

## Work Him Over!

(By: Ken Martin)

"Don't look now, June, but our peeping tom is at the back door again," Susan said as her roommate came into the house.

"Mmm," June responded, "he seems to be dropping around often." The two girls lived in a comfortable one-story bungalow in a quiet part of the city. June was a glamorous-looking dark-haired girl who was a featured dancer in one of the city's best night spots. Her specialty was an exotic number that showed off her 5'7", 130 pound body to perfection. She moved with a grace and fluidity that belied her above-average size. Susan was a beautiful blonde who modeled lingerie for a large department store. She was 5'5" and 118 pounds, and boasted an enticing figure.

While both girls were used to having men admire their figures, and indeed enjoyed it, they were getting concerned about the peeping tom. They had first noticed him peering in through the rear door one night about three weeks ago. Their first reaction was to scream, but they had remained silent, hoping he would go away. He had left after a few minutes, but had been coming back, and for increasing periods of time. He could no longer be ignored. June and Susan now sat in the living room and pondered what to do.

"He's getting on my nerves," Susan said in a low voice so the peeping tom could not hear her, "and I'm sure he's the one that's stolen all those panties of mine off the clothesline out back."

"Yes, and I've lost several pairs of nylons to him," June said. "Apparently he's going to keep on bothering us unless we do something."

"But what?" Susan asked.

June paused before answering. "I don't think it will do much good to call the police. We don't even know his name. I think it would be best to take matters in our own hands. Suppose we could lure him into the house on some pretext, pin him down, maybe take off some of his clothes so he can't escape, and then work him over until he's so scared and embarrassed he won't think of bothering us again."

"Sounds okay," Susan agreed, "but how do we do that? After all, he's bigger than either of us, and we might get hurt trying something like that."

June shifted her position on the couch, showing a good flash of nylon as she did so, muttering, "might as well show our visitor something to keep him occupied while we plot his downfall." She continued, "I think, if we work together, we can handle him. I'm big and strong enough to give most men a good tussle, and if I have to get dirty I can be murder on a man in the clinches - as some of the wolves in this town have found out the

hard way. And I know you're stronger than you look, and know a little something about handling a man. Remember that creep in the movie lobby? He's probably still hurting from that knee you rammed into his stomach?"

"I still don't know, June. I don't think we can take him on straightaway, even together," Susan said.

"Well, let's use a little strategy and some feminine weapons," June said. "I've been thinking about a plan since last time he was here. First, to lure him in here, I think we have to make it seem like there's only one of us around. He probably would be too uneasy with both of us. Now, suppose you pretend to leave on an errand. I'll toss some curves his way to get him really hooked, then 'accidentally' discover him without letting on I knew he was out there peeping. Once I get him inside, I'll turn on the charm and get him in a necking session. I'll start unloosening his clothes until he discovers what I'm up to, then call for help. You come out from where you've been hiding, and we'll get him down, sit on him, and take off his clothes. That should slow him down. Then we can tie him up and work him over."

After listening to June's plan, Susan still had some doubts. June argued, "the sooner we do something, the better. He's been harmless, if creepy, but who knows when he might decide to get a little more aggressive when one of us is alone. Besides," she grinned, "I'm itching to get my hands on him. It might be fun to teach him a lesson."

Susan finally agreed and prepared to "leave" the house to inaugurate the plan. "So long, I'll be back in a few hours," she called out, loud enough for the man to hear from the rear of the house, as she picked up her purse and strode towards the front door.

"Good night, Susan. I'll do a few chores around here before going to bed," June answered. She took a long, leisurely stretch on the couch, knowing it provided a good show for her prey. After languishing a few more minutes on the couch, she arose and began to clean up the room, picking up magazines and straightening furniture. She knew the stooping and bending would be appreciated by him. She pretended dissatisfaction with the position of the couch, and gave it a few tugs, but could not move it to where she wanted. She sighed, then strode rapidly toward the back door, apparently to get something from the rear of the house. She saw the face disappear quickly and knew he was fleeing. But she reached the back door and flipped on the switch to light up the backyard a few seconds later. As she stepped through the door she pretended to notice him for the first time. He had had time only to get several strides away from the house. As June let out a little "oh," he stopped in confusion, realizing that he was close enough to be recognized and that his nocturnal peeping might be spoiled because of it.

