

Returning the Treat

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Sandra felt illicit pleasure burning through her teenage body as she crept around the bushes of the locally famous Izer home. It was the House That Could Not Be Tricked. The cool October wind tugged at her leather jacket, pulling at the long blond hair until it unfurled into a golden banner behind her. She almost grabbed her hair to tuck it back, but then remembered the egg she held in her palm. Her smile broadened as she hefted the egg in her hand. In her left hand, she had the other eleven eggs nestled in their cardboard tray. Each thin-shelled missile was perfectly warmed and aged two weeks until they were the perfect mixture of noxious and rotten. The nauseating smell already fouled her senses from the eggs that plastered the south side of the house. She and her boyfriend made a point of soaking the signs that lined the border of the home. Dire warnings of surveillance and incarceration disappeared under two dozen rotten eggs.

She giggled to herself and aimed at the nearest window. The white missile tumbled in the air before smacking loudly against the glass. Runny yolks dripped down and she admired her work before tossing another.

In short order, Sandra had launched all but one of her eggs. The horrid stench of eggs nearly suffocated her as she circled around the house. The last egg rolled in her palm as she considered her targets.

She padded through the grass, her sneakers squeaking on the dew as she moved. Her boyfriend waved to her, holding up his hands to show his lack of weapons. With a grin, he jogged over.

“So much for the Izer house being so scary.”

Sandra giggled, “For a guy who has everyone arrested who nails his house, this is cake.”

He kissed her, then spotted her egg.

“Come on, one more egg and let’s take the long way home.”

Sandra grinned, anticipating a few hours of making out. Pulling back her hand, she threw the egg with all her strength. As the missile shot through the air, the bush exploded in a burst of leaves. Sandra barely had a chance to open her mouth before an older man sprinted toward her, his feet pounding on the ground. She saw a brief flash of white hair and yellow rope before he was on her. Sandra threw up her hands, trying to block a punch, but he had something else in mind. The rope whistled in the air as he brought it down toward her knee. She inhaled to scream when it smacked into her, a weighted end of it flipping around her ankle. She felt his strength through the rope as he jerked violently up. For a moment, she strained to stop her foot from being yanked off the ground, but then she was falling backwards. Her wail of surprise filled the night air as she crashed hard on the ground. In the few stunned seconds following, she felt him loop it around the back of her neck, pulling hard to bring her ankle up to her face. She felt her thigh trembling from the sudden movement, but he wasn’t done. Reaching down, he grabbed her right shoulder and flipped her as he brought the rope under her armpit. She tumbled on her outstretch thigh, feeling her weight resting on it as he pulled on the rope and looped it around her other ankle. She managed to try kicking it, but the older man just pulled once and she felt her other leg pulled up near the middle of her back.

It took him less than ten seconds before she was helpless, her body held in the most painful split of her life. One leg under her and one behind her, spreading her thighs and exposing her tight, black underwear to the cold air of October. She flailed with her arms to grab the rope but a vise-like grip caught them, flipping the tail end of the yellow rope around them twice and finishing with a knot.

Sandra let out a scream, feeling her body straining from the sudden and brutal confinement.

“Help!”

The old man knelt down next to her, not even breathing hard.

“How old are you?”

He had a deep rumbling voice, powerful and angry. She tried to pull away from him, but her legs refused to move. She felt tears of shame burning in her eyes as she struggled pitifully. He reached out and grabbed the rope at her neck, pinning her down before repeating his question.

“How old are you?”

“S-Sixteen,” she said in a tiny voice. She felt the strain of her thighs against the rope and the terrible feeling of her sex completely and utterly exposed to the air and anything he wanted.

He snarled, “You better call me ‘Sir’ by the time I get my phone. Otherwise, I’ll be calling the police.”

Up close, he didn’t look as old as his hair suggested. He had a strong face with icy-blue eyes. She watched as he stood up and padded back in the house on bare feet. She waited until he disappeared from sight and struggled more violently against her ropes. Her arms pinned behind her back, one ankle nearly pulled up to them and the other tied to her chest filled her with burning helplessness and humiliated at the same time.

