Still huffing and puffing, her muscles tensed, Felicia stormed past her and into the house. It felt like the house was shaking under her as she marched through the kitchen and dining room and up the stairs to her bedroom. When she saw her room, she felt like she was going to scream, an earth shattering scream, a scream that would have decimated every window in the house. Instead, she clenched her fists and felt her whole body quiver in fury.

Felicia had quite a collection of bikinis, though it was nothing compared to Anya's, but she was quite proud of it. This collection had been kept in a large, antique trunk that had belonged to her father at the foot of her and Janet's bed. That trunk had been overturned, the contents of it spilled out over the floor. Some of the bikinis lay strewn about the floor in front of the trunk, and then there was a short trail of bikinis leading up to the full size mirror on the opposite wall. Lying in a circle around that mirror was a large pile of bikini tops and bottoms. Altogether, it told Felicia a story of how Anya had dumped out her trunk, left behind the bikinis she didn't like, and tried on the ones she did like in front

of the mirror while Felicia had been outside exercising.

As Felicia looked over her room, she noticed open drawers in her and Janet's dressers, and the closets were open too. Janet had a drawer of bikinis in her dresser too, and it looked like Anya had taken those out and inspected those as well before deciding they wouldn't fit, seeing how Janet's breasts were considerably larger.

If Felicia's anger was supernova before, this was something more, like ten supernovas all erupting at once. The nerve of that bitch! First she comes into their house, then she uses all of their hot water, and then raids both Felicia's and Janet's bikinis! Felicia moved to the window and looked out over the backyard. Anya was now lying on her back on one of the beach chairs, her breasts gently rising and falling, the combination of oil and sweat causing them to glisten in the sunlight.

The white hot fury was encompassing all of Felicia's being, blocking out every thought. What made her angriest was that she could do nothing but allow Anya to go on because they needed her.

But...

A smile started to creep across Felicia's face. Gina said that Anya couldn't leave, and Felicia had to watch her, she didn't say much more. A plan started to take shape in Felicia's anger clouded mind, a way at getting back for all that Anya had done to her. No doubt Gina wouldn't be happy about it, but oh well. Thanks to Anya, Felicia had spent three months in bondage, Anya could spend an afternoon tied up as a punishment. It would serve as a lesson to the bikini thief. As long as she was staying under their roof, it was Felicia in charge.

Felicia felt her erect nipples pressing through the spandex of her sports bra, and realized that the moisture between her legs was more than just sweat. The thought of dominating Anya and tying her up was a titillating one. Just the image of Anya bound, gagged, and squirming was getting Felicia aroused. She tightened her fist, resolving to do it.

Anya deserved some punishment after all.

Felicia took note of the footpath leading down to the beach as she approached the lounging Anya. It was clear. Good. But that meant that Felicia had to work fast, she didn't want anyone passing by and rushing to help Anya. As she crossed the yard towards the lounging bikini thief, all of the ways that Felicia wanted to humiliate and embarrass her crossed through Felicia's mind. Her body quaked from the arousal at having this woman helpless and degraded like she had once had Felicia.

Maybe when I'm done with her, I'll get that bitch Eva too.

Momentarily, the memory of her and Eva on Anya's boat flashed through Felicia's mind, and the kiss they shared. Felicia shook the thought out of her head, deciding to leave Eva for another day.

Then she was there, hovering over Anya, who was lying flat on her back on one of the beach chairs. Anya didn't seem to notice that Felicia was there, and stayed still, eyes closed. Felicia turned herself around and hovered her ass above Anya's head, and then gripped the waist band of the skin tight workout shorts and started to peel the sweat slick clothing from her backside.

Her shorts clung to her like a second skin, and didn't want to come away from her body, but Felicia tugged and slowly lowered the black spandex down, exposing her round, full ass and the tiny thong undergarment she wore underneath. Beads of sweat had been collecting along her posterior and now started sliding down along the curve of her ass cheeks as she pulled her shorts down.

With every second, more and more of her ass was exposed, and Felicia found that she had to restrain a sigh of excitement as she looked down at Anya's sleeping, unsuspecting form. Her skin rose from the arousal as she imagined the bikini thief squirming underneath her. Was Anya awake? Did she suspect something? Maybe she thought that the shadow over her was a cloud passing over the sun. She would surely be in for surprise when she opened her eyes, expecting to see the sun obscured by a cloud, and instead finding that her light was being blocked by Felicia's ass.

Felicia looked down to see that Anya was now stirring. The blond woman's face contorted

slightly in annoyance and then she opened her eyes and looked up. Her entire field of vision was blocked by a view of Felicia's ass and the thong riding between her cheeks.

Now!

Felicia dropped, sitting down on Anya's face. Her entire ass eclipsed most of Anya's head.

“Mmmm! Wwmm!” Anya moaned, and started to kick and squirm under Felicia.

Felicia stifled a sigh and felt a tremor rock her body as Anya struggled beneath her. Looking down, she could only see the mane of blond hair jutting out between her legs, the rest of Anya's face underneath her ass.

“Ummph! Mmmmp! Ulllm!” Anya's feet kicked up and down on the chair as she tried to muscle her way out from under Felicia.

Felicia licked her lips as she felt Anya struggle. The bikini thief's hands swatted at her thighs in a vain effort to hurt Felicia, prompting Felicia to grab Anya's wrists. Anya's hands continued to struggle and pull as Felicia's tightened her grip around her flailing wrists, causing a fresh wave of arousal and excitement to rock through Felicia's body.

Oh yes... keep fighting.

Felicia rubbed her ass up and down over Anya's face, feeling the bikini's thief's lips sliding between her ass cheeks and down...

“Uhh...” Felicia sighed, unable to restrain herself as she felt Anya's blubbery lips brush against her asshole.

“Ummmmffllll mmmmmph! Umm gggllmm!” Anya moaned, all of her screams being caught in Felicia's sweat covered ass cheeks.

Felicia was rocking her whole body back and forth, rubbing her pelvis up and down over Anya's face, listening in rapt pleasure at the blond woman's muffled protests.

“Ufffl! Mmmgggmmm! Umm!” Anya's feet were kicking frantically up and down, her whole body was in panic mode, desperate to escape from Felicia's smothering embrace.

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Felicia let go of one of Anya's wrists and slid her hand down the front of her panties. A wave of pleasure rocked her body as the tips of her pointer and middle finger found her clit.

“Yeah... yeah...” Felicia sighed, pleasuring herself to the sounds of Anya's muffled pleas.

“Mmmoo! Umm! Mmmm!” Anya's free hand swatted at Felicia's side in a futile gesture.

“Oh yeah...” Felicia moaned, riding Anya's face like it was a mechanical bull in a country bar. She felt the oncoming climax building, like a giant wave about to crash over a beach.

Anya's struggles were starting to slow, her swats against Felicia's body losing their already minimal impact.

“Um... mmmooo...” She moaned weakly. Felicia could feel her starting to lose consciousness.

Anya's kicking feet were slowing, now just reduced to spasming against the beach chair.

Felicia felt the climax building, growing stronger with every move her fingers made. She quickened the pace.

Then Anya went still, her muffled protests dying completely.

Felicia cried out as she came.

Anya looked so peaceful with her eyes closed, almost like she was sleeping.

Well, I guess she is sleeping, in a way. Felicia thought as she looked down at her captive. Anya's face was blank and passive, and at first glance you wouldn't suspect that she had been smothered into unconsciousness by Felicia's ass.

The unconscious captive even looked somewhat snug in the antic trunk that she was shoved in. Felicia always joked that the trunk was big enough to hide a body, and she turned out to be right, because Anya fit in it perfectly, though there was no room for her to move. The bikini thief's hands were bound behind her back and her feet tied to together at the ankle, and Felicia had to bunch Anya up

a little to squeeze her into the trunk. At one point she was afraid that the bikini thief would wake up while Felicia was tying her or shoving her in the trunk, but she stayed unconscious the entire time.

Felicia also couldn't believe her luck that no one had walked by while she was smothering out Anya or when she was dragging the unconscious woman into the house. She had considered tying Anya up outside, but didn't want to test her luck, so she dragged the unconscious bikini thief into the kitchen and tied her there and then ran up to her room to retrieve the trunk. Anya stayed unconscious the entire time.

Good, Felicia wanted it that way. Though she wanted Anya awake for the final part. No, she *needed* Anya awake for the final piece.

Felicia stood over the unconscious bikini thief, naked except for the tiny thong panties and holding a thick, white cloth in her hand. She was still aroused from earlier, and waited with tremulous excitement for Anya to wake up.

Thankfully, she didn't have to wait long.

Anya started stirring, groaning softly to herself. Her eyes fluttered a few times, and Anya let out a pained groan. Felicia could only imagine the headache that Anya must be experiencing right now.

She watched with amusement as Anya's muscles tightened and she tried to stretch, stopped by the confining walls of the old, wooden trunk. The bikini thief kept her eyes closed but furrowed her brow and pushed out, feeling out her prison. Then Felicia watched as Anya tugged on the rope keeping her hands tied behind her back.

It's time. Felicia smiled, knowing that Anya would probably be opening her eyes any minute now, and she slid off her panties, which were still moist from the sweat, and dangled them by one finger.

Finally, Anya lifted her head slightly and opened her eyes, blinking several times up at Felicia.

“Rise and shine.” Felicia smiled and stooped over the helpless bikini thief.

“Felicia, wha-MMMMMPH!” Anya was silenced when Felicia shoved her sweaty panties in her

mouth, cutting her off mid-sentence.

“Wuff! Mmmmmph!” Anya moaned, trying to spit out Felicia's panties but Felicia clamped a hand over her mouth, keeping them in place.

“Oh shush! I'm sure they taste fine, don't they?” Felicia asked, watching as Anya's face contorted in disgust as she chewed on the other woman's underwear.

“Mmoo! Whhmmm mmmo bbbfff!” Anya spat, trying to twist her head away from Felicia. Felicia only laughed and brought over the white cloth.

“Here, this will help keep you quiet.” She chuckled, and moved her hand. Before Anya could react, Felicia pressed the white cloth over the bound woman's mouth and tied it at the back of her neck.

“Uffff! Mmmp! Mmmm!” Anya twisted and moaned, trying to shake off the gag, but Felicia made sure it was secured tightly over the bikini thief's mouth.

Felicia stood up, watching as Anya's eyes took in her naked body.

“Ah, now see Anya, Gina said that I had to watch you, but she didn't specify how.” Felicia smiled.

“Wffff!” Anya moaned, freezing. Her eyes were wide as she stared up at her nude captor.

“So, you're gonna have a little time out now since you were misbehaving. Somewhere nice and quiet where you can sit and think about what you've done.” Felicia chuckled again.

“Wfff! Mmmoo! Hhrrmmph!” Anya moaned and strained against her bonds.

Before her captive could get the idea to sit up, Felicia slammed the lid of the trunk shut.

“Mmmm! Mmm mmmoo!” Anya moaned from inside, pushing up on the lid.

“Oh stop struggling! Or I'll keep you in there longer!” Felicia sat on the trunk, putting her full weight down on it. She could feel Anya kicking at it from inside.

“Urrgg! Mmmuurgg! Mmmmp!” Anya moaned, still struggling and kicking.

Felicia chuckled and while Anya struggled she reached down and closed one of the latches on the crate, locking it.

“Mmmooo! Urrfff!” Anya moaned, no doubt hearing the latch click into place.

Felicia chuckled again and closed and locked the other latch. Now Anya truly was trapped inside the trunk. She sat there for a moment, feeling the trunk shake underneath her as Anya kicked and struggled inside. Just the thought of having this helpless woman trapped underneath her brought a fresh wave of arousal to Felicia.

“Urrrrmm! Mmmm! Mmmph!” Anya moaned, slightly muffled by the thick wood confining her.

Felicia slid a hand between her legs as she felt Anya struggle and used her other hand to stroke one of her erect nipples.

Yes, she had told Anya that she was going to keep her in the trunk, but Felicia truly had no intention of keeping the bikini thief around for long. Anya had done too much for Felicia to just let things go, and Felicia knew they couldn't trust her.

No, once Anya was done struggling for a bit, Felicia was going to get rid of her. She had considered keeping Anya tied up as bait to lure Ace into a trap, but Gina would never go for that. Hell, Gina wouldn't be happy if she found out about Felicia tying Anya up in this crate.

No, Felicia knew that she had to get rid of Anya, so after a bit, she would drag the trunk down to the beach and toss it in the ocean.

Part of her thought that she should feel bad about getting rid of Anya like that, but Anya had tried to kill her and the other girls and clearly didn't feel bad. Gina wouldn't be happy, but Felicia would just tell her that Anya had slipped away when she wasn't looking.

She would tell Gina that she should have known that Anya couldn't be trusted.

Until then, though, Felicia was going to enjoy having Anya as her prisoner.

Once again, Felicia started to pleasure herself while listening to Anya's muffled moans and feeling her struggling inside of the crate.

8.

“God, I can't wait to get in there and party!” Caitlyn exclaimed, and proceeded to do some sort of wiggly dance motion that only succeeded in causing her pendulous breasts to heave from side to side in way mesmerizing to even Gina. Gina could feel the eyes of every man in line outside of the club straying to Caitlyn when she did her little dance and then quickly dart away before Gina noticed them staring.

She had half a mind to tell Caitlyn that they were there to work, not to dance, but decided not to. After everything they had been through in the past few months, the muscle bound girl deserved to let loose and have some fun. Come to think of it, so did Gina.

Maybe after this job I'll take some time to relax.

All the while they were waiting in line, Gina had been making a mental list of all of the things that she had to do to get the police department back on it's feet before she could take some time off, and it was quite a list. But first, she had to make it through this undercover mission. Historically, she didn't have good luck on undercover missions.

“You can dance as much as you want, just remember why we're here.” Gina said to Caitlyn, who nodded radiantly.

“Of course, but we have to blend in, and that means dancing.” Caitlyn smiled and once again wiggled her chest at Gina. Gina did her best to ignore the mesmerizing effect of Caitlyn's giant breasts heaving back and forth, but failed.

She'll have no trouble getting male friends in the club with that move.

Gina tore her eyes away and looked down the line towards the bouncer standing at the door. He was a large, muscle bound man in a suit, and was eying up the line for who he would let in next. The

bouncer made eye contact with Gina, who flashed him a smile. In all of her years, she had never had trouble getting into a club, and she wasn't about to start now.

Even though it was the middle of the afternoon, there was still a considerable line to get into the club. Whoever had the idea to open a new dance club on the beach that opened in the early afternoon clearly had the right idea, judging by the crowd waiting to get in.

“You can dance and have fun in there, but remember no drinking.” She said to Caitlyn, not taking her eyes off of the bouncer, and still not losing her brilliant smile.

The bouncer nodded back, and Gina's heart fluttered.

Yes! They were in... hopefully.

“No drinking!” Caitlyn exclaimed, causing several people in line to turn and gawk in there direction.

“Shh...” Gina held up a finger and then added under her breath, “Yes, no drinking. We're working.”

Caitlyn pouted, looked around and then said under breath, “Just one?”

“No.” Gina's tone told Caitlyn that was final.

Gina wasn't happy about it either, she could use a drink herself after these past few months – a lot of drinks, actually. They were here on police business though, so they were staying sober.

“Look, here he comes!” Caitlyn exclaimed and jumped up and down in excitement. Gina turned to see the bouncer walking up and down along the line, choosing who would go in next.

“Be cool...” Gina whispered to Caitlyn, and then proceeded to jut out her hip and flash the bouncer one of her smiles. Next to her, Caitlyn leaned against the building and folded her arms under her chest, which succeeded in pushing up her considerable cleavage.

The bouncer stopped in front of them, his eyes tracing every curve of their bodies like they were pieces of meat or prize animals being bought at an auction. His hungry eyes settled on both women's cleavage, and then to Gina's long, practically bare legs. Gina's dazzling smile hid the disgust that she

was pushing down at being treated like cattle. She had to tell herself that she was here for work, and was dealing with criminals and lowlives.

Ace runs this place, you know how he treats women!

It seemed like the bouncer stood appraising them for hours. Finally, he wagged a finger at them.

“You ladies can go in.” He said, his face still flat and passive.

Gina batted her eyes at him. “Thank you so much!”

Caitlyn let out a squeal of excitement and followed Gina as they followed the bouncer towards the entrance. Behind them, several people jeered and protested as the two women were lead out of line towards the entrance. Gina felt the resentful eyes of other women glaring at them. She was sure that they were commenting behind her back on their appearance and clothes, saying that was the only reason they were getting let in. Which was fair, and true, Gina picked out these outfits specifically because she hoped they would get them noticed.

The bouncer lead them over to the door to the club and held it open. Loud, blaring music, flashing lights, and hazed came flowing out like the frosted double doors were the only thing holding them back.

“Thank you so much!” Gina smiled and headed inside.

“Thanks!” Caitlyn blew him a kiss as she followed Gina in.

Together, the two women plunged into the dingy, loud, flashing world of the club. The doors closed behind him and they found themselves plunged into a world of sweaty bodies pressed close against each other, the smell of spilled alcohol, and swinging spot lights. They stood together, looking out over the mass of bodies on the dance floor, and the DJ booth at the head of it where a greasy looking guy with a laptop controled the music.

“Ok, you check out the dance floor. I'm heading to the bar.” Gina said, and took a step towards the crowded bar next to the dance floor.

“I thought you said no drinking!” Caitlyn whined.

“I’m not.” Gina said, not turning around. She didn't have to look back to see Caitlyn's confused shrug before she headed to the dance floor.

Gina could feel heads turning to watch her as she strolled to the bar. She didn't stop to acknowledge any of them. She knew that the key to behaving in situations like this was to act like you were the only one in the room. When she reached the bar, rested on a stool, and leaned forward, giving the bartenders a nice view of her bountiful cleavage. Unfortunately, it was a busy day and the bartenders, a woman and a man, both in looking to be in their early 20s, were too busy fetching drinks to notice her. As the male bartender hurried past, Gina made eye contact and smiled at him. The young, dark haired boy almost stumbled, then stopped, nodded, and kept walking. The girl behind the bar, a short dark haired girl, ignored Gina completely. While the boy wore a dark button down shirt and pants, the girl wore skin tight booty shorts that showed off plenty of her butt cheeks, fishnets, and a black tank exposing her cleavage.

As Gina sat, she slowly and carefully scanned the bar area, noticing the eyes of both men and women glancing at her and then quickly looking away. She realized this was the very reason the female bartender was ignoring her – she saw Gina as a rival for attention, and she counted on that attention for tips. All Gina could do was shrug and hope that she wouldn't be an obstacle to the poor girl for long.

“What can I get you?” the male bartender smiled at her. Gina returned his smile and perked up.

“Just a soda please.” She responded.

He flashed her a confused look, and then nodded and told her he would be right back. After he left she continued to scan the bar, ignoring the sideways glances from her fellow patrons. Then she noticed a man standing at the far corner of the bar, a tall man in a well fitting suit. The man had dark skin, and his dark hair was receding back along his head to meet his bald spot. Something about him had an air of authority. Maybe it was in the way he carried himself, looking like he was trying hard to blend in while also very keep an eye on all activity in the club. A moment later Gina's suspicions about the man were confirmed when a shot girl, dressed in similar attire to the bartender, came up to him and

said something. Gina couldn't see the man's reply, but it seemed curt and to the point, and the shot girl frowned and stalked off. A moment later, another man in a suit came up to talk to him. This man's suit was ill fitting, obviously off the rack, and everything about his demeanor spoke of middle management. The two talked for another moment and then the man in the cheap suit nodded and walked off somewhere. All of this served to confirm Gina's position that the dark skinned man in the suit was high up in this establishment, maybe even the top guy.

He turned to watch the bartenders now, and Gina slowly turned her gaze out to the dance floor. Her eyes immediately fell on Caitlyn, who had no trouble finding a male dance partner. The dark haired girl gyrated and twisted her body, tossing her main of black hair back as sweat collected on her body. The man dancing with her, a muscle bound, oily looking man, swayed his hips back and forth while staring at Caitlyn's breasts as they bounced up and down under her flimsy dress. Gina's attention was pulled away from the dance floor when the bartender returned with her soda.

“Here you go.” He smiled at her and Gina returned his smile and leaned forward. The bartender tipped his head to listen.

“Could you send a gin and tonic down to that man down there?” Gina motioned to the man at the end of the bar in the suit.

The bartender's jaw dropped and he swallowed. “That's Mr. Wallace, he runs the place.”

“So?” Gina flashed him a doe eyed stare.

“He... He's working.” The bartender stammered.

“If he runs the place, no one is going to call him out for drinking on the job. Just send the drink, on my tab... please.” With the final word, Gina batted her eyes and touched the bartender's hand. He nodded, perspiration now collecting on his brow, and turned to make the drink.

Gina settled back in her seat and watched the man, Mr. Wallace, as he surveyed the dance floor. Her gaze kept shifting between him and Caitlyn, who's dance partner now had his arms wrapped around her waist and his hot, tight body pressed against hers.

Well, can't say she doesn't have a type. Gina thought, watching as their bodies intertwined. She should be annoyed that Caitlyn was using this operation to pick up a guy and not working like she should, but Gina also knew that she shouldn't be surprised.

At the other end of the bar, the bartender handed Wallace the drink with an apologetic shrug and pointed down at Gina. Wallace looked down the bar at her and Gina smiled, batted her eyes, and winked at him. Confusion registered on his face, and then amusement. He picked up the drink and strolled over to where she was sitting.

"I'm more of a whiskey man." He said, standing next to her with his drink in hand.

"I'm sorry, I took a guess. I'll order you another one." Gina signaled for the bartender, but Wallace held up a hand for the bartender to ignore her.

"I'm Alexander Wallace, manager of this establishment." He held out his hand for her. Gina smiled and took it.

"Gina," She said, shaking his hand. "Won't you join me?" She patted the bar stool next to her.

Wallace looked at the chair and then her. "Forward, aren't you?"

"I'm not used to men saying no to me." Gina responded.

"I can understand why," Wallace smiled, leaned against the bar, and set his drink down without taking a sip. "So what brings you here?"

"I'm new in town," Gina began. "And I hear this is the hot place to be noticed."

"Is that so?" Wallace arched his eyebrows in amusement. "Noticed how?"

"Look at me," Gina waved a hand over her chest. "A girl like me doesn't just work any old job."

"What kind of job does a girl like you work?"

"One where my... talents... are best put to use." Gina leaned back and took a sip from her soda.

"And you think that this is the place for that?" Wallace took a seat, his eyes running up and down over Gina's body.

"So far, yes." Gina crossed her legs, watching as Wallace's eyes strayed to them and then back

to her eyes.

“Well, this one hell of a way to apply to be a waitress or shot girl.” Wallace smiled, amused.

“Oh please,” Gina laughed and took another sip from her soda. “Do I look like a waitress or shot girl to you?”

“You would make great tips.” He smiled. She knew he was testing her, seeing exactly what her game was.

“How do you know that I just didn't see a handsome man sitting across the bar and wanted to buy him a drink?” Gina asked.

“You could have any guy in this place.” He replied.

“I know, and I chose to talk to you.”

“That's why I'm thinking you want something.” Wallace smiled again.

“Certainly not to be a waitress. I have standards.”

“Most waitresses would kill to have a body like yours.” Wallace gestured up over Gina's body to accentuate his point.

“Imagine this body in a sling bikini.” Gina smiled and took a sip. Wallace's jaw dropped but he quickly recovered his composure.

“L.. I think you would be quite irresistible.” He stammered.

Gina smiled and leaned forward, pressing her lips up against his ear.

“You see, my friend and I have a little bet going over who would look better in a tiny, itty bitty slingshot bikini.” She whispered and ran her hand along Wallace's thigh. He swallowed hard and leaned back.

“Is that so?”

“Turn around.” Gina stood and place her hands on Wallace's shoulders, steering him around. Once he was facing the dance floor, she once again pressed her lips to his ear.

“See that girl out there? With the giant boobs and tiny black dress dancing with that lug?”

Wallace's attention immediately fell to Caitlyn and her guy. His hands had pulled up her dress slightly, exposing her thick thighs.

"It's certainly a tough choice." He stammered.

"That's what they all say." Gina pouted and sat back. He turned around to face her again.

"I guess the only way to know is to see us in a slingshot bikini and see how it goes?" She shrugged, still pouting.

Wallace seemed to think this over, his brow furrowing in thought, and then he took a seat.

"You know, I think we have a place for you girls at the club."

"Not as shot girls or waitresses?" Gina arched her eyebrows.

"No, the other club." He smiled at her.

"The other club?" Gina leaned forward in interest.

This time, he leaned forward, as if about to share a secret.

"This, all of this," he motioned to the loud, crowded place around them. "... isn't the club. This is just the window dressing."

Gina leaned back and smiled. "Oh, you're sneaky."

An underground club?

"You can say that. We may have use for girls like you at this club."

"Doing what exactly?" Gina asked.

"Well, we may be looking for someone who looks good in a sling bikini." He smiled at her.

Gina smiled back.

"I think you got two of them right here."

Wallace smiled and stood, and then motioned off in the distance. At the back of the club, next to the DJ booth was a black door with an AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY sign above it.

"You see that door?" He said in her ear.

Gina nodded, noticing the burly security guard clad all in black standing next to the door. She

almost missed him because of how he blended into the shadows.

“Collect your friend and meet me there.” He started to walk away.

“Does that mean we got the job?” Gina perked up, batting her eyes at him. Wallace paused.

“It means tonight will be an audition of sorts.” With that he smiled and strolled off, disappearing into the crowd of dancers. Gina kept up her eager smile until Wallace was out of sight, and then she downed her soda and strolled away from the bar.

Most of the dance floor seemed to sense that she was a woman with a mission and seemed to part for her like the red sea. Gina never stopped to acknowledge them or thank them, instead keeping her eyes on her target – Caitlyn.

Her dance partner was pressed up against her from behind and Caitlyn was shimmying her body against his, stroking his face with her hand while her other hand kept his from pulling her skirt all the way up. Something told Gina that if this man could have Caitlyn right then and there on the dance floor he would. As Gina approached, Caitlyn seemed to sense her oncoming presence like a coming storm. The girl's head turned and she saw the way Gina was walking, and the purpose in her eyes, and knew something was up. Like a child that's just been caught misbehaving, Caitlyn pulled herself away from the man and straightened her skirt while giving Gina an apologetic look.

“Come on.” Gina said, grabbing Caitlyn's arm and pulling her.

“What's up?” Caitlyn hurried after Gina. Despite the fact that Caitlyn was more muscle bound than Gina, she seemed like a child being pulled by an angry parent.

“It's show time.” Gina said, not looking back.

“Hey, what gives?” Cried Caitlyn's dance partner, hurrying after them.

“Sorry... Antonio...” Caitlyn apologized, fumbling over the man's name.

“It's Enrique!” He cried, still following.

“Sure...” Caitlyn shrugged.

Gina didn't look back and continued leading Caitlyn towards the door at the far end of the club

and the shadowy security guard.

“Gina, where are we going?” Caitlyn whined.

“Just follow my lead.” Gina replied.

“Yo, wait up!” Enrique called, buzzing around them like a fly.

Just go away. Gina gritted her teeth. She hoped that the man would get the hint so she wouldn't have to cause a scene.

He didn't, and continued to pester and follow them across the dance floor the entire time.

“Come on! Come back out and have a dance?”

“Sorry, I can't... I have a thing.” Caitlyn shrugged.

“Wait, are you two like... a thing? That's hot!” Enrique squealed in excitement.

Finally, they were at the door, and the large security guard stepped out of the shadows and appraised them with beady, suspicious eyes.

“Restricted area.” He grunted.

Gina and Caitlyn stopped and Gina flashed him her best smile.

“Mr. Wallace told us to be here.”

“Whoa, what is this, some VIP area?” Enrique asked behind them. Gina resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

Next to her, Caitlyn did her best to smooth her dress, fix her hair, and generally not look like a sweaty mess. The guard eyed all three of them and then spoke into a small radio clipped to his shirt. Gina didn't notice the radio, or the guard's clear earpiece and the wire running to a walkie talkie on his hip. She strained to hear what he was grunting into his radio over the loud, blaring music, but it was next to impossible since they were right next to the booming speakers of the DJ booth. A moment passed, and then the security guard nodded at them and stepped out of the way.

“Thanks.” Gina smiled and strolled past him like she owned the place, Caitlyn following.

Enrique attempted to follow as well but the guard stepped in his way and placed his paw-like hand on

Enrique's chest with a loud THUD.

“Hey what's the big deal!” Enrique whined, eyes blazing.

“Ladies only.” The guard grunted.

“I'm with them!” Enrique reached out towards Gina and Caitlyn for help.

“No he isn't.” Gina said and pushed open the door. Caitlyn only looked back at him and shrugged and then followed Gina.

“Wait! Hey!” Enrique cried.

“I'll only tell you this once: Walk away.” The guard's tone said he meant business. Before the door closed behind them, Gina saw Enrique take a step back and throw up his hands.

The door closed behind them and Gina and Caitlyn found themselves in what could only be described as a lobby. There was a desk with a pretty girl sitting behind it – only this girl wore a skin tight leather bodysuit. Wallace waited next to her and smiled at Gina and Caitlyn as they entered.

“Ah! Welcome to the real club! Club Fet!”

“That's quite a name.” Gina said, still smiling and taking a step forward.

“It's for people to indulge their more... hidden desires.” Wallace said, and then reached over the receptionists desk to grab something.

Gina met the receptionist's gaze. Her cold grey eyes seemed to be staring daggers into both her and Caitlyn. A moment later, Wallace lifted two white, porcelain face masks from the desk and held them out to either girl. The masks were full face masks, complete with the eyes blacked out, and had black, ornate feathers protruding from the top.

“We operate a safe place for everyone to indulge themselves in an entirely anonymous way.”

Gina and Caitlyn each took a mask from Wallace.

“Though we do have a rather strict dress code.” Wallace's tone shifted to something slightly colder and harder.

“I think we can handle these.” Gina said politely and started to lift her mask to put it on.

“You must wear these at all times. *Only these.*” Wallace emphasized, gesturing to the masks.

Both Gina and Caitlyn froze and exchanged a glance.

“You can't be serious.” Gina stammered.

“That is the rule.” Wallace said with a hint of apology.

“I wish you would have told us sooner.” Gina chided.

“Everyone in there will be dressed the same. If you wish we will allow you to wear panties but no more,” Wallace gestured to a door next to the receptionist. “You may change and keep your clothes and other things in there, nothing else is allowed in the club. No phones, no cameras, computers, or any other communication devices.”

Gina placed her hand with the watch radio behind her back. “I don't feel comfortable leaving my things unattended.”

“I will be here the entire time and the door will be locked. No one will be allowed in except you two.” The receptionist sighed with annoyance.

“Failure to comply with these rules will result in ejection from the club... or worse.” Wallace's tone was deathly serious. Gina glanced at both him and the receptionist.

“Well, I'd hate to see what “worse” is,” She laughed nervously. “Come on Caitlyn.” Gina lead the other girl into the changing room and closed and locked the door behind them.

“Gina, are we really...” Caitlyn began.

“Yes,” Gina cut her off. “We're gonna get in, get info, and get out.” With that, Gina reached behind her back and started to undo her top.

Caitlyn lowered the straps to her dress and slipped out, revealing a pair of tiny, black thong panties and nothing else. Gina removed her top and set in on a bench along with her small handbag containing her wallet and phone, and then unzipped her skirt and let it drop, exposing her own pair of black thong panties. Then Gina unclasped her watch and went to set it down with the rest of her things but stopped. She took a long look at the tiny radio, not really wanting to part with it but also knowing

that they wouldn't let her in the club with it on. To be honest, she didn't feel entirely safe going in there without a way to call for help, and she didn't trust Anya to be left alone without a way for Gina to get in touch with her.

If I do bring it in with me, there's only one way to hide it. Gina grimaced.

“Hey, are you ready?” Caitlyn's tone was that of an impatient child.

“Just give me a minute.” Gina responded, and then sighed, knowing what she had to do.

Gritting her teeth, she tore the straps off of the watch, leaving just the small, square body, and then lowered her panties, bent over, and inserted the watch between her full butt cheeks.

“What are you doing?” Caitlyn's eyes were wide and concerned.

“Making sure we have a way to call for help.” Gina grunted and wedged the watch between her ass cheeks and hiked up her panties, hoping the small thong would be enough to hold it in place.

“Are you... okay?” Caitlyn asked, arching both her eyebrows.

“Yes, just... let's go.” Gina sighed and slipped on her mask, Caitlyn following her lead. It took all of Gina's will power to walk casual and act like she wasn't in discomfort over a small, square watch currently wedged up her ass.

Sufficiently “dressed, both women stepped out of the dressing room to find Wallace still waiting. His eyes widened at the sight of the near nude, masked women stepping out of the room. Gina felt his eyes immediately fall on her bare breasts and felt a wave of self consciousness and crossed her arms over her bare chest.

“Ladies, please, this is no place for modesty. Especially women like you.” He smiled, still tracing every curve of their bodies with his eyes.

“I just... feel so exposed...” Gina lowered her head.

“Here, it will be better once you get in there.” With that, he stepped over to another door and opened it. Music could be heard in the distance.

“After you, ladies.” He gestured in, holding the door for him.

It took every ounce of her will to lower her arms to her sides, but Gina did, and strolled towards the door, Caitlyn following. Both of the masked women nodded in thanks to him as they did. Once inside, Wallace closed the door behind them.

“Just down the hall.” He said, waiting behind them. Gina started walking down a long hallway, but couldn't shake the feeling that she was being herded.

Or he just wants to get a look at our asses. She thought, realizing that was the most likely reason. Caitlyn kept pace with Gina as they walked down the hall, towards a pair of batwing doors like something out of a saloon in the old west. Unlike in the old west, these doors had two naked women tied to them. Heavy leather straps kept them suspended from the ground and secured to the doors, and big, red ball gags muffled the women's sighs... or protests. Gina heard Caitlyn gasp under her mask and Gina almost stopped but instead just slowed her pace and reached out to grab Caitlyn's arm and pull her along.

“Oh please ladies, it's nothing,” Wallace chuckled and strolled past them towards the doors. “They look uncomfortable, but they love it.” He reached the doors and pushed through them like they were nothing. With no other choice, Gina followed, thankful that the mask hid the fact that she couldn't take her eyes off of the bound and gagged women.

The women moaned into their gags as Gina and Caitlyn approached, and Gina still wasn't sure if they were cries of pleasure or not.

“Should we... help them?” Caitlyn leaned in and asked.

“No...keep moving.” Gina gripped Caitlyn's arm with both hands and hurried her along.

They reached the doors and pushed through, eliciting more moans from both women as they did. The doors swung behind them as Gina and Caitlyn found themselves now inside Club Fet.

Music blared and lights shimmered throughout this club just like the other one, but this was a much, much different club. Gina's jaw dropped, making her once again thankful for the mask. It was filled with masked men and women much like them, some wore panties or underwear, while others

were completely naked. On a rack against a wall, a bound and gagged woman was being whipped by a naked masked man with a huge erection. Elsewhere, a naked, masked woman dragged a gagged man on a chain towards a door marked “dungeon”. There were ball gags, cloth gags, tape gags, and muzzles all over the place. Nude waitresses, gagged with thick leather muzzles, carried drink trays around the club.

“It's probably a lot to take in.” Gina jumped at hearing Wallace's voice, not knowing that he was right next to her. He laughed and patted her on the shoulder.

“It's okay, take your time and pick your poison.” He said, hand still on Gina's shoulder.

“It's so overwhelming.” She responded, turning her head to take in the club.

“People come here to be free.” Wallace observed.

“By being restrained...” Gina finished.

“Here, come” Wallace steered her over to some booths against a wall. “There's someone I think you two should meet.”

Gina went along with him, Caitlyn following. They were headed towards a large booth where a man sat with his back to them. A waitress, gagged with a thick, white cloth with a knot in the middle, handed the man a drink. The man slipped a crisp bill into the waistband of the waitresses thong and she nodded and mumbled “Thnkn ymmooo” into her gag and strolled off. Wallace escorted them around to face the man.

Under her mask, Gina gasped and her eyes went wide.

The King!

Joseph “The King” Kingston, Manager of The Lady Luck casino and one of Ace's top people, sipped from a scotch and looked up at Wallace.

“Ladies, meet The King, co-owner of this establishment.”

The King eyed up both women's bodies like they were prime rib.

“Hmm, new blood?” King smiled, still appraising their bodies.

Gina didn't move or say anything. Thanks to the mask, The King didn't recognize either of them.

For now...

“These ladies were just telling me how much they love slingshot bikinis.” Wallace said, waiving his hand over their bodies.

“Is that so?” King asked, not taking his eyes off of them.

“Apparently they have a contest going over who would look better in one.” Wallace continued.

The King squinted, as if picturing it.

“Hmm, well we are looking for a very particular kind of lady that can wear such a bikini.” The King smiled, then settled his gaze on Gina's bare breasts.

Gina resisted the urge to shrink back and instead stood, meeting his gaze. The King's eyes narrowed.

“There's something familiar about you... have you ever been to The Lady Luck Casino?” The King asked.

“Once or twice.” Gina shrugged.

His brow furrowed and he shook his head.

“Maybe that's it,” The King gestured to his booth. “Have a seat and let's talk bikinis.”

“Urrrrfff mmm glllmmm!” Anya moaned into her gag as she did her best to twist and struggle inside the tight confines of the crate. She was pressed in from both sides, her lithe body forced to contort into a tight ball and her only movement was a slight rocking back and forth.

That bitch Felicia! How could she do this to me! Anya fumed, biting down on the panties filling her mouth. When Felicia had first gagged her with the underwear, the overwhelming salt smell and taste of sweat had almost been enough to knock her out again. Now, the panties gagging Anya only

tasted like her own saliva.

The things I'm going to do to her once I get out of here... The bikini thief bit down on the gag again, which was the only way she could truly vent her frustration. How could Felicia betray her like this, especially after giving her word to Gina that she would watch Anya.

Gina! That was it! She could contact Gina!

If only I could reach the wrist radio! Anya let out a moan of frustration again. If even she could use her radio, the gag would prevent her from talking clearly enough to alert Gina.

“Grrrrmm...” She mumbled. Anya had no idea what Felicia had in store for her, but stuffing her bound and gagged inside a trunk told her that it was nothing good.

She had to escape, or get help, and fast.

“Urrrfff! Mmmurfff!” She grumbled, slamming her shoulder against the wall of her wooden prison. The trunk was old but sturdy, and held tight.

Dammit!

She ran her fingers over the ropes securing her wrists behind her. Felicia must have taken notes after being tied up so many times, because the knots were pretty secure. Then her fingers traced the outline of the wristwatch radio and felt the raised notch of the button on side. Presumably, if Anya held that button in, she would be able to communicate with Gina's radio.

Or... Anya's mind moved at the speed of light, forming a plan.

Morse code!

Yes! Even though she was gagged, she could tap the talk button on the side, sending a message to Gina about her situation.

Though...

Anya paused. There was a very good chance that Gina didn't know morse code. Most people didn't. But Gina was also a police officer and had studied law enforcement, and cops were the kind of people who knew morse code.

Still, no harm in trying... Anya shrugged. Even if Gina didn't know morse code, maybe she would be smart enough to figure that Anya was in trouble and couldn't talk so she would hurry back to see what was happening. Hopefully she would be fast enough to save Anya before Felicia enacted whatever he plan was.

Then, once she was free, Anya would deal with Felicia.

She pressed her thumb on the talk button on the side of the radio, hearing a small burst of static. Then she started to tap her thumb against the button in a rapid motion, repeating her message over and over again...

Gina and Caitlyn sat on the opposite side of the booth from King and Wallace, watching as the older man sipped from his scotch, his gazing shifting between either woman's bare breasts.

“Can I offer you two ladies a drink?” King asked.

“Sure-” Caitlyn began before Gina cut her off.

“No thank you.” Was Gina's curt response.

King set down his glass and smiled. “Please ladies, no need to be nervous.”

“I'm sorry,” Gina bowed her head apologetically. “This is all new to us.”

“Which is understandable.” King nodded back.

“So what do you think of them?” Wallace asked. His nervous eyes kept shifting from the naked, masked women to King.

“I like them,” The King smiled, never taking his greedy eyes from their giant, exposed breasts.

“Here's the thing ladies, I'm throwing a little bit of a party at my casino, and I'm looking for a certain type of lady...”

“What kind of party?” Gina asked.

“A sort of homecoming. I need a very extraordinary woman to wear a very special bikini. The

type of woman that would look irresistible in it.”

Gina smiled under her mask. “I think one of us is your woman.”

“Well, we would have to see how you look in something similar.” King added.

“Of course.” Gina responded.

“Now of course, you'll have to-” The King started, but Gina's attention suddenly shifted when she felt the hard, uncomfortable watch up her ass vibrate and emit a loud “BEEP”.

She shifted slightly in her seat and gasped. The King went silent, as did Wallace. Their wide eyes focused on her. Gina looked around, as if she too was looking for the source of the noise.

“I'm sorry, that sound scared me, do you know where-” She began, but then more BEEPS emitted from her ass, a steady rhythm, each accompanied by a BUZZ from the watch. Despite her best efforts to maintain her composure, Gina felt herself shifting and jumping in her seat with each noise.

“Did you... bring a phone in here?” Wallace eyes narrowed in accusation.

“No... I...” Gina was gasping, barely uttering each word between beeps. “I... don't...” Her mind raced to find an excuse, some way to smooth this over.

King stood and snapped his fingers at someone out of their line of sight. Gina's mind went into full panic.

“Run... Go...” She pushed at Caitlyn, who didn't need to be told twice. The bigger girl hurried out of the booth, with Gina hot on her heels.

Unfortunately, they weren't fast enough, and several large, muscle bound guards dressed in black were already there. Two of them pounced on Caitlyn, each of them clamping their giant hands on either of her arms. Caitlyn cried out and twisted, trying to pull free from the guards, but they held her like a vice. Gina was halfway out of the booth when they caught her, a guard on either side of her, each also gripping her by both arms. These guards must have been waiting silently and still in the shadows for when they were needed, like the one at the door.

Gina and Caitlyn twisted and pulled but the large, burly men didn't loosen their grips on the

struggling women. All the while, the radio in Gina's ass kept up it's chirping. King and Wallace were up as well, and glaring at the two women.

“Honestly...” Gina gasped, trying to ignore the strange vibrations and sounds coming from her ass. “It's not us...”

Wallace paced around them, while once his gaze was filled with lust, now it was icy cold anger. He stepped behind Gina and listened for a moment.

“What... did you...” He stammered, and she didn't have to turn around to see that he was gawking at her ass, realizing that was the source of the beeping.

“Look, just let us go, we'll be quiet, we didn't see anything-” Gina started, but then felt Wallace grab the back of her panties and pull them down, at the same time the two guards holding her pushed her forward so that she was bent over.

“Hey wait listen! It's not-” Her protests turned into a grunt as she felt Wallace's fingers prodding between her butt cheeks.

“Urrrgh! Hey!” Gina grunted, and with a sharp tug, he pulled the radio free. She cried out and then the guards pulled her back into a standing position. Wallace though, didn't bother to pull her panties back up.

“Check the other one too.” He ordered.

“Hey wait!” Caitlyn cried, and Gina turned to see her bent over as well. Another guard came from behind and yanked down Caitlyn's panties. She grunted and protested as the guard's invading hand started prodding in her ass as well.

Gina turned back to Wallace, who was holding the radio up for King to inspect.

“It's some kind of radio...” Wallace mumbled. King glared at him, tore the radio from his hand, threw it to the ground, and smashed it with his foot.

The beeping from the radio went silent as King ground the communication device into dust. Next to Gina, the guard finished his rectal examination of Caitlyn and she was pulled back up into a

standing position. The King stormed over to Gina and ripped her mask off. Their eyes met and his filled with shock, surprise, and recognition. He ripped Caitlyn's mask off as well and glared at her, and then took a step back.

“They're cops,” He muttered, Wallace's face going pale when he heard this. “You let in two fucking cops!” King was livid, glaring at the both of them.

Gina and Caitlyn both pulled again at the guards restraining them, but still had no luck. Wallace swallowed hard.

“Do you... should we get rid of them.” He said in a low voice. King spun to glare at him, and then at the girls. After a moment, his face softened.

“Hmm... no.” King said pensively. Wallace stared at him in shock.