He turned and faced her, trying to regain his composure, and said, "Hello, I was just cutting through your back lawn to save some steps on the way home. I'm sorry if I scared you."

"That's okay," June said breezily, "anytime." She was sizing him up, and saw a light-haired man, probably in his mid-twenties, of about average size. He was smiling at her, but his whole demeanor was one of deceitfulness. She disliked him more than ever.

"Say, if you're not in too much of a hurry, could I borrow your muscles for a few minutes?" she quickly asked. "I want to move a couch and can't by myself. I was going to get a crowbar or something from the garage, but I'm sure you'll do a better job." She accompanied her request with a dazzling smile, one few men could resist.

"Uh, well, I just..." he stammered, but June cut in.

"Oh, it will only take a minute. Pleased," she coaxed.

"Okay," he agreed, "if you're really in need of help." He followed her into the house and in a few minutes had the couch where she wanted it.

"Why, thank you very much," she said. "Say, I don't even know your name."

"Jim. Jim Weston," he replied.

"Well, thank you, Jim. It was very kind of you. Now perhaps I can repay you with a kiss." She moved close to him as he stood before the couch. Before he could say anything, she put her arms around him and gave him a long, vigorous kiss. Her hands roamed over his body, and she ascertained that he was not particularly muscular. Just average. She ended the kiss and grasped his shoulders. "Mmm, that was delicious," she said. "Shall we try some more?"

Without waiting for a reply, she embraced him again, only this time she leaned her full weight against him and made him stumble backwards onto the couch, her body atop his. Jim was thoroughly mystified by her aggressiveness. Never had such a beautiful, desirable woman thrown herself at him with such abandon, and he wondered what had possessed her. His first thought was that it might be related to his peeping activities, yet the girl had given no sign of doubt when he had explained his presence in the backyard. What, then?

He had little time to think about the reasons, for June was forcing his attention elsewhere. Her tongue was exploring his mouth, and her hands were roaming over his body again. She could feel his initial stiffness and uncertainty melt under her expert ministrations. He was apparently, and understandably, beginning to enjoy it. His arms went about her and began to explore her body. She overcame her feeling of disgust at having him handle her this way by thinking of how short his pleasure would be. As soon as she felt that his hands were busy on her and that his attention was fixed thoroughly on the pleasure of the moment, June started to work. She kept one arm about him while she sneaked one hand down to his waist to undo the clasp on his trousers and ease his zipper open.

Now the more difficult task of working his trousers over his hips. To accomplish this, she began to move and toss about, ostensibly to add variety to their necking. This made Jim move too, and every time he raised a hip she gave a slight tug on that side of his trousers. But by the time she had his trousers pulled halfway down his thighs, he noticed what she was doing.

"Hey, what are you up to?" he yelled, pushing her off him and grabbing at his pants.

June knew her curves no longer were effective, but feeling confident of a victory, she grabbed at his trousers and said angrily, "Just a little reverse panty raid, Mister. You like to steal our clothes, so we're about to steal yours. Come on, Susan, let's get him."

Horrified, Jim struck out angrily at her and clipped her chin, tumbling her off the couch and onto the floor. The blow hurt, and June knew he would not hesitate to hit either girl, hard, to prevent his capture.

"Quick, Susan," she cried, as he hurriedly arose, pulled up his pants and fastened the clasp. Susan rushed from the bedroom, where she had been hiding, and jumped Jim from behind, throwing one arm around his neck and grabbing his hair with the other hand. He started throwing elbows violently. One caught Susan in the stomach, and she sagged to the floor.

Temporarily free, Jim started running to the back door and freedom. But June, still on her back from his shove, stuck out a foot and tripped him, sending him sprawling on his stomach. Both Jim and June scrambled to their feet and raced each other to the door. Jim reached it first, but as he turned the knob June stopped him by grabbing the top of his trousers in the middle of his back with both hands.

