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The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

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Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:07 pm

offline

The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)



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

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“Clasp your hands behind your head and walk over to Kurt! Come on! Stick those flabby tits out! It’s time for a photo to reassure hubby that you’re still OK.” Cheerfully, possessively, Paula swatted Lynne’s curvaceous behind and smiled at the ski-masked German waiting across the other side of the room. It was late afternoon and Lynne was about to enter a new phase of her training. Lips trembling as she walked across the room, the nude captive desperately wished for a hole to open up and swallow her. Like most normal people, she normally only undressed in private in her bedroom or bathroom, or maybe seductively for a lover. Now, she was stark naked and totally at the mercy of three grinning monsters. It was no relief to be free of the straps confining her; the partial ‘freedom’ only gave her an imagined sense of having a little control over her destiny, when in reality she had none. Options such as disobedience, covering herself, running away and hiding, getting dressed, just didn’t exist for her. These fiends could do anything they wanted. “Come on! Do it, bitch!” the girl snapped impatiently, clicking her camera. Bottom lip quivering, Lynne obediently clasped her hands behind her head, feeling her nipple-clamped breasts thrust outwards and upwards as she did so. The ski-masked German smirked. Lynne swallowed hard. It was the longest walk of her life across that cold dusty room. Just for once she wished she didn’t have such a provocative body, that her hips didn’t undulate so seductively. She was conscious of three pairs of eyes devouring her nudity ... a nudity she desperately longed to cover. Waves of pain from her clamped and swollen caused her legs to tremble as she stood meekly before her odious captor on knees already threatening to give way. “Huh,” she couldn’t help but gasp and flinch as the German’s arm went familiarly around her shoulders, not daring to resist as a finger traced slowly down the

curve of her spine.

"Your wife has a nice arse." Kurt spoke loudly and crudely for the benefit of the camcorder, which Paula was now pointing at them.

"Please!" Lynne whimpered, imagining the effect it would have when Brian saw the film. Dreading more pain in her ears and nipples, she somehow managed to resist the impulse to tear herself away from the slimy hands taking such blatant liberties with her naked body.

Kurt could sense the control the girl had to exert just to stand there and relished the power he held over her. She was an real beauty for sure, the type of young, affluent Englishwoman he would normally have absolutely no chance of seeing like this - lush, naked and terrified - and in his power! He normally had to be content with expensive fumbling interludes with seedy prostitutes who seldom managed to sufficiently act the 'role' he required of them.

Casually, he inserted a finger in Lynne's bottom and beamed up at the camera. This was for real, an opportunity presented so wonderfully by his present occupation. It was even better that the woman's husband could witness her humiliation. He knew enough from the interrogation and from Paula's camera work to guess that the woman's stockbroker husband was rich - the type who would look down on him from the lofty heights of his place in society. Kurt's grin widened as he openly fondled the smooth firmness of Lynne's bottom, his fingers sliding into the cool cleft of her anus, his other hand cupping her shuddering breasts and tweaking her pain-filled nipples.

Lynne couldn't stop a small moan escaping her mouth as Kurt slid his index finger right into her rectum up to the knuckle. He turned her round so that the camera could see plainly what he was doing, sliding his finger in and out to the accompaniment of yet more gasps and groans from a very flushed and embarrassed Lynne.

"Yes, she's not bad ... for her age," grinned the German. He hissed an aside to Lynne, turning his head so the camera couldn't see his mouth. "Now you kiss me!" he whispered. "Keep your hands behind your head, but kiss me properly with your mouth open! Get your tongue well in! Make it look good or it'll be the worse for you!"

From the corner of her eye, Lynne saw Paula eagerly fingering the black box still connected to her earrings and nipples. Terrified of the pain that might come at any time, she immediately brought her face down to the German's, her quivering lips parting as she kissed him with a feigned attempt at passion. His tongue slid into her mouth, finding hers and capturing it while his hands took humiliating liberties with her naked body.

"Hughh," she gasped, as he slid a finger between her thighs to penetrate her vagina and titillate her rapidly swelling clitoris.

"Try and stop me, bitch, and I'll have Paula fry your tits and clit!" he whispered, breaking momentarily away from her gasping mouth. Quite defeated, she allowed herself to slide back submissively against him, her knuckles white on the back of her neck as he resumed his obnoxious exploration.

The German's finger slipped deeper into her sex hole and he winked jovially into the camcorder as Brok, also wearing a ski-mask, came to stand beside their crimson-faced captive.

Lynne made no attempt at protest as Brok also slipped an arm around her bare shoulders, holding up a newspaper in order to prove the date to whoever watched the film.

"Your wife has quite a nice cunt even with her clit clamped," Kurt taunted as the shot faded.

"Touch your toes, slut! You need the cane." Kurt's voice dripped menace. "This is because you hesitated and didn't tell me absolutely everything when I asked you about your sex life with your husband." The reference was to an improvised interrogation he had just conducted, presumably to satisfy his own lust. "And

you forgot the correct form of address. I think sometimes that the ... ah ... old fashioned methods of punishment are so much better; instilling much more discipline than just the flick of a switch."

"I'm s-sorry, Sir," Lynne stuttered, reluctantly assuming the undignified position with her bare bottom high in the air. Totally defeated now, she was accepting docilely just about anything they wished to do to her. It had seemed like an endless day of questions - most of them intimate and embarrassing and now she was frighteningly aware of being alone with the odious German. Naked as always; she couldn't have been more vulnerable.

"Legs wider! You've no need to hide your charms from me, my dear." he said calmly. "That's right! Stay just like that!" he demanded when she was positioned to his satisfaction, the delicate oyster-like lips of her sex fully accessible to his squinting, lustful eyes.

'Phwwiiiiittt!'

"Uuuuurrrgh!" she gasped, hands leaping from her ankles to press protectively against the red line of torment on her round bottom cheeks. Without thinking, she stood up, back arched and unconsciously thrusting out her swaying breasts. The pain was intense, degrading and unbelievable. She had never bent over to be caned before and in addition to the shame of receiving such treatment she could never have envisaged the raw agony, which seemed to cut into the tenderness of her bottom. Perspiration beaded her forehead as her cool hands tried to alleviate the burning. Hate for the beast who had inflicted this on her was also burning in her heart; yet she knew she must endure to survive.

"You'll now get an extra one for moving. I gave no permission for you to touch your bottom. Bend right over again please!"

"Please," she whimpered, tears of pain and embarrassment moistening her eyes, knowing he meant to cane her like a naughty child. Yet surely no child had ever been made to suffer such blinding, burning pain as this. Her eyes swung to the long, rattan cane in the German's hands. It was a terrible instrument.

Realising there was no alternative or hope of escape, she bent over again in the humiliating position, longing to lash out at the grinning beast who held her so fast in his power. She looked across at the expressionless face of the Turkish man-mountain enjoying the view from his easy chair across the cold room and gave a little sob. Both men were completely dressed whilst she was naked in the chill air, bent over and demeaned like a naughty schoolgirl, suffering simply for their pleasure.

'Phwwiiiiittt!'

"Haaaaghhhhsssss!" Her mouth opened wide in a scream of pain, tendons taut in her neck as she bit down on her lip. She hissed her agony from between clenched teeth, fingers tightly gripping her ankles and somehow managing to keep them there.