“No,” King continued. “You know what, let's put these girls to work instead.” He smiled and reached out to stroke Gina's chin. She pulled away and glared at him.

“There will be others, they'll come looking for us.” She bluffed.

King wasn't fazed and made a hand gesture to his guards.

“Take them the back.”

Without another word, the muscle bound guards started to drag the two struggling, naked women off to meet their fate.

9.

I could do this all day. Felicia Fetters thought as she took a sip from a glass of iced tea while propping her feet up on the trunk containing Anya, her bound and gagged prisoner. Anya had not ceased struggling or moaning and the box continued to shift and move under Felicia's feet. Despite the fact that she had pleased herself to the sound of Anya's muffled moans, Felicia still found herself aroused at the thought of Anya bunched up and helpless inside that box, chewing on Felicia's panties.

Felicia still planned on dragging the trunk containing the bound and gagged Anya down to the beach and tossing it in the ocean, but first she wanted to rehydrate after her exhausting and sweaty workout outside. Plus, she knew that dragging a trunk containing a struggling, bound and gagged woman would be a whole different kind of workout.

“Mmrrrmpph mmo! Urrggh!” The crate wobbled under Felicia's feet as Anya struggled inside. It was music to Felicia's ears. She took another sip and leaned back, listening with rapture at Anya's helplessness.

“Urrgllmm... mmoo bfff!”

Felicia laughed and started to unconsciously move her hand under her bikini bottoms. After masturbating earlier, Felicia changed into a blue thong bikini with white trim, fully intending to drag Anya down to the beach then and there before deciding to relax first and have a drink, which then turned into her pleasuring herself for a second time.

Now here she was, almost finished with her iced tea and about to pleasure herself for a third time. There was a voice in her head though, telling her to get on with getting rid of Anya. Felicia frowned, sipped from her drink, and tried to push the voice out of her head.

Gina, Caitlyn, or Janet could be home any minute! What would they do if they caught you like

this?

Felicia finished her iced tea and thought about maybe getting something alcoholic to hush the annoying voice of reason. She didn't know how long Gina intended to be gone, but Felicia knew that Gina wouldn't be happy to find out how Felicia had been treating Anya. Neither would Janet.

Come on! Just get rid of her and then you can masturbate all you want!

Felicia gritted her teeth and withdrew her hand from under her bikini bottoms. She hated that her inner voice was right. Plus, if Gina or Janet came back and found Anya like this, they would no doubt let her go, and Felicia knew that Anya would get her back in some terrible and devious way.

Yes. The moment Anya goes free, she'll wait until she has you alone and get back at you. The voice said.

Felicia nodded to no one in particular and got up, determined to get rid of this thorn in her side once and for all. If she could work her way, she would keep Anya as a hostage for three months like she was. Maybe she would stuff Anya in a clothes washer while she was bound and gagged, or hang her from a crane while completely naked. Instead, Anya would have to settle for being thrown into the sea. Maybe Anya will end up washing up on another beach somewhere, and she could become someone else's problem.

Well, time for a beach work out. Felicia thought and slipped on a pair of white sneakers. She did a few stretches to limber up her tired muscles, but she could already feel the soreness from her work out earlier starting to set in. In retrospect, it was probably a bad idea for her to go so hard on an exercise after months of inactivity, but she needed it. Feeling sufficiently stretched, Felicia realized that she was as ready for the long trip down to the beach as she would ever be, and gripped one of the handles to the trunk and started to drag it across the floor.

No doubt feeling the movement from inside, Anya's struggles increased ten fold.

“Hrrrrryy! Pllsss! Mmmmo! Sttpp!” She moaned, tossing back and forth inside the trunk.

“Hey stop that!” Felicia hissed and continued the long journey towards the back door.

“Whyy mmoo! Urrrghh wwfff glll...” Anya mumbled and moaned from inside the trunk.

Felicia huffed as she dragged the heavy wooden box and its contents from one side of the house to the other, already working up a sweat.

Maybe I'll go for a swim in the ocean after! She thought, realizing that the idea of a cool dip in saltwater would be a good reward after getting rid of Anya. They reached the sliding back door, and Felicia set down the trunk, prompting an “Oooffm!” from its gagged occupant. Then Felicia unlocked and slid open the door and continued her journey to the beach. There was a small step leading down to the patio, causing another “Oooffm!” From Anya as the crate dropped down.

Then, the crate was being dragged across the cement patio. The sound of the ancient wood on the hard surface seemed almost deafening to Felicia, and she started looking around to see if she was drawing attention from anyone. To her relief, they were alone, but the sound of the wood on concrete was like nails on a chalk board to her.

It's old, what if it breaks open? She thought, suddenly having the mental image of the old crate collapsing and a bound and gagged Anya falling out and attempting to wriggle away. What would Felicia do then? There was no way she could take her to the beach like that. Maybe she would keep her locked in the shed until the sun went down and take her to the beach then?

Thankfully, the old trunk was sturdy and held together over the long journey across the patio, though the loud, scraping sound made the walk feel like hours. Thankfully, the sound ceased once Felicia reached the lawn. Felicia's muscles though, were not as well rested and hydrated as she thought, and started to cry out in protest at this new exercise. Already sweat drenched and in pain, Felicia paused halfway across the lawn to rest.

“Mmmph! Ummm mmoo!” Anya moaned, rocking the trunk back and forth.

“Oh shut up...” Felicia huffed, surprised at how winded she was. She would have to add more cardio to her workout regimen.

She wiped some sweat from her brow and resumed her journey towards the back gate. Her

muscles though, did not appreciate the renewed journey, and screamed in protest as she dragged her victim towards her fate.

Maybe after I dump her and take a swim I'll lay out in the sun a bit. Yes, that sounded like a good idea. She would take a long, relaxing day as a reward.

“Urrrrmm mmmm! Grrmm!” Anya continued to protest and struggle. Felicia grunted and continued to heave the box across the yard, straining against the bound and gagged woman's struggles.

This would be easier if she wasn't kicking and making a fuss! Felicia grumbled. While at first she found Anya's protests alluring, now they were actively making her job so much more difficult.

Maybe I should have knocked her out again. Felicia mentally kicked herself. How would she even do that? She would probably have to smother Anya with her ass again, seeing how she didn't have any other way of doing it.

After another eternity, they reached the rear gate, which Felicia absentmindedly kicked open and proceeded to haul her struggling cargo out. At this point, Felicia's entire body was soaked in sweat, and every muscle in her body screamed at her in anger for daring to put them through this torture. In pain, wheezing, and slick with sweat, Felicia set the box down next to the foot path leading down to the beach and took a seat on it.

“Urfrmm mm! Urggl! Mmmm! Ggrrrr!” Anya moaned, rocking back and forth inside the crate under Felicia. Tired and annoyed, Felicia kicked the box under her.

“Hey, calm down in there!” She barked.

“Ffff mmmoo!”

Felicia grimaced, wishing there was a cliff she could just throw the crate off right here and now.

Just relax, catch your breath, and then start again. Felicia knew that she couldn't take all day though, Janet and Gina would be back at some point.

Suddenly Felicia had the mental image of Janet coming up the footpath and stopping and staring at her while she dragged the crate to the beach with Anya rocking back and forth inside. Maybe it was

that thought, or the fact that she was drenched in sweat, but suddenly Felicia felt disgusted by herself. There was no way Janet would forgive her for doing this.

“Hi Felicia, where's Anya?”

“Oh, I tied her up and threw her in the ocean!” This imagined conversation caused another sensation of self loathing to wash over Felicia. Is this was she was resorting to? Killing a defenseless woman.

You killed Jack. A voice said. Yes, Felicia had caused Jack's demise, but accidentally, and he was a monster, she felt nothing bad about that.

Anya's a monster too.

Anya had come to them in good faith though, and Gina had promised her that she would protect her. Felicia broke that promise. Not only that, Anya had helped Janet free them from Eva. Felicia knew that if Gina or Janet knew what she was about to do, they would never speak to her again. Hell, Gina may toss her in jail. Worst of all, Gina and Janet were trusting Felicia, and Felicia was betraying their trust. She thought back to earlier, and her anger at Janet. Now, she saw that Janet was doing what she thought was best. Janet didn't have a choice in aligning with Anya, and from Janet's point of view, Anya was the only person that could help her. Felicia had been doing what she always does, acting impulsively and rashly, without a thought of the consequences.

Well what? What will you do with her then?

“Hrry! Mmmo! Umm!” The box rocked under her.

I'll bring her back to the house and face them. Felicia sat up. She would have to keep Anya tied up, but she would tell Gina and Janet what happened and accept whatever punishment they gave her, and hope that Anya was merciful as well.

She stood up and turned to grip the trunk, ready to drag it back into the house, when she heard a male voice call out behind her.

“Well look at that ass!”

Felicia grimaced, knowing that voice. She turned and glared at Blondie and his friends coming up the footpath from the beach. Despite the sunglasses covering his eyes, she knew that he was gawking at her thonged posterior. Like earlier, Felicia flashed him an angry glare. Blondie seemed to shrink back at first, but then took a moment to draw strength from his friends.

“Whoa lady, I was just appreciating a work of art.” Blondie's tone was brash and unapologetic. Felicia balled her fists, ready to teach the punk a lesson, but then remembered that she had a bound and gagged woman in a trunk to deal with and hesitated.

“Mmmpph! Hhllp! Hhrryy!” Anya called from the trunk, rocking it back and forth from the inside.

Blondie lowered his glasses and stared at the wooden trunk, and all of his friends did the same. Felicia's eyes widened and she turned to look at the trunk as well.

“Hrrrrmmph! Hllp psss!” Anya moaned, the trunk shuffling back and forth.

“Do... is someone in there...” Blondie stammered.

“I... no...” Felicia stammered for an excuse. “It's police business! Keep moving!” In that moment, she wished she had a badge or uniform, or a gun.

“Hrrry! Hrrrllpp mmeee!” Anya continued to moan.

Panic set in, and Felicia rushed towards the trunk. She had no idea what her plan was, maybe to hurry and drag it back into the yard? Somehow, her mind irrationally reasoned that the house was a safe zone that the young men couldn't cross. The boys shouted something behind her and in a moment they were on her, grabbing her by the arms and pulling her away from the now violently shaking trunk.

“No! Get off me!” Felicia screamed and pulled, but her workout, followed by dragging the trunk, had tired her out, and she had practically no strength left.

“Ullmm! Plss!” Anya continued to struggle from inside the trunk.

Blondie and a friend of his stood over the trunk and then looked at Felicia, struggling futilely against the shirtless, buff young men restraining her.

“I guess we should open it?” Blondie asked his friend, who shrugged.

“If you open that, you will be in so much trouble!” Felicia barked, pulling again at her captors.

“I think you're the one who's in trouble right now.” Blondie spat, and started to unlatch the trunk.

“Look, I can explain. There's a dangerous criminal in there! I'm transporting her!” Felicia stammered, angry at that being the best excuse she could come up with.

“Uh... cops don't transport prisoners this way.” Blondie said in a mocking tone, and opened the final latch.

He threw the trunk open with a flourish, and the sun glinted off of a mane of brilliant blond hair as Anya sat up and tossed her hair back, revealing her gagged face. Every man stared at the bound and gagged bikini clad woman in shock, and then back at Felicia.

“Damn, I knew this bitch was crazy but... damn!” Blondie's head shifted from Anya to Felicia, gawking at both of them.

“Hyy! Hlllp!” Anya mumbled at him.

“Should we untie her?” Blondie asked his friend, who shrugged.

“Ummm hmmm!” Anya nodded, her face filled with annoyance.

“NO!” Felicia screamed, once again pulling against the men restraining her.

Blondie leaned over and pulled down the cloth over Anya's mouth. Once that was done, she immediately spit out the now soaked panties.

“Oh thank you! Thank you so much!” Anya played up and exaggerated her accent while batting her eyes at her rescuers.

“Uh... sure...” Blondie stammered, fixated at the panties lying in the grass next to the trunk.

“Please, untie me! It's a miracle you came when you did!” Anya stood up, turned around, and bent slightly so that Blondie could see her bound hands... and her nice, round ass in the thong.

“Uh...” Blondie stammered, his gaze fixated on the thong cleaving Anya's ass cheeks.

“Please untie me...” She wiggled her ass at him.

“Don't untie her! She's a dangerous criminal!” Felicia protested.

“Now... uh...” Blondie's gaze shifted from Anya's ass to Felicia.

“No! Please! This woman is crazy! She's Anya, the infamous Bikini Thief!” Anya pleaded with Blondie and motioned to Felicia.

Felicia's eyes went wide and her blood boiled.

“No-no she isn't-no I'm not... I'm Felicia Fetters, a member of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department! She's Anya the Bikini Thief!”

“Please, you must listen,” Anya batted her eyes at Blondie and his friends. “I'm Felicia Fetters. This woman kidnapped me and has been impersonating a police officer!”

“You can't be... you're an idiot if you believe her!” Felicia spat.

“Hey now! Don't call me that!” Blondie barked at her.

“She's a master of disguise,” Anya continued. “She's posed as bartenders, models, you name it. All so she can rob poor women of their belongings, their clothes, and their dignity!”

“Shut up! Don't listen to her!” Felicia shouted.

“You know... you were a bartender... then suddenly a cop...” Blondie started stroking his chin.

“Oh my God, you're an idiot...” Felicia grumbled.

“You know what...” Blondie grumbled and picked up the panties from the ground and stormed over to Felicia.

“Hey wait don't! Just listen to-UMMMMLPP!” Felicia's protests were cut off by Blondie shoving her own panties, which had previously been in Anya's mouth, into her mouth.

“Make sure she doesn't spit them out!” Blondie ordered one of his cronies. One of the men holding Felicia clamped his hand over her mouth to keep her from spitting out the panties.

“Ummmph! Mmmm! Mmmoo!” Felicia protested and pulled against her captor.

“Oh, please untie me!” Anya pleaded, once again wiggling her rear at one of Blondie's friends.

The boy nodded and started to untie her hands... very slowly.

“Urrgggm! Blllmmm mmm!” Felicia moaned, still pulling against the college boys restraining her.

While Blondie's friend untied Anya's hands, Blondie squatted down to untie her feet, looking up at her ass as he did.

“It's weird, I remember finding her one time tied up in the back of a bar...” He started.

“Mmsss! Ullumm gglllm!” Felicia nodded.

Yes! Hopefully he's figuring out that something isn't right! That time that Blondie found Felicia tied up in the back of the bar was not... a good time... but if he was able to figure out that Anya was lying then maybe Felicia could still salvage this.

“Yes, I caught her once before. I left her tied up there so I could go find some victims that she had left tied up elsewhere...” Anya began, stepping out of the crate and rubbing her wrists where they had been tied.

“Mmrroo! Ummmph!” Felicia grunted, once again trying to twist free with no luck.

“I gagged her because she has a silver tongue, a master of lies and manipulation. It's wise that you did as well.” Anya smiled at Blondie and patted his bicep, causing him to beam.

“Ulllmm mmph!” Felicia protested, glaring at Anya.

“Sadly, she figured out a way to escape.” Anya stopped and glared at Felicia, who glared right back.

“Mmmoo bfff!” Felicia spat.

“Would you boys be willing to help me with a few more things?” Anya asked, batting her eyes at her beefy rescuers.

“Uh... sure...” Blondie stammered.

“Would you be able to bind her? I need to keep her secured until I call for back up.”

Blondie's jaw flapped around for a bit but no words came out.

“Oh please, it would be such a big help to law enforcement,” Anya cooed, leaning close and clutching Blondie's bicep. “Why, I could even work something out for you. You could get a commendation, a medal!”

“Urrr frrr...” Felicia grumbled, rolling her eyes. She couldn't believe how thick Anya was laying it on and how Blondie was falling for it. The young man, jaw still slack, turned to his friends and managed to finally utter some words.

“Well boys... lets get her tied up.”

“Grrrmph!” Felicia cried, trying once again to twist free.

No! Not again! She had just spent three months as a captive, and she wasn't about to do it again. Not only that, but once they had her tied up, then what? What would Anya have in store for her, or what would Blondie and his cronies have in store?

Felicia kicked and fought, pulling against her captors, but they held her tight. Anya picked up the ropes used to bind her and handed them off to Blondie.

“Here, please make sure she's tied nice and tight.”

“Mmmph!” Felicia cried and pulled. Her eyes started to race around the foot path, hoping that people would be passing by to help her.

It's a busy path, and a beautiful day, people have to walk by! Certainly a passerby would see that there was something wrong with this picture... right?

Part of Felicia had to appreciate the irony that earlier she was hoping that no one would be using the path, and ultimately she got her wish, she was alone with Anya, Blondie, and his cronies.

“Urrmmf!” Felicia grunted as one of Blondie's buddies pulled her hands behind her back and crossed her wrists, then she felt the sadly familiar sensation of rope wrapping around her hands, securing them behind her back. At the same time, another one of the boys was tying her ankles together.

The final touch was when they pulled the white cloth that had previously been used to gag Anya

over Felicia's mouth, securing the panties in her mouth as well.

"Nice and tight, she's a slippery one." Anya chuckled, watching as the college boys bound Felicia.

"Fffmmmo!" Felicia mumbled, tugging on her bonds. They were securely tight.

"Grrrummph!" The cronies loosened their hold on the now bound and gagged Felicia, but still kept their arms around her shoulders to keep her from falling over and flopping around in the grass.

"Well there... umm "Officer", she bound and gagged." Blondie hovered over towards Anya. She nodded approvingly.

"Good, good..." Anya stroked her chin thoughtfully. As she did, Blondie seemed to hover near her. He gave a look to his friends and they all closed in as well.

"Hummmph..." Only Felicia seemed to notice the group of well muscled beach boys closing in on Anya. Despite her anger at the bikini thief, Felicia had a bad feeling about this.

"So... where's your back up?" Blondie's voice was icy, and the question came up more like a dare. Anya now noticed the young men closing in like wolves.

"Oh, I just need to use this to contact them." Anya smiled and held up the watch radio given to her by Gina. Blondie seemed to freeze at the sight of it, as did his friends.

"I tried to use it when I was tied up, but the gag prevented me from talking." Anya chuckled, her eyes constantly shifting between the pack surrounding her, and pressed the button on the radio.

"Anya to Gina..." She said, waiting for a response. All that came back was static.

"Gina, come in..." Anya said again, still waiting for a response.

Felicia stood frozen, waiting for a response.

Where was Gina?

It was possible that Gina was in a position that she couldn't talk at the moment, seeing how she was undercover and all. Or she was in a position where she couldn't talk because she was in trouble. Just the thought of that caused Felicia to close her eyes and will Gina to safety.

No, her and Caitlyn are just busy, she can't answer...

Felicia was feeling whiplash from how fast the dynamic of this situation was changing. It's quite possible that her and Anya could be stuck at the mercy of these horny young men.

“Gina...” Anya continued, watching as the boys circled in like sharks smelling blood.

“Hmm, doesn't seem to be working.” Blondie said and wrapped his beefy hands around Anya's wrist. She tried to back up and bounced into the barrel chest of one of Blondie's buddies.

“Mind if I have a look?” Blondie narrowed his gaze at Anya. She swallowed hard and nodded.

“Go ahead...”

Blondie flashed a sinister smile and removed the radio from Anya's wrist. He eyed it only for a moment, and then tossed it over his shoulder.

“It's junk.” Blondie grunted, still advancing on Anya. She stood with her back pressed against the big man behind her.

“You know...” She stammered. Felicia could see Anya faltering, the numbers weighing on her. “I am an officer of the law, think before you act.” She raised her chin, trying her best to look tough.

“I doubt that.” Blondie chuckled.

Now, the man behind Anya clamped his massive hands on her shoulder, causing her to jump. Blondie was right up in her face now.

Anya smiled, and he smiled back. Then she delivered a swift kick right to his balls.

“Ummph!” Felicia cheered on, somewhat not believing that she was rooting for Anya.

Blondie grunted and doubled over. The man behind Anya wrapped his massive arms around her in a bear hug and lifted her off the ground. Her feet kicked and she cried out, and then elbowed him in the gut. He grunted but still kept a hold on her, then she elbowed him again. Once again, the man grunted, but still kept his grip. Anya delivered another sharp elbow and the man bent a bit, just enough for her to bring her foot down on his. With that, the man cried out and released his hold on her.

“Mmmm gmmph!” Felicia moaned and pulled on the men holding her, but they kept their grip.

Her captors though were exchanging nervous glances, unsure if to keep holding onto her or help.

With the big man no long holding onto her, Anya sped off, sprinting down the foot path to the beach. Blondie grunted, face red, and glared after the fleeing bikini thief.

“Well get her!” He barked.

“What about her?” One of the men holding Felicia asked.

Blondie's glasses had fallen off and his bleary, blue eyes surveyed Felicia and then the empty trunk.

“Put her in there and pack her into the truck!” With that, hands still clutching his sore balls, Blondie stumbled after Anya.

“Wfff! Mmmo!” Felicia cried and tried to pull away from her captors. One of the college boys gripped her shoulders tight while the other came around to grab her feet.

What are they going to do with me?

“Urrfff mmo!” She moaned, trying to twist away. They lifted her, one holding her under her arm pits while the other held her by the ankles, Felicia struggling and kicking the whole way.

“Calm down lady!” Said the boy holding her by the ankles, a muscle bound guy with a buzz cut.

“Hlllp! Hlllp mmme! Pllss!” Felicia moaned, twisting kicking, and doing everything in her power to make this as difficult as possible for her captors.

“Come on hurry up before someone sees us!” Cried the one holding her by the armpits.

“Mmmoo! Grrmmm fmmmm mmpph!” Felicia cried, still twisting and kicking as they lowered her into the trunk. With the lid of the wooden box hanging open, it felt more like the gaping maw of a coffin than a box she once kept her bikinis in.

Despite her struggles, the two young men packed Felicia into the tight, claustrophobic space. Felicia had flashbacks to her first day as Sheriff and being bound and gagged and stuffed in a crate by Jack. This was much tighter, and smaller, and she could barely move, and her body was forced into a tight ball. She looked up just to see the two young men look down at her, laugh, and then slam the lid

shut, forcing her into darkness.

“Mmmoo! Hlllmp!” Felicia cried, alone with nothing but her muffled cries for company.

A few months ago, Tony had been lured to the town of Marston's Pointe with the promise of a summer spent drinking at the beach and hooking up with hot local girls.

“It's a small beach town, women there see the same dudes every day! We'll be up to our knees in desperate ladies!” Chad screamed, arms gesturing wildly, his mane of unruly blond hair whipping wildly.

When they got to Marston's Pointe, they found a bustling seaside town filled with summer tourists, and a group of Frat boys like them were just faces in a crowd.

“Don't worry, the night life here is probably crazy!” Chad promised.

It wasn't. The boys ended up more often than not heading back to the hotel alone and drunk. Overall though, Tony thought they had made the best of the summer, and in a few weeks knew that they would have to head back to school. He never would have expected that they would have rescued a bound and gagged foreign chick from that crazy chick that used to work at that one bar on the beach. Likewise, Tony never would have thought that he would see Chad get kicked in the balls before ordering them to shove that chick from the bar with the great ass into a trunk.

Chad had been obsessed with that Chick From the Bar with the Great Ass for months. Tony and the other boys didn't get it, but they imagined that it had something to do with Chad's hurt pride and that eventually he would get over it.

He didn't. In fact, as the summer wore on, that's all he wanted to talk about.

Now here they were, with the Chick from the Bar with the Great Ass bound and gagged in stuffed in a trunk, carrying her out to the truck.

What the hell does Chad have in store for her? Tony wondered as he carried the heavy wooden

trunk along a path next to what he presumed was the Chick's house. Inside the trunk, she continued to kick and squirm while screaming into her gag.

“Urrrmp! Mmoo! Mmmm!”

Tony considered himself a fairly in shape guy, but the trunk was heavy enough, plus the weight of the girl inside. Her constant struggles meant that he constantly had to strain so that he wouldn't drop the trunk.

“Ugggh...” Tony sighed, adjusting his grip on the constantly shifting trunk.

On the other side of the trunk was Johnny, who stopped and gave Tony an annoyed sigh.

“Come on man!” Johnny whined.

“Sorry, she keeps kicking...” Tony grunted, doing his best to hold the box still.

“Mmmph! Ummp! Hlllp!” The Chick moaned from inside.

“The longer we're out here means the more likely someone's gonna catch us!” Johnny spat and picked up the pace.

“If she keeps kicking like this then someone will definitely notice!” Tony shouted.

Johnny stopped and let his end of the trunk fall to the ground.

“MMMPPH!” The girl cried.

“Shh! Or someone definitely will catch us!” Johnny admonished.

“You shh!”

“Hmmm!” The girl finished. Both college boys looked down at the box.

“Come on, let's get this over with.” Johnny huffed and picked up his end of the trunk again.

“Urrrfmmm mmmblmm! Blllm!” The girl seemed to be struggling and kicking more, and the box felt like it was about ready to jump out of their hands.

Tony felt sweat collecting along his palms, not only from the heat but from the strain of carrying the trunk. It felt like he was carrying a box filled with thousands of Mexican jumping beans. He huffed and once again tightened his grip, but almost immediately felt the wood slipping in his moist hands.

“Okay, hold on.” Tony sighed and gently set down his end of the box.

“Come on man!” Johnny, equally sweaty, glared at Tony.

“It's heavy, and all of her struggling isn't helping.”

“Well what can we do about it?” Johnny set his end down and paced. They were halfway to the street but it felt like it was miles away.

“I don't know... knock her out or something?” Tony suggested.

“Hmmpmph!” The girl screamed.

“How do you suggest we do that?” Johnny asked.

Tony rubbed his chin, realizing that he didn't really think his solution out beyond that.

“I don't know... what do they do in the movies? You know that thing where they press a cloth over their face...” He began.

“Chloroform?” Johnny finished, exasperated.

“Wffff!”

“Yeah!” Tony snapped his fingers, eyes lighting up.

“Mmmoo!”

“Do you have any chloroform?” Johnny's tone came off more like a challenge.

“... no...” Tony finished.

“Exactly,” With that, Johnny picked up his end of the box. “Come on, we're almost at the street.”

Tony sighed and picked up his end of the trunk and they continued the seemingly endless journey to the street. All the while, the girl inside the box continued to squirm and struggle. Despite all of his bluster, Tony could hear Johnny struggling with the weight of the box too. Both of them wore swim trunks and nothing else, but the strain of lifting combined with the heat of the day meant that both of them were slick with sweat.

What does Chad even want with this chick? Tony wondered, and then realized that Chad was

leading the other boys in a chase after the foreign chick. What did Chad intend to do with her?

Somehow a summer of drinking and partying was turning into a summer of kidnapping.

Tony figured that he would worry about those questions later. He had more pressing issues to worry about, namely getting to the truck without being caught. They came out from the side of the house and carried the box towards the sidewalk, and Tony realized that part of their journey was over but they still had a long way to go seeing how they had parked clear at the end of the street and walked to the foot path.

“Hold up, hold up...” Tony sighed, realizing that his chest was burning from the exertion. He knew there was no way he could carry this crate all the way to the end of the street.

“Jesus Christ!” Tony huffed and dropped his end of the crate. It connected with the concrete sidewalk with a loud THUD.

“GRRRRMMPH!” The cried screamed from the impact.

“Jesus Christ man!” Tony retorted, instinctively looking up and down the street to see if anyone heard. He gently set his end of the trunk down on the sidewalk.

Thankfully, they were alone, but at the end of the street and moving closer to them was a garbage truck. It's journey towards them was slow, as the truck would stop every few feet and wait while the men hanging on the back of it would collect trash from the sidewalk and toss it into the back of the truck. After every second house or so, the truck would pause while the workers switched on the giant compacter, crushing and compacting the contents of the truck's rear towards the front in order to make room for more.

“Look, we can't carry this all the way to the truck-” Tony began but Johnny cut him off.

“Then what the fuck do you want us to do!” Johnny spat, his eyes wild and mop of wet dark hair flying as he spoke.

“If you let me finish,” Tony sighed, trying to push down the rising tide of frustration. “I'll wait here with her, you go, get the truck, and come back and we'll load her up together.”

Johnny clenched his jaw and looked down at the heavy trunk which was still shaking back and forth thanks to the bound and gagged woman inside, and then up at Tony. Tony knew that Johnny thought it was a good idea but didn't want to admit it.

“Fine, make sure she doesn't go anywhere.” Johnny's tone was defeated and resigned.

Tony beamed, deciding to enjoy this victory. Johnny nodded and took off down the street, doing his best to look casual... too casual. He stuck his hands in the pockets of his trunks and started to whistle as he walked like something out of a cartoon.

“Ummm! Ufff hmm! Hllp!” the girl in the box screamed. Tony looked up and down the street but other than he was alone besides the slowly advancing garbage truck.

Unconsciously, Tony placed his hands in his pocket and sat down on the trunk, hoping to shield the fact that the trunk was still shaking back and forth thanks to the struggling woman inside.

“Mmmmp! Ummm mmmph!” Tony planted his feet, feeling the wooden box shaking back and forth under him.

“Hey lady, shhh...” Tony leaned down and whispered to his captive. Looking up, he saw that the garbage truck was only a few houses away.

“Mmmpph! Umm! Mmmph!” The woman screamed, continuing her struggling inside the box.

“Shhh, come on lady.” Tony whispered again. The truck stopped, waiting for the garbage men to fill it with fresh trash.

“Hllp! Hllp mmmee! Mmmff!” The woman screamed, tossing back and forth inside the box. It felt like he was sitting on top of a small earthquake happening only to him.

He looked up again and saw that once again the garbage men were running the compactor. The sound of the engine combined with the compactor and the sound of garbage being crushed and pushed to the front of the giant vehicle drowned out the woman's muffled screams.

“Ummfff! Fmmmo ggrrluummph!” She moaned.

“Shh! Quiet!”

“Hummph! Mmph!” The woman was unsurprisingly not being obedient to her kidnapper.

Down the street, the compactor went silent and the garbage truck lurched forward, inching ever closer.

“Mmmph! Ummph!”

Desperate, Tony kicked the box under him.

“Stop it! You hear me!” He barked, then looked up. Thankfully the garbage men didn't hear him and were going about collecting trash bags from nearby houses.

“Ummph! Hllp!”

“Stop!” Tony kicked the box again.

The garbage trucked moved another few feet and stopped.

“Hhrrrmmp! Ummmph! Fmmm!” Tony found himself almost thrown from the box because the woman inside was struggling so much.

“Dammit!” His temper rising, he stood up and delivered a sharp, quick kick the box. It was so hard that his foot exploded in pain, causing him to jump and down and favor it like a character in a cartoon. Inside the box, he heard a dull THUD from his kick connecting with the wood, and from the wood connecting with something soft inside.

“Ummm...” The woman moaned inside, and then the box went still.

Tony stood, holding his aching foot, and looked down at the box. It was still and quiet.

Forgetting about the pain in his foot, he bent over and listened to the trunk.

“Mmm...” The woman moaned inside. He must have dazed her with his kick.

The sound of the compactor drowned out everything again. He turned and looked, seeing that the truck was only two houses away now.

Where the hell is Johnny? Tony looked down the street but saw no sign of Johnny or the truck.

He looked back at the trunk. Though she was dazed, it was only a matter of time before the girl inside got ahold of herself and started making noise again. Tony needed to keep her still and quiet, or

else those garbage guys would no doubt notice.

Fucking Chad. Why did he have to go and rope them all into this? Why couldn't they have kept walking and just let these two crazy – but hot – chicks do whatever the hell they were doing?

He turned and looked at the house they were in front of – the chick's house. Tony looked it up and down, and then back at the crate.

If this chick was crazy enough to have another chick tied up in a box, then it would stand to reason that she had stuff in her house that could knock out people, right? She seemed crazy enough to have something like that Chloro- stuff.

Tony turned back to the garbage men to see them struggling with an old dresser from one of the houses across the street. Knowing he didn't have much time to lose, he gave the trunk a quick glance and then hurried towards the house.

Where would he even look for something like chloroform in the house? The bathroom? That seemed like something you would keep in a medicine cabinet, right?

He tried the front door and found it unlocked and hurried inside.

Maybe sleeping pills? He thought, then realized he would probably have to force pills down the chick's throat, which would cause so much more trouble.

Tony took the stairs two at a time and quickly found the bathroom. Looking inside the medicine cabinet, he found that it contained about the same stuff that any other medicine cabinet would contain.

His eyes still raced over the bottles and packages, hoping that maybe something would stick out to him, but he also had no idea what he was looking for.

“Damn this is heavy!” A voice called from outside. Tony froze.

He rushed to the window and threw it open in time to see the garbage men tossing the trunk into the back of the garbage truck.

Shit!

Tony's body broke out in a cold sweat and he darted out of the bathroom, not even bothering to

close the medicine cabinet. Like before, he took the stairs two at a time and burst out of the front door like he was shot out of a cannon, not bothering to close it after him.

He stumbled out into the front yard to see the garbage men switch on the compactor. The giant, metal wall lowered from the top of the garbage and pressed forward, crushing everything under it and moving it forward.

Tony could only stand and watched, his jaw agape, as the compactor finished it's duty and retracted, showing no sign of an antique wooden trunk or the woman inside of it. Then the garbage truck meandered onto the next house.

10.

The oppressive heat of the day didn't let up as night fell, which made Janet thankful once again for wearing skimpy bikinis to work. She was also thankful for the cool ocean breeze which would occasionally blow against her nearly naked ass cheeks, a welcome reprieve from the body heat of salivating men crowding her bar. It was an exceptionally busy afternoon that gave into a busy evening, no doubt due to the extreme heat of the day, and Janet had been running back and forth since the bar opened.

I really need to hire more help. She thought as she filled a glass from the tap. As she waited for the glass to fill with the frothy alcohol, her eyes glanced up at the clock. Immediately, her heart leapt.

It was break time

Involuntarily she let out a sigh of relief and turned to bring the glass of beer over to her customer with an extra pep in her step.

“Last call boys before I close up for a half hour!” Janet's smile was extra brilliant as she called it out.

A collective groan went out among the wall of shirtless, sweaty men on the other side of the bar.

“What? You're closing up!” Cried the man as she handed him his glass. He was middle aged and well built with a hint of grey in his hair. Even though Janet wasn't into men, even she had to admit that he was very attractive. The fact that he acted like a salivating dog like the other men at the bar was a massive strike against him though.

“Hey, a girl gotta take a rest too.” She batted her eyes and bent over the bar, giving him a nice view of her barely covered breasts.

“I could help you take a rest.” He smiled and tugged at one of the see through straps that ran along her hips.

It took all of Janet's self control to maintain her smile in that moment, and twice that not to slap him. Instead she pulled away and stepped out of his reach.

“Sorry, I work hard and play hard.” She shrugged.

The man seemed to sense her discomfort and offered an apologetic look and shrugged.

“Hey sorry, I was defenseless against the bikini.” Was his non apology.

Janet only smiled and made her way along the bar, collecting last drink orders from her other patrons. The bikini she wore was well... extra skimpy tonight. She wore a deep red thong bikini, but very little of it was red. A stretch of red fabric ran between her legs and up through her butt cheeks, but the straps that ran along her hips and held her bikini bottoms up were completely see-through plastic. Likewise, small triangles of red fabric covered her nipples, but the straps that ran along her shoulders and back were also completely see through. Overall, it gave Janet the appearance of almost complete nudity, which she was sure was partially responsible for the business tonight.

She had been closing the bar for breaks ever since Felicia disappeared. At first, she was worried about the potential lost revenue, but things had been so busy that it didn't really make a difference. Though on busy nights she still found herself longing for Felicia or someone to handle the horny male customers while she took a break.

As Janet handed out final drinks before her break, her thoughts again drifted to Felicia. For months she had worried about her and longed to see her, touch her, and smell her again, and now that Felicia was back... Janet found herself dreading going back home. Felicia had a fiery temper, and wasn't happy that Janet had aligned herself with Anya to help her, and now Felicia was even more upset that Gina was working with Anya.

“Need someone to take that “break” with you?” One of her customers winked at her. Janet smiled and handed him his drink as she felt a fresh wave of frustration welling up in her chest, not only

at the man, but at Felicia.

What did Felicia expect her to do? It wasn't like Janet had a choice, or anyone else to turn to. If Felicia wasn't happy about it then she could go back to being Eva's hostage.

Janet took a breath and pushed the thought out of her mind. She knew that she and Felicia would have to have a long talk about it, but right now emotions were too high. Maybe in a couple of days. Hopefully, by the time Janet got home, Felicia would be fast asleep and the whole confrontation could be put off for another day or two.

Finally, Janet finished up handing out drinks and reached up to grab the rope that controlled the thatched roof to the hut-like tiki bar.

"Oh now come on! What are we supposed to do now?" One of the men whined. Janet only winked back at him.

"I can think of a few things." With that, she pulled the rope, lowering the thatched partition that blocked off the beach side of the bar and the gaping wall of horny men with it. She could still hear them calling from the other side, but the partition between them brought her a measure of peace.

Janet stood for a moment, listening to the calls of the men on the other side of the bar and leaned back, enjoying her isolation. The partition cut off the breeze coming in from the ocean, and beads of sweat were starting to collect along her body.

Christ, it's hot... Janet started to fan herself as the heat started to build up inside the bar thanks to the lack of ventilation. Deciding that she had taken enough of a moment to herself, she started to head for the back room, feeling more and more sweat along her nearly naked body as she walked.

Maybe I'll stand in the cooler for a bit. She thought as she walked, smiling at the image of herself standing with the cooler door open, her nipples growing hard in the cold temperature. It would be quite a sight for the patrons when she came back. Typically a few guys got bored and wandered off after they finished their drinks, but she knew that a good many of her patrons would be waiting with baited breath for her return, so maybe she should give them a show to look forward to.

All of this vanished from Janet's mind though when she stepped into the backroom and saw the back door wide open. Her jaw dropped, immediately flashing back to the other night when Anya got in. Could it be Anya again? Or had one of the men found a way in? There was no one in her immediate field of vision, but that meant nothing.

Janet took a step back when she felt a hand clamp over her mouth. She tried to pull away but another hand wrapped around her midsection and pulled her back. Soft skin pressed against her from behind and she felt her captor coil, like an animal about to pounce. Despite the soft, almost bare skin pressed against hers, she felt power and strength behind every movement.

“Hola chica...” Eva whispered in her ear.

“Hmmp!” Janet cried, her eyes going wide. She pulled but Eva tightened her grip on Janet like a vice.

“Oh no, you're not going anywhere.” Eva continued.

“Mmmooo!” Janet pulled again but Eva's remained firm.

What was she doing here? Gina told her to get out of town?

“Mmmp!” Janet cried again. Eva's arm around her waist also kept her arms pinned to her side.

“We're going to have some fun.” Eva laughed.

“Urrrmmph! Mmmp!” Janet continued to pull and struggle. Maybe if she made enough noise one of the patrons outside would hear and call for help and bring Gina.

Hopefully. Right now Gina and Caitlyn were the only police force the town had.

Across town, at that very moment, Gina and Caitlyn were having a very different experience working at a bar.

When she had been in college, Gina worked as a greeter and hostess at an upscale club and bar.

The establishment knew that making a tall, beautiful woman with striking brown eyes the first thing their rich clientele saw when they walked in would set a good tone. Even before she got breast implants, Gina had turned heads wherever she went, and that job as a greeter led to her getting her first modeling jobs, and once she got implants, well... her career really took off.

What Gina was doing now was a far more... revealing form of being a greeter. She was still the first thing the clientele saw when they approached the club. She thought of the women she saw earlier tied to the batwing doors and how she wondered how their muffled cries had been of pleasure or discomfort. Though she couldn't speak for them, both Gina and Caitlyn had both spent the majority of the night voicing their displeasure through their large, red ball gags.

“Mmmph!” Caitlyn moaned as a group of club patrons pushed through the swinging doors, stopping to run a hand over her bare breasts as they did.

“Ulllp!” Gina moaned as her breasts too were groped as the patrons pushed through the doors. Once they were through, the doors swung limply back in place.

“Urrfff!

“Mmm!” The two women cried into their gags, helpless to do anything but sway along with the doors until they settled back into place.

Both Gina and Caitlyn were practically naked except for the small black thongs they wore to the club earlier. Gina had no idea what had become of the girls that had been strung up on the batwing doors earlier, but now the job had been given to her and Caitlyn. Their arms had been pulled over the doors and behind and secured with rope, and their legs tucked up and behind, connected to their arms with rope as well. Several other ropes had been used to keep the two naked police women secured to the doors without falling. Part of Gina was surprised at how sturdy the doors were and how much they held up under the weight of the two women, but the other part of her hated how uncomfortable it all was.

Gina had been tied up several times in her life, but this, bent like a pretzel around and

unyielding wooden door, might be the worst yet. The muscles in her arms and legs cried out for relief, and Gina tried to see past the discomfort and think of a way out of this.

They said they were going to put her and Caitlyn to work, but she hoped to god that they didn't do this to her every day. She wasn't sure if her body could handle it.

“Ulllmm... mullpp... mmooo...” Gina looked over to see Caitlyn's lips working over the large red ball gag. The larger girl was tugging and pulling on her bonds but to no avail, and her half naked body was covered in sweat.

Gina turned to look down at her self to that she too was covered in sweat, with a single bead of perspiration hanging from one of her bare nipples. Like Caitlyn, Gina gave a gentle tug at her bonds but they held tight.

“Ummmpph...” She moaned, feeling a twinge of pain as she pulled. She had to give it to these guys, they knew their rope work.

I guess this is what I get for infiltrating a bondage club. She sighed. Her jaw was also beginning to get sore from the large ball gag keeping her silent, and she could only imagine that Caitlyn felt the same.

“Ulllmmm...mmm...” Caitlyn moaned next to her. They had both fought and struggled valiantly when they had been caught, especially Caitlyn, but the numbers game had got the best of them, and their captors easily overpowered the girls and strung them up on the doors.

Gina dreaded to think of what else might be in store for them. As much as she hated being displayed on the doors to the club, this very well could be the least of what they had in store for her and Caitlyn. She could only hope that Felicia and Anya noticed their absence and came looking.

Gina rolled her eyes, hardly believing that her best hope was Felicia and Anya, but these truly were desperate times.

Voices approached from down the hall and Gina stiffened, bracing herself for another round of being fondled and groped, but then she realized that she recognized one of the voices. She tried to

strain and listen over the sound of Caitlyn's constant muffled cries.

“Mmmm... Hllpp.... Mmm!” Caitlyn cried incessantly.

“Sfff mmpp!” Gina chided, prompting a sharp look from the other woman.

While Caitlyn glared at her, Gina took a moment to listen to the voices approaching. Yes, she did know one of those voices! A moment later a group of people came into view lead by Wallace, who was talking excitedly with them. The men with Wallace were all middle aged, business looking types in expensive looking, tailored suits and close cropped hair cuts.

“Our establishment offers the best kind of entertainment for the discerning gentlemen like you, and discreet, of course.” Wallace was explaining

As they got closer, Gina saw that the men carried masks in their hands but weren't wearing them.

Interesting... Gina thought. These must be high value clients for Wallace to let them ignore the rules like that. Plus, Wallace was personally accompanying them, so they must be a big deal.

“Mmm! Mmmm mmph!” Gina locked eyes with Wallace and grumbled into her gag. Wallace looked at her and for a moment his gaze was harsh and stern before shifting back to being the soft, accommodating host.

“Ah, and here are our lovely greeters.” He smiled and motioned to the strung up women. All of the men with Wallace followed his gesture and eyed the half naked woman with hungry eyes.

“Grrrmpmm! Mmm! Gbbllmm!” Caitlyn started moaning again.

“Urrffllm mmm! Fffmm!” Gina joined in.

She watched as the men grew closer and their beady, hungry eyes zeroed in on Gina's heaving, bare breasts, and then to Caitlyn's. Gina felt herself shrink under their gaze and wanted cover up, except that her bound hands made that impossible, leaving her helpless, exposed and vulnerable under their hungry eyes. It made Gina remember her first job as a hostess and the hungry stares the men would give her, or the blank, salivating way they would stare at her cleavage even then before she got

implants. These looks the men were giving her now were that multiplied by a thousand.

Wallace stopped with his group in front of the swinging doors and the helpless women and he gestured to them again.

“Just a little taste of what awaits inside.” He chuckled.

All of the men were practically drooling over them as Gina and Caitlyn could do nothing but mumble incoherently into their gags.

