

Bartender in Bondage

Damsels Anonymous Volume 6, Part 3

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Story by Valereya James and Headlock Homer

The Story So far...

Anya the Bikini Thief is back! An internationally renowned criminal, Anya made a powerful enemy in Ace, the enigmatic crime-lord based out of the beach town of Marston's Pointe. After stealing millions of dollars from a botched heist organized by Ace, Anya finds that the mysterious criminal has put a price on her head. On the run and with nowhere else to turn, Anya goes to her old enemies at the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department for help. The only problem was that when Anya last faced Felicia, Gina, and Caitlyn, she had left them bound, gagged, naked, and dangling hundreds of feet in the air. Discovering that the women of the Sheriff's Department are now prisoners of their former co-worker, Eva, the bondage obsessed Latina, Anya joins with Felicia's lover Janet to rescue the captive police women and form an uneasy alliance with them.

Ace has set up a bikini contest with a priceless golden sling bikini as the prize as bait for Anya. Gina and Caitlyn infiltrate one of Ace's clubs to find out more about the plan to capture the bikini thief, but their cover is blown and both buxom ladies once again are captured. Meanwhile, Felicia is left alone to guard Anya, much to her chagrin. After losing patience with the Bikini Thief, Felicia punishes her former enemy by leaving her bound, gagged, and stuffed in a wooden trunk, though Anya gets free and tricks a group of young boys into capturing Felicia, tying her up, and stuffing in the trunk that once held Anya.

Unfortunately, the wooden trunk containing the bound and gagged Felicia is left sitting on a street corner, and mistaken for garbage, is tossed in the back of a garbage truck, compressed, and taken to the town dump...

1.

The oppressive heat of the day didn't let up as night fell, which made Janet thankful once again for wearing skimpy bikinis to work. She was also thankful for the cool ocean breeze which would occasionally blow against her nearly naked ass cheeks, a welcome reprieve from the body heat of salivating men crowding her bar. It was an exceptionally busy afternoon that gave into a busy evening, no doubt due to the extreme heat of the day, and Janet had been running back and forth since the bar opened.

I really need to hire more help. She thought as she filled a glass from the tap. As she waited for the glass to fill with the frothy alcohol, her eyes glanced up at the clock. Immediately, her heart leapt.

It was break time

Involuntarily she let out a sigh of relief and turned to bring the glass of beer over to her customer with an extra pep in her step.

“Last call boys before I close up for a half hour!” Janet's smile was extra brilliant as she called it out.

A collective groan went out among the wall of shirtless, sweaty men on the other side of the bar.

“What? You're closing up!” Cried the man as she handed him his glass. He was middle aged and well built with a hint of grey in his hair. Even though Janet wasn't into men, even she had to admit that he was very attractive. The fact that he acted like a salivating dog like the other men at the bar was a massive strike against him though.

“Hey, a girl gotta take a rest too.” She batted her eyes and bent over the bar, giving him a nice view of her barely covered breasts.

“I could help you take a rest.” He smiled and tugged at one of the see through straps that ran along her hips.

It took all of Janet's self control to maintain her smile in that moment, and twice that not to slap him. Instead she pulled away and stepped out of his reach.

“Sorry, I work hard and play hard.” She shrugged.

The man seemed to sense her discomfort and offered an apologetic look and shrugged.

“Hey sorry, I was defenseless against the bikini.” Was his non apology.

Janet only smiled and made her way along the bar, collecting last drink orders from her other patrons. The bikini she wore was well... extra skimpy tonight. She wore a deep red thong bikini, but very little of it was red. A stretch of red fabric ran between her legs and up through her butt cheeks, but the straps that ran along her hips and held her bikini bottoms up were completely see-through plastic. Likewise, small triangles of red fabric covered her nipples, but the straps that ran along her shoulders and back were also completely see through. Overall, it gave Janet the appearance of almost complete nudity, which she was sure was partially responsible for the business tonight.

She had been closing the bar for breaks ever since Felicia disappeared. At first, she was worried about the potential lost revenue, but things had been so busy that it didn't really make a difference. Though on busy nights she still found herself longing for Felicia or someone to handle the horny male customers while she took a break.

As Janet handed out final drinks before her break, her thoughts again drifted to Felicia. For months she had worried about her and longed to be see her, touch her, and smell her again, and now that Felicia was back... Janet found herself dreading going back home. Felicia had a fiery temper, and wasn't happy that Janet had aligned herself with Anya to help her, and now Felicia was even more upset that Gina was working with Anya.

“Need someone to take that “break” with you?” One of her customers winked at her. Janet smiled and handed him his drink as she felt a fresh wave of frustration welling up in her chest, not only at the man, but at Felicia.

What did Felicia expect her to do? It wasn't like Janet had a choice, or anyone else to turn to. If Felicia wasn't happy about it then she could go back to being Eva's hostage.

Janet took a breath and pushed the thought out of her mind. She knew that she and Felicia would have to have a long talk about it, but right now emotions were too high. Maybe in a couple of days. Hopefully, by the time Janet got home, Felicia would be fast asleep and the whole confrontation could be put off for another day or two.

