

# Cynthia's Jimmy Choos

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I'm glad to hear that, you're making the right choice. Ok, we'll talk specifics later. Ciao!!!"

Another deal. Another successful sale in the bank. An impeccably presented blonde woman with a "Rachel" type of haircut (perfect to the hair) closed the call on her phone while still straddling the sidewalk in a lively pace. A busy woman such as herself always had little time to slouch. Despite just passing her prime, the 48-year-old cougar had an air that makes grown men's dicks perk up and little boys' (20-somethings in this case) dwindle from sexual intimidation. Though the first wrinkle-lines have been getting more visible recently, especially around her smile and above her eyebrows, the experienced female knows just how to hide these marks of time with some make-up.

After all, being a successful real estate agent is all about knowing how to present. Houses as well as yourself. And Cynthia Stewart knows very well how to do both. Her 5'5" skinny frame is "packaged" pristinely in an expensive suit-and-skirt of soft-pink color. She never skips a gym day, since her lotioned arms and legs are as tight as her belly and her ass, the skirt showing off her legs and the slight curve of her "white-girl" rump. Her tits used to be on the small B side, but ever since she got the "babies" put in about a decade ago, her sales rate increased by over 20%! Still, she went for a more "professional" high-C range of breast-cup. Wouldn't want to look like a cheap Vegas whore. Clients want to see class and status in her, not a Hooters waitress. Still, Cynthia always leaves the top button of her suit unclipped. Some extra skin showing never hurt any gal's chances.

Miss Stewart (used to be Mrs. a couple of divorces ago, but husbands always proved "too much of a hustle") reached a tall office building. The window-exterior was so clean that the sunlight bouncing off it could blind people from the wrong angle. Her offices were at the 9<sup>th</sup> floor of this building. Cynthia checked her silver Rolex. Her appointment with this new potential client, a Sherri Van der Smitt, was due in 7 minutes. Enough time to freshen the make-up and assume a power-stance seat behind her mahogany desk.

“Good morning, Miss Van der Smitt” Cynthia put on her (countless-times rehearsed) winning smile as she got up from her leather desk-chair to shake the woman’s hand. “A pleasure, call me Sherri” the black-haired woman said, not being able to hide a prolonged glance at the shorter woman’s shapely legs and (more importantly) at her gorgeous ankles and insteps, so “graphically” exposed by the woman’s alluring pair of platinum-golden Jimmy Choo sandals. The front of the 5-inch-tall heels had an intricately woven mesh of slim and narrow leather straps, while two more delicate straps sprang from either side of the heel to gently coil around the top of the woman’s ankles, where a tiny buckle strapped the sandals. They exuded wealth, extravagance and sex-appeal. They must have cost 1000 bucks easily.

“Oh pardon my staring, these are beautiful shoes!” Sherri broke the tension. More than the shoes, the woman was staring at Cynthia’s pretty feet and her dainty, pedicured toes, peaking at the front of her sandals. “Thank you, anniversary present from my 2<sup>nd</sup> marriage. Unlike my ex-husband, these never failed me, haha” the charismatic blonde tried to develop a rapport quickly, gesturing to the pretty brunette to take a seat. Sherri did so, taking off her puffy coat to expose her pretty shoulders which her top left mostly visible. Her slim physique also became apparent as she sat opposite Cynthia.

The two got to talking about boring real estate opportunities that Miss Van der Smitt appeared to be interested in. Cynthia gave her the basic gist as she focused on the typical things of location and budget. But throughout the conversation, Cynthia quickly caught on to the “mischievous” glances that Sherri shot her from time to time. There were also the odd jokes, akin to “well I’m sure a dynamic, pretty gal such as yourself could take these prices down for me”.

All this playfulness accumulated to Sherri saying this, as she shook the agent’s hand to depart: “I’m really intrigued by your ideas. Would you want to further discuss them, in a less...sterile environment” Sherri proposed with a cunning smile. “The best deals are made next to alcohol” Cynthia replied, tossing the ball back. Her morals were certainly not above playing the “lesbian” angle to secure a client. These were just tools of the trade.

“I’d love to see those heels again” Sherri blurred out, the last words she spoke before turning and walking out of the woman’s office. Cynthia smiled as the door separated them. Whatever this woman’s deal was, her Jimmy Choos would bring this deal home!



Alcohol did flow generously, as the two women clinked their glasses, both dressed less formally than their first meeting. Sherri was never a fan of dresses, her tight, black leather pants paired with her calf-high platform boots giving her a more dominant, “top” kind of vibe, though her bodily features were far from butch. As badass of a bitch as Cynthia was, she appeared more feminine between the two, dressed in a beautiful, wine-colored, knee-high dress, which offered good view of her “babies”. She had gotten Sherri’s hint and her golden Jimmy Choos adored her feet once more, matching her golden earrings and hairlocks. Sherri also spotted that this seasoned charmer had also renewed her pedicure between their two meetings. Her dainty toenails had a glossy, dark-red colored that matched her sexy dress. No detail was spared from Cynthia. She was a drop dead gorgeous queen, her straight, shoulder-length hair slightly curving inwards, as usual.

Cynthia tried multiple times to steer the conversation towards business, but each time Sherri reassured her with a wink and a top off of more Vodka, that everything would be taken care of. Cynthia was having fun with this new prospect client. She had to admit she was rather cute. The vodka surely helped things along.

Soon enough, Cynthia found herself on the passenger seat of Sherri’s car. Would fucking her new client make things complicated in her future business endeavors? Most likely. But the Vodka (and Sherri’s alluring ass, pressing against those tight leather pants) was talking louder than the mature woman’s optimizing, profit-seeking logic. “Don’t forget your seat-belt” Sherri said in a singing, cutesy voice. “Safety first” she added, giving her new passenger another playful wink. Cynthia clumsily obliged, taking a couple of more tries than usual to find the clip on the side of her seat, due to her inebriated state. She had no idea how she had doomed herself, as soon as the belt’s click was heard. Experimenting with new ways of “securing” a catch, Sherri had modified the belt’s plug, with a metal notch that made the belt impossible to remove, once it’s been snapped in place.

