

# **Bazaar Investigation**

**Lindsey Greene**

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Walking across the dark, empty parking lot of a long abandoned and run down warehouse, detective Rose Gunn took a deep breath and then slowly exhaled. *Please let this finally be it*, she thought as the three story building drew closer with every silent footfall. *Fifty-eight trails, fifty-seven dead ends. If this is another dud I'm done with this case.* Trying the front door, she was surprised to find it unlocked. Gun, badge, and uniform at home, all the detective had was her wits and eye for detail as she stepped into the dark building. Taking her phone out, she turned on the flashlight and then began looking around for even the tiniest clue. Thick cobwebs hung from rusted steel I-beams. Dirt and grime clung to what remained of the windows making it impossible to see through. Dust and debris lay scattered and forgotten across the floor devoid of footprints or any other signs anyone or anything had passed through in years.

Doubt setting in, Rose weaved her way to the other side of the room, opened a door, and then stepped into a hallway. Shining her light to the left, she saw it and her heart seemingly skipped several beats. Footsteps in the dust and dirt. going right, she followed them to what once was the business' cafeteria where they ended abruptly. "You've got to be kidding me!"

"Not finding what you're looking for, Detective?" A female voice crackled over an old intercom.

"Detective? I'm not a cop and no, I'm not finding what I'm looking for. Um, who are you?"

"Someone that knows exactly who you are, Detective Rose Gunn. What exactly are you looking for?"

"The Kinky Bazaar and I'm not..."

"Don't insult my intelligence, Detective. I know exactly who you are even if you don't remember me. That being said, I'm not saying you're in the right place, but what would a cop want with the most infamously perverse place in the city?"

"What everyone else wants."

"Which is?"

"To enjoy a show and partake in the kinky things you have to offer."

"What's your name? And this time don't lie."

"My name is Detective Rose Gunn."

"Sorry, Detective, but law enforcement is not permitted."

"Why, have something to hide? Are rumors of illegal activities true?"

"I wouldn't say yes even if your ridiculous questions were true."

"Look, I just want to visit and partake in what you offer and nothing more." I'm not in uniform and my gun and badge are at home making me just like any other woman with a curiosity for the perverse."

"You willing to prove that, Detective?"

"How?"

"Strip naked and assume the wall position. You'll have visitors shortly. If you want in you'll do exactly what they say without hesitation or complaint. Refuse, or complain and I'll make sure you or any other cop ever gets in or even finds us again."

"What is the wall position and what are these visitors going to ask me to do to prove I just want in?"

"Once you're butt naked you'll go to that section of wall to you right where you'll place your right hand over the left at head height. You'll then scoot back until bent at the waist with

legs spread wide. As for what they'll ask, you'll just have to wait and see. The ball gag is in your court now, Detective. Strip and assume the position, or..." before the woman could finish her sentence, she watched as Rose unzipped the side of her dress and then peel the form-fitting garment off revealing she was naked underneath. "There's a lot of junk laying around so can I at least keep my heels on?"

"Only because you asked nicely."

"Thank you." Walking to the aforementioned section of wall, Rose assumed the position and waited. Minutes of tense silence passed before she heard the door creaking open behind her. Looking over her left shoulder, she saw a group of ten men – seven black and three white. Two of them quickly set up a plastic folding table while a third sat a metal case on it and then began neatly laying various items out. While he kept his clothes on for the moment, the other nine stripped and Rose knew she was about to be gang banged. Gulping back fear, humiliation, and pride, she forced herself to remain in position.

"Are you Detective Rose Gunn?" one of the black men asked.

"Y-Yes."

"Glad Mistress Nadia wasn't lying. You're sexy as fuck."

"T-Thank you."

"Listen up as I'm not in the habit of repeating myself. This is what's going to happen. We're going to start with a good old caning. Each of us is going to give you ten swats on the ass. After that, Pierce is going to, well, pierce your nipples, tattoo your breasts, and then brand your hips. Then we're going to spend five hours gang banging you. Make it through all of that without hesitation or complaint and you'll be granted unfettered access to the Kinky Bazaar. Is that understood?"

"I understand."

"And you consent to everything we do to you for the next several hours?"

"I do. If it means getting into the Kinky Bazaar I'm yours to do with as you please."

"Good girl. Eyes forward. After each swat you will count it and then say: thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master. Is that understood?"

"I understand."

"If you break position, refuse or forget to count and give thanks, or say anything other than the count and thanks, five swats will be added per infraction and we'll keep going until you get them all right. Is that understood?"

"Understood," Rose said even as her voice trembled.

"The correct answer is: this little piggy understands, Master."

"This little piggy understands, Master."

"Good girl. Now get ready for your one hundred swats, little piggy."

"Yes Master."

THWACK! Staring at the wall with the men moving around on all sides, Rose had no idea where or when the cane would strike so when it did it caught her completely off guard.

"ONE! Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master."

THWACK!

"Two! Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master."

THWACK! The thin length of bamboo slicing across the meatiest part of her ass, Rose forced herself to maintain position.

"T-Three!" Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.

THWACK!

“Four. T-Thank you for p-p-punishing this little piggy, Master.”

THWACK. Aiming lower, the cane struck where ass met legs.

“FIVE! Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master!” Rose cried out.

THWACK!

“Six, Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.”

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.”

THWACK!

Nine. Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you for punishing this little piggy, Master.”

The first man finished disciplining her for the crime of being a cop daring to ask for entry into the Kinky Bazaar, Rose steeled herself for ninety more swats.

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Her ass and the backs of her thighs aching horrendously, Rose’s knees were so weak her hands on the wall were the only thing keeping her upright. Seeing thirty year old Pierce Archer approaching with a cordless soldering iron in each hand, her body instinctively began trembling at the thought of what was about to happen, but despite the permanency of being branded, she had a job to do and nothing short of death was going to prevent her investigating the countless rumors that have been surrounding Opal City’s most nefarious and elusive sex club since before she even knew she wanted to be a cop. Hot metal pressing into her right hip, she screamed bloody murder as she looked down to see OWNED SLAVE written around a triskelion. Screaming again, she swung her head to the left to see: BUKAKKE BIMBO seared into that hip.

“Turn around and put your back against the wall, slave,” Pierce commanded.

“Y-Yes, Master.”

Staring at her breasts, Rose watched as her nipples were quickly pierced. Then, Little Piggy was tattooed on her left breast and Depraved Detective on the right. After everything was cleaned and covered, the men spread a large tarp on the floor and her first ever gang bang began. Giving no resistance, it took less than two minutes for her pussy, mouth, and ass to be filled at the same time. Humiliated and degraded, she accepted her perverse entry fee with grunts, moans, and soft whimpers.