

# Caught Red Handed!

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*I'm caught red handed trying to fulfill my fetish!*

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When I was married and I returned home to find the house empty, I would indulge in a fetish of mine, which was wearing my wifes sexy thongs. I had always loved to see a sexy pair of panties on a hot girls ass, and wanted to know how it felt wearing them. That's how it all started, I had picked out a sexy red pair and slipped them on. The feeling of having the thong bit riding tight up the crack of my ass had been such a wonderful feeling that I just couldn't stop. Before she was due home, I would always end up masturbating, as the feeling was so intense.

Since our divorce though I had had to go out and get my own panties to carry on my secret fetish. I was too embarrassed to walk up to the checkout and buy some, so had started to go in lingerie shops and walk out with some, without paying.

But now, I had been caught red handed. The security guard was lurking behind a pillar. He saw me sliding the handful of black lady's underwear into my bag. I was virtually frogmarched into the general manager's office, past rows of sniggering secretaries, with a "here's-another-one" expression on their faces.

She was a very feminine general manager. Immaculately groomed, impeccably dressed, and wafting perfume with a stern face. She must have been about 50, a woman of my fantasies. Mature, voluptuous, with huge breasts, not concealed but emphasised, by her harshly cut power-suit. Under a cascade of shiny black hair, her expression was one of total disdain and withering superiority. Clearly in command of this department store.

It took me only seconds to appreciate that she was exactly the kind of dominant female that I had always lusted after, the woman of my wettest dreams and masturbatory delights. She was probably wearing the same kind of underwear beneath that power-dress that I had attempted to steal. Underneath the stern suit a black brassiere, and slightly elasticated panties, were surely hugging her creamy white skin.

I stood shivering before her as she fixed me with a steely gaze.

“What have we here?” she asked the security guard.

“This person was caught stuffing handfuls of our merchandise into his bag. I had been suspicious about him for some time, so I kept him under observation. Yes, I caught him taking the stuff. He walked through the door without attempting to pay.”

“Well done, I will take it from here.” and he marched out of the room.

She turned to me.

“Give me your wallet”.

I handed it over. She studied the contents.

"I see you don't live too far away from here. So it would be fairly embarrassing for you when the local papers get wind of this," she said with a sneer.

She sat at her desk exuding dominance and sexuality. I could see down her cleavage. It revealed the lacy edge of a black bra. Like an interrogator warming to her task she scrutinised me, as I stood before her.

“Please ma'am. I intended to pay for everything. I will pay what I owe. I will...”

She ignored me. “So what is this? What did you want to do with these?” she said as she dangled a pair of generous, sheeny black knickers in her hand.

“Why did you want them? For yourself, to masturbate into? To stimulate your sick fantasies?”

“I ...I don't know ma'am. I promise I will pay.”

“Pay? It's too late for that now. It is my duty to report this matter to the police.”

“No ma'am. I will do anything. Please don't report me...” I begged.

I was panicking, and yet somehow there was a sweet delight at throwing myself at her mercy. I fell to my knees and looked at the cruelly heeled shoes and the sleek stockings embracing her perfect legs.

At that moment I would have abased myself in anyway she wanted just to secure my pardon and release.

She looked at me with total disdain.

"I really could not consider anything else. Unless..." she looked at the begging figure before her, and relished the feeling of total power she had over me.

Here was a situation she could really exploit.

You could cut the atmosphere with a knife. I was ready to agree to anything. She wanted a victim, and to be quite truthful I felt a dreaded fascination in putting myself at her mercy. Was this not the stuff of my dreams?

"There is a way," she was saying.

"I will, I will." I instantly replied, anything would be better than public disgrace.

I will send for you in a few days, and you must instantly report to my house, and until I do, you will not be allowed to touch your cock intimately, do you understand?. Your cock now belongs to me, and I am the only one that will be allowed to touch it."

"Certainly, whatever you say, as long as this incident goes unreported," I begged. At this point, I would have agreed to anything, to keep her pacified.

"Right, but first I want you to now pay homage to my shoes." Her voice assumed total authority.