"Hmmm! Good girl! Stay bent over! I've not finished with your arse yet!" Kurt spoke slowly, a distinct tone of approval in his voice. Standing behind her curvaceous bottom, he smiled happily, eyeing the enticing lips of her sex nestled between the round cheeks adorned with two burning red stripes. The soft round nates were even then flexing in anticipation of more pain. Stepping slightly to one side, he could see her breasts pointing straight down at her bare toes. She was covered in gooseflesh; so beautiful and terrified; a delicious Englishwoman - and all, for the present anyway, his.

Cruelly he swished the cane through the air couple of times, gleefully seeing her striped bottom twitch in dread, her eyes screwed tightly shut in anticipation before he brought the cane down across her in cruel arc of pain.

'Phwwiiiiittt!'

Savagely he brought the cane down across her buttocks once more.

"Yaaahhhhh! Oh God! Haaargghh! Haaargghh!" she sobbed, the tendons standing out in her shoulders and neck as she absorbed the cutting slash.

"Looks quite painful. Is it?"

"Ooooooh! Oooooh! Y-yes ... oh, yes Sir," she stammered incoherently, tears flooding down her cheeks yet still bent over as instructed.

"This will ease it a bit girl." His voice was softer, almost caring.

"Haaah! Mmm!" She winced at his touch, jerking away uncontrollably as he began to rub some kind of balm into the exquisite softness of her bottom.

"Keep still you little fool, this will help!" He sounded almost concerned - as if it wasn't he who had just inflicted such agony on her naked bottom. Unprotesting, she forced herself to stand perfectly still and allow his obscene touch. He felt the heat flowing from the thin ridges of tortured flesh into his hands as she moved slightly under his ministrations and felt more than a little admiration for her. Many full grown men had collapsed when treated to similar punishment with the rattan. She was obviously a tough cookie. Momentarily, Kurt wondered where else he could hope to treat and fondle such a pretty young married woman like this, especially one with such a high pain threshold. His fingers strayed over the inviting velvet down of her quivering sex and just above it the dark puckered ring of her anus.

"Ooh, please ...!" she whimpered as he slid his index finger once more into her tight heat, feeling it grip the intruder.

"So! I think we can safely say that this is a touch you don't enjoy - even from Brian?" He said softly, sliding his finger deeper and into her protesting sphincter.

"N-no Sir, not there," she whispered, flushing prettily.

"Well, You are just gonna have to learn to live with it now, girl! And it won't be just my finger that goes in here.

Lynne moaned her fear and apprehension at his words and the German grinned behind her bent back. "All right! We'll carry on with some more questions now; but stay in position in case I need to remind you of your status again." He laughed, lightly patting the taut and flinching curve of her bottom, making her gasp in renewed pain. "Now you can tell me how you like it best from your husband," his voice was lower.

"Uuurrgh," she groaned from behind her curtain of brown hair, still bent over and grasping her ankles. Kurt stood right behind her, pressing himself against the inviting globes, now with their rapidly darkening red stripes of pain.

"OK! What position do you like best, mmm?" he murmured, lightly running his hands down the curve of her spine, making her shiver yet struggle to hold her soft, swelling hindquarters back against the burgeoning male hardness. "All the while you keep talking I shan't ... do anything," he breathed

"I, er ... n-normally just in bed at night and"

"Details I said, you stupid cow, positions," he snarled, reaching under her to slap the downhanging breasts.

"Well, er ... on my back, sir - what you might call the 'missionary' position."

"With Brian giving you a good screwing on top?"

"Y-yes Sir," she squirmed.

"And you like your tits sucked, fingers up your arse?"

"No-no Sir! I don't know what"

"Well tell me what you DO like girl, and no lies! Start by telling us that you DO like a good fucking! Use those words! I wanna know exactly what you're talking about.

"Well ... er ... yes ... I-I er I-like a good f-f fucking, Sir .." she stammered shamefully. "Sometimes B-Brian will kiss my ...".

He smiled, feeling himself grow as he forced his victim to go into urgent graphic detail about her intimate activities with her husband, all the while thrusting obscenely back and forth against the red striped cheeks of her bottom. Then she hesitated in her account and, excitement growing, his hands slid further forward to brush the wiry tangle of her pubic hair. His fingers curved into to the soft velvet skin of her sex lips, feeling her wriggle as his they began to slide between them into the soft and warm canal. Then he heard the door open behind him.

"Get your fingers out of the pork, Kurt! Your meal's ready - if you're interested."

Paula's voice had a trace of annoyance.

"Later, my precious," Kurt whispered in Lynne's ear as he reluctantly went through the ritual of blindfolding and handcuffing her before marching her back to her cell.

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CHAPTER 4

Lynne was terrified. She hated water and couldn't swim very well and her interrogators would know this from their numerous questions.

It was her third day of captivity and questioning. The previous night she had endured the indignity of having to empty her bowels before her captors, who had crowded into her cell to watch after making her eat cold curry leftovers for her evening meal. The shame at being forced to perform such an intimate act before the gloating monsters ate into her soul. Before this, she'd thought that things could hardly get any worse, but she was wrong!

Now, however, one of her worst nightmares was being played out as she stood quaking before a sinister looking deep dark water tank. The threatened punishment was simply for being slow to answer more of the German's disgusting, perverted questions about her sexual preferences and allowing herself to vent her natural womanly feelings when he had also asked her to voluntarily give him a practical demonstration.

Although her wrists were still cuffed behind her and she was still naked, she had protested and struggled hysterically when the burly arms of the swarthy Brok had first reached out to take her to the tank. Finally, Kurt had pushed her to one side and clicked a switch on his little pocket console to make her earrings explode into white pain. It threw her writhing to the ground where she rolled, screaming for a full ten seconds until he switched off the current.

"Be a good lady take your medicine or you get more. Next time I ask you to fuck me, we see what you say, yes?" He patted her backside possessively then pulled her to her feet and pushed her into Brok's welcoming arms.

The tank was several meters in diameter and she stood on the brink, bare toes on the wooden planking surrounding its circumference. To access it she had ascended a winding flight of steep wooden steps, enduring the Turk's hands supporting and holding her flexing bottom. Several times his fingers had slipped upwards to push disgustingly against the heat of her sex. Now she was perhaps twenty feet above the floor of the old factory. Kurt had told her that the tank was sunk deep into the ground and was over fifty feet in depth.

"We'll continue with your while you're in the water. If you answer quickly and truthfully, I might, just might, give you another opportunity to redeem yourself by being ... 'nice' to me." Kurt's evil voice came to her from below as she trembled on her flimsy platform looking down at the black, black water.

"Please Sir ... no! Please ... I'll ... I'll do anything! Please don't put me in there, I beg you!" she pleaded desperately.

"Too late. You'll just have to suffer first and maybe get a second chance later," Kurt mocked pitilessly as she stood above the awful impenetrable depths.

Brok stood by her side with a large knapsack on his back, whispering cruelly in her ear. "Pretty lady might find ... 'things' in there; maybe dead cats, dogs, rats, maybe people too gone in there sometime - who knows, it is good place to get rid of people - forever." The Turk laughed at her expression of pure terror.