Finally, Janet finished up handing out drinks and reached up to grab the rope that controlled the thatched roof to the hut-like tiki bar.

“Oh now come on! What are we supposed to do now?” One of the men whined. Janet only winked back at him.

“I can think of a few things.” With that, she pulled the rope, lowering the thatched partition that blocked off the beach side of the bar and the gaping wall of horny men with it. She could still hear them calling from the other side, but the partition between them brought her a measure of peace.

Janet stood for a moment, listening to the calls of the men on the other side of the bar and leaned back, enjoying her isolation. The partition cut off the breeze coming in from the ocean, and beads of sweat were starting to collect along her body.

Christ, it's hot... Janet started to fan herself as the heat started to build up inside the bar thanks to the lack of ventilation. Deciding that she had taken enough of a moment to herself, she started to head for the back room, feeling more and more sweat along her nearly naked body as she walked.

Maybe I'll stand in the cooler for a bit. She thought as she walked, smiling at the image of herself standing with the cooler door open, her nipples growing hard in the cold temperature. It would be quite a sight for the patrons when she came back. Typically a few guys got bored and wandered off after they finished their drinks, but she knew that a good many of her patrons would be waiting with baited breath for her return, so maybe she should give them a show to look forward to.

All of this vanished from Janet's mind though when she stepped into the backroom and saw the back door wide open. Her jaw dropped, immediately flashing back to the other night when Anya got in. Could it be Anya again? Or had one of the men found a way in? There was no one in her immediate field of vision, but that meant nothing.

Janet took a step back when she felt a hand clamp over her mouth. She tried to pull away but another hand wrapped around her midsection and pulled her back. Soft skin pressed against her from behind and she felt her captor coil, like an animal about to pounce. Despite the soft, almost bare skin pressed against hers, she felt power and strength behind every movement.

“Hola chica...” Eva whispered in her ear.

“Hmmp!” Janet cried, her eyes going wide. She pulled but Eva tightened her grip on Janet like a vice.

“Oh no, you're not going anywhere.” Eva continued.

“Mmmooo!” Janet pulled again but Eva's remained firm.

What was she doing here? Gina told her to get out of town?

“Mmmp!” Janet cried again. Eva's arm around her waist also kept her arms pinned to her side.

“We're going to have some fun.” Eva laughed.

“Urrmmph! Mmmp!” Janet continued to pull and struggle. Maybe if she made enough noise one of the patrons outside would hear and call for help and bring Gina.

Hopefully. Right now Gina and Caitlyn were the only police force the town had.

Across town, at that very moment, Gina and Caitlyn were having a very different experience working at a bar.

When she had been in college, Gina worked as a greeter and hostess at an upscale club and bar. The establishment knew that making a tall, beautiful woman with striking brown eyes the first thing their rich clientele saw when they walked in would set a good tone. Even before she got breast implants, Gina had turned heads wherever she went, and that job as a greeter led to her getting her first modeling jobs, and once she got implants, well... her career really took off.

What Gina was doing now was a far more... revealing form of being a greeter. She was still the first thing the clientele saw when they approached the club. She thought of the women she saw earlier tied to the batwing doors and how she wondered how their muffled cries had been of pleasure or discomfort. Though she couldn't speak for them, both Gina and Caitlyn had both spent the majority of the night voicing their displeasure through their large, red ball gags.

“Mmmph!” Caitlyn moaned as a group of club patrons pushed through the swinging doors, stopping to run a hand over her bare breasts as they did.

“Ulllp!” Gina moaned as her breasts too were groped as the patrons pushed through the doors. Once they were through, the doors swung limply back in place.

“Urrfff!

“Mmm!” The two women cried into their gags, helpless to do anything but sway along with the doors until they settled back into place.

Both Gina and Caitlyn were practically naked except for the small black thongs they wore to the club earlier. Gina had no idea what had become of the girls that had been strung up on the batwing doors earlier, but now the job had been given to her and Caitlyn. Their arms had been pulled over the doors and behind and secured with rope, and their legs tucked up and behind, connected to their arms with rope as well. Several other ropes had been used to keep the two naked police women secured to the doors without falling. Part of Gina was surprised at how sturdy the doors were and how much they held up under the weight of the two women, but the other part of her hated how uncomfortable it all was.

Gina had been tied up several times in her life, but this, bent like a pretzel around and unyielding wooden door, might be the worst yet. The muscles in her arms and legs cried out for relief, and Gina tried to see past the discomfort and think of a way out of this.

They said they were going to put her and Caitlyn to work, but she hoped to god that they didn't do this to her every day. She wasn't sure if her body could handle it.

“Ulllmm... mullpp... mmooo...” Gina looked over to see Caitlyn's lips working over the large red ball gag. The larger girl was tugging and pulling on her bonds but to no avail, and her half naked body was covered in sweat.