“Great, all ready to go...” Sherri mumbled as she fidgeted inside her handbag. Her seatbelt was still not fastened. Cynthia waited silent and content, looking through the passenger-side window at nothing in particular. It was peaceful outside. Being a little past 2 A.M., only the crickets and the far-away low frequencies of the bar’s music were heard.

Suddenly, the blonde cougar heard a snappy click, as all the car’s doors remotely locked, then immediately after felt a moist rag being roughly and violently pressed against her face! Sherri had pretty much launched herself towards her “date”, keeping her from pawing at the chloroformed-soaked rag.

“MMMMMNNgggh! MNNnnggg!” Cynthia screamed, trying pointlessly at her door handle, then instinctively stomping her pretty heels against the first thing it made contact with, the plastic door of the

glove compartment. Her hazel eyes looked at Sherri wide with terror, the rest of her face below covered by Sherri's rag. "Gnfff, GNNNMFF!" Cynthia tried moving away from her assailant, but the seatbelt hindered her cause. She flailed her hands pressing the red button of the seat-belt plug, but it wasn't releasing her belt. She was effectively trapped on her seat! Sherri kept her "non-chloroforming", free hand clasped over Cynthia's wrist, as the smaller woman attempted to wrestle the rag away from her own face, with no success.

Thuds, shuffling of fighting bodies and muffled moans were the substitute of radio music inside Sherri's silver Sedan. In movies and TV shows someone being attacked like that always gets dizzy and falls down in seconds, but reality is a lot messier, less choreographed. Cynthia clawed with her pretty, manicured nails at Sherri, breaking one of her dark-red-painted nails in the struggle. The younger, stronger, bigger woman kept her victim down, but not without a strain.

With her helpless becoming more and more apparent, the 48-year-old bombshell attempted to shift her face again and again away from Sherri's sedating "weapon", but Sherri was pinning her head roughly against the headrest of her seat, having almost climbed over and straddled the seated woman. Every way she turned, Cynthia's screams for help found Sherri's hand and drugging rag.

Finally, blondie had inhaled enough of the knock out gas to loosen her grip on Sherri's smothering hand. Her pretty hazels rolled inside her head and all strength left her body. Sherri panted as she removed her knee from between her "date's" thighs and got back to the driver's seat. She gently caressed the unconscious woman's tussled goldilocks away from her face, observing her prize for a couple of seconds. Cynthia's head was limply slumped over one side of her headrest, her pretty lips, painted to match her sexy dress, gaping slightly, with no working mind to close them. Sherri placed the rag next to the handbrake, in case she needed to "reapply" it, then dusted herself off and fixed her clothes, this time putting her own seatbelt on.

"Safety first..." she thought and let out a small giggle, as the car drove off into the night.



Cynthia slept like a baby throughout the ride to Sherri's home. The brunette vixen's eyes often trailed from the star-lit road, sneaking peeks towards blondie's alluring "cans". Of course the "old" slut hadn't worn any bra underneath that dress. "Jesus, there's not a stone you whores won't turn for a sale, huh?" Sherri spoke to her unresponsive passenger, then pulled one of the lace-like shoulder straps aside, exposing the knocked out woman's left nipple. Sherri slightly bit her tongue with excitement at the sight. It was a pretty one, about a centimeter in length, its brown color on the darker side for a Caucasian cunt, along with a nice, round areola surrounding it. Sherri had plans for both these perky buttons.

The Sedan finally turned into the small driveway that led to Sherri's garage. Cynthia was still dead as a leaf on a windless day. Sherri had dozed the bitch with the "strong stuff", as the parking lot of the bar wasn't as remote as she usually deemed safe and she couldn't be seen casually hogtying a sleeping slut.

Sherri took Cynthia out of her car. The nip-slip she had caused would be the least humiliating thing after she was done with her. No honey-moon arm-carry for this housing crisis-causing cunt. Sherri simply dragged the woman by both wrists, her pretty red dress sweeping plenty of dust and dirt off the garage floor that was in need of some vacuuming. Cynthia's head dangled backwards as she was pulled towards her "client's" basement. Sherri was pretty rough with the KO-ed lass, treating her like a new slump of meat. Her main worry was for the woman's J.Choos to remain intact. The rest of this brawd would be damaged anyway, and very soon.

Upon entering Sherri's play/slaughter-house, Sherri dumped her new realtor (at least Cynthia believed she was that) on the dry-blood-splattered floor and got to preparing her tools. First, her favorite 2mm-wide, PVC-coated electrical wire, the sturdiest and most bendy cord she had found. She had tried many variations, before settling on that one, since it offered the tightest grip while also being elastic enough to simulate an unyielding plastic/metal rope.

Sherri placed the lifeless agent's arms behind her back and then bent them upwards, so that the elbows almost touched and the hands resting between the petite woman's shoulder blades. Sherri smiled, seeing the woman's skinny arms literally bent to her will, but not too easily, giving a lot of pushback. That was good. Things were boring when they were easy.

Keeping a knee on the woman's forearms to maintain that awkward, unnatural shape, Sherri tied the woman's wrists together, keeping with the ten-wrap rule she always abided by. She then took a new piece of paired cords and wrapped it around both the woman's elbows, folding each arm onto itself, as well as relentlessly squeezing the woman's elbows and arms together. She used her trusty pliers to twist the pair of cords and pull out any slack. The end result was a cruel reverse-prayer cord tie.

