

# Gilia adventure

by AlexHellmann





While she was walking across the empty market place, thoughts of what she'd ventured on were still consuming her profusely.

It's been an invitation by her friend Lissy, she'd followed, and now Gilia wouldn't want to miss a single second of it.

"Bitch Club...hihi", she chuckled.

It were those sweet memories that let her not hear the engine sound of the police cruiser that was following her slowly for a while already.

Startled she turned around, when the red and blue lights suddenly started flashing.

"He, how y' doin', Ma'am?....Would you stop there for me, please?"

"Oh...hi officer...yes...certainly ...anything wrong, sir?"

"Well, I don't know. Is anything wrong?"

"Errmm...no...I'm just walking back to my hotel, sir. That's all", she replied friendly.

"Ok...good good... can I see your ID, please?"



A silently uttered “Oh merde” slipped out.



She'd become nervous when she realized that she'd left her ID in the hotel. And so, while she was busy searching her purse, it slipped out of her hands.

” I'm so sorry Sir, I'm really clumsy... errmm... and... I can't find my ID. Must have left it in my hotel room.”

The officer looked at her, but had fallen silent otherwise.

Questioningly Gilia looked back up to him until she realized that her coat was opened up and that she presented the cop with a very little obstructed view onto her sparse lingerie.

“Oh... I... I'm sorry.”



Embarrassed she grabbed her purse and hurried to stand up again.

“Ok, not so quick now.”

The police officer slowly got out of his car.



“Ma’am, have you been consuming illegal substances recently? Or have you been drinking alcoholic beverages?”

“N...no... I don’t take drugs... maybe I drank a glass or two of champagne. But I didn’t drive... I took a taxi back...”

“Yeah... all right... I see.”



“Ok, would you step to the vehicle and place your hands on the top for me, please? And your purse goes on the top as well.”

Gilia swallowed nervously.

“Erm... yes sir... of course... but I don't understand what is wrong.”

“Ma'am, I'm suspecting you go hooking here and you can't provide any ID. You understand now?”

“Yes, I... I do... but... my ID really is in my hotel... and... what do you mean... I go hooking?”

“Well... I'll explain to you later... let's do one test here... put out your right hand for me.”

“Yes... ok... is that some kind of sobriety test?”

“Yeah... kind of.”





Gilia didn't have any doubt that the officer would be performing a test and so she was all the more surprised, when she felt her hand being grabbed and rudely twisted.

"Au...ohh... what??"

"Just relax, Ma'am. The less you fight, the less it's gonna hurt."

Shocked and with wide open eyes, Gilia watched the cop proceed with his intend. Behind her she heard a metallic jingle and immediately felt something cold touching her skin. In one fluent motion the officer applied and quickly closed the handcuff tightly around her slender wrist. The whole situation was suddenly so surreal. She looked down her arm and at her hand. Everything seemed familiar, the fine fabric of her coats sleeve, her hand's tanned skin, her perfectly manicured long red nails. The item unfamiliar was the shiny steel bracelet that now surrounded her wrist tightly. She opened her mouth, but couldn't make a sound, so blindsided was she.





“Au... ahhh... but... sir... I’m... what are you...?”



“Don’t struggle”, he said with a warning undertone, “It’s for your own safety.”

She was so perplexed, she didn’t even think about objecting and ask, why it would be for her own safety to be handcuffed. He adjusted the cuff around the small of her wrist and even closed it one more notch to the point, where she started to feel the steel bite uncomfortably into her soft skin.



The cop was physically much stronger anyway. When he began to pull on the cuffs, she instinctively gave in and moved her right arm behind her back

without any sign of resistance. He then reached out and grabbed her left wrist firmly. Her heart was racing, her face burned and she could feel the adrenaline rushing through her veins. She felt like being in a trance.

*-Oh my god... he's going to...* - She knew what was about to come next, but she was unable to comprehend it.

As if through a fog, she heard him saying:

“Ok, put your left hand behind your back now. And don’t resist!”



“Au... ahh... please...”

Her arms were pulled up rudely and thus she couldn’t avoid bending forward... until her exposed nipples touched the cruiser’s cold trunk lid. The same mechanical clicking as before and the second cuff was closing. The cop had taken her by surprise indeed. It had all gone so quickly, Gilia needed a moment to comprehend what had happened. But then, it came in one rush that she suddenly realized her situation. Never before did she have any



trouble with the police. And now, she stood there, arrested and with her hands cuffed tightly behind her back in public, unable to even try and protect herself. And also no longer able to hold her coat closed, thus, inappropriately dressed as she was right now, unable to cover her nakedness.

She gasped for air, and, almost panicking, she burst out, "Noo... please... sir... I... I'm not a criminal... you don't need to handcuff me... I'm not dangerous... why are you doing this... please... let me go... give me a chance to show you my ID."

Futile...

All the cop did was to make sure, the second cuff was as tightly closed as the first one so that she felt the cold steel surround her wrist entirely, leaving no chance to even consider slipping her hand out of the handcuff.