Gina turned to look down at her self to that she too was covered in sweat, with a single bead of perspiration hanging from one of her bare nipples. Like Caitlyn, Gina gave a gentle tug at her bonds but they held tight.

“Ummmpph...” She moaned, feeling a twinge of pain as she pulled. She had to give it to these guys, they knew their rope work.

I guess this is what I get for infiltrating a bondage club. She sighed. Her jaw was also beginning to get sore from the large ball gag keeping her silent, and she could only imagine that Caitlyn felt the same.

“Ulllmmm...mmm...” Caitlyn moaned next to her. They had both fought and struggled valiantly when they had been caught, especially Caitlyn, but the numbers game had got the best of them, and their captors easily overpowered the girls and strung them up on the doors.

Gina dreaded to think of what else might be in store for them. As much as she hated being displayed on the doors to the club, this very well could be the least of what they had in store for her and Caitlyn. She could only hope that Felicia and Anya noticed their absence and came looking.

Gina rolled her eyes, hardly believing that her best hope was Felicia and Anya, but these truly were desperate times.

Voices approached from down the hall and Gina stiffened, bracing herself for another round of being fondled and groped, but then she realized that she recognized one of the voices. She tried to strain and listen over the sound of Caitlyn's constant muffled cries.

“Mmmm... Hllpp.... Mmm!” Caitlyn cried incessantly.

“Sfff mmpp!” Gina chided, prompting a sharp look from the other woman.

While Caitlyn glared at her, Gina took a moment to listen to the voices approaching. Yes, she did know one of those voices! A moment later a group of people came into view lead by Wallace, who was talking excitedly with them. The men with Wallace were all middle aged, business looking types in expensive looking, tailored suits and close cropped hair cuts.

“Our establishment offers the best kind of entertainment for the discerning gentlemen like you, and discreet, of course.” Wallace was explaining

As they got closer, Gina saw that the men carried masks in their hands but weren't wearing them.

Interesting... Gina thought. These must be high value clients for Wallace to let them ignore the rules like that. Plus, Wallace was personally accompanying them, so they must be a big deal.

“Mmm! Mmmm mmph!” Gina locked eyes with Wallace and grumbled into her gag. Wallace looked at her and for a moment his gaze was harsh and stern before shifting back to being the soft, accommodating host.

“Ah, and here are our lovely greeters.” He smiled and motioned to the strung up women. All of the men with Wallace followed his gesture and eyed the half naked woman with hungry eyes.

“Grrrmpmm! Mmm! Gbbllmm!” Caitlyn started moaning again.

“Urrffllm mmm! Fffmm!” Gina joined in.

She watched as the men grew closer and their beady, hungry eyes zeroed in on Gina's heaving, bare breasts, and then to Caitlyn's. Gina felt herself shrink under their gaze and wanted cover up, except that her bound hands made that impossible, leaving her helpless, exposed and vulnerable under

their hungry eyes. It made Gina remember her first job as a hostess and the hungry stares the men would give her, or the blank, salivating way they would stare at her cleavage even then before she got implants. These looks the men were giving her now were that multiplied by a thousand.

Wallace stopped with his group in front of the swinging doors and the helpless women and he gestured to them again.

“Just a little taste of what awaits inside.” He chuckled.

All of the men were practically drooling over them as Gina and Caitlyn could do nothing but mumble incoherently into their gags.

“Mmrrgggll umm!”

“Gggllmm! Mmm!”

One of the men though was making eye contact with Gina and furrowing his brow. Gina stopped her mumbling and locked eyes with them. He seemed to shrink back when she noticed that he was looking at her.

“Please, feel free to touch, this isn't a museum.” Wallace said to his clients. As if on cue, one of them men, a small man with bug eyes, shot forward and gripped Caitlyn's bare breasts with both palms.

“Ufff! Mmmm! Mmmoo!” She moaned, tossing her head back and crying into her gag.

Another man stepped forward and started to massage Gina's breasts with his hands.

“Oh nice Wallace, so exquisite...” He cooed, rubbing his hands against the soft flesh of Gina's sweat coated breasts.

“Mmmo! Sttt! Mmmo!” Gina moaned, once again pulling on the bonds keeping her suspended. She whipped her head back and forth, doing all she could to struggle.

Another man came forward and clamped a hand on Gina's ass cheek.

“Mmmpph!”

“Feel her ass! It's so soft!” The man said, and he and the man groping her breasts switched places.

“Grrrrmmblll! Mmm!” Gina moaned, and looked over at Caitlyn to see that the man who had been previously rubbing her breasts was now rubbing his face against them. She turned and looked at Gina with a pained expression while moaning into her gag.

“Mmeeepp! Ouffff mmo!” Caitlyn moaned, helpless to do anything.

Gina looked up and saw the man who had been staring her still looking, eyes wide. He seemed... uncomfortable. Desperate, Gina thought that maybe she could exploit this and widened her eyes and locked her gaze with him, imploring through her gag.

“Pssss... hllppp... hllppp mmmmm.... mmmmp!” Gina pleaded.