“Mmrrggll umm!”

“Gggllmm! Mmm!”

One of the men though was making eye contact with Gina and furrowing his brow. Gina stopped her mumbling and locked eyes with them. He seemed to shrink back when she noticed that he was looking at her.

“Please, feel free to touch, this isn't a museum.” Wallace said to his clients. As if on cue, one of them men, a small man with bug eyes, shot forward and gripped Caitlyn's bare breasts with both palms.

“Ufff! Mmmm! Mmmoo!” She moaned, tossing her head back and crying into her gag.

Another man stepped forward and started to massage Gina's breasts with his hands.

“Oh nice Wallace, so exquisite...” He cooed, rubbing his hands against the soft flesh of Gina's sweat coated breasts.

“Mmmo! Sttt! Mmmo!” Gina moaned, once again pulling on the bonds keeping her suspended. She whipped her head back and forth, doing all she could to struggle.

Another man came forward and clamped a hand on Gina's ass cheek.

“Mmmpph!”

“Feel her ass! It's so soft!” The man said, and he and the man groping her breasts switched places.

“Grrmmbbll! Mmm!” Gina moaned, and looked over at Caitlyn to see that the man who had been previously rubbing her breasts was now rubbing his face against them. She turned and looked at

Gina with a pained expression while moaning into her gag.

“Mmeeepp! Ouffff mmo!” Caitlyn moaned, helpless to do anything.

Gina looked up and saw the man who had been staring her still looking, eyes wide. He seemed... uncomfortable. Desperate, Gina thought that maybe she could exploit this and widened her eyes and locked her gaze with him, imploring through her gag.

“Pssss... hllppp... hllppp mmmmm.... mmmmp!” Gina pleaded.

The man seemed to start sweating in that moment and tugged at his collar and leaned towards Wallace.

“That one,” The sweaty man motioned to Gina. “She seems familiar.”

“Ah,” Wallace clapped his hands and motioned to her. “You may recognize her from her modeling days! Her name was Gina Dollson. She even was Sheriff of this town for a brief moment.”

This seemed to make the Sweaty Man even more uncomfortable.

“What... what is she doing here?” He stammered. While he talked, Gina never looked away and kept begging and pleading through her gag.

“Hlllp! Psss!”

“Oh she's... had a change of career.” Wallace said, and then looked at Gina and back to the man. He seemed to realize in that moment what was happening and his gaze darkened with anger.

“There's plenty more women inside, if you please gentlemen...” Wallace began and stepped forward, pushing the door with Caitlyn open by pushing on her breast.

“Mmmmp!” Caitlyn cried as Wallace stood casually as one would stand holding a door for someone, except he held the door open with his hand on her breast.

“Sttpp! Mmmo!” Caitlyn moaned as Wallace's guests proceeded into the club, giving Caitlyn and Gina final glances as they did.

The Sweaty Man came last, though he looked down at his shoes, avoiding Gina's pleas as he did.

“Stttt! Psss! Hllp!” Gina begged as the man walked past her and into the club.

Once they were all inside, Wallace glared at Gina and let go of Caitlyn, storming into the club after his guests as the door with her swung back into place.

“Mmmph! Ummph!” Caitlyn moaned as the door settled back into position.

Gina tried to turn her head to look over her shoulder at inside the club to see if perhaps the Sweaty Man was still watching. It was a Hail Mary, but maybe his conscience had gotten the better of him. Maybe, while his friends were all off having fun with the other women of the club, The Sweaty Man would sneak off and cut both Gina and Caitlyn down. It was a fantasy and a pipe dream, Gina knew, but it was all she had right now.

Instead, Gina heard Wallace's voice behind her. She couldn't tell what he was saying, but she could tell that he was angry.

“Urrggllm bllllm! Mmmummbll!” Caitlyn continued to moan into her gag, making it difficult for Gina to hear what Wallace was saying.

“Offffmm! Hmmlp! Ummm!” Caitlyn continued.

“Hrrry! Stttt!” Gina responded, hoping Caitlyn would get the hint. The other girl turned and gave Gina a sharp look.

At least she's quiet. Gina thought and leaned back to listen. Wallace though must have been done though, because she didn't hear him any more.

But... she did hear footsteps approaching. Leaning back, Gina saw a woman approaching Caitlyn from behind. The woman was one of the club employees, and wore a skin tight leather suit, unzipped to show plenty of cleavage. She carried a thick white cloth held out in her hands as she approached Caitlyn from behind, and had another cloth hanging over her shoulder.

“Cmmmlnn! Llloofff!” Gina tried to warn through her gag.

“Wfff?” Caitlyn turned towards Gina and shrugged.

It was too late though, the woman leaned over from behind Caitlyn and pulled the white cloth

over the lower half of Caitlyn's face, covering the ball gag.

“Mmmm! Ummm!” Caitlyn moaned, her eyes going wide as the woman tied the second gag at the back of her neck.

“Eeepp!” Gina moaned as she felt a thick white cloth pulled over the lower half of her face as well. Like Caitlyn, her head was jerked back as her second gag was tied at the back of her neck too.

“Urrrrfff!” Gina moaned as she felt the thick, smothering cloth secured over her ball gag. Her eyes looked over to see Caitlyn's head loll forward as her captor finished tying the second gag.

“Ummm! Mmm!” Caitlyn moaned, twisting her head, trying to shake off the second gag. Behind her, the woman took the second white cloth and pulled it over Caitlyn's eyes.

“Mmmo!” Caitlyn moaned as her head pulled back once again as her captor tied the blindfold in place.

“Mmmm! Mmmo!” Caitlyn protested, the only part of her face visible now was her nose.

A second later, Gina's view of Caitlyn was obstructed by her own blindfold being pulled over her eyes.

“Mmmmpph!” Gina cried as her head was jerked back and the blindfold tied. Like Caitlyn, Gina was plunged into darkness, unable to move or see, with only her muffled cries and the muffled cries of Caitlyn to keep her company.

What did they have planned next for them?

As she watched the thatched wood partition slowly rise, Janet regretted thinking just a few moments earlier about how she wished she had an extra hand to help in the bar. She doubted even Eva would be able to control the customers once the partition lifted and the hungry male dogs sitting on the other side of it saw what was in store for them.

Inch by inch the partition lifted, revealing the black moonlit waves crashing against the beach,

and then she heard the hoots and cries of the men as they realized that they're favorite scantily clad bartender was returning to work. She could only imagine their delight at seeing that she had friend.

Too bad Janet couldn't enjoy having help at the bar since she was bound and gagged.

Janet stiffened in her stool as the partition rose halfway. Part of her held out hope that the men would see her bound and helpless and rush to her aid, but somehow she doubted that. She also knew that the men would probably eat up whatever Eva had in store for her.

Just think, my idea of giving them a show was to have my nipples poke through my bikini top!

Janet grumbled and chewed on her gag. Her hands were tied behind her with thick rope and her feet tied together at the ankles with the same, and a thick, white towel was pulled tightly between her lips and tied at the back of her head. As the partition grew higher, she once again tested her bonds but they were secured tightly, which was no surprise, Eva knew her knots.

She could now see the faces of the men on the other side of the bar as their eyes scanned for the familiar sight of Janet's half naked body. Confusion registered on their faces at first, no doubt they hadn't noticed Janet yet, tied and gagged in the corner, or Eva, standing off to the side raising the partition. Slowly though, a few of the men started to notice their familiar bartender bound and gagged on a stool in the corner.

“Hillp! Hrrryy!” Janet cried tugging on her bonds, hoping to get their attention. More of the men looked in her direction and their eyes looked like they were going to bug right out of their sockets.

“Mmph! Mm!” Janet moaned, and motioned with her head to the far side of the bar where Eva had finished raising the partition.

“Hola boys!” Eva pranced out in front of the patrons and immediately all eyes fell on her.

Shit! Janet grimaced and bit down on her gag. Once Eva took control of this situation she could easily have all of these men eating out of the palm of her hand.

“What... what's going on?” One of the men stammered, his gaze shifting from Eva to the bound and gagged Janet.

“Hrrrlp! Hrry! Hhllp mmee!” Janet moaned, leaning forward and tugging on her bonds. As she did, she caught the man's eyes immediately falling to her cleavage.

Fine, whatever, just get me out of here! She thought, locking eyes with him.

“Oh, my friend Janet and I are just having a little fun!” Eva flashed him her brilliant smile and danced over to Janet, as she did, all of the men's eyes fell to Eva's perfect, thonged ass.

The Latina wore a tiny, leopard print thong bikini, and the bar patrons were defenseless against it. She walked over to Janet and squeezed the bound woman's cheeks while bending over to give the men on the other side of the bar a look at her round, perfectly shaped behind.

“We thought we would give you a little show.” Eva laughed.

“Mmmooo! Mmmph! Ufff!” Janet pleaded through her gag at the men.

“Oh Janet, she just loves being tied up!” Eva giggled, and then lifted Janet's cell phone, which had been previously resting on the counter, opened the camera, and held it out while pressing her face against Janet's.

“Now hold on, let's get a selfie!” Eva smiled while Janet widened her eyes.

“Mmmoo! Umm!” Janet moaned, but it was too late, Eva snapped the photo.

The Latina pulled away from Janet and her fingers danced over the phone's touch screen.

“Hmm, let's tell our friends about all the fun we're having,” Eva furrowed her brow as she composed a message.

“Hmmmph?” Janet leaned forward, and saw that Eva was composing a text message to Felicia. From her angle, Janet couldn't see the content of the message, but she saw that Eva was also sending the photo with it.

“Hey, stop texting and get me a drink.” A man called from the other side of the bar. Eva's face shifted briefly from her usual, carefree self to silent fury, and then back. She sent the message and then turned to her audience on the other side of the bar.

“Hey, would you guys like more of our friends to show up? They're all super hot.” Eva strutted

up and down on the other side of the bar as she talked.

Janet watched, helpless to do anything else, and realized what Eva's plan was.

I'm bait! Eva not only wanted her, she wanted all of the girls, no doubt as revenge for escaping her. This was all a show to attract attention.

A hoot went up from the men on the other side of the bar when Eva asked her question. She stopped, turned her back to them, and slightly lowered one of the straps to her thong, baring her ass cheek to them.

“Oh and they all have bikinis way smaller than this.” Eva giggled and let the strap snap back into place. All of the men cheered and hooted at her.

“Well then, we're going to play a little game,” Eva turned back around. “And I'm going to need your help.”

“Yeah!” Some of the men called out.

“Can't I just get a beer?” The man from earlier grumbled.

Eva ignored him this time, and grabbed a large glass jar from the counter behind her. A sign was taped to it reading “Release the bartender fund.”

“Our friend Janet here has been captured, and in order to be... “released”, you must pay a ransom...” Eva turned and winked at Janet.

Janet only glared at her.

“Also, I need you all to take out your phones too,” Eva continued. “Get plenty of pictures and video. Post them everywhere, all over the internet. The more attention we get, the more likely our friends will show up!”

“Yeah!” A bunch of the men shouted.

“Mmmo! Stttp! Mmm!” Janet protested, stamping her feet on the stool, but the men ignored her.

Eva placed the jar on the bar in front of the slobbering men and stepped back.

“Hey honey, can I get a beer... *please!*” The man from earlier grumbled again. He was a middle

aged man, balding with quite the beer gut.

Eva stopped and glared at the man for a moment, and then flashed her brilliant smile.

“Oh sure, if you'll pay towards the ransom...” She responded.

The man seemed flabbergasted at this, and flapped his jowls and stuttered a bit before responding.

“I... I just want a beer dammit!” He glared at her. Eva though, was unfazed.

“What kind of show would you need to put in towards the ransom?” She asked, still smiling.

The man narrowed his beady eyes at her.

“It would have to be one hell of a show after service like this.”

“Well, watch then.” With that she headed over to the counter and grabbed a tumbler,

The Latina took the empty glass over to the man and set it in front of him. He opened his mouth, seemingly to protest, but then Eva turned and bent over, baring her thonged ass right in the man's face. All the man did was sit with the empty glass in his hands, jaw agape.

“Oh come on, stick it in there.” She giggled, wiggling her behind in front of the man.

All of the other men take out their phones and start recording or snapping pictures.

“Mmmo! Ufff! Sttpp!” Janet moaned, shaking her head. Some of the men turned their cameras to her and started to document her predicament.

“Hlllp! Hlllp mmeef! Mmmmfff!” Janet moaned, rocking up and down in her chair. If these men were posting this on social media, hopefully someone would see that Janet was here against her will, rather than a willing participant.

“Mmmph! Umm!” She continued to struggle while the bar patrons cheered and gawked at her barely covered breasts heaving up and down.

Meanwhile, having gotten the hint, the middle aged man leaned forward and placed the glass, open end up, squarely between Eva's ass cheeks. It fit perfectly, somehow caught in the gravitational pull of Eva's backside. The Latina, still bent over, made her way over to the tap with the glass tumbler

clenched upright between her butt cheeks. Janet stopped her struggling to watch, awed.

Glass still clenched in her behind, Eva placed it under the tap, and then reached behind her and pulled the lever. Beer frothed out of the spout and into the tumbler and Eva smiled at her captive audience. All the while the men recorded, snapped pictures, and cheered. Beer started flowing over the edge of the tumbler, spilling over Eva's ass, and she turned off the tap and made her way back to the man, still holding the glass with her ass.

Once back at the bar, Eva turned around and presented her ass to the man, with the glass still held between her cheeks. Stunned and wide eyed, the man accepted the beer and Eva stood back up.

“So, how was that?” She smiled and placed a hand on her hip.

The man attempted to form words, but only stuttered, and then his shaky hands dropped a twenty dollar bill in the jar. The whole bar was cheering to the point where it was feeling like it was a sporting event with Janet and Eva as the only players on the field. Eva eyed the crisp twenty in the jar with hungry eyes and then turned to Janet. Behind the Latina, the men at the bar were all holding cash in their hands, eagerly awaiting the next show.

Janet shrunk back under Eva's gaze, knowing that the Latina had nothing good in mind.

“Mmmoo... mmmp! Mmmm!” Janet moaned, recoiling as Eva stalked her like a lion closing in on it's prey.

“Sttpp! Mmmoo!” Janet moaned, and pleaded with the crowd of horny men behind Eva, but it was no use, with that one move she had them eating out of her hand.

“Glummbll... mm...” Janet turned towards the advancing Latina, dreading what was to come next. Despite the jar saying “Release bartender fund”, Janet doubted that Eva would let her go that quickly.

As Eva approached, she lifted a small pair of scissors from the counter next to her, and Janet suddenly knew what was in store for her.

“Well, this man contributed to the fund,” Eva pointed to the man now drinking from the glass of

beer that had previously been clenched in Eva's ass. "Let's "release" the bartender."

"Mmmoo! Ugggmmm! Bmmm!" Janet moaned, shaking her head. On the other side of the bar, most of the men were aiming their phones at the helpless, bikini clad bartender.

"I know what part of her to set free first!" Eva stood next to the bound Janet and smiled and winked at the audience while holding the scissors. The crowd of onlookers cheered.

"Grrrrm! Mmmph!" Janet protested and looked over at her audience. The crowd had gotten bigger.

She froze. People passing by on the beach must be hearing the commotion and were stopping by to investigate. Eventually, word would have to get to Gina and Felicia, which was exactly what Eva wanted.

Janet was too busy focusing on the crowd to notice Eva lean over, slide the scissors under one of the clear straps to her bikini top, and snip it. One of the small red triangles of fabric fell away, exposing Janet's left breast.

The crowd roared and she heard the "clicks" of smart phones capturing photos.

"Mmmmo! Mmmmph!" Janet roared, looking down at her exposed breast, Eva, and then the men.

"Hllpp! Pfffss! Sttpp!" Janet moaned, eyes wide and pleading with the crowd of onlookers.

But the men ignored her pleas and rushed forward to shove their money into the jar. There was a momentary logjam of green paper at the head of the jar as horny men jammed their cash into the "release fund".

Eva giggled, watching all of this with obvious glee.

"Oh, we have so many people that want to see our bartender set loose." She smiled and looked down at Janet.

"Ummm mmmoo!" Janet shook her head.

"Well, better give the people what they want." Eva laughed and moved to Janet's other side,

scissors ready.

“Mmmoo! Ummph! Mmmmm!” Janet moaned as Eva slipped the scissors under the remaining clear strap and snipped. The remaining triangle of red fabric came off, exposing Janet's other breast.

An enthusiastic whoop erupted from the crowd as Janet was helpless to do anything but moan into her gag.

“Mmmoo! Sttp! Mmmmp!” She cried.

Behind her back, she felt the scissors slide up between her shoulder blades and snip away at the strap on the back, then Eva snatched the skimpy bikini top away with a flourish, like a magician doing a trick for a crowd. The men cheered, and more and more money was stuffed into the jar, which was near filled at this point. More photos and videos were snapped, and Janet was sure that social media was being flooded with her humiliation.

Eva scanned the crowd of men and frowned. Clearly she was impatient for the calvary of Gina, Caitlyn, and Felicia to show up.

“Oh slow down boys, you'll have this lady completely free before the night is out.” Eva giggled, parading back and forth behind the bar, but the men ignored her calls for restraint and continued to stuff the jar with wads of bills.

“Hillp mmmee! Pfffss stpp!” Janet implored them. Surely one of these men had to realize that she was here against her will?

But if they did realize that, none of them showed it, and continued to salivate over the sight of her bare breasts. It wasn't only that, Janet realized, but it was her humiliation, her helplessness, the pleading in her eyes. The men were enjoying her being displayed, the control they had over her from afar. Eva was acting as their avatar, and through her, Janet was theirs.

“Well okay, if you guys want to see more of our prisoner.” Eva shrugged and strolled back over towards Janet.

The only thing for her to cut away on Janet, besides the ropes, was her barely there bikini bottoms. Being topless in front of these men was one thing, but now being completely naked, that was even worse.

“Mmmmp! Mmmm mmoo!” Janet leaned forward, placing her feet on the ground, and hopped off of the stool. She didn't know where she would go or what her plan would be beyond “Hop away.”

The men cheered, watching as her breasts heaved up as she landed on her bound feet. She turned towards the door leading to the back of the bar, hoping as she did. With every movement and hop, her breasts bounced up, prompting more cheers from the onlooking men.

Eva caught up with her in no time, though she didn't do anything to stop Janet. Instead, she stood next to her and pointed at Janet's thonged ass, now perfectly visible to the male onlookers as the bound and gagged woman tried to hop away. They all cheered, and then Eva delivered a loud spank to Janet's almost bare bottom.

“MMMPH!” Janet moaned and tried to quicken her pace. The men cheered even louder and Eva spanked her again, harder.

“GRRRRMMMMPH!” Janet tried to hop away faster. The door to the back seemed like it was miles away instead of a few feet.

“Mmmm!” She moaned, feeling a tugging in her bikini bottoms. She turned her head to see Eva pulling back in the flimsy bottoms, keeping Janet in place while also baring the rest of her ass to the crowd of salivating men beyond. They cheered enthusiastically.

“Mmoo! Stppp! Mmmoo mmmfff!” Janet pleaded and shook her head as Eva pulled her back by her thong.

Then, with a single, fluid movement, Eva raised the scissors, cut both the straps holding up the bikini bottoms, and ripped it out between Janet's legs.

“MMMMMPH!” Janet screamed, drowned out by the cheer that went up simultaneously at the

sight of her bare ass.

Eva turned, twirled the bikini bottoms over her head, and tossed them to the crowd of onlookers.

“Look, you successfully freed our poor bartender of her restricting clothes!” Eva laughed and motioned to Janet, who continued her hopping and bouncing towards the door leading to the back room.

“Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet moaned. She could feel all of the eyes from the men on her naked body. All rational thought left her body, all she wanted to do was get to the back room and hide. At least there she would be less exposed and humiliated.

Janet heard a noise behind her and saw Eva moving the stool that she had been previously sitting on to the middle of the bar area, right in front of the taps.

“What about the other girls? Do you guys want them too?” Eva asked. The men, despite not being tied, were as much of a captive audience as Janet, and cheered in affirmation of Eva's question.

“Mmmpp...umm..” Janet ignored them and continued hopping towards the door. She was closing the distance fast, only a few more jumps.

“They seem to be taking their time,” Eva went on, addressing the crowd. “Let's give them a call.” With that she took up her cell phone and dialed a number.

Janet continued to ignore her and continued her slow, humiliating journey towards the door, and temporary reprieve from the hungry gaze of her male customers. Behind her, Eva waited, phone to her ear for whoever she was calling to answer.

“Mmmeep!” Janet exclaimed. Finally, she had reached the door. She spun around, balancing precariously on her bound feet.

“Urrrrff!” She moaned, now facing the gaping jaws and lust filled eyes of the male onlookers. Many of them held their phones out, carefully documenting their helpless bartender's predicament.

“Sttt! Mmmmo!” Janet pleaded, but they ignored her, preserving her naked humiliation forever

with their phones.

Her bound hands groped behind her and felt the knob of the door.

Yes! She was almost free of this, at least for a moment. Her hands twisted the knob.

It didn't budge. Locked.

“Mmmoo!” Janet protested, twisting and turning but the knob stayed fixed.

“Mmmoo! Mmmm!” She moaned as the men started laughing at her disappointment.

Eva meanwhile, was walking over towards her, phone to her ear.

“Hola Gina,” Eva said into the phone. “I hope you're well...”

“Mmmena! Hllp! Mmm!” Janet moaned.

Eva held out the phone to Janet.

“Here, say hi...”

“Hllp! Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet leaned forward and mumbled into her gag, then paused, waiting for a response. Eva placed the phone back to her ear.

“Hear that? That's Janet, and we're so hoping you join us, and bring your new friend Anya too.”

Eva taunted.

Janet watched, realizing that Eva must be leaving a voicemail message because she wasn't giving Gina any time to talk. Not only that, but there was no voice responding from the other side.

Why isn't Gina answering? Janet wondered. Could she be in trouble?

She could just be busy, after all, she was a cop.

“I certainly hope you come by the bar later and see us,” Eva went on. “Or maybe we'll pay you a visit at your house. Either way, can't wait to see you!” With that, Eva hung up, set the phone down, and approached Janet.

“Mmmoo!” Janet moaned, and Eva stood next to the bound and gagged naked woman and threw an arm over her shoulder. Phones lit up as more photos were taken.

“Now that she's free, I think she needs a drink, don't you?” Eva asked their audience.

“Wffff?” Janet turned and asked.

A drink? Is she going to take off the gag?

“Who wants to buy our poor damsel a drink?” Eva asked.

The men all produced more crisp bills and started stuffing them into the already tightly packed jar.

“Ummm mmooo... mmooo...” Janet shook her head, knowing that nothing good could come from this.

“So many people pitching in,” Eva pulled Janet close, watching as men stuffed the jar. “That’s a lot of drinks.”

“How can one damsel drink all of that?” Eva rubbed her chin.

“Pffsss... mmooo...” Janet pleaded. She didn’t know what Eva had planned, but she knew it wasn’t good.

“I got it!” Eva raised a finger and then started to shove Janet towards the stool in front of the taps.

“Mmmoo! Mmppph! Mmm!” Janet protested, trying to push back, but it was no use, she was helpless in Eva’s grasp. All the while the audience of horny men cheered.

Janet wobbled in Eva’s grasp as she tried to resist the Latina’s attempts to herd her towards the stool. Despite her best efforts, the rope around her wrists and ankles kept Janet off balance and Eva was easily able to shove her towards the center of the bar in front of the taps. All the while Janet was aware of the lustful gaze of the men on her nude body, and of their phones greedily taking photo and video of her predicament.

Just stay calm, Felicia and Gina have to have gotten the messages and were on their way.

Right?

Despite her attempts at reassuring herself that rescue was coming, Janet had a bad feeling about it. There was a nagging voice at the back of her head telling her that the other girls were in trouble.

After all, Felicia was at home with Anya, who had tried to murder both of them at some point.

Mentally, Janet was also cursing Gina for giving Eva another chance when she should have just thrown her in jail.

This wouldn't be happening if Gina had just arrested Eva for kidnapping!

It was too late now for any of that. Janet was Eva's plaything now, and she had a feeling that her public humiliation, punishment for taking Eva's toys away from her, was just beginning.

Eva stood Janet behind the stool and turned her to face the crowd of horny male onlookers. They cheered and drooled, snapping more photos of the nude bartender.

“Mmmoo! Sttpp!” Janet pleaded through her gag.

“Mmmpph!” Eva grabbed her from behind and bent her over the stool so that her ass was sticking out towards the taps.

“Have any of you heard of butt chugging?” Eva asked the crowd as she stepped towards the taps. The crowd roared enthusiastically.

“Wffffttt?” Janet squealed and turned her head.

Eva had hooked a hose to the end of one tap and was extending it towards her nude hostage's rear end.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph!” Janet shook her head, pleading through her gag.

“I think that's the only way to give her all those drinks you've bought: she has to butt chug it!”

Eva held up the end of the hose for the crowd to see.

They cheered in approval.

“Mmoo! Mmph!” Janet pleaded, shaking her head.

“MMMM... GRRRRRMM! MMMMEEEEP!” Janet squealed, her eyes bugging as she felt Eva insert the end of the hose up her ass. The sound of the men cheering was deafening, drowning out Janet's protests.

“UMMPPH! MMMM MMM!” She clenched her buttocks in an attempt to block the hose's

journey up her ass but it was no use. Janet felt it slithering inside her like a snake and then come to a stop.

“Ummph!” She protested as Eva delivered a swift smack to her butt cheek and then stepped over to the tap and wrapped her hand around the lever.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph!” Janet shook her head, giving one final, desperate plea.

Eva only smiled, winked, and then pulled the lever, delivering a swift rush of beer straight up Janet's anus.

11.

Felicia Fetters was trash.

Literally.

She had been called “trash” plenty of times in her life. The word had been flung at her by jealous, insecure men and women during her modeling days. Then once she and Janet opened the Cabana Bar they once again had the word “trash” used to describe them for daring to use their bodies to make money. Felicia was used to being called trash, but never in her wildest dreams did she think that she would actually *be trash*. As in, taken out with the trash. Literally.

Felicia had been in several death traps and situations during her time as a cop, but being bound and gagged and thrown into the back of a garbage truck was something else... and probably the most disgusting death trap yet.

Well, at least I'm not tied up and at the mercy of those frat boys. Felicia thought. Instead, she packed so tightly in the back of a garbage truck that she couldn't even move. She supposed that she should be thankful, she easily could have been crushed to death when the garbage men switched on the compactor, but the piles of garbage bags and the old wooden trunk that she was locked in formed a sort of protective cocoon around her. Part of her was angry that the trunk, a family heirloom, had been completely destroyed by the compactor, but given the choice between the trunk being crushed, or her, Felicia would much rather lose the trunk.

That didn't make the moment when the compactor went on any less than absolutely terrifying though. Felicia remembered hearing the deafening sound of the machine turn on and then could only squirm helplessly as the ancient wooden trunk buckled and snapped around her. She could only scream into her gag but the sound of the garbage truck and the compactor drowned out her cries. The splintered wood from the trunk pierced several of the garbage bags around her, causing her to be showered with

all sorts of trash. Then the bags and bits of garbage all moved in, pushed by the compactor into the space where the wooden box once occupied. And that was how Felicia stayed for the entirety of her ride in the back of the garbage truck: in darkness, smushed on all sides by trash.

And the smell. It was overpowering. For once she was thankful for her gag because it meant that she didn't have to breath through her mouth, but still, the aroma of hundreds of pounds of trash was stifling, and it felt like it was seeping into her very skin. Worst of all, several of the bags were leaking, and Felicia felt some sort of putrid liquid sliding along her half naked body.

“Uff... mmffff...” She sighed, wishing she could move her hands up to cover her nose.

Felicia was able to cut the ropes around her wrists on one of the jagged pieces of wood that was once the trunk, but now she was packed so tightly into the back of the garbage truck that she couldn't move her hands if she wanted. If she could, she had no idea what she would do. Briefly, she had the mental image of herself swimming through a sea of garbage and bursting out the back of the truck, but that was just a fantasy. The pressure of hundreds of pounds of garbage kept her completely immobile.

She could feel the truck stop every few minutes to load up with more garbage, and Felicia attempted to try and call for help, but her gag and the compacted garbage bags around her completely muffled any sounds she made. Right now her only hope was that the truck went to a dump or landfill and emptied itself so that she could climb out.

That is what happens right? Felicia wondered, realizing that she had no idea how the trash system worked in the town. For all she knew she could be trapped back here for days.

“Ummm mmmooo...” Felicia huffed and then gagged. The smell of the back of the truck was getting worse from all of the waste fermenting in the heat of the large, metal box.

Felicia found that she had to take short shallow breaths not only to spare herself the stench, but also because it was getting hard to breath in the back of the truck. The heat of the day made the air thick in the garbage truck, which in turn made the smell worse.

Seeing how she was trapped in the back of a garbage truck, that meant that Felicia had a lot of

time to think and consider how she got into her predicament. She had been overpowered and bound and gagged by some obnoxious frat boys and stuffed into the trunk to be carried off to God Knows Where. Felicia had of course put up quite the fight while they carried the trunk, and one of the guys carrying her had kicked the trunk several times, causing Felicia to hit her head off the heavy wooden interior and fall into a daze.

What happened after that was fuzzy to her. She was vaguely aware of the trunk being set down, and then a few minutes being lifted and tossed carelessly into the back of something. At first Felicia thought she was being tossed into the back of a car, but then heard the compactor, and then the trash bags started surrounding her, and she realized she was in the back of a garbage truck. Felicia had a feeling that the frat boys didn't intend for her to end up in the back of a garbage truck, so something had to have gone wrong?

Didn't one of them say he was gonna get a car while the other waited with me? Felicia couldn't be sure seeing how she had been struggling and screaming into her gag so much that she didn't hear a lot of what was happening outside, and then there was the whole hitting her head part. If that was the case, then she could only guess that somehow the frat boys had momentarily left the trunk unoccupied and the garbage men must have assumed it was trash and tossed it into the back of the truck.

“Grrrm mmm mmmfff...” Felicia grumbled.

Just my luck. She wasn't sure if this was a good thing or if she was out of the frying pan and into the fire. All she could do was wait in the trash and see.

Felicia had lost all track of time in the back of the garbage truck. Hours could have passed, it certainly felt like that, but it easily could have been only a few minutes. She noticed that eventually the truck had stopped picking up more trash, which had to mean it was full. Presumably, it was on it's way to the dump or whatever.

I really need to find that out. Felicia made a mental note to look into the waste disposal system once she got free. As a former sheriff, she should know these things, but she had also spent more of her

first year as Sheriff getting tied up or captured in various ways. That doesn't leave much time for getting to know the community.

She felt the truck stop and perked up, listening.

“Mmmuupp...” She mumbled, though she knew that most likely they still couldn't hear her.

Then came the familiar beeping that signaled the truck backing up. She could feel the vehicle shifting, and the piles of compacting trash shifting with it. More stagnant, smelling liquid spilled over her body from one of the bags.

“Ummgllmmm...” Felicia wretched, biting back the urge to vomit. With the gag in her mouth, throwing up would mean that her vomit would have nowhere to go.

More beeping, and then the ground started to rise up beneath her. Felicia felt herself tilted forward, along with the piles of trash around her.

They must be dumping the trash! She thought excitedly. This was it! Her moment of freedom.

Gravity took over and Felicia felt herself pitch forward, plunging into a wall of trash bags.

“Ummph!” She cried, and a moment later felt the weight of hundreds of garbage bags pile on top of her from behind.

“Ummmmfff mmmph! Umm!” Felicia moaned, gasping. More and more trash piled on behind, and she started to gasp under the pressure.

If this is how I go, crushed to death by garbage...

Then she was tumbling forward, carried out on a tidal wave of garbage.

“Mmmmmph!” She cried, briefly feeling a blast of fresh air before crashing down into a sea of waste.

Part of Felicia hoped that the garbage men noticed a bikini clad woman being emptied with the garbage, but it seems that she had no luck in that department. She felt herself crash into a bed of waste and trash and half a second later was once again buried by an avalanche of garbage.

“Ummph! Mmmmmph!” She cried, and then laid there in a tomb of trash from the town she had

sworn to protect.

Felicia Fetters, former model and Sheriff, buried in a lonely grave of trash.

Then she lifted an arm and felt the ocean of garbage shift around her.

“Ummm!” She cried excitedly and lifted her other arm, feeling more trash shift around her.

Since she wasn't packed into the back of a truck, the weight of the garbage around her was more distributed, giving her room to move.

Felicia began the slow, arduous process of digging herself up and out of the garbage, moving her arms above her head like a swimmer and kicking her feet as she rose up from the depths of the landfill like a phoenix rising from the ashes.

When I get home, I am taking the world's longest shower! She promised herself.

Then she would get around to dealing with that bitch Anya.

Her arms and legs were still sore from her workout earlier, and she was no doubt dehydrated from the heat, and in a few moments her limbs started to cry out in agony, begging for a rest the process of digging herself free. Felicia refused to listen to her screaming muscles, terrified that if she stopped that she would sink back down into the recesses of the landfill and never get out.

Her hands pushed some trash aside and she felt a blast of fresh air on her palms.

“Mmmmeep!” She cried, pushing and pulling with all of her might. Her arms shot free of the mountain of trash, then her head.

“Gffffff!” She sighed into her gag. Felicia paused for a moment and took a deep breath through her nose, and then pulled down her gag and spat out the wad of panties that had been stuffed in her mouth.

“Gaaah!” Felicia exhaled, taking a deep breath...

... and gagged. The stench was awful, overpowering. It was the build up of thousands upon thousands of piles of waste, all compacted on top of each other.

Felicia wretched, almost vomiting, and pulled the cloth that had been used to gag her up over

her mouth and nose. It lessened the smell of the landfill around her by a little, but not much. She opened her eyes and took in her surroundings.

She was in the middle of a vast ocean of garbage. Night had fallen and the only light came from a few floodlights at the edge of the landfill. There was no one else around, at least that she could see. Felicia blinked, her eyes stinging and watering from the noxious fumes coming from the garbage around her. Determined to get out of the trash as quick as possible, Felicia started swimming through the trash towards the nearest floodlight.

Over the past few days, Anya the Bikini Thief had been drugged, kidnapped, thrown off a cliff, kidnapped again and stuffed into a trunk, and chased across the beach by horny frat boys. Given all that, Anya decided that the only way to cope with that was to have a nice day at the club. Never mind that the last two women that had gone undercover in this very club had disappeared.

As Anya heaved and twisted her body on the crowded dance floor, she wondered if she should feel guilty about possibly sending Gina and Caitlyn to a dark fate, or if she herself would face the same fate.

Well, only one way to find out. Anya thought as she pressed her body against the man behind her and stroked his chin with her hand. Her dance partner, a tall dark skinned man, was named Wallace, and claimed to own the club. Which was good, hopefully he could get Anya where she wanted to be: close to the Golden Sling.

Anya felt Wallace's eyes on her as soon as she had entered the club, which was her intent. She had specifically picked out the skin tight skirt that barely covered her ass and that showed plenty of cleavage for that very reason.

Plus she figured that Felicia Fetters probably had no more use for it.

Anya didn't really feel bad for Gina and Caitlyn going missing. They were cops, it was part of

their job, and she *definitely* did not feel bad for whatever fate Felicia had suffered at the hands of the Frat Boys after what Felicia had done to her.

It actually didn't take much for Anya to lose the Frat Boys once she ran away, but she had learned long ago to never underestimate the perseverance of horny boys, and they spent hours combing the beach for her, which meant that she had to spend hours crouching and hiding in the bushes and among the dunes like an animal. During that time she had mentally cursed Felicia Fetters for getting her in this position where she was hiding out like a common fugitive.

Hours passed, and eventually the Frat Boys gave up their search and slowly drifted back up the footpath towards the house. Anya waited maybe an hour more and then snuck back to the house under the cover of darkness. It was completely empty, no sign of the Frat Boys or Felicia. She could only presume that the Frat Boys had spirited Felicia away to another location for God-only-knows-what. Given that she had the house to herself, Anya decided to help herself to Felicia's closet.

And her credit cards too.

"I'd like to see what's under this skirt." Wallace said in her ear, his hand sliding up her thigh, bringing Anya out of her reverie.

She clasped his hand with hers while using her other hand to push down her skirt. Felicia and Anya's sizes were similar but not quite, and the skirt kept sliding up, threatening to expose Anya's thonged rear end. Normally she wouldn't mind that, but she knew that if she wanted to wrap Wallace around her finger, she needed to tease things out a little more.

"Oh honey," Anya muttered and turned to face Wallace, grinding her body up against his.

"Maybe some place more... private..." She smiled, accentuating the "private" part.

Wallace smiled and looked down at her cleavage, pressed up against his chest.

"You have such an amazing body. Have you ever tried modeling?" He didn't take his eyes off her breasts as he spoke.

"Oh I don't know. I've been told that I can rock a bikini though." Anya giggled and tossed her

hair back.

One of the things that she had spent Felicia's money on, besides a hotel room, was a nice, high quality brunette wig, which she was currently wearing. Her normal mane of brilliant blond hair would no doubt call attention to her, especially in an establishment that she knew was affiliated with Ace. Anya did have to admit that she pulled off being a brunette well.

Maybe I'll dye my hair once this is all said and done. She thought, realizing that would probably be a good idea seeing how Ace would most likely double his efforts to catch her if she did succeed in stealing the Golden Sling out from under his nose.

Wallace pressed up against her and put his lips to her ear.

“See that door back there.” He turned and gestured to the back of the club.

Situated in the very back of the room was a door that almost blended in with the wall if you weren't looking, and standing next to it was a very big, hulking security guard.

“A secret back room?” Anya sighed to Wallace.

“Smart girl,” he chuckled. “Meet me there in five minutes.”

With that he pulled away from her and disappeared into the crowd of dancers around them. Anya stood for a moment and looked around, but Wallace had all but disappeared. With nothing else to do, she continued to sway her hips along to the music blasting from the speakers, and to all outside appearances, she was just another woman in a skimpy outfit dancing alone. In reality, Anya was wasting time and casing the room. She tossed her hair back again and surveyed the outskirts of the room, looking for more darkly dressed security guards hovering around the periphery. There were at least three now that she could see, and they never strayed far from that door at the back.

Anya spun her body, bouncing her ass up and down while subtly keeping her skirt down with one hand, and caught Wallace going around to each of the guards, no doubt telling them that he was admitting Anya. As she watched, she couldn't help but wonder if this was what happened to Gina and Caitlyn. If so, then what went wrong? Or was it all a trap, and would Anya be pounced as soon as she

walked through those doors? There was really only one way to find out, and she would have to play it cool and careful.

She started to sway her body over towards the door when she felt hands gently glide over her hips. They weren't Wallace's. These hands were smaller and softer. While Wallace had a more deliberate touch, these hands were clumsier, less experienced. Then she felt her new partner press up against her from behind.

“You have some moves.” A young voice said in her ear.

“You can't handle them.” Anya responded and turned to face her new friend.

When she turned, she found herself staring into the messy mane of wavy blond hair of the lead Frat Boy from earlier. Anya had mentally referred to him as “Blondie” but when she had been hiding out she heard his friends refer to him as “Chad”. She did her best to suppress a dumbfounded look on her face and instead just smirked, hoping that in the dim light of the club and with the wig he wouldn't recognize her.

It almost worked. Chad's eyes went wide and he fumbled with words for a minute and then his eyes lit up with recognition.

Shit.

Chad took a step back and leveled an accusing finger at her.

“You! You're the chick!” He cried, and Anya took that as her cue to leave. She turned and started bobbing through the crowd of heaving, sweaty dancing bodies.

“Guys! Guys!” She heard Chad calling. A quick glance over her shoulder showed that multiple frat boys were all converging on their leader like a pack of wolves.

Anya maintained a brisk but casual pace through the dance floor while glancing over her shoulder at the advancing pack of hungry predators. Chad was pushing his way through the crowd behind her while his boys were fanning out to either side of him.

Anya quickened her pace, bumping into a passing shot girl. The poor girl's tray flipped up,

spilling alcohol over the young girl's bountiful cleavage. That didn't slow the bikini thief, who just shouldered past the girl. As she moved she felt her skirt slide up and expose the tiny blue g-string she wore underneath (courtesy of Felicia Fetters' lingerie drawer). Clumsily she tried to shove her skirt down with both hands while charging through the crowd of people, but very quickly Anya realized that she needed her hands for crowd control more than modesty. Forgetting about her exposed ass, she started to push her way through the crowds of sweaty clubbers.

A pair of hands connected with her round ass cheeks and Anya froze, thinking it was one of the Frat Boys, but it was just a random guy with greased back hair. He started to say something but Anya ignored him and continued fighting through the crowd towards the door. Somebody else smacked one of her cheeks as she passed. It could have been a woman for all she knew but Anya didn't stop to see.

Finally, Anya emerged from the sea of writhing bodies and found herself facing the door and the burly security guard next to it. She stopped for a moment, pulled her skirt down, and smiled at the muscle bound man before taking a step forward – then an arm snaked out from behind her and gripped her forearm like a vice. Anya cried out and spun on her heels to find Chad and his crew emerging from behind her.

“Gotcha!” Chad exclaimed triumphantly.

“Let go!” Anya cried through gritted teeth. Every part of her being wanted to twist his arm behind his back and snap it, but she was still playing a character, and still putting on a show.

“Think you can get away from us that easy, did you?” Chad chuckled and started to pull her towards him.

Then she felt the security guard's large hands wrap around her shoulders and pull her back. Anya feigned shock, surprise, and relief.

“Yes, she will.” The man bellowed in a deep voice.

“This isn't any of your business, now get lost.” Chad's tone came off like a child trying to sound like a tough guy.

The guard stepped forward, crossing his arms to show off his biceps, and Chad suddenly let go of Anya.

“It is my business. This girl is a guest of Mr. Wallace, the owner of this establishment. This is your one warning to get lost.” The bear of a guard grunted. All of Chad's friends gathered behind him and Chad drew his strength from them and puffed out his chest.

“Oh yeah? Well we're guests too! You can't treat us like this!” He whined.

“Yes I can.” The guard took another step forward.

Chad shrunk back a bit, his beady eyes falling to Anya, and then the door behind her.

“What's back there?” Chad demanded.

“Private. None of your business?”

“Oh yeah? How much?” Chad was now showing his true strength: money.

“You got five seconds kid.” The Guard grunted.

“Every club has an exclusive back room that you can get into, for a price,” Chad went on. “I just want to know how much to get myself and my friends in.”

“Invite only, and Mr. Wallace didn't invite you.”

“He will once he knows my family. Now I-” Suddenly, several more of the beefy guards materialized out of the crowd, surrounding the Frat Boys.

“Get 'em out of here.” The main Guard ordered.

“You heard the man.” The other guards advanced on the now frightened Frat Boys.

“Wait! You can't do this to me!” Chad started to scream like a child throwing a temper tantrum.

Behind Anya, the black door swung open. She turned to see another guard holding it for her.

“Here you are m'am.” He said. Anya smiled at the man and started strutting towards the door.

“I will get in there! You hear me! I'll find a way!” Chad was screaming, his voice cracking as the guards pushing him back. The door closed behind Anya, cutting off his cries.

Anya found herself in a lobby type area, complete with a desk and a receptionist. Wallace

waited next to the desk holding an ornate mask and what looked like a pair of bikini bottoms in his hands.

“Run into trouble?” He smiled at her.

“Your nice security guards helped me shake off some flies.” Anya smiled, approaching him.

“What do you got there?”

“We have something of a dress code where we're going.” Wallace said, holding out the mask. Anya took it and inspected it. The mask was white, with ornate coloring, and would cover her whole face. He then handed her the bikini bottoms.

“I'm afraid that I'm going to have to ask you to change right here. Our receptionist here will hold your things until you leave.” There was a hint of apology in Wallace's tone.

Anya's jaw dropped in feigned shock and she looked from Wallace to the receptionist in confusion. The woman behind the desk gave Anya a sympathetic look.

“Well that's... intrusive.” Anya stammered. In truth, knowing what she knew about this organization, she wasn't surprised, but appearances had to be maintained.

“Well, unfortunately we had some trouble with... new applicants smuggling in contraband so now we have to do things this way.” Wallace explained.

Anya nodded.

