

Maxxine closed the door to her locker in the changing room. Jumpscared by the sudden reveal of her lurking opponent in the upcoming match in the women's martial arts tournament who stood leaned up against the locker next over.

The woman revealed as the locker door closed, was a busty Asian woman whose physique had bully figuratively written all over the bountiful and round curves. Her wide hips jealousy-inducing. Her fat ass was spilling out as much as it was plumb, round and smoothed, the curvature of her butt was to magical with a splash of fatty that it was almost unbelievable that a record label hadn't begged her for a contract so they could make thirst-trap music videos out of the voluminousness of her backside.

Her breasts looking like the kind of boobies best handled by both hands due to their size alone way before account for weight. And yet despite of her youthful tightness of her big boobs, it didn't look like their size overstayed its welcome and bulldozing everywhere but rather stayed condensed and body-hugging in the way they rested on her chest, like she was always wearing a pushup bra.

The tip of her nipples was pierced which was slightly visible underneath the tanktop if one looked for it. which might be the last thing one would do if she caught you do it. at least you would need to go underwear shopping the next day, because she would expend your existing supply.

"Naomi" – Maxxine

The fighter said as part of her surprise. The Asian beauty wore a light purple girlish tanktop and a pair of tournament approved high-waisted yoga pants that crept inbetween her buttocks as part of the design rather than on accident. Making her butt and its form from both sides and top and bottom of the crack being framed.

Naomi was less impressed by Maxxine's outfit for the match. But it wasn't the plain white tanktop or the formfitting pants that Naomi took issue with, it was the whaletail of the bundled thong that slumped out of the back of her pants. The thong had a gentle womanly pink hue as the color. Almost the colorization of a gentle summer breeze. And the face of a innocent and cartoonish white cat was right at the middle of the waistband. Giving the thong an even more cutey-girl vibe.

"Your *nerdiness* is showing" – Naomi

Maxxine blushed and was about to stuff the thong back into her pants, but Naomi stopped her

“A **whaletail** in proximity to **me**? I got a few moments before my next match. Plenty of time to show you why that’s a bad idea, girlie” – Naomi

Soon Maxxine was having the word combo on any menu, a atomic wedgie swirly combo. A faceful of spinning water. it was like being stuck head-first into a watery blender as the flushing of the toilet slapped her face while pulling so intensely that she could even feel her eyelashes be pulled by the overtuned flushing of the toilet. It was having her face pulled at by a waterboarding vacuum cleaner that whisked her into submission while feeling like it was legitimately threatening to pull her down the drain.

But the atomic wasn’t better. The summer breeze appearance was turned into a hell storm of fire as it felt like the string of the thong was relocating the center of her rectum a full half inch by how hard it was pulling at her. And the cat face was tactically placed directly at the tip of her nose, pulling her nose up embarrassingly while keeping the floodgates open for the swirly. But also making her look like a emerging pig from a pool of water as she and her pressed nose came up from the water for air on the rare occasion it was afforded to her. if for no other reason that the joy of having her be dunked into the toilet again with a loud squeal.

Maxxine had let her boyfriend wedgie her because while it wasn’t her fetish, it was his. But this wasn’t a little gentle tugging and playful fun that stopped if she seemed uncomfortable. Far from it. This bullying seemed to leap from stages of uncomfortabiliy to newer and higher stages of it, like a monkey jumping from branch to branch. Her being uncomfortable wasn’t a minefield to be avoided but a milestone to be sought out.

Naomi had both hands intertwined into Maxxines hair, while using her foot to flush the toilet.

“Why wont this dork-turd flush? Hahaha” – Naomi

FLUSH

FLUSH

FLUSH

FLUSH

FLUSH

FLUSH

Maxxine tried to grip the seat and pull her head up, but all she got out of it was Naomi giving her a renewed yank at the already atomized thong, by Naomi gripping the root of the thong leaving the buttocks, so she could give a tug straight to the source. And then with a pitiless pull she made Maxxine scream into the water, making the water make a hundred small bubbles of air rushing to the surface.

Naomi retreated for a small step, making Maxxine capable to take her head out of the bowl technically, but Naomi had no intention of staying gone long enough as she came running back with a kicking foot straight between the wedged and swirled woman's legs. Making Maxxine again take in a mouthful of water as her pussy got busted while she was still diving at the bottom of the world's worst wishing well.

Naomi flushed one final time and then pulled Maxxine up by the air, using a scissor to cut the woman's tanktop so her boobs would pop out. Then Naomi put the scissor threatening against Maxxine

"Our fight is in 4 minutes. Don't be late" -Naomi

At the completion of her sentence, Naomi went over to Maxxine's lockers, took out all the reserve clothes and extra tanktop especially, and threw them into another toilet. Before then flushing until the toilet was clogged and overflowed. The clothes soaked.

"See ya, won't wanna be ya" – Naomi

Naomi left to get to the fight in time. She walked past the lockers. Almost all lockers had waistband of panties and thongs hanging out from the top of the locker. The waistbands might look flaccid on this side of the locker but you could sense that they were anything but unstretched on the inside of the locker. Much to the dismay of their wearers.

On Naomi's locker was also a visible waistband. The waistband had the name -Zoe- written but crossed over and replaced by the name -dufflebag- which had been written next to the crossed-out name of Zoe. The waistband was lightblue and when Naomi opened the locker to get something before the fight, the woman who was mostly naked who was inside the locker. The lightblue thong was directly attached to her hanging ass. The front of the thong was also riding up but ended not outside the locker but rather just nuzzled beneath her big boobs, but as far into the cavern of her boobs as possible.

On the front of her thong was written the same thing as on the stump of it hanging out of the locker. -Zoe- crossed out and dufflebag written next to it.

“Mercy! Naomi, you can just let me go, I beg of you!” – Dufflebag

Naomi with a closed fist punched the hanging dufflebag straight in the stomach. Shutting her up with a painful cough.

“Bags don’t talk” – Naomi

The bully grabbed her candy bar, took a bite and slammed the locker closed. Before leaving for the arena area.

Naomi was out in the ring at the appointed time. Maxxine with fire-red cheeks covered her face with her palms as she just barely made it in time. the live audience gasping as they saw the toilet-wet fighter step into the ring. With her boobs still coming out through slits in the tanktop.

The cameras of the competition and live streams turning towards Maxxine, immortalizing her humiliation. The two sports commentators speaking from their booth, their voices heard by all from loud speakers and the people enjoying the show from their homes.