The man seemed to start sweating in that moment and tugged at his collar and leaned towards Wallace.

“That one,” The sweaty man motioned to Gina. “She seems familiar.”

“Ah,” Wallace clapped his hands and motioned to her. “You may recognize her from her modeling days! Her name was Gina Dollson. She even was Sheriff of this town for a brief moment.”

This seemed to make the Sweaty Man even more uncomfortable.

“What... what is she doing here?” He stammered. While he talked, Gina never looked away and kept begging and pleading through her gag.

“Hlllp! Psss!”

“Oh she's... had a change of career.” Wallace said, and then looked at Gina and back to the man. He seemed to realize in that moment what was happening and his gaze darkened with anger.

“There's plenty more women inside, if you please gentlemen...” Wallace began and stepped forward, pushing the door with Caitlyn open by pushing on her breast.

“Mmmmp!” Caitlyn cried as Wallace stood casually as one would stand holding a door for someone, except he held the door open with his hand on her breast.

“Sttpp! Mmmo!” Caitlyn moaned as Wallace's guests proceeded into the club, giving Caitlyn and Gina final glances as they did.

The Sweaty Man came last, though he looked down at his shoes, avoiding Gina's pleas as he did.

“Stttt! Psss! Hllp!” Gina begged as the man walked past her and into the club.

Once they were all inside, Wallace glared at Gina and let go of Caitlyn, storming into the club after his guests as the door with her swung back into place.

“Mmmph! Ummph!” Caitlyn moaned as the door settled back into position.

Gina tried to turn her head to look over her shoulder at inside the club to see if perhaps the Sweaty Man was still watching. It was a Hail Mary, but maybe his conscience had gotten the better of him. Maybe, while his friends were all off having fun with the other women of the club, The Sweaty Man would sneak off and cut both Gina and Caitlyn down. It was a fantasy and a pipe dream, Gina knew, but it was all she had right now.

Instead, Gina heard Wallace's voice behind her. She couldn't tell what he was saying, but she could tell that he was angry.

“Urrggllm bllllm! Mmmummbll!” Caitlyn continued to moan into her gag, making it difficult for Gina to hear what Wallace was saying.

“Offffmm! Hmmlp! Ummm!” Caitlyn continued.

“Hrrry! Stttt!” Gina responded, hoping Caitlyn would get the hint. The other girl turned and gave Gina a sharp look.

At least she's quiet. Gina thought and leaned back to listen. Wallace though must have been done though, because she didn't hear him any more.

But... she did hear footsteps approaching. Leaning back, Gina saw a woman approaching Caitlyn from behind. The woman was one of the club employees, and wore a skin tight leather suit, unzipped to show plenty of cleavage. She carried a thick white cloth held out in her hands as she approached Caitlyn from behind, and had another cloth hanging over her shoulder.

“Cmmmlnn! Llloofff!” Gina tried to warn through her gag.

“Wfff?” Caitlyn turned towards Gina and shrugged.

It was too late though, the woman leaned over from behind Caitlyn and pulled the white cloth over the lower half of Caitlyn's face, covering the ball gag.

“Mmmm! Ummm!” Caitlyn moaned, her eyes going wide as the woman tied the second gag at the back of her neck.

“Eeepp!” Gina moaned as she felt a thick white cloth pulled over the lower half of her face as well. Like Caitlyn, her head was jerked back as her second gag was tied at the back of her neck too.

“Urrrrfff!” Gina moaned as she felt the thick, smothering cloth secured over her ball gag. Her eyes looked over to see Caitlyn's head loll forward as her captor finished tying the second gag.

“Ummm! Mmm!” Caitlyn moaned, twisting her head, trying to shake off the second gag. Behind her, the woman took the second white cloth and pulled it over Caitlyn's eyes.

“Mmmo!” Caitlyn moaned as her head pulled back once again as her captor tied the blindfold in place.

“Mmmm! Mmmo!” Caitlyn protested, the only part of her face visible now was her nose.

A second later, Gina's view of Caitlyn was obstructed by her own blindfold being pulled over her eyes.

“Mmmmpph!” Gina cried as her head was jerked back and the blindfold tied. Like Caitlyn, Gina was plunged into darkness, unable to move or see, with only her muffled cries and the muffled cries of Caitlyn to keep her company.

What did they have planned next for them?

As she watched the thatched wood partition slowly rise, Janet regretted thinking just a few moments earlier about how she wished she had an extra hand to help in the bar. She doubted even Eva

would be able to control the customers once the partition lifted and the hungry male dogs sitting on the other side of it saw what was in store for them.

Inch by inch the partition lifted, revealing the black moonlit waves crashing against the beach, and then she heard the hoots and cries of the men as they realized that they're favorite scantily clad bartender was returning to work. She could only imagine their delight at seeing that she had friend.

Too bad Janet couldn't enjoy having help at the bar since she was bound and gagged.

