

The Wayback Machine - https://web.archive.org/web/20140213092006/http://humiliate.me.org/viewtopic.php?f=13&t=431



HumiliateMe.org

Submissive Slaves, Female Humiliation, Femdom Slave

Perhaps the best Humiliation forum for all submissive sluts lovers!

[Login](#) [Register](#)[FAQ](#) [Search](#)

It is currently Thu Feb 13, 2014 9:15 am

[Tweet](#)[View unanswered posts](#) | [View active topics](#)[Board index](#) » [Chat and Help Section](#) » [Requests, Humiliation Stories, Books, Discussion and etc](#)

All times are UTC

The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

[NewTopic](#)[PostReply](#)

Page 1 of 3 [15 posts]

[Go to page 1, 2, 3 Next](#)[Print view](#)[Previous topic](#) | [Next topic](#)

Author

Message

Alien**Post subject:** The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)**Posted:** Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:05 pm**offline****Joined:** Fri Dec 07, 2012 3:50 pm
Posts: 925[User posts](#)
[User topics](#)

Lynne had a job on the Arab Affairs desk at the Foreign Office. Married to husband, Brian, she had also been flirting with Asan, a very attractive Arab interpreter. When he demanded full sex, she declined and then, as she regained consciousness she remembered he'd let slip the previous night something she just had to report to her superiors.

Despite the sore throat and aching head she tried to move, but couldn't. But it wasn't until she heard the voice that she realised she had been kidnapped. Then the person behind the voice began to reveal what was going to happen to Lynne - an interrogation that would involve humiliation, pain (lots of pain) and sexual demands of the kind that sent her brain racing and her heart thumping with anticipation and dread...

*Style: BDSM/Bondage, BDSM, Male Dom - M/F, Sex Slavery / Training***Attachments:**



INTERROGATION.jpg [7.31 KiB | Viewed 2727 times]

Top

[» profile](#)

Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:06 pm

offline



Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012
3:50 pm

Posts: 925

User posts
User topics

CHAPTER 1

Lynne gradually returned to consciousness. It wasn't a sudden event, but rather a gradual awareness of a few small but nagging pains. Her throat was sore, her head ached and her wrists were hurting. She guessed she had picked up a bug and distantly considered whether she should stay in bed today. It certainly seemed too much of an effort to go to the Foreign Office and her demanding job at the 'Arab Affairs' desk.

Surfacing from the warm, steadfastly clinging, darkness which seemed so reluctant to release her, she tried to marshal her thoughts into some kind of order.

Then, suddenly, the unpleasant recollection of what she had to do jolted her further awake. It was a shame, but she had to tell the handsome young Arab interpreter, Asan, that they must stop seeing each other. It had been a tremendously entertaining flirtation on her part but; although full sex had not occurred, Asan had recently made it very clear that he expected it soon. Though she found the boy to be devilishly attractive, Lynne definitely didn't want it to go further. A bit of fun was all right and, to be honest, she had been flattered that such a handsome young man of Asan's tender years could find her so attractive. It was perfectly clear what she had to do. Despite the excitement, the ill-starred affair with the young Arabic/English interpreter had to stop right now! First and foremost, she didn't want to be unfaithful to her husband, Brian, no matter how boring and predictable he could be at times. Second, it would seriously jeopardize her job and career if anyone in the Foreign Office became aware that she had been consorting, innocently or not, with an Arab from the opposing negotiating team.

Thoughts of the Foreign Office reminded her of something else – very important. She had to make her superiors aware of what she had picked up from Asan during their last little private chat at the restaurant. From what he'd said, it was clear that the Arab team was about to run rings around the Brits and only her knowledge could stop it. She sighed. No chance of a lay-in today; she'd have to get up.

She tried to move and nothing happened except the discomfort in her throat and wrists became worse. She seemed to be paralysed, totally unable to move her arms and legs. She tried to look around; tell Brian that something was wrong but the room was in darkness. Was it still the middle of the night? Had she been dreaming? When had she gone to bed?

Her mind floated back, guilty thoughts momentarily distracting her from the uncomfortable feeling in her limbs. Guiltily, she recalled the meal last night with Asan. She'd told Brian she was working late again. Once again she made up her mind to tell Asan that it was all over. He had to see that it was for the best. There was no way they could ever be together; she was a married woman of twenty-nine, a rising star in the diplomatic service. Asan was a boy of nineteen, albeit a good looking and charming one. She had never allowed things to go beyond pecks on the cheek; mostly they just enjoyed each other's company and fine meals. Yet Asan's lack of years, the fact that she was a married woman and the noticeable fact that they were constantly in each other's company was, she knew, beginning to attract some sly comments at work.

She was, as many men had told her, a beautiful and intelligent woman. Privately she had always thought this to be somewhat of an exaggeration. Truthfully, she saw herself as a reasonably pretty girl with, admittedly, a better than average figure. Her wide brown eyes and slightly turned up nose, the nose which Brian always found cute, the regular features framed by a rich profusion of golden blonde hair falling to her shoulders had always stood her in good stead. Yet without her naturally athletic body with those long toned thighs, nicely rounded bottom and, of course, her large yet beautifully formed breasts, she knew she probably would not have stood out in a crowd.

Urging her brain to greater effort, she recalled feeling slightly queasy in the restaurant. Had it been the lobster or maybe the wine? She remembered Asan's around her considerately, helping her to the taxi. She remembered the shiny brown seat and then ... nothing!

Her heart began to race. Had she collapsed and been taken to hospital ... maybe fallen into a coma? What would Brian think? He'd have heard that she was out with the Arab lad; colleagues would probably have told him that she did so quite often? She had to pull herself together; if necessary tell Brian that maybe she had seen too much of Asan. She imagined herself explaining things to him; she realized it was silly; working lunches she'd say, and that she'd stop them now. In fact most of those out of hours chats had been business orientated; the fact of her being able to admire and appreciate the handsome face and slim, muscled body moving under Asan's clothes had been, at least at the beginning, just a bonus.

It had been at their last meal that the young Arab had partially let it slip that his negotiating team had no intention of giving up the land and weapons that they'd promised.

She'd thought she'd been clever enough to disguise her recognition of Asan's slip and now had to pass on her information to her immediate superiors.

One way or the other she simply had to settle her private life with Brian and alert the Foreign Office to what she now knew about the negotiations, if she could just will herself awake.

Somehow there seemed to be a greater physical clarity now, even if her mind was still a bit confused. Almost as if she had been drugged or perhaps had too much to drink and couldn't shake off the after effects. She guessed that she had indeed been placed on some medication, but she felt that it might be wearing off now because the pain at her throat and wrists was becoming more acute, especially when she tried to struggle from the bed. If only they'd put the lights on so she could see. Or maybe it was that she couldn't open her eyes. Oh God, the thought brought on a sudden panic ... was she paralysed?

She tried again to get up, only succeeding in increasing the pain in her wrists and throat. She forced herself to be still. Her arms and legs were moving slightly

but something was stopping them. Her eyes strained to open but a band seemed to be pressing tightly around her head and against them, adding to her headache.

"Mrghh!" Her first attempt to talk came out as nothing more than a pathetic moan. Her mouth was dry, and blocked with something. She could feel what felt like rough cloth pressing against her tongue.

Now at least her mind was clearing, making it apparent that something unpleasant had happened to her after the restaurant. She was awake, very cold and quite unable to move; restrained in some way. Her panic increased. Where the Hell was she?

She felt a sliver of fear as she heard someone calling from the darkness; a woman's voice. Then sharper pains flared across her head, jolting her fully awake as her hair was pulled back and forth in time to the female voice. "Come on! Wake up, Mrs Cameron! I know you can hear me." The voice had a foreign twang and spoke abruptly.

Lynne's heart pounded, suddenly aware of what felt like a rubber blindfold preventing her eyes from opening. Instinctively she tried to lift her hands to pull it away only to feel tight straps binding her at throat, wrists, arms, knees and ankles; to what felt like some kind of wooden, possibly latticework, chair on which she was seated upright.

She struggled vainly, only to find that her entire body was strapped so tightly that movement was practically impossible.

"Don't struggle!" the female voice warned. "It's useless! Don't try to speak, either! You're wasting your time!"

Lynn's terror increased when she heard a soft, malicious chuckle, then the voice carried on: "You've got nothing to say that I'd be interested in at the moment. I only wanted to check that you'd survived the journey." Another pause was followed by yet another sinister chuckle. "Some don't, of course, which presents us with the problem of disposing of the bodies."

Lynne froze. The implication was almost too horrible to contemplate. Yet the words were quite matter of fact, terrifyingly so. "Whoaaargh!" Lynne tried to speak through the cloth filling her mouth but it was quite impossible to articulate anything beyond a soft, barely audible, pathetic whimper.

She heard the sharp clack of footsteps receding, a woman's high-heeled gait echoing in wherever she was, and desperately wanted to say something. It was a terrible thought that whoever it was didn't seem to particularly care whether she was dead or alive. She felt her pulse racing as her terror built. She was totally helpless and in the hands of ... who ... who?

Silence again descended on her world. Where the Hell was she? What did they want?

She decided that it must be something to do with work. She had been kidnapped. Was it something to do with the negotiations? Would the other side have kidnapped her if they thought she knew that they were not serious about negotiating? That must be it! Someone had realised that Asan had said too much?

She didn't know how much time had passed since the restaurant; guessing maybe a few hours? Brian would be worried; she would have simply disappeared from the face of the Earth. A big tear formed in the corner of her eye at the thought of him. How dearly she wished she could put back the clock, never have gone to the restaurant. Gone straight home instead; been with Brian, safe. Time passed in her silent void. She had no idea how long but her body clock was telling her she needed to use the toilet. Her thumping head was crying out for a tablet, or even just a glass of water, yet she had no means of communicating these basic needs. Her captors didn't care about her, didn't care whether she lived or died, let alone whether she wet herself or suffered the pain of a monumental headache.

After a long, long time, she finally heard returning footsteps.

"Here's some pretty earrings for you, Mrs Cameron." The woman's voice was malicious, almost sneering

Lynne flinched as her expensive diamond earrings were roughly pulled from her pierced ears and what felt like much larger and heavier rings painfully re-inserted.

