

The Prize

A Poem by Gama

Bound and gagged the coed stood
Inside the dark, dank gym,
Waiting for the men to come,
And her torment to begin.

She'd led the cheers—oh how she'd cried
For victory, not defeat.
She knew a loss would seal her fate
As the winner's bondage treat.

They'd tied her there some hours ago
When her team had lost the game.
She was the prize, the trophy won—
Christina was her name.

They'd used her tights to tie her tight,
Her arms and legs spread wide.
Adhesive tape then sealed her lips,
With panties stuffed inside.

She'd fought the bonds for quite some time,
Sweat streaked her naked skin.
At last, exhausted, she slumped and moaned:
The men, she knew, would win.

Offered, taken, soon the whip,
Then a screwing by the team—
The coed throbbed with hot desire.
It was her secret dream!

The light came on, the men walked in,
She writhed and moaned and bucked.
And then till dawn the captive girl
Was whipped and screwed and sucked.

The cheers the girl had yelled all night
Gave way to muffled cries
As the whiplash scored and scored again
On her ass and tit and thighs.

Then, warmed up, they had the girl
Who met their every thrust
With captive loins that squirmed and humped
With hot and horny lust.

At last they left her, tired and spent,
Still bound to bars of steel.
The janitor who came at dawn
Then had himself a feel.

And when he saw she still was hot
He left Christina tied.
She moaned and bucked and came again
When she felt him deep inside.

"I'm glad the team done lost again,"
He whispered in her ear,
Then busied himself with screwing her,
For his climax was very near.

When he came, he left her tied;
He kissed her on the cheek.
"See ya soon if the team don't win
That big game they got next week."

And so, Christina waited naked
In the dark and lonely gym,
Waited for the hours to pass
And the school day to begin.

At nine o'clock her classmates entered—
She heard their taunts and cheers.
Christina blushed in shame and fury,
And her blue eyes filled with tears.

They set her free and told her that
They knew it had been rough,
But promised her they'd win next time—
Yes, now they would get tough!

Yet, in a week she found herself
Again a naked prize.
Once more her hot cunt throbbed with need,
Once more lust filled her eyes.

Though she'd cheered, she was happiest
When her team had lost the game.
She was the prize, the trophy won—
Christina was her name.



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Editor's note: This poem was submitted mysteriously by "Gama" who asked us to print it but left us with no way of contacting him. If you're out there Gama, we would appreciate it if you would contact our editorial offices.

Originally published in Bound To Please Vol 3, No 9

Scanned by [EKrayon](#) Transcribed by [guardian46w](#) March 18, 2019