"Whoa!" she said. "You're not going to get away now!"

To his amazement, Jim could not pull her off him. He could not believe this lovely creature was strong enough to hold him. He was further amazed when she planted one foot against the side of the doorframe and began straightening her leg. He was pulled away from the door, and he heard the clasp of his trousers break from the tension. He reached down to redo it, and June took advantage of this to reach down and grab both of his cuffs. She jerked up and his feet flew out from under him. He tumbled to the floor, rolling onto his back before he could stop his momentum.

June crouched over him like a tiger and noticed that her last tug had pulled his trousers down halfway on his thighs. With a gleam in her eye she slammed a high heel to the floor in the space between his crotch and the top of his trousers, then knelt to place one knee on his stomach as she tried to wiggle her leg through the opening between his thighs, to that he could not pull his trousers up.

Jim tried to rise, but June caught his chin with the heel of her hand and jolted his head back. He was knocked flat on his back, and his head rang as it struck the floor hard. This took the fight out of him for a few seconds, and a look of panic spread across his

face as he now realized that he was going to lose the battle. This lovely, exotic creature atop him, whose name he did not know but whom he had admired and watched secretly for weeks now, seemed determined not to let him get away. She was a strong, efficient, deadly foe.

As she shifted position so that she sat with her full weight bearing down on his hips and thighs, she laughed, "Now, you sneak, we have you where we want you. Let's see how much fight you have without your pants!"

Jim tried to toss this devilish creature off, but she was so firmly seated that he could hardly budge her. She pinched and tickled him until he gave up and ceased struggling for a moment. By this time Susan had regained her breath and was eager to get even with Jim.

She now stood over his head, and June said to her, "Good, girl, back to the battle. I've got him under control. You sit on him up there and I'll remove his pants."

"Only glad to!" Susan said. Looking up, Jim saw another girl with fire in her eye. She wasn't as big as the vixen pinning his hips, but she seemed as determined.

With a cry of delight she said, "I have just the way to do it, June. Since he likes my panties so much, I'll give him a first-hand view of the pair I have on!" She hitched up her skirt and, with a rustle of silk and nylon, began to sit down on his face. Jim started to yell and raised his hands to ward her off, but she grabbed his wrists and sat hard on his face. His protests were cut off, and his vision blocked as he was squashed by a pair of silk panties and surrounded by a jungle of nylon, skirt and negligee.

He could hardly move or breathe, and Susan added to his discomfort by bouncing up and down a few times.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" June said. "How appropriate!"

Jim could feel her shift her position and start to remove his trousers. He bucked desperately, but got nowhere. Nearly 250 pounds of shapely but surprisingly strong womanhood was seated strategically atop him, and he didn't have a chance. The girl on his head was only of average size, but she knew how to pinch and claw and pull at his hands and fingers so that he could not get a good hold on her. And every place he did grab seemed to be covered by slippery nylon or fragile undergarments that frustrated him further. The girl on his hips knew exactly how to use her weight to prevent him from kicking. June now had his trousers at his ankles and pulled them off his feet after removing his shoes and socks.

"To the victors belong the spoils!" she shouted, as she held his trousers aloft triumphantly.

"Three cheers for us," Susan added. They then teamed up to remove his shirt. He was now wearing only his shorts, and Jim felt June grasp the top of them.

With a wink she asked Susan, "Shall we remove these, too?"

Susan answered shyly, "Let's let him keep them awhile. Maybe later we'll find it necessary to take them off." She then rose from her seat on his face. Jim let out a double sigh of relief, but June quickly moved up to straddle his chest. She was not laughing now.

As Susan gathered up his clothes, June said firmly, "Now, Mr. Weston, let's have some explanations as to why you've been peeping on us and stealing our clothes."

He looked exceedingly embarrassed, and when he did not reply for several seconds, June grabbed his shorts and said menacingly, "Talk!"

"I didn't mean any harm," Jim stuttered. "You're both so attractive, I just couldn't help watching. And I was afraid you'd turn me down if I asked you for a date."