"Not so pretty as the ones you were wearing," the voice continued. "I'll give you a little demonstration of what happens if you touch them - or annoy me."

"Aaaarggghh!" Lynne's teeth bit down savagely on her gag, her body locking rigidly into a strained arc of agonising pain within the extent of her tight bonds. Her head seemed to be exploding; almost as if two drills were boring into her skull from either side.

The shocking pain only lasted for a few seconds; but it was enough! She knew she just couldn't take any more. Slowly she became aware that the pain had gone and she relaxed back into the chair, muscles gradually unlocking, breasts heaving mightily as she tried to drag air back into her empty lungs. Her head cleared slowly and she became aware of her heart pounding. She was wet with perspiration and could feel it running between her breasts. Oh God ... please ... no more ... please, she pleaded silently!

"Not very pleasant, was it Mrs Cameron?" the voice sneered. "That's what will happen if you try to touch them or if you are disobedient in any way." The voice was harder now, threatening. "I'm going to remove your gag now but you will only speak in answer to my questions, nothing else."

"Nnnnnng ... nnnnnng," Lynne gurgled, then: "yaaargh," as her head exploded once again into intense pain. Utterly rigid, she was arched agonisingly backwards, her big juddering breasts thrust up and out, almost as if begging for attention. Her head was strained backwards, her face contorted into a rictus mask of pure agony.

Then, just as suddenly as it had come, the current was gone, leaving Lynne trembling violently and sagging in her bonds.

"You do NOT speak until I tell you to! Understand, Mrs Cameron? Nod your head if you do!" The voice was calm and controlled, in total contrast to the agony just inflicted.

Frantically, Lynne nodded her head, unable to choke back a tiny groan as it threatened to come off her shoulders. She had a headache worse than anything she could remember; but all she could think of was that she must ... absolutely MUST ... obey this crazy woman who had her completely helpless and at her mercy.

Fingers struggled with the buckles of her gag and Lynne breathed a sigh of relief as both it and the cloth wadding was removed from her mouth. With a mighty effort, she prevented herself from asking the myriad of crazy questions milling about in her head.

"OK then!" the voice went on calmly. "All you have to do is answer my questions quite truthfully, holding nothing back, and the pain will stay away. Understand?"

Once again Lynne nodded her head, this time more carefully.

"Good. An easy question to start with, then. How many men ... or women, for that matter ... have seen you naked, Mrs stuck-up, fuckin' Cameron?"

"What!" Lynne's mind was confused with shock at the unexpected question.

Frantically she tried to get her tongue to work. "I ... er, ... please ... er...!"

The voice became solicitous. "Let me help you! Your husband, yes?"

"W-well ... Y-yes of course," Lynne stuttered, her mind racing to fathom the question and its purpose.

"Mummy and Daddy?"

"Yes ... yes, of course, when I was young but ...!"

"Good, that's a start!" the voice interrupted smoothly. "We're establishing parameters. Now then, who else?"

"I ... er ... don't know. I don't know. Why ... why are you doing this to me? Is it to

do with Asan? ... "Aaaarggghh! "Nnnnnng!" All further reasoning and speech suddenly became impossible as the terrible pain once more blossomed from her ears into her head, driving away all coherent thought. For a moment, Lynne thought she was dying then, as suddenly as it had arrived, the agony stopped and, almost lifeless, she sagged once more in her bonds.

The interrogator's voice was hard and merciless. "You don't need to know why, or who; just that I asked a question and want an answer. Now then! Think, you stuck up bitch! Everyone in your life who has seen you naked ... everyone ... now!"

"Ooooooh ... aaaargh ... God," Lynne whispered. "Please ... please! I ... er ... don't know ... er ... er ... doctors, I suppose. "

"Recently?"

"A ... a year ago ... maybe."

"What for?"

"Just ... just a routine check up ... a ... a ... physical."

"At school, in the showers?"

"Yes ... yes ... the showers, but ... but ... why?"

"Brother, Sister?"

"N-no ... I've no brother. S ... sister yes, when we were younger but ... but!"

The voice was brutal, emphatic. "Shut up! Boyfriends?"

"Well, perhaps some over the ...!"

"Names?"

"Look ... I can't ... oh, please ... no ... Aaaaaaargh!" Lynne heard the ominous creaking of the chair as her tormentor leaned forward, just before the blast of pain hit her again.

"You'll be surprised at how much you will remember, Mrs Cameron ... when you have to." Strong fingers gripped Lynne's chin and painfully twisted her head upwards. "OK, let's try again!"

For the next ten minutes, instead of relieving her aching bladder as she so dearly wished, Lynne struggled to recall the boyfriends with whom she'd been intimate and approximately when. There were only a few but she had to drag them up from the recesses of her mind, knowing that the switch to the rings in her ears was just a touch away. The whole thing was humiliating and, to Lynn's mind at least, totally pointless, though she supposed the woman was getting some kind of vicarious, or perhaps voyeuristic, pleasure out of it.

"That was just to set the tone of your stay with us, as it were," the voice continued. By the time we've finished, we are going to know you as well as you know yourself. You will have NO secrets from us, none at all. Understand?"

Lynne forced herself to nod again, her headache increasing with every movement.

"Good! I see we understand each other, then." Another malicious chuckle assaulted the captive woman's ears. "Right then! Now it's time for someone else to see you naked, Mrs high and mighty, fuckin' Cameron. Me!" Her captor's voice was quite controlled in spite of the crudeness of the words; in stark contrast to Lynne's mind, racing around in dread and fear of what might happen to her.

"Now then," the voice continued, "I'll untie you now, but the blindfold will stay on for the moment." The chuckle came again. "Your clothes are beginning to smell. Best we get them off!"

"But why ... why are you doing ... yaaaaaarrgh,?" Lynne subsided into agonised silence as another brief burst of pain jolted her head.

"You forget yourself!" the voice snarled. "I told you never to speak or ask questions unless I tell you. Now, to continue, this is what will happen. I release your bonds, you stand and remove all your clothes - everything! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Once more Lynne nodded, totally cowed by the prospect of yet more pain.

"Good! That's the alternative to me cutting them off with a knife and probably slicing you up a bit in the process." The voice sounded confident, satisfied that

whoever it was had the upper hand. "Then, I tie your wrists, search you for bugs and take you to the loo. I expect you could do with a pee by now. Don't worry about being violated, not yet at least! If you can accept all that, tell me! If not, I'll fetch my knife and we'll go from there. Well? Will you behave and do as I say?"

"Yes ... oh, yes," Lynne whispered abjectly, terrified that the pain would start all over again. The words 'violated' and 'not yet' hammered crazily in her brain. Not yet - not yet! Did the woman mean that she would be violated later. Who by ... how many ... and, anyway, wouldn't even that be preferable to more of the blinding, agonising pain from the diabolical rings in her ears? The questions raced madly through her brain.

"Louder!"

"OK! OK! Yes! I'll do it! Anything you want. Just don't shock me again! You'll kill me."

"Hmmm. Not very contrite, are you? From now on I think you'd better call me Miss Pain! My real name doesn't matter; but that is what I shall mean to you; someone who gives you pain when you don't behave. Miss Pain! Say it!" she demanded curtly.

"Yes, yes, Miss Pain," Lynne knew she was groveling. She hated it but knew she was completely in this woman's hands and just had to obey.

"Good girl," the voice was softer, almost conciliatory. "Now, remain still, absolutely still while I undo the straps. You try anything, anything at all, and I'll frizzle your ears until your eyes pop out. Understand?"

"Y-yes Miss Pain," Lynne had never felt such fear or total loss of control.

Submissively she remained sitting in the chair as the restraints were released. The blindfold remained, of course; but she knew that, even if she dared, she couldn't possibly get it off before she was restrained or shocked again.

"OK! Now stand up now and undress! Come on! Get those fuckin' clothes off!" Wobbling uncertainly with the numbing pain of returning circulation, Lynne finally managed to push herself to her feet, keeping a tight grip on the arms of the chair. Never could she recall feeling so lost, frightened or helpless. The idea of taking her clothes off in front of a total stranger who was prepared to inflict such pain was awful, yet she must! That this stranger was someone who quite obviously didn't care whether she lived or died was even worse. She shivered in fear and cold, a sick feeling creeping into the pit of her stomach as her hands went first to the buttons of her blouse.

Top

[profile](#)

Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:06 pm

offline

The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)



Paula, the interrogator who had so cruelly decided on a whim that her victim should undress and call her Miss Pain, sat opposite the chair in which Lynne had been bound, smiling in triumph as the woman reluctantly began to remove her clothes. Paula was striking rather than pretty, a twenty-year-old Albanian girl who had grown up on the streets and, like many of her friends, become a prostitute at the age of twelve. She had quite soon come under the tutelage of a series of pimps, graduating to top quality 'call-girl' status by the time she was fifteen and her budding charms began to push her rapidly up the ladder of Albanian organized crime.

She was possessed of a slim, elfin figure, rather angular, hawkish features and the jet back hair of her ancestry. At twenty, she was what they call 'street-wise', able to speak four or five languages quite fluently. Since her recruitment by the

Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012
3:50 pm
Posts: 925

User posts
User topics

'organisation' she had quickly become an able interrogator, experienced in brutal interrogation tactics.

Currently, she was experiencing an exciting thrill to have such a sophisticated, good-looking, western woman so totally within her power. Rightly or wrongly, she blamed such people as this for blighting her youth and certainly didn't regret the day she'd joined the people who now employed her.

Lynne had removed her blouse and skirt and was hesitating before taking the next step.

"Continue!" Paula barked. "Quickly, undress completely and drop everything on the floor! Underwear, watch, rings, the lot!" The orders were barked, staccato-like in a tone that brooked no disobedience.

Lynne hesitated just a moment longer, standing in her small, clinging white bra and panties, the curtain of brown hair brushing trembling, creamy shoulders covered in goose-pimples. She looked so out of place in the chilly, windowless cellar. The scantily clad, shivering prisoner was tense with fear; the two large metal rings hanging quivering from each delicate lobe.

"Well?" Paula's voice became even more impatient, harsher. "What's the matter? Want some more?"