That had to have been Gina and Caitlyn! She realized, a picture slowly forming in her mind. The two police women must have had their cover blown somehow. Anya wondered what it was that they tried to smuggle in, their weapons perhaps? Her morbid curiosity wanted to know what happened to them after, and Anya realized that maybe if she worked Wallace hard enough he would reveal it.

“Well, I assure you that I have nothing of the sort.”

“Still, unfortunately we must ask you to undress here in front of us.” Wallace's tone was apologetic the whole time.

“And if I refuse?” Anya asked. She fully intended to comply, but wanted to make it a little hard

for him.

“Then we'll ask our guard to forcibly undress you, expel you from the club, or both.” Wallace's tone told her that he meant that.

She nodded and smiled. Something told her that Gina and Caitlyn's punishment wasn't restricted to just being “expelled”. With that she turned around and lifted the hem of her skirt, revealing her g-string and ass to Wallace and the receptionist. As she lifted, she also kicked off her shoes (which were also Felicia's), bending slightly to give him a better look at her rear end. Once her shoes were off, she lifted her dress over her head and handed it to the receptionist, who took it with a smile. Underneath, Anya wore a white bra (Felicia's), and with her back still towards Wallace, she reached behind her back and unclasped it, and then shrugged out of it and handed the bra to the receptionist with one hand while covering her breasts with the other.

The receptionist took the undergarment and inspected it, and then nodded at Wallace.

“Turn around please.” Wallace ordered. Anya complied, keeping her hands over her breasts.

“Move your hands please.” Wallace responded.

Anya nodded and eyed the receptionist nervously. The girl nodded and Anya made a show of slowly moving her hands away from her breasts and folding them behind her back. Wallace stared at her bare chest for a moment and then nodded.

“The panties too.” He added.

“Well I...” Anya stammered. “I couldn't possibly be hiding anything in these little things!” She stammered. Though she was pretending to be flabbergasted, she was somewhat shocked at these measures.

Did Gina and Caitlyn smuggle in something by shoving it up their ass or something? She jokingly wondered.

“You'd be surprised. Please...” He gestured for her to go on.

Anya's jaw dropped, though this time in genuine surprise. Wallace seemed to confirm what she

had just thought. She turned around and chuckled a bit to herself. Gina and Caitlyn didn't seem like the type that would smuggle stuff in up their asses, but the world was full of surprises.

God I hope he doesn't do a cavity search. Anya thought. Forcing her to strip was invasive enough, but that? That would be a whole different level.

With her back still towards him, she quickly slid down her panties and kicked them aside, standing with her bare ass towards Wallace.

“Bend over please.” His voice wavered somewhat. Even he was uncomfortable with that part.

She looked over her shoulder at him.

“What?”

“Bend over.” He repeated.

Anya turned back around, sighed, rolled her eyes, and bent over, sticking her rear end out towards Wallace.

“Could you... um... spread them please?” He stammered.

Her eyes widened.

Fucking Gina and Caitlyn! She mentally grumbled. Those bitches really did hide something up their asses, and now here she was, having to degrade herself because of them.

Anya made a mental note to find out what really happened.

“What?” She asked Wallace.

“Please spread your cheeks.” He asked again.

Despite being an exhibitionist, there was something cold and clinical about this that made her uncomfortable, but either she did it now or it meant the beefy security guards forcibly probing her rectum. With a sigh, Anya reached behind her, gripped either ass cheek, and spread them as wide as she could, giving Wallace a full view of her privates.

She could feel his eyes on her, appraising, and she was mentally hoping that this was as far as things would go. There was a lot she would do for the Golden Sling, but she didn't like the idea of some

strange man sticking his fingers where she would rather not have them.

“Okay, thank you.” Wallace said with genuine apology and gratitude in his voice.

Anya stood up and turned around to find Wallace holding out the pair of bikini bottoms towards her.

“Like I said, we had an... incident. Now we have to take extreme precautions.” He apologized again.

“I understand.” Anya said in a reassuring tone, and took the bikini bottoms from him.

They were tiny... extremely tiny. Anya owned a few pairs like them but really only wore them when she was alone on her yacht or on a nude beach or something. Bottoms this tiny tended to draw *too much* unwanted attention. A small string ran up between her labia and to two strings that ran along her hips, which connected at her back and then a single string ran through her ass cheeks. Most would consider it sexy, and Anya sort of did, but she also knew that the reason for the skimpy garment was simple: security. There was no way anyone could hide something wearing something like this.

Then Wallace held out the mask. Anya nodded, took it, and slipped it on.

Fully clad in the mask and skimpy thong, Wallace lead Anya through another door to a long corridor. At the end of the corridor was a set of bat-wing doors like the kind you would see on a saloon in the old west, and strapped to these doors were two dark haired women. At first Anya thought these women were Gina and Caitlyn, judging from their giant breasts, but as they got closer Anya realized that they were two different dark haired but busty women. The women had their arms roped up over their heads and secured behind the doors, and their legs looped up behind them as well, and they were gagged with two large red ball gags. As Anya got closer she could hear the women moaning through their gags, and they were the distinct, prolonged moans of pleasure mixed with a little pain.

“Won't you say hello to our greeters!” Wallace smiled and motioned to the helpless women.

They sighed through their gags back at him. Wallace placed each of his hands on one of the women's bare breasts and pushed the doors open, stopping to turn and smile at Anya, his hands still clamped on

the women's chests while they moaned with delight.

“Here you can look as well as touch.” He winked and then continued through the doors, letting them swing back into the place, the moan of the bound women growing louder as the doors swung.

Anya nonchalantly brushed past the women and through the doors, letting them swing shut behind her. Inside the club, the music quickly drowned out the moans of the suspended women behind her. Wallace lead her deep into the club and gestured to the scene laid out before them. Naked men and women clad in masks were carrying out all sorts of scenes of debauchery before her very eyes.

“Pick your poison. Nothing is taboo here.” Wallace said, gesturing to the club like a king overlooking his kingdom.

Nothing is taboo indeed. Anya thought, eyes wide as she overlooked all of the various fetish acts being committed before her eyes. The edges of the club with lined with booths where manacled and gagged waitresses brought drinks to patrons who were observing or taking a break from the activities around them.

“Come.” Wallace put an arm around her shoulder and started leading her towards a booth. Anya went along with him obediently.

I need to keep a cool head and play along. She thought, trying not to act too shocked at what was happening around her. Who knows what these people would do if she was discovered.

Ahead, Anya saw that they were heading towards a booth towards the far corner of the club. The booth's occupant stood out among the club crowd not only because he wasn't wearing a mask but also because he was in a full three piece suit. Anya's heart skipped a beat when she recognized him: King, the man who was for all intents and purposes the public face of Ace's operations. Though she had never met King in person, she knew him by reputation. He was shrewd and ruthless, and a cunning business man too. King was the type of man who could be all smiles and sweet talk you one day and then cut the legs out from you the next.

This was an extremely delicate situation, and Anya had to play it especially cool.

They reached the booth and Wallace gestured for her to seat herself first. Anya's instinct was to tell him to go first but she froze and hesitated. If she got in first she would be boxed in by Wallace on one side and King on the other, which was exactly what they wanted, but if she hesitated then they might be suspicious, especially since their guard was still up after whatever happened with Gina and Eva. With no other choice, Anya nodded in gratitude and slid into the booth and settled on the leather seat, with Wallace following right after her.

King regarded her with cool eyes.

“So another one?” He said to Wallace with a quizzical look.

“We still need a few candidates.” Wallace explained.

“Hopefully this one works out better than your last two picks.” King sighed.

“I must apologize for my associate here, he has a highly suspicious nature.” Wallace smiled and explained.

“Can I get you gentlemen a drink?” A waitress came over, interrupting them. This particular waitress wasn't gagged, but wore a black studded bra, a black corset, and a leather thong, but it was who she had with her that made Anya sit up and take notice.

The waitress held a leash in one hand, which ran to a collar around the neck of Gina.

Anya couldn't help but gasp as she stared at the topless police woman. Gina stared at her with wide, pleading eyes that caused Anya's blood to turn to ice. Pleading with her eyes was all Gina could do seeing how a thick leather muzzle kept her gagged. Her hands were manacled in front of her with thick leather straps connected by a chain, and she held a circular tray in front of her with several water bottles on it.

“Hllp mmfff...Hllpp...” Gina whimpered, her eyes seemingly digging into Anya's soul.

Anya sat frozen, glaring at Gina.

Dammit Gina, you're gonna get me captured too! A thousand visions ran through Anya's head at once, of her getting overpowered and pinned by Wallace and King, and then manacled and gagged like

Gina and forced to serve at this bar.

“Come on, give them their waters!” The waitress barked and yanked on Gina's chain.

“Ummmfff!” Gina moaned and stumbled forward. She glared at the waitress and lowered her tray with the waters.

“Ah, thank you Gina.” Wallace flashed a mischievous smile at her and took a water bottle. King doing the same.

Wallace started to twist off the cap to his water bottle when he noticed Anyas' eyes on the bound server.

“Ah, how could I forget.” He apologized and grabbed a water for Anya too.

“Ummm fffmmm...” Gina grumbled and stepped back.

“Get back here,” The waitress barked and tugged Gina back with the leash. “I must ask for your patience, she's still training.”

“That's fine dear. I'll have scotch.” King replied.

“And I'll have one as well,” Wallace said, and then turned to Anya. “And you?”

Anya's eyes were still locked onto Gina, who was still pleading with her eyes. The waitress noticed this and turned to Gina.

“What are you doing?” She barked and tugged on the leash. Gina grunted and lowered her head.

Anya breathed a sigh of relief under her mask and then giggled a bit.

Calm down Anya! You're being silly! She chided herself, realizing that there was no way Gina could recognize her with her wig and the mask. No doubt Gina thought she was a stranger and was trying to beg for help...

... or warn her...

“Something funny?” Wallace asked.

“What? Oh no... I'm fine with water.” Anya said in a low, steady voice, doing her best to hide her accent so Gina didn't recognize her voice.

“Fine, we'll be right back.” The waitress smiled and stalked away, dragging Gina behind her.

“Well,” Wallace clapped his hands together. “Now let's get down to business. I'm sure you have some questions.”

“Oh so many.” Anya chuckled.

“I'm sure you've seen the signs for the Golden Sling bikini around town?” King interjected.

Anya nodded, now barely containing her excitement. She could feel her heart thudding in her chest.

Yes! This was it! She was finally getting somewhere!

“Well, what we're looking for are a few good girls to “try out” so to say to see who will be the one to wear the Golden Sling...” Wallace started to explain.

Anya turned to him, in rapt attention, so many scenarios crossing through her mind. Were they going to have her try it on? If so, could she run away with it? Was it here, now? Would she have to take her mask off? How many other women were trying out?

All these and more ran through her head as Wallace talked, but then a sight behind him caught her eye. Out in the middle of the club was a “dance floor” as it could be best described, filled with people in the middle of committing various lewd acts, and another leather and corset clad “waitress” made her way through this crowd, dragging another naked, gagged prisoner behind her. This prisoner was being more feisty than Gina.

It was the muscle bound Caitlyn, gagged with a leather muzzle much like Gina. Like Gina, Caitlyn wore only a thong, and had a collar attached to a leash, and had her hands manacled in front while carrying a tray of water. Unlike Gina, Caitlyn was pulling back on the leash as her waitress handler yanked on it.

“Mmmmo! Mmmmo!” Caitlyn moaned, the veins on her neck popping as she tugged against her “trainer”.

The trainer gritted her teeth and yanked forward. Caitlyn clearly had enough and dumped her

tray down, and started pulling on the leash with both hands.

“Grrrrmmm!” Caitlyn grunted, proving too strong for the trainer, who was yanked forward, losing her balance.

Wallace and King now noticed that Anya was staring off into the dance floor and turned to follow her gaze. Their jaws dropped at the sight of the willful “trainee”.

“I knew she would be trouble.” King sighed.

No sooner had the Trainer lost her footing than several beefy guards clad in black rushed over to help. They clustered around Caitlyn and quickly restrained her while she struggled against them.

“Mmmpph! Ummm!” She moaned.

“Hold her! Hold her!” The trainer barked. One guard wrapped a massive bicep around Caitlyn's neck and held her head back while the others held her arms. Caitlyn's eyes were defiant as the Trainer glared at her.

“This trainee isn't working out.” The trainer strolled towards the still defiant woman.

“Fffmmff mmmoo, bmmfff!” Caitlyn replied.

“It's time to show her how we punish bad workers.” The trainer turned and addressed the whole club. Suddenly everyone all around perked up in excitement. Despite the blasting music, a hush ran through the room.

Anya watched as the guards started to drag the struggling and kicking Caitlyn towards a stage on the far side of the club, and sitting in the middle of the stage was an old fashioned wooden pillory, like something from medieval Europe. The device looked to be made of very solid, heavy wood and had grooves for someone's hand and wrists. Masked people in various stages of undress all followed, falling in line behind the guard and Trainer.

Caitlyn put up quite the fight as her captors dragged her towards the stage and the pillory, but the numbers game was too much for her, and Caitlyn's physique wasn't what it used to be after months of being Eva's captive. Despite the naked, gagged woman's resistance, she was forced onto the stage

where the guards bent her over. Behind her, everyone in the club salivated at the sight of her thonged ass wriggling about.

“Ummmfff mmmf! Mmm! Bbbmmm!” Caitlyn moaned.

The dark haired girl's head and hands were placed in the pillory and before she could move the heavy wooden top of it was slammed into place and locked, meaning that Caitlyn was now helpless. All she could do was wriggle her buttocks in a futile gesture. Behind her, the trainer grabbed Caitlyn's thong with one hand and yanked it up, giving the poor girl a wedgie.

“Ummmmph!” Caitlyn moaned, lifting and shifting her ass in an effort to lesson the pressure from the wedgie. With her other hand, the trainer started to spread oil over Caitlyn's bare ass cheeks.

Anya didn't have to ask to know what was to come next. Once Caitlyn's butt cheeks were glistening with oil, the trainer stood aside while keeping Caitlyn wedgied with one hand and motioned to the first person in the ever growing line. The person came up, held out a palm and delivered a loud, hard spank to Caitlyn's tush.

“GRRRRMMMPH!” Caitlyn cried, her ass spasming from the spank. The first person stepped aside and another stepped up to deliver another spank.

“Well hopefully she learns her lesson after this.” King remarked, snapping Anya's attention back to the table. Wallace too turned back to the others.

“Hmm,” Wallace rubbed his chin. “If that one continues to be a problem we'll have to find another use for her.”

“I'm sure we will.” King agreed. As they talked, the sound of skin on skin, followed by Caitlyn's muffled cries echoed throughout the club as she was repeatedly spanked.

“Anyway, where were we.” Wallace turned to Anya, who nodded at him.

“The Golden Sling.” King reminded him.

“Oh yes!” Wallace smiled. Just then, the other trainer, with Gina in tow, came back with their drinks.

Gina held the drink in a tray, but her attention immediately fell to the pilloried Caitlyn being spanked.

TWAP!

“MMMMOOO!”

TWAP!

“UMMMMMPPH!”

“Mmmmo!” Gina protested, eyes widening at the sight. She made a move towards the stage but her trainer yanked on her leash, pulling her towards the table.

“Don't you dare, or you'll be joining her up there!” The trainer warned in a harsh tone.

“Ummmfff mmm...” Gina grumbled and stumbled after her.

“Keep behaving and you'll find that we can treat you very well.” King winked at the gagged Gina and took his drink.

“Grrmmm...” Gina grumbled and rolled her eyes.

Wallace took his drink and thanked Gina with a pat on her firm bottom.

“Thanks doll.” He said with a wink.

“Dmmph mmmoo...” Gina began to respond, but the trainer tugged on her leash, dragging her off to another table.

“I'm sure this is a lot for you,” Wallace started to explain. “Public spankings, gagged waitresses. Certainly not what you were expecting?”

Anya chuckled under her mask, trying to give off the impression of being at ease, which she wasn't. She knew that she had to play everything perfect because she didn't want to end up like Gina or Caitlyn. For all she knew, they could be trying to get her to drop her guard and capture her anyway despite not knowing that she was Anya.

“It's definitely not how I thought my day would go,” Anya began. “But I like where it's headed.”

Wallace and King seemed to like that answer, and both smiled.

“You see, this is all for a big party of sorts,” King explained. “There will be two guests of honor, one of course is the lucky lady who gets to wear the Golden Sling.”

“And who's the other?” Anya asked, though she already knew the answer.

“Well it's a surprise,” King went on. “In fact, she won't even know that she's the guest of honor until she arrives.”

“A surprise party of sorts?” Anya asked. This at least confirmed that this all was a trap for her. Too bad she would be one step ahead.

“I guess you could say that.” King smiled.

TWAP!

“STTTTTTPP!”

Anya turned her attention to Caitlyn once again. Her ass was growing redder by the minute from all the spankings.

“Yes, and we're having a little... audition tomorrow for all the girl's we've chosen. We'd love to see you join us.” Wallace smiled at her.

Anya perked up.

Tomorrow!

Would the sling be there? Would they have her actually try it on?

“Why... why me?” Anya feigned flattery and put a hand to her chest. “Why I'd be honored.”

“Excellent!” Wallace clapped his hands together.

“Should I... how should I prepare?” Anya asked.

“Oh just be here,” Wallace explained. “We're going to see how you and the other girls look in slings, and then choose from there who gets to be the lucky lady.”

Anya nodded.

“I'll be there!” She beamed.

“Great!” Wallace stood up. “Now you'll excuse me, I want to go join in on the fun.” He

motioned towards the dwindling line of people lined up to spank Caitlyn.

“I’ll join you.” King stood as well. Both men looked down at Anya.

“Feel free to enjoy our club in anyway you see fit, starting by...” Wallace motioned to Caitlyn, whose ass was red and raw now.

“Of course.” They couldn’t see but Anya was smiling under her mask.

12.

“Ohhh, you chicas do know how to have a good time” Eva cooed while twirling the black leather thong on her slender finger.

Janet wanted nothing more than to snatch that thong away and shove it down Eva's throat, but she couldn't do that because her hands were tied above her head.

“Pumfff mmttt dnnn...” Janet mumbled. All she could do was plead with Eva, but even that lost it's impact due to the gag in her mouth.

Eva giggled and set the thong back into the box where she had found it.

“Hrrryy! Sttmppfff!” Janet protested, once again pulling on her bonds.

Eva ignored her as she continued to rifle through “The Box of Fun” as Janet and Felicia had taken to calling it. In reality, it was nothing more than a large cardboard box filled with various “adult” toys that Janet and Felicia would use on each other during their private time. Obviously, the items in the box hadn't gotten much use over the past few months, but Janet had been hoping to change that now that Felicia was free.

Eva too, was apparently looking to change that as well, and was no doubt hatching plans on how to use the various sex toys on the girls once she captured them.

And I'm the bait... Janet thought, resigning herself to the thought of Felicia, Gina, and Caitlyn hurrying to her rescue.

But where were they? Eva had called them and sent them pictures, but so far, nothing. Could they perhaps be coming up with a rescue plan?

Or could they themselves be in danger?

“Ohh, I like this!” Eva exclaimed, holding up a large, black butt plug. She eyed up Janet and raised her eye brows. “Maybe I'll use it on you!”

“Mmrrmm mmmh!” Janet protested, and pulled on her bonds, but then felt the familiar

pulsating of the jackhammer inside her skull.

“Urrrggg...” Janet groaned, closing her eyes. Her headache had been fading in and out all day. She hadn't had a hangover this bad since her college days.

Then again, she had also never chugged beer through her asshole before.

“Maybe when your ass recovers I'll use it.” Eva laughed, putting the butt plug back in the box.

Janet realized that unconsciously she had clenched up her ass cheeks at the sight of the butt plug, and relaxed when Eva put it back. In addition to her near blinding head ache, Janet's ass was killing her too from the hose Eva had shoved up it.

“Ohh poor baby, still recovering from last night?” Eva taunted.

“Urrrgg mmm...” Janet grumbled, glaring at Eva through bleary eyes.

It was true though. She barely remembered anything from the night before. Everything was a blur after Eva shoved a tube up her ass and started pouring beer in it. Janet remembered the cheers of the men at the bar, though it was in fragments, and then she remembered remnants of being carried across the beach late at night.

Then she woke up like this, naked and suspended from the back of a closet door in the living room, her arms hanging from a hook above her head. Janet shuddered at what she remembered from the previous night: the hungry looks from the men, and Eva slowly removing her bikini, humiliating her in front of them.

And now here she was, still naked and helpless, watching as Eva raided her collection of sex toys. Eva was still clad in the same bikini, though she was now admiring a leather bra that she had retrieved from the box. After a moment, she set the bra on a nearby table and retrieved the matching leather thong and set it down with the bra.

“You girls know how to have fun.” Eva giggled, and then lifted a phone, Janet's phone.

“Hmm, your friends haven't responded to any of my messages,” Eva feigned concern and turned to Janet. “Maybe they don't care about you.” She pouted.

“Fmmffff mmoo!” Janet responded, and then winced, feeling another stab of pain in her skull.

Eva giggled and rose from the box. Then she turned so that her back was to Janet, bending slightly to accentuate her thong behind. The Latina reached behind her back and unhooked her bikini top. She looked over her shoulder at Janet and winked, and then tossed the bikini top aside with one hand while using the other to cover her bare breasts.

Eva used one hand to cover her breasts and used the other to slide down her thong bikini bottoms, baring her naked ass to Janet.

“Ummfff mmoo...” Janet rolled her eyes, dreading whatever Eva had in store next.

Once she was out of her bikini, Eva slipped into the leather thong, slowly and sensually, making a show of bending over and gliding the skimpy undergarment up her legs.

“Ummm mmmph!” Janet grumbled, getting more annoyed by the minute. She wished that the other girls would burst in and drag Eva out like she had done with them the other night.

If only Gina had thrown her in jail! Janet mentally cursed her roommate. Eva should have been arrested for kidnapping, not given a chance to walk free. Gina should have known that Eva would never let Janet free her pets slide.

And now where was Gina? She wasn't responding to Eva, so she was possibly in trouble herself and in need of rescue... again.

More concerning to Janet was that Anya and Felicia were also missing. What happened to them? Anya mentioned that people were after her? If so, had they tracked her here? Was Felicia caught up in that?

Eva giggled and Janet once again focused on the Latina to see her turning around to inspect her ass in the new leather thong. It fit her snugly... too snugly. Her almond ass cheeks bulged around the tightly fitting garment, but Eva didn't seem to mind. She gave Janet a wink and then retrieved the matching leather bra, keeping her back to the bound woman while she pressed it over her bare breasts. Eva slipped one of her shoulders through one of the straps to the bra, gave Janet another wink, and then

slipped her other shoulder through the other strap, and she quickly hooked the back of the bra and turned to face her captive, clad in her new found leather lingerie.

“Ohh, I like it... so snug...” Eva sighed and rubbed her hands over her leather clad cleavage. The bra fit just as tight as the thong, and pushed her cleavage up and in, giving it a full, heaving effect.

Then Eva started to stroll towards Janet. With every step she took, she grew closer and closer to her captive, and Janet's heart started to pound faster and faster.

“Mmmooo...mmmmo...” Janet pulled on her bonds. The jackhammer in her head went into overdrive, pounding against the inside of her skull. She winced and squeezed her eyes shut.

“I can't wait to use all these new toys on your friends when they show up.” Eva was now pressed up against Janet. Though her eyes were shut, Janet could feel Eva's body just inches away from her. The Latina's lips hovered just in front of Janet's gagged lips.

“And if they don't, I'll use them all on you.” Eva giggled.

“Urrrrmmm...” Janet tried to struggle again, and was rewarded with a fresh, stabbing pain in her skull.

Eva wrapped one of her soft palms over Janet's bare breast, causing the bound woman to pull back, but she had nowhere to go, her back was already pressed against the hard wood of the closet door.

“I'll let you hang around though,” Eva continued. “Recover from last night's... activities.”

With that, Eva stepped away, and Janet felt the closet door start to swing shut.

“Mmmo! Wfffft!” Janet pulled on her bonds once again, but felt the door click shut, causing a fresh spasm of pain in her head.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself plunged into the darkness of the closet.

You would think that most men would jump at the chance to give a woman in a thong bikini a ride home! Felicia grumbled as she walked along the side of the road with her thumb out. She turned

her head to see a pick up truck speeding past, the driver, a bearded man in a red baseball cap, beeped twice as he left her in his dust.

Thank, asshole... Felicia lowered her hand and kept trudging along the side of the highway. Judging from the sun's position above her, it was about late morning, and the heat from the previous day was returning. The black pavement of the road felt scalding under her bare feet, but thankful there was a dirt path next to the shoulder of the road for Felicia to walk on. She felt like she had been walking for days, and a steady ache had started in the balls of her feet and worked it's way up to her thighs. Her body was already sore from her workout the day before, but now her legs screamed for relief.

At this point though, Felicia judged that she was about a half hour or so from her house, so why even bother grabbing a ride at this point?

Still, it would be a relief to sit down and ease the pain in her legs...

She knew why no man would stop for her. Despite the fact that yes, she was an attractive woman in a thong bikini walking along the side of the road, that didn't change the fact that she looked and smelled like she had crawled out of a landfill, which she had. Her whole body was covered in dirt and grime, and the smell of garbage had intermingled with the smell of sweat from walking along the road all day and night. Just after sunrise there had been plenty of traffic along the road, and plenty of cars beeping and catcalling her, but most of them must have assumed she was another tourist doing the walk of shame after a long night of partying on the beach.

One car had stopped for her, the driver rolling down his window to ask if she needed a ride anywhere. Felicia had rushed to his car, overcome with gratitude, and began to thank the man when she noticed him wrinkle his nose in disgust.

“Damn bitch, you stink!” He exclaimed, and then rolled up his window and drove off. Felicia chased after him for a bit, shouting curses at him until the car was out of sight.

“Yeah well I didn't want to ride in your shitty car anyway!” She screamed as he drove off.

And thus the morning went, Felicia trudging along the side of the road, fuming at each and every car that sped past her, and cursing at the ones that beeped or made a lewd comment at her. She couldn't wait to get home and take the longest shower in history, or maybe she would just plunge headfirst into the pool and let the chlorine seep into every pore of her body.

That is if she didn't have to deal with Gina, Janet, and Caitlyn first. No doubt they would have words for her, wondering what happened to her and Anya.

Anya...

Felicia still fumed at the thought of The Bikini Thief. Hopefully she was getting what she deserved at the hands of the frat boys. The worst possible situation would be if she got away and was waiting for her back at the house with the other girls. Then Felicia would have to explain herself, and given the choice between having to face Gina and Janet over what she did or go through climbing out of the landfill again, she would probably take the landfill.

Walking gave Felicia plenty of time to think of an excuse for what happened. Right now, she was preparing the excuse that Anya had tied her up, stuffed her in the crate, and left her for the garbage men to take.

After all, that was close enough to the truth.

Felicia would say that she didn't know what happened to Anya after that, which was also true.

She imagined Gina and Janet fawning over her, asking if she was alright, apologizing for ever trusting Anya and for leaving Felicia alone with her.

“Hopefully she never shows her face around Marston's Pointe again.” Gina would say to Felicia while stroking her shoulder.

Then Felicia would step into the shower and feel the warm water cascading over her nude body, washing the stink and grime from the night away. She would feel hands come from behind her and cup her breasts, lathering them in soap. Finally, she would feel Gina's gigantic, bare breasts pressing against her from behind...

Felicia shook her head, banishing the fantasy away.

Plus who was she kidding, as soon as she finished in the shower she would probably sleep like the dead for the rest of the day.

A few more minutes passed, and Felicia turned off the highway and onto a residential road surrounded with quant, suburban homes on either side: Her street. As she walked she kept her head down, not wanting to face any of her neighbors looking like this. Thankfully, it seemed that most of them were at work or inside to avoid the heat. The final stretch of her walk to her home felt like it took hours, despite her knowing that it was a ten minute walk, tops. She crossed her hands over her chest, worried that judgmental eyes were watching from behind windows.

Be cool, everyone is probably still at work. Felicia told herself. There was no way of knowing what time it was but she guessed that it was still early judging from where the sun was in the sky.

It seemed like an eternity had passed between when she had turned onto her street and when she finally reached her house, but she knew that in reality it was probably five minutes or so. When she reached the house, she didn't bother going in the front door, but instead went around to the side. Felicia told herself it was so that she could dip in the pool and refresh herself because she didn't want to be seen by Gina or Janet like this, but in really it was because she just wanted to put off facing Gina and Janet and having to explain herself. With any luck, she would jump in the pool, wash the first layer of grime off, and then make her way to the shower uninterrupted and spend an hour or so in there before crawling into bed for the rest of the day.

She was sure that Gina and Janet would have questions, but Felicia would answer their questions when she was good and ready.

Felicia stepped through the gate to the backyard and saw the pool, it's clear blue water shimmering in the morning light. It was practically beckoning Felicia cleanse herself in it's inviting depths. She knew that she didn't need much more convincing, and hurried across the patio towards the shimmering oasis. The smell of chlorine hit her nose and unconsciously Felicia started to push down

her bikini bottoms. People often ran or swam on the beach early in the morning, and if any of them made their way up the walkway they would be treated to the sight of Felicia's bare ass as she slipped down her bikini bottoms, but she didn't care. Once her bikini bottoms fell around her feet she kicked them to the side and started to lift off her bikini top without missing a beat. The bikini top came off with ease and she tossed it aside right as she reached the edge of the patio. Once again, Felicia didn't slow or miss a beat and executed a perfect dive into the pool.

The cool blue water of the pool enveloped her and seeped into every pore and crevice of her body. It felt like a protective shield blocking out the oppressive heat of the day. Felicia plunged through the waters like a torpedo and felt the tips of her fingers touch the bottom of the pool. Instead of surfacing she continued to swim along the bottom, feeling layer after layer of grime washing off of her body with every stroke she took. In that time she forgot how sore her muscles were, how calloused and blistered her feet were, and how humiliated and defeated she had felt. Now there was nothing but the water, keeping everything in the outside world at bay. At this point she imagined that Gina, Caitlyn, and Janet had heard the splash and came out to investigate, their eyes widening in shock at seeing Felicia's nude body under the pool's surface. Their wide eyes and slack jaws would be the first thing she saw when she surfaced.

Finally, Felicia felt her lungs crying out for air, and begrudgingly began making her way to the surface. Her head broke free and she took a long gasp of air. It felt invigorating. Then she pushed her hair back and opened her eyes, expecting to see the other girls waiting at the pool's edge.

Instead, there was nothing. She was alone.

Strange... maybe they're still asleep. Felicia thought, realizing that it was still early.

She looked at the house and noticed that the back sliding door was wide open, giving her a view into the kitchen. That was strange too. Gina or Janet would never leave that door open overnight.

Alarm bells started to ring in the back of Felicia's mind and she swam over to the edge of the pool.

Relax, if something was going to happen, it would have happened by now. She told herself in an effort to keep calm.

Felicia hoisted herself out of the pool, water cascading off of her nude body, and started to make her way across the patio towards the open door. Part of her thought that she should look for her discarded bikini but she didn't want to put that disgusting thing back on her body again. Thankfully, there was a towel resting on one of the beach chairs on the patio, and Felicia grabbed it and started to towel off as she approached the house.

Then she froze, her eyes locked on the open back door. Suddenly she forgot about everything around her. She forgot that she had the towel pressed against her front, leaving her back and ass completely open to anyone coming up from the beach, in fact she had forgotten about her nudity entirely, and she had forgotten about facing Gina and Janet.

Felicia forgot all of this as she stared through the open patio door and into the house at the large, tanned, toned and thonged tush leaning over the kitchen island. She instantly recognized the small leather thong that was being practically swallowed by those full, round mocha colored butt cheeks. It was a thong that she had worn a few times, always finding it almost too small and tight, which meant that it was definitely too small for the woman wearing it now.

Eva!

Felicia's eyes widened and her heart quickened in her chest. She froze for a bit, feeling like a rabbit facing down a pursuing hound. Much like a pursued rabbit, Felicia planted her feet and prepared to dart to whichever direction promised safety should her pursuer make a move. She had forgotten about her aching muscles because her fight or flight instincts had kicked in. Her body, which moments ago had called out for rest and release, now screamed for movement and action.

Except Eva, the pursuing predator, hadn't moved. The Latina still stood in the kitchen, with her back to Felicia, bent over the center island. Judging from a faint glow in front of her, it looked like Eva was scrolling through a phone. Felicia stood with her feet planted, waiting for some sort of sign that

Eva had noticed she was there, but Eva just stood there, scrolling through the phone, oblivious to Felicia's presence.

What is she doing here? Felicia thought as her heart, ready to jackhammer out of her chest a moment ago, started to slow down to a regular beat. Her coiled muscles began to loosen themselves and relax as she realized that the threat was not as prevalent as she initially thought.

Gina... Felicia mentally grumbled to herself. Eva obviously hadn't heeded Gina's warning about leaving town and came to their place hoping to recapture her playthings. A fresh wave of anger peppered with annoyance washed over Felicia, directed at both Gina and Eva. Gina should have done her job and arrested Eva right then and there and not given her a second chance.

But still, that left another question in Felicia's mind: where were the other girls? Had Eva already captured them, and was now waiting for Felicia? Or was she lying in wait for all of them, thinking she'll have the element of surprise.

Then a smile crept across Felicia's face. Eva thought she had the element of surprise, but was unaware of Felicia's presence. Felicia had caught her intended captor unawares! Her heart started pounding again, but this time in excitement. If she caught Eva, then the other girls would come back to find her all trussed up as a present from Felicia, and if Eva already had the other girls... well, Felicia would ride in like a white knight and save the day.

Not only that, but if Felicia had some time alone with Eva, she could get her back for the things Eva had inflicted upon her while she had been her captive.

Felicia's heart was fluttering like a newly hatched butterfly in her chest and she felt her nipples going erect against the towel pressed over her chest. The skin all over her nude body started to raise... was she getting aroused at the thought of having Eva alone to herself?

Good, I should! Felicia thought, realizing that Eva would be aroused at that thought too.

As she moved towards the Latina, she moved the towel away from her body. The heat of the day had significantly dried her, though there was still a fine coat of liquid coating her body, giving her a

brilliant sheen in the morning light. The glow of her body made Felicia feel like a goddess emerging from a bath to take what was rightfully hers, and nothing could stop her. Felicia held the towel between her hands and twisted it, rolling it into a tight, long roll. Right now it was the only weapon she had against the wily Latina in her home.

Felicia crossed the threshold of her home, walking slowly and on her tiptoes. Eva still hadn't turned around or given any sign that she noticed. Her eyes did a quick scan of the room, but Felicia didn't see anyone but Eva. If she had the other girls tied up somewhere, she was keeping them out of sight. With every step towards Eva, Felicia's muscles coiled like a lion ready to pounce. Eva, once the predator, had no idea that she was now the prey.

Felicia was now a few steps behind Eva, the tightly wrapped towel held out in her hands like a scorpion's tail ready to strike. Once she was in position, Felicia stopped, poised, ready to take the unsuspecting Latina. The tensed, naked woman took in a breath and exhaled, taking her time, letting her muscles relax for a split second. In front of her, Eva lifted her head. She must have heard Felicia let out the breath.

Felicia sprang, snapping the tight towel forward. It's tethered end connected with Eva's ass cheek and when it touched the Latina's skin it emitted a loud TWACK. Eva's ass rippled where the strike hit and Eva immediately sprang back, her hand moving to rub her stung ass. Before the Latina could take in the situation, Felicia had snapped the towel back into her hands and pressed forward and tackled Eva from behind. She threw the towel over Eva and pulled it back, the tightly wrapped and wet cloth pulling tight against Eva just below her breasts. The Latina let out a cry of surprise but Felicia was already tying the towel behind Eva, just below the clasp of her leather bra. Eva's arms were pinned to her side by the towel and all she could do was struggle and pull.

Felicia wrapped her arms tight around Eva and held her tight as the Latina struggled and pulled in Felicia's grasp like an animal caught in a snare.

“Oh I got you now.” Felicia hissed in Eva's ear. Eva stopped her struggling and leaned her head

back.

“Oh Felicia, you sneaky little thing.” The Latina giggled.

A wave of anger went through Felicia. She had Eva caught and the other woman was giggling about it.

“Oh yes, you're mine now, and we're gonna have some fun.” Felicia continued. Her breathing was ragged, and her blood still up from capturing the Latina.

“Oh please...” Eva leaned her head back. Their bodies were still pressed against each other's, intertwined. Felicia felt Eva rubbing her buttocks against Felicia's nude body.

“Stop it.” Felicia hissed.

“Make me,” Eva continued, still rubbing her thonged ass against Felicia's pelvis. “You got me good, my ass is stinging... will you rub it for me?”

Felicia felt her hand sliding down towards Eva's hips.

“What are you doing here?” Felicia asked, trying to ignore the sensation of Eva's warm, soft butt rubbing against her bare body.

“Oh what happened to you? Where are your cloths?” Eva asked.

Felicia's hand gripped the waist band of the leather thong Eva was wearing. “This,” She began, and then started to yank the garment down. “Is mine!”

Felicia grabbed the other side of the thong with her other hand and pulled the panties down. Once the leather underwear was off Eva, Felicia's hand flew up to between Eva's legs and pressed the Latina against her body. She was having flashbacks to when her and Eva had snuck aboard Anya's yacht three months ago, and something... happened between them. Many times, while helpless under Eva, Felicia had told herself that it was just the stress of the moment, that it meant nothing... but still, not a day had passed where she didn't think about that time on the yacht.

“The bra is yours too.” Eva sighed.

Felicia's hands flew up and unclasped the back of the leather bra, and then she spun Eva around

and pulled the garment down. The bra couldn't come fully off because of the towel keeping her arms pinned, but it fell away from the Latina's full, heaving bosoms. Much like Felicia's, Eva's nipples were hard and completely erect.

They stood there for a moment, both in their nudity, and then Felicia leaned forward slightly. The tip of her nipple touched Eva's, sending a twinge of electricity through both women. Felicia jumped back and gasped as if she had just been shocked. Eva gasped too, then the gasp turned into a sigh, and the sigh turned into a smile. Their eyes locked for a moment. Just a moment but it felt like an eternity. Felicia could see how hungry Eva's gaze was, and that it was a hunger that would devour Felicia if she wasn't careful.

She didn't care, and pressed forward, her lips meeting Eva's. It was a hungry, passionate kiss, both of them looking to completely consume the other. As they kissed, Felicia grabbed a handful of Eva's hair and tugged, hard. Eva cooed and leaned back, prompting Felicia deliver another kiss. Both of their hot bodies were pressed against each other's, hearts beating as one. Despite her hands being pinned, Felicia still felt Eva's soft hands rubbing against her abdomen. With each touch, the Latina sent little tingles of electricity through Felicia's body. Their breasts pressed against each other's, and Eva rubbed her body up and down, sending tingles of pleasure through Felicia's body.

Felicia pressed Eva against her. If their bodies could have fused together they would have. Their lips continued to press against each other's as their tongues intertwined. As they kissed, Felicia's hands gripped Eva's full, heaving buttocks and traced the curve of her beautiful backside. A small voice in the back of Felicia's head was telling her that this was all wrong, that she should just tie Eva up and wait for the others, but she ignored that voice. It was like she had turned into something else, a hungry animal that finally got a chance to hunt.

Felicia knew that this animal had been pacing in a cage inside of her for too long. There had been a few moments when she had let the beast run free, and every one of them had been exhilarating. Now she had left Felicia behind in the pool and had fully become the beast.

Her greedy hands gripped Eva's magnificent ass. She wanted it all for herself, wanted to devour it, to admire it, to love it.

Felicia spun Eva around and pressed Eva's buttocks against her pelvis. Immediately, Eva started to rub her bare behind up and down over Felicia's body. Eva let out a loud sigh and Felicia clamped a hand over Eva's mouth to silence her.

This seemed to arouse Eva even more. Felicia felt a shudder go through the Latina's body. It was a shudder that started deep inside Eva and rocked up and through her and then traveled to Felicia. She let out a sigh and pressed her bare pelvis against Eva's rear end, feeling the wave of arousal wash over her.

They continued to rub their bodies against each other's, and Eva's sighs and coos were muffled by Felicia's hand. Felicia's other hand was sliding down between her own legs. Then she felt Eva's hand, already there, stroking her inner thigh.

“Ummm...hmmpph...” Eva sighed. Felicia kept her hand clamped over Eva's mouth and moved her other hand up and between Eva's legs, sending another shudder through the Latina.

Their bodies rocked and gyrated in unison, each of them pleasuring the other. A fine layer of sweat had gathered on both women, adding to the growing moisture between them.

Eva's buttocks started to quake against Felicia's body with each movement of Felicia's hand. Felicia's fingers danced between Eva's legs with smooth and easy gestures, and the Latina responded in kind to Felicia. Small rockets of pleasure were shooting out from between Felicia's legs and up through her whole body.

Eva's movements were faster now, her breathing ragged against Felicia's hand, which was still pressed tightly over her mouth. Felicia didn't realize that she was sighing and moaning loudly with each movement of Eva's fingers.

Felicia came, feeling a rush and release of pleasure. Her whole body quaked and shuddered and she held Eva against her as the orgasm rolled over her body like a storm front. Eva didn't stop moving

her fingers against Felicia as she orgasmed, which sent further quakes and tremors coursing through Felicia's body. As the orgasm rippled through her body, Felicia became dimly aware of a hollow knocking coming from somewhere.

It's just me, my heart... the orgasm.

The knocking sound continued in the distance and Felicia shook her head, telling herself it was the blood rushing through her body or something. Instead she focused now on Eva, still in her grasp, still moaning into the hand clamped over her mouth. Felicia slowed the stroke of her finger, dancing the tip of it delicately over Eva's clit, causing the Latina to shudder involuntarily. Just because Eva had brought Felicia to orgasm, didn't mean that Felicia was going to be as generous.

“Ummmp! Mmmmp!” Eva moaned as Felicia pushed her forward and pulled her head back, taking her time stroking her finger up and down between Eva's legs.

Felicia kept her body pressed against the Latina's, rocking back and forth with her, teasing out Eva's orgasm for as long as she could.

But there was something different. A fog was lifting from Felicia's brain.

What am I doing? The voice rang out in her head. This woman had kept her prisoner for three months and now here Felicia was, pleasuring her.

Not only that, but what was she doing here?

And there was that incessant, constant knocking. Where was it coming from?

Felicia moved her hand out from between Eva's legs and listened to the knocking... a dull, wooden thud... Wood. It was like someone banging on wood...

A closet!

Someone was in a closet!

No sooner had this revelation come over Felicia than directly ahead, in the hallway leading to the living room, the closet door burst open and a second later a shapely, nude form stumbled out.

Felicia froze, her body pressed against Eva's, one hand clasped over Eva's mouth and the other

hovering over Eva's thigh.

In the hallway, the nude figure turned, hopping on bound feet, to face them. Felicia's eyes widened to see that it was Janet, gagged by a thick white cloth pulled tight between her lips, and hands bound in front of her. Janet too froze, her eyes widening at the sight of the naked Felicia and Eva pressed together.

Then Felicia heard heavy footfalls coming in from the door behind her and spun around, letting go of Eva. Two women were rushing into the house, sunlight glinting off of something dark and metallic in their hands.

Guns. They had guns, aimed right at them.

The woman looked middle-aged, but with rock solid, muscle bound bodies that would make most women younger than them jealous. One had dark skin and dark hair, while the other was a dark haired Latina. The black woman wore a skin tight, sleeveless leather bodysuit, zipped up to just below her small but luscious cleavage, and the Latina woman wore skintight blue jeans and a black, sleeveless shirt that also accentuated her rather large breasts.

Felicia instinctively raised her hands above her head, and Eva tried to the best despite her pinned arms, so she only held her palms out flat.

“Wmmmmfff!” Janet moaned from the hallway.

“Well, well...” The black woman mused, eyeing up the naked women. “Seems like we broke up something kinda kinky here. I like you girls.” She smiled and looked over at her Latina partner, who replied with something in Spanish.

Felicia had a feeling that, as she feared earlier, she had indeed just jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire.

13.