"Oh, please, please!" She shrank away from the black water, but the plinth was narrow and struggling back down the steep steps with cuffed hands was

impossible.

From the voluminous knapsack, Brok produced a harness containing a diver's mask and mouthpiece and a small air bottle. Clipped to the mouthpiece was a communications device like a tiny radio. Deftly he slid the breathing equipment over her face and fastened the harness.

"If you be good lady and answer questions, we pull you up quick," he said with a smile, uncuffing her wrists and refastening them to an overhead rope trailing from a winch. Lynne looked down terrified as he snapped leg irons around her ankles, drawing them together and clipping a huge lead weight to them. "You enjoy little swim, yes? Weight on ankles help you go straight down," he chuckled, leaning into the winch handle in preparation to raise her up from the platform. "I `spect you not too heavy to pull up if we decide you come back up again," he added reassuringly.

"No - no - no!" Lynne shrieked in panic. "Oh God, no! Pleeease! Pleeease! I'll do anything you say, whatever you want ... please don't! Pleeease!" Lynne was still screaming and pleading when Brok cranked the winch to jerk her arms above her head, her sinews creaking as her feet swung clear of the planking. In that moment her whole body, including the heavy lead weight tied to her ankles was taken by her wrists and arms.

"Stop, stop, please! I'll do-do anything! Please ... nooo!" Her cries were as pitiful as they were useless and the grinning beast tugged on another pulley to position her stretched body right over the centre of the awful tank.

Below the tank, sat the bald-headed German with a walkie-talkie radio. The overhead lights glinted off the small, half-moon, sparkling glasses, even more so reminding her even more of the evil S.S. Chief. He saluted, smiling mockingly as she swung in the air, the weight dangling beneath her to stretch her body. She wanted to be sick, and squealed through the mouthpiece at the first touch of the icy water on her bare feet

"Aaahhhh," she gasped in shock. "Oh God ... noooo, please!" Desperately, she strained to lift her legs in a vain attempt to avoid contact with the murky water. "Yeeahhh!" The icy cold took her breath away as she slid helplessly down into the dark water. It felt as if the cold was slicing into her body like a thousand knives. Desperately she drove herself to breathe through the mouthpiece as the water came up to her nose. Then darkness enveloped her and she submerged. Moments later, she became aware of a voice in her ear.

"I suggest you breathe slowly and calmly if you wish to survive!" Kurt's voice crackled with amusement through the tiny loudspeaker set in the helmet. Fear washed through Lynne as she felt herself slowly sinking into the impenetrable depths. Almost out of her mind with terror, she forced herself to breathe slowly through the mouthpiece.

It was dark, so very dark and cold and she could feel herself slipping ever downward. Her imagination raced. If the rope broke or the air supply ran out she would drown here and no one would ever know. Her feet twitched with the fear of reaching the bottom of the tank. What would be down there? Rubbish, rotting things, animals, human bodies? What would they feel like? Her fertile imagination began to take over and she imagined her feet resting on the rotten and decomposing dead bodies of previous prisoners of these monsters.

"Hurghhh!" She jerked, momentarily terror-stricken in her downward journey. It might have been anything, but her tortured imagination told her it was an eerie white, grotesquely bloated, decomposing corpse. Lynne couldn't recall ever having felt so cold or frightened; going ever downwards into the icy depths and feeling that she would never return to the world of people, light and warmth. Kurt smiled cruelly as he watched Lynne's downward progress on the small CCTV monitor. The tiny waterproof camera attached to her harness in between her heaving breasts ensured that he had a good view of her frightened features behind the diving mask. The observation served a dual purpose. It ensured that no real harm came to his captive - the tank was really only twenty-five feet

deep and Brok could pull her to the surface in seconds if necessary. It also, of course, excited his lust to see her terror and suffering. Finally, after an artificially slow descent, the naked girl reached the bottom and he smiled with amusement as her feet shifted uneasily in the mud and silt. There was nothing really in there, although a few rodents might have dropped in over the years, but she would undoubtedly be imagining it infested with countless unspoken horrors.

"You can elaborate more about your sexual preferences with your husband and I hope you'll be more forthcoming than before," the voice echoed in her helmet. In between gasping shuddering breaths, petrified and shivering with the intense cold, Lynne poured out every disgusting detail he demanded of her, holding nothing back, volunteering, assisting; anything to get herself out that tank. "Now tell me about your sister!" He spoke softly, changing tack after ten minutes.

"My-my sister... Sir?"

He recognised the confusion in the girl's voice and sensed, correctly, the protectiveness she felt towards her younger sibling.

"Yes, stupid, your sister, Abigail! We touched briefly on her earlier. Don't you remember? You carry her photograph in your handbag, don't you?"

"But ... but ... what's she got ...?"

"Right, I can see this is useless. If you're not willing to co-operate, I'll just leave you in there until your air runs out. Is that what you want?"

"Ugh ... please ... noo ... please!" Lynne was absolutely terrified. "Please ... I'll tell you everything ... anything you want to know."

Kurt hesitated for a long time before he answered, calculating the girl's mounting terror in his mind. "All right!" he growled reluctantly. "You'd can tell me everything about her, her life, financial standing, what she likes and dislikes – everything! Remember, I already have facts from other sources, so I'll know if you hold back or lie. Make your choice now, tell me everything or I'll let you die where you are."

Desperately, Lynne gasped out everything he wanted to know about her sister. Meanwhile Brok had been amusing himself by dropping lumps of stale bread into the top of the tank, and some which eventually making there way down to brush against the pale, nude, imprisoned flesh below.

"Hulglub!" Lynne away, gulping in fright and trying desperately to continue to breathe through the mast as the unseen, but in her mind disgusting, slimy objects brushing her skin.

"Did you play at doctors and nurses together?" Kurt's voice crackled again in Lynne's ear.

"Wh-what?"

"You know what I mean, bitch! Played with each other – undressed - explored?"

"I don't – I can't, uhhh, blghhh!" Lynne's voice became abruptly more panicky as more lumps of bread drifted down to brush against her nakedness.

"Don't fuck me around, Mrs Cameron! You have to tell me everything!" Kurt's voice was clipped and assured. "I shall know if you hold back or lie. I'll be a bit sorry, but believe me I WILL leave you down there with the other corpses!" He smiled grimly as he saw her terrified expression. "We have little further use for you now."

Lynne, terrified out of her mind, dredged up every disgusting secret his vile mind threw at her. She gave up every intimacy kept between sisters and friends, secrets they had shared under crisp white sheets when she was an adolescent teenager. Every innocent fumble was soiled by exposure to the monster who had condemned her to this torture. What she didn't know, she made up, instinctively knowing what he wanted to hear.

"One final question, Mrs Cameron. Would you prefer Abigail be brought here for interrogation, or shall we leave you down there to drown? 'Yes' to bring her here - 'no' to drown, which is it to be?"

"Oh please you cannot expect ... oh God!" Lynne's voice dissolved into a despairing whisper as she contemplated dying at the bottom of the tank. Self-preservation and pure animal fear took over and, somehow she managed to croak out her reply.

"Yrggg, yes ... yes ... bring Abby!" she gulped, a beaten, broken woman.