Lynn moved frantically to obey. Desperately, urgently, she wanted ... no, needed ... to show her obedience. Whatever else, she just HAD to avoid more pain.

Shaking, she reached behind to unclasp her bra and the interrogator licked her lips as the pert, pink-tipped, 36B coral-tipped mounds sprang almost impertinently into view. Shyly, red-faced with embarrassment, Lynn's hands crept up to cover her breasts with what, in any other circumstances, might have been seen as endearing womanly modesty.

"Stop covering yourself like a silly little girl, you bitch!" Paula shouted angrily.

"You're a grown fuckin' woman, aren't you? Come on, hand me that!"

Trembling, Lynne reached out blindly to have her bra snatched away by her unseen tormentor.

"And now the panties!" ordered the voice. "Come on, let's see your cunt, you high class, fuckin' slut!"

Reluctantly Lynn's hands left her thrusting orbs to slide down into the waistband of her tiny knickers.

"Hmm, little hearts on them. How fetching, how romantic," drawled Paula sarcastically, enjoying the even deeper flush on her victim's face. It was sheer delight to make this stuck-up western bitch pass over her most intimate garments. Paula licked her lips at the sight of the naked female standing so fearfully in front of her. Oh yes, this was a real beauty, all right. The breasts were almost perfect, large but with no sag in them at all. Below the delightfully curved belly was a neat pubic 'V', which did little to conceal the ripeness of the lovely, fig-shaped opening just below.

"OK! Lean against the back of your chair, legs wide, arms wide! Come on! Get those feet further away from it," Paula instructed. "Now then, mouth open wide, tongue right out! Quickly! You know what I can do with those rings in your ears."

Lynne trembled, the heat of embarrassment temporarily alleviating the chill of undressing in an unheated room. Quickly, as ordered, she spread-eagled herself, leaning back on her quivering arms. She kept her jaws stretched, aching and wide, extending her tongue as far as she could while her unseen tormentor carefully explored the gaping cavity, checking every tooth, pulling on her extended tongue until her eyes watered under the blindfold and she squealed in pain. Then she was instructed to keep her mouth open, tongue still ridiculously protruding, whilst her tormentor's hands moved on down over her quivering body.

Never in all her life had Lynn felt so lost. For all she knew, there might be a dozen or more people watching this degrading and humiliating display of her nakedness. She hated the touch of the hands on her body. She gasped as hands quite casually caressed her breasts, the nipples firming under the knowing touch

of the unseen fingers. Sucking in her breath, shaking uncontrollably, she felt the hands move down over her belly, then - horror of horrors - touching her intimately between her thighs.

"Hah ... hah ... please don't!" she whimpered, as a finger slid sensuously into her vagina. The finger scratched delicately at the rapidly erecting little clitoris. Then, even worse, another finger skewered painfully into the damp tightness of her anus. She gasped and wriggled on the fingers impaling her so disgustingly. Not even Brian had ever penetrated her in the rear. The wriggling fingers also, urgently, reminded her of her increasing need to use a toilet.

"Stand up straight! Wrists behind you!" the voice commanded.

In the past Lynne had sometimes been slightly curious about what it would be like to be tied up, though for some reason she had been reluctant to take part in any of the 'bondage' games Brian had sometimes suggested. Now she had to submit herself to being totally helpless and, in addition to the terrifying darkness of the blindfold and enforced nudity, endure the steel clasp of the handcuffs confining her wrists so tightly behind her back.

Deep, deep inside the very core of her, although right at that moment she would probably have wanted to die rather than admit it, a previously unplumbed part of her sexuality began to rear its ugly head with a fear-filled excitement.

Helplessly, she felt her vagina oiling itself.

Was she going mad? Had her ordeal thus far already begun to unhinge her mind?

"Want the toilet, do you?" The sneered question broke through her reverie.

Lynne had never had to use a toilet in front of anyone before. Too frightened to speak without explicit permission, she made a small whimpering sound of assent. It was humiliating to feel the woman's hand so familiarly against her bare bottom yet, absurd though it might seem, she felt some thing like gratitude to her interrogator as she was guided through a door into what was obviously a toilet. A hand on her shoulder guided her to the toilet bowl and she sat down.

"Well, go on then!" the mocking voice demanded.

Lynne could feel the shame hot on her face as she was finally able to release her bladder. Then afterwards it was shame heaped on shame, wriggling in discomfort while the woman's hands casually wiped her so intimately. It was horrible, demeaning and obscene yet, in a horribly exciting way, rather thrilling. Then the hands were guiding her back out of the toilet and a new fear caused the perspiration to freeze on her naked body as what could only be a rope noose was placed around her neck and tightened.

"Now get your fat arse up on this and stand up straight!" the voice dripped scorn.

Shivering with fright, Lynne allowed herself to be lifted onto what felt like a rickety chair. As her feet scrabbled for a grip on the wooden seat, the noose was tightened until she was pulled upright at full stretch. Helplessly, her hands clenched and flexed behind her back. The crazy bitch was going to hang her, she was sure. Almost out of her mind with terror, she tried to steel herself for what was to come.

"You see, there is much here that can happen to naughty girls. I leave you for a while now. You will be good won't you?" The interrogator's voice came as if from a distance as Lynne strove desperately to maintain her balance on the chair.

"Please ... please ... don't!" she sobbed pitifully. "Don't hang me, please! I ... I'll do whatever you want, whatever you say, tell you anything but please ... please ... don't hang me!" her plea trailed off as the woman's footsteps faded into the distance.

Time ticked away, Lynne's feet shifting nervously on the creaking chair, the noose ever tightening around her neck as she rocked back and forth. Why, she wondered, didn't they get it over with? Kick the chair away and let her hang! She heard the click of a camera and a deep groan escaped her gasping mouth as she realised that her final, ignominious moments were to be recorded.

Momentarily, she pondered what death would be like. Please God, let it be over quickly, she prayed! She had a vision of her lifeless body swinging from the rope all by itself.

A desperate Lynne heard nothing to announce the return of the female interrogator yet, out of the blue, a hand suddenly caressed her bottom with the confidence of complete possession and a finger again painfully penetrated her virgin anus.

"Oh ... maybe we'll spare your fat arse – at least for now," Miss Pain chuckled.

It was a relief, tinged with some disbelief, when after ten minutes or so of being nearly strangled on the chair, she felt the noose slacken and a woman's strong arms lifted her down. No longer did she care about the hands and fingers taking obscene liberties with her intimate parts. She was just glad to be alive.

It was almost a relief to be taken back to the latticed chair, her legs strapped blatantly wide so that her intimate parts were fully on show. Her momentary feelings of relief were tempered by the knowledge that she was just about as helplessly vulnerable as it was possible for a woman to be. She shivered as black fear suddenly returned. The delicate skin of her inner thighs twitched uncontrollably at the thought of how she was displayed.

"Huuurrgh," Lynne jumped then quickly opened her mouth as a glass of tepid water was held to her quivering lips. Never had anything tasted so marvelous. She tilted her head back obediently to drink her fill.

In that moment, it didn't matter a jot that she was being treated like a child; or that her tormentor's arms were around her bare shoulders, one caressing her bare breast. The water lubricated her parched throat and she drank greedily. Her tongue licked at the glass. Desperately, she wanted more, but didn't dare to ask. None was offered.

"Ooooooh!" she moaned softly as Miss Pain's fingers shamelessly teased her nipples to a hardness beyond that caused by her chill surroundings; making her strain away as far as she could in her bonds. There was no escaping the insistent fingers, though. "Hah ... hah ... aaaaarrrrgh!" she gasped in pain and sudden terror as cold, hard, serrated teeth were brutally clamped onto each of her erect nipples. Her fists clenched and even her toes curled with pain. The touch was horribly intimate, yet extremely painful. It felt almost as if her nipples were being cut off. If only she could see, she thought blindly. The mere fact that she couldn't increased her fears tenfold.

"Wh-what? Ouch, oohh, arghhh!" she yelped as the bitch unexpectedly, cruelly flicked the clamps back and forth, increase yet further the burning pain throbbing through the sensitive buds.

"No talking without permission, Mrs Cameron," sneered the calm voice. "The pain you have experienced up until now, was mild. "What you have on your pretty little nipples now are little clamps wired to the same output as your earrings. Remember, if you address me in response to a question it will be only as 'Miss, Pain', otherwise total silence unless instructed otherwise. Tell me you understand!"

"Yes Miss Pain", Lynne gasped, uncontrollable tears of pain wetting the blindfold. She was learning; she had to!

"You have a reasonable body, I suppose," the voice admitted reluctantly, and a hand began to slap her breasts hard, back and forth, making them bounce obscenely.

Lynne was sick with fear. Breasts are, for most women, their prized assets, things to be proud of, to be caressed gently by a lover. Not this callous and excruciatingly painful slapping which she was unable to avoid.

"Oh please ... pleeeeeease ... don't ... ow ... ooohhh," she moaned pitifully.

It was then that Miss Pain turned on the little electric torture machine. Lynne had never felt such pain. It was almost as if red-hot needles were being pushed deep into her ears and nipples. Quite unable even to scream, back arched and mouth gaping in a hiss of bared-teeth, she finally sagged back into the chair

with a long, sobbing groan as the current was switched off. She gasped with relief, feeling the pain sweat running between her heaving, naked breasts. The interrogator was relentless. "You don't tell me to stop, bitch!" she grated. "I stop when I want to, not you! Now then! Time you answered some questions. I want you to answer truthfully or these poor little nips might very well wither and die." The voice was mocking, fingers at first just stroking her sore throbbing teats, then suddenly pinching them spitefully.

"Now shall we try down here, Mrs Cameron."

"Ayyyyyyyyiiiiiiiieeee! Aaaaarggghhh!" Lynne jerked and writhed as far as she was able in her harsh bindings, unable to avoid the excruciating pain of another saw-toothed electrical clamp on her clitoris. How she longed to close her splayed thighs against the unwanted invasion as a thumb knowingly caressed her clamped clitoris, then pinched it cruelly, sending a spasm of pleasure/pain deep inside her pouting vagina.