“Did she fell into a toilet. Tom?” – Henry

“No what I think we got here, Henry, is a little competitive pregame action! Naomi Wildstar is most famous for her creative loophole to bring bullying from the schoolyard into the ring. And it seems like Naomi wouldn’t be satisfied with giving Maxxine Shedevil only a singular dose of her trademarked fighting style” – Tom

The bell rung. Maxxine lost her nerve. Her ass was still burning from the atomic she had just gotten. And seeing Naomi run towards her. made Maxxine run like a scared cartoon character around the ring along the edges.

“No! No!” – Maxxine

“Interesting technique, Tom. What do you think Shedevil is planning?” – Henry

“Making sure her ass isn’t bleeding, Henry” – Tom

Naomi was right at the heels of the running fighter.

“Run bunny! Run!” – Naomi

Maxxine shouldn’t have entered the ring in the first place, but now she was here. However Naomi was about to fix that mistake for her. sort of. Maxxine was caught by the shoulders and tossed in between the ropes of the ring on the second highest elevation, with only one layer of ropes above her as she laid with her upperbody against the outstretched rope.

Naomi pantsed the scared bunny, revealing the same thong as before. But to the whole crowd this time.

Maxxine got too embarrassed to move for one second. And that second was all Naomi needed to jump through the layer of ropes above Maxxines head, but grip a hold of Maxxines thong before she jumped, so the future whaletail would follow Naomi on her leap through the section of ropes, giving Maxxine a huge wedgie that made her spasm like someone had hammered a nail into her pussy.

“AAAAH!” – Maxxine

That scream was enough for Naomi to shout the beginning of her catchphrase to the eager and bloodlusty crowd could shout the remaining of the known phrase.

“But wait-“ – Naomi

She stopped saying the next words so the crowd could take over.

“It gets worse!” – Chorus of voices

Naomis thing was always to bully the women in the ring until they screamed a true scream of sincere emotion. Of either pain and shame. Preferably both. And then make the crowd say her catchphrase so Naomi could make the bullying so much worse. Making the watchers all ecstatic. And lively they got. Raising out of their seats as they now saw Naomi crawl not just to the top rope but to stand in her full height on top of the uppermost rope, dragging the thong with her. making Maxxine get hoisted against the ropes she was stuck between.

“Let me go! PLEASE” – Maxxine

Naomi tied the thong in a knot around the top rope. The she could comfortably crawl down back into the ring. Crack her knuckles. Take her time. and raised a spanking hand, ready to thunder down on her defeated opponents pantsed ass.

SMACK

The first of many slaps. The judge would normally stop a fight at this point, but Naomis loophole had already been voted on by the higher ups, so just because her opponent was tied by her own thong to the ring, and publically shamed with her pants down around her ankles. Getting spanked for all to see. That was no reason to stop the fight or call for a break.

The fight went as so many other fights did. Naomi had been blasting through women in her own division. People faked illness not to fight her. People quit their jobs after fighting her. but they could ever remove the videos from the internet.

In other words, there was no women that Naomi had ever had a problem stomping into the dirt. It was brutal and the people loved it.

SPANK

The sound of a hand colliding with a meaty rear should be drowned out by the cheering of the crowd, but it miraculously didn't. like a loud off-beat music note that just rang through the rest of the instruments, echoing around in your ears.

"For fuck's sake! I give up!" – Maxxine

The judged sighed and shrugged. He couldn't do anything but watch as Maxxine's ass got reddened. And finally it happened. She got so hysterical from a slap that she made a pathetic jump in her wedgie violent enough for the thong to snap. Freeing her.

Maxxine felt the spanking stop as Naomi with two raised arms accepted the adoration of the crowd. So the defeated fighter collapsed onto the floor of the ring. Resting uneasy on her back, clutching her aching butt with one hand and holding her chafed pussy with the other. Failing to pay much attention to her surroundings.

But she opened her eyes with a hint of panic as she heard the chant again. Started by Naomi who had moved above Maxxine. Holding Maxxine's ripped thong.

"But wait-" – Naomi

"It gets worse!" – Massive crowd

Naomi dropped down onto Maxxine's crotch with Naomi's plummeting knee, kneeing her in the kitty. And as Maxxine opened her mouth to shriek she was almost choked by the thong that Naomi threw into her agape mouth.

"Chew!" – Naomi

The crowd followed up on the improvised chant by repeating the same word -Chew- over and over again while Naomi applied her full body weight as pressure on the cunt she was busting. Like she was trying to blow up a grape so she squeezed it until viciously. Maxxine had seen Naomi feed the ripped underwear of her opponents to themselves before, and she knew that if she didn't Naomi to start fuck her up the pussy with the entire knee like a cannonball squeezing into a small teacup until it shattered, Maxxine would have to swallow not just her pride but her panties.

She tried swallowing the thong right away but she had to cough it back up, and right as she did, Naomi spat her straight in the mouth.

“Chew” – Naomi

Something Naomi always found entertaining and funny, that no matter how many times she fed people their own panties or thongs live on TV no matter how much they cried, bitched or struggled to keep it down, her future opponents always seemed so surprised. So shocked. Like they never expected it happening to them specifically. And that surprised stare was exactly what she saw on Maxxine's face as she humiliated herself by chomping at the bit of her own thong, trying to soften the fabric with her saliva even as the stank and aura of her own butt crack was squeezed out of the fabric with each bite. Making her eyes water.

The crowd went wild and livid as they saw Maxxine almost throw up from the vibe of her own thong radiating in her mouth. But finally after hard, intense and emotionally-painful chewing, Maxxine in one loud gulp swallowed her thong that moments ago had been so hardly pressed against her privates that it had snapped.

“How does **defeat** taste?” – Naomi

But unbeknownst to Naomi. This was intended as a night meant to humble her a bit. Because while the crowd loved her antics, the higher ups had over time grown associated with the anti-bullying wing of politics, which was a hugely debated issue lately, so having their own top woman use bullying in combination with being successful, was a little bit of a failure of loyalty to the cause. So they have decided to ambush her with a surprise fight. Once she had tired herself out.

The lights in the arena area dimmed. Except spotlights at a big double door as a blond woman kicked it open. Allison a European MMA champion who had ditched out her unique brand of thetical justice to bullies all over Europe in the highly televised program -Bully-busters- came walking in with all the pizzazz a MMA continental champion could summon up to appease a crowd. And all the personal animosity that a anti-political radical

icon, could muster as she stared at someone like Naomi, who personified all the movement was opposed to.