"Kiss, lick, abase yourself". I found myself grovelling on the ground and putting my lips to her cruel shoes. Above me stretched nylon-clad legs that seemed to go on forever. It was dark under that skirt but I am sure I caught a glimpse of white thigh and black suspenders stretched taught along her smooth skin.

"I told you to worship my shoes, not try and see up my skirt..."

"Yes ma'am..."

"Don't answer back. I see you have a lot to learn. Treating me like a cheap piece of skirt. Ogling me. Refusing to do what you are told. When we next meet I will make the punishment fit the crime."

I didn't have to wait long, the summons came as she had promised, a few days later, in a perfumed note. My company was requested, at her country estate at 8pm on Friday. I would be picked up at the station.

Numb with anticipation I had hardly got off the train when I was accosted by a gorgeous looking, but hard faced blonde. She was wearing a leather jacket, a short leather mini-skirt that scarcely covered her crotch and very shiny black boots. She looked at me, licking her thin lips as if I was a saucer of cream.

"James?"

"Yes," I answered.

"I have been sent to fetch you. Your mistress is waiting."

She opened the door of a large black 4x4, with blacked out windows, and gestured me in. She did not talk to me as she drove into the country, and I sat there nervously wondering if I should go through with it or not.

Finally we arrived at a gloomy tree-lined avenue, which led to a large mansion. I was ushered up the steps into a huge hall.

"Follow me," said the booted blonde as she led me down some steps.

At the end of a dark corridor was a door. I could just make out the lettering above it. "PUNISHMENT ROOM".

"Get in there, take your clothes off put them in your bag. You will not be needing it. Now kneel and wait for her ladyship."

With that and a malicious smile, she marched out of the room, her high heels making a loud noise on the tiled floor.

I looked around me. Tools of torture festooned the room. Whips, paddles, cuffs, chains, bondage benches and a huge st andrews frame. This was the torture chamber of a professional, not just a rich lady's eccentricity, but a place where she could reign supreme and indulge her twisted fantasies, and I seemed to be next on her menu.

I knelt naked on the cold floor and waited. I feasted my eyes on the devilish apparatus before me.

This was it, there was no going back. I experienced a mixture of curious fascination and very real horror.

“How did I get myself into this situation?” I kept asking myself as I waited and waited. “Why did she not come?”

She was in no hurry. She was going to make me suffer. She liked to make the suffering last, and would make me wait before imposing her will and total control.

I must have been on my knees for more than half an hour when I heard the clack of high heels approaching down the stone passage. The door to the punishment room burst open and there she was.

She pointed to her shoes with her crop, “Pay homage” she ordered.

“Yes ma’am”.

“And from now on you will call me mistress. I am your mistress you are my slave, as I will demonstrate.”

“Yes mistress,” I replied as I pushed my naked body across the floor and again embraced her cruel shoes. I kissed and licked, licked and kissed, trying to show total servility. Perhaps she would spare the rod.

She smiled cruelly.

“You will have to do better than that. I said worship my shoes, not make a mess all over them. When I say grovel you will grovel, abase yourself.”

After giving her shoes a thorough licking, she spoke firmly.

“Right, enough of that,” said my pitiless mistress, “put these on,” and tossed me a pair of black panties, exactly the same as I was caught trying to steal from her shop.

“And put these cuffs on your wrists and ankles, and lie down on the bench,” she snapped.

I obeyed, and found my hands and feet immediately bound to the top and bottom of the bench. This was followed by a really thick leather collar being placed and fastened tightly around my neck.

"I want to know exactly why you stole the knickers from my store," she said menacingly.

"I want the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And if you lie about anything, I will take great pleasure in punishing you. Is that quite clear?"

"Yes mistress..."

"Well why do you steal knickers?"

"I fantasise about the beautiful ladies who wear them, and love the feel of the lace against my bear ass."

"So you commit at least two offences, first theft, then lust. It is sheer male arrogance. Do you abuse yourself with the knickers in hand? Do you masturbate?" she asked

"Yes mistress."

"How many times have you masturbated since you were caught in my store?"

"I haven't mistress,"

"Liar!" She looked down at my rampant penis before her. It was almost standing upright. She grasped it in her fingers and gave it a playful squeeze. Despite my predicament I hoped it lived up to her expectations.