Then - unexpectedly - gentleness! Fingers toying tenderly with the soft petals of her sex, brushing away the sweat-sodden strands of her pubic hair as they did so.

The torturer was an expert, knowing exactly what to do to cause the maximum short-term pain coupled with the maximum arousal of her subject. Lynne was slumped in her bonds, sweating, hips pumping uselessly, when the fingernails finally left her intimate place. She could hardly believe her reaction. She imagined she could smell her arousal and blushed with embarrassment, thinking her torturer could do the same.

"You understand now? What I can do to you?"

"Ha ... yes," Lynne groaned, thankful that, for the moment at least, the terrible hands no longer tormented her.

"Aaarghh," she gasped again as several more hard slaps sent the soft orbs of her breasts bouncing.

"You forgot your respect. Do you want me to continue slapping your tits, or shall I try the electrics again?"

"Er, n-no ... please ... M-Miss Pain," Lynne stuttered. Whatever else she absolutely MUST do anything she could to avoid further electric shocks.

"Let me explain," continued the soft, reasonable voice from the darkness, a hand familiarly stroking Lynne's splayed pussy. "You are a career woman, someone who is used to being in control and so it will do you good to experience a total loss of control for a while. It will also, of course, make you more responsive to questioning. I must warn you, though, if you do not respond quickly enough, it is doubtful whether you will leave here alive."

Lynne slumped back in her chair in abject fear, making no complaint as the hands roamed at will over her captive flesh.

"Please, Miss Pain," she whispered, hips moving forward and up as the fingers gently caressed her clamped and swollen clitoris, "I will do anything you want; answer any questions. Please ... please ... don't hurt me anymore!"

An observer to the scene might have seen Lynne's young tormentor, Paula, smile down at her victim's response. The crop-haired interrogator was clad severely in a mid-length, black leather dress that was cut cleverly to emphasise her certainly beautiful, thrusting breasts. Looking down at the captive woman, Paula judged, perhaps not without a little jealousy, that the helpless woman's breasts were larger and perhaps even more beautiful than her own; the more so since they, and the rest of the woman's body, were completely and utterly at the interrogator's mercy.

In complete control of the situation, Paula touched her own mounds over the tight-fitting leather of her dress. Although a few years younger than her victim, she was forced to admit that her body was not as shapely than Lynne's. Despite being bound seated in the frame, there was no sagging of the victim's belly and Paula licked her lips as she recalled the silkiness and firmness of the woman's bottom.

"Please ... oh please ... I ...we ...can pay, just say whatever oh, please ... please ... no!" Argggghhhhh!" Lynne's incoherent pleas dissolved into a screech of agony when a savage, three second jolt of electricity surged through her ears, nipples and clitoris.

Slap! Crack! She additionally received two teeth-rattling slaps across her cheeks, bringing tears of pain trickling from under the blindfold.

"You forgot the respect again." The voice was calm. "I can keep this up longer than you can, you silly bitch. In fact, I can do whatever I fuckin' well want to you and no-one is going to stop me."

Crack! Crack! Two more hard slaps, this time on the soft undersides of Lynne's breasts set the tortored flesh quivering and more tears flowing down her cheeks.

"Now then, you stupid woman, will you try harder? Just a simple answer, mind, no more talking!"

"Hrghh ... ooooooh ... y-yes Miss Pain," Lynne gasped subserviently, a bound and helpless, naked female in the hands of ... oh God ... who knows who! This was a situation totally beyond anything she might possibly have imagined. This crazy woman could hurt her at will and she could do absolutely nothing to defend herself. She trembled and shook helplessly, nipples throbbing agonizingly under the sharp bite of the electrical clamps, yet forced to recognise, unbelievably, that there was something perversely and insidiously arousing about what was happening.

She shook her head weakly in denial, struggling to recall Brian's soft lips and tongue, his knowing hands, how he would hold gently her as she climaxed, gasping and shuddering in his arms. His mouth would fasten over one of her straining breasts, licking and nipping at the swollen teat while his fingers played sensuously between her widespread thighs. Now those thighs were just as widespread, but at the command of this unknown, sadistic girl whose sole purpose seemed to be to inflict pain and humiliation upon her; sensations which, if she were honest with herself, were also arousing extremely strong sexual feelings within her innermost psyche.

Lynne suppressed a groan as scenes of her past life with Brian began to filter through her confused mind. Would she ever again experience his gentle touch on her body? Her body trembled, the large breasts swaying enticingly at the movement. She tried to think. If she answered all the interrogator's questions as honestly as she could, perhaps they would let her go, eventually. After all, she knew nothing about them. What good would it do to kill her? She caught her breath at another possibility that would have been unthinkable just yesterday. What if their plans didn't include letting her go; perhaps they intended keeping her as some sort of sex slave? It was obvious that the woman questioning her was getting off on the sexual side of the interrogation. She braced her shoulders and took a deep breath, unconsciously lifting her pain-filled, swaying breasts once more.

"That was your last chance, Mrs Cameron," Paula said grimly. "From now on you will do exactly what you're told, immediately and without question, or the pain will be worse than anything you could possibly imagine. NOW THEN! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Sweating with terror, Lynne nodded desperately. "Yes, Miss Pain," she answered quickly, her entire body shaking within the confines of her bonds. "Please ... please! No more! No more ... you'll kill me ... please!"

Paula spoke again, this time a little more kindly. "All right then. Now - understand that we are going to train you - train you as a sex slave - and in the process you will suffer much."

Lynne's blindfolded head jerked and shook helplessly at the bald statement confirming her earlier fear. She gave a muted groan from somewhere in the back of her throat.

Paula chuckled. "There, there! You will get through this, just like all the many

others who have passed through our hands. You have no choice!" She reached out a hand to caress the helpless, proudly presented breasts. "Also, there will be some pleasure mixed in with the pain. Something, I am sure you will learn to look forward to." She chuckled. "I have to admit that you are a prime piece of slave meat, Mrs Cameron; even though you're a little older than most who have come through here." She chuckled grimly. "Don't worry! We are experts at this. There is always somebody willing to pay well for a well-brought-up, attractive and sophisticated English sex slave like yourself."

Lynne moaned again, perhaps not her worst, though certainly her second fear confirmed.

Paula blithely continued as if this was just a normal conversation between equals. "Don't be too frightened, slave! There will be times when I will be very nice to you. This will depend, of course, on how obedient and attentive you are." Lynne relaxed a little as the hands continued to tease and fondle her throbbing nipples, conflicting emotions flooding through her helplessly presented body. Like most women, she was proud of her breasts but right now she almost wished they would disappear. Until today she had always thought herself to be totally heterosexual; yet she couldn't deny the onset of a forbidden, yet powerful, sexual arousal as the soft, knowing hands gently weighed and stroked her smooth flesh.

"There, there!" whispered Paula in her ear. "Enough pain for the moment. Let's take these off, shall we?"

Lynne let out a long sigh of relief as the electrical clamps were removed from her nipples, then tensed again as the woman's fingers stroked and rubbed gently at the bruised and hugely swollen teats. Her mind screamed at her to shrink away from the touch, but her bonds permitted only a very slight movement.

Lynne was breathing yet more deeply now, her arousal growing stronger and stronger as the sexual titillation continued. Forbidden to speak; she simply had to endure. She couldn't prevent a throaty gasp escaping her throat when the woman's mouth fastened over her sore nipples, teeth gently nipping at the sensitive, swollen flesh.

She suppressed a heartfelt moan, her hips now moving helplessly as much as her bonds would permit. It was as if the bondage and enforced nakedness was adding to the blatant sexuality of the scene. No, her mind screamed. This isn't right! It can't be right!

"Such nice boobs, I expect your husband likes to feel them, and you like it too I wager," the soft voice whispered. "You do understand the lesson now, don't you? Disobedience brings pain! Obedience and compliance brings pleasure! You'll be a good girl now, I trust? No speaking! A nod will do."

Lynne was in a state of shock at her body's betrayal. It was almost as if her unseen interrogator was reading her thoughts. The excitement mixed with a feeling of shame continued to build, as the so-knowledgeable fingers, lips, tongue and teeth continued to tease and caress her erogenous zones unmercifully.

She gurgled protestingly in the back of her throat, at the same time thrusting out her breasts for more of the tormenting attention.

"Hah, please ... nooo," Lynne wailed pitifully when, after nodding the affirmative, the awful, agonizing clamps were once more fixed in place. The pain was twice as bad after her brief respite.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. More pain now! It will help you to learn," Paula said emotionlessly.

The clamps clung like vicious imps to Lynne's swollen nipples, the electrical wires leading down to the controller now resting in Paula's hand. The captive's forcibly spread thighs framed the pink, shiny wet feast presented so beautifully between them in its pretty, furry nest.

Paula smiled cruelly and gave a gentle tug at the wire leading to Lynne's clit

clamp. This particular western sophisticate was someone she would take a great deal of pleasure in breaking. "OK then! Begin by giving me your full name, age, address, telephone number, date of birth, details of your job and your current duties! I want to know the details of your finances, your husband's, your family's – everything!"

"Please, Miss Pain, it hurts ... it hurts! I'm so confused," Lynne gasped panting, head questing into the darkness. "Who are you? Why are you doing this? I'm so tired, I can't think. I need to sleep and ...!"

"Haaaarghhhhhhhh!" Lynne's ears, nipples and clitoris all exploded simultaneously into pulverising pain. The tortured girl's mouth opened in a soundless agonized scream and she jerked writhed uselessly in her bonds. It was several seconds before the pain ceased and she was allowed to slump back, whimpering with pain and terror, into the chair.

"You stupid fuckin' woman," Paula said coldly. "How many times must I tell you? You will ask NO questions! You will answer my questions and obey my orders to the letter; that's all! Disobedience brings much pain!"

"Eeeeeeeeyaaaaaah!" Lynne screamed full-bloodedly as the pain hit her tortured parts again, not quite so vicious as the previous jolt; but still bad enough that, even though she had recently emptied her bladder, a trickle of urine ran from between her thighs to soil the seat of the chair.