Janet stiffened in her stool as the partition rose halfway. Part of her held out hope that the men would see her bound and helpless and rush to her aid, but somehow she doubted that. She also knew that the men would probably eat up whatever Eva had in store for her.

Just think, my idea of giving them a show was to have my nipples poke through my bikini top!

Janet grumbled and chewed on her gag. Her hands were tied behind her with thick rope and her feet tied together at the ankles with the same, and a thick, white towel was pulled tightly between her lips and tied at the back of her head. As the partition grew higher, she once again tested her bonds but they were secured tightly, which was no surprise, Eva knew her knots.

She could now see the faces of the men on the other side of the bar as their eyes scanned for the familiar sight of Janet's half naked body. Confusion registered on their faces at first, no doubt they hadn't noticed Janet yet, tied and gagged in the corner, or Eva, standing off to the side raising the partition. Slowly though, a few of the men started to notice their familiar bartender bound and gagged on a stool in the corner.

"Hlllp! Hrrryy!" Janet cried tugging on her bonds, hoping to get their attention. More of the men looked in her direction and their eyes looked like they were going to bug right out of their sockets.

"Mmph! Mm!" Janet moaned, and motioned with her head to the far side of the bar where Eva had finished raising the partition.

"Hola boys!" Eva pranced out in front of the patrons and immediately all eyes fell on her.

Shit! Janet grimaced and bit down on her gag. Once Eva took control of this situation she could easily have all of these men eating out of the palm of her hand.

“What... what's going on?” One of the men stammered, his gaze shifting from Eva to the bound and gagged Janet.

“Hrrrlp! Hrry! Hhlllp mmee!” Janet moaned, leaning forward and tugging on her bonds. As she did, she caught the man's eyes immediately falling to her cleavage.

Fine, whatever, just get me out of here! She thought, locking eyes with him.

“Oh, my friend Janet and I are just having a little fun!” Eva flashed him her brilliant smile and danced over to Janet, as she did, all of the men's eyes fell to Eva's perfect, thonged ass.

The Latina wore a tiny, leopard print thong bikini, and the bar patrons were defenseless against it. She walked over to Janet and squeezed the bound woman's cheeks while bending over to give the men on the other side of the bar a look at her round, perfectly shaped behind.

“We thought we would give you a little show.” Eva laughed.

“Mmmooo! Mmmph! Ufff!” Janet pleaded through her gag at the men.

“Oh Janet, she just loves being tied up!” Eva giggled, and then lifted Janet's cell phone, which had been previously resting on the counter, opened the camera, and held it out while pressing her face against Janet's.

“Now hold on, let's get a selfie!” Eva smiled while Janet widened her eyes.

“Mmmoo! Umm!” Janet moaned, but it was too late, Eva snapped the photo.

The Latina pulled away from Janet and her fingers danced over the phone's touch screen.

“Hmm, let's tell our friends about all the fun we're having,” Eva furrowed her brow as she composed a message.

“Hmmmph?” Janet leaned forward, and saw that Eva was composing a text message to Felicia. From her angle, Janet couldn't see the content of the message, but she saw that Eva was also sending the photo with it.

“Hey, stop texting and get me a drink.” A man called from the other side of the bar. Eva's face shifted briefly from her usual, carefree self to silent fury, and then back. She sent the message and then turned to her audience on the other side of the bar.

“Hey, would you guys like more of our friends to show up? They're all super hot.” Eva strutted up and down on the other side of the bar as she talked.

Janet watched, helpless to do anything else, and realized what Eva's plan was.

I'm bait! Eva not only wanted her, she wanted all of the girls, no doubt as revenge for escaping her. This was all a show to attract attention.

A hoot went up from the men on the other side of the bar when Eva asked her question. She stopped, turned her back to them, and slightly lowered one of the straps to her thong, baring her ass cheek to them.

“Oh and they all have bikinis way smaller than this.” Eva giggled and let the strap snap back into place. All of the men cheered and hooted at her.

“Well then, we're going to play a little game,” Eva turned back around. “And I'm going to need your help.”

“Yeah!” Some of the men called out.

“Can't I just get a beer?” The man from earlier grumbled.

Eva ignored him this time, and grabbed a large glass jar from the counter behind her. A sign was taped to it reading “Release the bartender fund.”

“Our friend Janet here has been captured, and in order to be... “released”, you must pay a ransom...” Eva turned and winked at Janet.

Janet only glared at her.

“Also, I need you all to take out your phones too,” Eva continued. “Get plenty of pictures and video. Post them everywhere, all over the internet. The more attention we get, the more likely our friends will show up!”

“Yeah!” A bunch of the men shouted.

“Mmmo! Sttpp! Mmm!” Janet protested, stamping her feet on the stool, but the men ignored her.

Eva placed the jar on the bar in front of the slobbering men and stepped back.

“Hey honey, can I get a beer... *please!*” The man from earlier grumbled again. He was a middle aged man, balding with quite the beer gut.

Eva stopped and glared at the man for a moment, and then flashed her brilliant smile.

“Oh sure, if you'll pay towards the ransom...” She responded.