The officer led her around the car to the passenger side. Every passerby could catch a good look of her stockings, when her coat opened in the light



breeze. Of course she knew, how stunningly sexy she looked. Every move she made in her incredibly high heels created this distinctive sound on the hard cobblestone. A sound she liked, when she wanted to turn heads. When she wanted to attract attention. But now she just felt like a trophy, a catch, paraded by this ignorant man. And to top it even, she felt, to her great despair, how her body reacted to the humiliation... How her nipples slowly but surely started to get hard... How a tingling feeling spread through her belly.

Ashamed, Gilia stammered: "W...where are you taking me... please... can't we just go to my hotel and get the ID... please..."

"Yeah yeah... they'll sort you out at the precinct. No worries."



The drive to the precinct happened wordlessly. When they got to the parking lot, the cops behavior changed somewhat. While he had helped her into the car and had made sure, she wouldn't stumble, he'd now just unbuckled her safety belt and held the door open. Apart from that he didn't make a move to help her any further. Once she had gotten out, all he did was to quickly grab the chain links between her handcuffs.

But not to support her. It gave him the leverage to guide her by just turning or pulling the cuffs in order to signal her the direction, he wanted her to move. Like he would be leading a horse on a rein. And by that he solely ignored the effort it meant for Gilia to walk in such enormously high heels while her hands were cuffed behind her back and keep his pace, which he definitely did not adjust to her needs. So he forced her to follow him with mincing steps, continuously in fear of stumbling. And, as peculiar as it was to her, she could hardly ignore the tension, she felt from the rough handling and the vulnerable and defenseless state she was in. An erotic tension, as she realised terrified. Unable to do anything apart from being obedient, she tottered along, dragged away from her freedom.





‘Like a dog on a leash’ - that's how Gilia felt when the policeman walked her off into the unpleasant and forbidding police building.

“Please, sir... the cuffs are so very tight... they’re hurting... can’t you just loosen them a little?... please?” - she moaned helplessly.

But she didn’t expect the cop to take notice of her whining anyway.

” You shouldn't have resisted me. The cuffs stay on like they are now”, the cop brusquely rejected her plea.

If she could only recall, at what point she’d resisted the arrest. Probably it was more the officer’s mindset. He wanted to see her suffer. All Gilia could do was to totter beside him and try and anticipate the turns, he would want her to make. If she wasn’t quick enough, she sure felt the cuffs bite her wrists painfully. And she was still struggling to take the fact that she apparently got thrilled by the rough handling she had to endure. She was sure, her appearance as well as the unmistakable sound of her heels on the concrete floor would certainly attract more attention than she’d prefer.

*-Fuck...what if someone will notice my nipples? They’re so damned hard.-*  
all of those thoughts were running in her head.



The cop led her deeper and deeper into the building. She'd lost orientation already, when they came down a hallway with an elevator at the end and a door to a stairway right beside it. He seemed to ponder for a second and then opened the door.

"This way", was all he said abruptly.

"But... sir... I'm wearing very high heels. Why do you want me to take the stairs instead of using the elevator... please... can't we just take the elev..."

He cut her off in the same abrupt way grunting sullenly: "Because I decided that you take the stairs... and now, move."

At the latest here, she realized that the cop was just a rude and sadistic asshole after all.





The young woman hesitated for a brief moment and the cop immediately pulled at her cuffs, forcing her arms up and cutting painfully into her skin.

”What’s else now? Move on!”