Anya stood patiently in line, watching the beautiful, muscle bound woman in the sling bikini do her posing routine while her fawn fingers played along the thin strip of fabric running between her buttocks. This was a position that Anya had found herself in many times before: surrounded by beautiful women in skimpy swimsuits, but for some reason Anya was finding it difficult to restrain herself here. Maybe it was because she had been laying low for so long and hadn't stolen a bikini off of anyone in a few days, or maybe it was because she was now in tightly packed quarters with several beautiful women in bikinis that barely covered their nubile bodies. Whatever the reason, Anya's heart had been racing since she stepped into the line up with the other potential candidates to wear the Golden Sling. It was a good thing she still wore the mask that covered her whole face, or else everyone would see how she was practically salivating over the other women she was competing against.

Anya could feel the beads of sweat collecting on her body as she watched the current contestant strut her stuff for the judges, and she did her best to banish thoughts of tying and gagging that woman while pulling her tiny red sling bikini off of her and then watching her nude, leanly muscled body writhe around. Just that image alone sent a pang through Anya's body, and her fingers once again gently traced the thin, lime green garment that ran down her back and between her butt cheeks.

The Bikini Thief stood amongst a line of woman on the stage, all clad in slingshot bikinis of various size, shape, and color, and all hoping to be picked to be one of the ladies chosen to wear the Golden Sling at the casino pool party. Anya briefly had entertained thoughts of actually being the one picked to wear the Golden Sling, which would save her the trouble of having to steal it.

Though I'd have to come up with one hell of an exit strategy. She knew that if they did pick her, there was no way these people would let her out of their sight while she was wearing a sling bikini made of solid gold, but she would cross that bridge if she came to it.

Right now though, the muscle bound woman currently performing for the judges looked like she had one hell of a chance of being the lucky girl. The “judges” consisted of King and Wallace, and they stared up at the blond haired woman with rapt attention. Whoever this woman was, she clearly didn't mind her identity being known, or didn't care, and only wore a small black domino mask, which allowed her to make eye contact with the judges while flashing them a toothy, confident smile. Her body was all lean muscle that moved swiftly and fluidly she posed for them. Anya could tell that this woman must have done figure competitions in the past, and her movements were so graceful that she probably had a ballet or dance background too.

The woman's hair was a straight golden blond and fell neatly around her neck as she moved, and she wore a red sling bikini that accentuated her small but shapely breasts and rock solid ass cheeks. Somehow, the woman's graceful movements and winning smile made the sling seem conservative when compared to the other swimsuits on parade, and yet, still sexy.

It was a far cry from Anya's swimsuit. She cursed not being able to have access to her yacht and her endless collection of sexy and skimpy bikinis that she had on it, but she was able to buy a new sling thanks to Felicia Fetter's credit card. The sling she bought was a tiny, lime green number that barely covered her breasts and then came together in a small, thin line of fabric that ran down her back, cleaving her butt cheeks. She figured that wearing the smallest, most revealing suit she could find would work in her favor, but then she saw this woman and how she strutted up and down the stage, posing for the judges, and knew that she needed more than just sex appeal.

Why are you getting worked up? It's not like you want to be picked, you just want to know who will be wearing it! Anya chided herself. Being chosen would bring more trouble than good, especially since they would want her to probably take off her mask, and seeing how this criminal organization currently had a bounty on her head, that wouldn't be good.

Still, Anya fidgeted with the thong and watched the posing woman with equal parts lust and jealousy.

Look on the bright side, if she wins then you get to steal the bikini off of her. Anya smiled under her mask at the thought and felt herself flush at the idea of subduing and stripping this graceful, powerful woman. She shook her head, attempting to remain focused. Now was not the time to get distracted, especially because she was up next.

The woman finished up her routine by turning her thonged ass towards the judges, flexing her glute muscles, slapping one of her cheeks, and winking at them. Now finished with her routine, she strolled confidently back to the line up of masked, bikini clad woman. Her smile remained bright and confident, but Anya could see it in the woman's eyes that she thought she nailed it. As the woman passed Anya, she shot a glance at her that seemed to say "Beat that."

Anya only nodded politely and strolled forward towards the end of the stage facing the rest of the club and the two men who would determine if she moved on or not. As she walked towards them, her mind raced for a routine that would catch their attention like the previous woman's posing routine. She knew that she didn't have the grace and poise that the muscle bound woman did, nor did she have the stage presentation...

But she did have sex appeal, and in the end, wasn't that what they wanted?

Anya stood at the edge of the stage, overlooking the judges and stuck one leg out while placing her hand on her hip. In that moment she wished that she didn't have a mask that hid her full face or else they would have been able to see her alluring smile and the hungry look in her eyes, so instead she had to use her body to sell them on her. She held her pose for a moment, and then arched her back and ran her fingers up the front straps of her sling, stopping just below her breasts, and then turned and pulled the front of her sling away from her breasts just slightly for a mere second. The judges leaned forward, hoping to catch a glimpse of her bare breasts, and in that moment Anya let go of the sling and let it snap back against her breasts. Then she turned, still keeping her back arched, and stuck out her ass, which was almost bare except for the sling riding up her rear end.

With her ass facing the judges, she turned to face them, once again wishing that she didn't have

the mask because a well placed wink would have been helpful in that moment. Still, she held her pose and ran her finger down along the length of fabric running along her back and through her butt cheeks. She stopped right at the curve of her ass and then pulled the thong out from between her butt cheeks, flashing a bit of her bare bottom before letting go. Her thong snapped back in place between her ass cheeks like a rubber band. Anya finished her routine by curtsying with her ass still facing the judges and blowing a kiss through her mask before heading back to take her place amongst the line up of girls.

Anya continued to play with the back of her sling throughout the rest of the judging, watching every woman's routine as they went up and strutted their stuff for the judges, all the while telling herself that it didn't matter if she got picked because this was an intelligence gathering mission anyway. Still, she couldn't shake the... longing... to want to be picked.

Relax girl, it will be much more fun to steal the Golden Sling from one of these ladies than to just win it the boring way. She told herself, though the thought of Ace and his men handing over the Golden Sling to the woman they were using it to try and lure was... juicy. Anya smiled at the thought.

Finally, all of the women went before the judges, and there several moments of deliberation amongst the judges while the contestants waited on the stage. There was a palpable nervous tension among the contestants, a silent murmur going through all of them as they waited. The moments that passed while they were up there on the stage seemed like hours, but Anya stood with her hands behind her back, her fingers still tracing the thin thong running through her ass.

Come on! Just say it!

How long had passed? It felt like hours but it had to have been only a few minutes... maybe?

All of the contestants buzzed as Wallace stood up and drew breath to say something. Anya turned and watched as all of the scantily clad women around her tensed.

“Ladies, thank you for your patience,” He began, and as he spoke Anya saw King get up onto the stage. “We are delighted to say that we have chosen five of you to move onto the final judging tonight!”

Five! Anya's eyes widened. *Only five of us!* She assumed that they would pick the final winner here and now, but if there was another round of judging later... then what?

What if she didn't make it? Then she would have to get back into the club to find out who the lucky girl was, and what if they didn't let her back in?

Then I'll find a way in because I'm a thief. Anya reassured herself.

As she thought this over, King went up and down the line, motioning to the women who had been picked to move on. He had already pulled three women out and told them to stand at the head of the stage, and he was making his way towards Anya. Seeing him approaching, she stood straight and tall, clasping her hands behind her back so that he wouldn't see her playing with her g-string.

King moved towards her, but then stopped and pointed at a woman in line wearing a pink, speckled sling. The woman squealed and ran to join the other finalists waiting at the top of the stage. Anya froze now, knowing that only one more would make the cut.

Then King stopped in front of her and Anya froze, not even realizing that she was holding her breath...

He passed her by and Anya deflated like a balloon.

Instead King pointed to the woman next to her, the muscle bound blond in the domino mask. The woman smiled and squealed.

"Oh thank you!" She hugged King, and she hurried to join the other finalists in line.

Anya turned to watch her go, thankful for her mask because it hid the contempt on her face.

It wasn't fair! This woman's mask barely hid her face, and facial features and eye contact was such a big part of any beauty contest.

Anya didn't realize that her hands were now wrapped around her thong, practically strangling the flimsy garment.

"We want to thank you all for showing up and trying out. If only we could have chosen all of you." Wallace laughed at the last part, and all of the remaining women – the losers – laughed with him.

“Please, feel free to enjoy our club for the rest of the day, and you all are welcome to come back tonight for the final judging.” Wallace continued.

Anya's heart fluttered. Good! So she could come back for the final judging in the evening.

Her eyes fell on the muscular blond, who was practically beaming as King addressed her and the winners. Anya knew that the blond would win, hands down. Her presentation was too perfect.

Good... Anya smiled under the mask. She couldn't wait to tie this blond up and take the Golden Sling from her sinewy body.

Wallace finished talking to the finalists and then opened up his body to address the room, winners, losers, and club attendees.

“We hope you all enjoyed this! Now we have a special performance in store for all of you, hope you enjoy!” He said with a flourish and clapped his hands.

As he spoke, all of the women who didn't make the cut began to drift off the stage and disperse through the club. Some went to get drinks, some to mingle, and others to leave.

Anya chose to stay though, because the “special performance” that Wallace had referred to piqued her curiosity.

In the corner of the room, a platform was rising up from a trap door in the floor. A beach type set up was arranged on the platform, with fake palm trees and sand. The performers were two large, dark skinned men, wearing grass skirts, Hawaiian leis, and skintight leather face masks.

But it was their instruments that intrigued Anya more. The two men had giant bongo drums on either side of them, and between the drums were the well oiled ass cheeks of Gina and Caitlyn

Both women were stretched across a bench of some sort that kept their upper bodies down and their plump rear ends arched above them. Their hands were manacled in front of them and secured to metal rings on the floor. Large, red ball gags kept both women quiet, though that didn't stop them from trying to vocalize through them. It looked like Gina and Caitlyn's legs were manacled together and secured to a ring on the floor behind them as well, and a tight, leather strap ran across their backs,

keeping them secured in place on the bench.

They were completely naked, but their nude bodies glistened with oil.

“Mmrrrrmmph! Hrrrrmmph!” Gina moaned into her gag, looking up at the spectators around her.

“Grrrrm! Mmmm! Mmmph!” Caitlyn joined in.

Then the music started, some sort of tribal music blasting from the club speakers. The men in grass skirts and masks started to play, their large hands slapping the bongos and then Gina and Caitlyn's bare asses, playing them like they played the bongos.

“MMMPPH!” Gina moaned.

“OOOFFF!” Caitlyn joined in. \

The men continued to play, their hands drumming on both women's asses along with the bongos. Gina and Caitlyn moaned into their gags in unison with their asses being drummed.

“Mmmrrrrmm ummmr urrrmm mmmrrrrmm!” Gina moaned.

“Urrrrmm mmmrrrrmm ummmm mmmrrr!” Caitlyn joined in.

The muffled cries of both women became part of the music and the drumming as their asses were played like instruments. All around them, people in the club danced and cheered to the music, or watched in rapt attention as the captive women's bodies were used as instruments.

Anya herself was part of that captive audience, watching in rapt attention as the men's hands drummed on Gina and Caitlyn's rear ends.

“Mmmurrrrrr urrrrrmm mmmrrrrmm...” Gina droned on, her whole body vibrating as her ass was drummed.

“Urrrr rrr urrrr urrrrff!” Caitlyn went on.

Both Gina's and Caitlyn's asses were starting to turn a shade of deep scarlet. Someone, no doubt some sort of assistant, leaned in and squirted fresh oil on their sore looking asses. All the while the drummers never stopped. Their hands continued to slap the helpless women's backsides, sending oil

flying in every direction as they did.

Anya watched and part of her felt bad for the two women. After all, it was sort of her fault that they found themselves in this pickle. It would be decent of her to help them out of it.

But that would draw attention to her, and ruin her chances of stealing the Golden Sling.

Plus Gina and Caitlyn were providing a valuable service: drawing attention away from her.

Anya smiled under the mask. Yes, Gina and Caitlyn were still helping her cause, though they didn't know it, or like it, and she couldn't let their suffering and sacrifice be in vain.

Anya sat at a table and crossed her legs, watching as the performance went on. Her gaze drifted over to the bar where she saw the blond woman in the domino mask with a drink in hand, talking and laughing with Wallace. She watched the two of them, and then turned her gaze back to Gina and Caitlyn, moaning and screaming into their gags as their asses were drummed.

Oh yes, that blond was going to win, no doubt about it, and Anya would be there to ruin her victory.

She looked at Gina and Caitlyn, and though they couldn't see it, she smiled and winked at them under her mask.

Anya would steal the Golden Sling in their name.

14.

Yep, definitely out of the frying pan and into the fire. Felicia thought as she lay on her back, shackled butt-to-butt with Eva while Janet sat bound and gagged in a chair across from them. She couldn't believe how much of a mess things had become, from her being bound and gagged inside a crate, to then being dumped into a landfill, being caught by Janet pleasuring Eva, and now this.

And something told her it was about to get worse.

“Ummm...mmm...” Felicia grunted into her gag and pulled on her leather manacles securing her to Eva, but Eva resisted, pulling back on it.

“Grrrrmmm...” Eva sighed into her gag.

“Mmmmmph!” Felicia moaned, pulling again.

“Stttpph!” Janet mumbled from the chair.

“Urrrggg mmmh!” Felicia lifted her head and rolled her eyes in Janet's direction, trying to tell her that Eva was resisting.

Janet did not look convinced, and just glared at Felicia. Honestly Felicia couldn't blame Janet for not being convinced, seeing how she had hopped naked out of the closet to find Felicia and Eva embracing just moments before those women had burst in.

And who were those two women? Felicia had a few guesses. Most likely they were the bounty hunters that Anya was referring to. They had referred to each other as “Tee” And “Em” while they were tying up Felicia and Eva.

“Since we found you two being so... “intimate” we thought it best to make sure you were kept close.” Chuckled Tee, the muscle bound black woman.

Felicia grumbled into her leather muzzle just thinking about it. The bounty hunters had raided Felicia and Janet's “Box of fun”, which had previously been raided by Eva, and gagged both Eva and Felicia with thick, black leather muzzles. They then had Eva lie face down on the bed, and then forced

Felicia to lie on top of her, face up. Then their captors made them hold their arms and legs out to their side and used a pair of leather manacles to secure Felicia's and Eva's wrists together one side, and then their ankles, and then their captors moved to their other side and secured those wrists and ankles together as well. The result of which was Felicia lying on top of Eva, both women in sort of “X” pattern because of the way their arms and ankles were secured to each other. Both could still move somewhat, but needed the other to cooperate because if Felicia lifted one hand, that meant lifting Eva’s hand that she was manacles to.

“Urrmmmf!” Felicia grumbled, once again pulling on the manacles, jerking Eva's wrist with her.

“Mmmmpfh!” Eva sighed, and Felicia felt Eva shift and the smooth skin of Eva's soft ass rubbing against her own bare back side.

Felicia tried to ignore the sensation. It was bad enough that Janet caught her and Eva intertwined. Hell, it was bad enough that Felicia let herself get carried away like that with Eva.

It was Eva! It was all her! She seduced you! No doubt Eva's plan was to get Felicia to drop her guard and then tie her up like she had Janet and store her away until the other girl's showed up.

Felicia snuck a look over at Janet, who was staring intently at Eva's bare backside rubbing against Felicia's own naked ass. Her eyes then shifted to Felicia.

“Urrmm mmmrrh!” Felicia raised her palms in a gesture of innocence.

Janet only glared at her. It was probably a good thing they were both gagged or else venom would be flying from both women.

“Mmmfff...” Felicia sighed and stared up at the ceiling, knowing that she needed a plan. They needed to get out of this and fast, and she knew that Eva wouldn't be any help.

She had guessed that their captors were keeping them as bait for hopefully when Gina, Caitlyn, and Anya got back, but then once they had the others, then what? These women wanted Anya, but Felicia doubted that after they had her that they would just let the other girls go.

They'll probably deliver us to Ace too as a bonus! The thought chilled Felicia. She had spent enough time as Ace's prisoner. Enough for a lifetime, and wasn't about to have it happen again.

“Urrrrfff! Mmmrrmm!” She moaned, trying to raise her wrists and resist Eva's pull. Eva continued to shift and squirm under Felicia, rubbing her soft but firm ass against Felicia's.

“Mmmmooo!” Felicia resisted, arching her back and involuntarily rubbing her ass up and down against Eva's. Eva responded by cooing into her gag.

Shit! Felicia cursed, not wanting to encourage Eva even more.

Eva responded by pressing her juicy buttocks against Felicia's and rubbing even harder.

“Mmmmooo! Urrrrmmf!” Felicia resisted, pulling on the manacles that kept her wrists secured to Eva.

The manacles had enough slack so that both women could move their arms somewhat independently, and Eva took advantage of that and ran her hands along the curve of Felicia's buttocks.

“Stttpp!” Felicia arched her back, trying to pull herself away from Eva. Eva's hands followed Felicia, gently stroking her ass as she moved.

“Urrrrfff mmmoo!” Felicia squirmed, trying to avoid Eva's prying hands, but they seemed to be everywhere, always finding her bare skin, always touching, caressing...

“Mmmmmmp! Umm!” Janet protested into her gag, watching helplessly as Felicia squirmed on top of Eva.

Yeah I'm trying to make this stop! Felicia grumbled mentally, tossing her weight to the side. Eva moved with her and both women lay on their sides for a moment, Eva's hands still gently tracing the outline of Felicia's ass.

Then Eva shifted her weight, turning Felicia slightly, and Felicia realized that the Latina was rolling on top of her!

“Mmmrrrooo!” Felicia resisted, feeling Eva shift her weight onto her.

Then they turned, and it was now Felicia face down on the bed and Eva lying on top of her.

“Urrrgghh! Mmmm!” Felicia moaned. Eva had her pinned now, completely helpless under the weight of the lusty Latina.

“Mmmm...ummm...” Eva sighed and cooed.

“Urrrfff mmmrrmm...” Janet grumbled from her chair.

“Urrrrmmm... grrmmm...” Felicia grumbled and sighed, helpless to resist under Eva's weight.

She reached up in an attempt to push Eva off and her hands pressed against the Latina's firm, naked ass.

“Offffmm...” Eva sighed, shifting her buttocks up and down on against Felicia's palms while digging her own hands into Felicia's butt.

Then Felicia shifted her hands slightly, rubbing against Eva's soft bare flesh.

“Offffmm...” Felicia sighed into her gag. Both women's bodies gyrated against each other's, sighing into their gags.

Felicia knew that she should try and shift again, push Eva off of her, but there was something about her touch, her skin against her skin that left Felicia feeling electrified.

“Orrrfff mmm! Stttp mffit!” Janet moaned from the chair.

Felicia was distantly aware of her lover, naked, tied and gagged, being forced to watch this all, and somehow that...turned her on even more? Still, Felicia didn't turn to look at Janet as she felt Eva's ass.

Let Janet watch. Felicia decided. Fuck it!

Then Felicia shifted, twisting her whole body, tossing Eva to the side. Before the Latina could recover, Felicia had shifted her weight again and was once again lying on top of the Latina. Both of them continued to rub their naked ass against each other's while feeling each other up with their hands.

“Ummm... mmmm...” Felicia moaned, wriggling her nude body against Eva's.

“Urrrrmm! Mmmrrh!” Janet protested. Felicia flashed her a quick look to see her wriggling in her chair, trying to twist free of her bonds.

What am I doing? Felicia wondered. It was a brief thought, flashing through her mind in the blink of an eye...

... then she felt Eva's hand reach around and slide down between her legs.

“Mmmmp!” Felicia moaned, her entire body quivering at Eva's touch.

No... Janet! Felicia tried to cling to the rational thought, but it vanished once again as she felt Eva's fingers slip inside of her already wet vagina.

“Ulllp! Mmmullp!” Felicia tossed her head back, moaning in pleasure.

“Urrrrf mmmrroo!” Janet grumbled from her chair.

Felicia tried to lift her head to look at the bound woman when Eva's finger danced up along her clit, sending another wave of pleasure through Felicia.

“Ummm...mmm...” She moaned, sweat now coating her naked body.

As Eva's fingers deftly played between Felicia's legs, Felicia's other hand clasped Eva's butt cheek in a death grip.

“Ummfff... mmmffff... gummfff...” Felicia moaned, feeling the mounting pleasure from every movement of Eva's fingers.

Felicia let go of Eva's butt cheek and moved her hand down, ready to return the favor to Eva when the door burst open.

“MMMMMMPH!” Felicia moaned, her head rocking straight up.

“Orrrrmmmm!” Eva whined into her gag.

Both Tee and Em were standing in the doorway, looking at the naked, bound women with amused looks on their faces.

“Damn, you are a horny bunch of ladies huh?” Tee chuckled, moving towards them.

“Fffff mmo!” Felicia moaned in frustration. She didn't care what these women had in store for them, all she cared about was how turned on she was.

“Cmmmm mmmnnn!” Eva protested, echoing Felicia's sentiment.

Tee sat on the edge of the bed while Em stood behind her, arms crossed, eyes shifting from Felicia and Eva to the bound Janet.

“Please, don't stop on our behalf.” Tee said, eyes bright with amusement.

“Urrmm gurrrm!” Felicia spat into her gag.

“Well, as I'm sure you know, we aren't here for you.” Tee began, and reached inside her pocket and took out a phone.

“Ummm hmmm...” Felicia nodded, rolling her eyes in annoyance. She was way ahead of her there.

“You see, a couple of your friends were caught sneaking into one of Ace's establishments yesterday.” Tee said absentmindedly while scrolling through the phone.

“Hmmff?” Felicia raised her head. Those words instantly made her once soaked vagina dry up.

Caitlyn and Gina were caught! As Felicia glared at Tee, she realized that she recognized the phone she was scrolling through.

It was Gina's.

A chill ran through Felicia's body. So they already had Gina and Caitlyn.

That meant they just wanted Anya.

As Tee scrolled through the phone, another phone rang and Em produced her own phone from her pocket and answered, speaking in Spanish to whoever was on the other line.

“You see, we don't really give a shit about you three. We're being paid to find someone else...” Tee stopped scrolling through the phone and met Felicia's gaze. “And this phone received several... interesting pictures last night, and a very telling voicemail.”

With that Tee pressed the phone's touch screen and Felicia heard Eva's recorded voice playing over the speaker.

“Hola Gina,” The voicemail message started. “I hope you're well...”

Eva was interrupted by Janet's voice, muffled by a gag, begging for help.

“Here, say hi...” Eva's voice continued, and Felicia recognized Janet's gagged pleas for help.

Suddenly, Felicia felt her stomach drop. She broke out in a cold sweat and a wave of self loathing washed over her. Simultaneously, she felt a deep, dark, red hot anger building into her. Anger towards these women, anger towards herself...

... and anger towards Eva.

How could she let herself be seduced, be played like that?

Felicia tightened her hands into fists. When she got out of this, Eva was dead. Plain and simple. She would pay for this.

“Hear that?” The voicemail message went on. “That's Janet, and we're so hoping you join us, and bring your new friend Anya...”

At that, Tee ended the voicemail message and met Felicia's gaze.

“Your new friend Anya, that's who want. So we're gonna sit here and wait patiently for her, unless you can be helpful and tell us where she is.”

Felicia just glared at her, knowing that if she could tell them, she would, but right now she was gagged, so she couldn't say anything, but also didn't know where Anya was. For all she knew, Anya was a prisoner of those frat boys at the moment.

Em, who had been talking on the phone the whole time, finally hung up and said something to Tee in Spanish. Tee responded in Spanish as well and both of them had a lengthy and animated conversation in the language while the naked, bound and gagged women could only watch helplessly.

Whatever they were talking about, Tee didn't seem happy about it, and got more and more agitated as they spoke. As they talked, she realized that Eva probably understood every word they were saying, but her gag prevented her from interpreting for Felicia.

Finally, Tee sighed and seemed to cave to whatever Em was saying. The dark skinned, chiseled Mexican woman lifted her phone again and made another call.

“Well I'm sorry ladies, plans have changed,” Tee stood and eyed up her captives. “My associate

here is calling for a wagon for us right now. We're all going to take a little ride together.” She smiled at the last part.

“Mmmmmrrrooo...” Felicia whined into her gag. She had a feeling that she was about to see Gina and Caitlyn again real soon.

15.

As Anya stalked stalked the muscle bound blond woman across the club floor, she told herself it was just recon and not what it actually was – obsession.

After the initial judging, Anya had hung around the edges of the club, watching as the blond, who's name Anya had learned was Amanda, moved gracefully amongst her fellow contestants and judges, smiling, laughing, enjoying drinks. Anya had to give it to her: Amanda knew how to play the game, and she wanted to win, badly. Amanda hung around the club for another hour or so and then Anya followed her back to her hotel room. From there, it wasn't hard for Anya to find out her name and personal details.

Her name was Amanda and she was an Australian fitness competitor/model and personal trainer. It seemed like she had made the trip to Marston's Pointe specifically to win the Golden Sling. That told Anya that Amanda was a goal driven and determined woman, and if she wasn't going to win this competition then she would put up one hell of a fight.

Good. Anya was practically giddy at the thought of Amanda's muscles flexing against tight, constricting rope while she rolled around naked, watching helplessly as Anya tried on the Golden Sling. It was a thought that Anya couldn't get out of her head, and at this point she would be just as upset as Amanda if the woman didn't win the competition.

Then again, if Amanda didn't win then Anya supposed that she could just tie her up and steal her bikinis for fun. After all, she did know where she was staying.

Anya spent the remainder of the day around Amanda's hotel until it was time to go back to the club for final judging, and then she discreetly tailed Amanda back to the club.

Once again, Anya hovered near the wall, watching as Amanda hugged Wallace and King, flashing her toothy smile and laughing at all of their jokes. Amanda wasn't wearing the Golden Sling, but Anya still practically salivated at the sight of her in her new bikini. The shapely woman had

changed into a tiny, black slingshot bikini that accentuated her small but round and firm breasts and left little of her chiseled ass to the imagination. The bikini seemed painted onto Amanda's perfect, sculpted body, and like last time, Amanda wore her domino mask that barely concealed her face. All of the other contestants hovered near Amanda, trying to get their time in with King and Wallace. The other women vying for the prize knew that Amanda was their biggest competition, and all wanted her knocked out.

Wallace and King had pulled out all of the stops for this show, even busting out a giant, ornate chocolate fountain and placing it at the center of the club. The liquid chocolate cascaded like a water fall over the beautiful, naked bodies of Gina and Caitlyn. Anya could only stare and watch in amusement at the newest way their captors had found to humiliate the two captive women.

Both Gina and Caitlyn had their hands tied above them to the spout pouring the chocolate, and as best Anya could tell their mouths were gagged with tape, but it was hard to be sure since warm chocolate was constantly flowing over their nude bodies. Their feet were secured together at the ankle and then to the fountain, keeping both Gina and Caitlyn secure, and all they could do was wriggle their lithe bodies and blubber through their gags and chocolate.

“Mmrrmmbbbll! Glllumb!”

“Mmlbb! Bblmmm!” Both women pleaded as chocolate poured over their faces.

Set out in front of the bound woman and chocolate coated women were tables covered with pretzels, lollipops, and other assorted things that could be dipped into the fountain and covered in chocolate. There was a constant crowd of clubbers who would pick up a pretzel stick and dip it in the chocolate flowing off of Gina or Caitlyn's bare breasts, much to the captive's chagrin.

“Sttllbb!” Gina protested as a man completely covered in leather pressed a lollipop between her breasts, coating it in chocolate.

“Ullbb!” Caitlyn moaned as another man pressed a pretzel stick between her butt cheeks, coating it in chocolate before taking a bite.

Anya somewhat pitied the women, but she also knew Gina and Caitlyn well enough to know

that if there was one thing they were proud of, it was their bodies, and what better way to show off their bodies than to be put on display like this? She smiled under the mask. In a way, Gina and Caitlyn were getting exactly what they wanted: to be displayed and admired, forever.

Wallace and King escorted the five finalists over to the chocolate fountain and the candy table next to it and motioned for the scantily clad women to partake of the sweets. Most politely turned down the offers, no doubt trying to watch their figure for the upcoming competition but Anya had a sneaking suspicion that after the final judging that most of those women would be helping themselves to gratuitous amounts of chocolate.

The Bikini Thief drifted closer to the crowd of women in skimpy swimwear, hearing bits of chatter from their conversations with each other. Gina and Caitlyn continued to blubber into their gags, trying to get the women's attention with no success. The only thing these women seemed to care about was the Golden Sling.

“Hllpp... ullpp...mmm...”

Gllumm...bblumm...”

Anya now stood just outside of the group of finalists and snatched a pretzel stick from the table.

If it's here, I may as well enjoy it. She smiled under the mask.

A hush started to ripple through the club around her. Anya turned to the stage, expecting the judging to begin. Instead, she saw King and Wallace both climbing onto the stage while the finalists gathered below. It seemed like King and Wallace were going to make an announcement of some sort, no doubt laying out the rules and thanking the women for participating.

Wallace waited patiently for everyone to quiet down and then raised his hands, palms outward. The few remaining bits of chatter and whispers quickly died down.

“First of all, King and I would like to thank everyone who came out for this competition, especially our five beautiful finalists.” Wallace began, gesturing to the women standing by the stage. Amanda beamed when he did.

“You all did wonderfully, and are all amazing women,” he went on. “But unfortunately there's been a change in plans.”

A murmur went through the club. All of the finalists started to chatter amongst each other. Anya watched Amanda and could practically see the woman's calm, cool, charming veneer start to crumble. Her smile faded, and her eyes, once sweet and attentive, now grew hard and icy.

“We have decided to go in a different direction with the competition...” Wallace continued.

Anya felt her own heart start to race. What had changed? Why now were they changing their plans?

Something must have happened, but what?

A million scenarios ran through her mind. Did they know she was here, disguised as a competitor? She turned and looked to either side, expecting to see beefy men closing in on her, but no, she was alone.

“There will be other opportunities for models needed at the pool party tomorrow, so we would still love to have you, our finalists...” Wallace gestured to the women. “Take part if you're interested. Either way, we thank you for your time and hope that you enjoy the rest of your evening here at our exclusive club.” With that he stepped off stage, King following.

As soon as the two men stepped off the stage, the five finalists swarmed like a pack of wolves, with Amanda as the alpha.

“Excuse me, what do you mean you're going in a different direction?” It sounded like the once perfectly held together woman was using all of her self control to keep her voice calm and polite.

“I'm sorry, it came down from above.” Wallace shrugged.

“But what about the Golden Sling?” Amanda flanked Wallace, who did his best to seem polite and chipper. King though, couldn't hide his annoyance. All of the other finalists were chiming in as well, though Amanda was the loudest and most prevalent.

“What about us who came all the way here for this completion What are we supposed to do?”

Who made the change? Is this how you run things?" Amanda was firing off her questions/demands at a lightning pace, and Wallace was struggling to keep up.

"Look, it's a last minute development, and it came from management-" He started, hands up defensively, before Amanda cut him off by jabbing a finger at King.

"What about you? Aren't you management?" She jabbed her finger into King's chest with every syllable. King looked like he was fuming. He definitely wouldn't play as nice with her as Wallace.

"Even I answer to someone." He said through gritted teeth.

Anya perked up at this. The only person that King answered to was Ace. So Ace made the call. What did that mean? Did Ace come up with another plan?

"Look ladies, the pool party will still go on as planned and we'll still have need of a few models-" Wallace once again tried to restore order, but Amanda wasn't having it, and was doing a very good job of getting the other finalists whipped up into a frenzy.

"Oh no! We didn't go through all of this just to be stand by arm candy!" Amanda hissed, her beautiful breasts heaving up and down with fury.

"I've had enough of this. You can be at the party, or you won't. I don't care." King sighed and motioned for Wallace to follow him. Wallace obeyed, but Amanda wasn't giving up that easily.

"Now wait just a minute! I came all the way here to this nowhere town to win the Golden Sling, and I'll be goddamned if I'm going to leave empty handed!" Amanda kept pace with King, barking right into his ear.

King stopped, took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes.

"Ladies," He began. "I understand your position, but you have to understand mine. This is a situation beyond my control and there's nothing I can do to change it."

"What aren't you telling us?" Amanda demanded.

King looked like he was about to blow a gasket and glared at her.

"I will tell you exactly what you need to know, no more, no less. This is our club, and this is

how we run things and if I get any more trouble from you then you can join our friends up there!” He motioned to Gina and Caitlyn on the fountain and suddenly the group of finalists went quiet.

“Now, any more objections?” He asked.

They all shook their heads in unison.

“Good,” he clapped his hands. “Well please, enjoy the club. If you are interested in modeling opportunities, please talk to either myself or Mr. Wallace.” With that he stepped away, followed by Wallace.

There was a tension in the air. No one wanted to move, speak, or breath.

The music suddenly blared from the speakers, causing Anya to jump, snapping her back to the moment. All around, club goers went back to their business, taking the music as the unofficial “back to normal” signal.

Anya wandered back towards the chocolate fountain, trying to distract herself from thoughts of Amanda. There was something more pressing at hand anyway.

So if they changed plans, then they have a surprise in store... She rubbed at the chin of her mask. Anya didn't like surprises, and that would mean that she would have to be extra cautious when making her move for the Golden Sling.

She stopped next to the fountain, realizing that she still had her pretzel in hand, and hadn't even dipped it in chocolate yet.

“Hrrrlp... bblmmm...” Gina tried to get her attention through the waterfall of chocolate rushing over her.

“Urrggllmmm....hllpp...” Caitlyn joined in.

Maybe she should just give it up? Too many variables out of her control...

“Hbblblmm...” Gina moaned again. Anya turned to face the chocolate coated captives.

She couldn't give up now and have Gina and Caitlyn's humiliation and sacrifice be for nothing.

Plus she had to punish Ace and his people for attacking and drugging her, and for cutting her off

from her yacht and all of her beautiful, sexy bikinis.

“Hlllbbb!” Gina was meeting her gaze now, blinking through a haze of chocolate.

Anya held out her pretzel stick and coated it in the chocolate flowing off of Gina's beautiful, bare breasts.

“Hullmm!” Gina's eyes widened.

Anya raised her mask so that Gina and Caitlyn could get a look at her face. Both of their eyes widened in surprise and hope.

“Hmmp! Ummmp! Mmmbbbbbll!”

“Hrrrrmm! Umm! Bllllm!”

They continued to moan and plead with her as she took a bite of the rich, sweet chocolate covered pretzel stick, and then smiled, winked, and pulled her mask back down over her face.

“Hrrrrmm! Bbmm!”

“Uuullff! Ggmmmp! Mmmp!”

They moaned and pleaded through their gags and the chocolate as Anya turned and strolled towards the exit.

She had to prepare for the party tomorrow night.

16.

It was a long, awkward car ride in silence, and it wasn't because they were all still naked, bound, and gagged.

In fact, Felicia found herself thankful for the muzzle, or else she and Janet might be exchanging nasty words at the moment. Instead, both sat on opposite sides of the large white van, avoiding each other's gaze. Occasionally Felicia would catch Janet looking at her and would turn to face her only for Janet to look the other way, and vice versa. Sadly, their captors had seated Eva next to Felicia, and the Latina, apparently still aroused, kept trying to nuzzle up against Felicia.

“Nmmmmoo!” Felicia mumbled and shoved against Eva, her bare breast brushing against the Latina's.

“Ummm....” Eva moaned, batting her eyes at Felicia.

“Cmmn mmooo...hllpp?” Felicia turned to face their captors, who sat on the bench across from her next to Janet, and motioned to Eva with her head.

Tee and Em snickered and gossiped amongst themselves in Spanish, and then shook their heads in unison, clearly enjoying the show.

“Grrrrmmm...” Felicia rolled her eyes. Part of her dreaded where they were heading, and the other part hoped that they got there fast.

The two women had kept the three captives in the house well into the night, Felicia couldn't be sure, but she knew that at one point all three of the naked captives had fallen asleep, but then the bounty hunters had roused them and ushered them out into a large van waiting in the driveway. One good thing was that they at least had detached Felicia from Eva, now both women had their hands manacled behind their backs and their feet manacled at the ankle, as opposed to being secured together

ass to ass, like before.

The van was a large, unmarked white van with two benches, both set longways against either wall. Felicia was set on one bench, with Eva on the other, and immediately Eva slid down next to Felicia. Janet was placed on the other and the two women Tee and Em took seats next to her. Somehow Felicia had the suspicion that the ride wasn't as long as she thought but it felt longer with Janet ignoring her and Eva pressing her body against her.

Worse off, Felicia felt a rush every time Eva pressed her body against hers, and felt herself draw a sharp breath when Eva's erect nipples brushed against her own bare skin.

“Urrrrmm...” Felicia closed her eyes, trying not to think about being tied up naked next to Eva, or about what happened with her and Eva earlier, or about what happened with them on the boat three months ago...

Stop! This woman kept you prisoner for three months! Why are you being like this?

“Urrrrmmm hummm...” Eva moaned, pressing her warm body against Felicia's and sending an involuntary shiver through Felicia.

“Aw, she likes you.” Tee giggled from the other seat.

“Ufff mmmm...” Felicia moaned, trying to pull away from Eva, but she realized that she was at the end of the bench and up against the cage keeping them separate from the front seats of the van. One burly man was driving the van while the other sat in the passenger seat.

Felicia turned and again glared at their captors, and saw Janet with her head turned to stare out the extremely tinted back windows of the van.

“Urrrrmmm hmmm...” Eva cooed, nuzzling Felicia with her gagged mouth.

“Ufff...” Felicia shuttered again.

Just close your eyes, don't think about it... Felicia told herself, squeezing her eyes shut.

“Hmm...ccmmm...” Eva continued nuzzling her.

Don't think about it...

But Felicia couldn't help but think about her and Eva, lying on top of each other, feeling up each other's asses...

Felicia felt her nipples starting to go erect at the thought.

“Oh look, she likes it.” Tee giggled, and Em responded with something in Spanish.

“Mmmoo!” Felicia moaned, and backed as far into the corner of the van as she could. If she could have rolled up into a ball as disappeared she would have.

“We're here!” The driver grunted from the front seat.

“Mmeep!” Felicia squeaked, relieved.

I never thought I would be relieved to be most likely be taken to certain doom or torment, but here we are! She mused to herself.

The van came to a stop and the driver and other goon got out. A moment later, the back doors of the van opened up, revealing that they were at a loading dock of some sort.

“Okay ladies, end of the line.” Tee said while holding up a wicked looking knife. Felicia realized that she had no idea where it had come from.

Tee slid down toward Janet and held the knife towards the nude captive.

“Ummm....mmmm... gggmmm!” Janet moaned, trying to slink away from the muscular woman.

“Hrrrry! Hhhmm! Sttpp!” Felicia protested, leaning forward in her seat. Suddenly Em was there, slamming a palm against Felicia's chest and forcing her back in her seat. The Latina towered over Felicia, giving her a hard stare. The nude captive glared right back at her, and then turned her attention to Janet and Tee.

Tee clamped on hand on Janet's shoulder and Janet stiffened while whimpering into her gag.

“Ummm... mm..... mmfff...” She leaned away from her captor as Tee leaned forward, knife held out...

... And cut the rope binding Janet's feet together. Janet squealed in surprise.

“Wffttt?” She looked down at the sliced rope and back at Tee, who had flicked the knife closed

and was clipping it back to her belt.

“Alright ladies, out!” Tee barked, and shoved Janet towards the open rear doors.

Janet shuffled towards the exit where one of the burly men grabbed her by the arm and pulled her out. Then Tee and Em removed the manacles around Felicia and Eva's feet and ushered them out of the van as well.

Out of the frying pan and into the furnace. Felicia thought for the tenth time that day. Part of her wondered how things could get worse, but at this point she knew it could get much, much worse.

All three of the naked captives were lined up on the loading dock and Tee stood off to the side, her gun in hand, while Em stood behind them with her gun trained on them as well.

“Alright ladies, move.” Tee ordered.

With no other choice, they started walking, Janet in front, followed by Felicia, and then Eva. One of the burly men lead them while other walked on the other side of them. They were lead through an open garage door that started closing as soon as they were inside and then through a small warehouse area loaded with shelves and fixtures.

Felicia tried to take in her surroundings but it didn't seem familiar. It certainly wasn't the facility where she had been held by The Queen, but then again she knew that Ace had locations all over town. Though as soon as she got out of the van she had felt a breeze and got waft of the familiar smell of ocean, so they must be by the water somewhere...

Then they were escorted through a door and into a kitchen area and Felicia realized where they were.

The club!

That new club that Gina and Caitlyn had gone to investigate and never returned from.

“Ummff flll...” Felicia moaned involuntarily. She shivered, realizing that she would know soon enough what happened to the two missing women, and their fate may very well be her own soon.

Her suspicions were confirmed when they were lead out of the kitchen and into a large, open

dance area. It must have been after hours at the club, which told Felicia that it was probably very early morning. The house lights were up, illuminating a large, open floor, with a stage, a bar, and various bondage and BDSM fixtures lining the walls, along with tables and booths.

In the center of the room was a sculpture of two naked, bound women. The sculpture looked to have been made of chocolate, and standing in front of it were three men, two of them were very familiar: King, and Brad. Standing with them was a third man, tall and slender, with dark skin and receding hair along with a thin beard.

“Urrfff fffmmm gggllmmm mmm!” Felicia mumbled through her gag at the three men. King turned and smiled at them.

“Well, look at this group.” He chuckled. All three captives were lined up in a row in front of him. Felicia did her best to look defiant as she glared at them.

“Are these all of them?” The third man, the one Felicia didn't know, asked.

“We waited at the house all day and night, these were the only women there, Wallace.” Tee said as she took a position next to the man called Wallace.

Wallace strolled along the line of bound women, eyeing them up and down. Felicia stared daggers at him as he did.

“This plan of yours better work.” Wallace said to Brad.

Brad smiled and stepped forward.

“Oh it will work, don't worry.”

“You only say that because it's your ass if it doesn't.” King flashed Brad a taunting smile as he strolled forward, looking the naked captives over.

“Don't worry, I got this,” Brad smiled, stopping to smile at Felicia. “I'm glad I didn't toss you into the ocean like I originally planned on.”

“Fffmmff mmoo!” Felicia grumbled as Brad moved away. As he did, he opened up her view of the chocolate sculpture in the center of the room.

It was two women bound to a pole, one was taller, slender with big breasts, and the other was shorter, stockier but with equally massive breasts. The sculptures looked... incomplete... not as refined as sculptures usually are... this one was rough and lacked detail. It was like the sculptor had just made a rough outline of two women and called it a day.

Still... Felicia narrowed her eyes... there was something familiar about them...

“Ah, do you like our new decoration?” Brad chuckled, stepping over to the sculpture.

Then Felicia's eyes widened with recognition.

“Hmmmph!” She moaned, the sculpts were based on Gina and Caitlyn!

No... they weren't chocolate sculptures of Gina and Caitlyn, they were Gina and Caitlyn!

“Ummm mmoooo...” She moaned again. They had somehow dipped the two women in chocolate and put them on display!

“It's a good look for your friends, don't you think?” Brad chuckled and gestured to the chocolate covered women like he was giving a tour at a museum.

Felicia knew that Ace and his men could be sadistic but this... this was a whole new level...

“Don't worry, we left them air holes.” King added, stepping over towards the chocolate covered women.

“Hmmmph?” Felicia asked and then looked at Gina and Caitlyn again.

Their eyes and mouth were covered with chocolate, but she now saw that their nostrils were left open... and there was something else... she could hear it now... a low moaning... coming from them.

They were alive in there! Buried under mountains of chocolate, but alive! That was good, for the moment.

“We have something different planned for you all,” Brad said, running his hand over Gina's chocolate coated bottom as he talked. “For all of you actually.”

“With that said,” King interjected. “Why don't you take our new guests somewhere comfortable until the party tonight?” He asked Tee. The woman nodded and motioned with her gun for them to

move.

“What about them?” Brad gestured to Gina and Caitlyn.

“What about them?” King seemed genuinely confused by the question.

“Shouldn't we... you know...” Brad motioned to them again.

“Well, the club doesn't open until noon, by then, sitting here in this room with no air conditioning, they should be melted out by the time we come back. By then we can get them washed off and prepared for the party tonight as well.”

“Wummmfff?” Felicia asked through her gag. They were just going to let Gina and Caitlyn sit here and melt?

“Okay whatever.” Brad shrugged. He didn't seem happy with King's answer, but King obviously seemed higher up on the totem pole than him.

“Come on ladies, let's go.” Tee motioned with her gun, and they were moving, being lead to a set of double doors at the far end of the dance floor.

Felicia kept looking over her shoulder though, back at Gina and Caitlyn, unable to see or talk, trapped in a chocolate prison...

