

Humiliating Justice - Speedster



Criminals of Silver City beware! Silverpulse was on the prowl. Ever since she had gotten her powers, Chloe Cartwright had taken on the mantle of Silverpulse, a speedster superheroine who could move faster than a bullet. She would patrol the streets of SC at night, delivering her own brand of speedy justice to any would-be criminals who dared to rear their ugly heads.

She was currently on patrol, her silver, body length leotard showing off the shape of her sleek body. She found the outfit to be a little revealing thanks to the way it hugged her curves, but when you were moving at the speed of sound, you couldn't afford any loose or trailing fabric.

She checked the scanner on her smart-watch and noticed a blip. "A silent alarm!" She said, "At a jewellery store three miles away. Perfect."

The silver speedster stretched her arms and loosened up her legs. "Time to go to work." She bolted off in the direction of the alarm, feeling the wind rush past her ears. Less than twenty seconds later, she was standing outside the jewellery store, the entrance was ajar and the metal shutters had been bent upwards to allow the perpetrators to crawl underneath. She took a look inside the store and saw two men in black masks filling rucksacks with anything they could get their hands on. "Two guys....This should be easy. May as well have some fun." She thought as she stepped inside the store.

"Come on, man, my guy said the response time for the silent alarm is about five minutes." One of the men said.

"When did it trigger?" The second thief asked.

"As soon as I broke the first case, I think. So get a move on...."

"Ahem!" Silverpulse cleared her throat and the two guys jumped towards the door in surprise. "I don't think rose gold is quite your color, gentlemen."

"Who the fuck are you?" The first guy asked.

"Don't you watch the news?" Silverpulse replied, "I'm Silverpulse. The shimmering speedster of Silver City!"

"Oh yeah? Well why don't you take that tight little ass of yours outta here before something bad happens to you!" The guy pulled out a small handgun and cocked the hammer threateningly.

"Okay, boys, the hard way it is." The silver superheroine said.

The man with the gun decided he had heard enough and pulled the trigger. The sound reverberated off the walls inside the store but the bullet itself hit nothing but drywall. Silverpulse had moved out of the way of the bullet with seemingly no effort at all. In a flash, she was standing behind the gunman and quickly yanking down his pants and underwear before returning to where she had just been standing. The whole process of pantsing the thief had taken less than a second.

"Huh?" He looked confused for a moment before he felt the cool breeze on his bare legs. "Hey!" The guy quickly bent over to pull up his pants, making a haphazard job of it.

"Hahaha, not hiding much of a 'weapon' in there are you?" The hero laughed.

“Shit, she’s a super!” The second man said.

“No shit! Did the outfit not give it away?” The recently pantsed man said, raising his gun up and pulling the trigger again.

This time, Silver pulsed launched herself behind both men and yanked their pants down before the bullet hit the wall where she had just been standing.

“Ah!

“Hey!”

“Hahaha, seriously guys, you’d have better luck if you carried the bullet to me.” Silverpulse laughed as the two men pulled up their pants. “Now, let’s see who’s hiding under those masks.” Quick as a flash, she sped from one guy to the next and removed the black masks they were wearing.

“Shit! She’s seen our faces.” One of the men said, he had messy blond hair and a rough looking face.

“Fuck it, run!” The other said, a dark haired man with a short build. The two men took off in the opposite direction, heading for a stockroom door at the back of the shop.

“Seriously? Running? From me?” The speedster shook her head and sprung into action. All the two men felt was a sudden rush of air around them and they both clattered to the floor, face first.

“Hahahahaha, wow, honestly guys, keep going. Pantsing you is so much fun for me.” She had once again yanked both guys pants and underwear down while they were mid sprint, causing them to trip and faceplant.

“Fuck you, you silver slut!”

“Well that wasn’t very nice. Just for that, you both lose clothing privileges.”