"You're right there!" June responded. "Neither of us can stand creeps. But why steal our nylons and panties?"

Jim was really sweating as he answered, "I just considered you had the best pair of legs I'd ever seen, and she had such a beautiful figure, I wanted something to remind me of them."

"How disgusting!" said Susan, who had, unnoticed by Jim, locked the doors so he couldn't run out.

"I agree," said June, "now what to do with this...thing?"

"Please, please, let me go!" Jim begged desperately. "I won't bother you again. I won't peep, I won't take your things. Please, I was only admiring your figures." His pleas were so fervent and appeared so sincere, that both girls started to soften. As he continued to beg, they looked at each other and decided that perhaps they had taught him enough of a lesson.

Much as she would like to continue, June thought that he had, in his perverse way, paid them a compliment.

"Okay, you can go, if you promise not to bother us again," she said as she arose from him, "but don't ever let us see or catch you around here again!"

Jim got up slowly, gathered up his clothes in his arms, and then walked to the rear door. He paused there, turned, and the fury that had built up inside him as the girls had taken

him down and taken off his clothes exploded as he said, "You can be sure I'll never be around here again, you devils!"

Then, as the girls listened in amazement, he started calling them names that brought blushes to their faces. Their amazement turned to fury, and they started walking toward him. He grabbed the doorknob and said, "You'll never catch me! I know my way through the backyard, even in the dark!" He pulled the knob, but nothing happened. He pulled again, and it still did not budge. Frantically he jerked as the girls closed in.

"Don't bother, buster, it's locked!" June said. "Now you'll really get what you deserve!"

He whirled to find two grinning girls. He dashed between them for the front door, but found it locked too. He turned and found himself being stalked like jungle prey by two tigers in high heels. He dropped his clothes and started moving frantically so they could not corner him. And he looked desperately for a route of escape.

"What's the matter?" June cooed. "Afraid of a couple of girls? Why you're bigger than either of us."

Jim saw a door and hoping it led to the outside, opened it and dashed through. A peal of laughter arose from both girls, and too late he realized he had entered one of the girls' bedrooms.

They chased him inside, then June shut the door, locked it, and said, "Now I've got you in my room. And you'll wish you never saw it before I'm through!"

Seeking any out he could, he said, "That's not fair, two against one! You wouldn't be so brave alone!"

June replied, "We're not interested in being fair to you. Only in fixing your little red wagon and your vile tongue. But, if you insist, I'm very happy to take you on - alone!" She began unzipping her dress and as she stepped out of it, Jim realized why she was so strong. Her attire of a brief, sexy bra and panties revealed a flat, firm stomach, strong muscles along her thighs, and a well-built pair of shoulders. She was as solid as a rock, and incredibly curved.

"Susan," she said, "Get a pair of nylons out of the dresser. Since he likes mine so much, I'll use a pair to tie him up!"

Jim eyed Susan as she went to the dresser and wailed, "Tie me up? What are you going to do?"

June said confidently, "I'm going to take you down and tie and gag you so you won't be able to move a muscle. Then we'll decide what to do next." She was confident that he

was so confused and scared, she could handle him fairly easily now. As he backed away from her, she mocked, "Afraid of even one girl, big boy?"

He tried to break by her, but she grabbed a hand, sat back on the nearby bed, braced one foot against the bedboard at the foot of the bed, and began pulling. Jim saw the muscles along her leg bulge as she straightened her leg. Though he tried to pull away, her let was too strong for him, and he felt himself being pulled steadily toward her.

"C'mon to bed with me," June taunted, "there are a few things I want to try with you!" With one big, final push of her leg she tumbled him into bed beside her. Before he could recover she was all over him. She pinched him cruelly in the ribs, jerked his hair hard, twisted an earlobe, then smashed a knee into his stomach to double him over. She pushed him onto his stomach and jumped astraddle his back, then snaked an arm around his neck and applied a tight stranglehold. He tried to roll her off, but she rode him expertly. She squeezed hard for several seconds, and when she let go his head bobbed limply.