Paula leaned forward to investigate the wet cleft with one finger and chuckled throatily. "OK, now we can continue," she said. "You will answer every question fully and completely!" There was a rustle of paper. "We already have a dossier on you, so don't even think about holding anything back!" She gave another chuckle. "By the way, I've just increased the setting on the clamps and rings. You'll be virtually frizzled if you annoy me again."

On and on went the questions, answered desperately by Lynne until they were interrupted by what she thought were male footsteps, coming closer and stopping close by. The naked captive licked her dry lips nervously, sorely embarrassed that anyone else, let alone a man, might see her like this.

"She co-operating?"

Lynne flinched at the sound of the male voice. There was a trace of an accent in it, possibly German she thought. She tugged uselessly at the tight straps holding her legs so blatantly wide, knowing he could see every intimate part of her. Her face grew hot with shame and fear.

"She's had her moments, like they all do, but she is learning," Paula replied with a smile. "We'll turn her inside out before long."

The man laughed harshly. "Yes, I can almost see inside her now." A real English Rose; a beauty, yes?"

"Hah," Lynne gasped as a hot, sweaty and definitely male hand playfully slapped her splayed inner thighs, the blow landing fractionally away from her exposed vulva. She jerked uselessly at her bindings as one finger slid along the length of her pussy lips before curling slightly inside to scratch at her still swollen, clamped clitoris. It was awful; she felt so dirty.

"Please ... no! Aaaaaaargh!" She bit her lip and felt the salty taste of blood running on her chin as agonizing, terrible pain once more assaulted her for a microsecond. Her thigh muscles knotted in a useless attempt to close her legs. As soon as the current ceased to flow, the finger began exploring the wetness of her slot, even slipping a little further underneath to pry open and slip inside the tight brown ring of her anus. Lynne groaned, humiliated beyond belief. It was impossible to move, she was much too securely strapped to the chair. She whimpered in total embarrassment as the finger prodded and probed, terrified of what might come next.

Then, suddenly, the finger was gone.

"Press on!" said the male voice calmly. "You've got a while to go yet on this first session."

Lynne allowed herself to relax slightly at the sound of the man's footsteps

receding; relax, that is, until the questioning began again.

Tears rolling down her cheeks, shoulders shaking with silent sobs, Lynne tried to force her tired, aching brain to answer her interrogator's questions. Holding back or delaying were not options. A dozen men could come into the room, she would have no way of knowing. She could be tortured, violated, killed and thrown away as easily as tossing aside a rag doll. She assumed, though she wasn't absolutely sure, that she was being interrogated on behalf of the Arabs. She didn't care; all sense of loyalty to the Foreign Office taking a back seat to the threat of more electric torture. Honesty must, MUST, come first. Anything to avoid more of the terrible pain to her ears and nipples.

Top

profile

Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:06 pm

offline

CHAPTER 2



Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012
3:50 pm

Posts: 925

User posts
User topics

In London the following morning, Brian Cameron woke up in bed with a start. It was late and he had overslept. What was more, his wife, Lynne, was not beside him in their bed.

Brian had a moment of worry; then recalled that Lynne had told him that the negotiations with the Arab legation had reached some kind of an impasse and that she'd probably be late in. Of course, it wouldn't be the first time she'd stayed in London after working late. He decided to ring her at her office later if she didn't contact him first.

Lunchtime came and went without word and he began to feel alternately angry and then worried. He was just about to pick up the telephone when there was a knock at the door. He opened it to see a young, sexy blonde girl smiling at him. "Sorry to trouble you," she said sweetly. "I wonder if you might contribute to our charity? We assist political prisoners and other oppressed peoples?"

Brian looked at the girl appreciatively. She was dressed simply yet obviously expensively in high-heeled pumps, a short skirt which did nothing to hide the length and beauty of her legs and a silk blouse which slid voluptuously over her obviously unfettered breasts. She held a clip-board and had a leather bag lung casually across one shoulder.

"No, I'm sorry!" Despite the girl's obvious attractiveness, Brian was in no mood for such matters. He began to shut the door, but she blocked it with her foot. "Please sir," she said quietly. "I think you might know one of the subjects in question ... er ... might even have a special interest in her?"

"What?" Brian's impatience dissipated to be replaced by a sick feeling in his stomach when the girl slid a large coloured photo into view on her clipboard. The photo was of a naked woman tightly bound to a chair. His stomach lurched. Despite the blindfold, he immediately recognised the captive. It was definitely Lynne! He saw the wires leading from a small black control box to large metal rings inserted in her ears and also to the sharp-toothed clamps on her terribly swollen nipples; making it quite clear that she either had been, or was about to, suffer electrical torture. He looked closer and paled as he saw the single cable snaking between her splayed thighs to clamp so agonisingly on her red and swollen clitoris. "What the Hell?" he stuttered.

"Well, if you're not interested ...!" The girl slid the photo back out of sight and turned to leave.

"Wait! Wait! What's this all about? I don't understand." Brian's brain was racing in an effort to make sense of this. Was this some kind of weird practical joke by one of Lynne's friends.

The blonde smiled. "All right, if the photo is of interest and you want to talk

about it, perhaps I can come in? If not we can both just forget ...!"

"No, no ... please ... c-come in!" Brian's voice was suddenly weak. Gamedly he attempted to smile in case it was, after all, some kind of joke. He peered down the outside corridor, praying for Lynne to emerge from around the corner with a wicked grin on her face. Deep down, however, he knew that this was no joke; something unpleasant had really happened to her.

"Nice house, Mr Cameron," the girl said calmly once Brian had shown her into the lounge.

Brian lost his cool and exploded with sudden anger. "OK! What the hell is going on here?" he demanded. "Show me that photo again! What have you done with my wife? It looks like she's being tortured."

The girl retained her calm. "Please understand," she said reasonably, "I'm just a messenger. The people who matter, the people who are ... ah ... shall we say ... 'looking after' your wife, are waiting and watching to study your reactions." She indicated a large brooch on her lapel with a careless gesture. "This is a camera and microphone showing them exactly what is happening here. If anything happens to me, or there is any unpleasantness of any kind, rest assured you will never see your big-titted wife again. OK?" she added coolly, almost as if she was explaining some kind of insurance document to a customer.

"Is ... is this some kind of joke?" Brian desperately tried to will the pretty girl to burst out giggling and agree that it really was; but she remained silent. "Who are you?" he asked desperately. "What are you doing to Lynne?"

The girl again slid the photograph onto her clipboard and Brian's anger was swiftly replaced by fear at the sight of his wife tied so helplessly and provocatively.

"I'm not allowed to say who I represent, or where your wife is right now, except that, although she is in no real danger at the moment, she really isn't enjoying herself very much." The blonde grinned widely. "I think it might be safe to say that she desperately wants you to co-operate." The girl leaned forward earnestly. "She will be allowed no food or drink until you give that assurance. Also, take it from me, the people who sent me are really not very nice." She chuckled again. "Your wife has quite a nice body, Mr Cameron. She hasn't been violated, or even very badly hurt, yet; but if you don't co-operate this could very quickly change. "Look, just ... just ... what is it you want?" Brian tried. "What if I call the police?" "Hmm, so many questions." The girl's tone was mocking. "I wouldn't think along those lines if I were you. Remember that those who matter can see and hear you right now. What they want, what you have to do to earn her release, you'll find out later. The message for today is that you tell no one, no one at all about this. As far as anyone else is concerned, even her work colleagues, your wife is sick, or gone to visit a sick relative, whatever you like."

"Visit a sick ...? She works for the Foreign Office? She's in the middle of some quite important negotiations. Her superiors will ... !"

"Hmmm ... I doubt they'll bother," the girl interrupted, "but if they do, just tell them something that'll satisfy them for a few days!" She lifted a warning finger and wagged it in his face. "Now don't be silly about this!" she said seriously. "At the first sign of breaking the 'rules' you will sign your wife's death warrant." She was quite matter of fact. "Look at these!" she demanded, producing more of the large colour photographs.

"Oh, God!" Brian was lost for words at the sight of his lovely Lynne, still naked and blindfolded, standing precariously on a chair with wrists cuffed behind her. A noose was tight around her neck, forcing her to stand straight, almost on tiptoe. The rigid posture of her body tore at his heart. It was obvious what would happen if that chair toppled. To one side of her in the photo stood a masked figure with a foot raised as if to kick away the chair, while at the same time mockingly caressing the enticing curve of Lynne's bare bottom.

"I'll kill you ... them! If anything, if ... if anything ...! Oh, God! Please don't let anything!" Brian's fists were clenched in impotent fury, his emotions surging

between anger, fear and frustration as he continued to stare at the photograph. "Her fate really is in your hands at the moment, I'm afraid," the girl said coolly. "As soon as we are sure of your co-operation, she will be allowed down from the chair and given some food and drink."

"You ... you mean ... she's standing like that right now? Oh, you bastards. All right ... all right! Anything, I'll do anything you want but... but ... if anything happens to her ... !"

"Please, don't say anything that you or your wife might regret, Mr Cameron!" the girl almost purred. "I can tell you this. As soon as I report back safely, she can come down from the chair."

"But-but people will ask where she ..."

"I'm sure you'll think of something," the blonde interrupted. "Feeling ill, gone away for a break or recuperation, too much pressure at work - whatever! There, I'm doing your thinking for you." The girl smiled sweetly, the white, even teeth contrasting with her beautifully sun-bronzed features. "Please, Mr Cameron, it would be such a pity if you didn't take this seriously." She held his frightened gaze with a stern look of her own.

"OK! OK! Just don't hurt her! Please, get her down from that bloody chair! I'm co-operating ... OK?" He almost spat the words in sheer desperation.

The blonde nodded as if satisfied. "Good, that's wise. Even so, I'm afraid I'll need a practical demonstration of your good intentions."

"What ... what do you want?"

She tipped some leather items onto the floor from her shoulder bag. "My colleagues want you to undress and put on this collar so I can photograph you," she said quite calmly

"What! You cannot be ... "

The blonde shook her head. "Remember, my colleagues are watching this!" she said tartly. "I hope you can live with the consequences if you don't do as I say."

"Wait!" Brian almost screamed in desperation as she made to leave. Desperately, he grabbed her arm.

"Let go of me, you worm, right now!" the girl snarled. "It's your choice and I can tell you right now that I don't give a shit whether she lives or dies."