"Please ... please ... take me out of here! I can't stand anymore." Unaware of the upward movement of her numb, terrified body, she continued to plead. She had been down there for less than half-an-hour but it seemed like a lifetime to her.

"Pl ... please ... take me! Have me ... Sir!" Lynne finally managed to beg as she stood obediently clasping her hands to her head before Kurt. The beast placed his hands on her hips and slipped them gently up and down her sides as he eyed her shivering nudity.

Lynne had never before actually asked, let alone begged, anyone to make love to her. The idea was so alien, let alone to such an ugly brute. Yet she was doing it, terrified that the German would put her back in the tank. With scarcely time to dry off since the last session the thought of being returned to that terrifying place was more than sufficient to persuade her to offer herself to the fat slob who controlled her.

"Well ... I'm not sure I want to now. You're nothing really special, you know," he lied blatantly, rubbing his rejection into her disbelieving, shocked face as he sat down and began scanning the newspaper. "I think it's more fun seeing you swimming in the tank," he laughed.

"Oh please! I beg you! Please no!" sobbed Lynne, practically hysterical at his rejection of her. The thought of going back into that terrible dark, cold place was too much to bear and she instinctively, imploringly, held out her clasped hands towards him in supplication.

"I don't know ... there's not much to you. Ugly face, sagging tits, a fat arse."

Lynne's shocked flushed face crumpled with each cruel barb he threw, her scattered wits unable to recognise the total travesty of his lies.

"Give me a twirl, then!" he ordered. "Hands on head! Turn around and let me have another look at you!" Smiling, he folded his arms and waited.

Lynne had never known such misery as she did right then. Obediently she turned under his gaze like an obscene ballet dancer, her eyes wet with tears of shame and despair. Never had her self-esteem sunk to such a low ebb.

Kurt drank in the beauty's distress with glee. She was broken, all right. Her distraught face told him everything he wanted to know. Now she was his, completely. The shapely 38B breasts jiggled enticingly above her flat belly as she turned to present her rear view, the inviting swell of her bottom glorious to look at, each cheek so firm and rounded. "You've got nothing I couldn't get from a street girl - except they'd probably be better at it - so I think it has to be the bottom of the tank for you," he said grimly.

"Oh ... please no, I beg you no!" Lynne dropped to her knees, instinctively clutching at his trousered legs, eyes wide and terrified, imploring. A part of her brain could scarcely believe what she was doing, yet self-preservation had taken over, she had to do anything, anything at all, to avoid going back in the tank. She was little better than an animal at that moment.

"Are you begging me to fuck you, really begging?" He appeared to deliberate as the nude beauty groveled on her knees, the lush breasts pressed against his legs, wide eyes staring up at him imploringly. "Beg me to fuck you hard, to fuck the arse off you and I might - just might - spare you today!"

"Please-please fuck me, fuck me hard, fuck the arse off me, please Sir!" She repeated the catechism over and over again, desperate, totally uncaring of her degradation.

The kneeling beauty's begging words, her shivering lushness pressed so closely against him made his cock jerk with lust.

"I might let you," the bald, fat slob condescended, winking at the hidden camera. "You suck my cock first and then maybe I'll let you fuck me. I'll give you

instructions, tell you what I want as we go," he grunted.

Kurt was in heaven as, at his command, her fluttering fingers pulled down the zip of his flies. He felt her cool hands opening his trousers and then gently, respectfully easing out his engorged cock. The frightened reverence with which she treated his cock pleased him immensely. He might have been the most attractive and virile film star and she just a star-struck fan.

"Kiss it, tickle with just your tongue first," he said thickly. "Go on! Lick up and down it, and then my balls!" he commanded hoarsely.

He was unable to contain a gasp as her warm wet lips first engulfed his cock. Lynne's face wrinkled in disgust and she flinched slightly as he grew yet more erect under her lips.

The alternative to what she was doing was quite unthinkable and swiftly she forced her mouth back onto his quivering flesh. Kurt could see she hated what she was doing and the thought gave him additional pleasure. Her lips felt like tiny flowers filled with warm dew, pressing repeatedly along his growing length, her tongue darting out, tickling like a little insect as her mouth made its way down to his heavy balls, which her cool hand cupped so respectfully.

"Now suck! Take it all in!" His voice was hoarse. "Hmmm!" he sighed as his fully erect cock slid easily into her hot, wet mouth.

Looking down at her bobbing head, he delighted in the spectacle as her cheeks alternately hollowed and bulged around his massive erection. Desperation was also there as she sucked and sucked, obviously keen to get it over with. His hands went to her head, assisting her by pushing her mouth further onto him, his climax rising fast ... too fast! He stopped pushing. Did he really want it to end like this? Was there not more mileage here?

"Wait, slut! Not too fast! I know you want to swallow my spunk, but let's slow down a little ... maybe try something else!" He suppressed a mocking smile at the disbelief in her face. Exercising self-control he didn't know he possessed, Kurt reluctantly eased her head away from his glistening, throbbing cock. Lynne's eyes wide were wide with fear and confusion. "Remove my clothes!" he ordered brusquely. "Then lie on top of me; get to know all of my body while I just check something in the newspaper."

Again he revelled in the rejection in her eyes as, mechanically, she began undressing him. It felt good, so damn good, especially they were both naked. Casually he turned over to lay on his belly, picking up his newspaper and pretending to read.

"Kneel down there," he pointed to his feet, "and kiss right up my legs to my buttocks!" he demanded.

Oh it felt so good as, with only a moment's hesitation Lynne complied. The hard tips of her swinging breasts brushed his legs as she knelt and began kissing his wobbly flesh. Soon she reached the top of his thighs. "Now then, kiss my bottom! Kiss my German arse! Get your tongue right up there! That's all you English are good for," he chuckled.

"Oh ... please no ... Sir," she whispered. "Don't ... please don't make me! Not ... not there!"

"If your tongue isn't in my arse in five seconds you are going back to that tank ... to stay!" There was no mistaking the venom in the voice.

He heard her sob of hopeless resignation and disgust and felt his erection stirring as she bent to obey. Her lips pressed against him and the tips of her breasts trailed electrifyingly over the flesh of his thighs. Over and again she licked as commanded while he kept up the pretence of reading his paper as if oblivious to her enforced devotions.

"Get that tongue further in! Go on! Right in!" He anticipated the beginnings of her shuddering plea even before she managed to formulate it into words, relaxing as he turned another page of his paper.

He shivered in pleasure as her hot, quivering tongue darted deep into his cleft. It was not only the illicit touch that fired his excitement; but also the knowledge

that it the disgusting act was being done by an English beauty who was utterly repelled both by him and what she was being forced to do.

This was an upper middle class Englishwoman; one of the arrogant ruling class with whom he was often forced to deal. He despised them all from the very depths of his being, just as they undoubtedly did him. He knew they regarded him as a fat bald-headed archetype Nazi and didn't care. It suited his purpose. He smiled, feeling the lascivious tongue curling and licking deep in his bottom hole, and knew that he couldn't keep up the feigned pretence of non-interest much longer.

Lynne was totally conquered. No way was she going to risk being put back in the tank. Anything he wanted, she knew she would just have to do.

"Good!" he whispered. He pointed to the little tube of mouthwash left casually on the table. "Now rinse out your mouth!"