Sandra called out to her boyfriend, but he didn’t respond. She wondered if he fled as she continued to twist against her bounds.

She didn’t even slip one of her ropes when the old man returned. He had a wireless phone in his hand as he sat down next to her. She leaned away from him, glaring at him as she tried to come up with some threat of legal action to force him to let her go.

“What’s your name?”

She didn’t answer.

He didn’t ask her again. Instead, he dialed a number and pressed it against his ear. After a moment, she listened to him speak.

“Frank Izer here. Yeah, I got another one. Girl. Sixteen. Yeah, I got the videos of it. No, bad touches, I know the rules.”

Sandra felt the humiliation burning in her cheeks. His hard voice pummeled her as she struggled, the straining on her limbs increasing with every passing seconds.

“See you in ten minutes.”

Frank closed the phone with a snap.

“You have ten minutes in that.”

“L-Let me go!”

He shrugged, “Why?”

“This is illegal!”

Gesturing to the rotten egg plastered sign, he grunted.

“You read the sign.”

“This is illegal! I’ll cry rape!”

Frank leaned toward her, still a foot away.

“Which law?”

That surprised Sandra.

“W-What?”

“What law makes it illegal? I have the signs, I have the postings, I have videos that show that you were illegally plastering my house with eggs. And, the same videos will show that I haven’t gotten anywhere near you.”

She opened her mouth, then closed it with a snap. He scoffed and gave her one of the hardest looks.

“Like I would touch jail bait with no common sense.”

He gestured to one of the many cameras mounted in the trees.

“I have ten cameras out here for a reason, because of shits like you trashing my place. And they are for yours, as well as my, protection.”

He scoffed again, then flipped open the phone. She wondered if he managed to find her parent’s number, but then the sounds of a game started up from the tiny speaker.

Sandra’s humiliation only burned hotter when the police arrive, to free her from the ropes just long enough to put on cuffs.

She let out a scream as she shoved two fingers into her pussy, plowing through them with a desperate desire for her orgasm. It hovered just out of reach as she pressed her ankles against both corners of the bed, trying to imagine what it would feel like to be tied and helpless to his hands.

In her imagination, it ended differently. With him taking cruel and pleasurable advantage of her bound form, fingering and fucking her until he finally let her go.

Her orgasm finally peaked inside her. She let out a wail of pleasure as she thrust up against the blankets of her bed, her fingers slurping as they drove in and out with hard, erratic pumps.

A few hard strokes later and she slumped back down, feeling sweaty and burning up. A smile plastered itself across her lips as she

enjoyed the afterglow. Her breath slowed down and her naked breasts stopped heaving before she threw back the blankets.

Two years.

Two years since Frank Izer caught her with his rope. In those years, Sandra got in more trouble than she could count. But, for those two years, she only had one fantasy in the dark. Only one fantasy that set her over the edge of an orgasm over and over again. That one fantasy of what he could have done to her and her sixteen year old body.

From next to her, her boyfriend exclaimed in annoyance.

“You fucking jerk off more than me.”

Without waiting for a response, he rolled over and flung a pillow over his head. Sandra glared at him, still feeling hurt when he abandoned her to Frank. She slipped out of the bed and straightened the dark blue thong that rode up between her labia. Wearing nothing but a t-shirt and her underwear, Sandra padded out of the bedroom and in the house.

Her parents were out of town, gone on some cruise line as the winds of November blasted against the walls. She stood in the dark hallway, listening to the house creak and shift.

She felt restless and anxious. Masturbating only took the edge of her growing horniness and her boyfriend obviously wasn't in the mood for more than sleeping.

Outside, the blustery wind continued to pound against the walls. Sandra listened to it, slowly walking down the hall while dragging her shoulder against it. She imagined Frank's rope around it again and felt the pleasure rising up between her loins.

“Damn it, why does he still get me hot?”

Stopping at the bathroom, she suddenly decided to take a bath. Stripping down didn't take long and soon she sunk into the deep water. Even the hot water wasn't enough to quell her feelings. Too soon, she sat up and ran a finger along her pussy, feeling the tiny bits of hair that grew out since she last shaved. Grabbing her razor, she shaved until her pussy glistened smoothly with the soapy water. Her fingers danced along it but she couldn't find her pleasure.