What did they have planned for them all after this?

As Chad watched Gary work away on the heavy metal door with the pry bar, he couldn't help but feel a rush of blood flowing directly to his dick. A voice at the back of his head, what was left over of his modesty and reason, told him calm down or else he would have a boner in front of all the other guys. That voice was quickly drowned out by all of the other drunken voices in Chad's head and the promise of what lie behind that door:

Babes.

The most beautiful women in the world, wearing the smallest of bikinis, showing off their perfect asses, and their bikini tops barely containing their massive, heaving jugs.

That had to be it, why else would they not allow him into this room?

“Hey, come on Chad, it isn’t working.” Tony brought him out of his drunken fantasizing by tugging on his shoulder. The steady flow of blood to Chad’s penis quickly dried up.

Chad turned to glare at Tony.

Fucking Tony, man. Tony had already screwed up once royally by letting that chick with the perfect ass get taken away in a garbage truck. A fucking garbage truck! Like yeah, that chick totally deserved to be taken down a peg or two (which he intended to do) but like, to get thrown away as garbage? What a fucking waste!

“Dude, the sun’s coming up. The place won’t even be open!” Tony whined. Chad resisted the urge to sock Tony on the jaw right there.

I never should have invited him, he’s ruining this vacation! Tony always had been a downer, and Chad had hoped that partying and maybe getting his dick sucked would mellow Tony out, but if anything, he got worse over this summer.

“Relax man, it’s an after hours club. They never close!” Chad slurred, and turned back to watch Gary work his magic with the pry bar on the heavy steel back door.

“Look man you’re drunk-” Tony began, and grabbed Chad by the arm. Chad wheeled around and glared at him.

“Hey! I’m not drunk!” Chad slurred.

“Guys! Shut up!” Gary shushed them. “Or else we’ll be caught!”

Chad and Tony glared at each other. They had brought the whole crew, about 8 of them in all, and half had formed a protective circle around Gary while the other half were now congregating around Chad and Tony in case a fight broke out. Tony flashed a look at Gary and then backed away, prompting a smug smile from Chad.

Call me drunk! Chad mentally grumbled. He only had five or six beers that night... he thought. Then a shot... or two... or three...

The important thing was that he could still get a boner, and that was all he needed for this club. He and his boys were going to stroll into that club like they owned it. That will show those fucking people for not letting him in.

They wouldn't let him! Him! If they knew his family then they would have rolled out the red carpet and paraded all of their best ladies for him and his boys.

That was okay though, because if Chad wanted something then he would just take it, like he was now. If they had a problem, or found out that he and his boys had broken into the club, well then he'll just get his Dad to buy their pathetic little after hours beach club.

Chad turned to watch Gary's progress and saw that the metal rear door was starting to give into the sturdy pry bar. So far, they still had the back alley to themselves.

But the night, once pitch black, was starting to lighten around them, and quickly. An early morning jogger or something could run by at any moment and see them. Not that it would be any bother, Chad's father would hire the best lawyers and get them out of trouble.

What he was really worried about was not being able to party with and fuck the women that this club was keeping hidden in this secret area, especially that blond chick with the great ass. Granted, she didn't have an ass like that other chick that got taken out with the garbage, but still...

Her fucking body! Chad felt himself getting hard again just thinking about her, and seeing her there, bound and gagged in that trunk, and then her bending over in that thong...

Chad could feel his dick growing harder just thinking about her! God, he almost had her and that other chick with the perfect ass!

But his boys blew it! The blond got away and the other chick got taken out with the trash! He did end up seeing the other blond chick again at this club, being let into the "Private" area, except she had changed her hair color.

Maybe she did it to hide from Chad and his boys?

Well too fucking bad for her, there was no hiding from him. If he wanted something, he got it.

God he hoped she was in that club right now! What would the look on her face be like if she saw him and his boys when they cornered her? He was imagining it now, placing his dick between those amazing ass cheeks of hers.

He was rock hard now.

Soon...

So soon...

There was a satisfying crunch of metal. It must have scared the others because they all jumped and started looking around to see if they drew any attention. More and more of the darkness of the early morning was giving way to the morning light. The sound of the door crunching open didn't scare Chad though. It was a rewarding sound, the sound of a night of drinks and debauchery giving way to a morning of drinks and debauchery.

"Okay, we're in!" Gary announced and tossed aside his pry bar.

"Let's go boys!" Chad announced and took point, charging past Gary and the bent and ruined door, and into the club.

The first thing that struck him was how quiet it all was. He should be hearing music or something.

Maybe sound proofing. He thought and pressed on further. They had broken through into a hallway of some sort, with a large, black door at the end.

That had to lead out to the club. It had to!

Chad marched towards the door, his boys all falling in behind him like they always did. It was still weird that he didn't hear any music, or laughing, or people talking, but he couldn't let his boys know that he thought it was weird. If he showed hesitation, then they would too. The boys would start saying that they should turn back, that they had made a mistake. He couldn't have that. They hadn't made a mistake. If anyone had made a mistake, it was the club for not letting them into the private area in the first place.

He practically floated to the door at the end of the hall. It felt like his erection was pulling him along, guiding him. Chad didn't care if the other guys saw it, they would soon be just as hard as he was when they saw what was behind the door.

Hopefully it isn't locked. It would suck to have to send Gary back out, grab the pry bar, and open this door up to. Plus now that they were inside it meant that they stood a greater chance of being caught.

He gripped the handle and turned...

Unlocked.

Chad's heart thudded in his chest and he let out a long sigh. This was it! Just on the other side of the door. He turned to face his boys, all waiting behind him, and flashed them a toothy grin.

"Boys, prepare yourselves. It's going to be heaven behind this door."

They all nodded in agreement and excitement. He had spent all night telling them about how this club probably only let the hottest chicks into this back room, and how their dicks wouldn't know what do with so many fine ass ladies.

Now it was time. He pulled open the door with a flourish and stepped through...

... into an empty room.

No!

No...no...no...

Chad wandered further into the room. This couldn't be it! It couldn't be the club!

That voice at the back of his head, the sensible one, broke through his drunken haze to tell him that yes, it was club. There was a bar, a stage, and a DJ booth.

Still, Chad kept wandering into the club, wading further and further out onto the empty dance floor, as if he was trying to will a crowd of half naked, beautiful women to materialize out of thin air.

Not even the house lights were on, and the only light in the club was from the morning sun cutting through some high up, vent like windows near the ceiling. The heat from the past few days was

returning as well, and the room was starting to get muggy.

“Well, looks like they are closed.” Tony sighed, a hint of validation in his voice.

Chad turned and glared at him.

“Shut up Tony.”

“Oh look,” Tony strolled past Chad. “These must be those hot chicks you kept saying the club was going to be packed with.”

He was gesturing towards a sculpture in the middle of the dance floor. It looked to have been sculpted out of... chocolate?

All of the other guys gathered around Tony to admire the sculpture as well. It was of two women, one tall and slender with gigantic tits, and the other shorter but with just as amazing of a body and equally massive tits.

Chad found himself oddly...aroused by this chocolate sculpture of two naked women. The women would be extremely hot... perhaps two of the hottest women he'd ever seen, if they weren't made from chocolate.

Gary stepped forward and snapped a piece of chocolate from the thigh of the shorter one and popped it in his mouth.

“Tasty too!” He smiled and snapped off another piece.

“Anyway, that door may have been alarmed, we should go.” Tony urged.

But Chad ignored him though, instead his attention was fixed on the one sculpture, the taller one with massive tits. There was something familiar about her... He felt like he had maybe seen her somewhere...

Nah, she was a sculpture.

Still, his dick was still rock hard, and he didn't think that chocolate would ever turn him on like it was.

“Chad,” Tony whined. “We should go.”

Chad reached out and stroked the leg of the sculpture. Something about it didn't seem finished, like there was still fine tuning to be done...

Looking up, he saw that the sculptures had their hands above their heads like they were tied up, a manacle securing them to a pole.

"Hey, someone get up there and take them down." Chad ordered, knowing that one of his boys would obey.

"What?" Tony buzzed in Chad's ear like a fly.

"We're taking the ladies with us." Chad smiled, watching as Gary climbed up onto the pedestal with the sculptures and started to detach the manacles from the pole.

"You do know that they aren't real women?" Tony sighed, and Chad glared at him.

How drunk does he think I am?

"I know," Chad sighed. "I just want this place to know that we were here and this is what they get for not letting me in."

"What..." Tony grumbled, but Chad was ignoring him, watching as Gary removed the manacles securing the tall babe to the pole.

"Someone go bring the truck around." Chad ordered, and heard footsteps as one of his boys ran out to pull the truck into the alley.

"What are we going to do with them?" Tony asked.

"We'll bring them back to the hotel and admire them as works of art, as of course, partaking of their sweetness." Chad smiled, watching as Tommy jumped up to the pedestal and helped Gary lowered the tall babe with the tits down to the floor. Meanwhile, two more of the guys, Alex and Johnny, were working on removing the manacles from the shorter sculpture.

Yeah that was it. This will show those fucking assholes why they should have just let him into their secret back room. Maybe when he and the boys were done eating up these sculptures they would break in during actual club hours.

He watched, grinning as his boys lifted the beautiful sculptures down and carried them towards the rear door. Even though they didn't seem finished, there was something so lifelike about them, something that Chad couldn't put his finger on.

He remembered watching a "Making of" documentary on some movie, and how they placed an entire actor in a mold so they could make a statue of them or something. Did they do something like that with these chicks? Did they get two incredibly hot women to pose in a mold and then fill that mold with chocolate?

His eyes fell onto the bare breasts of both sculptures as they were carried past him. They looked so real, like... like they had just poured chocolate over two women and left them.

As the sculptures were carried past him, he almost thought he heard a sound coming from them... a weird sound...

Like someone was trying to talk, but their mouth was covered with layers of chocolate!

Chad chuckled and shook his head. These damn sculptures were so good that he was here thinking there were real women trapped inside of them.

They were just sculptures. Incredibly hot sculptures, but just sculptures.

And they were his now.

17.

One thing Gina knew was that when she got out of this – if she ever got out of this – she was never eating chocolate again.

Given her previous life as a fitness model, and current life in law enforcement, Gina had always stuck to nutritious, healthy meals to keep her figure, but she allowed herself cheat days where she indulged in chocolate bars or chocolate chip cookies. All in all, like everyone, she quite enjoyed chocolate...

That was before she found herself naked, gagged, and bound to a chocolate fountain while warm liquid chocolate poured all over her nude body while people dipped pretzels and other sweets in the chocolate cascading off of her. She had suffered many defeats and humiliations during her time in law enforcement, but had considered what they did to her at the bondage club some of the worst humiliation of her life. Quite foolishly, having her ass spanked and played like a bongo was what she thought to be the peak of it all until the chocolate fountain incident.

She knew now that she was a fool too for thinking that once the club was closed that they would take her and Caitlyn out of the fountain. These people didn't want her defeated or as a captive, they wanted to see how much they could humiliate and degrade her and Caitlyn, and they were doing a good job at both.

Once her captors had turned off the fountain Gina could almost immediately feel the once warm, flowing chocolate start to cool and harden on her body. Both her and Caitlyn tried to cry out and protest, but layers of chocolate had collected on top of the tape that kept them gagged. In no time they were frozen in place, living statues of chocolate. Chocolate hardened over Gina's eyes, leaving her blind, but thankfully her nostrils were free so she could still breath.

I only hope that Caitlyn is just as lucky!

She quickly realized that her ears weren't clogged either, so she could at least hear what was happening around her, though she didn't know if that made things better or worse for her. Gina was frozen and the layers of chocolate made it so that she could barely make a sound, but hearing her captors talking around her made her feel twice as helpless as she normally did when captured.

It was torture. Gina heard King and Wallace talking, gloating over her and Caitlyn's predicament, and then another, more familiar voice joined them.

Brad!

"...ummm..." Gina muttered through the chocolate. She should have expected Brad to be involved somehow, but still, hearing his voice, laughing at her along with King and Wallace caused a deep, burning anger inside of her.

Just listen! They don't think you're a threat, maybe you can learn something!

Gina had no idea how she would put any knowledge that she learned to use, but if all she could do at the moment was listen then she would.

So she listened. Brad asked if they had air holes and Wallace confirmed that they did, which was good, meant that Caitlyn was alright... for the moment.

Gina listened some more. Apparently there was some plan to catch Anya, which she knew, but something had happened to change it.

"You know that if this doesn't work, it's your ass." King said to someone.

"I got this." Brad responded in an annoyed tone.

"Like you had that plane?" King said in a mocking tone.

Gina's pulse quickened. Brad must be in the doghouse because Anya got away with that money. This all must be his attempt to make amends with Ace.

Anya...

"Grrrrmmbb..." Gina grumbled. At this point she was of half a mind to let them have Anya.

No Gina, you made a promise. She will face justice, but your justice!

As much as Gina disliked Anya in this moment, she couldn't let Ace's men have her. The punishment they would administer to her would be... unspeakable.

Though Gina was of a mind to dish out some of her own punishment to Anya after seeing her there at the club earlier, gloating over Gina and Caitlyn's predicament. It made Gina wonder if Anya ever was operating in good faith or if she was just using Gina and the other girls as pawns. Either way, if she got out of this, Anya would answer for what she did.

But it ended up being a long night trapped in chocolate for Gina, and a long night turned into a long day.

First she heard them bringing in the others, which she could tell from their muffled sounds that they too were bound and gagged. Though she couldn't be sure, it sounded like they had Felicia and Janet, maybe another...

Eva?

How did Eva get involved in all of this? Gina told her to get out of town.

She sighed through the mounds of chocolate on her face. Eva never was one to listen.

Well there's another loose end to tie up when I get out... if I get out!

Then she heard Brad ask about letting them out of the chocolate, and King give the word to keep them like they were.

"...wummfff..." She tried to protest. Gina couldn't be sure but she thought she heard Caitlyn try to protest too.

Brad seemed to take issue with the girls being left incased in chocolate overnight.

At least he cares a little! Gina thought, but quickly banished the thought from her head. It wasn't that Brad was concerned for their welfare, it was that he was probably concerned that they would escape some how.

At least that was what she tried to tell herself. Part of her still thought she heard genuine

concern in Brad's voice.

Don't! She told herself. *He doesn't care about anyone. Brad's a criminal and a sociopath!*

So their captors left Gina and Caitlyn to sit there in their chocolate prisons and melt.

Gina couldn't be sure but it felt like a few hours had passed when she heard the other voices.

There was no way for her to tell time, but the heat started to gradually rise and the chocolate caked onto her body became stifling. Then the new voices came.

At first Gina was excited, and tried to see if she could vocalize loud enough through the chocolate to get their attention, but then she listened. They sounded like young voices, all male, and very drunk.

Oh no!

Drunken young men. Nothing good could come from that. All she could do was hope that they didn't notice her and Caitlyn.

Which they did.

After some arguing, the boys decided that they were going to steal what was, from their point of view, just a very well done chocolate sculpture.

Oh no!

Gina tried to say something through the tape around her mouth and the chocolate on top of that tape, but nothing but a very low moan came out.

"...mmmmoooo..." It must have been barely audible, and the boys were too drunk and rowdy to notice.

She felt hands all over her chocolate covered body, and then a release of tension above her.

They must have unhooked us from the fountain!

Then she felt the sensation of being carried, all the while she felt hands on her chocolate covered ass and rubbing her chocolate covered breasts, snapping off pieces here and there to eat.

Once they eat enough chocolate they're in for a surprise!

Hopefully these drunk, horny boys would be kind when they found two women imprisoned in chocolate, but she had her doubts judging from what she overheard of their conversations.

As she was carried, Gina thought she heard something that sounded like waves or a breeze over the sound of the frat boys drunkenly arguing.

The Ocean! They must have us outside!

Then she felt them setting her down, and more talking and arguing, and then a loud engine and she felt the surface under her start to hum and vibrate. They mentioned a truck, so she could only assume that they set her in the bed of said truck.

A moment later she felt the truck start move, and the wind pick up around her as the vehicle sped off with her and Caitlyn in tow.

They mentioned a hotel. I wonder where? If today ended up being as hot as the previous few days, then hopefully Gina and Caitlyn could meet out in no time and get help.

The wind whipping over her body felt nice at least, and made her stifling, chocolate prison seem somewhat bearable. Gina knew that it would only get worse as the day went on.

After a while the van came to a stop, and then Gina felt herself being carried again. The boys must be worried about being spotted because she felt herself being carried up a flight of stairs...

And another flight...

And another flight...

And so on...

This must be a big hotel... She realized. Not being able to see made it hard to determine how many flights they had carried her up, but it seemed like they were taking her to a very high floor. Then she heard what sounded like a heavy metal door opening. Gina guessed that they must have reached their floor because it felt like she was being carried across a flat surface now instead of up. Then she heard another door opening, she guessed it was their room.

I'm in the belly of the beast now. She thought, dreading whatever they had in store for her next.

Either they would eat away at her chocolate cocoon until they found out that she was stuck underneath, or she would melt free...

As it turned out, the heat and sun ended up being Gina's savior, at least so she guessed as she sat up, blinking on the hotel balcony.

Where...

"Umm..." She groaned, feeling the tape wrapped securely around her mouth. Looking down, she saw leather manacles around her wrists.

Her nude body though was covered in a thin layer of melted chocolate.

"Ewwggggllll..." She groaned, sitting up, feeling the sticky substance clinging to her skin.

What happened?

Gina remembered the club, and hearing that they were going to be left to melt in the heat, and then the drunken frat boys stealing her and Caitlyn, and then what...

Her mind was still foggy, and as she pushed herself up she became aware of a dull pounding in her head.

"Grrr..." She grumbled, rubbing her temples. A wave of nausea washed over her, causing her to sit and close her eyes for a moment.

A hotel, they took us to a hotel... Yes, then what?

Heat, stifling, unimaginable heat. She remembered that. It felt like she was being roasted.

She must have passed out from the heat. That would explain the headache. Most likely she was dehydrated.

Gina sat there with her head in her hands, waiting for the wave of nausea to pass. After a moment, she felt steady enough to sit up and open her eyes, though the steady throbbing in her head hadn't subsided. Opening up her eyes, she was greeted with a breathtaking view of Marston's Pointe in the distance, and beyond it was the sun, descending over the horizon, casting the ocean in a brilliant

gold sheen.

So she was on a hotel balcony, and night was quickly approaching, but where were the college kids that abducted them from the club?

Gina sat up, causing a spasm of pain to rush through her head.

“Mfff...” She grumbled, clutching her temples again.

Come on Gina, fight through it! It was only a matter of time before one of those frat boys came out onto the balcony for snacks and instead found two chocolate coated naked women.

Caitlyn! Gina hadn't even checked for her yet!

Looking up, she saw Caitlyn's nude, chocolate covered form lying facedown on the balcony across from her. She must have passed out too.

At least, so Gina hoped.

She crawled over towards the nude girl and pushed her to the side, seeing the gentle rise and fall of Caitlyn's bare breasts.

“Hrrry...” Gina muttered through her gag.

“Urrm...” Caitlyn grumbled.

“Hrrmmm!” Gina shook her a little more vigorously.

“Urrmm!” Caitlyn protested, and her eyes fluttered open, and then looked up at Gina with confusion. Gina imagined that she probably looked absurd, naked, gagged, and covered in chocolate.

“Shh...” Gina put a finger over her gagged lips.

“Urrmm?” Caitlyn furrowed her brow quizzically.

Then she tried to sit up, and immediately squeezed her eyes shut and grumbled into her gag.

“Urrrf!” Caitlyn cradled her head in her hands, no doubt feeling the same headache and nausea that Gina had. Gina felt for Caitlyn in that moment, but also knew that they couldn't waste anymore time.

As Caitlyn clutched her aching head, Gina reached out and undid the clasps on the manacles

around her wrists.

“Humm?” Caitlyn lowered her hands to see Gina pulling off her manacles and tossing them to the ground.

“Humm mmfff...” Gina held out her own manacled hands to Caitlyn.

“Ummm hmmm...” Caitlyn mumbled and her fingers fumbled on the clasps of Gina’s manacles.

Caitlyn removed the manacle from one of Gina’s wrists but then stopped to clutch at her head.

“Offgg...” She groaned. As she did, Gina used her free hand to remove the manacle from her other wrist and then tossed them aside.

Suddenly she felt very naked... more than she was, and realized that the manacles were really the only item of clothing she and Caitlyn had, besides their gags.

The gags! Gina had almost forget! She reached up and gripped the tape around her mouth and pulled. Thankfully, the melted chocolate must have seeped into the tape, making it slippery, and the gag easily slipped down around Gina’s neck.

She let out a gasp and took in a deep breath of fresh air.

“Mmoo mmff...” Caitlyn jutted out her chin, still keeping her eyes squeezed shut. Gina obliged, digging her nails under the tape and slipping it down off of Caitlyn’s mouth and around her neck.

Like Gina, Caitlyn took in a deep breath of fresh air. A moment later she opened her eyes and met Gina’s gaze.

“Where are we?” Caitlyn huffed, still rubbing her temple.

“I don’t know, but I do know that we have to leave, fast.” Gina said, and grabbed the railing of the balcony and pulled herself up. She felt a momentary rush of nausea as she stood but it quickly passed.

Caitlyn though, still sat clutching her head.

“Caitlyn, I know how you feel because I feel the same way, but we can’t waste time.”

Caitlyn grunted and nodded, and then held out a hand. Gina gripped it and helped the naked, chocolate coated girl to her feet, and then turned to face the sliding glass door that lead inside the hotel room. She half expected to see an army of horny frat boys on the other side, drooling over her and Caitlyn's nude, candy coated bodies. Instead, all she saw was a dark room, and on the far end, a crack of light shining in from under a door.

That was it. They just had to cross the room and get to that door, which lead to the hallway.

A thousand other things ran through her mind. Them being naked for one. At some point they would have to find something to cover up with, and then there was the whole being covered in wet chocolate thing.

One thing at a time Gina. She told herself. The room was dark, which meant that the frat boys were either sleeping or out, and she didn't know much time that gave them.

Get to the door, if you find something to cover up with on the way, then great. If not then worry about that once you're out of the room.

"Come on." Gina patted Caitlyn on the arm. The other girl nodded and waited for Gina's lead.

Gina gripped the door tugged, half expecting to find that it was locked. That would be a nightmare scenario to locked out on a balcony completely naked. Thankfully, the door slid open and she let out a sigh of relief. She opened the door just enough to allow her and Caitlyn to slip through, and Gina lead the way.

Gina slid through the door and motioned for Caitlyn to follow while she stood in the dark room, allowing her eyes to adjust to the darkness. Caitlyn slipped in behind Gina and pulled the door closed behind her. Once Caitlyn was in, Gina nodded at her and turned back to face the door on the other side of the room.

What she saw between her and the door made her gasp, and then immediately clamp a hand over her mouth.

She had previously thought that the frat boys were out or sleeping, and one of those were right.

They were sleeping – scattered all over the floor of the hotel room. Gina and Caitlyn would have to cross a sea of sleeping frat boys to get out of the room. Some of them were wrapped in sleeping bags, others in blankets, and some just curled into a fetal position. As she stared out over the sleeping college kids, she could hear a chorus of snores and heavy breathing coming from the mass of sweaty, prone bodies between her and freedom.

No doubt they were sleeping off an all nighter of drinking, partying, and breaking into bondage clubs and stealing chocolate covered women. If they woke up, they would probably be grumpy and hung over. Not to mention that a group of college frat boys finding two naked, buxom women inside their room would probably lead to bad news.

Gina turned back around to face Caitlyn and judging by the look on her face, Caitlyn too understood the situation they were in. The two women nodded at each other, then Gina put a finger to her lips and lifted one of her long slender legs and stepped over the first sleeping form in front of her.

In this moment, Gina was incredibly grateful for her height and long legs, which made stepping over the sleeping frat boys easy. She worried about Caitlyn though, who was shorter. Gina lifted her other leg and cleared the first sleeping form, and then moved onto the next one. Once Gina cleared the second sleeping frat boy, she turned to Caitlyn's progress. The other girl had just finished awkwardly tiptoeing over the first sleeping frat boy, and was making her way over to the second one.

The next sleeping frat boy was splayed out over the floor, and Gina easily walked between his spread out legs. Once again she turned to watch Caitlyn's progress. Caitlyn was stretching her leg out as far as it would go over one of the sleeping frat boys and attempted to step over him. About half way through, Caitlyn stopped and started to wobble.

Oh no!

Gina stepped forward, watching in slow motion as Caitlyn's arms started to pinwheel as she lost her balance. Caitlyn's leg kicked forward as she started to fall back, and once again Gina was thankful for her long legs, allowing her to cover the distance to Caitlyn and grab one of her flailing arms. She

wrapped both hands around Caitlyn's wrist and planted her feet, pulling the other girl back up.

Caitlyn started to slip in Gina's grasp.

The chocolate! They were both slick with it.

Gina huffed, gritted her teeth, and tightened her grip on Caitlyn, but still felt the other girl's wrist sliding away. Caitlyn set her other foot down and heaved her weight towards Gina. It worked, and Caitlyn regained her balance.

Except now Gina was falling back, all of her momentum from clutching at Caitlyn's slippery wrist coming back at her. Gina tumbled back and it was Caitlyn's turn to clutch at her with both hands while straddling a sleeping frat boy, one leg planted on either side of his prone form. Gina adjusted her feet and regained her balance, feeling Caitlyn's grip on her slipping thanks to the chocolate. Once she was sure she could stand, she nodded at Caitlyn who nodded back and let go.

Gina turned back to the door, preparing to step over the splayed sleeping frat boy again. She lifted a leg and was about to bring it down when the sleeping boy groaned and rolled over, putting his body exactly where Gina was going to plant her foot, leaving Gina wobbling with one leg held up. Once again thankful for her long legs, she stretched it out over the sleeping boy and stepped over him.

She stepped over the next boy after him and looked back to Caitlyn to see her step over the legs of the formerly spread out frat boy and creep over the one after him.

Only one more sleeping boy stood between Gina and the door. He was sleeping in a fetal position, a discarded blanket next to him. Gina lifted one leg over the huddled, sleeping mass and brought it down on the blanket. Then the boy groaned and rolled over while Gina straddled him. She froze, waiting for him to settle back into place. Instead, the boy reached out for the blanket that one of Gina's feet was currently planted on. Her eyes widened, watching in slow motion as his hands crept towards the bunched up blanket and her foot.

With no other choice, Gina lifted her foot and felt herself wobbling back, about to fall...

Then hands came from behind and gripped her arm. Gina spun her head to see Caitlyn holding

her up, and then looked down to see the frat boy pull the blanket over his huddled body. He groaned and went still. Once he was settled, Gina planted her foot back down and stepped over the slumbering frat boy.

Here she was, the door! She turned and motioned for Caitlyn to stay put, and then gripped the door handle and slowly turned it. It drifted open, more light from the hallway sneaking in, and Gina eased the door open a little more, positioning herself in the ever widening crack to block the light coming in from the hall. Once she was confident that she had the door open enough to squeeze through, she motioned for Caitlyn. The other girl stepped over the last sleeping boy and grabbed the door handle, holding it enough for Gina to slip out into the hall.

Gina felt even more exposed out in the brightly lit hallway, and looked down either end to see if anyone was out. Thankfully, she was alone, but she saw a housekeeping cart a few doors down. She held the door and motioned for Caitlyn to come, and the girl squeezed through the open door and then took watch while Gina eased the door shut.

The latch clicking in place seemed deafening, but no other sound came from inside the room.

Good, let them sleep it off. Gina thought, though they wouldn't be happy when they woke up to find their chocolate women missing. Hopefully they would think that the chocolate sculptures just melted in the heat and leave it at that.

Gina placed one hand over her breasts and one between her legs, and Caitlyn did the same. They both looked up and down the hallway and saw that the coast was still clear, and then Gina lead the way towards the house cleaning cart. It was only a few doors down but closing the distance from the room to the cart felt like miles, and Gina was terrified that someone would step out of their room and catch her and Caitlyn streaking through the hall. As she ran, Gina had a flashback to three months earlier when her and the other girls were streaking naked through the labyrinthine halls of Anya's yacht.

Why do I always find myself in these situations? She grumbled mentally.

They reached the cart and found a basket filled with towels. Reaching in, Gina was relieved to find that the towels were at least dry.

At this point I don't care if they're dirty!

She wrapped a large towel around her midsection, covering most of her nudity, and handed another large one to Caitlyn, who did the same. Then Gina took a couple of smaller towels, handed one to Caitlyn, and started to wipe the chocolate from her body.

“Now what?” Caitlyn asked as she rubbed the chocolate from her hair. The towels that Gina had taken from the cart, once stark white, were now almost completely brown from the chocolate.

“We find out where we are...” Gina said as she cleaned the chocolate from her hair as well. She didn't want Caitlyn to know that she wasn't sure what their next move was.

A shower is in our near future for sure! Gina thought as she took in their surroundings.

Something told her to still be on her guard, and the way things had been going, she knew that she should listen to that hunch.

“Come on, let's keep moving.” She gestured to Caitlyn and they moved further down the hall. Gina wanted to put as much distance between them and the room full of sleeping frat boys.

They continued to towel off as they moved, cleaning most of the chocolate from their nude bodies, but Gina could still feel the slick, sticky substances in the deep crevices of her body. A long shower was definitely in order after this.

Gina quickened her pace when she saw a door at the end of the hall with a large red EXIT sign above it. She was glad it was a staircase because she didn't want to be stuck on an elevator with people wearing nothing but a towel. As she got closer to the door, she saw that there was a flyer of some sort plastered to it. From the distance, she could see that the flyer had a bikini clad woman on it.

Gina's heart quickened, pounding against her ribcage as she got closer to the flyer. It wasn't just any woman in a bikini – it was Felicia!

Whoever made the flyer used an older photo from Felicia's modeling days. Felicia was wearing

a hot pink slingshot bikini, and was standing ankle deep in a pool. She was completely soaked, with her long brown hair thrown straight back, her hands on her hips, and a wide, inviting smile on her face.

“ONE NIGHT ONLY!” The sign proclaimed. “FELICIA FETISH COMES OUT OF RETIREMENT TO MODEL THE LEGENDARY GOLDEN SLING! BE THERE TONIGHT AT THE LADY LUCK POOL AND CABANA!”

18.

Gina bolted down the stairs, taking them two at a time, her hands still clutched around the towel, the only thing protecting her modesty. Caitlyn hurried after her.

“Gina, Gina hold...” Caitlyn trailed off and Gina turned to see that Caitlyn had dropped her towel and was bending to pick it up.

“Come on Caitlyn!” Gina urged, watching as Caitlyn pressed the towel over her bare breasts.

“Just...” Caitlyn sighed and hurried after Gina, holding her towel over her front but leaving the back exposed. If anyone came down the stairs, they would get a perfect view of Caitlyn’s bare backside.

“Do you have a plan,” Caitlyn continued. “We’re kinda... naked and alone here.”

Gina pressed forward down the stairs, but hated to admit that Caitlyn was right.

Still, she couldn’t let them do this to Felicia. Felicia Fetish was a name given to Felicia when she was a prisoner of The Queen and forced to star in fetish videos, and it was a chapter of her life that Felicia worked hard to put behind her. Now Felicia was no doubt being put on display in the hopes of drawing out Anya, and Gina had to stop that and rescue Felicia.

“Do you have any suggestions?” Gina stopped and asked Caitlyn.

Caitlyn skidded to a stop a few steps above Gina and used that time to secure the towel around her body as best she could.

“It’s just... we aren’t exactly equipped to help anybody.” Caitlyn added.

Gina grimaced, knowing Caitlyn was right.

“We can’t let them do that to Felicia.” Gina responded.

“Well, we need help.”

“There is no one to help us.” Gina added, and watched as Caitlyn could only nod numbly. She

knew Gina was right.

Gina also knew that Caitlyn was right. They were in the Lady Luck Casino, the belly of the beast. The epicenter and public face of Ace's organization, and they had nothing, not even clothes, and their friends were all being held hostage.

Still, they couldn't do nothing.

"Come on." Gina nodded and continued down the stairs.

First off, Gina knew that even though there was currently a pool party happening that they would still draw attention, being two busty, obviously naked women wearing nothing but towels. Plus, they probably high on the Casino's "watch list" if there was such a thing. Right now, Gina's plan consisted of finding a locker room or something and grabbing some clothes there so that they were at least less conspicuous. Then they would figure out a plan on rescuing Felicia.

There's also Janet and Eva... well, Janet... Gina thought, realizing that she had no idea if those two were here or being held elsewhere, but she would figure that out when she got to that point.

Gina turned onto the final flight of stairs and saw a metal door at the bottom.

I hope that door leads somewhere good! She thought as she hurried down the stairs towards it. Knowing her luck, they would open it and end up in a room surrounded by Ace's men. Still, that door was their only option right now.

Gina reached the bottom of the stairwell, pushed open the door, and was greeted with the sound of blasting music, the smell of chlorine, and the sensation of warm, barely clothed bodies along with the stifling heat of the evening.

They were on the hotel pool area, in the middle of the pool party.

Gina stood frozen, staring at the sea of swimsuit clad bodies in front of her, and felt Caitlyn bump into her from behind.

"Hey!" Caitlyn protested, and then peered around Gina's shoulder to see what the hold up was.

"Oh..." Caitlyn muttered.

The pool area was jam packed with men in swim trunks and women in swimsuits of all shapes and sizes. Cocktail waitresses in gold thong bikinis strolled around with drink trays in hand, and music blasted from a DJ booth overlooking it all. A large stage had been erected, extending from a curtain that no doubt lead into the hotel somewhere and running parallel to the pool. Massive banners with the same photo of Felicia hung next to the curtain, announcing Felicia Fetish's one night only coming out of retirement.

The curtain! Gina's eyes shifted to the curtain leading to the hotel. That had to be where they were keeping Felicia.

Now to get there without being caught, that would be a problem.

Gina scanned the crowd. Was Anya here, now, waiting for her opportunity? At first glance Gina didn't see the Bikini's Thief's mane of brilliant blond hair, but Anya had been wearing a wig at the club, and was most likely wearing it here as well so to not draw attention.

"Come on." Gina grabbed Caitlyn's arm and started to lead her towards the curtain.

"What? Where are we going?" Caitlyn whined as she struggled to keep up with Gina.

Gina was so intent on getting to the curtained area that she almost didn't see the cocktail waitress step in front of her, causing Gina to skid to a halt and once again she felt Caitlyn bump into her from behind. The towel that protected Gina from total nudity loosened and Gina's hand flew up, grabbing it and holding it in place while keeping her other hand around Caitlyn's wrist.

"Oh, sorry, we're in such a hurry." Gina smiled and batted her eyes at the waitress.

The waitress was a fit woman, an extremely fit woman. She wore tiny gold thong bikini like the others, and her body seemed sculpted from granite. Her long, straight blond hair and tan all perfectly complimented her bikini as well.

"Do you ladies... need help?" She spoke with an Australian accent, and from the way she eyed up both Gina and Caitlyn, knew that something was up.

Think of something! Get rid of her!

“Sorry, we... there seems to have been a mixup with our uniforms for the night.” Gina gestured to the waitress’ gold bikini.

“We’re headed backstage to see if they have any more.” Gina motioned to the stage and pressed forward, but the waitress blocked her way.

“Oh, you’re working this too?” She asked, narrowing her eyes at Gina.

“Yeah, last minute call in.” Gina smiled and tried to step around her again, but once again the waitress stepped in her way.

“Have we met? You look familiar?” The waitress said.

Gina met her gaze. There was something familiar about this woman, but it would have to wait.

“I don’t know, but we’re late, and in a bit of a pickle...” Gina motioned to the towel wrapped around her body.

“Wait, you were at the club!” The woman said excitedly.

Gina’s blood ran cold.

“The... club...” Gina stammered.

“Yeah! You were part of that bongo show!” The woman beamed as she spoke and held out her hand. “I’m Amanda! I was one of the contestants for the Golden Sling.”

Gina’s jaw was still slack as she shook Amanda’s hand. That’s how she recognized her! She was the woman that wore the domino mask!

“Yeah, we... work there...” Gina stammered. “They sent us here for the night.”

“Oh, well if you need to go backstage I’ll show you!” Amanda grinned as she spoke.

“Uh, sure...” Gina nodded.

“Follow me!” She started to lead Gina away from the stage.

“Wait, isn’t it...” Gina motioned to the curtain.

“Oh no, it’s right over here.” Amanda smiled as she navigated through the crowd. She had her back to Gina, giving her a view of her tight, perfectly sculpted ass cheeks in her thong.

This woman is in amazing shape! Gina thought as she followed her through the throng of people, keeping one hand on her towel and the other on Caitlyn.

“I really think they wanted us backstage up there...” Gina motioned with her head to the stage, growing distant behind them.

“Oh no, everything is through here.” Amanda was leading them towards another metal door that lead into the hotel.

Gina’s mind raced for an excuse to get up to the stage. Historically, good things did not happen to her at this casino, and she wanted to spend as little time inside of it.

Still, if she just broke off from Amanda or kept pressing the issue then Amanda might get suspicious and say something to someone, and Gina wanted to keep a low profile.

“What are we going to do?” Caitlyn whispered in Gina’s ear.

“Just go with it.” Gina answered in a hushed tone. As they walked, Gina kept gazing at the crowd around them. Already a few men had turned to watch them pass. Amanda was definitely drawing their attention with her beautiful physique in that gold thong, but the busty women wearing nothing but towels kept their attention.

Gina smiled and batted her eyes at the gawkers, hoping that would keep them happy until they passed.

“I have to say, that bongo show looked... painful.” Amanda said as they grew closer towards the door.

“Oh... you learn to manage it.” Gina brushed it off.

It was painful! She thought, not wanting to admit it here. Her ass stung for hours after that little show.

Gina turned to Caitlyn to see that she had a nervous “deer in headlights” look as they made their way through the crowd of party goers.

“Smile.” Gina said, still smiling, to Caitlyn. The dark haired girl threw on a forced grin and

smiled at the gawkers as they passed.

Finally, they emerged from the throng of people and Amanda reached the inconspicuous grey door leading into the hotel and opened it, gesturing for the towel clad ladies to enter.

“Here you are ladies,” She smiled at them as they peered inside at a long corridor inside. “Just head straight on down.”

Gina paused at the doorway and flashed Amanda a smile.

“Are you sure?” She asked. There was something about this all that seemed... off.

“Oh sure, what you’re looking for is just down the hall.” Amanda kept smiling and holding the door for them. Gina and Caitlyn shared a look and then nodded.

“Thank you so much.” Gina smiled, and stepped in, leading Caitlyn by the hand.

As soon as both women were inside, Amanda closed the door behind them. The heavy THUD of the door clicking into place echoed throughout the long, nondescript hallway. Gina immediately stiffened, adopting a fighting stance, ready to run if needed. A scenario of a group of men all jumping out, ready to pounce on them played through her mind. Gina knew that if they tried to run that Amanda would be standing on the opposite side of the door, using her impressive physique to keep it shut.

Nothing happened though. The hallway remained quiet. Gina relaxed and shared a look with Caitlyn, who was obviously prepared for the worst as well. Neither woman said anything, but Gina shrugged at her and they started to make their way down the hall.

Everything that had happened had made Gina paranoid, she was expecting a double cross or trap around every corner, but maybe Amanda had been sincere. After all, from what Gina could tell, she had just been a model that had tried out to wear the Golden Sling, didn’t make the cut, and had accepted the next best thing.

Still, Gina had also trusted Anya and look where that had got her.

She shook her head. Anya had been and always was a criminal, Gina never should have trusted her. Felicia had tried to warn her...

Gina made a mental note to apologize to Felicia after they got out of this...

If they got out of this...

As they made their way down the hallway, Gina saw that at the end it opened up into a large, well lit room. She could hear voices coming from that direction, and turned to Caitlyn and put a finger to her lips. Caitlyn nodded in understanding and followed Gina's lead.

They pressed forward, hearing several male voices, and a female one. As they got closer, Gina could make out the rest of the room. It seemed like a giant observation deck of some kind, enclosed entirely in glass. It must have been tinted glass so that whoever was in the room could see out but no one outside could see in.

The hallway just ended, opening up into the room, and suddenly Gina and Caitlyn found themselves standing right there at the entrance, feeling exposed. Gina froze, looking for a place to hide while taking in the room.

It seemed to be a lounge area, filled with several couches and chairs, and a large bar right next to the entrance. Two men and two women were standing in the center of the room talking, and there were two more women sitting in chairs behind them. The conversation among them seemed animated, but Gina was thankful because they hadn't noticed them yet.

With no time to lose, Gina dragged Caitlyn over to the bar right next to them.

"Hey-ummph!" Caitlyn tried to protest but Gina clamped a hand over her mouth. The sudden movement caused Caitlyn's towel to fall free.

Shit! Gina didn't stop though until she had pulled Caitlyn down behind the bar with her.

"Hmm! Mmmph!" Caitlyn whined, wriggling her nude body against Gina.

"Shh!" Gina hissed in Caitlyn's ear. The movement had caused Gina's towel to fall away just as she sat behind the bar, and she could feel her bare breasts brush against Caitlyn's nude body.

Caitlyn stopped struggling.

"Be quiet..." Gina whispered, and Caitlyn nodded and Gina removed her hand.

Looking out, she saw Caitlyn's towel, lying there right at the front of the room.

Shit!

If anyone noticed it, then they would no doubt find the two naked women huddled behind the bar.

"Stay here." Gina ordered, and Caitlyn nodded.

Gina didn't even bother gathering up her own towel, and slinked naked to the edge of the bar, grateful for her long, lanky frame. As she crawled to the end of the bar, she realized that she recognized the voices in the room.

It was King and Brad!

Her heart quickened and her whole body broke out in a light sweat as she pressed herself against the end of the bar and peered at the towel lying across from her. It was too far to just reach out and get it so she would have to crawl out, grab it, and scurry back...

And if King or Brad saw her...

"We have security people everywhere, if they try and get in we'll stop them." Brad was saying.

"Excuse me if I don't have faith in your abilities." Was King's condescending reply.

It sounded like they were well into an argument, and Gina knew that she had to act while they were distracted.

"You know, we wouldn't have this problem if you had listened to me at the club." Brad retorted, barely hiding his agitation.

Gina used that moment to slink out on all fours, really hoping that neither of them turned to see her, naked and crawling out from behind the bar. As she scurried out, she turned her head in the direction of the two arguing men.

Brad and King were standing in the middle of the room in a heated debate, while two women stood around them. One of the women was black and extremely well built. Her body looked like a greek statue, and knew this because the woman was wearing a small, dark green g-string bikini.

She also had a gun holster strapped to her hip.

There was another woman, she looked to be a Latina, roughly middle aged with a body just as impressive as the other woman, but with much, much bigger breasts. The Latina wore a powder blue thong bikini and like the other woman wore a gun holster around her hip.

Then Gina noticed the two women sitting in the chairs. They were sitting because they had no other choice, they were tied up.

Eva and Janet!

Both of them were naked. Eva looked to be gagged with a black leather muzzle, and Janet gagged with a white cloth pulled tight between her lips.

As Gina watched from all fours, she realized that both Janet and Eva were positioned perfectly to see her.

And they did.

Both women's eyes widened and they started to squirm in the comfy looking leather chairs that they were tied to.

“Mmmmp!”

“Mmmoo! Urrgggm!”

They both protested into their gags, Janet pleading while Eva seemed... upset?

Gina should have known. Eva probably liked being a captive.

She grabbed the end of the towel and scurried back behind the bar, dragging the towel with her.

“Urrrlfff! Grrmmph mmm!”

“Mmph! Umm! Bmmm!”

“What has these two so worked up?” The dark skinned woman asked.

Gina, meanwhile, had made it back behind the bar, towel in tow, and curled up frozen next to Caitlyn, who also sat wide eyed and covered in sweat.

“Oh just ignore them. They just want attention.” King added.

Good, they hadn't seen her, and didn't suspect anything... yet.

"It seems like something has them spooked." The dark skinned woman said with a hint of suspicion.

Eva and Janet continued their muffled protests, and Gina heard the Latina woman bark something in Spanish.

"I'm sure they just know what we have in store for them." Brad chuckled.

"Mmmrror! Ommph mmm!" Janet protested

"Umm... hm... mmmm..." Eva cooed.

"Seems like this one likes it." The dark skinned woman said.