To a casual observer not hearing the soft, whispered commands, what they were watching was a scene of depraved sexual lust between a loving couple. The brown-haired beauty lay full length on the bald-headed fat man, wriggling her lovely body against his; kissing and nibbling at his nipples, throat and mouth alternately. Her soft breasts were crushed against him, the smoothness of her bottom wriggling lasciviously under his expert caresses. She wriggled and moaned as one long finger curled between the inviting cheeks into the dark cleft between.

Shocked at the unnatural invasion, Lynne broke away momentarily, straining up on taut white sinews, teeth bared as the finger slid further and further into her bottom hole. For a micro second, it looked as if she was about to rebel, then the man's lips mouthed an unseen, whispered threat into her ear and she subsided, wriggling herself yet more seductively against his sagging flesh. Kurt grinned triumphantly into the camera lens, his finger delving deeper and deeper into her bottom hole.

Lynne gave a long, sobbing moan which, to anyone watching, might have been mistaken for passion. Never had she felt such fear or disgust. Nevertheless, she continued to writhe obediently on top of her torturer, allowing him to do things to her that she had never imagined she would have allowed anyone to do. She was filled with contempt for herself at her surrender; yet in truth, anything else was not an option, just survival! Sucking the gross pervert's penis had been bad enough; she had seldom done that before and never to someone so hideous. Yet this was infinitely worse. The man was odious, yet held ultimate power over her. She really had no choice!

"Slide that sweet cunt of yours over my cock and fuck me," he ordered in a hoarse whisper.

Lynne's face whitened. She looked at the camera in despair; knowing in her heart of hearts that was no real alternative. She had already sucked her torturer's penis and tongued his bottom hole. Even so, knowing that her husband would almost certainly see this recording, it was the ultimate humiliation. Suppressing a despairing sob, she raised her hips and reached down to hesitantly grasp his male hardness, fighting her disgust as she guided the loathsome object into her moist channel. "Hah," she gasped, easing him home slowly.

"Hurry, slut! If you don't make me come in the next three minutes, you'll be straight back in that tank with your hands and feet tied – and no breathing equipment!" Kurt's mouth creased into a cruel smile. "And keep on kissing me," he whispered. "Use your tongue!"

Never had Lynne felt so dirty and degraded, yet this her only option.

Desperately she began pumping up and down, cozening the male meat inside her sex slot with her vaginal muscles. Even worse, if that was possible, Kurt's finger once more skewered tightly into her bottom hole right under the video camera's lens. And all the while she had to force herself to go on kissing him, rolling her tongue around inside his mouth as if he was her dream sex stud.

Kurt gasped and rolled his eyes, encased in liquid sex with Lynne writhing obediently on his cock. Desperately she pressed her mouth against his, tongue darting in and out like a minnow, nipples two hard organ stops against his chest, her anus a tight wriggling sex hole around his finger. He winked into the lens of the camera, knowing that such a scene would find its way into his photographic archive. And, of course, there would also be the bonus that recording Lynne's utter degradation would no doubt persuade her husband to cooperate fully. The lewd thoughts coupled with Lynne's desperate attempts at obedience proved to be irresistible and, well within the three stipulated minutes, Kurt found himself shooting his seed helplessly into the moist depths of her rippling vagina. Slowly he came down from his 'high' and, removing his finger from her arse, eased her up and off his already shrinking member.

"Here's someone very keen to see you!" he chortled as he forced Lynne to precede him into one of the other rooms off the main corridor.

Lynne was sick to her stomach, hands clasped obediently at the back of her neck so her breasts were really out on show. How she wished she could cover herself. Kurt pushed open the door and she stopped dead in her tracks, such thoughts momentarily pushed aside. The occupant of the cell-like room was Asan; obviously a prisoner like herself. Stripped naked and bound to a wheeled chair in the centre of the room, the Arab youth was white faced with fear and rage, the horrible saw-toothed little electrodes clamped firmly to his nipples. Asan's eyes widened in stunned recognition, the unconscious stirring of his tied, darkened, monstrously erect penis making her even more conscious of her own abused nudity.

"Oh he's been straining at the leash for this," Lynne's tormentor boasted. "He's really been enjoying seeing me fucking you." He turned his attention to the bound Arab lad and laughed. "Haven't you, my boy?"

"I ... er ... Sir?" Asan was obviously terrified and confused, not knowing quite what to say and squirming in his bonds as the German's hand closed around his pulsing, painful erection.

"Come over hear my dear!" ordered Kurt. "I want you to see this."

Shivering, Lynne did as ordered, her mouth dry with fear as the true extent of Asan's bondage became clear. A thin leather shoelace was tied tightly around the root of Asan's hugely swollen and rapidly blackening penis while another agonisingly separated and divided his testicles like a skeleton bra. A slim, copper shaft protruded from the eye of the erect penis with a wire running to the control box.

Grinning, Kurt brutally removed the copper shaft from the swollen penis, bringing a tortured groan from Asan. "Keep your hands clasped at the back of your neck!" ordered the German. "Squat on his lap, a leg either side!"

"Please ... Sir! Don't make me!" Lynne pleaded, squirming with fear and embarrassment. Frantically she looked back at Paula, still aiming the camera at her.

"Do it, you fucking slut!" ordered the grinning Kurt. "You know what those clamps will do to his nipples – and his cock, if I stick this electrode back into it." Unable to look at Asan in her shame and embarrassment, Lynne walked unsteadily to the tightly bound figure, lewdly parting her thighs and squatting on his knees, trying to make only minimal contact.

"No, no! Further up! Let him feel what you've got between your legs!" He turned to Asan. "You told us during our talks how much you wanted to fuck her, didn't you?"

"Please ... sir ... it wasn't ... wasn't ... like that. "Aaaarghh! Aaaarghh!" Asan's body arched in agony as Kurt cruelly activated the clamps. "Oh God! Oh God! Yessir.. Yessir ... please ... please! Yes, oh yes!" The Arab lad was broken though his courage was not completely dissipated. "But ... but ... not like ...!"

Kurt was having none of it. "Don't lie to me!" he interrupted harshly, continuing to masturbate the boy's painfully erect shaft. "This got plenty excited when you

saw your English ladyfriend without her clothes, didn't it?" With a lecherous grin, he flicked a finger at the tip of Asan's throbbing penis." Be a great pity if this got too excited and I had to cut it off," he mocked. Turning his attention back to a wide-eyed and trembling Lynne, he waved a warning finger. "Now shift that fat arse properly onto this! Quickly! Do as I say!"

Lynne cringed with shame and gingerly edged upwards on Asan's powerful thighs, feeling the lips of her vagina brush softly against his skin and seeing the effect on his cruelly tied and blackened penis sticking up beyond the level of her navel. Strangely, despite her predicament, she found the sight exciting and, once more, her vagina began to moisten itself in anticipation.

"Hmm, like to stick this right up her juicy cunt right now, I reckon?" the German teased, a large sweaty hand expertly masturbating the young Arab, aiming the tortured cock so that the tip just brushed against the tangle of Lynne's pubic hair. "Let her have just a little feel shall we? Go on, my dear!" he took one of Lynne hands from her head and placed it around Asan's the tortured flesh. "Oh," Lynne gasped as the beautiful cock jerked in her hand. Her flushed face reflected her shame and anguish as the fleshy cudgel twitched and grew even harder under her cool fingers.