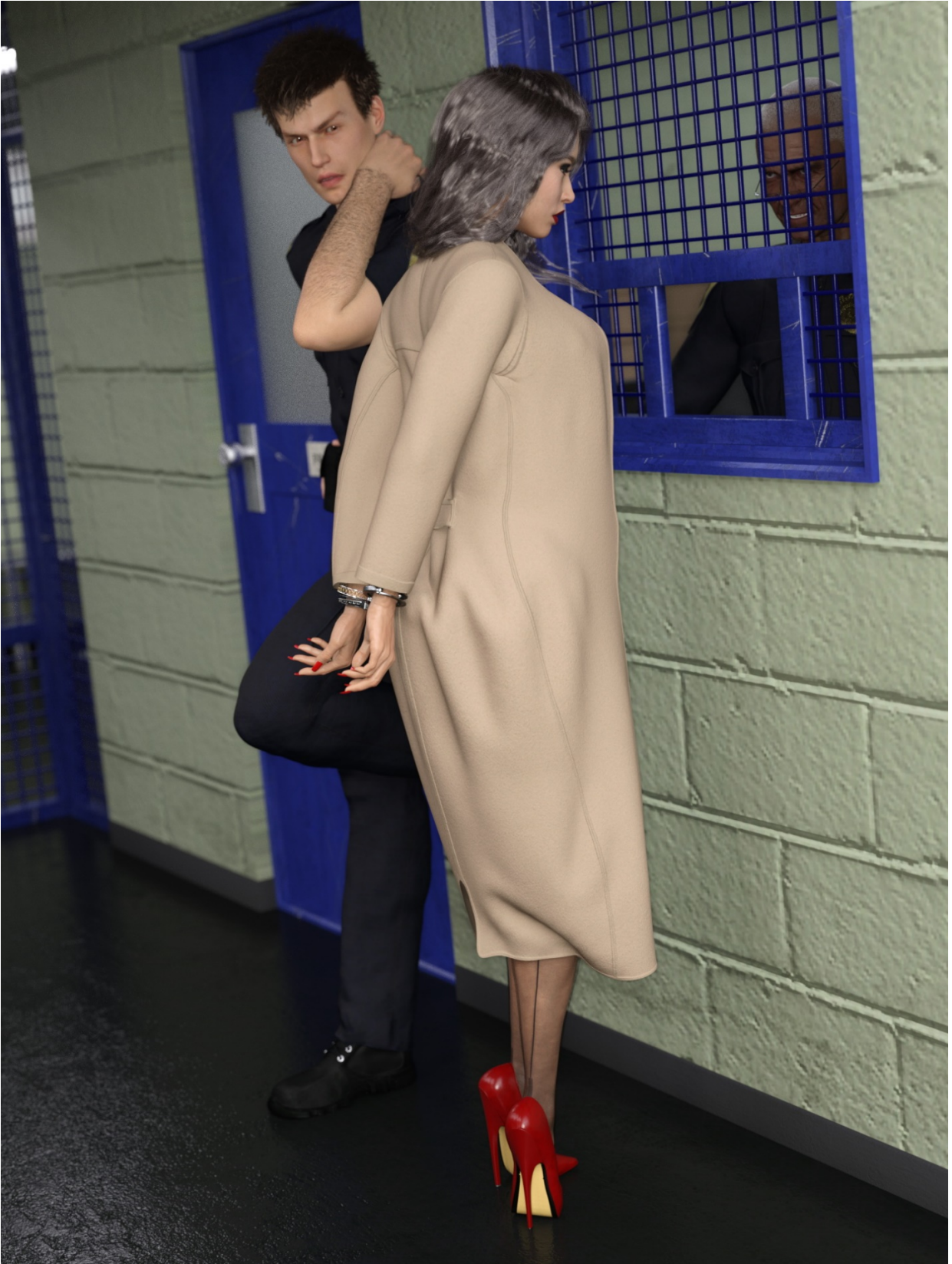
“Ahh... au...” - she groaned desperately, with tears in her eyes. - ”I’m walking... please don’t pull so hard... please... just give me a moment”.





“Stay here”. - The officer placed her in front of a barred wall opening and turned away, apparently bored by the proceedings.

She could spot files and filing cabinets and all sorts of other things in the room behind the grating. But was there anyone in there? Gilia could hardly suppress a groan. Her feet were sore and her ankle hurt from the extended walk in her sky scraping high heels and so she used the occasion to lean on the wall and relax as best as she could.



“EY EY EY, YOU THINK, THIS IS YOUR COFFEE BAR? HUH? YOU THINK, I’VE GOT YOUR DESIGNER SOY LATTE READY? HUH? DISTANCE! NOW! TOMPSON, WHAT’S THIS MESS? HUH? WHAT IS THIS?”

“Back off”, Officer Thompson snapped at her, and since she didn’t react immediately, he added, “You shall step back... Now!”

While he turned his head away, she heard him murmur scornfully: “Stupid bitch.”

The ugly gnome across the opening carried on. “NAME?” - he barked.

“Gilia Lacroix....sir.”

Apparently it was expected too much of him to try and understand a french name.

Flabbergasted the clerk gawked at her. “Huh? What? Do you speak my language? Huh?”

“Yes sir” - Gilia replied patiently. - “In fact I do speak your language. My name is Gilia Lacroix.”

Unbelievably he shook his head. “ID, Thompson? Where is it?”

“Negative ID. Picked her up hooking downtown.”

“Aha” - the oddball made while looking at some form in front of him. - “No ID. Hooking downtown. Aha. Not good.”

“Sir, I did not go hooking. I was on my way back to my hotel r...”

“Tompson, why is she talking? Did I say talk?”

“Ey lady, just shut up, ok?”

*‘A single banana owns more brain than these two morons together.’* - of course she kept her thoughts to herself.





“Deputy Tompson, what’s the suspect hiding underneath that coat? Huh? She hiding something, or what?”

“Sergeant, I have no clue. There was no female officer available for the arrest. I didn’t pat-down the prisoner.”

“Aha... ok... COAT OFF.”

Unenthusiastically Tompson stepped behind her and removed the handcuffs. He then stepped back, held his hand out and commanded: “Coat.”

Gilia obeyed, of course, leaving her, well, mainly unclothed. Technically not naked, but wearing nothing that would cover any part of her body sufficiently, she immediately used her freedom to wrap her arms around her chest to cover herself best as she could.