“A surpriser challenger!” – Tom

“Waw! And a European tv crew right behind her, Tom. We are in TV-ception right now. But can this bully be busted? Let their skill, thrill and will determine that!” – Henry

Naomi was a little surprised now herself. It wasn't usual for dark horses to show up in one-on-one sports. But she was brought back to reality as Allison tossed her a bully-busters merch t-shirt.

“So you have something to cover your fat boobs in a moment! You Asian slut” – Allison

Allison was told in her concealed ear piece, that wasn't appropriate so she said

“Yes, you heard me right! **Ass** slut! A slut with an ass!” – Allison

Naomi enjoyed when nerds talked back so she had a reason to make sure they never did it again. She loved extinguishing the flame in their heart and spirit. And for this ambush bullshit plus the insults, Naomi decided to break Allison worse than she had broken any woman in the ring before.

The women clashed. One went for the underwear. One went for the stomach with a punch. But could the good old fashion classics of beating someone up deal with the distinct horrors of bullying as a battle tactic? Maybe if it wasn't this pairing. Because Allison stood no chance. She kicked only to get drive-by noogie in return. She threw a punch only to be donkey kicked in the pussy. She missed all blows. The big booby Asian woman was mostly comprised of tits and ass but somehow turned into someone with the elegance of a swan when needed, or retaliate with the power of an avalanche when an opening presented itself.

Allison was one fight behind Naomi. But she still was the one landing on her back first. Panting for air after a long, draining and legendary fight that left the crowd on the edge of their seats.

The celebrity MMA fighter tried putting her hands on the ground to stand up, but her arms was too tired. She looked to the judge to come count her out. But all she got in return as a moping judge shaking his head as the shadow of Naomi crept over the exhausted Allison.

“But wait-“ – Naomi

“IT GETS WORSE!” – Collective shout

So far Naomi hadn’t exposed Allison’s panties. she was saving it for this moment. When the bull had lost all energy. When all it could do was present its balls for cutting. Which luckily for Allison was only a metaphor since she had nothing to lose down there. But she had plenty to lose. And Naomi was about to show her exactly how much.

Her ass rained like a meteor down on Allison’s legs, keeping the tired fighter pinned.

“Whose your uncle?” – Naomi

The blond beauty knew this game. She had spent ages telling nerds and dorks that it was okay to give in. to say bob was your uncle. A weird nonsensical game on the surface. So it was even weirder Allison had lied to all those dorks she helped feeling better. surrendering. Submitting. It wasn’t right. And that was the cruelty of the game, it bid you to sacrifice your ego but it didn’t stop until you did.

Naomi lifted up on the blond’s t-shirt and saw a stripe of waistband peeking up at her, but that wasn’t what Naomi was here for yet. She was looking at the tight, athletic and thin stomach that Allison had.

With glee the bully rubbed her hands together like a pair of electrified paddles in a hospital used to restart a heart. Warming up her hands. Allison put her hands meekly up to defend

her stomach, but Naomi easily swatted the gorgeous stomach with her flat palm. Leaving a quickly receding and fading pinkish silhouette of a hand.

“AH!” – Allison

The camera crew she had brought turned the filming off. But all the rest of the cameras had no such sense of empathy for her. recording it all.

SLAP

“Who’s your uncle?” – Naomi

“FUCK you” – Allison

SMACK

The stomach was pelted. The Asian with the cow ass was pouring a Noah’s flood worth of red belly slaps down on the well-tuned stomach. It soon looked like Allison had been hit by an airbag right in the mid section. Her stomach was all pink and pulsated. Her thin and fatless stomach almost looked a little chubbier from all the slapping, as if the fatty tissue had floated to the surface safeguard her stomach. It wasn’t much and it was probably just an optical illusion caused by the depth of the red skin looking different than the surrounding skin, but all the same it looked like her stomach was turned into a button that Naomi kept mashing over and over again

“Who’s your uncle?” – Naomi

“I won’t...” – Allison

The redbelly bullying continued until Allison felt like she needed to be put into a burn ward at a hospital. And then it continued some more.

“I can’t” – Allison

Slap

“Who is your uncle?” – Naomi

The pink belly still generated handprints. But they didn’t go away anymore. They stuck around long enough to be reapplied.

“Stop!” – Allison

SLAP

“Who is your uncle?” – Naomi

The bully knew that this dork was only making this worse, because Naomi had already decided to torment her worse than all losers before her, so being so stubborn at the first bullying technique used, wouldn’t be something Allison would look back on as something she was happy she did once the sixth and seventh round of bullying would roll around later.

SMACK

Now the handprints got not pink but red. And the surrounding area turned pinkish. Like where the hand landed was the center of the meteorite hit but the area the hand didn’t even slapped still had to carry some of the devastation. Or maybe it was just because the hand sometimes missed the original spot.

“I physically cant!! PLEASE STOP” – Allison

SLAP

“Who is your uncle?” – Naomi

Allison held back tears, closed her eyes and looked away. Whispering

“Bob... bob is my uncle” – Allison

“Louder... for the cameras” – Naomi

SLAP

“AHH! FUCK. IT STINGS! BOBS MY UNCLE” – Allison

The clearly triumphant fighter laughed

“Good! Then we are halfway there. Checkpoint reached. I’ll just speed through the second half” – Naomi

“HALFWAY? Wait nooooo” – Allison

SMACK, SPANK, SLAP.

Naomi unloaded a series of slaps on the sensitive and glowing red stomach that needed a whole new kind of name for that color of red. She was always going to double the pinkbelly punishment. And she was right, Allison did regret not being a good obedient nerd a lot sooner

“MERCY!” – Allison

SLAP

“SOMEONE HELP ME!” – Allison

SMACK

“DON’T STARE! She is assaulting-“ – Allison

SLAP

“ME! heeeeelp!” – Allison

Slap

“Bob! Bob, bob bob bob bob!” – Allison

Allison couldn’t breathe for a moment when Naomi finally stopped. And Allison’s stomach looked like a red hot metal poker. And felt just as warm.

The winner of the match began stripping her blond opponent, clothes being thrown left and right. Pantsing wasn’t fun but having your legs bared and your pink thong exposed to a full crowd and millions of peoples at home, was enough to make Allison try to retract her head

downwards like a turtle hiding in its shell. But she had nowhere to hide. And had to take the embarrassment hammer head on.

She thought Naomi would have Allison wear the Bully-busters t-shirt that Allison always made bullies wear after she beat them up, so they could stand butt naked in nothing but the tv-shows merch and give an apology live on air. But Naomi didn't do that. Yet at least. Because she left Allison keep her thong on. But nobody was surprised by the fact that it wasn't out of mercy.