"No, no, no! OK, whatever! I'll-I'll do it! I'll do it!" he groveled, immediately releasing his grip on her arm. "Please, don't hurt her, I beg you! I'll do it - I'll do it." Frantically he began tugging at his clothes.

Within a few minutes, the scene was set to the girl's satisfaction. If half an hour ago anyone had suggested to Brian that he'd be crawling round his own house on hands and knees, stark naked except for a leather slave collar and a lead held by a sexy young woman, he'd have laughed at them. Yet it was happening! Worse, it was being recorded on a small video camera which would show him spread-eagled face down on the carpet with the girl lashing him with his own belt until his bottom stung and throbbed like hell. To his shame, he couldn't prevent himself from partially losing control of his bladder and wetting the carpet.

Aware that they had probably already done similar things to poor Lynne, he endured the humiliation as best he could, urged on by more savage lashes from the belt-wielding, dominating blonde. His scarlet wealed bottom throbbing under the attack, he crawled desperately around the room on knees that were very soon sore from friction burns with the carpet.

Then it was into the bedroom where he was swiftly spread-eagled on the bed, hands and feet tied to opposite corners so tightly that they almost immediately began to turn an unhealthy-looking, bluish colour. He wriggled as far as his bonds would allow as cool hands first teased his manhood, then tensed as a tight-fitting metal ring was carefully maneuvered around his testicles. Slowly, painfully then, his slack penis was drawn through the ring until it rested tightly around the base.

"There we are," breathed the blonde, casually masturbating him until his

throbbing penis was achingly at full erection. The pain and humiliation was awful, yet a strange excitement was already building in his loins, making sure his cock remained at its full, agonizing stretch.

Satisfied at last, Paula took her hand away, hitched up her short skirt and crawled up over her trembling victim's spread-eagled body.

Brian's opened his eyes to see a beautifully bare, shaven pussy descending towards his open, gasping mouth.

"Right then!" demanded the blonde, sealing the gaping mouth with her already wet love entrance, "get that fuckin' tongue of yours working!" She reached behind to take each of his nipples between finger and thumb, squeezing and pulling at the same time and bringing a muffled scream from between her thighs. "If I don't 'come' in the next five minutes, I'll pull these right off!" Enthusiastically, Brian set about his task, licking, nibbling and sucking away like crazy between the silky, imprisoning thighs of his beautiful conqueror. For long minutes he labored, alternating between threatened suffocation and grabbing deep lungfuls of air into his tortured lungs. His steel-imprisoned cock throbbed and swayed and he began to lose all sense of time and reality. His nipples ached and throbbed as the girl continued to pinch and pull as the fancy took her. All his mind could focus on was the sweet-smelling, slightly salty-tasting cunt and flinty-hard clitoris he was worshipping with his tongue.

Just within the stipulated five minute timeline, the blonde suddenly shuddered violently, grinding her depilated mound into his face and mouth, then pulled back to collapse limply on top of her spread-eagled captive. Brian saw one bare breast revealed by the opened, silky blouse close to his face and lifted his face up slightly to take a soft nipple into his mouth.

For a few minutes the blonde lay limply on top of him, recovering her breath and composing herself. "Good boy!" she breathed eventually, sitting up and sliding down yet further until his still painfully erect, ringed cock slid helplessly into the wet, hot depths of her cunt. "Now get fucking!" she said with a merciless grin. "I want at least one more 'come' before this is over!"

Wincing as the steel confining his cock and balls bit deeper with every thrust, Brian tried desperately to obey, lifting his haunches as much as he was able to plumb the very depths of his tormentor's sex slot. It took long minutes and he felt as if his penis was being rubbed raw but, suddenly, he became aware that the shuddering girl on top of him was jerking more and more urgently, quite obviously on the brink of orgasm.

"Aaaaaaaaarrrrgh!" he screamed as Paula reached back to viciously squeeze his sperm-swollen balls.

"Faster ... faster! Oh, you fuckin' prick!" she jerked out throatily. "Get it up into me! Get it up now! Come on! Aaaaah!" I'm coming. I'm coming!"

For one long breathless, hazy moment, Brian felt his cock being pumped and squeezed almost as if it had been inserted in a vacuum cleaner. He'd been so close to 'coming' himself, yet it was obviously not to be.

Almost casually Paula slid herself off from his still upstanding, throbbing member. "Well, I'll admit that wasn't too bad for a first time," she purred, stroking the swaying, swollen, blood red penis with one hand while the other slid under her captive's rump to insert one long, manicured finger into his rectum.

"Unnnngh!" croaked Brian as the finger was pushed deliberately into his, until then, virgin orifice to crook and scratch painfully at the inner walls of his anus.

"Like that, do you?" grinned Paula, pumping away at the captive cock as her long finger explored the humid depths of his quaking arse.

Brian felt himself 'coming', the sensation of the finger teasing his prostate finally driving him over the edge as Paula's other hand pumped away painfully at his red-raw cock. "Yes ... yes ... yessssss!" he hissed, great white gobs of viscous 'come' exploding out from his cock to land as far up as his chest and chin.

"Well, what do you say then?" demanded Paula, daintily withdrawing her finger and offering it to his slack and gaping mouth.

"I ... er ... thank you," Brian gasped, opening wide to accept the finger into his mouth, licking and cleaning it like a man possessed. Paula scowled and withdrew the by now spotless digit. "Thank you what? she demanded, squeezing viciously at the man-root still in her hand. Brian was puzzled. "Er ... I don't ... Urrrrrgh ... understand," he stuttered. "MISTRESS!" Paula said sharply. "MISTRESS, you dolt. From now on, that is what you call me. Understand?" She accompanied the words with another vicious squeeze, this time to his defenseless balls.

" Urrrrrgh! Urrrrrgh! "Yes ... oh ... yes ... Mistress," he gasped, "th ... thank you, Mistress."

With a satisfied smile, Paula smoothed down her skirt and bent to untie her still gasping victim. "OK! Get dressed!" she ordered brusquely. Brian obeyed hastily, pleased that his ordeal was over; but wincing as his trousers slid up over his still-ringed and swollen penis and the other various sore and throbbing bits of his body. He felt degraded and humiliated, totally under the mastery of the gorgeous young woman who had just, so forcibly, conquered and violated him.

"That first demonstration may be enough," Paula decreed with a mysterious smile. "You will, of course, keep the ring on your prick and balls for the present. It should remind you to cooperate. Don't worry! I'll be in touch soon."

"Look, look, you-you can't just" he stood lost for words, feeling ridiculous as he replaced his shoes and socks, striving for a return of normality, but as yet unwilling to let the link with his wife leave. "All right! All right - I'll do whatever they want. I'll keep it on if that's what you want. Just let Lynne go, please!" he wailed desperately.

"Now you look!" she almost spat. "Understand that we can do anything we fuckin' well like ... to you and your precious fuckin' wife! If you ever want to see her again alive, just do exactly as you are told!" Paula grinned widely. "You certainly wouldn't want the photographs of your wife and the film of our little exhibition session just now becoming public would you?"

He wilted and reddened at the memory, yet persisted. "But-but I need to know that she'll be OK and you'll not I need to know what you want; what I must do to get her ..." Brian was becoming more and more desperate. "They won't ... won't ...?"

"What ... fuck her?" the girl's voice was calm and very assured. "Why not? I suppose she's not bad looking for her age."

"Oh God!" Brian's voice broke. He was nearly in tears. "Please ... you can't ... please ... she's my wife. I love her. Please ... please!"

The girl nodded sympathetically. "All right, all right! For the moment I'd advise you to think about other things; prepare yourself mentally to do everything you're told. A little fucking won't kill her; but my colleagues certainly will, if you don't comply."

"What ... what can I do?" he wailed.

"Well, for a start you can think about money! You'll need to lay hands on a considerable sum at fairly short notice. Don't worry! It won't be enough to bankrupt you. I'd guess just a few million."

"What! But it's all tied up in ..."

The blonde interrupted him with a scowl. "Yes ... well ... your lovely fucking wife is all tied up too, but I'm sure she won't be interested in the details of how you get it; just that you supply it when you're told. Also, it would be helpful to have Lynne's sister here in a day or two because we might need to talk to her."

"Abigail! Why? She got a mind of her own. She won't just ...!"

"Your problem, I'm afraid Mr Cameron." The girl smiled and drew the side of her hand across her throat as if it was a knife.. "I'm sure you can arrange it if you stress that it's for Lynne's sake and that her sister is depending on it. Remember that she is not to tell a living soul about what is going on. Your wife's life depends on it. If you like, show her this!" The girl handed Brian another photo;

this one of a naked Lynne arched and rigid in the torture chair, straining against her bonds as the little control box was thumbed by an anonymous hand.

"Oh my God," mumbled Brian, his face ashen.

The blonde chuckled, producing a tiny white pair of knickers and matching bra from her bag. "Oh, and you may as well keep these," she smirked. "Your wife won't be using them whilst she's a guest of my colleagues. They think she looks very ... ah ... fetching without them."

"Please, please don't let anyone ...!" Brian's voice tailed off hopelessly, guessing quite rightly that the girl enjoyed him groveling. He clutched desperately at Lynne's tiny intimate garments. They were currently his only link to her.

The blonde shook her head disparagingly. "I can't do anything," she hissed.

"Don't you understand? It's my colleagues who call the tune, not me. Just do as you're told. It's your only way out of this!"

Brian was absolutely crushed at the thought of Lynne's lovely body being despoiled by a bunch of thugs. He had bought the bra and panties for her just a couple of months ago; a Valentine's day present and just holding them in his hand he could smell her musky perfume on the skimpy garments. Inside he desperately wanted to kill someone, yet he knew he just HAD to play this girl's game if he was ever to see her again.

"In return for the undies, " the blonde continued, "I'll take some of her perfume and make-up with me. I expect she'll want to look her best despite everything."

She chuckled evilly. "At least she'll be able to wear something, even if it's not clothes." The girl's demeanor was mocking as she flounced into their bedroom, Brian helplessly trailing to watch her place some of Lynne's cosmetics in her bag.