The man seemed flabbergasted at this, and flapped his jowls and stuttered a bit before responding.

“I... I just want a beer dammit!” He glared at her. Eva though, was unfazed.

“What kind of show would you need to put in towards the ransom?” She asked, still smiling.

The man narrowed his beady eyes at her.

“It would have to be one hell of a show after service like this.”

“Well, watch then.” With that she headed over to the counter and grabbed a tumbler,

The Latina took the empty glass over to the man and set it in front of him. He opened his mouth, seemingly to protest, but then Eva turned and bent over, baring her thonged ass right in the man's face. All the man did was sit with the empty glass in his hands, jaw agape.

“Oh come on, stick it in there.” She giggled, wiggling her behind in front of the man.

All of the other men take out their phones and start recording or snapping pictures.

“Mmmo! Ufff! Sttpp!” Janet moaned, shaking her head. Some of the men turned their cameras to her and started to document her predicament.

“Hlllp! Hlllp mmeef! Mmmmfff!” Janet moaned, rocking up and down in her chair. If these men were posting this on social media, hopefully someone would see that Janet was here against her will, rather than a willing participant.

“Mmmph! Umm!” She continued to struggle while the bar patrons cheered and gawked at her barely covered breasts heaving up and down.

Meanwhile, having gotten the hint, the middle aged man leaned forward and placed the glass, open end up, squarely between Eva's ass cheeks. It fit perfectly, somehow caught in the gravitational pull of Eva's backside. The Latina, still bent over, made her way over to the tap with the glass tumbler clenched upright between her butt cheeks. Janet stopped her struggling to watch, awed.

Glass still clenched in her behind, Eva placed it under the tap, and then reached behind her and pulled the lever. Beer frothed out of the spout and into the tumbler and Eva smiled at her captive audience. All the while the men recorded, snapped pictures, and cheered. Beer started flowing over the edge of the tumbler, spilling over Eva's ass, and she turned off the tap and made her way back to the man, still holding the glass with her ass.

Once back at the bar, Eva turned around and presented her ass to the man, with the glass still held between her cheeks. Stunned and wide eyed, the man accepted the beer and Eva stood back up.

“So, how was that?” She smiled and placed a hand on her hip.

The man attempted to form words, but only stuttered, and then his shaky hands dropped a twenty dollar bill in the jar. The whole bar was cheering to the point where it was feeling like it was a sporting event with Janet and Eva as the only players on the field. Eva eyed the crisp twenty in the jar with hungry eyes and then turned to Janet. Behind the Latina, the men at the bar were all holding cash in their hands, eagerly awaiting the next show.

Janet shrunk back under Eva's gaze, knowing that the Latina had nothing good in mind.

“Mmmoo... mmmp! Mmmm!” Janet moaned, recoiling as Eva stalked her like a lion closing in on it's prey.

“Stttpp! Mmmmmoo!” Janet moaned, and pleaded with the crowd of horny men behind Eva, but it was no use, with that one move she had them eating out of her hand.

“Glummbll... mm...” Janet turned towards the advancing Latina, dreading what was to come next. Despite the jar saying “Release bartender fund”, Janet doubted that Eva would let her go that quickly.

As Eva approached, she lifted a small pair of scissors from the counter next to her, and Janet suddenly knew what was in store for her.

“Well, this man contributed to the fund,” Eva pointed to the man now drinking from the glass of beer that had previously been clenched in Eva's ass. “Let's “release” the bartender.”

“Mmmoo! Ugggmmm! Bmmm!” Janet moaned, shaking her head. On the other side of the bar, most of the men were aiming their phones at the helpless, bikini clad bartender.

“I know what part of her to set free first!” Eva stood next to the bound Janet and smiled and winked at the audience while holding the scissors. The crowd of onlookers cheered.

“Grrrrm! Mmmph!” Janet protested and looked over at her audience. The crowd had gotten bigger.

She froze. People passing by on the beach must be hearing the commotion and were stopping by to investigate. Eventually, word would have to get to Gina and Felicia, which was exactly what Eva wanted.

Janet was too busy focusing on the crowd to notice Eva lean over, slide the scissors under one of the clear straps to her bikini top, and snip it. One of the small red triangles of fabric fell away, exposing Janet's left breast.

The crowd roared and she heard the “clicks” of smart phones capturing photos.

“Mmmmo! Mmmmph!” Janet roared, looking down at her exposed breast, Eva, and then the men.

“Hllpp! Pfffss! Sttpp!” Janet moaned, eyes wide and pleading with the crowd of onlookers.

But the men ignored her pleas and rushed forward to shove their money into the jar. There was a momentary logjam of green paper at the head of the jar as horny men jammed their cash into the “release fund”.

Eva giggled, watching all of this with obvious glee.

“Oh, we have so many people that want to see our bartender set loose.” She smiled and looked down at Janet.

“Ummm mmmoo!” Janet shook her head.

“Well, better give the people what they want.” Eva laughed and moved to Janet's other side, scissors ready.