Finally, she took the two loose ends of the cord pieces and fashioned them into a quick chest cord-harness, with 10 lines of cord passing over and 10 under Miss Saleswoman's silicone-filled tits, to satisfy

the borderline OCD girl's whims. Before doing so, she unhooked the dress' shoulder-straps from Cynthia's delicate, naked shoulders, so that her boobs could get the full attention they deserved.

The loops of cord "hugging" around her chest further squeezed the woman's twisted, bound arms against her own back, straining them further. Additionally, the tension forced Cynthia's "babies" to perk up even further than their enhanced physiology was designed to do, squeezed as they were from the breast bondage

The tension was truly mean. No two-fingers worth of slack or any other bondage-seminar bullshit. Cynthia's tender white skin bulged on either side of a passing cord from the intense pressure and was harshly pinched, with absolutely no wiggle room.

Rolling poor Miss Stewart over on her back, Sherri left and returned with a new gadget, one of her own creation. She always had trouble finding a ball-gag with the...desirable attributes. The ones on online sex-shops were sub-par, to say the least, for what the dark-haired lass had in mind. Too soft, too small, too loose. The one Sherri had crafted was a two and a half-inch diameter, bright red ball gag. In contrast to the soft rubber ones you'd see in a porn flick, this one was made out of a dense, hard rubber compound, used mainly for exterior constructions. It was definitely not designed to be bitten onto.

"Well, I don't know if this is going to fit, but let's give it a go" Sherri said and propped the drugged woman's mouth open, before placing this huge, shiny sphere in it. Most of the ball found an obstacle against the woman's Hollywood-whitened teeth. Sherri didn't expect to break in her new gag on such a small victim/mouth.

Sophia began to rotate the ball clockwise and counter-clockwise, trying to slowly burrow the ball past Cynthia's teeth. If the gag wasn't sitting comfortably inside the mouth, something was wrong. After about a minute of trying to manipulate the enormous ball to fit in the lifeless woman's pretty kisser, Sherri hadn't made any progress, only a third of the ball appearing to be "inside" Cynthia's mouth, the rest being blocked by her teeth.

"Shit girl, after all that cock you bragged about sucking" Sherri called back to a "spicy" anecdote Cynthia had shared with her at the bar while flirting. The knocked out businesswoman did not respond to the jab, her eyes still closed. Frustrated, Sherri started pushing the ball with all her might, endangering caving the woman's front teeth in! After 15 seconds she heard a dull pop. That was probably Cynthia's jaw being dislocated. With an "oh well" shrug, Sherri gave the ball another deep push and with the extra room given by a structurally damaged jawline, she managed to work the gag halfway into her mouth. A few more "encouraging" rotations and finally, the ball gag made a nice, satisfying pop, as it fully cleared past Cynthia's upper and lower teeth. "Now that's a real jawbreaker to suck on..." Sherri admired.

Happy with the gagged look of her sleepily-ignorant toy, Sherri turned to the second component of her gag, the strap, which Sherri had also manually put together. Buckles never gave her the full satisfaction of testing a ball-gag's (or rather, its wearer's) limits. Her strap consisted of industrially strong, black nylon (like the one on a car-seat belt), a little less than an inch wide. One of the two ends featured a metal ratchet mechanism that could feed one strap through the other indefinitely.

Once she connected them behind Cynthia's head, Sherri brought the ratchet-wrench and inserted into the metal component of the straps. With each turn that produced this pleasant rolling sound, the strong straps tightened and tightened around the woman's mouth, cheeks and head until the nylon straps were fiercely biting into the corner of Cynthia's lips and her rosy, powdered cheeks. The ball itself appeared to have travelled a few millimeters deeper down Cynthia's mouth, too, further damaging her jaw and leaving no room for the woman's tongue, which was all but crushed.

Finally satisfied with the "application" of her gag, Sherri proceeded to hang her little piggy up its boning hook. It wasn't a literal butcher's hook, but the alternative made little difference to the damsel's suffering. Sherri's pulley and the 5mm cord it was dangling from had a maximum weight carry of 500 pounds. Much more than the average hottie that Sherri would string up. Hell, she could hang up two at a time if she wanted! Though she always liked focusing on one "specimen" at a time. Two sounded like stimulation overload!

Before hoisting her up, Sherri cord-tied the unconscious woman's left ankle to her right thigh, in a constricting frog-tie. She only really needed the left leg, anyway. She looped her 5mm strong cord around the woman's right delicate ankle, which was less than 3 inches wide, then attached it to the pulley's hook, in order to watch it slowly but steadily rise to the top, along with Cynthia's pretty foot. As the woman's bound, limp body was being steadily lifted by the machine, gravity "pulled" Cynthia's pretty dark-red dress downwards. As the skirt part of the dress fell it revealed not only the entirety of Cynthia's well-kept, tight thighs, but also her precious crotch, dressed with a silk, beige pair of Brazilian-style panties. Sherri stopped the machine's ascent to a point where only Cynthia's sunny head and small shoulders were in contact with the floor. The dress was now bundled around Cynthia's midriff, covering very little.

Sherri took a hold of a bare metal wire, this one thicker than the ones forming her toy's bondage. It took some strength to manipulate it, but thanks to her pliers, Sherri twisted the metal around the woman's ankle, this one below the bone (as it hanged upside down). The metal all but drew blood, digging deep around the woman's delicate calf-skin. Sherri found that her victims sometimes bled too fast and this blood loss caused their energy during Sherri's favorite part of the night to deplete too soon to offer a good show to their dark-haired "date". Therefore, Sherri came up with a sort of pre-applied tourniquet, to give her writhing, suffering stars some more time to "shine".

Whether it was the blood getting to her head from being hanged like a soon-to-be-roast, or the intense pain coming from all kinds of sources, Cynthia's drug finally wore off, and the poor damsel opened her eyes to a far different end of the night, than the one she had in mind. She was immediately overwhelmed by two different sensations that both ranked at the top of her list of most painful feelings in her life. The first was her dislocated jaw, graphically gaped open. The ball buried down her mouth was so thick it even made breathing through the nose difficult. Second was the contortion act happening behind her back, with her slim, petite arms twisted into something that Cynthia could, ironically, find herself in a few moments. A praying position.