"Someone will be in touch," she continued smoothly, "but it is very important to remember that if you tell even one living soul, you'll never see your wife again.

Just act naturally! Do all the things you normally do." She smiled broadly and

zipped up her bag. "Goodbye for now. I'll be in touch." With that she strode out, through the living room and out of the door with Brian staring bleakly and helplessly after her.

Later, drinking a whisky with the glass held in shaking hands, he looked at the shameful photo and the tiny scraps of white satin. Never in his whole life had he felt so guilty and so helpless.

Top

» profile

Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:07 pm

offline



Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

User posts
User topics

CHAPTER 3

For several more hours after the man had briefly entered Lynne's world of pain and humiliation, the girl's relentless questioning had continued. Her brain had throbbed with the effort of recounting every facet of her work, finances, home and social life. Her interrogator had wanted so much and yet so little of seemed to be of relevance. True they had homed in on the negotiations with the Arabs and she had no choice but tell them everything. Were the Arabs responsible for her predicament? It seemed a likely bet and they would now know that she had divined their subterfuge. Logically, they wouldn't now be able to just let her go. Would they kill her, or maybe just ship her off to some far-away desert Kingdom where they could do as they liked with her? Yet the questions had also strayed into many other areas. Maybe it wasn't the Arabs, after all. She had held nothing back, but even so the rings in her ears and nipples had exploded into pain several times when she had been the least hesitant or obtuse.

Strangely, the woman had scarcely shown any interest when Lynne had obediently provided full details of the negotiations. Paula had probed for a while,

easily extracting her captive's knowledge of the Arab's plotting with only a few brief bursts of pain from the terrible electrodes. She had then just continued relentlessly, demanding the details of every seemingly unimportant aspect of the English woman's life.

She had made her recount intimate details of her girlhood sexual experimentation. Lynne assumed they did this to unsettle her; drag up her past life and then slip in the occasional important question. It didn't matter, in mortal fear of her captors, she held absolutely nothing back.

Desperately she dredged up teenage memories for them of her first sex games with a younger boy cousin. It was the boy's suggestion that he should take the part of a noble Roman and she that of his slave.

At the boy's insistence, she had undressed before him, fetched him pails of water, fed him sandwiches, then sat on his lap whilst his hands excitingly explored her naked body. It had gone no further than that, yet she could still recall that so exciting, secret and hidden thrill of having no free will and being naked for him just because he willed it so.

"You enjoyed it, didn't you? Come on, admit it bitch!" the woman's voice had spat as the electrodes scorched her most sensitive flesh.

"Yes ... yes ... oh, please ... please ... no more ... please. Yes ... yes ... I did ... I did, Miss Pain," she sobbed, confessing all in an attempt to avoid more agony. The girlhood memories couldn't have been more different from what was happening to her now. Her current loss of control was absolute. It was all part of the unraveling of her will.

Time became meaningless, marked only by questions; her weary answers bringing yet more agony whenever she attempted to think properly or evade. Then, abruptly, it was over. The flow of questions had stopped and that the bonds holding her had been slackened and released.

"Don't move until I tell you! Remain perfectly still!" the woman had commanded.

"Any funny business and your tits and ears will be burning!" Compliantly, Lynne had continued to sit unmoving as the hands removed the hateful clamps from her agonized and swollen nipples and clitoris. Then her wrists were once more cuffed behind her. Terrified and exhausted, she had been taken through several doors and down a flight of metal steps until she heard a heavy sounding door being unlocked and pushed open. A heavy hand pushed her inside.

"When I remove your cuffs you will lean against the wall, legs and arms spread wide! When I leave your cell, you may remove your blindfold. Remember, your pretty earrings stay on and will get a little hot if you don't be a good girl and do as you're told. You'll find a tap and a bucket in the corner. When I've gone, I suggest you get some sleep!" The voice was cool, uncaring.

Bricks were rough against Lynne's back and buttocks as she assumed the spread position with her feet shuffled outwards to about a foot or so from the wall.

"Get those fuckin' legs further apart! Come on! Do it! I've seen it all before. Keep 'em straight! Not a fuckin' move."

Shivering with renewed fear, Lynne strained to obey, parting her legs as far as she could to achieve the required, blatant pose. She jumped as the door crashed noisily shut, followed by the ominous sound of a large bolt sliding into place.

Finally, from outside the door, came the curt permission to remove her blindfold. The sound of receding footsteps told her that the interrogator, whoever she was, had gone. She was alone.

Tentatively, Lynne tugged off the band of rubber covering her eyes, squinting and blinking for several minutes at the sudden surge of light after so long in darkness. It was the first time they had allowed her to see since her imprisonment. It frightened her that they could so easily take away her sight and induce such terror to complement her nudity and bondage.

The reality of her situation was no better than her imagination. She was in a tiny, windowless cell, the main feature of which, besides the tap and bucket, was a small iron cot with a dingy mattress and a pair of thin, grubby, striped

pyjamas on top. A single, dim, light bulb provided what illumination there was. Shivering, she gratefully tugged on the pyjamas. The top was torn, with no buttons, and the trousers were too small. Even so, the garments provided a covering of sorts, even if of more psychological benefit than real. Yet she really was thankful. At least she now had a little privacy. After drinking from the tap to slake her thirst she relieved herself noisily in the bucket.

Cold and trembling, Lynne curled up foetus-like on the small cot. In truth she had no idea of when she had arrived or how long she had been confined in this terrible place. Her only hope was that they would quickly find out whatever they wanted to know and let her go. Either that or maybe Brian would somehow be able to find her and do something to help. Shivering, she tried desperately to marshal her thoughts.

The electrode earrings tugged painfully against the rough pillow, a reminder of her servitude. Tentatively she fingered them but did not dare to put to the test the threat of them exploding into hideous life if she tried to remove them. Tears welled from her eyes and she curled herself up into a ball, sobbing pitifully and shivering, wondering what would become of her now.

She must remember to change the sheets and swap the quilt for a thicker one, Lynne thought dreamily. She was cold. Casually she rolled over to Brian's side of the bed for a warming snuggle, only to bang her thigh against the side of the bed before she had half-turned. She tried to figure out why the bed was so small and where she was?

"Get that fuckin' blindfold on again! Pyjamas off! Spread yourself wide against the wall like before and wait while I push your food in!" The woman's sharp voice roused Lynne fully from her sleep. Awful reality came crashing back and she rubbed sleep from her eyes as she stumbled from the cot, not knowing how much sleep she had or how much time had passed.

Trying to quell the tears that threatened to engulf her, she obediently removed the torn pyjamas, pulled on the blindfold and leaned back against the wall. Overwhelming feelings of terror and shame flooded her mind as she once again presented herself as required, nude and shivering in the chill air. Although the garments were wretched and torn, they had at least provided her with some covering. Unbidden, a sudden thought rose from her subconscious. Surely these people wouldn't bother with such rituals as she had been subjected to if they just wanted to kill her?.

"All right! Blindfold off!" The instructions were shouted through the hatch on the cell door. "Put the pyjamas back on and, after you've eaten, wash yourself and try to look presentable! You've got half an hour."

Obediently, Lynne pulled off the blindfold and struggled back into the pyjamas. She looked at the tray and couldn't prevent a little gasp of surprise escaping her lips. Her favourite make-up and perfume sat smugly on the plastic tray together with her breakfast.

"How ... how ... did you get ...?" she stuttered.

"Shut it!" the woman's wrathful voice interrupted from the other side of the door. "You don't speak or ask anything, remember? Prisoners must always look their best, even a slut like you."

The meal was a frugal affair consisting of a bowl of almost tasteless bran flakes and a thick slice of dark brown bread. Not much, admittedly,, but it was something in her stomach. She ate quickly, suddenly realising how hungry she was. The water from the tap was cold but she washed herself thoroughly all over, then dried herself using the torn pyjama top.

Applying her make-up as best she could with her small hand mirror, she puzzled as to how they had managed to get her things? Had they just broken in to the house? She had been forced to tell them so many personal details. Was Brian OK? Could he be somehow involved? Quickly she shut down the thought. The bastards wanted her to imagine, guess, conjecture; they wanted her to be

uncertain of everything. She would try not to play their game, try to keep her sanity.

All too soon the footsteps and voice returned. "Time we got to know each other again," the woman's voice was sarcastic. "Strip! Back against the wall again! Blindfold on! Arms and legs wide!" The commands were staccato, insistent. It was, Lynne realised, much worse to be allowed to dress, no matter how skimpily, then to have to strip down again at the whim of her captors.

Obediently splayed wide against the wall, she tensed as she heard the cell door open, immediately conscious of the goose bumps forming on her bare flesh.

Slap!

"Haah," Lynne jumped as a non-too-gentle hand slapped her breasts. Somehow she resisted the urge to move from the wall and remained leaning on quivering outstretched arms.

"That was for asking questions when you woke. You learn not to speak, or those flabby tits and fat arse will suffer!"

Although the description was a blatant lie, it had the desired effect of demolishing Lynne's now fragile self-confidence still further. She hated the fact that she was totally exposed to any and all of her captors, no matter who chose to inspect her.

Naked, blindfolded and bound, still shivering with fear and cold, she was led back upstairs and once again strapped into the large wooden chair with her legs splayed just as shamefully wide apart as before. Instinctively she tugged at her bonds, but they were just as unyielding as before, biting deeper into the sensitive flesh of her thighs and arms whenever she attempted to move an inch. "Ow," she gasped as the horrid clamps were replaced on her nipples and clitoris, sending the familiar hot pain lancing into her – even before the current was switched on.

More hours passed and she gave the woman more and more information about her life, going into precise detail in all the areas they demanded. She had no way of knowing where the questions were leading and thus no way of holding back or evading – even had she dared. In any case, the scorching pain through her ears, nipples and clit thoroughly precluded any such action.

Then the woman left her alone.

Her heart started hammering even faster. She had heard a man's voice and the sound of something on wheels coming towards her. The sound of heavy, unfamiliar footsteps made her long to cover herself, close her legs and place her hands over her quivering breasts; but her bindings made it impossible to do little more than squirm enticingly. She couldn't even see who it was or how many there were. The terrors of the unknown increased her fear tenfold.