“Hmm”, the Sergeant hummed, without so much as looking at her. - “The prisoner’s not been pat-down, you say? Hmm... no female officer on duty tonight. Hmm... Tompson... away to the holding cell. We’ll have her checked for weapons later.”

“But... I’m not hiding any weapons... Where should I do that? I mean... where?”

“Tompson, do what you have to do.”



"Ok, lady, you know the drill. Turn around, hands behind your back."



The young woman was speechless. What did he just imply? Put those handcuffs on her again?

"Sir... please"- she stammered pleadingly. - "I'm not a threat to you. I will not do anything to resist you... I promise... please!"

"Hu?" - Thompson made. - "You think you have a wish free, or what? I say it one more time, put your hands behind your back. Now!"

"Yes sir... I... I will, but... could I have my coat? ... Please... I feel... very embarrassed." She almost whispered the last words.

"HA-HA, hell no"- was all Thompson had to say. And then he added. - "You should've thought about your outfit in the first place."

After that she didn't dare to ask anymore, if he could at least handcuff her in front. She heard metallic jingle when the officer got the cuffs ready.

Discouraged, Gilia obeyed his command and moved her arms behind her.

And within seconds, the cold steel bracelets closed tightly, clutching her slender wrists, cuffing her hands relentlessly behind her back, rendering her defenseless again.



Tompson didn't ask for any further consent when he grabbed her arm rudely and shoved her over into the cell. There he placed her on a cold steel bench and, because this whole treatment was apparently not enough to satisfy his sadistic mind, picked up a cuff with a chain connected to the bench and fastened it around her own handcuffs.

Now she definitely felt like she was a felon. On the way out, he even closed the door locked. As if she could stand up from the bench, let alone try to leave the cell. She was left behind feeling utterly helpless and vulnerable.



After a while of sitting alone in that bleak holding cell, she could hear some commotion before the cage.

“Ey Tommy, not you again. What’s it now. ...Ah... too much booze... right?”

“Ay Sarge... y’know me... I can stand a bit... not much drunk... y’know?”

“Yeah yeah... Tommy, you’ll stay with us for the night, huh? Cell 2. You know the way.”

Gilia could hardly believe what was happening. The cell door opened and...





...and in came, with unsteady steps, a bloke who, quite obviously, had enjoyed way more booze than he could possibly stand. Filthy clothes, his face bruised from the latest bar fight. Hardly able to walk straight, this figure made it past her, apparently without noticing, leaving behind an unbearable smell of sweat and stale beer. He eventually crashed into the corner at the end of her bench, probably his favourite place in this familiar location. And, mind you, without any restraints, not handcuffed, nothing. Free to roam around the room at will. Provided he was able to walk after all.

All that, while Gilia, disconcerted by this companion, instinctively tested her freedom of movement. Yet it was still hopeless. Her arms unchangeably tightly handcuffed behind her back and moreover her cuffs chained to the steel-bench. Tied up like this, how could she remotely hope to even cover her bareness, let alone try to defend herself from any threat coming her way.

"...Ahhrgg... burrrp..."

If she could, Gilia would have curled up into a ball. But so she could only hope that her cellmate simply fell asleep or lost consciousness and that this nightmare wouldn't get even more terrible.

(Well, hope dies last.....)



Of course her hopes were an illusion. The bloke had suffered away noisily in his corner until... he'd come back to reality enough to realise that he wasn't alone in the cell. And so Gilia noticed with horror that his mutterings became less confused and more interrupted. From the corner of her eyes she could see him blatantly staring at her, which, given her outfit and her appearance, was no wonder after all.

Despite his generally dazed condition, he'd apparently mustered enough brain to understand her predicament and the advantage that would mean to him. The creature eventually started to slowly crawl towards her on all fours, snuffling as if he'd be picking up her scent. Horrified and disbelievingly, she

watched him approach, understanding profoundly that she was nothing more than chained up helpless prey. Her knees squeezed together tightly, she prayed that she'd simply vanish. But she didn't.

When he got closer, he started to peek around the corner of the cell cage. Was this monster checking whether the coast was clear?



Yes, the coast was clear.

“Where’s the police when you need it?”

And in his mental derangement, the detestable bastard immediately took advantage of Gilias helplessness. With one surprisingly swift move, he spun around, grabbed her knees and coarsely pushed her thighs apart.

"Ahhhh... Yesssss..."

Like a stray mutt, he sniffled between her legs and quite obviously got in the mood.



"Oh my god"- Gilia thought dismayed. - "This beast is going to mount me. Here... in police custody?"

Desperately she pulled on her chains until her wrists hurt, but of course they wouldn't get loose.

"Nooo... get away from me... Aaaa..." - she screamed frantically.

Undeterred, he pressed his nose in her crotch, licking over her panties thin fabric.