She stroked the length of my dick. "It is jerking at me, virtually telling me that you are a liar."

"Well only once or twice mistress," I admitted.

"each day," she added.

"Yes mistress, sorry mistress..."

"What did I tell you about touching your cock, you slut. I said that I was the only one allowed to touch it, didn't I?"

Before I could reply, the questioning continued.

"And did you think of me while you indulged in these perverted practices?"

“Yes mistress, it is just that you are so beautiful, so dominating, so sexy, I couldn’t help myself.”

“So you leech after me. You stroke your penis and imagine you can force me to have sex with you?”

“No mistress. It is not like that,”

“Are you still thinking lecherous thoughts about me.”

“Yes mistress, I can’t help it.....you are so beautiful.”

“I am way out of your league, you disgusting pervert,” she snapped, adding “I think more serious measures are called for, to cure your habit, and make you more obedient.”

So here I was, my hands and feet were strapped to the bottom of the bench with chains and leather cuffs. I was bent over and naked except for a slutty looking black thong. My beautiful mistress had restrained me after I had confessed to masturbating about her.

I couldn’t help but want her, she looked stunning in a delicious black pvc corset, her legs looked like they were poured into her knee high boots. I loved the way her voluptuous hips were accentuated by her corseted waist. She sauntered over toward me, and turned around. She backed up, so that her ass was pressing hard against my face. This forced my head and neck into an uncomfortable position. She began to berate me for playing with myself without her permission. She reached behind and began an assault on my panty clad ass with her trusty cane. As she whipped her arm down, she made me count out loud as each blow was delivered. I received a total of 25 varied in strength, from painfully hard to lighter strokes, my ass was feeling very sore.

The cane had left dark red/purple stripes across my bottom. Satisfied that my ass was on fire, my goddess disengaged herself from me and disappeared from my sight. I heard her fiddling with something, and she told me that since I was such a wanton slut that I would be treated like one. She reappeared and I immediately recoiled at what I saw. She had slipped into her newest addition in her collection of toys, a leather base and harness with a long flesh coloured penis attached, it was around 9in long and alarmingly thick. She strutted over to me, before she said a word I already knew what was planned for me. She was going to humiliate me completely, and break one of the greatest taboos of most men.

My already erect cock jumped further into life at the thought. She stopped just an inch away from my face, with her large rubber cock sitting just short of my mouth. I immediately knew my task and willing submitted, my hungry mouth opened wide. As the penis was pushed into my mouth, all I got was the

harsh synthetic new taste of the dildo swinging obscenely from her magnificent hips. In and out it went, banging against the back of my throat, causing me to gag loudly. This tickled my mistress no end, and soon she had found herself a gentle rocking motion. Allowing me only a split second of relief as the cock passed out of my lips temporarily, just long enough to gasp a breath of air. All I could do was moan like a cock hungry whore, as my mouth and tongue enveloped her large strap on. Strangely, even with the discomfort this humiliation was causing me, I was incredibly aroused. My penis standing firmly erect and to attention, I was indeed a dirty nasty slut as my owner claimed. My queen had obviously noticed how much this excited me and began to randomly slap my face as she plunged the fake phallus down my throat.

As this humiliation continued, mistress began to outline her reason for today's events. I had been previously warned that I was not allowed to play with myself, however I had been weak and indulged myself on a few occasions, and admitted this to her when I was pressed. I don't know why, but I hated the feeling that I had disobeyed her and had felt ridden with guilt and shame.

She clearly told me in no uncertain terms that this would only be tolerated the once, and any further disobedience would result in an abrupt end to our relationship. I didn't realise that we had a relationship, but wasn't in any position to argue, and didn't really want to.

"You pathetic fucking cunt," she yelled.

"Why would you deliberately go against my fucking instructions. You sad little man, I can give all you ever craved for and more, and you risk that to play with that dirty cock of yours."

I was told me that I must refrain from all orgasms from now on and only cum when it pleased her.

"You are a useless little sissy whore, that pathetic excuse for a cock isn't to be touched without my consent you slut."

