

## Nii's Birthday Bumps

Nii crouched in the darkness, golden eyes glittering with anticipation. When she had been given all of that community service to do for the local police, she had been both angry and annoyed. She'd barely even done anything, and anyway, that guy had started it, and *anyway* his friends shouldn't have joined in if they didn't want a goblin girl punching them hard in the dicks. Life was just not fair.

But when her new supervisor had told her he had an important job for it, and it involved a lot of dick-punching, Nii instantly forgot her worries. She'd given Jack a salute and a big, sharp-toothed grin. "I'm your gal, chief!"

"I'm not..." Jack had sighed and let it go. "Here's the op," he'd explained. "A local crime boss is having a big birthday party. His whole crew is going to be there. We need someone to go in, get a tape of their crimes, and then punch their way out. The problem is, they search the staff, so we came up with an alternative plan. You're going in as a present."

He'd quickly laid out the situation. Presents for the boss were scanned for explosives or poisons, but no one would expect a tightly-coiled goblin girl to be inside one of the boxes with an old-fashioned tape recorder. Even for Nii, who was half the height of a human, it had taken some squeezing. She'd had to shimmy out of her new police vest and kick off her boots, crouching inside with her knees pressed into her stomach and her hands at her sides; if her breasts weren't so modest they would be badly squished, and as it was they were pressed against the box's bottom. Her long hair filled the top of the box, curling down around her black skirt, and her long, pointed ears were pushed uncomfortably back by the box's sides.

But it was alright! She just had to hide in here until she got enough crimes recorded. There were a pair of small handles by her ankles; when she heard them about to open her present, Nii just had to pull them and the box would fall open, leaving her free to fight her way to safety. Easy!

She kind of wished things were happening faster, though. It was *hot* in the box. Her light blue shirt was plastered to her skin, nipples clearly visible through the thin fabric, and her dark pantyhose was slick with sweat. She could feel it dripping on her forehead, and she gritted her teeth and focused on the buzz of conversation

around her. She was pretty sure she'd gotten tons of good stuff, but every second counted. Patience. Punching soon, waiting now.

Someone picked up the box she was in with a grunt of effort, and Nii blinked as she felt it hoisted into the air. Okay, that was weird. Were they about to open it? She tensed up, reaching down for the handles and gripping them tightly.

"Here you go, boss!" The voice was faint and muffled. "We got you a little something special this year, since it's a big milestone."

"I'm fascinated," came the drawling voice of the boss. Nii grinned. He'd say something *real* incriminating now. But his next words dashed those hopes. "Let's open her up and take a look."

No more waiting. It was dick-punching time!

With a grin, Nii grabbed the handles and yanked with all of her might. She felt something in the package give way, and the wrapping of the package started to rain down. She started to push forward, hoping to get a good punch in on the boss before he even knew she was there - but then everything went wrong. Quick as a whip, tight rubber straps laced into the sides of the box were freed. They snapped shut around Nii before she could blink. One snapped shut just above her breasts, pinning her upper arms in place. The second closed in below her breasts, pinning her knees to her stomach and her arms to her sides. And the last snapped into place around her lower body, locking her legs in place and pinning her wrists to her ankles.

The three straps looped over a thin metal pole running horizontally along the former present, which 'bopped' into Nii's back as she squawked in surprise. The pole was, in turn, topped by a small loop that had extended out of the box, and which had been hooked to a rope dangling from the ceiling.

The result of all of this was that instead of busting free into a room full of surprised, angry goons, Nii was dangling helplessly in front of them at about shoulder-height, bare feet kicking the air as she very slowly spun in place. "Hey! Lemme go, you... crook!"

The boss took one look at the goblin girl swinging in the air and burst out laughing. "You caught a rat!" he crowed.

“Not just a rat. A snitch working with the cops,” one of the goons said with a grin. “We found out they were gonna try to sneak her in here, so we messed with her box. Looks good, huh?”

“Looks lovely.” The boss smiled triumphantly, reaching down below Nii. His fingers flicked out, undoing the top button of her shirt. “But I did say I should *unwrap* my present.

“You better not - mpphg!” As Nii protested, one of the goons shoved a bright blue ball gag in her mouth, forcing it in and buckling it tightly. “Hhy! Nn ffrr! Ftt mmm!”

Watching the little goblin furiously squirm, the boss laughed again. He undid another button, watching Nii’s cleavage emerge from her wet shirt. “Not a hint of fear,” he said. “Lovely. I like the feisty ones.” With the third button, her breasts spilled out, framed by the half-closed shirt, and he nodded thoughtfully. “Small, but perky,” he teased, drawing another spurt of garbled profanity from Nii.

Leaving her breasts to dangle in view of all of his men, the boss circled around to Nii’s backside. She kicked at him, but that didn’t do more than leave her bare feet twitching in front of him as he chuckled. “Yy fffkk cttc lkkk stt sskrrr!”

“I think our little rat is upset that she isn’t getting the respect she deserves,” the boss said drolly. “Would someone make sure to give her her badge back?”

Nii went still as a grunt approached her, holding a pair of very small but vicious-looking alligator clamps connected by a short chain. “Mmm-mm!”

“You might feel a little pinch,” the goon said, bringing the clamps down to her breasts.

Nii’s screech of rage as the first clamp bit home was clearly audible through the gag. Her second was even loudly. But when the goon fished her shiny home-made police badge out of her belt and clipped it to the chain, she began thrashing against the restraints, promising bloody murder.