Gilia instinctively fought back the only way, she had left. Somehow she managed to wriggle her legs out of his grip and then...she kicked out. With all the desperation channeled in this one kick, she hit his chest really hard with her shoe. Now it showed that her choice for this extreme footwear had a benefit beside the phenomenal look. He howled in pain and surprise and crashed flat on his back. Yet he could call himself lucky that her high heel didn't spear him.

“Piss off... slimy piece of shit...”

And eventually all the commotion had awoken the policeman in the office next door.



Sergeant Cooper came jumping out of his booth.

"What the hell... People... are you all crazy? ORDER IN THE CELL... NOW!!!"

His speech didn't yield the desired outcome. While the rotten boozier had taken refuge under a bench, he didn't stop screaming and whining noisily. Gilia, even though she'd sought protection and pressed herself into the corner as far as the chain allowed, didn't stay calm either. Furiously she shouted profanities and name-calling at the pathetic creep in his hideaway.

The Sergeant, realising that the calm he'd so appreciated, wouldn't restore itself, opened the cage door and stepped in.





"Can't you people be left alone for just one minute?... Jesus Christ..."

He pointed at the guy underneath the bench: "Tommy, go ahead... what's up?"

Tommy crawled out of his hideout: "Evil woman, evil woman...", - and, pointing at the bloody patch on his shirt he shrieked. - "Bitch tried to kill me. Tried to stab me. Evil bitch."

He was frantic... or played successfully.

"Oh...ok."

The Sergeant scratched his head and turned towards Gilia: "You've attacked a fellow prisoner... That's quite serious... You understand that, Lady?"

To say, Gilia was perplexed, would have been an understatement.

"What???... Sir, I'm the one who's handcuffed and chained to this bloody bench, remember? How could I... attack this creep?... Maybe you should



have thought about the issues before you put a barely dressed woman into a cage along with a drunken bastard. And moreover put her in cuffs but let the freak roam freely. It doesn't take much brains to see my point!"

"Eyeyey... You watch your tone... don't get brazen here."

Gilia understood that this was not about logic or reason. This whole gang was completely screwy. Total morons all together.

"DEPUTY THOMPSON!", the Sarge was calling in backup, "Trouble in cell2...!!"



The cavalry personified by Deputy Thompson rolled in. Of course Gilia had hoped to not see this man again, but at least he had brought with him some shackles for that dirty fuck named Tommy.

"Ugly bastard...", - she snapped at Tommy. - "and now you'll see where it gets you to put your nose between my legs, you gross asshole..."

"Thompson... clean this mess up... and then all of you leave me alone... Understood?"

"Sure Sarge, ...I'm on it."

Tommy however had not much more to contribute but a stupid yet mischievous grin.



It was beyond Gila to comprehend. Deputy Thompson didn't hesitate to crouch but instead of directing his attention to the real perpetrator he turned to her.

"Now you listen very carefully, if you move just the slightest bit," - He told her with a frosty tone. - "I'll loose my patience with you!"

And to himself he murmured: "Should have taken care of that from the beginning..."



Gilia was just outright bewildered. So much that she couldn't say a single word. He reached out and closed the shackles around her ankles. First left, then right and then he adjusted them even tighter. She realised that he'd brought ankle cuffs anyway. They'd been meant to be for her all along. Her frustration and disappointment were indescribable. They held her chained up in a cell like a wild and dangerous animal along with a guy who had just tried to assault and abuse her... and now they'd even cuff her legs.

In that moment of utter misery, she had the saving idea: "I... I want my phone-call... I want to talk to a lawyer..."

*'Fuck', she thought, 'why didn't I think of that earlier???'*

Staggered, Thompson looked at her: "What???... now???... It's three in the morning!"

"I insist." - she replied resolutely.





The Sergeant, one step out of the cell already, stopped briefly, shook his head in view of her demand and told Thompson: "Phuu... ok... if she has to... Deputy, get her to a phone, let her make a call."

Thompson looked down at her, obviously annoyed by this turn of events: "Roger that, Sarge."

Tommy apparently twigged that his hot cell mate was about to leave him alone: "Nooo..." - he lamented. - "I wanna keep her... wanna play with her."

Deputy Thompson was meanwhile busy unlocking the chain that connected her cuffs with the bench: "OK... you're not gonna fool around, lady... and you're certainly not gonna fool me... get up... come on... pronto."

It meant quite an effort for Gilia to stand up from the bench after sitting there for an hour or so. And all the more was she hindered by the fact that she couldn't use her hands to keep the balance on her extremely high stilettos. And the ankle-cuffs didn't help either. However, she somehow managed to get onto her feet without stumbling. But before she knew it, Thompson slid his left under her right arm and used this lever now to make her bend forward and control her quite effectively. The strain in her shoulder as well as in her cuffed wrists came suddenly and let her moan.

"AHHH... but... Sir... what are you doing?... You're hurting me... please... easy... AHHUU..."

Of course Thompson wouldn't care about her discomfort and pain: "Remember?... Resisting arrest earlier... attacking and hurting a fellow prisoner... you really think you've earned to be treated nicely?"