"Huuugmmm, \*cough\* cough\*" Cynthia tried exerting some defiance, looking up at her captor, though even moaning through this thing was a challenge. "Good morning, my dear. Don't stress yourself, just gnaw on your breakfast until I get some things ready" Sherri greeted her awakened captive with a casual glance, still busy fixing the metal tourniquet around her dangling ankle. "Mmmmmmmmmmm" Cynthia's yelp of pain was heavily soundproofed by the monster-gag between her lips, as Sherri finished squeezing the vice-like metal wire around her right lower calf. "Tsk tsks...so whiny... and we haven't even started yet" Sherri mumbled like a knowing mother used to her kids' spoilt nature.

Another turn of the pliers elicited another, louder moan from the floored realtor. "All set up!" Sherri said with a smile, bending over her floored victim and cutely booping Cynthia's nose. It only made her more-than-a-decade senior more furious at her helplessness. But any curses blondie tried hurling at Sherri were stifled by her ginormous gag. On top of that, her broken jaw made any speaking attempts tremendously painful to the poor woman.

"Awwww, you poor thing, is that big bad ball gag making your jaw ache? Let me do something to take you mind off that!" Sherri teased her victim some more and then walked off towards one of the many drawers her basement shelves had.

With her captor now a few feet away, Cynthia tested the freedom of her arms in a hopeless attempt to gauge her escape possibilities. She found the slack of her bonds limited to the microscopic level. Her shoulder joints ached unbelievably, in the brink of tearing, as where her elbows from this unnatural bending bondage.

Sherri opened a metal drawer, containing several butt plugs of various sizes and looks. Sherri picked up a huge one, whose exterior end was connected to a wire with a male socket plug. "Missed me?" she tossed Cynthia another smile, knowing how much it would infuriate her. Sherri loved playing with her food before she "devoured" it. This time Cynthia did not dignify a choked, gagged reply, only shooting a mean look full of hatred towards her "prospect client".

"Oh right, I forgot about your panties" Sherri face-palmed, seeing the cougar's crotch still covered. She left again this time returning quickly with some scissors. "Mm...mm...mmm!" Cynthia let out small,



staccato, worrying moans, shaking her frogtied leg, more as a reflective fear response than anything else. But her satin-veiled pussy was presented to Sherri more prominently than a dish at a gourmet restaurant. "You won't need this, sooo thankyouverymuch!" Sherri easily snipped the two narrow ribbons of fabric hugging each hip, ruining the bossy woman's very expensive lingerie. She took the torn panties and pocketed them in her leather pants. She had started collecting her victim's panties as another sort of trophy. She had picked up sewing lately and was pondering fashioning them all together into a nice commemorative piece, though she didn't know what that would be yet.

"Niceee, you keep it tidy down there. I thought I was gonna see longer drapes than these, hahaha!" Sherri commented on Miss Stewart's cunt-lips, which though certainly more meaty than your typical jailbait teen pornstar, they were rather pretty and dignified. Cynthia was also fully shaven "down there", though she probably expected very different circumstances for this intimate "reveal".

High above Cynthia's floor-level view-point, Sherri playfully waived the ominously sized, butt-plug to her bound captive, the thing's metal exterior shining under the basement's bright, ceiling lights. "This thing will surely get you fired up!" she said pushing down the woman's frogtied thigh to get a clearer view. Cynthia did not understand the double meaning of Sherri's words. She puffed and huffed through her dainty nose, as Sherri spat on the tip of the bulbous-shaped plug, then started working it on the 48-year-old bitch's asshole. "HMmhhhhh, gnnnnnnnnnn" blondie whined at the intense strain her sphincter immediately experienced. Sherri was already fed-up of pushing from the woman's ball-gag insertion. No screwing around this time. The technique was similar though, lots of pushing and shoving with simultaneous back and forth rotations. Cynthia had not mentioned any "anal-based" adventures during their flirty back-and-forth, but Sherri was determined to give her one. Even if she wouldn't get to share it with anyone else.

With some more twisting and wailing from the hanging bound woman, Sherri managed to pass the widest part of the plug (clocking in at 2 inches wide) through Cynthia's taut sphincter. After that, her rectum swallowed the rest of the narrower part, leaving only a round, disc-shaped button outside. Disregarding Cynthia's deep nose-breathing, in her attempts to cope with this giant thing filling her ass to the brim, Sherri took the wire sticking from the plug's exterior and led it towards a socket on the closest wall of the basement.

"Dammit, it doesn't reach" she sighed, and left Cynthia to half-dangle, ass-filled and aching, in order to get an extension cord. "Hnnnhhhhh!" Cynthia tried to hide a small whimper, completely uncharacteristic to her whole tough, independent bitch act. She was realizing that things were not only bad now, but that they were about to become much worse. Sherri heard the bitch's cries though.

"Oooh you have no idea how shitty things are gonna become for you..." she said giving her floored victim a small "I'm almost sorry for you" nod, her expression neither sadistic nor teasing, simply pitying.

Sherri then plugged the anal plug's cord to the extension, a small light flashed on the sex-toy's socket-plug.

Similar to Sherri's makeshift ball-gag, this sex toy was not sold on any kinky websites in its current form. While the thing appeared like a normal (albeit large) insertable toy with some sort of electrically triggered vibration or something to that effect, its electrical core had been taken apart and modified. The plug was indeed designed to heat up, giving a pleasurable or playfully painful, heat-play experience to the "naughty" wearer. The resistors inside the hollow center of the plug produced heat which was transmitted through the very thermally conductive metal of the exterior. But Sherri had replaced these resistors with larger, more powerful ones. She had also messed with the circuitry to allow the same amount of current to pass through them.