Frustrated, she surged out of the bath and patted herself dry. Her breasts heaved with her deep breaths, regarding the long blond hair

that plastered against her back and the glistening body that remained underneath.

Ignoring her clothes, she padded out of the bathroom and down the stairs. Upstairs, her boyfriend snored loudly. She scoffed at him and just wandered around, trying to think of a new angle of her fantasy. She felt on a knife's edge of a storm, both inside and out.

Sandra took a deep breath, trying to find some relief. Her eyes caught sight of her keys. A slow idea crossed her mind and she let out a soft moan of anticipation. She rummaged through the living room until she found her skirt and her jacket. Wearing nothing underneath, she pulled both of them on. The satin lining of her jacket felt good against her hard nipples and she let out another moan. Her skirt, a deep blue that matched her thong, barely reached mid-thigh, but with nothing underneath, she felt more than exposed. She felt excited.

As a last minute thought, she ran up and pulled out an entire pack of toilet paper from the closet. Grinning to herself, she ran down with her treasure and threw herself into the car.

Racing down the street, she imagined what she would do. TP'ing his house and running away, letting the thrill of him almost catching her fuel her fantasies for another two years. She felt her own hot juices soaking her thighs and she floored it, driving twenty miles over the speed limit.

The Izer home didn't change much in two years. There were more signs posted in all directions and she could see he added a few more cameras. The reputation of his arrests fueled more than a few attempts to sully his home and Frank Izer defended his castle with rope, strength, and the law. Sandra came to a purring stop in front of his home, looking out at the windswept front yard and the heavy trees and bushes. The lights were off and she could imagine him sleeping, maybe with ropes hanging from his beds.

The heat burned inside her, sexual and excited. She got out of the door and slapped one hand against her skirt to prevent it from flying up. She felt her breath coming in hard gasps of anticipation, grinding her nipples against the satin lining as she grabbed a few rolls of toilet paper and prepared to make a few more fantasies.

The wind caught the first roll before it hit the house, but Sandra just threw a second and a third. She felt her juices dripping down

her thighs as she moaned with every throw, watching it go as her imagination burned brightly in her mind. She thought of the rope and his movements, of how quickly he subdued her. She leaned against a tree and stroked herself before throwing another roll. The excitement peaked, hovering right on the edge of crest as she circled around the house looking for another target. She stopped right where she was caught two years before, gasping as she pressed one hand delving deep into her soaked pussy and the other throwing as hard as she could.

When he came for her, Sandra couldn't tell if she was frightened or hopeful. The white hair looked the same as he came around a tree, running at her with his yellow rope. A brutal orgasm slammed into her and she froze, fingers buried in her pussy as he came rushing up to her. His yellow rope snapped out, twisting in the air before wrapping around her wrist. She couldn't move as he sprinted around her, bringing her right arm down to her hip, then his other hand shoved her forward. She let out a gasping shriek as she felt, his hands twisting the rope around her right leg and pulling tight. When she hit the ground, she hit with her stomach and chest. Sandra felt her right arm and leg tied together, the rope digging into her hip. Frank didn't stop as he grabbed her other ankle, pulling it up to wrap the rope around her knee and driving it up to grab her other arm. He pulled hard and she let out a moan as her dripping fingers were yanked from her pussy. With a surge of strength, he bound her arm back against her leg, immobilizing her once again with his brutal strength.

Sandra couldn't speak as the orgasm exploded inside her, a rapid-fire set of shuddering that coursed through every fiber of her being. She strained against her ropes, not from the desire to escape, but from the aching need to enhance her feelings of helplessness.

"How old are you?"

She remembered his deep voice. It sent a surge of excitement through her as she looked up with glistening eyes.

"E-Eighteen, sir."

She stuttered more than in her fantasy, but she remembered the "sir" from before. Frank stopped and stared at her.

"You've done this before?"

She nodded, "Yes, sir."

The honorific she gave him sent another delicious thrill down her spine. Her pussy ached to be touched and she ground her thighs together to relieve the pressure.