He laughed mockingly: "Now let's go, let's get this done... this way!"

All he had to do was lift his arm and Gilia would whine in pain but immediately try to hurry and keep pace with him.

"Take it easy, Tommy, you'll get your play-thing back. No worries."

Thompsons remark made Gilia shiver with horror. Needless to say how difficult and stressful this was, her stiletto heels making it impossible to walk swiftly anyway plus the ankle-cuffs only allowing short steps. And so

she had to try and keep up with him with mincing steps, her heels clattering and scratching noisily on the concrete floor.



Already when they'd arrived at the precinct earlier and Thompson had denied her the use of an elevator but had made her take the stairs instead, certainly aware of the effort it had meant for Gilia to walk on those high heels handcuffed behind her back, she'd realised that he was just a little sadist after all. The same feeling recurred now.

He'd dragged her past several offices with a telephone, but the right one apparently hadn't been among them. He'd even made occasional remarks like: "Oh, again that's not the one I'm looking for", to make fun of her.

And so she was forced to totter on and on along the bleak and cold corridors, lead in the most uncomfortable way. Every step made the ankle-cuffs rattle and her metal heel tips clatter on the hard floor. She could feel her stocking-clad thighs rub against each other and heard the thin fabric rustle. And that

felt bewilderingly comforting. To top it, she realised that her tiny thong had worked itself between her lips and thus caused a gentle confusion to her nether region. Gilia noticed concerned that this embarrassing humiliation entailed an effect on her, she'd rather not have to feel right now. But she couldn't do anything to affect the situation. She was completely at this man's mercy and all she could do was to surrender.



Never before had she been treated so condescending and degrading by a complete stranger. Her intellect found it outrageous, ...and yet... her body reacted to the humiliation unambiguously. The thin fabric between her legs caused delicate electric signals, and it got worse with every step she made. Her nipples started to get hard and erected. She moaned frustrated, shaken by the instinctive reactions, she couldn't control. Unimpressed, Thompson marched her down the hall, heading for a scratched steel door. In this



unpleasant surroundings, Gilia expected nothing less than a horrific dungeon behind it.



Not quite a dungeon, but a fuggy and stuffy interrogation room that now served as a run-down junk room awaited them behind the scary steel gate. Thompson shoved her inside, of course without paying any attention to her limited ability to walk, and then closed the door carefully behind him. At least he'd let her out of the humiliating and painful forced posture, however not without grabbing her handcuffs in the middle to demonstrate to her, he was still in control. An affected behaviour, his proof of superiority. Unbelievably, she looked around.

The chamber was messy, with old files everywhere, cold and dark. Until Thompson flipped a switch and apart from a dim neon light, a spotlight lit up. It was meant to terrify the prisoner about to be interrogated in this bleak concrete cell, to force compliance. And so far, it had the desired effect on her. The whole scenery frightened the young woman. All she'd asked for was

access to a telephone. And now she was down here in this bleak chamber along with an utterly unpleasant and rude man. But yet, she couldn't deny this nagging but tantalising tingle.



"You're looking for the phone? Right there... you can't miss it."

He'd let go of her cuffs but immediately grabbed her arm firmly. That bugger is keen on constantly showing me who's boss here, Gilia thought while she was pulled rudely towards a table.

"Ahh... careful... please... I really want to but with these heels and the ankle-cuffs, ...I just can't follow you quickly... please..."

He made a disinterested "Pff..." and again didn't give a shit about her needs and distress. And yet, the way he naturally ignored her plead made her tingle. In fact, she wouldn't have wanted him to listen and be considerate. What he did was to plainly dominate her. And the fact that she blushed by the thought of his next condescension told her, she liked it.

She hated herself for that realisation, sure, but she could hardly ignore it. And what could she do anyway? The steel cuffs clasped her wrists firmly, chaining her hands inescapably behind her back. Her absurdly high stiletto heels were a restraint in itself, however a voluntary one, but he had liked it to top it with ankle-cuffs. Just because he could. Because he had the power to punish her at will. Thus she couldn't run away, thus she couldn't fight back, thus she was utterly helpless and at his mercy. And that let her nipples raise up.

Thompson must have noticed for sure, she thought, but still, he keeps a poker face. As if a woman like me wouldn't be completely out of his league. But yet, ... he doesn't care... fuck... is it really so hot in here?



"Make your call." - he told her, grinning smugly.

Ungently, Thompson had shoved her to the table and then... unhandled her. Just so. While so far he'd always made sure to grab her, hold her and drag



her around in the most uncomfortable and humiliating ways... just to force his will on her... he now suddenly let off of her.

Gilia gasped for air, momentarily tottering on her extreme heels before she found her balance again. Now that she suddenly couldn't sense his strong grip anymore, she felt peculiarly lost, startlingly lonely. She tried to grasp the sensation... But couldn't. The independent, confident, sometimes lofty woman she used to be... now craving for a strong hand to treat her roughly?