"Give me a nylon," she ordered Susan, and while Jim tried to regain his breath she turned around and sat on the back of his legs as she deftly wound a nylon around his ankles and tied a knot. His legs were now immobilized.

"Now, let's tie those arms behind his back," she said, as she again straddled his back. She reached for his hands, but in desperation he clutched them together under his body.

June only laughed at this futile move and said, "That won't stop me!" She reached under, grabbed one of his little fingers and began to bend it back.

"You bitch!" Jim cried, as pain shot through his entire arm. Her bending made him release his hold, and June dragged his arm from under him and twisted it behind his back. She took the other nylon from Susan and wrapped it around his wrist, then moved a knee up to pin his wrist against his back. Then she reached under and extracted his other arm by the same grip on the little finger, pulled it behind his back, and knotted the wrists together.

Jim started to sob at being so manhandled, and June said, "Why, our big man is crying like a baby! And I've hardly started. I think we must wash out his mouth with soap for those names he called us, Susan!"

Susan replied, "You bet! I'll get the soap." By the time she returned with a bar of Ivory soap it was well lathered, June had rolled Jim onto his back and was kneeling at the back of his head, facing him, a knee at each side of his head. She took the wet bar of soap and ordered, "Open up."

But Jim clamped his mouth shut.



"That's no trouble either," June said as she clamped his nostrils shut with one hand. As his supply of air faded, Jim shook his head violently, but her knees restricted his movement. He was finally forced to gulp for air, and June shoved the bar of soap in, scraping his upper teeth upon entry. He tried to spit it out, but she held a hand over his mouth. The soap taste filled his mouth and made him choke and gasp violently, as the girls laughed. It seemed like an hour before June removed her hand and he could hobble to the bathroom and spit out the soap. They even held a glass of water for him to rinse out his mouth, and bubbles came once again. But his trial was not yet over, for June then jammed a pair of rubber falsies into his mouth and secured them there by a bright red silk scarf, which she knotted behind his head.

Now he was both bound and gagged with the type of feminine articles that he coveted so secretly. June and Susan gazed down in triumphant satisfaction at their helpless, miserable victim.

"Lovely job, don't you think?" Susan asked.

Next Susan returned with her camera and flash unit. Jim tried to roll off the bed to escape this final humiliation, but June took a firm grip on his two ears and twisted him back onto the pillow as one bulldogs a steer. Then she plopped her firm and shapely buttocks, clad in their lacy black panties, fully on his chest, adding to his discomfort in having his nylon-bound arms beneath the weight of his body by putting her own full weight on it. She raised her clenched fists up and outward in the traditional pose of the victor, causing her lovely, full breasts to jut out over her foaming, gagged prey like a canopy.

"Smile for the camera, you helpless, woman-whipped sissy!" she said, turning her head for a pose. "We'll make several copies of these, Jim Weston, and keep them handy to post on you company bulletin board or publish in the plant newspaper if you ever bother us once we release you or don't do exactly as we say. There's a lot of information about you in your wallet identification cards."

Gagged as he was, all that the poor man could do was register an expression of fear and shake his head to let them know how completely he was at their mercy.

"Maybe by now Mr. Weston would like to apologize to us, " Susan suggested. She took the gag off and untied him. Dry-mouthed soapy and rueful, the sore-muscled, exhausted man could only lie there gasping. "You've had us living a life of terror for a long time now, uncertain when the peeping tom would show up again or strike or steal something of ours or maybe hurt us. Now you can know a little of what it's like!"

"I'll try to do whatever you say," he said cringing.

"Good!" Susan cut in. "Now go outside and get your things on. Then stick this pair of nylons we had you all bound with in your pocket so that the tops and feet show fully and

prominently. We want everyone you pass to notice them. And don't put them all the way into your pocket until you get home!"

Scarlet with embarrassment, the man in the panties with the lipsticked soapy mouth went into the yard and got dressed. He was careful to arrange the nylons as they had ordered in his breast pocket and walked away. The dangling nylons seemed a flag of victory to the girls, and they grinned with pride as their victim slouched home with his tail between his legs, or his nylons hanging, as it were.