“What?” A sudden blur of action later, both the men found themselves lying on the floor completely naked. They looked to the side to see their clothes folded in a neat pile a few feet away from them. Silver pulse had done that just to mess with them even more, removing and folding their clothes had taken her less than two seconds.

“There. Now you’ll be naked when the police arrive.” She said to the two embarrassed men.

“What? You can’t leave us naked!” The blond said as the sound of sirens could be heard approaching in the distance.

"Watch me!" Silverpulse launched into action, it took her a second or two to locate a roll of tape in the store room and another two seconds to wrap the tape around the men's wrists, tying them together above their heads to a light fitting a few feet above them. A second later and their ankles were taped together, reducing their struggles. "There. Just two naked jewellery thieves all tied up waiting for the police to get here." She said, smiling at the bound men's struggles.

"Hey! You can't leave us like this!"

"Let us go!"

"Hmm, ya know what would be even funnier? How about if those little cocks of yours were all hard and excited when the police got here? That would be hilarious!" The two men could see the blue flashing lights getting closer near the window, they knew they had less than a minute until the police were rushing in.

"You're not serious..." The dark haired guy said, but she had already decided. Silverpulse set her hand off vibrating at an incredibly high frequency, oscillating so powerfully that her hand looked to be slightly blurred around the edges to normal sight. She stepped between the two bound men and gripped their packages with her vibrating hands. This was a little trick she liked to use on her boyfriend when she wanted to get him in the mood.

"Ahh, fuck. H-hey. Stop that."

"Come on little guy, time to wake up." She teased as her powerful vibrations sent pleasure rushing through the two men's cocks.

"Oh god!" It was clear the men were trying to resist becoming hard, knowing the cops were seconds away. "No! Stop."

"Uh-oh, I think one of you guys might be a secret premie, you're not gonna cum already are you?" Silverpulse said, releasing the dark haired guy's cock just as it started twitching and bobbing desperately in the air.

"Nnng, no! I wasn't going to cum you fucking bitch."

"Hahaha, you totally were!" The three of them heard voices and footsteps outside the door, the police were here.

"Police! Drop any weapons and put your hands up, we're coming in!" A stern voice shouted from outside the entrance.

"Well, looks like that's my cue, guys. Gotta go. But first..." Silverpulse quickly grabbed two of the expensive looking gold necklaces they would have stolen and looped them over the two erections, leaving them dangling from their cocks. "Told you they weren't quite your color. Ah well, gotta go!"

“Police! Nobody move!” A silver blur was all that could be seen as three police officers rushed into the building to see the two bound and thoroughly humiliated men and streak of silver brush past them.....

She checked her watch, another ping, this time from the Silver City museum. “The museum? Who would break into a museum?” Silverpulse mused to herself. “Ah well, better check it out.” The silver streak flashed across the streets until she was outside the museum in question. There were no signs of a forced entry on any of its doors. She quickly bolted up the fire escape and checked the roof, noticing a perfect circle cut into the glass of one of the sky lights. Jumping down into the main atrium, she landed gracefully and scanned the area.

“Who the hell are you?!” An unseen, female voice came from somewhere.

Silverpulse turned her head and scanned the darkened floor of the atrium until she saw her. A sleek, female form slinking out from behind a wooden display case with large, red gems blinking in the moonlight from above. “Ah, you know if you wanted to see the African Ruby exhibit that badly then entry is cheap on weekends.” Said the hero.

“Yeah, but I don't like the crowds, so feel free to leave.” The black, catsuit clad woman said.

“Hmm, you know the whole ‘catburglar’ thing is a little cliché, right?”

“What can I say? I'm a fan of the classics. I take it you're here to foil my dastardly plans?” The catburglar asked.

“I suppose that is the job.”

“Well forgive me if I decide not to come quietly.” The black clad burglar unfurled a long whip from behind her back and snapped it loudly against the marble floor of the museum.