In the center of the bright spot-light, she was like being put on display. Her tormentor had placed her there on purpose, of course, to make her feel uncomfortable. And it worked. She immediately felt particularly vulnerable, defenselessly exposed to his lewd view. If only he'd grant her a lecherous gaze. Secretly she'd long for this bloke to ogle her tits, obtrusive as they were, presented in this half cup bra, ogle her hardly covered crotch, her cunt. Because so far, Thompson had shown only indifference to her femininity, her blatant indecency, her intrusive erotic.

"He's just a pathetic prick after all," - Gilia thought to herself. - "why does he make me feel so uncertain and neglected?"

The telephone caught her attention and she realised suddenly, he'd never meant for her to make a call to her lawyer. The phone was so old, it even had a dial. Plus Gilia knew, he'd never remove her handcuffs. So how was she supposed to use the handset then? Besides, she didn't even remember the number. She would need her mobile anyway.

The Deputy'd sat down meanwhile, using the only chair in the room, and watched amused how she realised the hardship he'd really had in mind when he'd brought her down here. And so she could do nothing more but stand there, wobbly on her skyscraper heels, unintendedly trembling in anticipation of his next move.



Thompson, arms crossed behind the head, sat still and watched her. One foot on the table, legs apart, cool and condescending. The perfect chauvi. And of course he didn't make any effort to explain.

But Gilia was honest to herself. She actually wouldn't want him to make concessions, wouldn't appreciate to be allowed to make choices. That realisation, that feeling was confusing, it was enigmatic, it was unfathomable. But yet so affirmative. To be denied choices was liberating. And that tingling she felt in her stomach was an invigorating sensation. There was some serious tension between them, while he studied her emotional struggles.

Thompson's presumptuous grin was degrading, really, and he was very much aware of it. But he'd also discerned her excitement, smelled her arousal. And he understood the source of it. After a while of silent staring, Gilia couldn't endure it any longer.

"I...", - she started... but swallowed the rest. Words were unnecessary. She wouldn't get any more approval. Pent-up, she slowly and carefully walked towards him, stalking right between his legs. With every step, her steely heel tips created a hollow clatter while the ankle chain jingled metallic. Stilettos, even with such a heel high, didn't mean much effort for Gilia, she was practiced. So it was a simple thing for her after all to cut quite a good figure regardless of the hand- and ankle-cuffs.

Thompson still didn't move, didn't speak. He just watched her approach with his derisive signature grin and his self-satisfied attitude. A look at her face told him, she couldn't resist it, she'd fall victim to her just discovered cravings.



Thompson's self-satisfied pose, with his legs apart, was nothing more but ordinary and vulgar. To Gilia however, it signalled an invitation. Her mind was repelled by her wanton and sluttish yearning, her lustful appetite, but



yet, her heart pounded in anticipation, while she slowly squatted down between his thighs.

He just watched her, his face reflecting his contempt and arrogance.

*‘Now look at that, - the cop thought. - The whore’s in heat... dirty slut... and now... she wants to suck my cock... typical... But you’ll beg for it, that much is clear.’*

Crouching on her heels, Gilia looked up to the man, her gaze expressing more than she would have ever dared to put in words. He was a complete stranger, a misogynistic bastard, sure, but still, he was pushing a button she wasn’t aware she even possessed.

“So, whore want’s cock... ey? You’re greedy for my cock in your mouth... hmmm?... Oh boy... you... are... such... a... dirty... cunt... right?” - Thompson said scornfully, spitting out the words.

She should be incensed, infuriated, but she wasn’t. As much as his insults hurt her mind, it was what she craved to hear and her body told her, he was right. And so, holding back a sobbing, she whispered, “Yes... Sir...”



How much more submissive can a girl be than kneeling handcuffed and shackled between a man's legs, voluntarily surrendering, ready and eager to suck him off. And even more, trembling with bizarre anticipation to be finally allowed to do so.

"Say it." - Thompson looked at her with a contemptuous and mean expression. - "Say that you want to suck me... And better be convincing!"

Humiliating her was apparently a big enjoyment for him, and in her emotional state, Gilia was the willing victim for his sadism.

"I...", - nervously, she had to clear her throat, - "...will you let me...", - falteringly, she really brought herself to say it. - "...will you let me... suck your cock... please?... I... I yearn to taste you in my mouth... sir... please?"



“Mhmm... haha.” - Thompson laughed derisively. - “Sure thing... greedy whore.”

He opened his fly and out popped a presentable hard-on: “See what you did, bitch? ...your turn... get to work!”

Gilia licked her lips: “Yes sir... thank you for getting aroused because of me.”

And then she got to work. Quite eagerly, even. Certainly no stranger to blow jobs, she kissed her way across his shaft and down to the root. From there she licked all the way back to the glans to thoroughly moisten his cock. She opened her glossy red lips and slowly and carefully eased just the head into her mouth. Her tongue tip gently caressed his sensitive spot at the bridge underneath glans and shaft. As a teaser, she quickly pushed forward to take him all the way in, shortly resting before pushing further beyond the resistance in the back of her throat, holding him there for a brief moment.