"We'll see just how much she likes it..." Brad continued.

"Brad, can you focus?" King huffed.

"Look," Brad began, exasperated. "Gina and Caitlyn don't exactly blend in. If they try to get in we'll find them."

"Like I said," King sounded like he was talking through gritted teeth. "I don't exactly have faith."

"And we wouldn't be worrying about them if you had listened to me in the club," Brad's voice was louder, angrier. "They would be here trussed up with these two. This mess is just as much on you as me."

"Don't you dare!" King shouted. "This... all of this... this whole operation is to fix your fuck up! I'm not the one in Ace's doghouse, it's you!"

"Do you gentlemen want to be left alone?" The dark skinned woman said.

"No, Tee... I'm fine." King didn't sound fine though.

"Whatever. Look, when Anya shows herself, we'll get her. Just have that money ready." Tee's tone was icy, matter of fact.

"Forgive me, but didn't she slip away from you once before?" King taunted.

“If you don’t want our help we can go. There are other contracts we can take up. Come on Em.”

The Latina responded in Spanish and there was the sounds of footsteps coming their way.

Shit! Gina drew herself into a tighter ball, ready to run...

“Hey wait,” She heard Brad chasing after them. “Look, King, don’t you have somewhere to be? Tee and Em, your services are needed and appreciated, and of course we’ll pay the full bounty when you nab Anya.”

“Plus a bonus, we caught these two and your bait.” Tee added.

“Of course.” Brad’s tone was defeated.

“Fine,” King huffed. “Just be ready, and don’t screw this up.”

“Go stake out the bait.” Tee’s tone was mocking as she spoke to King.

“Fine,” He grumbled. “Brad?”

“Yeah I’m coming.” Brad sighed.

Footsteps approached, and Gina and Caitlyn remained curled in balls behind the bar. As the two men got closer, Gina started frantically scanning the bar area for anything she could use as a weapon, her eyes falling on a cooler filled with beer bottles across from her. Moving fast, she crawled forward, slipped the cooler open, removed two bottles, and closed it. She handed one bottle to Caitlyn and gripped the other, prepared to smash them against the head’s of either man if they saw them.

The footsteps were just in front of the bar now...

Brad and King kept bickering as they walked, Brad assuring him that there was no way Gina or Caitlyn could sneak in while King seemed dubious.

Both men passed by the bar, too involved in their argument to notice the two naked women huddled behind it, and then they passed into the hall, their voices growing more and more distant as they walked.

Gina let out a sigh of relief, as did Caitlyn. A part of Gina felt bad for Brad. If they were caught, it would not be a good look for him.

Don't feel bad for him! His overconfidence is his weakness!

“Alright be ready,” Tee said to Em. “Once they parade that girl out, things could move fast.”

“Mmmrrrrmbbbl! Mmmoo!” Janet moaned into her gag.

“Oh honey, why so upset? You get a front row seat?” Tee mocked the naked, bound woman.

Gina’s mind was racing. They needed a plan beyond “hide behind the bar.” and they needed it fast.

“What are we going to do?” Caitlyn whispered, as if she could read Gina’s mind.

“I’m thinking...” Gina bit her lip.

“Umm hmmm... mmmmm...” Eva cooed into her gag.

“Oh you poor thing... you think this is all fun and games.” Tee mocked the bound and gagged Latina.

Once again Gina found herself scanning the bar area, looking for something she could use...

Her eyes fell on a corkscrew lying on a shelf across them, and some towels...

Gina lunged forward, grabbed the corkscrew and towels, and then grabbed the towels that her and Caitlyn had been using to cover up with.

“What are you doing?” Caitlyn asked.

“Making bindings...” Gina grunted, and used the corkscrew to make a few tears in the towels.

These bad guys were always tying them up, and now it was time to turn the tables.

After making the tears, Gina ripped the towels lengthwise, making sure to rip them slowly and quietly. Once she had made enough bindings, she handed some to Caitlyn, and then held some in one hand and the corkscrew in the other.

“Just follow my lead.” Gina whispered, and then scurried down to the edge of the bar and peeked out.

Janet was still wriggling in her chair, straining against her bonds, while Eva watched her with a hungry look in her eyes.

Tee stood by one of the massive windows, looking out at the pool party beyond with a large rifle in her hands. Gina watched as the g-string clad bounty hunter loaded a dart into the chamber of the rifle.

A tranquilizer dart.

Em stood with her back to the bar, giving Gina a view of her magnificent ass cheeks in her thong. She knew she would have to move fast in order to catch them off guard.

“Get ready to move.” She whispered to Caitlyn.

“What?” Caitlyn asked, but Gina was already jumping out from behind the bar and scurrying across the room towards Em, staying low to the ground.

Gina knew that she had to move fast and catch the muscle bound guards by surprise, and right now Em still had her back to Gina while Tee was looking out the window, tranquilizer gun at the ready. Both Janet and Eva saw Gina and Caitlyn moving towards them and stiffened. Janet’s eyes widened but she stayed quiet, but Eva began to protest into her gag.

“Mmmoo! Mmmmph! Mmm!” The Latina moaned, shaking her head in Gina’s direction, trying to get her guard’s attention.

Tee started to turn to see why Eva was making a commotion at the same time that Em started to turn and see what Eva was gesturing to, but it was too late. Gina’s long legs had already carried her across the distance from the bar to the bikini clad Latina. With lightning fast movements that barely gave Em any time to react, Gina pressed her nude body up against the woman from behind, clamped on hand over her mouth, and used the other to press the corkscrew against her neck.

God I hope I have it against the artery. Gina thought, and pressed the sharp end of the screw as hard as she could against Em’s neck without breaking the skin.

“Hmmm!” Em protested in Gina’s silencing hand.

“Mmmmo! Ummm mmmph!” Eva moaned into her gag. Janet said quiet, watching with wide eyes.

Tee had already spun around at that moment and was aiming the tranquilizer gun at Caitlyn, who stood behind Gina.

Smart. Gina thought, and decided that she had to show that she meant business.

“Uh uh! Drop it!” Gina ordered.

“Mmmo!” Em moaned as Tee kept the rifle trained on Caitlyn.

“I said drop it, or else your friend here is going have a bad night.” To accentuate, Gina pressed a little harder with the corkscrew, prompting a whine of pain from Em.

Tee’s eyes shifted from Caitlyn to Gina, but she still kept the gun aimed square at Caitlyn’s bare chest.

“You’re those two, those girls that slipped away.” Tee’s gaze kept shifting between Gina and Caitlyn.

“Yes we are.”

“Looks like you guys lost your bikinis somewhere along the way.” Tee smiled as she spoke.

“You guys are about to lose a lot more, now put down the weapon.” Gina grunted.

“Urrrrffmm!” Em moaned in agreement.

“Boy, will Brad’s ass be in hot water when they found out you two slipped through.” Tee was lowering the rifle, but slowly and deliberately.

She’s stalling... Gina realized, hoping that Brad or King will walk in and surprise them.

“He has to worry about me getting to him first, now the gun, on the ground, now!” Gina ordered, tilting Em’s head back and prompting another squeal from the hostage Latina. Tee’s eyes widened when she heard the protest from her partner and she quickly squatted down and lay the gun at her feet, then raised her empty hands.

“The belt too.” Gina ordered.

Tee reached down, unbuckled her gun belt from her waist, and sat it down on the floor next to the rifle.

“Okay, there...” Tee said, standing back up. “I’m starting to feel overdressed.” She smiled, noticing that the naked women now outnumbered the ones in bikinis.

“You know, when I was a model, I would always get offers from photographers to shoot nudes,” Gina started. “And my stipulation was always the same: I’ll pose nude if you too will be naked as well. They never went for it”

“Surprising.” Was Tee’s sarcastic reply as she raised an eyebrow.

“What I’m saying is that it’s time for you to get naked too. Lose the bikini.” Gina ordered.

Tee raised an eyebrow again at the order.

“I said lose it.” Gina ordered again.

“Ummm hmmm...” Eva cooed from her chair, sounding... excited? It took every ounce of Gina’s willpower not to look at the bound and naked Latina and keep her eyes on Tee.

Tee reached behind her back and unclasped her bikini top, and then slipped out of it and tossed it aside without ceremony, exposing her perky bare breasts as she did. She crossed her arms and placed her hands over her breasts.

“The bottoms too.” Gina added.

Tee’s jaw dropped. “Look, there ain’t much that I could conceal in this-”

“I said lose them!” Gina gritted her teeth again and pressed the corkscrew against Em’s neck.

“Ummm!” Em moaned.

“Okay, okay... you’re the boss.” Tee said in a calm tone, and then slipped the tiny g-string bottoms down along her powerful legs and kicked them off, and then stepped back, one hand over her breasts, and the other between her legs.

Gina nodded at Caitlyn. “Tie her up.” She ordered.

“Ooohhmmm mmm!” Eva squealed. Gina rolled her eyes.

I’m glad someone finds this amusing.

Tee rolled her eyes as Caitlyn walked over to her. “Hey come on, just take your friends and go.”

“Don’t forget to gag her too.” Gina added, prompting another squeal of delight from Eva.

“Mmmeeep!”

Caitlyn came up behind Tee and the naked guard placed her hands behind her back.

“What’s your plan after this? You can’t expect to just walk out of here.” Tee said as Caitlyn bound her hands behind her back with the strips of towel.

“Well you’ll just have to see.” Gina never took her eyes off of Tee. The woman put off a very dangerous vibe. “Make sure they’re tight.”

Caitlyn secured the bindings around Tee’s wrist, prompting a wince from the naked woman.

“I think that’s tight enough.” Tee sighed.

“Caitlyn please gag her.” Gina ordered.

“Ummmm!” Eva squealed.

“Wait, come on, let’s just-ummmph!” Tee’s pleas were cut off by Caitlyn shoving one of the small hand towels into her mouth.

“Ohmmm cmm mmmnn!” Tee moaned as Caitlyn then pressed one of the bindings over the towel stuffed in the woman’s mouth and tied it at the back of her head.

“Tight too.” Gina added.

“Ummm!” Tee moaned, wincing again as Caitlyn secured her gag.

Once her gag was secure Tee stood in front of them, hands secured behind her back, gagged and naked.

“Now sit down.” Gina ordered.

“Wfff? Mmmoo!” Tee protested.

“I said sit down.” Gina gritted her teeth again. Tee’s plan of stalling was a good plan, and she was milking it for all she could.

“Grrffff...ffnn...” Tee rolled eyes and walked over to one of the comfy leather chairs and sat.

“Caitlyn tie her feet.” Gina ordered, watching as Caitlyn knelt next to Tee and started to secure

her feet together at the ankle.

As Caitlyn tied Tee's feet, Gina risked a look over her shoulder and saw that the hallway was still empty.

Good, but we still have to be fast.

She turned back to see Caitlyn tighten the bindings around Tee's ankles.

"Ooofff! Offf mmfff ggddd!" Tee grunted into her gag. Caitlyn tested the bindings and then nodded at Gina and stood.

"Good," Gina said to Caitlyn. "Now you." Gina hissed in Em's ear.

"Ummm!" The Latina moaned.

"I'm going to move my hand. Don't make a sound. Once I move my hand I want you to strip like your friend. Nod if you understand."

"Smfff ddsnnt! Moo!" Tee started to protest into her gag.

"Mmmph! Ummm! Mmmph!" Em moaned into her gag.

"Do you understand?" Gina asked.

"Offf mmmnnn gddd nnnoo!" Tee moaned.

"Ummm mmmfff!" Em protested.

"Caitlyn, get over her and gag this one." Gina motioned with her head for Caitlyn to hurry. It was clear now that Em didn't speak or understand English, which would be a problem.

Caitlyn was there and ready with one of the bindings wadded up. Gina nodded and moved her hand from Em's mouth.

"Ah-UMMMMPH!" Em's scream or protest was cut off by Caitlyn shoving the wad into her mouth and then raising a length of binding to secure it.

"Ummm! Mmmph! Mmm!" Em protested, raising her hand to try and swat Caitlyn away. Once again using her long frame, Gina reached from behind Em and grabbed her wrists, holding them down as Caitlyn secured the gag in place. All the while Em kicked, fought, and squealed.

“Umm! Mmmph! Mmmooo!”

“Here take her hands!” Gina ordered. The Latina's struggles were starting to wear her down, and Gina could feel her arms starting to tire. Still in front of Em, Caitlyn grabbed the struggling Latina's wrists.

“Mmmoo! Ummph! Mmmmp!”

As Em struggled, Gina unclasped the back of her bikini top, and then reached around in front of her and unbuckled her gun belt, letting it drop to the floor. Then Gina grabbed the waist band of Em's thong and pulled it down.

“Mmmooo!” Em moaned as she felt her bottoms being pulled down.

“Okay grab her top!” Gina ordered, watching as Caitlyn grabbed the bikini top and pulled it, revealing Em's extremely large, bouncy breasts as the Latina struggled.

Gina helped contain Em's swatting hands, and eventually Caitlyn slipped the bikini top off of the struggling Latina, and then Gina pulled Em's hands behind her back while Caitlyn tied them.

“Ummfff! Fmmm! Mmm! Umm!” Em moaned, strained, and struggled as they secured her hands behind her back.

Gina felt her body slick with sweat, the strain getting to her. Em was doing a better job at stalling than Tee.

We have to get her secured! Any minute now Brad or King could be back!

“One of the chairs?” Caitlyn huffed, obviously feeling the exhaustion too. Both of them were running on pure adrenaline now.

“No, she's too feisty. Right here.” Gina said between breaths.

“Umfff! Mmm gggmmm bbbmm!” Em continued to struggle as they lay her on her stomach. Caitlyn grabbed her kicking feet and started to secure them together as Gina held the Latina down while also keeping an eye on the hallway, now noticing two large, double doors on either side of the room.

It would have been useful to know about those earlier. Gina sighed, but there was no way she could have known.

Finally, Caitlyn succeeded in securing Em's feet together and her and Gina stood up, looking down at the naked Latina squirming around on the floor like a fish.

"Umm! Mmmpph! Mmm! Ummm!"

Gina allowed herself a moment to beam in pride at the helpless, naked, bound and gagged Latina.

Is this how every bad guy feels when they tie us up!

But she knew she couldn't waste time. They had to move.

"Caitlyn," Gina began. "Throw on one of those bikinis, I'm gonna get those doors."

Gina sprinted towards the double doors, slamming one side shut and moving to the other.

Please have a lock!

It did, and she locked the doors and turned just in time to see that Caitlyn had finished putting on Tee's small dark green g-string.

It had been small on Tee, and extremely small on Caitlyn. Though Tee had impressive breasts, they were nothing like Caitlyn's, and the bikini top served as nothing more than a small triangle of fabric that covered Caitlyn's nipples, and even then, if Caitlyn moved too much she would probably fall out. As for the g-string bottom, it was also a little small for Caitlyn and practically disappeared in her ass.

"Well, I guess it will do. Untie Janet while I get dressed." Gina motioned to Janet and hurried over to Em's discarded bikini.

When she motioned to Janet, she couldn't help but notice Eva, whose naked body was slick with sweat. Her dark nipples stood completely erect, and she eyed both Gina and Caitlyn with deep, hungry lust. Gina realized that she and Caitlyn had probably just given Eva a free show.

Well, let her enjoy it while she can. There won't be any more of that for a while in her future!

Gina slipped on Em's thong. The Latina's backside was a little bigger than hers, so the bottoms felt loose but stayed up. As she put on the bikini top, she watched as Caitlyn untied Janet.

"Gina..." Janet gasped as Caitlyn pulled out her gag. "Felicia! They have..."

"I know," Gina secured her bikini top. It fit her awkwardly, but nothing like Caitlyn's. "We're gonna get her."

Now untied, Janet stood, completely naked but free.

"What about her?" Caitlyn motioned to Eva.

"Ummm mmmmmffff..." Eva sighed, her hungry eyes shifting from Caitlyn to Gina.

Gina lifted up Em's gun belt and approached the other bound and naked Latina.

"No!" Janet interjected. "It's her fault we're here! She attacked me at the bar!"

Somehow this didn't surprise Gina.

"Ummm mfff?" Eva flashed a "who me?" look.

"I've given Eva enough chances," Gina's tone was cold. "Keep her tied up. I'm of half a mind to leave her for Ace."

"Ohfff mmoo..." Eva giggled, knowing that Gina never would, and she was right.

"But..." Gina continued. "She'll instead spend a long time in a concrete cell for kidnapping and assault, among others."

"Wufff!" Eva's eyes changed to genuine shock.

"Oh yes, I gave you your chance Eva. Now it's time to make sure you never bother anyone again."

"Mmmmo! Ummmfff mmmmmpph!" Eva started to moan and struggle against her bonds.

"Grab that other gun," Gina motioned to Tee's discarded gun belt, and held the other gun out to Janet. "You stay here and guard them. Don't open that door for anyone else but us."

Janet took the gun, looked at it, and then at Gina. "What are you..." she trailed off as something out the window caught her eye.

Gina turned, following Janet's gaze.

A crowd had gathered around the stage. In fact, it looked like most of the party had now congregated in front of it. King stood at the head of the stage, a microphone in hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you all for coming out tonight!" He began, to a chorus of cheers.

"I'm extremely honored to present to you the highlight of this evening, for one night only! Out of retirement, it's Felicia Fetish, Ms. Golden Sling!" With a flourish, King gestured to the black curtain on the other side of the stage.

Several stage lights all lit up around the curtain, and a moment later a glittery form was carted out.

Felicia.

Felicia was on some sort of wheeled pedestal, each arm secured to a pole at her side with some sort of golden fabric. Gold tape had been wrapped around Felicia's mouth, gagging her. It looked like her whole body had been flecked in some sort of golden body paint too.

But it was what Felicia was wearing that caught the eye. It was magnificent, glittering in the light, almost luminescent as it shined on the stage.

The Golden Sling.

It would have been beautiful if it wasn't being worn by a bound and gagged Felicia. The sling seemed to be made of solid gold and looked uncomfortable to wear. Golden straps ran down Felicia's shoulders, covered her breasts, and then converged between her legs. Her handlers, beautiful women in gold thong bikinis, wheeled Felicia down along the stage, giving Gina a view of the length of solid gold that looked like it ran painfully between Felicia's butt cheeks and met the top two straps of the Golden Sling.

Gina couldn't hear Felicia's muffled protests over the cheers and calls of the crowd, but she was putting up a good fight, struggling and pulling against her bonds and moaning into her gag as hundreds

of cameras and smart phones glittered around her, snapping pictures.

“We have to help her!” Janet bolted for the door but Gina caught her by the arm.

“No! You stay, we got this.” Gina ordered as Janet stopped to glare at her.

“But Felicia-” She stammered.

“We’ll help her,” Gina’s tone was even, in an attempt to calm Janet. “You stay here and watch these three. We can’t have them getting loose and letting Ace’s men know we’re here.”

“How are we going to get her? She’s surrounded.” Caitlyn pointed out.

Gina looked out the window again and noticed the beefy security men in all black flanking the stage. Caitlyn had a good point.

Gina bit her lip as she wracked her brain for an idea, and her glance happened to fall onto Em’s naked, wriggling body on the floor. Suddenly an idea burst into Gina’s head and a smile spread across her face.

“We use a distraction. Here, get her up!” Gina motioned to Em.

Caitlyn nodded and bent to pick up the fiercely struggling Latina.

“Hrry! Stttt! Ummmph!” Tee protested, watching as Caitlyn heaved the naked woman over her shoulder.

“Ummm! Mmm mmm ummf!” Em’s naked ass wiggled in Gina’s face as Caitlyn stood with her slung over her shoulder.

“We should... move fast..” Caitlyn struggled under the weight of the well muscled, naked hostage. “She’s heavy.”

“Okay, let’s go.” Gina motioned for the door and they started to hurry toward the double doors.

Gina reached them first, unlocked and opened them, and waited for Caitlyn to carry the wriggling Em out.

“Lock the doors behind us.” Gina said, and Janet nodded.

“And Janet...” Gina added.

“Yes?” The naked woman stood holding the door, waiting for the next order.

“You might want to find something to cover up with.” Gina said with a smile, and closed the door behind her.

19.

I can't believe I got mixed up with these kinky bitches! Tee grumbled as she chewed on her gag. She wasn't sure what the deal was with these women, but getting tied up and tying other people up seemed to be their thing.

"Ugggh..." She grumbled, straining her muscles against the torn up towel used as bindings to keep her hands behind her back. The dark haired one with the big boobs took the tall chick's orders a little too literally when she said to tie her tight. It felt like the towel was cutting off circulation.

"Uggghh ggmmff! Mmffff!" She growled, straining against her bonds with all of her strength, pushing out her bare chest when she did.

"Ummm hmmm..." The naked Latina next to her mewled into her muzzle. Tee stopped and looked over at her to see the Latina leering at her naked body, her eyes filled with an animalistic lust.

Eva, was that her name? Brad and King had told her about all of these ladies earlier today. Apparently Eva was a kinky one, which Tee had surmised when she and Em had busted into the house to find her and Felicia together, and that other, was her name Janet?

Tee turned her head to watch Janet, who was on the other side of the room, her naked ass facing Tee as she looked for something to cover her nudity with. Janet had set the gun that Gina had given her on a table next to her.

"Ummm hmm? Mmm hmmm?" Eva shifted her eyes in Janet's direction and raised her eyebrows.

"Wfff?" Tee asked quizzically.

"Ummff?" Eva motioned to her again with her head.

"Grrrrmmffff..." Tee sighed and shook her head. Right now she couldn't waste her time with things like this, she needed to get free somehow and get Em.

Em...

Somehow Gina and Caitlyn were planning on using her as a distraction to rescue their friend, Felicia.

How did this operation get so fucked? Tee wondered for the thousandth time.

It was going to be a simple snatch and grab. Snatch Anya, deliver her to Ace, and collect pay dirt. Then Anya slipped their grasp, and someone in Ace's organization had cooked up this plan to catch her and enlisted Tee and Em to help pull it off, paying them upfront and promising them the bounty if they were the ones that caught Anya. Along the way, Tee found out about these police ladies that had been a constant thorn in Ace's side, and were also apparently now working with Anya, and that meant it was time to negotiate a bonus with Ace.

That was all in jeopardy now. Even if Caitlyn and Gina's half baked plan didn't work, which it likely wouldn't, Ace and his men could easily refuse payment because of how Tee and Em botched it.

Why did they have to pick on poor Em? Tee grumbled, turning to look out the tinted window at Felicia, still strung up on the stage and struggling valiantly.

Tee and Em had at one point been competitors, but during a particularly tough job in Mexico they agreed to work together and split the bounty. The job went swimmingly, and Tee and Em decided to try another job together, and it was another success.

That was five years ago. Now Tee couldn't imagine not working with Em.

And these naked bitches just burst in and snatched Em away from her.

Maybe I'll let Ace keep some of his money if he agrees to let me rough them up a little once I get out of here!

"Umm! Mmmfff mmm!" Eva moaned. Tee turned to see the Latina had wriggled around in her seat and now had her bare ass facing her, and was wiggling her manacled hands at her.

"Mmm! Mmmph!" Eva looked over her shoulder at Tee and winked.

"Offf ffffr... grrmmm!" Tee muttered in frustration and turned away from the Latina.

Then she heard a commotion from the other side of the window. It was cries of alarm and... laughter?

Tee turned to face the giant window and saw Em streaking across the pool deck. She was still naked and gagged with her hands behind her back, but her feet were no longer tied.

“Ummmph! Mmmph! Mmm!” Em moaned, stopping in front of a group of shirtless young men who pointed, laughed, and took out their phones to snap photos.

“Mmmmo!” Em moaned and ran off, as the black clothed security people chased after her.

No!

“Mmmooo!” Tee moaned, jerking forward and falling out of her seat.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Janet called from the other side of the room.

“Urrrrff! Mmmfff! Mmmp!” Tee cried into her gag and started to wriggle her naked body across the room towards the closed and locked double doors.

She had to get out of this somehow and get to Em! She couldn’t let her be humiliated like that!

More laughter came from outside, and Tee looked through the window to see the panicked Em running in a circle, her giant breasts heaving up and down with every movement as party goers laughed and filmed her with their phones.

“Mmooo bfff! Stttp!” She cried at the partiers who could neither see nor hear her.

“Just where do you think you’re going?” Janet asked. Tee wriggled around on her back to see the naked woman standing over her, hands on her hips.

Then Eva stumbled forward from behind, hopping on bound feet and charging Janet from behind. The naked woman stumbled forward, not enough to fall but enough to lose her balance. Tee did the rest, sticking out her bound feet and swiping at Janet’s bare feet. Janet cried out and stumbled forward onto her face.

Janet rolled over onto her back, but Eva was already on her, or rather, Eva’s ass was. The naked Latina stood over Janet, ass level with the naked woman’s face, and squatted down. Tee watched as

Janet only had time to gasp and widen her eyes before Eva sat on her face, eclipsing her head with her ass.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet kicked fought, and squirmed, her hands swatting futilely at Eva’s thighs.

Eva seemed to be having a transcendent moment, and her eyes were rolled up into her head and she was moaning into her gag.

“Ummm... hmmm... mmm...” Eva moaned.

Tee could only watch, shocked. Was Eva... having an orgasm?

“Mmmmm! Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet continued to squirm and struggle as Eva put the full weight of her ass on Janet’s face.

“Oohhhmmm...” Eva moaned and started to rub her backside up and down over Janet’s face.

“Mmmpph! Mmmoo! Mmm!” Janet struggled, but her struggles were becoming slower, weaker...

She’s going to pass out. Tee realized, watching as Janet’s arms fell limp to her side.

“Ummm... mmm...” Janet’s moans were growing quieter as Eva’s got louder.

“Ummm! Mmmm! Mmmm!” Eva screamed into her muzzle.

Why is she helping me? Tee wondered, and then it hit her.

She likes this! To Eva, this was all good kinky fun. She wants to be tied up with her girls. Plus, didn’t Gina say something about jail? If so, then the only thing Eva had to look forward to after this was being locked up.

“Ummmmfff!” Eva cried, reaching climax. At the same point, Janet went completely still underneath her.

Eva rolled off of Janet’s unconscious form, sighing to herself.

“Hmmm... mmmm...” She moaned contently through her gag.

Then Eva rolled over to face Tee, locking eyes with her.

“Rumm oooffrrr...” Eva motioned with her head and lifted her shackled hands for Tee to see.

She wants me to roll over! Tee’s eyes widened at the realization. *That’s what she wanted me to do earlier, so she could untie my hands!*

“Umm hmmm...” Tee nodded and rolled over, sticking out her tied hands. A second later she felt fingers working away at the knot...

Gina couldn’t help but crack a smile as she saw Em’s naked ass jiggling as she ran through the packed pool party, pleading for help through her gag. She supposed that it was probably a little cruel to get so much enjoyment out of this, but she had found herself bound and humiliated in so many ways that she found that it was time to return the favor.

Besides, if Em was aligned with Ace’s men, then she probably wasn’t much different from them and had this coming.

The crowd of party goers must have assumed that Em was part of the entertainment for the night, or at least Gina hoped that was the case, from the way they laughed and snapped photos of the naked, big breasted Latina running naked around the party. Gina watched from the doorway to the secret hallway as the black clad security guards all scrambled to contain the crowd and get to the naked woman.

“Mmmmp! Umm! Mmm!” Felicia moaned and protested from her pedestal, pulling on her bonds. Gina took a look at her and then to the crowd around her, making sure that the guards were sufficiently distracted.

“Ummfff! Gmmfff oooffmmfff!” Em protested as a muscular guy with sunglasses put his arm around her shoulder, held out his phone, and snapped a selfie.

Soon a crowd of shirtless men in swim trunks were gathering around the naked woman for photos.

“Okay, get ready to move.” Gina whispered to Caitlyn behind her.

The crowd around Em seemed to be growing bigger by the second, and more and more of the security guards were running over to disperse it.

“Urrrggh mmmfff!” Em cried as one particular large, muscle bound man lifted her up over his shoulder, keeping her in place with one arm while flexing a bicep with the other. Camera phones lit up as people snapped photos of the man’s huge grin as the naked, bound woman kicked and fought over his shoulder. He continued pose as he moved in a circle, making sure everyone got a nice view of Em’s ass as he posed.

“Mmmrrrgggh! Umm!” Em continued to protest.

Gina shifted her gaze to the stage. Felicia was completely unguarded now, and using the moment to try and slip free of her bonds.

“Mmmrrr! Ummrrrff!” She moaned, tugging and pulling valiantly, but she was secured to the pillars on either side of her.

“Now!” Gina shouted to Caitlyn, burst through the door, and started to sprint across the pool deck towards the stage.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw Caitlyn close behind, one hand clutched at her chest to keep her breasts from falling out of the extremely small bikini top.

Gina turned back to Felicia to see that the bound and sling bikini clad woman’s eyes were wide and she was gesturing frantically with her head.

“Mmmpph! Ummpph! Mmmmmph!” She moaned, and Gina realized too late that Felicia was trying to warn her.

Gina turned her head just in time to see Brad charging at her. She barely had time to turn before he collided into her and both of them went down. Somehow during the fall Brad’s face ended up planted perfectly between Gina’s breasts. She suspected this wasn’t an accident.

Both of them fell flat onto the ground and Brad lifted his face and flashed her a wide grin.

“Hey Gina.” He winked.

“Get off of me!” She grunted and lifted a leg to kick him. Brad sensed this and rolled off of her.

Caitlyn stumbled to a halt to help Gina but Gina waved her on.

“Go! Get Felicia!”

“But-” Caitlyn stammered.

“Just go!” Gina barked, her hand going to the gun on her hip while turning to face Brad.

He was scrambling away, running towards the far end of the pool deck.

Storm clouds assembled over Gina and she pulled herself up while drawing her weapon.

She had enough of this, enough of him. There was no boat for him to escape on either. It was time to end this.

Gina pulled back the hammer on her gun and stormed off after him, determined to put a bullet in Brad before this all was over.

Things were working out in Anya’s favor better than she could have hoped for.

As it turned out, the surprise “change in plans” had been Felicia Fetters, or as they were calling her now, Felicia Fetish. Ace and his men must have caught her somehow during all of this, and had staked her out as bait for Anya at end of the stage.

Ugh... do they really think that I’m such easy prey? Anya rolled her eyes in disgust.

She had checked into their hotel earlier that day and had been loitering around the party for hours and seemingly none of them had recognized her despite the only change to her appearance being the brown wig. Maybe Ace’s men really were just that dumb.

Anya wore an extremely high cut orange thong one piece swimsuit, with an extremely plunging neckline. Compared to some of the other swimsuits she saw people wearing, it seemed conservative.

The hardest about the pool party had been restraining herself. There were so many women with

sexy bodies on display in tight little bikinis. Anya knew that these women were probably rich too. It would be all too easy to track them back to their rooms, break in and rob them blind of their valuables and bikinis while they struggled naked on the bed, bound and gagged.

But she had come to this party with one objective: to steal the Golden Sling. Anya would show Ace the error of attempting to pick a fight with her.

Then the naked Latina ran out onto the pool deck with her hands bound and mouth gagged. It took Anya a moment but she realized that she recognized the woman. It was Em, one of the bounty hunters that had attacked her. A crowd quickly gathered around the naked woman, and security was being quickly diverted to disperse the crowd.

A distraction! But by who? Was there another player here?

If Em was here then where was her partner Tee? She couldn't be far. Perhaps she too was bound and gagged somewhere.

Still, the crowd around the naked Latina was getting bigger, and more and more security was being used to break it up. Anya looked to the stage and noticed that it was now completely unguarded, leaving the bound and gagged Felicia alone and vulnerable.

Now!

Anya broke off from the outskirts of the onlookers and sprinted towards the stage. As she did, she noticed someone else sprinting towards the stage as well.

Caitlyn, her massive breasts heaving up and down as she ran, causing them to fall out of the way too small bikini top. Anya raised an eyebrow to admire the busty woman in the revealing top.

What brings her here? And in that?

It was a question to be pondered another day. Anya didn't have time to waste.

She discarded her disguise as she ran, first tossing aside the large pair of sunglasses she wore, and then ripping off the blond wig, letting her natural straight blond hair fall free. Anya peeked to her side to see Caitlyn struggling to get her now exposed breasts back in the bikini top, but then she saw

Anya gaining on the stage.

Caitlyn gave up and charged towards the stage, letting her exposed breasts bounce free as she ran.

Anya made it first, climbing up onto the stage and flashing a smile at the helpless Felicia.

“Oh hi Felicia, long time no see.” Anya chuckled and produced a small penknife from the bag she had slung over one shoulder.

“Mmmoo! Hllp!” Felicia cried, and increased her struggling.

Anya ran up behind the bound and helpless woman and pressed herself against her, feeling Felicia’s thonged butt cheeks pressing against her pelvis.

“What do you say we go somewhere a little more... private?” Anya sighed in Felicia’s ear.

“Mmmrrroo! Ummph!” Felicia tugged again on her bindings, sending a pulse of pleasure through Anya as she felt Felicia’s cheeks brush against her again.

Anya used the knife to cut the bindings from one of Felicia’s hands and twisted it behind Felicia’s back.

“Urrfff!” Felicia protested.

Anya looked up to see Caitlyn pulling herself up onto the stage. She must have discarded her bikini top somewhere along the way because she was now completely topless.

“Hlllp!” Felicia pleaded to Caitlyn. Anya saw the topless woman tense, about to strike.

Then there was a soft *whoosh* sound, followed by a shocked expression on Caitlyn’s face. A second later Caitlyn’s eyes rolled up into her sockets and she fell flat on the stage, a feathered dart protruding from one of her bountiful ass cheeks.

A tranquilizer dart.

Anya looked up to see the other bounty hunter, Tee, standing in a doorway a few yards from the stage, loading another dart into the rifle. She was completely naked, with her magnificent physique coated in a fine sheen of sweat.

“Urrrrmm mmmoo...” Felicia moaned.

Anya cracked a smile and reached into her bag, finding the small detonator lying right on top. Her thumb depressed a button on the top of the detonator, and a second later there was a series of loud BANGS around the stage, accompanied by a cloud of smoke with each one.

When Anya had checked into the hotel earlier she had covertly planted small smoke charges on the stage. She had always kept a small arsenal of them on her boat, but obviously didn't have access to that now, she had to track down someone who sold them locally, once again paying for them with Felicia's credit card.

I'll have to thank her for that. Anya smiled as the whole stage was eclipsed by heavy smoke in seconds.

At first she wasn't sure if she would have to use her remote smoke bombs after seeing the distraction put on by the naked Latina, but as it turned out, they still came in handy.

Still, she only had a few moments before security converged on the stage.

Anya used the knife to cut Felicia's other hand free and twisted it behind her back with the other one.

“Urrrrfff! Mmmfff!” Felicia grunted.

She tried to pull away, but Anya quickly secured Felicia's hands behind her back with a zip cuff, and then wrapped one of her arms around Felicia's neck.

“Let's go honey.”

Felicia's movement was limited because of the gold bikini, which meant that Anya's movement was limited too. She would have to quickly get Felicia to a secluded spot so she could relieve her of that burdensome sling bikini.

“Mmmooo! Mmmph! Mmm!” Felicia protested as Anya dragged her through the smoke cloud towards the edge of the stage.

20.

It's going to be a fitting end for Brad when he's taken out by a gun toting, big breasted woman in a bikini. Gina thought as she pursued Brad down the winding corridor. The more she thought about it, the more she thought that would be the ending that Brad would want for himself. Who wouldn't want to be shot by a busty woman in a thong?

Brad was tiring, she could tell. His gait was slowing, and his hair was clinging to his forehead from the perspiration. Gina had pursued him across the pool area and through a set of double doors into the long corridor that they now were racing through. She didn't get the sense that Brad had a set destination in mind, just that he desperately wanted to get away from her at all costs. One thing Gina didn't want to admit was that she could feel herself tiring as well. Her legs were practically screaming at her to stop, and there was an icy burning in her chest. No doubt she was feeling the exhaustion and dehydration from her chocolate adventure, but she refused to listen to her body's cries of protest.

I'll rest after we get Brad! After that I'll take a long vacation to reward myself!

She was gaining on Brad, and judging from the frenzied look on his face, he knew it too. He passed by a table lined with catering trays, and he swiped his hands over the table and spilled the trays and their contents to the ground in an effort to slow down Gina. Gina deftly stepped over the spilled food though, not deterred at all.

It smells good though. She thought as she stepped over the spilled catering, realizing that it had been a while since she had last eaten.

After... She promised herself. All of that after Brad was taken care of.

Brad swung a hard left, almost wiping out on the floor when he did, and allowing for Gina to gain ground in her chase. She supposed that she could have just shot him a long time ago but she wanted to see the look on his face when she put a bullet in between his eyes.

Gina turned the left to see Brad ripping some boxes off of another shelf, though she was easily able to side step them. Brad clung to the wall for support as he ran, almost as if he was about to pass out, and then made a right. Her chest was on fire, and Gina didn't want to admit that she was wheezing too. Both her and Brad were on their last legs.

So close... don't give up... you're so close...

Then suddenly there he was, right in her grasp.

The turn that Brad had taken was a dead end. He found himself facing a sort of corner office, with a desk, chair, and files and boxes filling every nook and cranny. She watched as his mind took this all in and tried to come up with a way around it, or out of it, but unless Brad could punch through walls, this was it. A dead end, in more ways than one. Brad spun around to run back the way he came, but found himself staring down the barrel of Gina's gun, aimed straight at his forehead.

As Gina stood there she too realized that she must look just as frenzied and worn as him. Her massive breasts heaved up and down with every labored breath she took, and her half naked body was slick with sweat. She must have struck quite the image, and from the look in her eye, she meant business, and Brad knew it. All he could do was flash her a lopsided smile, shrug, and show her his sweaty palms.

"Hey now Gina, how's it going?" He chuckled, stepping back. Gina advanced.

"Brad." She grimaced.

"You know, it doesn't have to be like this." He shrugged.

Gina took up a shooting stance, leveling the weapon at him.

"Whoa, whoa," Brad held out his hands. "Let's talk about this!"

"There's nothing to talk about." Gina's voice was like ice.

"Wait, please..." Brad stammered, backing up and nearly tripping over the office chair behind him. He was able to get his footing and planted himself in the chair while holding one palm out to her.

"I beg you, please... look, I didn't want you too left in that chocolate. That was King! It was too

much, even for me!”

Gina didn't respond, just lowered her gun to adjust her aim since he was now sitting.

She saw the light go out in his eyes as he realized that Gina wasn't playing. He lowered his outstretched hand and then hung his head in defeat.

“Just... do it...” He sighed. Gina cracked a smile. She had him defeated.

“Whatever you do to me, it's bound to be better than what Ace would do to me.” His eyes were misty as he looked up at Gina. She leveled the gun, aiming between his eyes, and tightened her finger on the trigger.

“I fucked things up didn't I?” He stammered.

“Yes, you did.” Gina kept her tone cold, her finger still coiling around the trigger.

“I was just a kid... out of college... didn't know what to do with my life, and then Ace comes along with this offer... man, I couldn't pass it up.” He buried his head in his hands. It sounded like he was... weeping?

Gina felt her finger loosen on the trigger, and a pang of... pity ran through her.

Don't! Don't! He's playing you! Don't feel bad for Brad! He wouldn't for you!

But then she remembered the concern in his voice when he asked King about keeping her and Caitlyn in the chocolate. He seemed... like he cared in that moment.

No! Just three months ago he was going to toss Felicia and Caitlyn into the ocean if she hadn't shown up!

“Look at me.” She ordered, her voice still neutral.

“I had nothing, and Ace offered me everything...” Brad went on.

“I said look at me!” Gina barked.

Brad lifted his head. His hair was tussled and his eyes were even more misty than before.

“I fucked this up. I fucked the plane thing up, and now I'm fucking up getting you guys and Anya. It's going to be my ass.”

“Ace is going to have to get in line, it’s me first.” Gina said, and tightened her finger around the trigger.

“I can give him to you! Ace!” Brad started forward, prompting Gina to recoil and tighten her finger around the trigger.

Brad paused, holding out one hand, palm towards her.

“Just here me out...” He began.

“I’ve heard enough.” Was Gina’s curt response.

“Look, after Jack... I’m basically the new Jack. I know everything - who’s in Ace’s pocket, what businesses are fronts, where the safe houses are, everything...” Brad was desperate, practically begging.

Still... a voice inside of Gina’s head told her to hear him out.

“I can... I can give you all of it...” Brad went on. “I can serve you this casino, and everything else, on a silver platter.”

Gina felt herself lowering the gun. Getting Brad would be good... but getting Ace? Taking it all down in one fell swoop? That was... too good...

Too good to be true!

She raised the gun, aiming at his head again. He was just stalling!

“You’re just trying to save your own skin!” She grunted.

“Of course I am!” He squeaked. “It’s either die from you or by Ace, but I’d rather not die at all!”

“Too bad.” Gina tightened her finger around the trigger.

“You can kill me and go back to doing what you always do, toiling, struggling to take down Ace, or I could hand it all to you on a silver platter!”

Gina stood her ground. It seemed too good to be true, but...

How long? How long had they been at it with barely anything to show for it? It was a long,

exhausting battle, with no end in sight.

“What’s in it for you?” Gina raised an eyebrow.

“Protection. I need your word that you can keep me safe.”

“I will do everything in my power to keep you safe... If you testify.” Gina was unconsciously lowering her weapon even more.

“Protection, and then I go in the program, and immunity. That’s what I want.” Brad still had his hands up as he laid out his terms.

“You’re not exactly in a position to make demands.” Gina added.

“Well, if I don’t get any of those things then I’m basically a dead man anyway. So what do you say, kill me now and leave empty handed, or take me in and I give you everything.”

Gina lowered her gun to her side now and studied Brad. On one hand, she would be giving this worm everything he wanted, and he would walk away a free man. Brad would never answer for all the things he had done...and all of the things he had done to her.

Still, it was... an enticing offer... and she was still sheriff and had a duty.

She slipped her gun into the holster.

“Fine. I’m arresting you. If you don’t come through, or if I smell anything fishy, I’m feeding you to Ace.” Gina laid it out in no uncertain terms.

“Of course, of course.”

From behind them, somewhere down the hall, she heard voices, and the heavy thud of footfalls... lots of feet, approaching quickly... coming their way.

Gina’s hand went to her gun and she glared at Brad. She fell for it! He was stalling until back up came and she fell for it!

“You little worm!” She hissed, drawing the gun.

If she was going to get captured again, she wasn’t going down without a fight, and she was taking Brad out.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Brad held out his hands, pleading. “I didn’t know they were coming! King must have called in more help after things went sour!”

“I can’t believe I let you play me again!” Gina was fuming, raising her gun to take the shot.

“Please, listen! I had no idea! We can still get out of this! I have a plan!” Brad was pleading, practically covered in perspiration.

“Oh do you!?” Gina taunted.

“Yes... but I need you to trust me.” Brad took a step forward and Gina recoiled.

“Trust *you!*” Gina couldn’t believe the audacity.

“Yes! Please, it’s the only way to save both of our skins. If you thought the chocolate was bad, you haven’t seen anything yet!” Brad was moving closer, hands still outstretched.

Gina took a step back, gun still aimed at him.

The footsteps were getting closer. There were a lot of them, judging from the raised voices she heard. They would be here any minute.

“Please, trust me...” Brad took another step closer.

Gina met his eyes, his moist, frenzied, and sincere eyes. It was trust him or get manhandled by a squad of Ace’s men and dragged off to a fate worse than being dipped in chocolate.

She lowered the gun and slipped it into her holster.

“Fine, what’s your plan?”

The men all stormed around the corner at the same moment that Brad was securing the gag around Gina’s mouth.

“Ummfff!” She grunted, feeling the thick, white cloth knotted at the back of her neck.

The squad of black clad security men, lead by King, all stopped in their tracks at the sight of Gina, still in her bikini, bound to the office chair and gagged with a thick white cloth tied over her

mouth.

He didn't have to make it so tight! Gina mentally grumbled, but remembered what Brad said as he was tying her to the chair.

“This has to look convincing!”

So she let him tie her as tight as he wanted to the chair, and gag her just as tight. Brad had also taken her gun, which she wasn't crazy about either.

The King and his squad of goons stopped and gawked as Brad posed next to the bound and gagged Gina, resting an arm on her shoulder, looking like he was posing with a fresh trophy.

“Ummmmfff! Mmmph!” Gina protested, pulling away from Brad, knowing that she too had to make it look convincing.