"Say my catchphrase" – Naomi

Allison gulped as she saw Naomi put her hand on the waistband of the pink thong. But being slow to submit hadn't won her any prizes, so she shouted loudly

"But wait-" – Allison

"It gets worse!!" – jubilant mob

A wedgie flew like a soaring eagle up her front, giving her a mean frontal wedgie. Almost making Allison feel her legs bend towards her stomach like the cramping wedgie pain was enough to make her go into a yoga pose. And when she began to feel that Naomis strong yanking indeed was lifting Allisons butt a little off the ground, Allison knew that for sure a single icebag wouldn't be enough tonight.

The frontal wedgie continued. Naomi laid herself above allison and began crawling across her body as the wedgie climbed, her legs spread on either side of Allison, pulling with both hands as her fat ass made the journey across the shamed and humiliated opponent who eventually came face to face with Naomis ass when the thong went all the way over her head. But then it also snapped.

Naomi stood up holding up the spoils. The torn pink thong. Showing it to the crowd. While Allison thought a sentence in her own head.

"At least I can't get another wedgie. I felt like I was going to die of a heart attack at the end there" – Allison

But then she froze when Naomi requested thongs from the crowd

“Awwwh, little loser lost her thong! Is there anyone in the crowd who had any loaners?!” – Naomi

With so many people in the live audience it was hard to see who donated their panties and thongs, but three lukewarm and recently worn pairs of two thongs and one pair of panties did get thrown onto the stage.

Allison began to fight for her life. She crawled away on her hands and knees.

“No! it already burns! You are crazy!! I could barely feel my toes!” – Allison

But she didn’t escape. And right as she was trying to snake out of the ring, Naomi just pulled her back by her naked ankles. Dragging the now thongless and therefore completely naked woman across the ring back to the middle.

“Stop! stop! you are going to split me in two” – Allison

The next little montage had nothing but pain for Allison and fun for everyone else. Naomi was standing on the top rope of the ring in one wedgie, bouncing herself up and down like on a trampoline while holding onto Allison’s new lightblue panties with sharks on them.

Another wedgie was done while Allison was already stumbling around blind from an atomic wedgie in the shark-pair. A white thong was forced around her legs and yanked up her front until she was given a frontal atomic and the thong joined the sharks at the top of her head and kept the panties even more fixed in place.

The next wedgie was done while the massive Asian ass was being dog dragged across Allison’s face, Naomi sitting on top of Allison and using the fat ass grinding against Allison’s face as a transportation vehicle from one end of the ring to the other, while tugging at the thong. Not the white one. That one was already history and turned to tatters along with the

sharp panties. Left behind but not forgotten. Because as soon as this new lavender colored thong snapped. It was feeding time.

Allison was nearly soulless by this point. But not awareless. She was thrown on her knees in front of the pile of shredded thongs and single pair of panties. One of which was her own original thong.

"I cant... listen; I have always been a picky eater. I can't even eat cakes if they have the wrong color of glazing" – Allison

The crowd laughed. And allison tried to pretend not to care.

"Its true! I cant eat panties! I would rather die" – Allison

Naomi leaned down. aligned their eyes by adjusting Allisons jaw.

"I believe you... But you **will** eat them. Because noogies don't actually burrow through your skull, it only feels like they do after long enough time. They can go on and on... you aren't choosing between being a thong eater or death, you are choosing between thong-eater *or* a thong eater *a little while later*" – Naomi

Allison knew it was true. but she couldn't do it. she couldn't even put her head near the thongs. So Naomi put her in a head lock grip, wrapped her arm around her neck and throat, not to choke her but to demean and control her. and then with the other hand, Naomi began giving grinding her knuckles against Allisons top of the head like to the point that it was a miracle sparks didn't materialize and sprung every which way as the noogie continued. Allison felt like her head was stuck between a knife-sharper and the knife it was sharpening. It wasn't as much a cut but rather the friction of it she felt.

Her stomach was still bombarded red. And now she got a red stripe of skin occasionally visible under the blond hair. Naomi was dragging her knuckles across the head top like she was trying to make Allison bald by noogieing the hair out by the roots.

Finally Allison shouted

“Ill do it!” – Allison

Naomi gave one final celebratory noogie and said

“Good dork” – Naomi

Allison looked at the salad of ripped thongs. The jigsaw pieces and the sizeable strips.

“Remember to chew like a cow. Good and slow. Or I will get new thongs” – Naomi

With her whole body twitching so much it felt like her spine was filled with broken glass shards, Allison submitted. Put her face down and began eating the thongs like a pig would slop up food from a trough. Taking good long bites as her eyes filled with tears. The smooth fabric was hard to bite through and the shame was harder to bite through than that. But she knew that if she didn't do it, Naomi would bring her right back after a new round of punishment.

“How does it taste skank? Want another scoop of bitch-meal?” – Naomi

When she didn't get an answer, the busty Asian wettened her finger and stuffed it in Allison's ear. Turning it around and sticking it deep to send a shiver down Allison's body. Allison shuddered and looked at her with a piece of thong hanging out of her mouth as if it was pasta.

“No thanks... Mistress” – Allison

Satisfied with the humbling, Naomi let Allison return unabused to her feast. But she soon kicked Allison who was on all fours eating the thongs, in the stomach with her boot.

“Present your mouth” – Naomi

With a frightened and slow repositioning, Allison went on her knees in front of Naomi. And opened her mouth. Naomi took joy in preparing a properly sized ball of spit and launching it into Allison's hesitantly waiting mouth.

“Swallow, pussy” – Naomi

The blond woman swallowed the mouthful of panties and spit all in one go as commanded. Naomi realized this was dragging out a bit and saw people begin to check their watches for what the clock was. But she wasn't finished with Allison. However she was going to make it more private... and permanent.

“I think I found my newest duffle bag” – Naomi

Not long after the final fight of Allison's life was over. She would never leave her new job as Naomi's plaything. Her bitch bag. Her duffle bag. Naomi had completely put the former free woman into the confinement of the locker, into her new life in servitude, all that was needed was the final touch.

Naomi had put a new thong on Allison and had pulled it out of the locker just like it was of her last duffle bag. But unlike her last duffle bag. She was never going to replace this one. The thong Naomi had put on Allison was another pink, but softer Barbie pink one, that Naomi had bullied Allison's film crew into getting for her from Allison's hotel room. It needed to be that thong because of this special moment. Where Naomi was crossing out Allison's name and writing dufflebag next to it.