“I was hoping you'd say that.” Silverpulse replied. The catburglar drew her whip wielding hand back and cracked it forwards, the dangerous tip of the whip curled through air towards where the silver superhero was standing....or at least where she should have been standing.

Silverpulse had darted quickly out of the way before the whip made contact. “Huh? Where'd you go?” The cat burglar called, having lost sight of the silver superhero in the crack of her whip.

The criminal turned her head left to right, scanning the lines of displays for the vigilante. ‘Slap!’ “Owww! Fuck.” The cat burglar felt a rush of air move behind her, followed by a sudden slap on her ass.

Silverpulse had landed a superfast slap on her unsuspecting ass. “Hahaha.” Her laughter echoed around the empty atrium as she disappeared from view, too fast to be seen.

“That stings you bitch!” The burglar said, searching for her assailant. Another silver blur rocketed swiftly past and delivered another stinging ‘Slap!’

“Ahowww! Shit, stop that.” She cracked her whip in the direction of the blur but hit nothing but air. “Hold still you interfering asshole!”

‘Crack!’ She cracked her whip as she saw another superfast blur darting between displays. ‘Crack!’

‘Slap!’ “Arrgh! Fuck you.” ‘Crack!’

‘Slap!’ The black-clad burglar kept swinging her whip and hitting nothing but air, each miss rewarded with another lightning fast Slap to her ass.

“Missed me.” ‘Slap!’ ‘Crack!’ “Missed again.” ‘Slap!’ Silverpulse was clearly having fun torturing the poor girl’s ass as she darted around the room. “The thing about these skin tight suits is that they’re great for mobility, but they offer zero protection.” ‘Slap!’

“Oooowwwowow. Okay, okay. Enough. Please lay off my ass. I’m putting the whip down. No more spanks, please.” She dropped the whip and gently rubbed her sore ass through the thin material of the catsuit, almost hopping from foot to foot.

Silverpulse screeched to a halt in front of the catburglar. “Aww, I could have spanked you all night. Ah well, guess I’ll just have to leave you for the cops to find.” She moved quickly, too quickly for regular eyes to track and way too quickly for the catburglar to do anything to stop it....

—

“Police, wherever you’re hiding I suggest you come out with your hands....huh?” The officer looked up as he ran into the atrium of the museum, he had stopped at a pile of shredded black fabric that might have been a catsuit at one point.

“Don’t just stand there gawking you idiot, get me down from here!” There, above the officers head was an almost naked woman, the only thing she was wearing was a pair of black, spandex shorts, shorts that had been stretched out and the leg holes looped over the tusk of a large, wooly mammoth skull some fifteen feet off the floor. The intense hanging wedgie had pulled the shorts all the way up her ass, giving the officer a good view of two, reddened ass cheeks.

The woman was holding onto the tusk with her hands to try and alleviate the pressure from the wedgie. "Umm hang on miss. I'll see what I can do..." He leaned his head to the side and hit the button on his radio. "Umm, Mills, you might wanna get a crash pad and a ladder in here."

"Hurry up! My fucking ass is killing me...."

—

"Okay, looks like it's time to call it a night." Silverpulse said to herself as she saw things were all quiet on her scanner. However, just as she was about to hightail it back home, she heard a woman scream.

"Aaargh! My purse!"

The silver hero sighed to herself. "A purse snatching, really? Ah well, I have enough time for this, I suppose." She blurred the couple of hundred feet towards a man who was sprinting away from the woman. As she sped alongside the purse snatcher, she glanced inside the purse and saw something that could come in handy....A silky necktie.

In a blur of movement that the purse snatcher never saw coming, Silverpulse grabbed the scarf first, then she grabbed the back of the man's underwear and pulled!

"Aaaagh!" The running miscreant screamed as he was wedgied hard, seemingly out of nowhere. His hands shot behind himself to inspect the wedgie, giving the superpowered woman the opportunity she needed.