Which wasn't hard. She wasn't thrilled about being bound and gagged again, but if she and Brad wanted to get out in one piece, this was it. Gina glared up at Brad, and then turned her dark expression to King and his men.

“Well Brad, looks like you caught a fish.” King smiled.

“Mmmph! Mmm bbbmmfff!” Gina mumbled at King.

“Oh what King? You didn't think I could deliver?” Brad bent over by Gina and cupped his hands under her chin.

“Ufff ggmmph!” Gina snapped her head away from him.

He's really laying it on thick!

“Need I remind you,” Brad continued to taunt King as he stood behind Gina, planting both hands on her shoulders. “That we wouldn't have had to worry about her and her other friend if it wasn't for you carelessness.

King fumed, his eyes like lasers burning a hole through Brad.

Hurry up and get rid of them Brad! Gina was getting antsy. They had to get out of here fast and get the other girls.

“Ummffmm mmpph!” Gina moaned to Brad, hoping to spur him along.

“Just a minute Gina...” Brad chuckled, patting her on the shoulder.

“Ummff!” Gina spat, chest heaving up and down in annoyance.

Get rid of them and untie me! I’ve had enough of being bound and gagged for one lifetime!

“Anyway,” Brad paced around her. “Don’t you have some other ladies to round up?” Brad taunted King.

King’s eyes narrowed at Brad.

“Fine.” King turned to leave, and Gina let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, and don’t forget...” Brad added, and then grabbed the back of Gina’s chair and rolled her towards King and his men. “To do something about her.”

“Wuffff!” Gina protested, feeling as one of the security men grabbed the back of her chair.

He set me up! I can’t believe he set me up...

Then it sank in more.

Of course he set me up!

How could she be so stupid! How could she fall for such an obvious ruse!

But she knew how... secretly, deep down, she still hoped that there was a part of Brad that could be saved...

A part of Brad that still cared about her.

“Mmmph! Mmmm! Ummff! Mmmm! Gggmmfff bbbmm!” Gina started protest, pulling on the ropes that bound her to the chair.

Brad chuckled as she was wheeled away.

“Oh Gina, I gotta say that was a Hail Mary that I pulled back there. I didn’t think you would actually fall for it and let me tie you up!”

“Ummff! Mmmmm ggrrbbb!” She screamed at him through the gag. Gina was straining against her bonds with all of her might but the ropes held tight.

“Wait, she let you tie her up?” King asked.

“Oh yeah, I gave her some bullshit about how I would help her but that she would have to pretend like I caught her so that you wouldn’t get suspicious.”

King laughed heartily at this.

“Uffff!” Gina kicked out with her bound feet but King just stepped back.

“And that worked?” King asked.

“Like a charm!”

“Uffff! Mmmpphh gggrrmm!”

“Alright, well take her away.” King turned and walked down the hall while one of the security men wheeled the bound and gagged Gina down the long corridor towards whatever punishment awaited her.

“Umm! Ummmfff! Mmmmph! Grrrrbbmm!” She continued to struggle and moan, but could feel her already tired muscles starting to protest and give out on her.

What about the other girls? What happened to them?

She could only hope that Caitlyn had succeeded in getting Felicia free, and then hopefully they would come for her. One thing she was sure of though: When she got out of here, she was killing Brad.

Like taking candy from a baby! Anya chuckled as she dragged the struggling Felicia along the secluded walkway. Felicia continued to moan through the gold tape sealing her mouth shut and tried her best to pull out of Anya’s grip, but the uncomfortable, solid gold bikini restricted her movements.

“Urrfff gglummph! Mmmggllm!” Felicia moaned, tugging against Anya as they continued along the walkway overlooking the pool area.

“Oh hush Felicia, I’ll have that uncomfortable thing out from up your ass soon... or do you like

uncomfortable things shoved up there?” Anya turned and winked at her captive.

“Grrrrfff! Hmmm bbbmmfff rrrmmm bbff!” Was Felicia’s response as she narrowed her eyes at the bikini thief.

Anya had expected much more resistance when it came to snatching Felicia from the stage, but thankfully her friends had staged the perfect distraction in their botched rescue. The Golden Sling was Anya’s for the taking.

There was several elevated walkways above the pool area that usually would be heavily populated with party goers or hotel guests, but the multiple naked women and the smoke bombs had created enough of a ruckus around the pool area that all of the walkways were now deserted. It was the perfect place to strip Felicia naked and leave her, still bound, gagged, and humiliated. Anya didn’t really care what happened after that. Ace and his people could do whatever they wanted with Felicia and the other girls, and Anya would be in the wind with the Golden Sling.

“Mmrrroo! Mmmpph ummph!” Felicia continued to protest, as if she knew what Anya had up her sleeve.

She should at this point, after all we’ve been through! Anya smiled. It felt like they knew each other so well.

They were coming to the end of the walkway. It was time. Time to relieve Felicia of the burden of the Golden Sling and be gone.

Anya stopped and pulled Felicia in front of her, and then spun the half naked, gold speckled girl around so that they faced each other.

“Well Felicia, this is where we part. It’s been fun!” Felicia glared at Anya as she spoke.

“Uffff! Grrrrmmb mmmm bbff!”

“I’ll have you out of that sexy little number in a bit. It’s not like it leaves much to the imagination anyway!” Anya chuckled.

“Uff! Mmooo! Umm mmoo!” Felicia shook her head. Anya still gripped her arm with one

hand and Felicia tugged and pulled though she had nowhere to run.

“Be flattered, they used you as bait to catch me! They knew I couldn’t resist you!” Anya pinched Felicia’s tape covered cheek.

“Urrff! Mmmo!” Felicia protested.

“Now,” Anya placed her hands on the straps of the Golden Sling, right above Felicia’s breasts. Just laying her hands on it sent a tingle of excitement through her body. “Let’s get you out of that.”

“Mmmooh! Umm! Mmmo!” Felicia shook her head, trying to pull out of Anya’s grasp.

There was nowhere for her to go though. Anya had her. This was it.

Anya pulled on the straps, lowering them, exposing Felicia’s bare, heaving breasts...

Something clicked inside the sling, and Anya noticed a strip of white tape over Felicia’s nipple, and a small wire running from the tape to something on the inside of the sling, but it was too late.

Before she could react or step away, a cloud of nauseous smoke emitted from the sling, blasting both Anya and Felicia square in the face.

“Uffff!” Felicia moaned, getting most of the gas right in the face.

“Ugggh! Gaah!” Anya gasped. The gas filled her nostrils and mouth, burning all the way down to her lungs.

The smell of it, like sulfur mixed with garbage... it was overpowering!

Anya gasped and stumbled back, taking in deep gulps of fresh air in an attempt to cleanse the gas from her system. Her eyes started to burn from the stench.

“Ufff... hfff... ggfff... mfff...” Felicia coughed through her gag, collapsing against the side of the walkway and then to her knees, eyes fluttering in her sockets.

Anya staggered in the opposite direction, clinging to the hand rail for support, gasping and choking as she attempted to put as much distance between her and Felicia as she could.

“Ufff... mfff...” Anya looked over her shoulder to see that Felicia was now lying on her back, completely motionless except for some coughing fits.

Get away! Hurry!

If they were smart enough to booby trap the Golden Sling, then they were probably smart enough to put a tracking device on it.

Stupid... Anya was stupid... she should have known this was too easy.

As she struggled away from Felicia, through her hazy, watery eyes she saw a figure slowly making her way towards them along the walkway. A blond, athletic figure, clad in shimmering gold. It was like a vision of a valkyrie from myth.

Anya took a few steps towards the approaching vision and collapsed into her arms.

“Oh Anya, what happened here?” The blurry woman said in an Australian accent.

Anya’s vision cleared momentarily to reveal Amanda’s smiling face, and then everything went black.

21.

Heh, booby trap... Brad mentally patted himself on the back for that one. Planting gas pellets in the front of the Golden Sling right up against Felicia's breasts was a stroke of genius on his part. As soon as Anya tried to take that swimsuit off of poor Felicia, both women would get quite the surprise.

There was a moment earlier when he was worried that this whole thing would go off the rails. Gina and Caitlyn proved to be quite the wildcards, and had almost derailed everything.

Fucking King... Brad sighed. This was all almost ruined because King didn't keep those two babes under wraps. Apparently Gina and Caitlyn had somehow snuck back to the lounge, which was doubly impressive because they must have done it while completely naked, and attacked Tee and Em, the hired muscle, and taken their bikinis.

Boy I wish I could have seen that! Brad felt himself getting kinda hard just thinking about it. Tee and Em were two A+ babes. Hell, that was most of the reason why he asked him to stay on. He didn't really care about how good they were at being bounty hunters, they just had killer bodies.

Gina and Caitlyn might have succeeded, but that crazy one, Eva, sabotaged them. Brad would have to thank Eva for that, and maybe reward her somehow. Then again, Eva seemed to love being tied up, so maybe spending the rest of her days as a captive was her reward.

"What about Anya?" King nagged at Brad, bringing him back to reality.

They were both standing on the rear loading dock of the casino, and the ladies' transport had just arrived. A large truck with an extra long tractor trailer was currently backing towards where they stood on the dock, ready to cart their prisoners off to their new lives.

"Don't worry about Anya." Brad said dismissively.

"It's your ass Brad, shouldn't you be worried?" King huffed.

Brad sighed. Christ, he was getting sick of this guy.

“Look, the GPS pinged her on one of the observation decks. It’s a dead end. A team is on the way to collect her and Felicia now.” Brad sighed. He guessed that Anya took Felicia up there to have someplace private to relieve Felicia of the bikini, only to get quite the surprise.

“Ummff! Mmmm! Umm!” Brad heard the muffled cries in the distance, and turned to look through the large bay doors behind him leading into the large, warehouse area of the casino.

Tee and Em had taken their bikinis back from Caitlyn and Gina, and with them, some of their dignity as well. That also meant that Caitlyn and Gina were back to wearing nothing but their birthday suits, along with their fellow captives Eva and Janet. All four women had their hands bound behind their backs and were gagged with white cloths wrapped tightly around their mouths. The naked captive walked in a straight line, with the bikini clad bounty hunters on either side of them, prodding them along with hand guns leveled at the nude captives.

“Move it!” Tee barked at Caitlyn, who was bringing up the rear, and kicked the naked girl in the shin.

“Ummmpph!” Caitlyn muttered and stumbled forward. She seemed to be groggy and listless, her head lolling from side to side, but she did take a tranquilizer dart in the ass so that was probably why.

Janet marched behind Eva, and seemed to be giving the Latina a death glare as they moved. Eva was behind Gina, and was staring at Gina’s shapely ass with deep lust. Brad couldn’t blame her as he admired Gina’s naked, bound form being herded towards him. Gina’s body was a work of art, something to be admired. He didn’t know what plans Ace had in store for these ladies, but he certainly hoped that he could have some fun with these ladies at some point.

Gina’s eyes narrowed at him as they grew nearer and her bare breasts heaved up and down in fury.

“Uffmmm gggmm! Ummm bbbmmmm mmfff!” Gina started forward, barking into her gag,

before Em stepped in front of her, gun leveled right between Gina's heaving breasts.

"Hey Gina." Brad smiled.

"Urrfff gggrmmm..." Gina grumbled.

The bounty hunters had their prisoners stop just at the edge of the loading dock. Meanwhile, one of their black clad security men was opening up the back of the tractor trailer that had just parked.

"Keep an eye on them, Em." Tee said, and stepped over toward Brad.

"We're still good?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Brad sighed. "Yes, we have men going to collect the other two, and then you'll get your pay and bonus for the other ladies."

"You better not be bullshitting us, or else its your ass next." Tee threatened.

Between her and King, Brad was close to losing his patience.

"Well, you should be lucky we're paying you at all. You owe a lot of this to a horny, naked Latina helping you in your time of need."

"Ummm msss..." Eva sighed.

Tee glared at him, nostrils flaring. "Fine." She grunted.

More voices approached. No doubt his team with Felicia and Anya. Brad turned to face the group emerging from a dark corridor next to the loading dock, an expectant smile on his face, ready to face the equally bound and gagged Felicia and Anya.

Instead, it was just a group of black clad, empty handed security men. They looked at him with blank expressions.

"Well, where are they?" Brad asked.

"We went to the location, but nobody was there" The lead security guard shrugged.

King turned to face Brad with a sour expression. A dark cloud settled over Brad, and he jerked his phone out of his pocket.

I swear to Christ if they got away...

If they got away it was his ass. Ace would accept the other girls, but Anya was the prize.

Shit, shit, shit...

Brad opened up the tracker app that was linked to the device in the bikini.

No, that can't be right...

The app was showing that the device was right on the loading dock with them. There had to be some mistake. Was it malfunctioning? That could be why it had him send the team to the wrong location.

“Hello boys.” A woman called from the darkness. She had an accent... Australian sounding...

Everyone looked up to see a striking, muscular blond woman clad in a golden thong bikini emerging from the darkness, dragging a bound and gagged Anya with one arm, and a naked Felicia Fetters slung over her other shoulder.

“Urrgg! Mmmph! Mmmp! Umm!” Anya struggled, trying to pull away from the vice like grip the woman had on her upper arm. Like the others, Anya had her hands tied behind her back and was gagged with a thick, white cloth over her mouth.

Not only that, but Anya was now wearing the Golden Sling, and didn't look to happy about it.

“Ummfff! Mmmpph!” Anya shifted uncomfortably in the intrusive, solid gold bikini.

As for Felicia, she kicked and fought as the woman kept her in place over her shoulder. It looked like she completely naked and was still gagged with the gold tape and her hands too were also bound behind her back with zip cuffs.

“Mmlllttt mmmee mmo! Ummffimm mmph! Gmmmp!” Felicia wriggled and fought but the woman kept a firm grip clamped on Felicia's ass.

“You...” King stammered. “You're one of the waitresses... you were at the contests!”

She smiled at him. “I'm glad that you remembered, King.”

“Amanda!” He blurted.

Amanda, so that was her name. Okay then.

“I think you have something that belongs to us, Amanda.” Brad stepped forward, hoping to keep this cordial.

“And I believe you have something that belongs to me.” She smiled at Brad now.

“And what’s that?” He sighed, not in the mood for games.

“The bounty on this one.” Amanda cocked her head towards Anya.

“Wufff?” Anya turned towards her captor, confused.

“What?” Tee barked.

Brad smiled. Another bounty hunter.

“Is that so?” He asked.

“There’s quite a price on her head, and I’ve come to collect. You can have this one for free.”

She wiggled the still kicking Felicia.

“Urrrrfff mmmf! Umm!” Felicia protested.

“That’s our bounty!” Tee stormed forward, but Brad put out a hand, holding her back.

“Anya here is a popular girl with quite a lot of bounties on her head, and if you guys don’t pay up then I’ll collect somewhere else.” Amanda’s tone was calm, cheery almost.

“Hummmph? Wummmff mmmm!” Anya tried to pull away but Amanda kept a grip on her arm while smiling.

“Okay, Amanda,” Brad chuckled. “Well you can’t just walk out of here with her. We kind of have you outnumbered.

“True,” Amanda began, and then lowered Felicia down until she was standing. “Hold onto her for a second.” With that Amanda pushed the naked girl towards one of the security men.

“Mmmmp!” Felicia moaned, tumbling chest first into the arms of one of the burly men. He wrapped his bear like arms around her naked body.

“Mmmo! Stpp! Ummm!” Felicia mumbled, trying to pull away.

“Hold her!” Brad ordered.

The guard spun Felicia around to face the others, planting his giant paws on her shoulders to keep her from running.

“Mmmpph! Ummmp! Mmmrrroo!” Felicia protested, trying to pull away from the steel grip of the guard.

Brad turned his attention back to Amanda to see that she now had a small remote of some kind in her hand.

Oh no...

“Hey!” Brad gestured to the bikini clad woman, and suddenly all eyes were on her. Everyone stiffened.

Amanda only smiled, winked, and pressed a button on the remote. Every person on the dock tensed, preparing to run or duck and cover.

“Uffffm...mmmph!” Anya moaned, looking down at her sling clad body.

Amanda spun Anya around and showed off her bouncy, juicy ass cheeks in the Golden Sling, and the long, cylindrical bomb propped upright between her butt cheeks and being held in place by the sling. A red light on the bomb was steadily blinking, and it seemed to be vibrating.

“Uufff... muff...” Anya moaned, and Amanda spun her captvie around so that she faced Brad again.

“You either pay up, or if you don’t then you let us go so I can collect from someone else or we all blow up.” Amanda never stopped smiling, but her eyes were cold and hard. She leveled her gaze at Brad, letting him know it was his move.

Shit...

Brad had to deliver Anya. That was his goal no matter what. It was the only way to get back in Ace’s good graces, but he had a deal with Tee and Em...

Tee and Em also had their shot and missed. Plus, even though he had worked out a deal with them, the bounty on Anya’s head was kept open. Brad met Amanda’s gaze and cracked a smile.

“I like this one. She doesn’t bullshit.” He chuckled.

“So do we have a deal?” Amanda cocked her head. The beeping on the bomb was getting louder, and the vibrations seemed to get faster. Though he couldn’t get a good look at them, it seemed like Anya’s asscheeks were vibrating along with the bomb.

“Ummmp... mmmm...” Anya’s eyes shifted uncomfortably.

“We have a deal.” Brad smiled at Amanda.

Amanda nodded her head and pressed a button on the remote and a second later the beeping and vibrating stopped.

“Ufff...” Anya rolled her eyes and seemed to breath a sigh of relief.

“Wait, what about us?” Tee stormed up to Brad.

“You’ll get paid bonuses for each of the other ladies.” Brad reassured her as he turned to walk away. He was really over all of this and just wanted it to be over.

“What? But we had a deal!” Tee stepped in front of him, glaring.

Brad stopped and rolled his eyes. At this point, he didn’t give a shit who got Anya or how, just as long as she made it to Ace. He stopped and stared at the muscular, bikini clad woman in front of him. Christ, she did have a great body, and it looked great in that g-string. A smile crept across his face. Maybe if she pushed it, he would tie her up along with the other ladies and deliver her to Ace.

“I’ve changed the deal. You had your shot, and you blew it. Be happy that you’re getting something.” Brad muttered, and tried to step past her again. Tee didn’t move, but planted a hand on his chest.

“We...had... a...deal...” She grunted, glaring at him.

Brad was tempted right then and there to call over his men and have them string her up and toss her in the truck with the other women, but he was tired, and with Em here, it would become a big fight, and the prisoners could easily use that as an opportunity to escape.

Instead, he figured a good threat would do the trick.

“Keep pushing me,” He leaned in close. “And I’ll have my men here string you and your friend up and peel those tiny bikinis off of your chiseled little bodies and cart you off with the other women.” He kept his voice low and cold. Tee never broke off from his gaze.

“Would you like that?” He asked in a low voice.

Tee swallowed. “No.”

“Good,” Brad smiled and stepped back. “Now, get them loaded up and we’ll get you paid and on your way.”

Tee flashed him one more angry glare and then stormed over to Em. “Lets get them on board!” Her voice was harsh.

“Ump!” Gina moaned as Em kicked her in her bare buttocks, ushering her forward into the back of the trailer. Soon the whole line of naked captives were marching into the back of the trailer.

“Mmmpp! Mmoo!” Felicia was pushed to the back of the line by the guard, and turned to protest but Em waved her gun in Felicia’s direction. The gagged girl pouted and followed the others up the ramp into the truck.

Amanda dragged Anya forward, falling in after Felicia.

“I’m sure you won’t mind if I tag along, protect my investment.” She smiled at Brad and King.

“Not at all, enjoy the ride.” Brad motioned up the ramp and into the trailer.

Tee and Em glared at him and then at Amanda, knowing full well that they had to ride along with her as well.

“Well, let’s go.” Amanda shoved Anya forward to the ramp.

“Mmmrrro!” Anya mumbled, turning to protest but Amanda shoved her forward.

As they passed Brad, Amanda reached behind Anya and pulled the bomb out from between her ass cheeks.

“MMMUULLP!” Anya cried and her eyes practically bugged out of her head.

“A sign of good faith.” Amanda smiled, handing the bomb and detonator to Brad as she passed.

“Urrr!” Anya continued to protest as Amanda pushed her further and further up the ramp into the back of the trailer.

Brad took a peek inside the tractor trailer. It was a clean, clinical white, lit by fluorescent bulbs along the ceiling. Benches lined either side and the naked, bound and gagged women all took seats on either side. Straps also hung from the ceiling for standing passengers to hold onto. Anya wasn't able to sit in the Golden Sling, so Amanda wrapped one hand in one of the straps and held onto Anya with the other.

That just left Tee and Em. Brad motioned up the ramp.

“Your turn.”

Tee's glare was icy as she motioned for Em to get in, and then followed, giving Brad one final, angry stare.

Damn, their asses are great. He rubbed his chin as he watched them march up the ramp and into the trailer. Em in particular had a nice, thick and toned butt. Tee's butt was smaller but tighter, maybe even more muscular. Too bad he had pissed them off, because it would be fun to work with them again.

Once they were onboard, both bounty hunters held onto a strap with one hand and kept their weapons trained on the captives with the other.

Men retracted the ramp and then pulled down the door to the trailer, sealing all of the women inside. Then the truck started up its engine.

Next stop, Ace. Brad smiled, watching as the truck pulled away from the loading dock. He intended to meet up later at the destination, mostly just to confirm with Ace, but also because he wanted to see exactly what Ace had in store for these ladies.

22.

This wasn't the first time Gina found herself dragged out of the Lady Luck Casino and loaded in the back of a vehicle to be transported to some unnamed doom. Last time it happened, it had only been her and Eva and things got... weird.

Now it was her, Eva, Caitlyn, Felicia, and Janet. Anya was there too, being held in a corner by her new captor, Amanda. Gina and Caitlyn sat on bench together and Eva, Janet, and Felicia across from them, and right now Felicia was the current object of Eva's affection.

"Umm hmmm mmmm..." Eva batted her eyes and looked the naked Felicia up and down. Felicia's entire nude body was covered in flecks of gold paint.

"Hummph!" Felicia turned away from Eva and tried to lean against Janet, who slid down the bench away from Felicia, turning her head away from the gagged girl.

"Wumff?" Felicia asked Janet, but Janet didn't acknowledge her. Eva, meanwhile, sidled up against Felicia's naked body and nuzzled her.

"Umm hmm..." Eva cooed.

"Hrrmmmph!" Felicia moaned.

"Don't be getting weird!" Tee ordered, leveling her gun at Eva and Felicia. Both sat back against the wall and Eva pouted.

"Ummph!" She protested.

Well at least I won't have to deal with a show from Eva. Gina thought, still, what had happened with Felicia and Janet that Janet was giving her the cold shoulder?

That would be something to worry about after they figured a way out of this... if they figured a way out. Gina looked up to see Em glaring down at her, gun trained right at her.

"Wumff?" Gina sat back and shrugged. Em continued to glare and Gina surmised that it

probably had something to do with tying her up, stealing her bikini, and then humiliating her publicly.

Come on Gina, think! We have to get out of here! Wherever they were being taken, it probably wasn't any place good, and if these bounty hunters were allowed to have their way with them... then things would be worse.

Gina kept mentally kicking herself. If she wouldn't have allowed herself to be played by Brad like that then maybe things would be different. How could she be so stupid as to fall for something like that?

Never again... She fumed. Next time she saw Brad, she was putting a bullet in him. She should have put a bullet in him when she had the chance.

Stupid... Gina knew why she had fallen for it. Part of her still held out hope that Brad was good and that there was a part of him that still cared for her...

He never did, and never will...

Just thinking about it made her fume again. He was dead when she got out... if she got out...

The air in the trailer was thick with tension among the bound and gagged prisoners and the bounty hunters. Tee and Em kept sneaking dirty looks over their shoulder at Amanda, who only smiled back. Gina studied the golden, muscular woman, who seemed completely at ease with her prisoner.

So Amanda must have entered the contest in order to use herself as bait to draw out Anya. Gina thought. So she was smart, and when she found Gina and Caitlyn and showed them to the lounge with the bounty hunters, it must have been because she hoped that Gina and Caitlyn would keep them busy long enough for Amanda to strike.

Smart... Still, Gina was mad that she had not only been played by Brad tonight, but by Amanda too.

Amanda held onto one of the straps from the ceiling with one hand and kept the other firmly locked onto Anya's upper bicep. The bikini thief looked absolutely miserable, bound, gagged, and clad in the uncomfortable Golden Sling. Anya kept her eyes to the ground, and Gina couldn't tell if it was

because she had accepted her situation or because she was trying to think of a way out of it.

Tee and Em still kept shooting dirty glances their way. Amanda seemed to notice and must have decided to take it upon herself to ease the tension in the trailer.

“This is gonna be a real long ride if you ladies keep that up.” Her tone was calm and cordial as she spoke.

“You got a lot of nerve doing what you did.” Tee’s tone was cold and flat.

“Aw ladies, you know how this business is. There’s no honor among thieves.” Gina could see Amanda’s muscles tensing. She was clearly getting ready for a fight if it came to it.

“She was ours. We had a deal!” Tee turned now to face the Australian woman, and Gina could see the muscles in Tee’s g-string clad behind tensing. Em kept her gun on Gina but was looking over her shoulder in Amanda’s direction.

“You ladies got lazy and missed your shot. Don’t be jealous.” Amanda batted her eyes at Tee.

Tee said something to Em in Spanish, and now Em turned all the way around to face Amanda, her glute muscles tightening around her thong.

The two bounty hunters continued to talk amongst each other in Spanish while Amanda watched with an amused expression.

“Aw now you two, that’s rude.” She interjected. Both Tee and Em glared at her.

“We were just saying how Ace probably wouldn’t mind adding another lady to this little harem that we’re delivering to ‘em.” Tee said in a mocking tone.

“I suppose he wouldn’t.” Amanda kept her tone light and carefree.

“And that there’s nothing to stop us from beating your little ass and stringing you up like the rest of these ladies here and stealing back our pay dirt from you.” Tee took a step towards Amanda as she spoke.

“Urrmmm mmfff...” Anya added, her eyes shifting between the three bounty hunters.

“I guess there isn’t. There’s also nothing stopping me from doing the same to you.” Amanda

added.

“I guess there isn’t.” Tee shrugged.

All three of them glared at each other, waiting for someone to make the first move.

It was Amanda, who shoved the bound and gagged Anya forward into Tee.

“Ufffff!” Anya moaned, propelled forward by Amanda’s strength and the movement of the trailer. She crashed into Tee and both women fell back as Em lunged at Amanda.

Em was raising her gun but Amanda caught her by the wrist and both woman grappled like wrestlers, their muscles bulging around their tiny bikinis, then the trailer went over a bump and both fell, Amanda pitching forward onto Em.

The gun went flying, and Tee’s gun went sliding across the floor as well.

Tee was already getting to her feet as Anya tried to wriggle to the opposite side of the trailer.

“Ummmmfff mmmph!” The Bikini Thief moaned.

Gina knew this was it. This was their moment and they had to seize it.

“Ummfffff!” Gina cried and lunged forward, tackling Tee as she was getting up.

Amanda and Em continued to wrestle with each other, and Caitlyn followed Gina’s lead and charged into the grappling woman, her giant breasts bouncing with the movements of the vehicle.

Tee pushed Gina back and Gina kicked out with one of her long legs and tripped Tee, causing her to fall back. Before the bounty hunter could get up, Gina mounted her and heaved forward, swinging her pendulous breasts and smacking Tee in the face with them.

“Ummm mmmm ggmmm mmmm!” Gina moaned, swinging her breasts back and forth, smacking Tee in the face.

“Ufffbmm! Gbbbbmm! Mbbbbbmm!” Tee blubbered as Gina’s breasts pounded her in the face over and over again.

Then Tee heaved forward and threw Gina back. The bounty hunter’s face was red from the boob beating and she sat up and glared at Gina.

Then Felicia came up from next to Tee and delivered a swift kick to the side of her head. Tee fell back and Felicia planted her shapely ass over the bounty hunters's face.

“Ummfff hrrrrf! Hlllp hffff!” Felicia motioned with her head to behind Gina.

Gina turned to see that Em had Caitlyn in a headlock with a red faced and winded Amanda struggled to get up in a corner.

“Mmmrrroo! Gbbmm bbbmm!” Tee swatted weakly at Felicia's behind as she smothered her with her bare ass.

Gina was up and racing across the trailer towards Caitlyn, and delivered a kick to Em's forehead, causing her to break the hold around Caitlyn's neck.

“Uffff... hfff...” Caitlyn gasped and took in air but Gina was already moving.

Amanda tried to pull herself up but Gina charged her and tackled her against the side of the trailer, knocking the wind out of the muscular blond woman. As Amanda slid down the wall, Gina pressed forward, burying the bounty hunter's face between her giant breasts and using them to pin her against the wall.

“Ummm! Bmmm! Mmmmmo!” Amanda blubbered into Gina's chest and wriggled to get free.

Gina looked over her shoulder to see that Caitlyn was doing something similar, pressing her bare ass against Em's face and using it to pin Em against the wall.

“Ummbbbmm! Bblumm! Ubbbbb!” Em dug her hands into Caitlyn's ass cheeks, trying her best to pry them away from her face.

Meanwhile, Tee's feet weakly kicked against the trailer floor, fading under the suffocating weight of Felicia's ass. Behind them, Anya was rolling around on the floor, futilely trying to get to her feet but the sling was making that difficult.

“Ummfff... mffff.. grrmmm!” She grunted, struggling to get to her feet.

“Ummbbbmmm.... Gggmm...” Amanda's struggles were slowing, weakening as Gina's giant breasts cut off her oxygen. Behind her, Em was doing the same, now weakly slapping Caitlyn's thighs.

“Ufffff...” Amanda went limp and all of her weight fell against Gina. Gina stepped back and watched as the bounty hunter slumped face first to the floor, her thonged ass arched up.

“Grrrrff...” Felicia sighed and stood up, towering over the now unconscious Tee. Gina turned to see Caitlyn step forward and Em slump down, also unconscious.

We did it! I can't believe it! Gina thought.

“Eeemp!” She squealed in delight, but she knew this was only the beginning. They still had to get free.

“Hllpp!” Gina turned and showed her bound hands to Caitlyn. Caitlyn did the same and they started to work at the knots tying each other's hands.

Felicia sat next to Janet and showed her zip cuffed hands.

“Cmmm mmoo!” Felicia moaned.

“Umm hmm!” Janet shook her head.

“Cmmm mmnn!” Felicia whined.

Next to Janet, Eva watched it all with wide eyed excitement, her breast heaving up and down with every aroused breath she took. They had just given her a free show.

The ropes fell away from Gina's hands and she turned and finished untying Caitlyn's hands as well, then she pulled off their gags and let out a breath.

“Now what?” Caitlyn asked.

“Tie them up.” Gina motioned to the unconscious bounty hunters, and then hurried over to help Felicia and Janet.

Janet still wasn't cooperating, which concerned Gina but it was something for another day. She went to Felicia and tried to pull off the zip cuffs but they were too secure.

“Felicia, I don't know if I can get these off.” Gina shrugged.

“Wumff?” Felicia asked through her gag.

“They... I need a knife or something.” Gina shrugged.

“Ohfff frrrr...” Felicia rolled her eyes, and Gina decided to keep her gagged too, not wanting to hear her complain, and instead turned and started to untied Janet.

“Wuffftt!” Felicia protested as Gina removed the ropes from Janet’s wrists and removed her gag.

“Thanks...” Janet huffed, letting out a breath.

Then Gina stood and glared down at Eva, who batted her eyes up at the naked Sheriff.

“Umm hmmm...” Eva cooed.

“You stay tied up.” Gina ordered, and Eva let out what sounded like a squeal of excitement.

“Eeeempp!”

Then Gina carried Janet’s rope and gag over to Caitlyn.

“Hrrry! Hummmpph! Mmmph!” Felicia called after Gina.

Caitlyn had just finished taking the bikini off of Amanda, and now stood over a pile of naked, unconscious bounty hunters.

“Why did you take their clothes?” Gina asked.

“Because they took ours.” Caitlyn responded and held out Em’s bikini for Gina. Gina slipped back into the bikini as Caitlyn slid back into Tee’s ill fitting g-string bikini, and Janet put on Amanda’s gold thong bikini. Amanda’s breasts were considerably smaller than Janet’s, and Janet barely fit in the tiny bikini top, which really only succeeded in covering her nipples.

“Hmmp! Hrry! Cmm mmool!” Felicia protested from the bench.

“Sorry, gotta wait until I can find a knife.” Gina turned around and shrugged.

“Orrrrffmm!” Was Felicia’s response. Eva was sidling up next to her and nuzzling.

I don't want to know what happened between them. Gina thought.

Gina, Janet, and Caitlyn all used the ropes to bind the bounty hunter’s hands behind their backs, securing the ropes to each other so that the bounty hunters were all tied together, and used the white cloths to gag them.

Amanda started to come around as Gina approached her to gag her, and her head lolled and eyes were fluttering

“Uggghh...” She groaned.

“Wake up sleepy head.” Gina decided to take a moment to gloat.

“What...” Amanda opened her eyes and looked around, then realized that her hands were tied behind her back. “What?”

“Sorry, you’re being a little too loud.” Gina smiled, bent over, and pulled the gag over Amanda’s mouth.

“Ummm! Mmmph mmm!” She protested as Gina secured the gag at the back of her neck.

The other bounty hunters were starting to come to as well.

“Ummff! Wffff! Mmmrrrr!” Tee growled, tugging on her bound hands.

“Mmmp! Mmm! Umm!” Em protested as well.

The bound bounty hunters started to see-saw as they struggled, realizing that they were all secured together.

“How does it feel?” Gina smiled, looking down at her captives.

“Mmmrrggh! Mmoo!”

“Ufffmm! Mmmm! Gggm!”

“Urrm! Gmmm mmbb!”

They all struggled and pulled, lulling back and forth as they did.

“I’m sure that Ace will be thrilled to open the back of the truck expecting a prize, but instead finds you three, naked and tied up.” Gina put her hands on her hips in triumph.

“Ufff! Mmmoo!”

“Plss mmoo!”

“Grrrrmm! Whrrryyy mmmo!”

“I wonder...” Gina stroked her chin. “If he’ll take pity on you, or if he’ll decide to keep you, as

punishment for botching this.”

“Urrgggg!”

“Mmmoo!”

“Pssfff mmoo!” Amanda pleaded, she looked like she might burst into tears.

“Well, have fun ladies.” Gina smiled and then turned to face the other trio of bound and gagged woman at the other side of the trailer.

“Well, then there’s Anya and Eva to worry about.” Gina stroked her chin again.

“Lets just leave them all.” Janet’s tone was cold and Gina noticed that she was staring at Felicia and Eva as she spoke.

“Urrmmm...” Felicia whined.

Gina gave a look to both women. What had happened?

“Mmooo! Umm! Mmoo!” Anya shook her head, pleading through her gag.

Both Anya and Eva had been royal pains, but Gina couldn’t leave them to Ace. That wouldn’t sit well in her conscience.

“No, we won’t leave them” Gina started, and Anya let out a moan of relief. “But they will face justice for what they’ve done.”

Gina approached them and motioned for Caitlyn to get Eva. The muscular, big breasted girl lifted the naked Latina and heaved her over her shoulder. Gina motioned for Janet to do the same with Felicia.

Janet stood over Felicia, hands on her hips, glaring at her.

“Umm! Pssff! Mmooo!” Felicia was pleading through her gag.

“Janet, what are you doing? Help her.” Gina nudged Janet.

Janet continued to glare at Felicia

“Uffffmm! Mmm!” Felicia was shaking her head, pleading with Janet.

“Janet!” Gina ordered.

Janet sighed, grabbed Felicia roughly by the arm, and pulled her up. Then Gina approached Anya and pulled her up as well.

“Alright ladies, let’s make this fast.” Once Anya was standing, Gina crouched down, unlatched the rear door of the trailer, and lifted it.

Wind blasted them in the face, and dark woods raced by on either side of them. It looked like they were on a dirt road of some sort. Gina leaned out of the back of the truck and gauged if they should risk jumping or not.

“Well...” Caitlyn asked.

“I don’t know if we should risk a jump or not...” Gina stroked her chin. The bad news was that if they didn’t then they were stuck here. The truck hadn’t slowed or stopped since it took off.

“Lets see.” Janet muttered, and then the next thing Gina knew, Felicia was hurling out of the back of the truck.

“MMMMEEEEEP!” Felicia screamed, planting ass up in the dirt behind them. They watched as she rolled over, seemingly unharmed.

Janet jumped next, landing and rolling not far from Felicia.

Gina tightened her grip on Anya and nodded.

“Let’s go!” Gina cried, and pulled Anya out of the back of the truck with her.

“Urrrrrrffff!” Anya screamed, and they both landed in a heap on the dirt road.

“Ummmffff!” Gina heard Eva, and looked up to see her and Caitlyn landing just a few yards away from.

The truck continued down the road, and Gina could still see the three bounty hunters struggling through the open trailer. Then the vehicle turned a corner and disappeared out of sight. Gina listened to the engine as it grew farther and farther away as Caitlyn collected Eva, heaved her over her shoulder, and approached Gina.

Gina pulled Anya up and kept at tight grip on her shoulder as Caitlyn met up with her.

“Lets get going, it won't take them long to realize we've escaped and I want to be off the road by then.” Gina said.

“Ufff hmmm! Mmm!” Anya nodded in agreement, realizing that her chances were better with Gina than Ace.

Gina turned around to see Janet approaching them, with the naked and gagged Felicia running to catch up behind her.

“Umm! Mmmph! Wttt!” She called after.

“Well?” Janet asked, ignoring Felicia's cries.

“Let's move.” Gina ordered, and they started making their way down the road towards Felicia, who stopped, grateful for the moment to catch her breath.

Gina didn't know where they were or how far from town they were, but she knew it was probably a long night of walking ahead of them.

23.

“It looks good there, doesn’t it?” Gina smiled as she admired the Golden Sling, now being proudly displayed in the Sheriff’s office.

“It sure does.” Caitlyn agreed, leaning back and smiling. It felt like this was the most dressed Gina had seen Caitlyn in months. She was wearing tight black jeans with her tan Sheriff’s Deputy shirt, with the top few buttons open to show off her black bra and bountiful cleavage.

Gina was dressed similarly, but with tight blue jeans and a red bra. After all that happened, Gina felt like showing a lot less skin for the next few weeks.

Being a former bikini designer, Gina had plenty of dress forms lying around, and decided to use one to display the Golden Sling, which adorned a black dress form and now stood on a shelf overlooking the bullpen in the Sheriff’s office. It was quite a trophy from their most recent escapade.

Granted, it wasn’t a big victory, but it was a victory. Ace and his men were still out there, but they had Anya in police custody. That also meant that Brad had failed to earn his way back into Ace’s good graces, which brought a smile to Gina’s face.

I wonder what his punishment will be? She wished she could be there to see what Ace was going to do to Brad, and the other bounty hunters, for failing him. Part of her wondered if she would ever see Brad again. Somehow she hoped not because she still had a bone to pick with him after all that he had done, but it brought her some pleasure knowing that she was the reason for him failing this particular job.

Both Gina and Caitlyn had given personal testimony to being kidnapped and trafficked at the new club on the beach, which meant they were able to get a warrant and raid the place along with a small army of state troopers. Wallace had been brought into custody, and they had found several other women who also claimed to have been kidnapped and forced to work at the club against their will. Unfortunately, there was no record of King actually being a co-owner of the club. Gina had gone

through the club's books and it looked like King and Ace were funding the club through a series of dummy corporations and shell companies, which made it near impossible to trace back to them.

Though Gina and Caitlyn had testified to witnessing King at the club, as it turned out, he had a pretty young secretary that could vouch for him, saying that her and King had been "working late" on the nights that Gina and Caitlyn had seen him there.

This was all bad news for Wallace. It was obvious to everyone except him that he had been set up to be the fall guy. This was confirmed when Gina tried to interrogate Wallace about what he knew about King and Ace and found out that he knew very little. The organization must have kept him in the dark except for things he needed to know.

Still, Gina and the girls had landed a blow against Ace's businesses. It was a small blow, but enough to put a dent in Ace's wallet. She imagined that if they ever crossed paths with Ace's people again that their retribution would be swift.

Of course there can be no victory without sacrifice. Janet had moved out, and Gina still didn't know why. Neither Felicia or Janet wanted to talk about it, but Gina had a feeling that the truth would come out in time. That also meant that she was now roommates with Felicia, which would be... interesting, to say the least. Felicia had been moodier than usual after Janet left, and spent most of her time at work out on patrol, and when she wasn't on the clock she was at the gym, no doubt looking to blow off steam.

Well, could be worse I guess. Gina smiled as she leaned against her office door and stared up at the Golden Sling. Technically the sling was evidence in an ongoing investigation, but oh well.

"I'm going to go check on our guests." She said to Caitlyn, who nodded and picked up a fitness magazine to thumb through.

She crossed the bullpen and opened the heavy, metal door leading to the holding cells and was immediately greeted by the sound of Anya's muffled protests.

"Hrrrry! Ummm mm! Ummmph!" Anya cried as Gina closed the door behind her.

Anya clearly wasn't used to being a prisoner, and had been quite vocal during her captivity, despite the gag.

Gina smiled and stepped towards the holding cell containing the naked and still bound and gagged Bikini Thief.

"Mmmph! Ummm mmpph! Mm!" Anya pressed her nude body against the bars of her cell, protesting through the thick, white cloth gagging her.

"How are you today, Anya?" Gina asked.

"Ummmph mmmph! Urrgggmmm mmmph!" Anya spat, glaring at Gina.

"You might be wondering why you're being held here without due process, and without a lawyer..." Gina began.

"Mmmph! Ummmh! Umm hmm!" Anya nodded.

"See, to the rest of the world, you're still at large. Everyone is still looking for you. Ace included." Gina stated.

Anya stepped back a bit and nodded.

"Umm hmm..."

"Which means that right now, not knowing that you're here is the best thing for you. Don't worry though, eventually it will get out that we caught you."

"Mmmpph! Mmmrroo!" Anya pleaded.

"But you see," Gina began, drawing her keys and stepping towards Anya's cell. "You took three months of our life..."

"Ummfff..." Anya stepped back, shaking her head. "Mmooo... mrrroo!"

"And I think it's only fair, that we take three months of yours..." Gina smiled, unlocked the cell door, and opened it.

"Ummmph! Mmmmo!" Anya whined, backing away from Gina and shaking her head.

"Come on Anya, let's go meet your new cellmate." Gina grabbed the naked woman by the arm

and started to drag her out of the cell.

“Ummmfff! Mmmrrroo! Ugffmmmm ggmm!” Anya whined and pleaded through her gag, struggling and pulling as Gina dragged her out of her cell.

“Come on, it will be fun.” Gina chuckled as she guided the gagged Bikini Thief towards the far end of the cell block.

“Ufff! Pfffsss! Mmmoo!” Anya pleaded.

Gina smiled. It felt good to be on the other side of this for once.

They stopped outside of a cell at the far end and Gina unlocked it. Eva waited inside, equally naked as Anya, and gagged with a thick, white cloth pulled tight between her lips.

Eva’s hands weren’t tied though, and she sat on her cot, legs crossed and hands spread, awaiting her new toy.

“Ohhhfrrmm mrrro! Mmmmo!” Anya shook her head and begged Gina.

A table was set up in the cell, and on it’s surface was a multitude of ball gags, duct tape, cloths and handkerchiefs, muzzles, ropes, manacles, butt plugs, vibrators, and plenty of other toys. Gina wanted to make sure that Eva had all that she needed to have a fun time.

“Go in and say hi.” Gina smiled and then shoved Anya through the gaping cell door.

“Ummmp!” Anya grumbled as she stumbled in. She turned around just in time to see Gina closing and locking the cell door.

“Now you two play nice.” Gina winked at them.

“Ufff! Mmmoo!” Anya ran forward and pressed herself against the bars of the door. Behind her, Eva was rising up and stalking towards Anya like an animal in a zoo during feeding time.

“Ummm! Mmmph! Ummm hhmm! Mmmoo!” Anya begged, pressing her nude body against the bars.

Gina though, was already headed in the opposite direction towards the door, not bothering to look back.

“Ummm hmmm! GRRRRMMM!” Anya suddenly cried out as Gina strolled away, the smile on her face growing bigger by the second.

The End