“Mmmoo! Ummph! Mmmmm!” Janet moaned as Eva slipped the scissors under the remaining clear strap and snipped. The remaining triangle of red fabric came off, exposing Janet's other breast.

An enthusiastic whoop erupted from the crowd as Janet was helpless to do anything but moan into her gag.

“Mmmoo! Sttp! Mmmmp!” She cried.

Behind her back, she felt the scissors slide up between her shoulder blades and snip away at the strap on the back, then Eva snatched the skimpy bikini top away with a flourish, like a magician doing a trick for a crowd. The men cheered, and more and more money was stuffed into the jar, which was near filled at this point. More photos and videos were snapped, and Janet was sure that social media was being flooded with her humiliation.

Eva scanned the crowd of men and frowned. Clearly she was impatient for the calvary of Gina, Caitlyn, and Felicia to show up.

“Oh slow down boys, you'll have this lady completely free before the night is out.” Eva giggled, parading back and forth behind the bar, but the men ignored her calls for restraint and continued to stuff the jar with wads of bills.

“Hlllp mmmee! Pffss stpp!” Janet implored them. Surely one of these men had to realize that she was here against her will?

But if they did realize that, none of them showed it, and continued to salivate over the sight of her bare breasts. It wasn't only that, Janet realized, but it was her humiliation, her helplessness, the pleading in her eyes. The men were enjoying her being displayed, the control they had over her from afar. Eva was acting as their avatar, and through her, Janet was theirs.

“Well okay, if you guys want to see more of our prisoner.” Eva shrugged and strolled back over towards Janet.

The only thing for her to cut away on Janet, besides the ropes, was her barely there bikini bottoms. Being topless in front of these men was one thing, but now being completely naked, that was even worse.

“Mmmmp! Mmmm mmmoo!” Janet leaned forward, placing her feet on the ground, and hopped off of the stool. She didn't know where she would go or what her plan would be beyond “Hop away.”

The men cheered, watching as her breasts heaved up as she landed on her bound feet. She turned towards the door leading to the back of the bar, hoping as she did. With every movement and hop, her breasts bounced up, prompting more cheers from the onlooking men.

Eva caught up with her in no time, though she didn't do anything to stop Janet. Instead, she stood next to her and pointed at Janet's thonged ass, now perfectly visible to the male onlookers as the bound and gagged woman tried to hop away. They all cheered, and then Eva delivered a loud spank to Janet's almost bare bottom.

“MMMPH!” Janet moaned and tried to quicken her pace. The men cheered even louder and Eva spanked her again, harder.

“GRRRRMMMMPH!” Janet tried to hop away faster. The door to the back seemed like it was miles away instead of a few feet.

“Mmmm!” She moaned, feeling a tugging in her bikini bottoms. She turned her head to see Eva pulling back in the flimsy bottoms, keeping Janet in place while also baring the rest of her ass to the crowd of salivating men beyond. They cheered enthusiastically.

“Mmmoo! Sttppp! Mmmoo mmmfff!” Janet pleaded and shook her head as Eva pulled her back by her thong.

Then, with a single, fluid movement, Eva raised the scissors, cut both the straps holding up the bikini bottoms, and ripped it out between Janet's legs.

"MMMMMPH!" Janet screamed, drowned out by the cheer that went up simultaneously at the sight of her bare ass.

Eva turned, twirled the bikini bottoms over her head, and tossed them to the crowd of onlookers.

“Look, you successfully freed our poor bartender of her restricting clothes!” Eva laughed and motioned to Janet, who continued her hopping and bouncing towards the door leading to the back room.

“Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet moaned. She could feel all of the eyes from the men on her naked body. All rational thought left her body, all she wanted to do was get to the back room and hide. At least there she would be less exposed and humiliated.

Janet heard a noise behind her and saw Eva moving the stool that she had been previously sitting on to the middle of the bar area, right in front of the taps.

“What about the other girls? Do you guys want them too?” Eva asked. The men, despite not being tied, were as much of a captive audience as Janet, and cheered in affirmation of Eva's question.

“Mmmpp...umm..” Janet ignored them and continued hopping towards the door. She was closing the distance fast, only a few more jumps.

“They seem to be taking their time,” Eva went on, addressing the crowd. “Let's give them a call.” With that she took up her cell phone and dialed a number.

Janet continued to ignore her and continued her slow, humiliating journey towards the door, and temporary reprieve from the hungry gaze of her male customers. Behind her, Eva waited, phone to her ear for whoever she was calling to answer.

“Mmmeep!” Janet exclaimed. Finally, she had reached the door. She spun around, balancing precariously on her bound feet.

“Urrrrff!” She moaned, now facing the gaping jaws and lust filled eyes of the male onlookers. Many of them held their phones out, carefully documenting their helpless bartender's predicament.

“Stttt! Mmmmo!” Janet pleaded, but they ignored her, preserving her naked humiliation forever with their phones.

Her bound hands groped behind her and felt the knob of the door.