"Wank him a few times," Kurt directed. "Oh yeah, that's good," he smiled as Asan began to helplessly move his hips under her gentle ministrations." "Now, slip him inside you and sit down on it!"

"Oh, please ... please ... no ... Sir ... don't make me, please!" Lynne pleaded brokenly.

"You'll do exactly as I say or I will do unimaginable things to you both," the German's voice was filled with venom. "Do you understand, my dear?"

"Yes ... yes ... Sir." Lynne's reply was barely audible. Shaking as if with a fever, the obediently raised herself up; guiding the throbbing, tortured cock up into her hot wetness. Asan's monstrously swollen cock filled and stretched her to capacity. It was horrible, degrading and the boy was terrified, yet how could she deny the shivery feeling of excitement already building in her loins. The leather bound phallus was so wonderfully large and, in some bizarre, barely understood way, the enforced coupling was doing almost unimaginable things to her libido. She had no responsibility for this, and thus no guilt. Guiltily, she suddenly remembered the camera recording her every move and, biting her lip, tried desperately to bring her excitement back under control.

"Hands back behind your neck girl!" the German ordered curtly. "Stick those big tits of yours right out so he can suck on your nipples!"

He turned back to Asan with a cruel glitter in his eyes. "I hope you remember what will happen if you 'come', boy," Kurt grinned, holding up a knife.

"You ... you said ... you'd ... c ... cut ... it off, Sir." Asan's voice was weak, his gaze switched from Lynne's quivering breasts to stare fearfully at the knife.

The young Arab's feelings were as anguished as Lynne's. He recalled feeling tired at the restaurant and putting Lynne into the taxi, then nothing else until he awoke with a throbbing head, naked, blindfolded and bound.

Strapped in his chair, Asan had struggled and cursed while the girl who had introduced herself as 'Miss Pain' teasingly brought him to a humiliating erection. It had been she who had agonisingly clamped his nipples and cock. He'd had no idea what to expect until the German interrogator had begun to question him, submitting him to gradually increasing electric shocks when he didn't answer quite quickly or clearly enough.

Not really knowing what his interrogators wanted or who they were and terrified of the pain the little electric shock machine could engender in his nipples and cock, he had readily answered all of their questions. Believing himself innocent and with nothing to hide, he'd told them all about his work, the negotiations with the British Foreign Office and even every personal thing they asked. He readily confessed that he wanted the lovely Lynne; and that the fact that she was older than he and a married woman to boot really didn't matter to him.

His first sight of Lynne naked and bound had been a severe shock to his system. An efficient gag coupled with explicit threats about certain nasty things she could do to her had prevented him uttering a sound, even when they wheeled him into the room where she was being interrogated.

Lynne had looked so terribly helpless, her sheer vulnerability adding so much to her nude beauty. Kurt had questioned her himself that time; caressing, touching, stroking; doing all the intimate things that the boy had wanted to do to her for so long.

Asan was in turmoil. Her undraped body was just as he had imagined it would be under the smart dresses which had allowed an occasional sight of cleavage or the short skirts that had, so temptingly, often revealed the smooth, tanned, golden brown of her thighs disappearing into the pert roundness of her bottom. Now Asan could see it all! The wonderfully full breasts, nipples stiffened with fear as the interrogator fondled them at will. The sight of his English rose so naked and vulnerable under Kurt's brutal interrogation methods made his tied and speared erection swell massively as the German's sweaty hands delved, pinched and caressed unhindered between Lynne's beautifully spread thighs. Wheeling the young Arab away after his first sight of Lynne's interrogation, the bastard had actually held the fingers which had been inside her under Asan's nose; torturing him yet further by making him smell her womanly scent and then lick the fingers clean.

Later, the boy was forced to watch a video recording of other, even more disgusting things that the German had done to his helpless subject. Filled with a sense of guilt, he felt his erection swelling again as he watched Kurt fucking her so brutally. The huge Turk, Brok, grinned when he noticed the effect on the boy's libido and immediately took advantage by squatting down to masturbate the speared cock almost to the point of orgasm, then stopping just before it happened. Five or six times he did this, until Asan was begging the big brute to please ... please ... please ... finish him off.

Asan groaned at the humiliating memory and tried to come to terms with the fact that, if he didn't stop himself doing the one thing he so desperately longed to do, he would no longer be a man.

He was so sexually excited that he scarcely dared move his loins lest he ejaculated. Lynne's pulsating chasm fitted him like a tight, hot glove filled with warm cream. Her internal muscles gripped and held him while her breasts, nipples tight erect cones of bouncing desire, quivered so temptingly just inches in front of his face.

"Kiss them! Lick them! Go on, take them in your mouth! You know you want to!" the German directed.

Asan groaned again, yet leaned forward in his bonds, feeling his hardness throbbing painfully inside Lynne's succulent moist heat. Her nipples were peaks of perfection, swelling in his trembling mouth as he gently kissed and sucked, desperately trying not to give way to his excitement.

"Rock up and down a bit on him girl; go on, tempt him a little!" Kurt patted the enticing swelling of Lynne's bottom.

Oohh, hghhh," Asan groaned, clenching his fists and straining every tendon as Lynne, shamefacedly yet obediently, began to slide her velvet sheath up and down his shaft. Gasping, the young Arab threw his head back, trying as hard as he could to retain control.

Obeying the German, Lynne continued to slide seductively up and down on him, her soft, wet, hot vagina coddling his tortured shaft, her bare breasts jiggling, her mouth open slightly, her tongue licking greedily at her lips, green eyes wide with helpless arousal.

"Haaghhh!" With a groaning shudder, hot slivers of pure lust rushed from Asan's captive loins to explode within the succulent moistness of her sex, and in that moment, he didn't care that this was probably the last time he would be able to experience this oh so fantastic feeling.

Groaning, the young Arab thrust ever deeper into Lynne's succulent channel. He was in the grip of totally uncontrollable, uninhibited lust for this beautiful, naked woman sitting on his cock; the woman he'd desired for so long. Constrained by his bonds, he wished desperately to could clasp her nakedness to his own, grip the swelling of her bottom and kiss her parted, gasping lips. Then, all too soon, it was over and he was 'coming' ... 'coming' ... 'coming' - deep inside Lynne's clasp sheath. Lust subsiding, he began to shake in terror as he recognised the cruel, mocking look in his captor's eyes.

"Oh ho!" sneered Kurt. "Looks like that'll be your first and last time with her, my lad." Patronisingly, Kurt patted the boy's shaking thigh.

Asan was absolutely terrified – and humiliated beyond anything that had ever happened to him. "Please ... please, Sir ... I couldn't help it," he groaned pitifully as Lynne, also flushed with fear and shame, looked down shamefacedly at the floor.

Kurt grinned sadistically. "Okay, get off him, slut!" he ordered cynically. "I can see that Brok will have to curb your young man's loss of self control." He looked from one to the other of his captives, reveling in the girl's shame and the young man's terror.

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Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:09 pm

offline

CHAPTER 5



"Hope you are keeping well?" the blonde girl said, smiling politely to Brian the following day when he opened the door to her.