“Enjoy your new home, naked bitch” – Naomi

Naomi said as she banged her knuckles on the locker to scare the newly crowned nerd inside. And then she left her in the darkness with nothing but the wedgie to keep her company.

Meanwhile the fighting tournaments organizers and executives was sitting in a big office and looking through paper and notes.

“Maybe the Indian boxing queen can beat her” – Sanches

Many such suggestions were debated and rejected. Everyone was in agreement; they needed someone to deal with Naomi. But Allison was already the best pick by far. No other woman had as good as a performance. But that statement gave the head boss an idea

“I got a perfect idea” – Kenneth

When the fattest cat at the table rumbled, everyone when quiet. They were always ready with disingenuous applause, but this time for the first time in all their memory, Kenneth actually had a good idea.

“This whore. Slut. Bitch. She has beaten everyone in **her** division. But what if she moved... to the men’s division. And no starting at the bottom, no. put her on the fast track against the toughest, nail-bitingest, hard-asses that testosterone has ever produced. We televise it even more than before! Make the whole world... and our political patrons... watch the most satisfying show of their fucking useless lives! We control the rules and regulations so it should be possible. A promotion to the first one who makes it happen, and everyone else is out on their ass... Hahaha! This little fatass thinks she can stand in my way? Tell the men fighting her to go hard. I want her beaten. Broken. I want her to sip food from a straw in a hospital after the first fight and still brought to the second fight, in that same hospital bed and beaten around again for everyone to see. If her doctors isn’t quitting in protest, then I will fire all of you and the fighters who took it easy on that bimbo... and for the last fight, kick our normal regional champion. Bench him. I want Marko The Giant. The world champion for that fight. Pay his agency whatever they ask. I want the best on the whole damn planet to put her down” – Kenneth

The customary applause roared. Standing ovation as the big boss sentenced Naomi to a much tougher competition and not a any less rigged one.

But Naomi didn't feel sentenced. She showed up on the following month for this month's fights like it was any other. She had to dress up in the mens lockerroom this time. which a guy reminded her as she was changing into her fighter tanktop from her streetwear, when a guy put his hand against the locker next to her. he was brawny, had short black hair and had a scar across his cheek that only added to the character of his face. His visible bulge in his tighty whites enlarged as he leaned closer, wearing nothing but his tighty-whities.

"Hey" – Brian

Naomi looked at the impressive size of the cock. She wished she could spare him and suck him. But wearing nothing underwear near her, was a little too tempting. but she also knew he was the one she had to face in the ring and unlike Maxxine who was cannonfodder, she wanted to fight Brian at his best. She did not want her first fight in the mens division to be a cakewalk or finished in the showers.

"We are going to be late for your cotton castration in the ring if we stand here and talk for much longer" – Naomi

Brian had been told to pound her like he did his wife. And what she just said only excited him more for it.

"What I am going to do to you **out there**, is nothing compared to what I will do to you **in here**, afterwards" – Brian

Both toxic personalities miraculously left the lockerroom in peace, if for no other reason than to bottle up their fury for the on-screen battle of the sexes, that they were at the cusp of.

Brian and Naomi met in the ring. Her in her usual pants barely holding to dear life keeping her ass contained. While Brian came in shorts and naked torso. He was bigger and used to bigger opponents. But her being smaller only made it funnier for him and technically with her big tits and ass, she wasn't actually out of his weight class. But could her ass fat stand a candle to his muscles?

The fight taught Naomi an important lesson; Men aren't all that.

Brian like a babbling and bumbling ogre, throwing his weight around like a child throwing a punch. Naomi dodged once, leaving him pantsed. To avoid stumbling he didn't move while his shorts was around his calves, so like a stationary turret he threw another punch when she got within reach, but she dodged that too. and just like she had reached to pants him after the first failed attack, she reached for something again. His dangling package hidden by his tighty-whites.

She pulled at it with one hand but it might as well have been both, because Brian lost all control of his body when his nuts was pulled at, making him flinch.

Naomi went between his legs, holding onto his balls as she moved, hauling his balls to the opposite side of where they comfortably was supposed to be. And suddenly from that action alone, as if it was a videogame-like weakpoint, he was shackled to defeat. Just as his balls was shackled to her grip. Her fingers able to poke into them as if it was the tender skin of a peach. He could try to turn around, but with her so directly behind him, and his balls being held in the tightest hold like he had gotten them stuck in a key hole of a door somehow, he couldn't move without emasculating himself.

"Do you need this?" – Naomi

The man stood still and raised his hands as if she held a gun to the back of his head. Her fingers fondling and prodding around, moving around the balls inside of the sack skin. And then she kicked him on the ass, making him fall forward onto his face as he was too tense to prepare for the fall. But she never let go of the balls, so he felt his body slumber forward, landing him straight on his face and his ass up while pulling at his own package. Giving him a serious feeling of torsion.

He reached between his legs and clutched his sack as well as he could, or tried to at least, but when he reached to comfort himself, Naomi gave the balls a yank.

"Nah. Hands flat on the floor" – Naomi

Brian thought his options through but he saw non. She was too good of a fighter to make sudden moves without her having the time to tear his manhood. So he put his palms flat against the floor of the ring, with outstretched arms so she had plenty of time to react if he tried to move them.

Then she with one hand while the other still kept his balls, began to rub her own finger around her mouth in a intentionally noisy and messy manner so he had some moment to digest that fact that she was going to wetwilly him right then and there in front of everybody.

And then mockingly. Slow. She rubbed her finger into his ear and rolled it around. her other hand holding on onto the scrotum leash. Causing him a little pain with some light squeezing but it could always be worse.

“Had your daily wedgie, dork-face?” – Naomi

Naomi took her finger out of his ear, leaving a long string of saliva that followed along her dainty finger before collapsing down the side of his face.

But her hand that left the ear was retreating but regrouping, preparing to make good on the threat her mouth uttered. Gripping onto the exposed tighty-whities on his pantsed backside.

“I am no nerd, you skank!” – Brian

But his first insult was the last he said before he was taught the power of an atomic wedgie. The fat ass woman leaned over his body, letting go of his balls to put both hands on his underwear, and using his raised butt and down-sloping body as a slide to get the wedgie down over his body fast and over his head. Rolling off his body at the end, looking back to see her atomiced opponent.

Brian immediately stood up, trying to remove the fabric so he could see, but while he was standing back up, she came running, a foot ready to deliver a soccer kick straight between his wedgied legs. Making him to plummet back down onto his knees before he could unwrap the atomic from his chin.