He stared curiously at her for a moment.

“Let me get my phone.”

“Wait! Please don’t go. Please, sir?”

Saying “sir” felt as good as when she did in her fantasies. She looked up at him with pleading eyes. He stopped and stared at her again, watching her with his icy-blue eyes.

“Why?”

“I... I...”

Sandra panicked, unsure what to say. Two years of dreaming was nothing compared to being bound on a November night, helpless and almost naked. He came back to her, squatting down in front of her. She let her eyes drift down to the junction of his legs, imagining his hard cock. With an effort, she tore her eyes away and looked up at him.

“I-I’m actually here to say I’m sorry.”

He grunted.

“Piss poor way to say sorry. You could have waited until daylight and come up to the door instead of trashing my house again.”

Frank spoke in a hard voice. She stammered, unable to respond. He shook his head and started to rise.

“No, that isn’t it. Please, sir!”

He froze, then knelt down in front of her. She left a thrill of pleasure rising up inside her as she relived some of her fantasies.

“What were you going to do after this, break my windows?”

“No. I just wanted...” her voice trailed off as she struggled with her emotions. Part of her wanted to just be arrested and enjoy another two years of fantasies. But, a louder part of her screamed to speak out her mind. She wanted to beg, plead, ask her to fuck her every way until the morning.

“What do you want?”

Her mouth worked silently and she felt the cold November wind riding up her legs, coursing off her naked pussy.

“I want you.”

Frank froze, his face growing white.

“W-What?”

“You, sir, I want you.”

She could see him trying to convince himself that she meant something else. Sandra knew exactly what she wanted, she just didn't know to say it subtly. She dove forward, speaking as quickly as she could.

“I've been thinking about this for two years. I want you, I want you to do the things you wouldn't do to me two years ago.”

When he didn't answer, she amended herself.

“I want you to fuck me.”

She almost came again with those six words. Her cunt spasmed at the thought, juices dribbling out of her naked slit. Sandra watched his face, then purposefully lowered her eyes to his crotch. Frank wore only a sweat shirt and pants. There was no question of his own thoughts as his hardness pressed up against the thin fabric. Like her, he wore nothing underneath his clothes and she felt a thrill rising up inside her.

“I-I want you to fuck me.”

She flushed at the words again, then quickly added, “Sir.”

His eyes stared at her and he said, “Is this a trap?”

Sandra shook her head.

“No.”

“This isn't getting revenge for what I did to you... two years ago, was it?”

“No, sir.”

Her shoulder ached but the tiny pain was nothing compared to the inferno burning between her legs. She felt it curling through her stomach, warming her against the howling November wind.

He reached out and pushed a strand of her blond hair from her face. She opened her mouth and closed her eyes. Her heart pounded against her ribs, then almost exploded as she felt his finger slide along her lips. He caressed them, working slowly around before speaking.

“Why me?”

His finger slipped out and she opened her eyes.

“I've never had someone tie me up like this.”

She twisted slightly to point out her complete and utter helplessness. Her breasts ground against the satin, feeling the hard ground below. The wind tore at her clothes, flipping up her skirt

and revealing her naked behind to his gaze. She watched as lust filled them, Frank looking over her entire body as his fingertips hovered against her chin. She opened her mouth and brought them into the warm cavity, sucking on them as she begged with her eyes.

He looked around the cold backyard of his house before she responded. Instead of words, he pushed his shorts down and she watched his cock bob into view. It wasn't huge, about the length of her boyfriend's but it had a thickness that she couldn't even imagine. Her lips opened up hungrily as he leaned forward. She closed her eyes as she felt the hardness press against her lips, bobbing forward to the limit of her ability.

He tasted warm, she thought. A different type of taste, it was mature and wonderful as she sucked on the tip. Sandra moaned as she felt him sliding his fingertips into her blond hair, wrapping the long strands into one hand. He leaned forward, burying half his cock into her. She strained her mouth, twisting in her bounds and feeling the heat of her helplessness driving up the flames of lust. His fingers bound into her hair, then he pulled her into him. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't avoid the hard cock that buried into her willing mouth.

Frank let out a long shuddering gasp.