"What about Lynne? He asked urgently. "What's happened to her? Is she OK? If anyone ...!"

The girl interrupted the disjointed flow of words by holding up a large colour photograph. "She's fine," she said calmly, "for the moment, anyway. Look!" Brian's eyes opened wide and he fought back his bile. The photo showed his lovely wife standing stark naked with her hands clasped tightly behind her neck, next to a large masked man holding a copy of a current paper. Although unconstrained by obvious bonds, she looked absolutely terrified and he wondered what else they might have done to her.

Smiling sweetly, the girl held up another photograph in which a distraught Lynne was pictured touching her toes in front of the same man who was caressing the taut skin of her lovely naked bottom with the confidence of complete possession. The blonde was also in the picture, standing beside the wretched, naked Lynne and holding a copy of the paper in one hand so that the date could be clearly seen. In her other hand, she held a long, vicious-looking cane, lifted as if about to strike down at the perfectly presented, stretched globes in front of her. Brian took a furious step towards the grinning blonde. "You ... you cow!" he spat. "You've actually ... been there with her? That cane! If you ... you've ...!" he stammered.

"You'll what?" the girl interrupted a scowl. "Don't forget my colleagues are watching and listening to you right now!" she cautioned.

Brian subsided at once. Whatever else, he MUST NOT anger this dangerous woman. She was his only link to Lynne. "I'm sorry," he said quickly. I ... I ... didn't mean anything."

The blonde grinned at his immediate surrender. Good!" she chuckled, reaching up to remove her blonde wig. I think we understand each other. Just remember that if you try anything; photos, police, surveillance; anything at all - your wife will die very, very slowly and horribly! Get me?"

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3:50 pm

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Brian nodded wordlessly, feeling totally helpless in the face of such threats.

"Fine! Now I'd like you to strip please! Come on! Right now! Totally naked, like before!" Her mouth curved into a mocking smile.

Brian wilted under the look and took a step back inside, his fingers already reluctantly fumbling with buttons and zip. The girl followed him in and reached back to shut the door. Without the wig, her face seemed to take on a much harder look, her short spiky blonde hair adding to the impression of a young and vicious dyke, rather than the very attractive girl who'd rung his doorbell just a minute or so ago. He shuddered inwardly at the thought that lovely, vulnerable Lynne was held captive by such ruthless people.

"You've got just four days to arrange the transmission of three million pounds in accordance with these instructions!" The girl carelessly tossed Brian a small envelope as he feverishly tore off his clothes. "Now then, down on your knees! Hands behind your head! She gestured arrogantly and he dropped to his knees obediently, clasping his hands, like Lynne's, tightly behind his neck. The girl's booted foot jabbed at his limp penis and balls, making him wince.

"Three million!" he gasped unbelievably. "I can't ... it will take..."

"Don't interrupt, you bastard!" she snarled, her foot jabbing his balls and making him gasp with pain. "And fuckin' remember how you address me, you miserable wanker?"

"S-sorry Miss," he groveled, all the while wishing he could leap at this smirking, arrogant bitch who had him and his wife so utterly at her mercy.

"It will take just four days," she continued smoothly, "or you poor fuckin' wife will be dead meat." She frowned. "Now I'm gonna show you a video recording of some of the things we've been doing to your wife while you've been living so comfortably here. Believe me, we will continue to do things to her until you've made the arrangements and the cash in in our hands. Trust me when I say that you wouldn't best advised to take any longer than the three days." She smiled sweetly at him and moved to insert the cassette into his video player.

Brian watched with growing anger as he saw his naked wife with the masked Kurt and the Arab boy. To his horror, though, he felt his erection growing at the lewd way that his lovely wife was being treated.

The blonde grinned. "You obviously enjoy this," she said with a sneer, "so toss yourself off right now, while I watch! Don't worry, you'll have time to wipe it off the carpet before your slutty wife comes home."

Paula smiled triumphantly as, very reluctantly, Brian began to masturbate himself. "Oh," she went on smoothly, "and you'll ask Lynne's sister Abigail to assist you. From what your wife told us, she seems to be a fairly sensible girl. We'll want her to deliver the money and pick up your wife."

"But ... but ... Miss ...!"

"Get on with it, you wanker, right now!"

Red faced with shame and humiliation, his eyes still riveted in horrified fascination to the obscene video of Lynne's degradation, Brian began masturbating himself.

"And don't even think about fuckin' around with us," Paula snapped disdainfully over her shoulder as she left the apartment five minutes later, leaving him kneeling still naked on the carpet with a whitish, viscous puddle of semen staining the carpet in front of him. Brian had tears in his eyes, his hands once more clasped humiliatingly at the back of his neck as the video continued to display yet more scenes of his wife's sexual torment.

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Alien

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CHAPTER 6

"Brian ... please ... please, do as they say!" It was later that same day and Lynne lay naked, face down on the floor, arms and legs spread like a starfish, almost as if she was embracing the cold concrete. Paula held a camcorder to capture her victim's suffering and terror, slowly walking around the spread-eagled girl as Lynne hesitantly read from a typewritten note on the wall just out of camera range.

"Please, Brian, you must do everything they say! Get me out of here, please! Get the money as quick as you can!" She shivered on the concrete as she read the next paragraph. "I've -I've already b-been w-well f-fucked," her voice trembled and was barely a whisper as she spoke, "by-by this g-gentleman," her frightened eyes flicked up to a smiling Kurt, who nodded his head as if in agreement.

The huge Turk, Brok, walked into view carrying the ever-present current copy of the newspaper. Brok wore a mask to hide his identity, but his grossness couldn't be disguised, nor his mouth creasing into a lewd smile as he crouched beside the naked Lynne. Lightly yet possessively he smacked the enticing globes of her bottom. "They-they want me to tell you that they are going to fuck me over and over until ...!" Lynne's voice tailed off ...!

"Carry on, girl, or you know what I promised," a male voice threatened from off camera.

Lynne's voice was no more than a whisper as she went on. "And-and they say these gentlemen here will-will be giving me an-an e-enema when this filming is over to purify my-my soul," tears were now trickling freely down her lovely face. "So-so please, please Brian, do everything they say as quickly as you can to get me out and please don't tell anyone. They say they'll ex-execute me after they've all f-fucked the-the a-arse off me," she whispered, obviously still reading from the script.

Lynne was mentally cringing, even at speaking such words, but the memory of what she had to say was burnt almost literally into her mind. She'd had to spend the previous two hours rehearsing the words over and over and, whenever she wasn't word perfect, the camera had been switched off and the hideous earrings and nipple clamps had exploded into life. Her ears and nipples still tingled when she thought about it.

"Okay then Mrs Cameron," said Kurt politely, "turn over and lay on your back, please."

With a soundless groan, biting her lip, Lynne obeyed immediately. She was now in the position a woman might most fear when confronted by an aggressor. She drew her thighs together modestly, extremely conscious of the camera and the fact that Brian would undoubtedly see the film later.

"Oh I think we can do better than that," Kurt scolded. "Open your legs wide and raise your knees! Come on, don't hide your charms!"

Stifling a sob and the panic which threatened to engulf her, Lynne obeyed, closing her eyes as Paula moved closer between her so shamefully spread thighs.