In layman's terms, things would get VERY hot for poor Miss Stewart.

Sherri approached the woman's right foot, dangling at her eye-level. Cynthia nervously struggled trying to jerk her delicate, tethered foot of its hanging-spot, but it barely budged, being pulled towards opposite directions by the pulley and the woman's weight. Cynthia tenderly, lovingly, held the upside-down foot on her hands, and the gorgeous "packaging" with which it had "arrived" at her door-step. The golden, 5-inch-tall, sandal heels that Cynthia so shamelessly flaunted at her.

Sherri gently undid the little strap on the side of the woman's ankle, then equally slowly, as if she was cherishing each moment, removed the heeled shoe from the suspended, Caucasian foot. "Hmmmfff" Cynthia let a, rather undignified than scared, moan from her enormous ball-gag, as her pedicured toes nervously wiggled ever so delightfully now that her foot was "undressed".

Sherri put the beautiful heel aside for the moment; her full attention on Cynthia's swaying trophy. In her eyes, this small slender foot looked like a naked fairy, on a suspended flight through the air. Sherri placed one hand on the instep and the other on the ankle, like holding a lover's face right before a passionate kiss. That's what Sherri did, as, first by small pecking kisses, then more lustful, moister ones, begun making out with Cynthia's pretty low-end. "MMMmfff!" the mature woman objected, the experience not as pleasant for her as it was for Sherri. Rather invasive. "DON'T... KICK!" Sherri showed a stricter side of hers for the first time, eyeing down Cynthia with an ice-cold look. It froze the business woman's moans on their tracks. Sherri returned to her tender one-on-one with the naked foot, happy that Cynthia's wiggling had subsided to a minimum, thanks to her threat. The brunette psychopath started licking the bare sole and sucking on Cynthia's perfectly pedicured toes. They tasted like little cherry popsicles on a steamy sunny day. They tasted like paradise! Throughout this make-out, she was also rubbing the woman's foot with her hands, "feeling it up".

Meanwhile, Cynthia bit (an oxymoron, considering her broken jaw) into her hard ball-gag, squeezing her eyes shut, trying to fight this awful feeling of being both grossed out and tickled and stifle the urge to shake her foot. Who knows what this crazy bitch would do to her if she interrupted this bizarre 1<sup>st</sup> base.

After she finally had her fill, Sherri removed her lips from Cynthia's dangling appendage, appearing almost love-high. Saliva was glistening onto Cynthia's sole, under the basement lights.

"I gotta take a tingle, but I'll be right back. Don't you dare go anywhere, heehee!" Sherri blew her suspended, bound prisoner a kiss as she walked off the basement.



Cynthia was alone in Sherri's grim, blood-stained basement, moisture from Sherri's saliva still on her hitched, upside-down foot. She tried wiggling in her obscenely strict bonds, but the fact she was alone didn't elevate her chances of getting out of them. This sadistic cunt had tied her so relentlessly tight, there was no slack to "work on". Anything her eyes fell on only sunk her heart deeper into worry and terror.

The helpless woman was feeling a warm sensation build up on the inner walls of her colon. It was not yet uncomfortable, but the rising temperature indicated it would be soon. The swing of the basement door shifted Cynthia's attention, from her stretched asshole to her dreaded "date" re-entering the room. Sherri took a hold of the huge pair of pruning shears that were waiting for her on the tray.

"Mguhghh, mmmguhghh \*cough\*" Cynthia tried to verbally oppose this new development, with only unintelligent muffle gibberish leaving her muzzle. "You sound like the adults from the old Snoopy Cartoons, hehe..." Sherri replied to her bound captive, who kept drooling uncontrollably through her lipsticked bottom lip. "You know what I'm talking about, you old hag. Those big fake titties don't trick me like I'm sure they did with your male clientele" Sherri gave a smile and a hard nipple pinch to the woman's exposed breasts, causing a lively yelp from Cynthia.

"Now...I know you like your nipples..." Sherri talked down to her thrashed-up piggy in a fake-serious tone, preparing to announce something that Cynthia would not be on board with. Cynthia's eyes were already wide with fear, regarding where this sentence was heading. "But, I like them more...so I will take them!" Sherri explained, her words followed by a bunch of terrified gagged screams by Cynthia, along with frantic, but rather bordered, flailing.

"MMMMMMmagg! NNNNngghuuuuuh! UUUuuuughh!!!" The almost-naked woman jerked around trying to move away from the standing Sherri, but with 4/5ths of her body suspended in the air there was nowhere to push off from.

Sherri watched her toy writhe in pure, unfiltered anticipation of agony, taking the sight in. She then pressed with the chunky platform of her boot down on the woman's head, forcing her to turn so that the sole of the boot nesting with good, securing pressure on Cynthia's nylon-strapped cheek.

"MMm...mmm...mmm...mmmm" Cynthia was sucking in air rapidly, a result of both her fatigue from screaming her lungs off, as well as the debilitating terror of what her fate would be.

With one end of the woman's body securely tethered mid-air by the pulley hook and the other securely trapped under Sherri's boot, there was nowhere for Cynthia's breasts to "run away". Sherri moved the two long blades of her shears towards Cynthia's nipples. "Don't squirm or I'll chop off more than I need" she told her panicked victim, not so much as a threat as practical advice.

"NNngggg, NuuuuuuUUUUUH!" Cynthia kept protesting in frenzy, her head almost crashed by the weight of Sherri's heavy boot.



After snapping plenty of pictures on her phone of Cynthia's decrepit, degraded form, Sherri left her toy's side for a few minutes. Plenty of drool leaked from the tiniest crevices that the jawbreaker gag allowed, as Cynthia waddled mostly silently, her insides on literal fire. Sherri opened a closet on the far side of the basement and started putting on a dark, leather butcher's apron. "I know the place is a bit messy, but there's no need to ruin my nice clothing. A new career-hottie is just around the corner, ya know?" Sherri "chatted" with her miserably friend from the other side of the room.