Quick as a flash she wrapped the neckscarf around one of the man's wrists, looped it underneath the legholes of his underwear and tied it around his other wrist. Another lightning fast movement later and the man's pants were removed, leaving his legs bare with a wedgie tied in place. "Let this be a lesson to you, you purse snatching prick." Silverpulse glanced inside the purse and saw a tube of red lipstick. She grabbed the lipstick and used it to write the words 'Purse Thief' across his well wedgied ass cheeks.

The whole thing happened so fast that the woman who had screamed didn't quite register what had happened until a silver-clad woman appeared out of nowhere in front of her, holding out her purse. "Here you go, lady, I borrowed your scarf, hope it's okay. Gotta go, bye!" And then she wasn't there any more...

—

"Hey babe!" Chloe said as she rushed back to her apartment where her boyfriend was waiting for her. Her night of crime fighting done, it was time to relax.

"Hey babe. Sounds like you had a fun night, according to the police scanner in your room anyway." Dale replied.

"Oh you were listening?"

"Two naked guys at a jewellery store, one naked woman at the museum, something like that." Dale replied, smirking a little.

"Ha, well, gotta have my fun somehow."

"My question is, how the hell do you strip a person naked while they're in the middle of a heist." Dale asked.

Chloe's look changed to something a little more mischievous. "Looking for a demonstration are you?"

"Haha, go ahead then, Silverpulse, do your worst." He replied.

She gave a half smile, thinking to herself, 'time to have some more fun.'

Dale felt a sudden rush of wind as he was buffeted slightly from left to right for a second, then it was over and he was naked in the middle of his superpower girlfriend's living room.

He looked down at himself in mild shock. "Damn! I barely felt anything, and I'm still standing up. How'd you manage that?"

"It's not that hard really. A slight lift of your feet to remove your pants and socks and whatever, careful manipulation of the arms to remove your shirt. I perceive time differently at speed so the two seconds to you feels like a minute to me. So I have time to be more careful. Fun, right."

"It's impressive, I'll give you that." Dale said as he listened to her explanation.

"Glad you think so. Now how about a little roleplay?" Chloe asked.

"Roleplay? Never really been my thing." He suddenly felt a little embarrassed at being stood naked while talking about roleplay with a superhero girlfriend.

"Don't worry, all you have to do is try to escape me. I'll be the sexy superhero and you be the villain who's trying to escape."

"Ha, okay, and what happens if you catch me?" He asked.

"I get to have my wicked way with you, obviously." Chloe replied.

“Well, first of all, why would I run from that? And second of all, how the hell do you expect me to escape you exactly?” Dale asked with a playful look.

“I’ll give you a chance....but the short answer is simple. I don’t. Now stay where you are, evil-doer. The shining, silver speedster is here to foil your dastardly plans.” Chloe twirled rapidly on the spot, becoming a blur for a moment until she was standing in her apartment, once again wearing her Silverpulse outfit.

“Now we’re talking,” Dale said, enthusiastically, “come and get me, Silverpulse.” He held out his hands, still naked and waiting for his girlfriend to ‘have her way’.

“Babe! You’re supposed to at least try to make it hard for me. Okay, I have an idea. It’s not just removing clothes that I’m good at, you know?”

“What do you mean?” He got his answer in the form of a superfast silver blur darting quickly around him, disorienting him for a second. When she was standing stationary in front of him, Dale noticed she had an amused expression on her face, almost as if she was holding back a laugh. That was when he noticed the tight, soft fabric surrounding his crotch. “Did you put me in panties?!”

“Hahaha, I did. And I’m not finished with you yet, Mister bad guy.” Silverpulse quickly darted into her bedroom and half a second later she was back, now with a pink bra dangling from her fingertips.

Dale blushed as he answered. “Don’t you dare!”

“Then you’d better try to escape, panty-boy. Ready or not, here I come.” Silverpulse took up a position as though she was on an imaginary starting block, not that she needed it.