His balls was now aching a bit too much for him to comfortably fight even if she let him save his flossed ass from the wedgie and let him stand back to get a charge at her. Movements hurt in his balls even if it wasn't his balls that moved, only a slight twitch of his thigh caused a distracting spike of testicular pain.

“Oh, but I think you are!” – Naomi

She delivered a second kick. Making him scream into his tighy-whity mask.

“I surrender!” – Brian

The sweet sound of a losers submission song, was so delightful in her ears. And she wanted to reward him for taking his true place at her feet. But she also wasn't done playing.

“Good boy. If you don't cause a fuzz, I promise to end this fast” – Naomi

She put her hands on the front of tighy-whities which hadn't been wedgied yet. A missed opportunity she intended to correct. She hauled the cotton past his naked and strong chest, past his naked perking nipples, and beyond his gulping throat. But she couldn't finish the atomic. It was already over his head from behind, so the front snapped right as she passed his nose. Leaving her holding a tattered pair of whites.

“But wait-” – Naomi

“It gets worse!” – Biased audience

Naomi didn't want to stop the back end atomic, so she only tore a pieces of strands from the front that was already ripped and undid only just enough of the atomic for his mouth to be free. And then she thumbbed the tighy-whity scraps into his gullet.

“Chew, boy... if you want this to end fast” – Naomi

For the first time in his whole life, Brian blushed like a little girl. but he chewed no matter how embarrassed he felt doing it.

The atomic wedgie was uncomfortable and he wanted it removed so he didn't bite slowly. And soon he swallowed the whole mouthful and opened his mouth with a stuck-out tongue for inspection of his new Asian goddess.

She spat in his mouth. Giving him the taste of defeat. Another favorite of hers.

“Who won?!” – Naomi

With shame in his heart and spit from a woman running down his mouth, he shouted for all to hear

“**You** won, Naomi Wildstar!” – Brian

Kenneth. The head honcho sat in his special booth overlooking the show. Looking to his female secretary

“Suck my dick” – Kenneth

He said angrily. Projection the irritation he had towards Naomi onto her.

“But my contract doesn’t say anythi-“ – Klara

Kenneth slapped her across the face.

“I am **tired** of women talking back to me!” – Kenneth

Klara rubbed her reddening cheek and went down on her knees. Secretly enjoying it. not that Kenneth knew that.

“Next fight... Next fight will end that witch” – Kenneth

He hit the glass of the booth overlooking the arena

“Do you think some woman, can stand between me and milking political morons for personal gain?! I’ll show you who runs this show, cunt!” – Kenneth

Because of his frustration Kenneth pulled even more strings to have the next fight moved up to the following day. Hoping Naomi still had aching muscles. He was wrong. A wrongness he intended to punish his secretary’s mouth over.

The second fighter was much slenderer than Brian. Far more athletic than brawny. But his chest was still to die for. His more suntanned complexion made him a hit to the public. And his general niceness made him a hit to the people in his life. And his fast fists made him a hit in the ring.

He was told to trash Naomi. So he approached her about it in the lockers. Trying to diverge his eyes for her benefit as she was getting ready. Not caring who saw what. But he seemed to care.

“Naomi. Or do you prefer Wildstar? I am Mads-“ – Michael

Naomi gave him a knee in the balls since he stood in the way of the door as she turned around and was finished putting on her tank-top.

“I know” – Naomi

Mads who was pushed aside by the kneeing in his balls, let the insult and pain slide. He turned towards her as if nothing had happened.

“I must tell you something” – Mads

The girl gave him the finger and left. Mads didn’t want to creepily follow her out of the lockerroom. So he decided to tell her after the fight.

But fight they had to do. Both fighters entered the ring. Announcers announcing the combatants but that was nothing more than white noise to either of them. To them the only concern was the fists coming their way. all of the fluff and performance on the way to the ring was only for the crowd. To them the real moment wasn't there until they could stare each other down and the ring rang.

Mads wasn't going to pummel her into the ground, but he also wasn't going to go easy on her. She was in the ring and she knew what that meant, so he was letting his fist fly like she was anybody else. But he wasn't going to kick her when she was down. however, he didn't have to worry about that. Because she wasn't going down.

Mads hit her hard and fast. His punches landed against her but he wasn't used to punching someone with boobs, especially not so big boobs, and since the rules disallowed hitting the face on purpose, and Mads didn't want to hit her on the titty, it was a little awkward and weakened in his punches as he tried to target her midsection but far enough down that a movement from her wouldn't accidentally make him hit her there if her dodging got her boob into the danger zone.

Naomi on the other hand tackled him to the ground with no care or concern. Wrapping her legs around his head and began giving his stomach open-faced slaps like she did with Allison. His chest was hard as rock, but if water could make mountains crumble, then so could her pinkbelly tactics make his chest sore.

He tried wrestling her legs apart but her thighs was usually carrying an ass that was way too heavy for most thighs to handle, so her thighs had more than enough strength to remain sealed shut against his puny male efforts. And with her thighs strangulating his chances of winning, she was free to mash her hand into his stomach, he eventually tried to use his hands to block the blows rather than free himself, but because of the meaty thighs he didn't have enough vision to successfully counter the slaps in time. and with only his pain constitution put to the test and her having no similar issues, he eventually had to see himself slide into a defeat when the pinkness of his belly reached the upper limits of what he could endure. He tapped the floor to show he was tapping out, and surprisingly Naomi let him go. if he promised to behave.

"You promise to take your atomic wedgie like a good dork?" – Naomi

SLAP

Mads was already going to say yes, but the punctuating slap made him have to say it through gritted teeth.

“Yes” – Mads

The bully liked his attitude. She stopped pinning him and gave his stomach a rest, letting the midsection a break that looked more like a heated stove plate than normal skin by how burning red his skin was.

Naomi helped him up. she liked him. But that didn't mean she wouldn't show him how tasting couldn't was like. Or how it felt getting a frontal atomic that would make him practically feel his balls in the depth of his throat.

She took her sweet time lowering his pants. Pulling them down to his ankles. Running her fingers back up his shins and thighs until she reached the tighty-whities.

“You men... needs more variety in underwear” – Naomi

He didn't have time to respond as the whites engulfed and spun around his balls, pulling them up his body as the waistband was raised.

Kick

A sudden and merciless kick was added right as the waistband passed his belly button. But the wedgie yanked hard enough to help him keep himself on his feet rather than tumble to his knees.