It was unknown how much of what she had said was heard though, since Sherri returned to find her toy passed out, visible steam now rising from them metal stuffed in her ass. She had fainted from the overwhelming pain. And for good measure, the metal was almost getting a reddened glow. Her rectum's walls as well as her little brown rosebud had definitely succumbed to 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns. "Tsk tsk, what a softie..." Sherri shook her head and pulled the gadget's plug out of the socket. She checked the woman's pulse on her neck, hoping her heart hadn't given out from shock. All was well. Bitch wouldn't get away with it that easily.

After a few slaps on her strap-squeezed cheeks, Cynthia opened her tired, miserable eyes to find Sherri's. "Gnnnnnff" she groaned, returning to a mild resistance and feistiness with a mean, albeit weathered look. Her asshole was still being cooked, but the heat was slowly dying off now. Her reverse-praying arms were getting purple from lack of circulation. They were killing her from the pain, as well as her wounded areolae.

"Hiii, just to catch you up from your silly nap. You didn't miss much, just a small wardrobe change. My gals always experience their last night to the fullest, so I'd hate for you to miss any highlights" was the first words Sherri affectionately shared with her gagged victim. Cynthia couldn't help but fur her eyebrows at the sound of that, straining to gulp down saliva due to her enormous gag.

Sherri then stood up and approached a metal work-bench, where three clean, unused, cool-looking hacksaws were lined up on the table. Her previous chainsaw was fine, but she had decided to try something different, since the raw power of the electric saw caused it to mangle the subject's foot while cutting it, making for a bumpy, less satisfying and smooth cutting line. As easy as it was to just maw through ankles like a hot knife through butter, these things were designed to bury through 4-foot wide tree trunks, not delicate damsels' ankles. The end aesthetic result was not optimal. Sherri believed that a sharp, slower incision would bring the desired clean cut.

Sherri picked up the smallest of the saws and admired its chrome frame, black handle, and thin metal blade. Sherri couldn't resist running her finger along the blade, feeling the saw's tiny, but sharp-as-hell teeth. One of them drew a drop of blood from the tip of finger. "This one will do just fine; don't you think Cynthia?" Sherri turned to her hanging toy, sucking the blood-drop from her finger in a coy, seductive way. "MMMMnnnnngggggg!" long, almost mourning moans returned from the older woman's outstretched, blocked mouth.

Sherri walked over to Cynthia, grabbed her by her hair and pulled her head off the ground, while showing her the gleaming hacksaw up close. "Any ideas of what I'm going to use this for?" She quizzed her bound captive. Cynthia just looked up at Sherri and the sharp blade, repeatedly shaking her head, her moans trembling from fear. Any uses for this tool would be bad.

Sherri let go of Cynthia's hair causing her head to smack back into the hard concert floor. "Well if you're not going to play we might as well get to it" Sherri said as she stood up and moved the teeth of the blade towards the woman's suspended right ankle.

"Nnnnnnnuuugh. NNNUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMMGG!" the small woman begun writhing and twisting like a banshee. Sherri was ready to drive the first slash across the woman's slim ankle, but before she had the chance, she witnessed the hanging woman lose control of her bladder, in her limitless fear. A stream of piss run down Cynthia's inverted body, soaking her crotch, her pretty dress, then her mangled tits. The few drops of urine running down the back gorge of the woman's ass-cheeks made a little yellow creek before reaching the piping-hot, metal ass-plug. Upon hitting it, they caused a sizzling sound, like water droplets falling onto a hot stove grate.

"Whoa!" Sherri exclaimed, thrilled. "Cynthia! You filthy slut!" she said in a teasing tone. "That's a wet pussy if I've ever seen one" she mocked the woman's vulnerable accident, placing her fingers flat-side down on the woman's cunt and giving it a quick flicking rub, causing more piss droplets to fly everywhere. She then inserted a couple of fingers down the half-suspended woman's available cunt. "Slides right in! I wish all the bitches I snuffed got as horny as you!" she said and then snapped a couple of more phone pics of the piss-drenched whore. Cynthia looked utterly defeated, voicelessly sobbing on the basement floor. Motionless, cowardly. Her humiliation had hit rock-bottom. Hit after hit, her courage had vanished. "I should send these to your agency. They should not what a hoe they have on their payroll" Sherri drove the metaphorical knife deeper. It was time for the actual one, though.



Without further delay, Sherri grabbed the calf of Cynthia's suspended right leg with her left hand, while positioning the saw's blade on the Achilles' tendon with her right hand. With quick, back and forth thrusts, the teeth of the saw bit into the soft skin of Cynthia's right ankle. Dark-red blood, vaguely reminiscent of her dress, seeped out of the cut and gradually ran down Cynthia's leg. The woman's screams, screeching and harrowing as they might have been, were effectively muzzled by the 2.5-inch, red ball gag and its garrote-like nylon strap. It was doubtful whether anyone outside the basement could hear her, never mind any innocently sleeping neighbors.

With a firm grip on the calf to keep each swing of the saw cutting further into the meat, Sherri sawed through Miss Stewart's Achilles tendon, each slide of the blade moving a little closer towards the bone, each slide causing a little more blood to run.

Suddenly, the tendon snapped, like an old rubber band, no longer supporting the woman's meat-hanged weight. Sherri's mature little piggy twitched and writhed very much in place, not causing its butcher any trouble. The saw kept going, emotionless as its wielder, next reaching bone, but its fine teeth dug in and started working through the tougher material.