“Oh no you don’t!” Dale turned and ran towards Chloe/Silverpulse’s bedroom, he turned to see her still in the same position before he slammed the door shut and locked it with an interior lock. “Ha, let’s see how you feel about breaking down your own bedroom door, Silverpulse.” He yelled through the wood.

“Why would I need to?” The voice came from right behind him.

“Ah!” Startled, Dale turned to see his girlfriend sitting on her own bed, having darted past him as the door closed. “Not fair! And I am not wearing that bra.”

“Wanna bet?” She shot into action again and less than a second later, Dale was standing wearing a pink bra to match his pink panties. “Hahaha, I can’t believe I never did this before, you look so cute.” She teased.

“This is not cute.” Dale replied.

"It will be. When I get this skirt on you!" Chloe pulled open her wardrobe and began rifling through her clothes at a slow, steady pace. "Now what would you look good in...?"

Dale took the opportunity to dash out of the room and close the door behind him. He headed into the spare room on the opposite side of the apartment, the room she usually used to store her Silverpulse outfits and accessories. There was a small, built-in wardrobe on one of the walls, just big enough for him to squeeze inside and close the door, hiding him from view.

He could hear Chloe's playful voice as she looked for him. "Oh no, there's a panty wearing pervert loose in my apartment, whatever will I do?" Dale blushed at her description of him as he carried on her ad-libbed role play, mostly to herself. "Unfortunately for the stealthy sissy, he doesn't know that I can search every inch of this apartment in no time flat."

Of course he knew he couldn't exactly stay hidden for long, but if she was going to dress him up in women's clothes then he was certainly not going to make it easy for her.

He heard her walk into the spare room, probably knowing exactly where he would hide. "Maybe he's hiding in here!" She threw open the door to see Dale squeezed inside the wardrobe.

Dale took one look at the red and white cheerleader skirt in his girlfriend's hand and decided to make another run for it. "No!" He dove out of the wardrobe and out of the room, slamming the door behind him again.

"Dammit!" In the split second that he dove past her, his girlfriend had managed to wrap the skirt around his waist to add to his humiliation. "Bra, panties and a skirt, really Chloe?"

"Oh no!" Chloe's voice came from behind the door. "The secret sissy knows my secret identity, that means he must be stopped at all costs." The door opened quickly and Dale saw a silver blur fly past him, by the time he turned around, she was standing in the middle of the living room holding the cheerleader top to match the skirt. "Time to finish off your outfit."

"Never!" He sprinted for the bedroom again but by the time he got through the door he could feel the too tight top squeezing his upper body. The top barely came past his bra, squeezing the cups against his chest, causing the slight padding to rub his nipples and his entire midriff was exposed.

"Hahaha, come on, baby, gimme an 'S'!" Chloe yelled, laughing as she stood in front of the bed.

"Okay, now you're in for it!" Dale growled, preparing to fight back.

"Oh no, could this really be the end of the silver speedster?" Chloe said in a dramatic voice.

"God you're so cheesy." Dale launched himself at the speedster, intending to tackle her onto the bed as he had done before when they were play-fighting. But she wasn't there anymore. Dale landed on his front on the bed, the motion causing the short skirt to bounce up and expose the pink panties. Before he could recover, Chloe was on him, mounting his upper legs and pinning him face down onto the bed.

"Ah-ha. I have you now, villain." She gave him a playful slap on the ass. "Oooh we need to give you a supervillain name. How about....the scarlet sissy!"

Dale blushed. "No way!"

"Okay, what about the criminal cross dresser?"

"Chloe!" He whined at her embarrassing names.

She responded with another, slightly harder spank to his ass. "Hey! It's Silverpulse to you, panty princess."

"You are NOT calling me panty princess!"

Chloe reached a hand down between his legs to grab his cock which had slowly grown to full hardness during their game. "You like this." She said, a statement, not a question.