"There, that's a lot better." Kurt's voice was low and tight "Such a nice little cunt and arse!" He spoke directly into the camera. "I just wanted to give you a reminder of what you are missing while your wife is here with us." He winked and reached down to insert two fingers into Lynne's open vagina. "Don't you worry, we'll keep this warm for you!"

Later, lying naked and face down on the table, her wrists twisted and cuffed painfully up between her shoulder blades, Lynne's body was a coiled spring of tension. She had seen Kurt and Brok bringing a rubber tube, a bowl and a jug of water and knew what they were for. Her feelings of disgust weren't helped by

Paula stroking her hair like a lover; while penetrating the moist heat of her captive's anus with one long finger. The unwanted and unnatural touch made her shiver with shame and dread.

"Now we purify your insides as well as your soul," Kurt snapped cruelly.

Crack!

"Hah!" Lynne yelped as her interrogator casually slapped her bottom hard, the sound echoing around the chill room.

"Oh please, Sir! Aaaaargh!" she moaned as his thick finger replaced Paula's in her delicate anal bud. Oh God," she groaned, her cheeks helplessly contracting as the finger intruded rudely between them. "Urrrgghh!" The agonised grunt was torn from her at the cold intrusion of the rubber tube pushing into her tight resisting heat. "Graaahhh," she gasped, at least able to partially ignore the girl stroking and cradling her head; the pain and discomfort of the cold tube increasing with every additional inch it intruded into her rectum. She felt so horribly stretched and degraded.

Now then!" hissed the German.

Lynne's toes and bottom twitched as she heard the words followed by a trickle of water. "Aaghhh," she moaned. The water was cold, making it feel as if a sliver of ice was being forced deep into her anal channel.

"Don't resist!" Paula hissed. "Hold it in for sixty seconds or I'll make you very, very sorry"" purred the girl cruelly.

Too terrified to rebel, Lynne clenched her bottom, feeling horribly full. With a grimace, she tightened her belly in an attempt to contain it. It was vile, horrible and she felt so ashamed. Soundlessly, she counted the seconds away, straining desperately not to let herself go. Paula's threat, she knew, was not an empty one. Slowly, excruciatingly, the seconds ticked away until, at the precise count of sixty, she was finally able to release her bowels noisily into the conveniently presented bucket. She wept, red-faced with shame and humiliation as Paula laughed cruelly.

An hour later, she was alone with the huge Turk. "Now it's my turn, little Miss Big Tits," sneered Brok. The Turk's voice was deep, almost syrupy, like the sound of tar trickling into a barrel. He chuckled nastily. "So, slut, you've been the water tank and now been well cleared out! Clean inside and out, eh?"

Lynne was leant forward over a table and her muscles tensed in dread as she heard him shuffling closer to her. Her shoulders and bottom twitched uncontrollably as she thought about what was about to happen. "Urrghh!" She was unable to prevent a groan as she felt his massive shaft rubbing against the cheeks of her bottom. Involuntarily, her cheeks contracted in a useless attempt to protect its secrets from the awful intruder. Never in all her life had she envisaged being taken so brutally like an animal by such a man.

"Now then, my beauty!" Brok muttered, laying along her back to clasp his big hands around her flattened breasts.

Lynne's fists clenched and unclenched in fear and anger, the latter directed more against herself than her antagonist at the unwanted flutter of excitement in her loins. Suppressing another deep, humiliated groan, she marveled at how she could even think about enjoying being taken so helplessly and unnaturally?

"Such a nice little arse," Brok purred, his erection pushing itself into her puckered little brown rosebud, making her stomach turn with a mixture of shame and discomfort. "You like I think," he continued, voice hoarse with lust. His massive erection slid painfully into her stretched anal channel while his huge, dirty hands cruelly mauled her breasts. He was in heaven, her bottom cool against him, her eyes screwed shut against the pain as the anal assault continued. "Oh yes!" he chuckled as his helpless captive sobbed and squirmed mindlessly under the attack. "That how it work with me, eh? I think you like very much!"

"Ugh, ugh, urrgghh," Lynne sobbed, stretched helplessly over the table, her

fists little balls of tension. She was totally humiliated, frantically trying to deny the undeniable sexual excitement she felt at being so brutally ravished.

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CHAPTER 7

"Thanks for coming, Abby!" It was the following day and Brian was making Lynne's younger sister a coffee. With an effort he forced himself not to look at the teenager's shapely, long tanned legs under her short white dress.

"I really do appreciate it," he went on, "and thanks for not telling anyone. It really is a matter of life and death. He sat down and helplessly began to explain about Lynne's predicament while the pretty teenager's face got whiter and whiter with every revelation. "Please darling, you just HAVE to promise to keep this between ourselves, he finished. "Nobody must know, especially the police! It's the only way we'll get her back."

"All right, I promise!" The pretty blonde looked both frightened and puzzled.

"But what can I do? How can I help? Is it to do with my lottery win, d'you think?"

Brian held up his hands in a helpless gesture. "No, I don't think so," he said.

"The kidnapers told me that they wanted someone reliable to make the ransom drop. I don't know why they want you specifically, Abby. They want several million from me and that's all right, but that haven't asked anything from you."

At that moment the telephone in the den began to ring. "Oh ... excuse me!" he muttered as he went to answer it.

"It was them," he explained hurriedly, when he came back. "They want to meet, but they don't want to come here. I've got to meet some man in my club.

Fifteen minutes, they said. I'll be pushed to make it. Look make yourself at home, unpack, make yourself a drink, whatever ...! I'll be back as soon as I can."

He ducked out of the door in obvious agitation.

Abby took her case to the little spare bedroom she always used; then went to the tiny kitchen and put on the kettle. Even as it began to sing, there was a hammering at the door.

"I'm an ambulance driver, Miss," a male voice called through the letterbox.

"There's a gentleman here who has just had an accident outside. He's asking for you."

It never occurred to Abby to check and verify; her mind was in turmoil.

The moment she opened the door a man and woman in paramedic uniforms carrying a stretcher pushed her back in.

"What?" was the only intelligible word Abby could utter before the waiting hypodermic plunged into her arm and an iron grip clamped over her mouth.

Whatever was in the hypodermic was potent and, within scant seconds, she felt tired and relaxed, the urge to scream a distant memory as they efficiently removed her clothes and strapped her into the stretcher.

The bright pop of a camera flash irritated her momentarily. She couldn't lift her arms to shield her breasts as the man took close ups of her naked body. Just for a moment, she wondered why he was leaving the nude snaps of her on the coffee table? Then that didn't seem particularly important either and she drifted off to sleep.

"Hi Abby I'm back, sorry I was so long." Brian's voice sounded agitated and perplexed when he returned to the apartment a full half-hour later. "No-one

turned up," he said worriedly. "Did they ring here? Hello! Abby!" he shouted, unable to suppress a note of concern when he got no response. His gaze fell on the coffee table and, with a sense of dread, he picked up the photo of a naked Abby spreadeagled obscenely on a stretcher with a grinning man delving deep within her spread legs. Mind reeling, he read the note telling him that he would shortly receive written authority from the girl authorising him to withdraw the three hundred thousand he had invested from her lottery win. He understood then.

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