The assembled criminals took a step back to watch her, enjoying the way that the badge flashed in the light as its weight tugged painfully on Nii’s breasts. The more she struggled, the more the badge bounced as she slowly spun around, and the more the chains tugged on her breasts, pulling them down and leaving them on

display for the gathered crowd. But Nii certainly wasn't a quitter, and it was a few minutes of incomprehensible threats and furious struggles before she finally sagged to a stop.

The boss clapped slowly. "And she gives a show!" he said. "A fine appetizer. Now, let's see the main course."

He stepped up behind Nii again, reaching out to grab the rod along her back and stop her from spinning. With a casual gesture, he hiked up her skirt and pulled down her pantyhose, tucking them into the space between her knees and leaving her ass on full display for the crowd. Nii grumbled at him, exhausted by her struggles, and he chuckled. "But it's my birthday," he said. "And where I come from, we have a little birthday tradition known as 'birthday bumps'. Of course, when you're in charge, other people take your bumps for you."

Nii's eyes went wide as the boss lifted up a broad, flat wooden paddle. "Wwm!"

"Now, I'm turning forty-five this year," the boss continued with a malicious smile, "so let's get started. And..." He brought the paddle up, holding in place behind Nii's head as she squirmed and tried to look back at him. "One!"

Nii shrieked with affronted fury as the paddle slammed against her bare butt, feet kicking impotently. This was not how she'd expected her evening to go!

"Two!" If anything, the paddle stung more the second time, landing on already-bruised flesh. Nii squirmed and tried to shimmy free of the tight rubber bands, but with no luck.

"Three! Four!" The boss continued relentlessly, the whole gang joining in the cheerful chants. After each concussive smack, a small cheer went up, and Nii's body swayed gently in its restraints as the paddle smacked home again, sending ripples through her. She barked and threatened and spat fury, to no effect. "Five! Six! Seven!"

At around twenty, the boss's arm got tired, and he handed the paddle off to his girlfriend so that he could stroll around his present and watch her react to the brutal spanking. Nii was as fierce and defiant as before; despite tears welling in her eyes and the golden badge bouncing painfully with every strike, she glared at him and bit into the ball gag, leaving marks in the rubber. The second set of strikes weren't quite as serious; the boss's girlfriend didn't have his arm. But they

were plenty to keep Nii occupied, and each one brought a new round of squeals and muffled screams of anger.

But finally, it was all done. Nii slumped in her restraints, her ass throbbing dark green from the onslaught, gasping for air. She was *not* a fan of human birthday bumps, that was for sure.

And then she felt the rope jerk downwards, and the boss step up behind her. His hand ran over her tortured bum, drawing another yelp, and he grinned. “And now that the meat has been tenderized...” he teased for the assembled crowd, “let’s dig in!”

Nii squealed again as she felt the boss line up with her asshole. She shook her ass desperately, trying to pull away, but that only made her assailant more excited. “Come now, cop,” he teased ruthlessly. “It’s my birthday!”

And then he plunged into her. Pain and pleasure exploded through the little goblin. She actually liked human dicks, usually. They were a lot bigger than a goblin’s, and they filled her up nicely. But the relentless spanking had left her as sore to start as she usually was at the *end* of a night, and it was making it hard to focus on the pleasant sensations rippling through her.

As it turned out, though, the boss wasn’t much of an endurance man. Nii didn’t know if it was because he’d spent so long watching her squirm and suffer, but he came in under a minute, pulling out and spraining across her back. She sagged again, biting down on the gag. She hadn’t even had time to get into the rhythm!

And then the boss spoke again. “Okay, boys,” he said easily. “She’s all yours.”

Nii looked around as the crowd of goons descended on her. She was beginning to think that she was going to have *plenty* of time.

Several hours later, as the party was winding down, a pair of slightly-drunk goons stumbled over to where Nii was hanging limp, eyes half-closed and ball gag around her neck. She was absolutely coated in semen, condoms draped over her, and she was drooling faintly as she hung there. “What a spitfire,” one of the goons said, reaching up to detach the hoop from the hanging wire. “What’ll we do with her?”

“Straight to the harbor,” the other one said with a shrug. “Stuff her in a barrel, into the drink.”

“Seems like a waste.”

“Yeah, but we can’t keep a cop around. Not even a fake one.” The second goon looked down at Nii. “I know what you mean, though. Tight as fuck, and I think she was actually getting into it by the end of -”

“DICK PUNCH!”

Nii’s fists shot out from behind the rubber, slamming into both of her assailants’ crotches. As they doubled over retching, she shimmied out of the three bands, exploding to the floor, and kicked the first guy in the nose. “Fake cop?! Fuck you! You left me alone for ten minutes!” she crowed. “You thought that would hold me?? Hah! Boot to the nuts!” She capped the second statement by slamming her bare foot into the second goon’s crotch, dancing away as he collapsed. “Bye bye, guys! Fuck you! Fuck your boss! Fuck his girl! Fuck that guy over there, he didn’t give me any vodka!”

A gunshot rang out as the first of the boss’s guards came down the stairs, and Nii ducked out the door before it could be followed up by more. She let out a howl of success as she raced down the street, cackling with glee. “Fuckers! Nii for the win! Ahahahah!”

More crooks were running for the door, but it was much too late. Nii sprinted down the street, throwing the bird over her shoulder as bullets whizzed past. “Really good fucking birthday party, guys!” she yelled, laughing wildly. The fuckers had been so distracted they hadn’t even bothered to frisk her. She’d gotten *all* of the evidence.

The goblin girl vanished into the night, her laughter ringing out over the rooftops as the baffled, disorganized mobsters milled around uncertainly. Her work here was done.

*“Officer” Nii is the property of [Lex Hanley](#), and is presented here with permission.*