"What? No I....well, I mean there's a hot superhero sitting on me, what's not to like?" Dale said, he had been trying to stave off his arousal for a while now but something about how powerless he was against his girlfriend had his cock raging.

"I didn't know you were into the whole power play thing. We could have been having so much fun. Do you like that you're all powerless against me?"

"Well I....I guess I don't hate it." He admitted, struggling a little.

"Aww the secret sissy likes being all embarrassed."

"I am not a secret sissy!" Dale protested, blushing more and more.

"Oh yeah? Your cock says otherwise. Behold my awesome power as I have successfully captured the notorious, Panty Pervert!" She punctuated her statement with a slap to the panty covered ass.

Silverpulse deftly flipped Dale face up so she was now mounting his upper legs, one second the panties were covering his erection, the next they were in a crumpled heap on the floor, his cock exposed beneath the tiny cheerleader skirt.

"Maybe I should keep you like this," She mused, "In skirts and panties, I mean. You could be my little sidekick. Silverpulse and Panty Pervert, hahaha."

"Stop it." Dale said, blushing a deep red color, but at the same time, he couldn't keep his cock from twitching.

"Why? Gonna cum?"

"What...No." Dale said, but he didn't sound sure of himself.

"Oh really? What if I did this?" She used the vibrating hands trick and pressed her palm to Dale's cock, a move she knew worked wonders.

"Ahhh, fuck. That's not fair. Mmmm, you know I love it when you do the vibrating thing." Dale said, moaning from the pleasure.

"I know you do babe. But what about if I did something like this instead." Chloe's hand moved down, vibrating steadily as they ran over Dale's balls. But she didn't stop there, her fingers moved further down, between his legs, along his taint and paused with a vibrating fingertip pressed against his rear hole.

"Ummm..Ahh! What are you do-Oooohhh!" The intense vibrations rocked Dale as his devious girlfriend pushed into his ass, vibrating faster inside him.

"Ha! Knew you'd love it." Let's see how long you last with my finger in your ass Mister Panty Pervert."

"Aah, s-stop." Dale squirmed in obvious pleasure as her other hand moved to his cock to resume her stroking.

"What was that?" Chloe asked, a triumphant grin on her face. "Did you want me to stop?" She turned off the vibrations and removed her hand from his cock.

Dale twitched desperately. "Argh." He moved his hips, rocking against the finger in his ass. "Chlo-Silverpulse, please."

"Please what? You told me to stop, I stopped. What's wrong? You want more?" She was determined to hear him say it.

"Yesss. Don't stop."

"That's what I thought....Slut!" She went back to work, vibrations all along his shaft and in his ass returning to full force.

“Ohhh fuck, Yes.” Hearing himself being called a slut while being dressed like this pushed him over the edge. The finger in his ass and hand on his cock were too much to resist and he exploded all over himself and the cheerleader skirt. “Shit!” Dale moaned loudly as his climax finished.

“Aaaaand there we go, the evil Panty Pervert has been subdued by the silver speedster, and now it’s time for her to claim her prize!” Silverpulse followed up her cheesy statement by pulling down the zip of her superhero catsuit as far as it would go, which was all the way down between her legs. She did this deliberately slowly so her feminized boyfriend could watch as she exposed herself.

Shrugging the catsuit off, she climbed up Dale’s body as he recovered from his own orgasm. “Well, Panty Pervert, I think I might just like this new side of you that we seem to have uncovered. I wonder what I can put you in tomorrow?” She said, her pussy hovering just above Dale’s face.

“I’ll be wearing my own clothes thank you very much!” Dale replied.

“Ha! Like you could stop me. Hell, I could remove your boxers and replace them with my panties in the middle of the street so fast no one would see it. No one would know, except me, of course.” Chloe giggled as Dale realised she could do exactly that. “But first, I caught you, and now, as agreed, I get to have my wicked way with you. Now get licking, panty-boy.”

End.