As if to punctuate her words, each outburst was followed by a smack of her riding crop against my bottom. I knew my ass would be quite a mess, both inside and out by the time she had finished with me. After a while of fucking my mouth, she grew tired and withdrew the dildo from my face. She ran her hand through my short hair, and grabbed a handful and pulled on it, causing me to lurch forward. She then continued to berated me about what a stupid girl I had been, and how I was going to have to make up for my mistake.

"You are my toy, my property and here solely for my amusement. Don't think can you cannot be easily replaced."

She then explained my pleasure was of no interest to her. I nodded yes in agreement, not wanting for her to think the enormity of her threat had gone without notice. She looked down at me and smiled, she was radiant.

I was squirming on the padded bench. My jaw hurt, my mouth was dry and my ass checks were sore. But I was thoroughly enjoying this, regardless of my discomfort, but knew that mistress did not care a jot if I wasn't. In fact, if she had known how uncomfortable I was she would have prolonged this and enjoyed it all the more. I was still rock hard, and resting against the leather covered bench. A few thrusts of my willful hips and I could have exploded all over the place. She moved away from me and began to parade around the bench admiring the work of her cane and riding crop. I lost sight of her and could only hear the sensual noise of her tall heels against the cold hard floor.

She had walked behind me and in an instant had pulled my panties below my ass checks, and began to rub her silk like hands across my wounded bum. Gently caressing them and tutting to herself. It felt so erotic, the feeling of the panties resting halfway down my legs, like a real slut.

"Oh dear, your bottom looks quite a sight my whore. I do hope that isn't going to cause you any problems when you leave here," I sensed a sarcastic tone in her voice.

"No mistress, I quickly responded."

My stunning owners hands left my sore arse and began the next phase of my punishment.

"You've made quite a sloppy mess on this cock you whore, its covered in your saliva. However I still don't think its quite ready to slide inside your cunt" she barked.

She emptied the contents of a sachet of lube over the plastic penis, working it over the length of her weapon, with the remaining lube roughly rubbed into my twitching asshole.

"Ahh there we go, all ready for fucking," she giggled.

I didn't dare utter a word. My mind awash with contradictory thoughts. I wanted nothing more than to feel her lovely cock fill me like a piece of fuckmeat, however I dreaded the anticipated pain that my first real fucking would cause. I felt my mistress legs fit between mine. I couldn't see her but I could feel the presence of her perfectly formed cock close to my arse.

"Now are you ready for this my little cunt?"

"Yes mistress," I murmured.

"Now be a good slut and ask me to fuck you."

However many times I think back and re-live that moment, it still excites me to the very core. The power that statement makes, arouses me more than anything that I can put into words. A man asking, begging a female to fuck him, truly erotic and depraved.

"Please mistress" I stuttered, "Please fuck me."

"Again cunt!" She responded.

"Please mistress, fuck me, fuck my asshole, use me like a whore."

"Ah, thats more like it, but don't you mean pussy?"

"Yes mistress, sorry, please fuck my pussy, I want to be your slut," and with that she pushed the head of her cock against my asshole.

For a moment she rested there against me, my ass just kissing the head of her penis. It was hard not to push back, I wanted her cock inside me so much, but I resisted.

"Ready to feel what it means to be my slut?"

"Yes mistress, please turn me into your nasty slut."

Then my degradation began, slowly my beautiful goddess pushed against my asshole with her large cock. I felt my entire hole open and greedily accept the large swollen head of the dildo. As it entered me I felt an sharp momentary pain, but this was soon flushed away by the feeling of total fullness I was experiencing as the plastic penis was pushed deeper into me. I let out a huge sigh and panted like a dog for breath, as I felt completely impaled. Still there was more, my noises became more and more animal like as the final inches of the cock were eased into me. And then it was perfectly still.

My mistress ran her long nails up my back, and congratulated me on taking the entirety of her cock. It was the most intense sexual feeling that I had ever known, filled completely with my owners strap on, moaning, panting like a puppy.

"Does that feel good cunt?"

"Yes mistress, thank you so much, that feels wonderful." I didn't have to lie, it did feel wonderful.