Sherri was enjoying this new tool. Although the hacksaw was slower than the chainsaw and definitely put her arms through a workout, it was making a neater, prettier cut. This, coupled with Cynthia's delightfully muffled, choked screams made Sherri's work that much more enjoyable.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, the hacksaw bogged down, getting wedged in the middle of Cynthia's bone. While the bone wasn't much wider than an inch As Sherri tried to power through it, the blade snapped. "Fuck!" Sherri yelled, as she pulled the hacksaw out of the huge bloody dent it had made on the side of Cynthia's lower calf. Cynthia panted hysterically through her gag, beating cold-sweat not quite knowing what's happening, still in shock from the on-going amputation process. Her leg was bleeding a lot, but not quite as much as it would have if there was not metal tourniquet in place.

Annoyed, Sherri threw the broken saw on the floor then knelt over Cynthia. "I'm sorry honey for the delay, give me a second" Sherri caressed the dislocated woman's jaw, then walked over to her metal dresser and begun opening drawer after drawer, rummaging through them for a new blade. "Fucking blades, sometimes nothing goes your way" Sherri mumbled curses. Meanwhile, the back of Cynthia's right leg, the side were Sherri was "working on" was almost completely covered from the blood running down from the woman's ankle.

Finally, finding a matching back-up, the woman returned to her "waiting" realtor. Her leather apron stained with her blood. Sherri wiped down the saw and changed the blade. "All right, let's try this again."

This time Sherri positioned the saw at the front of Cynthia's right ankle. Renewed muffled wailing and crying ramped up as soon as the teeth viciously bit into tender leg flesh. As much as Cynthia prayed she



would pass out and not have to experience this, she was very much conscious. This time, Sherri paused her sawing ever few seconds to check the progress of her cut and to insure it lined up perfectly with the previous cut on the back of the calf. At no point did it faze her that this (along with the blade switch) prolonged the woman's grueling torture. Despite the minor setbacks, she was glad the bitch got to suffer longer.

After a few more minutes of determined, focused butchering, the two cuts on Cynthia's lower calf connect perfectly and the woman's severed, naked foot fell to the ground with a small thud. It was joined a split second later by Cynthia's leg and bound torso, as there was nothing for the pulley-tethered cord to hoist now. More gagged cries followed as Cynthia's amputated leg slammed on the concrete floor.

Sherri carefully, lovingly picked up the bloodied foot from the floor. She turned it upside down for the excess blood to drain from the smooth, severed surface of the ankle then wipes it with an already used bloody towel. She lifted the thing with both hands on her eye level, like a museum exhibit, like a precious gemstone. It was so mesmerizingly beautiful! Her eyes caught the 5 pretty toes at the front of the sandal. They weren't wiggling at all now, like they were minutes ago. They were still, serene, peaceful. Then, Sherri's eyes traced the pristinely painted toenails. The dark-red nail polish matched the blood-stains on the top of the severed foot pretty closely.

"So sexy..." Sherri sighed and like two lovebirds in a rom-com, planted a long, deep, sensual kiss on the lower instep of the small-sized foot, right where the lines separating the toes begun. It was as if the agonizing, moaning woman on Sherri's feet wasn't even there anymore. It was just Sherri and the woman's pretty foot. Now, Sherri's foot, on many accounts. Sherri kissed and licked the foot all over, tracing her tongue all across the sole's toe-print-patterned texture, then sucking and simultaneously licking the nail-polished toes two-by-two, like the tastiest little dicks she could ever taste.

Her kisses moved south, towards the pretty, rather slim little toes. She started suckling and sucking and licking them, first the big one, then the rest quickly followed. "You taste so good..." Sherri blurred put in-between making out with Cynthia's sawed-off foot, though it was unclear whether she was addressing Cynthia or just her inanimate body part at this point. After a good slobbering all over the severed, white-skinned extremity, Sherri rubbed the sole against her face, feeling its touch all across its length, from the soft little pads right below the toes and the round ball of the sole down the smooth surface leading up the tougher heel. She was so horned up. Feeling the foot graze and rub against her cheek and lips and everywhere else on her face got her going SO HARD!

Knowing what she simply had to do, Sherri quickly tossed the leather apron off her and pulled down the zipper of her tight, dark leather pants, pulling them down so they sat around her knees (no time to be undoing boots). With absolutely no regard for her bound, gagged and butchered audience, the woman lowered her panties out of the way and pressed the ball of Cynthia's foot hard up against her sopping

wet cunt, rubbing it up and down vigorously. The feeling of the bitch's toes tickling her clit as the ball pressed and stimulated the entrance of her sex hole was utterly magnificent!

Sherri closed her eyes, lost in sexual bliss, half-squatted but still standing as she used her new favorite sex toy. It wasn't the first time Sherri was getting amorous with her unwilling guests' feet, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

It only took about 45 seconds of intense sole-to-pussy contact for Sherri to squeal (a rare pitch for her lower-toned voice) into a wonderful orgasm, her knees buckling from the overwhelming ecstasy. When she "retrieved" the foot from her crotch, the sole was almost dripping with Sherri's sex juices.

A couple feet away, Cynthia was laying on the floor, with bigger problems than the graphic indecency against her body part. Her face a little paler than before, due to some blood loss, she wasn't exactly active, with her arms contorted behind her back and with one leg frogged, the other amputated at the ankle. Moaned sighs periodically escaped her giant ball-gag, the vice-like nylon strap and the sheer gaping of her jaw having slightly torn the corners of her lips a while ago.

Sherri was not particularly worried of her trashed-up toy worming her way out of her basement. She took a few minutes to compose herself from the intense, amazing climax she had just experienced, slowly pulling her pants back up and fixing herself a glass of water from a near metal sink.



After coming down from this wonderful high, Sherri turned her attention back to her lovely damsel. She placed the butt-plug back in its socket, since things were slowly reaching their end and she wanted Cynthia to go on a high note. The 48-year-old blondie was too drained from her torture to visibly object or really moan, mostly resigned to a terrible, terrible fate.