“You took that one well. but here comes its sister!” – Naomi

KICK

This time even wedgie assisting to keep him up didn't stop him from collapsing as the kick was so splitting that he for a moment almost felt his balls get a gap between them as her foot jammed up there, so what little footing he had before, he couldn't keep for the second kick, making him fall to his knees like so many others had before Naomi. A position she enjoyed. Which was half the reason she loved ballbusting and cuntbusting. Humans just reacted so predictably and powerfully to having their genitals squeezed by a ramming foot.

As he fell to his knees the wedgie got worse. It traveling upwards and him downwards, making him bring his head down to where the waistband was, so she easily could put it over his head.

"You have been a good sport, little guy. But I need to rip those whities... So; **but wait-**" – Naomi

"It gets worse!" – Rowdy spectators

Naomi put Mads atomiced head between her legs with his face facing down towards the ground, his ass being on the same side of her body as her eyes was, making her able to reach down and give him a piledriver wedgie, sitting down on his head practically while she leaned back after gripping the thigty-whities, not stopping until she had torn them from his body. But that took painfully long.

YANK

"Up to the shoulders already!" – Naomi

Pull

"Neck-town" – Naomi

And with a final tug the whities shredded, leaving a deflated stomp sticking out from between Mads asscheeks like a tiny whaletail.

“I got your post-fight snack ready” - Naomi

She removed her ass from the back of his head, but only to toss him onto his back and holding the remains of underwear over his face like she was offering something delicious to feed him.

“Open up and munch hard. I want to hear you chew” – Naomi

Maybe he could still fight a little but he had promised to be good, so he opened his mouth and took whatever she had to give him. Making sure to make big movements with his mouth and jaw so there was plenty of sounds to hear as he chewed into the undies.

Right when he was about to have softened it enough to be swallow, she gave him a kick between the legs, making him to gulp down the thigty-whities even it if still felt only half-chewed, but he managed not to choke on it.

Then she let a big long string of saliva drip down from her mouth towards him. And she didn't need to say what to do, he parted his lips willingly. If for no other reason because he knew he wasn't allowed to leave this ring until he had felt that ultimate shame run around his veins. So he let the drool and spit enter his mouth.

“Good boy... but also pathetic” – Naomi

The audience erupted with as much jubilation as Kenneth erupted with anger. Throwing his glass of whisky into the glass wall of his private booth.

“That fucking cuck-sleeve!” – Kenneth

He turned towards the big bearded man who sat ready in his fighter outfit that exposed his chest. The man didn't have the hairiness of a bear but the build of one. His smile was warm and he seemed greatly amused by the show. But when Kenneth turned to look at him, Marko the giant shook his head solemnly as if he was hugely upset by the fight on a moral level.

“Can you believe it? That whore...” – Kenneth

Marko nodded as if a point had been made

“It’s hard to keep faith in humanity in moments like this, boss” – Marko

Kenneth slapped his secretary who sat sitting in front of him on her knees.

“**Fuck humanity!**... Marko go surprise that cunt. Show her what a world champion can do” - Kenneth

The big man fixed the secretaries askew glasses from the slap and gave her calm sympathetic smile as he stood up.

“You’re the boss, boss” – Marko

Then he spun Kenneth around in his expensive swivel chair. Leaned in like he was going to hit him. Kenneth shrunk a few centimeters due to sudden drop in confidence.

“But word of advice boss; Broken hands are bad at holding tiny cocks” – Marko

The giant from Siberia laughed warmly, almost given Kenneth as big of a spook as if he had begun shouting

“I will go take care of your problem now, boss” – Marko

Marko turned to leave, giving the secretary one last look as if to tell her that he would be back to check on her later. Then he went on his way to break everyone of Naomis bones

The ambush was the second in the sports history. And the second to take Naomi down. the crowd showed her no loyalty however. The mention of Marko caused a joyful uproar like he was the real person they had come to see even if nobody knew he would show up.

His themesong began blaring over the loudspeakers as he danced towards the ring, patting the heads of fans on the way and keeping his movements to the beat of the music more like an performer than a man of violence. Unlike Naomi and all she had fought so far to whom the music and entrances was just dead weight trivialities, Marko seemed to fully embrace it.

When he got to the ring he didn't crawl in, he jumped and hero landed with his fist making a dent in the rings flooring.

"The ghost of Siberia has come... Boo, bitch" – Marko

Marko stood up and walked towards Naomi. Not waiting for the judge to signal the fight to start.

"In the frozen cells I saw women like you. I admired their devotion to proud deaths. But I snapped their necks all the same" – Marko

He ran his fingers across some old scars running along his forearms.

"Time for you to add your own scratches to theirs" – Marko

Naomi was getting pretty tired of having the whole system trying to take her down. But if that antagonism had brought her face to face with the worlds most feared fighter, then she would give the system a big warm kiss for hating her. This would finally be a good fight. and when she won it would make Allison's bullying and wedgies be nothing compared to Marko's. His squeals would be the peak of trophies.

"Don't worry I won't charge you for the honor of having your ass kicked by me" – Naomi

The giant flexed his muscles as Naomi charged at him. Letting her connect with a punch right at his midsection. But his tightened abs seemed to take the blow without Marko feeling a shred of pain.

“Time for me to honor you back” – Marko

The giant threw a punch so hard into Naomis boob that she didn't just fall backwards but slid several meters once she was on her back. The sensation of an instant blue mark, forming on her nipple.

Naomi coughed and tried to gain the air back in her lungs. But once she had climbed back on her feet, which Marko let her do, she seemed to steel her resolve. The punch had only woken her up.

“I have been fingerbanged harder than that” – Naomi

The bully made a renewed charge, this time she her punch was a distraction, her hand only moving and striking to take the eyes off her knee. Kicking him in the crown jewels. Harder than she had done with any of the others.

Marko had just enough time laugh at her punch before his eyes almost began rolling in their sockets and they began crying as by pure instinct. He tried to be stoic through the pain and deliver back a retaliatory strike, but Naomi went down on her knees super fast and in one movement both pantsed him, revealing a man thong and his poor balls, that she in the same movement wrapped her hand around the stem of.

“Ding dong ditch, asshole” – Naomi

Naomi began to violently pull down at his sack like it was a old timey bell for a door that needed to be pulled to make noise.

She put her other hand on his man-thong and began giving him a frontal wedgie. And he looked all surprised like he had never seen this technique coming. And he must truly haven't. Because Naomi saw the brand of the man-thongs. Ursa-industries. This pair wasn't going rip.

“How do you idiots never remember what I do?!” – Naomi

Marko raised his arms to smack her with a double armed beatdown like a crazed bear putting all its weight into a lunge down at its prey, but Naomi just gave his balls a tactically time twist right as he was about to do the downwards motion, making his body flinch and making it loss all the momentum.