Yes! She was almost free of this, at least for a moment. Her hands twisted the knob.

It didn't budge. Locked.

“Mmmmo!” Janet protested, twisting and turning but the knob stayed fixed.

“Mmmmo! Mmm!” She moaned as the men started laughing at her disappointment.

Eva meanwhile, was walking over towards her, phone to her ear.

“Hola Gina,” Eva said into the phone. “I hope you're well...”

“Mmmmena! Hllp! Mmm!” Janet moaned.

Eva held out the phone to Janet.

“Here, say hi...”

“Hllp! Mmmph! Mmm!” Janet leaned forward and mumbled into her gag, then paused, waiting for a response. Eva placed the phone back to her ear.

“Hear that? That's Janet, and we're so hoping you join us, and bring your new friend Anya too.” Eva taunted.

Janet watched, realizing that Eva must be leaving a voicemail message because she wasn't giving Gina any time to talk. Not only that, but there was no voice responding from the other side.

Why isn't Gina answering? Janet wondered. Could she be in trouble?

She could just be busy, after all, she was a cop.

"I certainly hope you come by the bar later and see us," Eva went on. "Or maybe we'll pay you a visit at your house. Either way, can't wait to see you!" With that, Eva hung up, set the phone down, and approached Janet.

"Mmmooo!" Janet moaned, and Eva stood next to the bound and gagged naked woman and threw an arm over her shoulder. Phones lit up as more photos were taken.

"Now that she's free, I think she needs a drink, don't you?" Eva asked their audience.

"Wffff?" Janet turned and asked.

A drink? Is she going to take off the gag?

"Who wants to buy our poor damsel a drink?" Eva asked.

The men all produced more crisp bills and started stuffing them into the already tightly packed jar.

"Ummm mmooo... mmmooo..." Janet shook her head, knowing that nothing good could come from this.

"So many people pitching in," Eva pulled Janet close, watching as men stuffed the jar. "That's a lot of drinks."

"How can one damsel drink all of that?" Eva rubbed her chin.

"Pffsss... mmooo..." Janet pleaded. She didn't know what Eva had planned, but she knew it wasn't good.

"I got it!" Eva raised a finger and then started to shove Janet towards the stool in front of the taps.

"Mmmoo! Mmppph! Mmm!" Janet protested, trying to push back, but it was no use, she was helpless in Eva's grasp. All the while the audience of horny men cheered.

Janet wobbled in Eva's grasp as she tried to resist the Latina's attempts to herd her towards the stool. Despite her best efforts, the rope around her wrists and ankles kept Janet off balance and Eva was easily able to shove her towards the center of the bar in front of the taps. All the while Janet was aware of the lustful gaze of the men on her nude body, and of their phones greedily taking photo and video of her predicament.

Just stay calm, Felicia and Gina have to have gotten the messages and were on their way.

Right?

Despite her attempts at reassuring herself that rescue was coming, Janet had a bad feeling about it. There was a nagging voice at the back of her head telling her that the other girls were in trouble. After all, Felicia was at home with Anya, who had tried to murder both of them at some point. Mentally, Janet was also cursing Gina for giving Eva another chance when she should have just thrown her in jail.

This wouldn't be happening if Gina had just arrested Eva for kidnapping!

It was too late now for any of that. Janet was Eva's plaything now, and she had a feeling that her public humiliation, punishment for taking Eva's toys away from her, was just beginning.

Eva stood Janet behind the stool and turned her to face the crowd of horny male onlookers. They cheered and drooled, snapping more photos of the nude bartender.

“Mmmoo! Stttt!” Janet pleaded through her gag.

“Mmmpph!” Eva grabbed her from behind and bent her over the stool so that her ass was sticking out towards the taps.

“Have any of you heard of butt chugging?” Eva asked the crowd as she stepped towards the taps. The crowd roared enthusiastically.

“Wffffttt?” Janet squealed and turned her head.

Eva had hooked a hose to the end of one tap and was extending it towards her nude hostage's rear end.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph!” Janet shook her head, pleading through her gag.

“I think that's the only way to give her all those drinks you've bought: she has to butt chug it!”

Eva held up the end of the hose for the crowd to see.

They cheered in approval.

“Mmoo! Mmph!” Janet pleaded, shaking her head.

“MMMM... GRRRRRMM! MMMMEEEEP!” Janet squealed, her eyes bugging as she felt Eva insert the end of the hose up her ass. The sound of the men cheering was deafening, drowning out Janet's protests.

“UMMPPH! MMMM MMM!” She clenched her buttocks in an attempt to block the hose's journey up her ass but it was no use. Janet felt it slithering inside her like a snake and then come to a stop.

“Ummph!” She protested as Eva delivered a swift smack to her butt cheek and then stepped over to the tap and wrapped her hand around the lever.

“Mmmoo! Mmmph!” Janet shook her head, giving one final, desperate plea.

Eva only smiled, winked, and then pulled the lever, delivering a swift rush of beer straight up Janet's anus.

To be continued...