"Oh, fuck, its been too long."

Sandra whimpered around the cock, committing how it stretched her lips and how it drove into her soft mouth to memory. His hands clutched her hair tightly, pulling her tight against his stomach. She felt the hard muscles of his gut against her nose, then he pulled her off. She inhaled and he drove into her again, pumping into her mouth hard.

Sandra felt never so helpless and turned on at the same time as Frank, the lust of her fantasies, fucked her mouth with hard, powerful strokes. His hands pulled at her hair, guiding and directing her, using her bound body as he will.

She pushed against her bounds, feeling her body straining from the position, but the bit of discomfort just enhanced the pleasure of the hard cock thrusting between her lips. He buried himself into her with every stroke, pressing her nose against the thatch of hair at his base. Frank moved faster and harder, pulling her hair hard to pull her off and yanking to drive her lips down to his base. His balls,

heavy and swollen, slapped against her chin and she swooned with pleasure.

He came inside her, holding her tight against his base as he came directly into her throat. She choked at first and he backed off. She felt his cum on his shaft but he buried it back into her mouth moments later, to finish pumping his burning seed down her throat.

Frank withdrew and she sucked on his cock to clean it. Her body burned with desire, fueled by the salty taste on her lips and her own hungers.

He smiled when he looked down at her.

“I will admit, this may have one of my own fantasies.”

She smiled, beaming with joy. He stroked her face. She didn't realize tears were on her face until he wiped them off.

“I want to fuck you.”

She gasped, the heat flaring inside her, searing her sex with incredible intensity.

“And I want to fuck you all night.”

He reached up and pulled on the rope. She felt her right arm relax from the knot coming undone. She tried to hold it in place, but her body relaxed with it, her arm slipping out. To her surprise, she let out a whimper.

“No,” she gasped.

“Very well.”

He leaned forward, his cock bobbing in front of her lips. She saw his juices dribbling down the length as he softened and opened her mouth expectantly. She felt his hands on her body, reaching back to grab her legs and pull them up, tying them to her arms until she was positioned into a new helpless state—hogtied.

Testing her bounds, she opened her mouth and brought his cock back into her lips. He jumped, then thrust forward, pumping into her willing orifice as he bound her tight. His cock swelled inside her lips and she could only imagine them inside her aching cunt.

He finished her rope and she wondered for mere heartbeats before she felt his hands on her ass, parting her cheeks and sliding one finger down her wet and dripping snatch. At the first touch of her sex, she drove forward, impaling her mouth on his hardness and moaning as loudly as she could. She felt bound and tight, helpless and claustrophobic.

Frank pumped his cock into her mouth, driving forward as he plunged two fingers into her body, burying them hard into her pussy. She moaned loudly, pinned between two things. Her wrists twisted in the ropes as he fucked her mouth and pussy with his cock and fingers. She felt her orgasm rushing up, an intense wave of ecstasy that threatened to tear her apart.

Too late, she came, screaming around his cock and clamping down on his fingers with her pussy. He held his shaft in her lips, letting her spasm around it as he fingered her into one exploding orgasm after another.

Two years of fantasies crumbled under the intensity of one reality. She came until stars seared across her vision.

Frank sat back when she slumped against the ground. He held up his dripping fingers and pressed them against her lips. She hesitated, then let him pump them in and out of her lips, forcing her to taste her own juices on his fingers.

“I’m going to take you inside now.”

She whimpered happily. Her lips clamped on his fingers, sucking them dry.

“And I’m going to fuck you every way I can, for as long as I can.”

Her heart pounded so hard in her chest. She let tears of joy roll down her face as he stood up and pulled his pants back on. She watched as he circled around her and threaded his arm through the circle of her arms, legs, and back. The fingers of his other hand slid up between her legs, burying three fingers into her pussy and he picked her up.

She moaned with lust and happiness as Frank took her into his house. A piece of toilet paper fluttered past her vision as the door closed behind her. It felt right, seeing the remains of her trick disappearing. She had been let into the forbidden palace by playing that trick, but it was a treat that waited for her. A treat of rope, sex, and fantasies finally fulfilled.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.