Which gave her time to yank the thong higher and pull the manhood further down. the skins folds struggling to offer new skin to tugging as the ballsack was put to the test like any pair of undies she had tried to rip so far.

“The eunuch of Siberia!” – Naomi

She felt his feet wobble from the pain she caused him, so she stopped the wedgie for a small second to push him off his balance so he would land on his back. Which he did with a loud bang.

“Heel dog!” – Naomi

Naomi putting both hands at the thong, climbing up his fallen body while hoisting the thong higher and higher, using her knees at first to squeeze his balls, but as she climbed she ended up using her feet to clamp them. And whenever he seemed like he would strike, she applied that extra nasty 50% extra push on his balls to make his strike encumbered by pain so she could tank the blow. But he couldn't tank the frontal for long.

Be they nerd or world champion. Frontals in thongs hurt. And as the thong passed his chest he became too focused on the wedgie to think how to get out of it. So unsurprisingly the wedgie just kept climbing since he was too stunlockd to find a solution. Which only made the cutting feeling between his legs worse.

“Let me show you why thongs being able to rip is very important!” – Naomi

With the usage of wedgies and ball wrangling, Naomi maneuvered her opponent to a corner of the ring, before tying the front part of his man-thong to the ring corner post, and beginning to run while holding the back part of his thong, leaving him standing at the post as the distance between them only expanded and expanded.

He tried untying the thong but it was too complex of a knot for him to fix while his ass was being so brutally flossed. And every second that past she pulled the back of the thong further and further. Leaving his ass feeling like it was spaghettified. The thong biting and eating him alive down there.

“I surrender, witch!” – Marko

Naomi began having struggles pushing the thong any further but she only put more effort into her steps like she was doing a heroic labor pushing a boulder up a hill. She wasn’t going to let go until this thong was unpickably stuck in his ass and hugging his balls into getting permanently bruised.

“No! I am breaking my personal record! Hope you like hospital food!” – Naomi

The crowd remembered who their favorite was and chanting her catchphrase even if she didn’t start it.

“It gets worse!” – Crowd

The wedgie got too graphic to describe, the thong might as well quality as a blade based on how thin and slicing the strand she pulled at looked. Ursa made good thongs. And Marko regretted not reading the warning label.

The thong was already threatening to be so closely knit to his skin that he would need a expert to have it removed, so naturally Naomi wasn’t even close to done. She would keep pulling until there wasn’t a doctor in the world that could save him from the chronic wedgie-butt he was going to have. She would make sure Ursa industries used him as a advertisement for their next product to bullies.

“Woman! Stop! My ass is tearing apart!” – Marko

Naomi laughed mockingly as she kept walking.

“Did you really think that would work?” – Naomi

The bully reached the limits of her tugging. The thong might be near endlessly durable but she reached her limits of how far her strong thighs to take her. so she turned to Marko.

“Alright dork. Ever felt a elastic band strike you? this one is going to feel like it has been stretched all the way to the eiffel tower, so prepare your butt for the snap back!” – Naomi

Then she let go. sending the thong flying back so fast it almost broke the sound barrier, snapping right into the center of his ballsack. Making him cry so hard reflexively that it almost felt like he would cry blood. But it was just normal tears.

He hugged the post of the ring to not fall to the floor. All while Naomi just grinded one of her fists against the palm of her other hand.

“Now the real bullying begins, dickhead” – Naomi

Naomi went through all her all-time favorites. She began making Marko her magnum opus of bullying. She searched her mind for the meanest wedgie to test the unripable thong with. And he might have a hard stomach but she had a harder willpower so she didn't let his stomach escape the ring without some color from a pinkbelly.

She walked, jumped and stomped on his balls as he rolled around in a double atomic wedgie on the floor. Playing whack-a-mole on his squirming ballsack. But finally she decided to end it. she got a woman in the crowd to offer up her high heel boots, so Naomi could put them on and end the show with a dreaded heel stomp.

“Ready?” – Naomi

Marko hugged himself in search of comfort

“No! please!” – Marko

The strong man felt the hovering heel drop harshly down against his already blue and destroyed balls. Bruised to the point of having nothing but bruises. Not an ideal time to be heel-stomped by a woman who put her full weight into the stomp. Especially not if that woman was a fat ass bitch whose ass alone was heavy enough to make it hurt.

STOMP

His wretched scream echoed as Naomi walked away. She wanted to take his thong as a trophy but the wedgie was too deep. To glued to his crack.

She shortly returned, but only to spit in his mouth as he groaned. Making a callback to his title as the ghost of Siberia.

“I aint afraid of no ghost” – Naomi

She left him with the taste and shame of defeat. Like she did with all her opponents. But he was the only one who had his genitals so mangled he needed a stretcher to leave the ring. But while paramedics was helping the giant off the floor, Naomi had already lost interest in a man as weak as him. She was walking towards the lockers when she passed a publicly available bathroom with an partly open door. The sounds of a swirly getting her attention.

Jasmin the fetish porn writer felt her face be shoved into the flushing toilet bowl, her butt being flossed at the same time by her Paw Patrol childish panties, by the two female bullies who had brought her to the fighting show as a bullying-lunch so they had something to bully once the show was over if they felt energized by the fighting enough to have bullying-thrills they need exorcised from their bodies.

“Wedgie her harder!” – Lisa

“Does the toilet taste as good as in your stories, hoe?” – Sophie

Jasmin didn't get a word in edgewise and even if she did it wouldn't be a witty comeback. She just couldn't believe she was getting a swirly. She had never gotten one before in real life. And she loved it just as much as she thought she would. Not that her loving it and getting wet between the legs, was her bullies concern as they wedgied her as far into the sewer as they could get her.

But as Naomi entered. They stopped.

“Holy shit, its you...” – Lisa

Naomi crossed her arms. She felt their pulling technique was a little subpar.

“Let me show you how to do it” – Naomi

The two bullies felt blessed and smiled wide, but when they and Jasmin was all stuck in atomic wedgies later, waddling out of the bathroom with their wet panties covering their heads. And only Jasmin spilling feminine joy through the fabric stuck between her legs like honey dripping through cloth, the bullies didn't smile or feel blessed anymore.

“What a cunt” – Lisa

Sophie nodded agreeingly

“yes, not as cool in person as I thought” – Sophie

Jasmin tried to conceal a sexual moan. Making both women look at her and shout

“Shut up dork!” – Lisa and Sophie