Sherri turned the petite woman over on her belly, looking at the pale hands of the woman nesting on her upper back. She couldn't feel them for a while now, though she was constantly feeling the horrible numbing pain on her shoulders, elbows and wrists. Sherri gave Cynthia a good, firm grope on her small, but supple ass-cheek, before undoing the second golden heel's buckle and removing it from the woman's frogtied foot. She then got up and taking the initial sandal-heel from the metal tray it was resting on, placed the pair of golden sandal-pumps onto her favorite shelf, the one displaying her full shoe collection.

She then left Cynthia to suffer alone for a couple of minutes, before returning with a jar full of thick, transparent jell. Its appearance was like the water of a swimming pool, minus the "chunkiness". Sherri thoroughly cleaned the foot with some Windex to remove any dirt or dust then slowly submerged into the jar, preserving it in top appearance, in all its beautiful glory.

"The bag with your license is in the car...naaah I'll get it later" Sherri noted to herself about her method of identifying each foot jar with the "owner's" driver's license. She stashed her newest addition into the wooden closet with all the other jars of feet, then returned to her bound, pathetic little foot-donor.

"Now how should I off you...?" Sherri asked herself, more than Cynthia. Sherri's toys did not have a say on how they exited this cruel world. After a brief ponder, she opened her drawer and took out a roll of classic, shiny, grey all-purpose duct-tape. Cynthia tried to roll her cord-wrapped body away from her soon-to-be-killer, something that Sherri found rather amusing. "You don't have any dignity, do you?" Sherri nonchalantly walked over and stood on the woman's floor-rolling path. She just didn't wanna have to re-plug the chick's "anal-heater". "MMmmffffff!" Cynthia gathered the strength to say, not very insightfully. Her asshole was, once again, starting to sizzle.

Sherri straddled the woman's practically-naked body, as it was now facing up. She pulled the end of the tape about 4-5 inches from the roll then applied it where Cynthia's O-stretched lips met the mouth-stretching hard-plastic of the ball-gag. She then wrapped the tape-strand around blondie's head until it came back around and repeated the process, sealing any tiny crevice or crack that was peeking through the giant ball-gag in Cynthia's yapper. At the end and after 5-6 head-wraps, the red of the ball was almost covered, as where the cougar's blowjob-savvy lips.

"I would just do your nose, but then you might take the whole night to...pop. And I wanna go to bed at some point" Sherri explained to the straddled woman her thinking process, as if this changed her feelings about this. "Mmmm...mmmm...mmmmggg!" Cynthia's moans now were heard even quieter, as if they were coming from a mile away, even though Sherri was face-to-face with her plaything. Sherri made 3 more rounds with the duct-tape, this time fully and snugly smothering Cynthia's nose under the tape. She gave her nose a little nostril-pinch, just to fully secure the tape there.

Immediately, Cynthia's blood-shot eyes widened fully. There was no air coming in or out. She shook her head frantically from side to side, as if to magically dislodge the sticky tape from her face. Sherri simply sat on the woman's belly and relaxed, enjoying the front-seat show that was coming to an end. "Mmgg...mggg...mggg!!!" Cynthia let out something like moans, since air never made it past her voice-box. Her face slowly turned red, as she was asphyxiating, her body trapped between Sherri's pretty thighs. She bucked her hips wildly, flailing her bloody leg in the air and dragging her frogtied one across the floor, as her last survival- instinct kicked in. Her hazel eyes asked Sherri for mercy, but the younger lass had simply bent her face closer, her hands propped against the floor, on either side of blonde's face. She was simply watching, taking it all in with a silent intrigue; like a movie that has you glued to your seat, rather than the demise of an actual person.

Cynthia was making these stifled throat sounds now, similar to someone drowning. The brain instinctively sends signal to the brain to breathe, but the blockage produces this inhibiting sound. Sherri assumed the bitch had one more minutes, tops. Maybe less, since that fireball up her shitter ought to take a few seconds away from her "time".

"Gnnnn...gnnnnnnnn!" the suffocated woman shook her head some more, now fully red in the face, ready to burst. Her naked, mangled chest, was heaving up and down at a dangerously high pace. Sherri held the woman's tape-wrapped, nylon-squeezed cheeks in her hands, keeping the woman from turning from side to side. "Look at me. I wanna be the last thing you see" she said, her face only a few inches away from Cynthia's. Staring eye to eye, the bound, taped woman struggled some more, her bucking reaching a peak of energy, then the naked woman stood still as her whole body stiffed up in her last struggling pose, before dropping lifelessly under Sherri's a second later. Her eyes stayed open towards an empty spot of the ceiling. She was dead.

Sherri lowered her face over and gave the expired woman a small peck on the forehead. She then got up, turned the lifeless bitch over and using the woman's waist-side dress as a mitten, pulled off the huge, burning anal plug from her ass. A small splat of blood blew out the woman's ass as soon as the 2.5-incher was pulled out. "Ewww, I have to clean that" Sherri said upon seeing a few flesh pieces that

were stuck on the plug's exterior, due to the heat. "Should lube it up next time" she said tossing the scorching hot thing away for now.

After removing the tape and retrieving her favorite gag from the woman's broken maw, Sherri then dragged the late Miss Stewart by her remaining foot over to a 55-gallon of industrial acid at the corner of the basement. It was her favorite method for making any pesky evidence disappear. This thing could eat through a whole adult body in only 2-3 days. She tossed the body head-first, the acid sizzling as it immediately started eating away at the raw flesh of Cynthia's head and instantly disintegrating the woman's blonde hair. The legs followed and Cynthia Stewart's body was consumed by the green, chunky liquid, soon to become another pile of biological waste in Sherri's basement. All Sherri would have to do then was empty it in a (thankfully remote) sewer drain.

It was a small hustle, but totally worth it for these great additions to her collection.