Although I had no choice but to reply in that manner, regardless of whether it was pleasurable or not. But it was such bliss, as my mistress began to move ever so slightly, pulling the length of her penis out of me, then easing it back inside me again. I almost lost control, these initial thrusts were sheer heaven, but I had to hold on. If I was to cum my submissive life with her would be over, before it even got started. I somehow managed to refrain from orgasming, as my mistress withdrew her cock almost completely out of my ass, and teased me by resting it at the entrance, before pushing it back in with more thrust and venom than the first. Slowly she began to gain momentum, increasing speed. A pistoning motion like a train, She had started slowly and made a deliberate attempt to increase the intensity and the quantity of the thrusts. My asshole just gave way, just like a well used hooker. I found myself begging her for more, through gritted teeth pleading for my owner to fuck me harder, to use me like an animal. My entire body was filled with electricity, my hips grinding hard against the leather bench with each forceful thrust of her strap on.

I had forgotten all about the reason that had bought me here, my shoplifting problem, I was enjoying it too much. I knew even now, that I would be back for more, if my mistress would allow it.

My balls had tightened and my dick began twitching, about to explode. I was trying my upmost to hold off my orgasm, but a line had been crossed and the large thick penis inside my asshole was rubbing hard against my prostate. Forcing what felt like gallons of pre-cum to leak from my cock.

Mistress was fully aware of what was about to happen, "Don't you fucking dare to cum without my permission bitch" she screamed.

"Beg you cunt, beg."

I wanted nothing more and was unable to hold off any longer, "Please mistress" I cried repeatedly.

"Please allow this cunt to cum."

Having sufficient pleading for consent for release, and my wise owner knowing that there was little I could do to prevent the inevitable.

She shouted "Cum my bitch, cum now!" and with those words I exploded in spasms of pure ecstasy, my arsehole pumped harder and harder. My muscles contracting, forcing every drop of spunk onto the bench. Long after my balls had run dry my violent orgasm continued. Panting hard and feeling high, Mistress just continued to pound away. Mocking me for being such a whore, slapping my red swollen bottom with each thrust.

"Just because you have cum, doesn't mean that this is at an end, you nasty dirty bitch, She was going to finish fucking my worthless arse until she was satisfied. As my orgasm finally subsided I was told that I would be licking clean my panties and the bench while she tattooed my ass with her crop, or similar instrument of torture.

She continued to pump in and out of my poor ass. What felt like hours after I had cum, my "pussy" was still being pounding.

Eventually my body began to recover from my monumental orgasm and my cock began to betray me. I had popped back to life, my dick slowly grew once again and subconsciously my body was trying for another orgasm. Mistress quickly removed her strap-on from my ass.

"You greedy fucking whore, don't you realise that this isn't about your satisfaction."

She told me that I would be taking her cock all night if so she wanted me to. With a loud pop, she pulled out of my sore, used arse, and then spanked me hard. Ten or so stinging blows raining down upon me. She reached down and untied my arms and legs and ordered me up, telling me to help remove the strap-on and wash it off in the bathroom sink.

I did as she commanded and washed the plastic dick with such care making sure that it was perfect for inspection and came back in the dungeon, presenting my mistress with her strap on and kneeling at her feet.

"You have one last thing to do don't you slut?"

"Mistress," I replied, with a puzzled look across my face, not quite knowing what she now expected of me.

"Well I'm certainly not going to clean this mess that you've made on the bench up, am I slut? she barked.

Mistress then used my panties to wipe up the cum and presented me with them, dropping them to the floor, like a bone for a dog. Obliging and without question, I licked the cum soaked underwear at her feet. Mistress pushed her heeled foot against my head, forcing my face into the spunk ridden knickers. Once satisfied they had been cleaned I was told again that I was no longer in control of my penis, and that my only orgasms were to be in her presence, only with her permission, and warned I would only get to cum when I had done something extraordinary.

"Today I was very generous with your orgasm," she said.

I thanked her sincerely, knowing that she was deadly serious and that if I was to disobey her again I would be uncollared and discarded. But deep down I knew that would never happen, as I would never disappoint her again..