"Hello Mrs Cameron. How nice to meet you again." The male voice from yesterday addressed her in soft, Germanic tones like an obscene caress. "Is everything all right? Are you well?"

"Please, I don't know what you want? I've done nothing. Please let me go," she croaked, wishing she wasn't so vulnerably exposed. She shivered in real fear at the realisation that this unknown and unseen man could do absolutely anything he wanted to her. "Huh ... huh!" She jumped the small extent allowed by her bonds when a warm moist hand caressed her outthrust breasts.

"Hmm, I like your tits," his voice said coolly. The shameful words seemed to flow all over and into her, just as his hot, sticky hands smoothed over her melon-like breasts, rubbing the clamped nipples to a treacherous hardness.

"Please," she whimpered, but he ignored the weak protest. Her body was as taut as a drum with tension, her chest while he continued to fondle her boobs. How she longed to tear the hands away, to run away from this place. But she couldn't.

"We are going to get to know each other rather well, my dear," the voice crooned softly. "You'll have no secrets from me at all."

Lynne shuddered as confident fingers explored the fluttering velvet of her inner

thighs, tickling the fringe of her downy cunt hair and lips. Despite the clamp on her clit, she felt her vagina moistening itself.

"Please ... don't do that!" she moaned, "I'll tell you anything, just ... please ... don't touch me there!" she begged pitifully.

"Nice furry little lips waiting for me." The tone of the man's voice was proprietorial, masterful.

"Huh ... huh ... huh!" She wriggled uselessly against her bindings as the fingers slid easily into her damp vagina. They prodded and probed intimately, filling and stretching her disgustingly, deeper and deeper.

"Hmm, so juicy, so soft, so hot." Thankfully, she felt the fingers withdraw, only to explore her puckered little elasticised ring of her anus. "Hmmm! You feel nice and tight. Are you a virgin here?"

Lynne shook her head wildly. "Please sir, don't!" she begged. "No one has ever done that to me!" It was an unnatural touch that she hated. Being rather conventional and conservative in bed she'd always pushed Brian's drunken explorations in that area aside. Now the choice wasn't hers to make. The man's finger stretched her horribly, making her feel sick. Then, suddenly, he left her. She heard the sound of his footsteps the wheels receding and felt almost grateful to be tied as she was in the chair, at least almost inaccessible to a conventional violation whilst in that position.

"Time for refreshment," the female interrogator announced just as the delicious smell of hot food reached Lynne's nose. She raised her head hopefully, suddenly realising just how hungry she was.

"Ugh ... ugh," she gasped when a rubbery teat was pushed hard against her mouth.

"You don't think you're allowed to eat our food do you, bitch?" her tormentor laughed. "A bottle of milk through a teat will do for you. Just suck - and I want it all gone in one minute or your ears and tits will frazzle."

Again they were treating her as if she were a child. While the woman ate her own, delicious smelling dinner, she held the bottle to Lynne's mouth. The milk was cold and bland compared to the lovely smell of cooked food so close to her. Tears welled from her eyes. It was so cruel to deny her proper food whilst her interrogator ate normally. She knew she was merely a pawn in the hands of these people and wondered what an unbiased observer might have made of the scene. A naked, blindfolded, fully-grown woman tied to a chair, desperately sucking to empty a baby's bottle held by another woman who was enjoying a hot meal. All Lynne knew was that she must comply or suffer. Gasping, milk trickling down her chin, she managed to finish within the minute stipulated. Then came the repeated shame of being led bound and blindfold to the lavatory to perform while enduring the sarcastic, so humiliating comments of the woman as she did so.

"Let it go baby! Let it all go! There's a good girl!" Satisfied at last, the woman once more wiped her clean. All too soon Lynne was strapped securely back in the chair, belly rumbling and shivering with cold. She heard the sound of several more sets of footsteps drawing closer and her heart raced with panic.

Suddenly, without warning, the blindfold was tugged away. For the first time in the bondage chair, Lynne had the power of sight, yet the novelty soon wore off as her worst fears were confirmed. She was being held by a couple of evil looking thugs in what seemed to be an old deserted warehouse or factory. Momentarily, Lynne wondered why her captors had now chosen to reveal themselves? Perhaps it didn't matter anymore that she could see their faces? Were they about to kill her? Dump her body somewhere? She looked at her captors with wide, frightened eyes.

"We have been rude, Mrs Cameron," the man with the German accent purred. "I apologise for not introducing ourselves properly. My name is Kurt." The man's hand rested casually and possessively on her thigh, his fingers already straying to the velvet place at their juncture.

The thug was a fat, bald-headed, bespectacled individual in his forties. He looked somehow familiar and she strained her memory to think where she might possibly have seen him before. Then it struck her. He was almost the spitting image of the photographs she had seen of Heinrich Himmler, Lord of the Third Reich's S.S.! Such an odious looking little man! She could imagine him fantasising over her naked body in the normal world outside. Here, she simply had to endure his attentions, no matter how perverted.

The German continued. "This is Paula, or our 'Miss Pain', as you know her." The bespectacled face creased into a cruel smile and he pointed to the girl standing beside him. "I befriended her when I was ... er ... showing certain people the best routes into England, and believe me, she is very, very good at helping people to talk - I recognised those attributes in her straight away," he smirked. In contrast to the rather harsh, clipped voice she was accustomed to hearing from behind the blindfold, Lynne could see that her female interrogator was a lot younger than she had originally thought, obviously quite a few years younger than herself. The girl had, spiky, cropped blonde hair and a beautifully chiseled, hard, Eastern European face. Obviously very much tougher and streetwise than she herself. 'Miss Pain' looked like she could handle herself all too well. Any thoughts Lynne might have harbored of overpowering her, quite apart from the threat of the earrings and tit clamps, was out of the question. And of course, the young interrogator wasn't alone.

"And finally, this is Brok, our muscle man." The German completed his bizarre introductions with a casual wave at the second man standing to one side. "He, too, wanted to get to England in a hurry, so I facilitated it and encouraged him to join our little band." He nodded to the huge man-mountain leering at Lynne's enforced nakedness. He looked like a huge Turkish weightlifter she had once been introduced to at a F.O. function. This chap, though, was not so formally attired, the huge barrel chest gleaming from behind a scruffy open shirt, permitting the smell of oil and sweat to permeate the air as he leered down at her, smiling through several blackened and missing teeth.

Any one of her captors could, she knew, easily overpower her. Bound, naked, terrified and alone as she was, what possible chance had she against them?

"Now that you are so charmingly displayed and we know so much about you, I thought it only polite that you should know who we are." Kurt smiled down at her maliciously.

"Please, ... I beg you! Don't hurt me! What is it that you want? I'll do anything ... anything at all. Only please ... please ... don't hurt me anymore!" Lynne managed, terrified that that, having allowed her to see them and know their names, they would now just kill her out of hand.

"What we want doesn't matter - to you," Kurt's smile became a scowl that chilled her heart. "All you need to know is that, if you want to survive, you must do exactly as you are told" His voice rose, spraying spittle in her face. "And I believe that you were told about not speaking or asking questions?"

"Aaaaaaaargh! Aaaaaaaargh! Ayiiiiiiiiiiiiieeee!" Lynne's body writhed in increasing spasms of agony as the smiling Paula eagerly activated the nipples and earrings control. For at least twenty seconds her body arched outwards in agony to the small extent possible, until the bitch finally switched off the current and allowed her to sag back weakly in her bonds. She was sweating heavily, a stream of perspiration running into the deep valley between her breasts.

"There, there my dear!" Kurt crooned, wiping her damp hair from her face.

"Through such pain comes release." He chuckled at her stifled groan of protest.

"Now we can continue with the interrogation."

The questions continued, the only difference being that now she could see her interrogators. She didn't know which was worse, the fear of darkness, or actually seeing their crude leering features leering at her helpless nudity.

It was so unfair and so deeply ... deeply ... humiliating. For the next ten minutes or so, she struggled to answer a myriad of intimate, personal questions about

her life until, abruptly, the timbre and direction of the questioning changed. Now it was hers and Brian's finances they wanted to know about. She had to give them all her bank codes and key words for access to their accounts. She did so willingly – even fervently - hoping against hope that cooperation would help speed her freedom.

Although she was quite well off - and Brian much more so - none of that seemed to matter much now. Only co-operating fully and so getting away from these monsters was important. When she couldn't remember them all, she told them where the codes were written in her diary. When the mass of the decoy numbers she had written were flourished before her weary, tear-filled eyes, she told them which were the extra false numbers she had added and which she had reversed, just in case her diary was ever lost or stolen.

She held nothing back, knowing that she would willingly give them every penny she had to gain release from this torment.

Yet, in the back of her mind, she was becoming more and more puzzled. None of this seemed to add up. Was her ordeal about information ... or more about a ransom, she wondered? Surely the Arab negotiating team wouldn't be interested in extorting money as well as information?

"I want you to make some calls, authorising a 'friend' to make several withdrawals from your bank," Kurt instructed. Casually, he took hold of one clamped nipple and pulled, just enough to let her know that, if he so desired, he could really hurt her again. "Just remember, at the first hint of anything I don't like the connection goes dead – and so do you!" He smiled and gave her nipple a really painful tug. – "It will be very slow and very, very painful, I can promise you.!" Kurt's tone was soft, yet menacing and Lynne believed every word. Meekly, obediently, she did exactly as he ordered, even to signing the 'Power of Attorney' he placed in front of her.

Top

[» profile](#)

Display posts from previous: Sort by

[» NewTopic](#)

[» PostReply](#)

Page 1 of 3 [15 posts]

[Go to page 1, 2, 3 Next](#)

[Board index](#) » [Chat and Help Section](#) » [Requests, Humiliation Stories, Books, Discussion and etc](#)

All times are UTC

Who is online

Users browsing this forum: No registered users and 2 guests

You **cannot** post new topics in this forum
 You **cannot** reply to topics in this forum
 You **cannot** edit your posts in this forum
 You **cannot** delete your posts in this forum
 You **cannot** post attachments in this forum

Search for:

Jump to:

Powered by [phpBB®](#) Forum Software © [phpBB Group](#)

[PHPBB SEO.COM](#)

