

ThunderShark's Lair

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 31, 1999



SUB

by Mahgirb

<!--ADULTSONLY-->

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From: Mahgirb@webtv.net

Subject: ThunderShark's Lair (m/f, bd, tor, rub, ballet heels)
Newsgroups: alt.sex.stories.moderated, alt.sex.stories
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Be warned the following is not to be read by anyone other than consenting adults who know that they are not violating any laws, whether local, national, or international, in reading this adult-in-nature drivel which contains to one degree or another, scenes and/or semantic depiction of bondage, sex organs, torture, and general painful high heel mayhem. Heed the warning and then decide whether ye may proceed!

The man looked with consternation at his timepiece. Quickly removing the chained Timex to his inside coat pocket, he returned his focus to the girl on the floor of the dimly lit cavern. He ran his meticulously manicured fingers through his perfect raven-black coif and quietly muttered at the display.

ThunderShark had hired the girl as a dancer in his downtown club, knowing that after she began to feel comfortable he would "promote" her to the lesser known club; a mansion to be more accurate. Its geography was not widely distributed and

its clientele list was only the subject of rumors. This girl with the waist-length brown hair and warm cocoa colored eyes would fit in quite well among his higher-paying customers who expected enhanced service. Interactive service, if you will.

“What is the hold up down there my good man?”

The “Installer,” as the brutes were nicknamed, wiped some of the specks of blood from his face and turned up to see the boss directly.

“She’s got a lotta fight in her, sir. I’ve been trying for half an hour to get her jewelry in place. The bitch even managed to cut me with her nipple ring before I got it connected. I think that—”

“Listen, I do not pay you to think,” ThunderShark interrupted, “Just finish the girl and deliver her to Dr. Sisdat.”

ThunderShark shuffled with his silk tie, tightening the noose slightly, trying to regain composure in his dress and voice.

“You do a fine job. I trust you with this girl, but do not take longer than necessary.”

ThunderShark gestured for the greasy Hercules to continue. As he broke off from the conversation, he found his eyes remaining on the near naked form of the girl. She was admittedly much like the other young treasures he had transformed into flesh slaves, but his instinct told him this capture was of an exceptional breed.

He watched below as her feet struggled in their new home. A pair of steel-toed ballet shoes with heels easily seven narrow inches in height. The tips of her toes were painfully squashed as the shoe had the effect of forcing them into one fine point. She had been used to dancing with black platform heels at the club, but her feet could barely keep balance; that is what the chains overhead were to provide. That and a certain degree of immobility while the Installer outfitted the subject with a full array of titanium rings.

The time was 11:34:16 by ThunderShark’s watch—which was the official time of the Lair—and his prospective VIP client was due in at 5. Not much time to have this pretty young thing prepared.

Ah, how he wished he had the time to prepare her himself; he missed those salad days of his youth, when he captured innocent school girls and later convinced them to be his willing slaves. Had it been so many years ago, he thought to himself. Now, too many business meetings, too many reports to read, too many decisions to make. In short, too many responsibilities. Some days, he wished that he could change places with one of his Installers or B.A.s (Body Artists). He missed getting his hands dirty, and wet.

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