“Ahh... wohh... hoho... oahhw... yeah!”

Sort of embarrassed, Gilia realised that she felt peculiarly proud to hear his reaction to her attention. She carried on, administering him a range of different techniques of pleasing a man with her mouth. And finally, she could feel his nearing climax. His breathing got deeper, his exhale longer, it couldn't be for long until he came and she was prepared and ready to take it in her mouth.

But suddenly, Thompson gave her a harsh reminder that they were not having a romantic get-together.



All of a sudden, Thompson'd jumped up, knocking over his chair. Without any more warning, he tipped her head back with his hand under her chin and held her like that by her hair.

“Oooooaaahhhhhh...” - Roaring like a rutting deer, he forced his cock in as far as he could, right into her throat, his bollocks bouncing at her chin, and

emptied himself into her like he'd be jerking off into a sex doll. -  
"Gluuhhrppp..."

Gilia could hardly handle the volume of liquid surging into her throat. She swallowed, choked, swallowed, retched. She could taste his slurry, sickly and sour. It was in her mouth and in her throat, coating her tongue.

With one last roar, he came to an end.



One last grunt, and Thompson pushed her away. He was done. She'd serviced him to satisfaction and the sex doll became needless. She was now cowering on the floor, trying to catch her breath, trying to come to terms with what had just happened.

"Ey....," - he snapped at her. "Careful... you won't fuckin' spit out my cream... you understand?... swallow it... now..."

He'd noticed drips of his snot running from the corner of her mouth. With a gulp she swallowed what was left in her mouth and licked her lips clean,



afraid to waste any of his slime.

“Y... yes sir... I... I’ll be careful.”

“Hmm... OK... you’re quite a good cum slut after all... really.”

Gilia was surprised to hear him praise her and again, she felt peculiarly proud.

“Thank you sir.”- she answered submissively.

Thompson turned and looked for some tissue to clean off his wet cock.

“Get up slut... we’re done here... no more phone calls.”



Of course Thompson didn’t waste a thought on giving her a hand. He was busy finding something to wipe his own smear off his cock. But Gilia hadn’t expected any help anyway. She would have to get back on her heels all by herself, difficult as it was. And she proofed that she was very skillful, despite the steel shackles binding her hands behind her back and chaining her ankles



in her extreme high heels. She managed to get up, just to immediately turn around and bend over the table. She still had that sensation right between her thighs, tickling, tingling, torturing her immensely. An itch that urgently needed to be taken care of. With her ass invitingly pushed out, she laid her chest on the table top.

“Haa...”- she moaned briefly, when her nipples touched the cold metal surface.

This was when Thompson noticed, what his beautiful prisoner was actually doing there.



"Ey... what???..." - Thompson was seriously perplexed. His prisoner didn't exactly do what he would have expected. Instead she was lying tits down on that old table, eyeing him lasciviously under a messy strand of hair, sticking her cunt up for him to... well... what? Mount her?

"Woow... bitch... you're full on, ey?!"

Gilia mewled like a cat in heat, wiggling her buttock, waiting for his cock to finally get where she needed it most.



How she wished, she could spread her legs further, presenting herself properly. But the ankle-cuff allowed just as much as he needed to have convenient access to her pussy.

“Oooahhh... yessss...”. - A guttural moan escaped Gilia’s throat.

Thompson had finally positioned himself and pushed his knob right into her crack, forcing its way between her already wet pink lips, spreading them open as the head entered.



Of course he didn't dwell on foreplay. With a swift motion, he'd rather pushed all the way in, until his pelvis touched her buttocks.

"Ooaahhh... bitch... you're creamy already?... good cunt..."

And Gilia, avidly surrendering, groaned with pleasure between his inconsiderate sturdy strokes: "Ahh... yessss... thank you... Sir... mhhh!"

To meet his thrusts, she had to press her chest onto the table top even more, squeezing her tits. After all, this gave her the leverage she needed to push her hips back onto his cock, so that she could grab him with her muscles, please him, milk him.





Then came the rodeo. Thompson grabbed a fistful of Gilia's hair and, using it as a reign, pulled her head back ruthlessly, making her bend and forcing her chest off the table. Holding her like that, he leaned back and drove his dick into her up to the stop. He rode her like a wild mustang. The stallion mated his mare. Just a few more strokes... and he came with a loud groan.

Since she had so profoundly come to terms with her unexpected new inclination after all, this was exactly what she wanted right now. She went off by that rude and degrading treatment.

Gilia climaxed there and then. And she came hard, really hard. Her thighs shaking, her body convulsing, she felt her vagina lustfully grab his meat, trying to squeeze every drop out of it.

"Oooaaahhhhhhhh..." - She even squirted on his cock, leaving spatters of her juices on his trouser.

The End of Part1...