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## The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

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

[Print view](#)

[Previous topic](#) | [Next topic](#)

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**Post subject:** Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

**Posted:** Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:10 pm

offline

### CHAPTER 8



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

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Abby returned to consciousness in a small, uncomfortable bed with a man in medical uniform bending over her. She tried to focus her mind on what had happened; had she been in some accident? Then vague recollections of being carried from Brian's house on a stretcher crashed back into her memory. Confused, she shook her head in an attempt to clear her thoughts. What had happened? Was she ill? Had she collapsed or something? Her mind was still fuzzy.

Slap!

"Wake up little girl," the man's voice was so soft compared to the sharp pain from the slap across her bare breasts.

"What? Ouch," the second blow brought some clarity to her scrambled brain, recollections of being manhandled. She covered her breasts with her hands, gasping with the sudden realisation that she had been stripped naked.

"Good, you're awake," the male voice said smoothly.

Slowly Abby's eyes focused on the round, sweating face, the bright overhead lights reflected by his half-moon glasses. The man's leering look unsettled her, not least that she was so vulnerably naked. "Where are my clothes?" she asked, frightened. "What's going on? Where am I? Where's Brian?"

She looked beyond the foot of her bed to the grimy peeling, plastered walls and ceiling; nothing indicative of a hospital.

"So many questions," the man replied with a sinister chuckle. "Brian's fine for the moment, but I thought you were interested in helping your sister, Lynne?"

The man's voice, with its identifiable German accent, seemed to almost caress her in a horrible way, making her flesh crawl.

Abby's eyes opened wide. "She's here?" she gasped. "Is everything all right?" Even as she spoke the words a sinking feeling in her stomach warned her that

things were definitely NOT all right.

"All in good time, my dear," said the man fussily. "First we have to take your temperature; make sure you're quite recovered. So, if you'll turn over on your tummy, we'll find the spot in your pretty bottom and..."

"What?" she practically shrieked as his moist, warm hands descended to her nakedness and began to turn her over. "Get off me!" she snarled.

"Oh dear, I can see you're going to be difficult." The man chuckled evilly. "I do so hate it when that happens." He grinned down at her lecherously. "Would you like to see what your sister has learned about disobedience?" He pointed until she craned her neck round.

"Oh God!" Words almost failed the trembling girl at what she saw. Lynne was just a few metres away, stark naked, her face a mask of agony. She was sitting astride a triangular, wooden box-like contraption about a meter high. Her whole weight was resting on the apex of the box that pushed painfully up into her spread thighs. Her wrists were twisted up between her shoulder blades, thrusting her breasts out provocatively. Her legs were tied backwards on either side of the apex so that she was balanced on her most sensitive flesh, the top edge of the hard wood pressing horribly into her splayed vulva. That she didn't fall from her pivotal and precarious position was largely due to a rope looped around her neck and tied to a ceiling beam. A long strip of black tape across her lips prevented her vocalising her pain. To complete the picture of servitude and misery, a tough-looking spike-haired girl of about Abby's own age stood beside her sister, ominously swishing a thin cane. Vaguely Abby recognised her as being one of those who had carried her out on the stretcher.

"You see what happens when you don't obey?" the man sneered.

"Oh my God! You bastards! Get her down from there, please!" Abby wailed, forgetting her own exposed nakedness and vulnerability for a moment. "You fucking bastards. You're killing her!"

"You'll learn to modify your language here, and show us some respect young lady," the man growled angrily. "As an example, rather than being allowed down, your sister will now receive one stroke of the cane on her bare bottom." He nodded to the spike-haired girl.

"No," Abby wailed but it was too late.

"Agrghhh!" The muffled scream could be heard even through Lynne's gag, as the cane lashed cruelly across the swelling of her bottom. Unmindful of the pain in her crotch, she squirmed a little on her already painful perch, eyes shut tight against the pain.

"She will receive another one in ten seconds unless you are turned over and laying on your belly ready to receive a stroke of the cane yourself for your own punishment. Then you will allow me to stick my thermometer right up your bottom young lady!" The man was quite calm as if it was just a small favour he asked.

"You're fucking mad! You can't ...!" Abby's eyes widened in horror as the man nodded cheerfully to the spike-haired girl.

Swack!

"Aarghhh," another muffled, yet even louder scream was torn from Lynne's mouth as the grim-faced cow lashed her bottom, forcing her to squirm painfully on the sharp edge cutting so cruelly up into her.

"That's a direct consequence of YOUR bad language and disobedience." The man removed his glasses, polishing them on a dirty handkerchief as he peered down at the naked Abby. "You have to ask yourself the question, little girl! How much more suffering do you want to cause your sister before you come to heel?" He laughed at her suddenly terrified expression. "You will, you know; sooner or later!" Until you obey me implicitly, Lynne will remain where she is and be caned. Take as long as you like but I'm told it's very painful on the subject's cunt! Also, she's already been up there waiting up for the last forty five minutes whilst you came to."

Totally defeated at the sight of Lynne's suffering, Abby bit her lip and rolled obediently over onto her belly. The pounding of her heart increased as the man bent over her and she tensed herself not to lash out. Yet surprisingly he touched her ear rather than her body.

"Before we start I'm making you a gift of a pair of earrings. They are the same as the ones your sister wears." He chuckled, the sound making Abby's flesh creep. "I think she likes them."

Abby looked across at the sister and saw the large, unfashionable rings hanging from each of Lynne's small ears. She also saw the look of additional fear on her sister's face.

"Needless to say, if you resist, Lynne will only suffer more than she already is," he told her.

The spike-haired girl clicked the earrings in place.

"There's a good girl," Kurt said, playfully ruffling her long hair. "They are locked in place and I'll just demonstrate what happens if you step out of line." He brought out a little remote control console from his pocket.

"Yaaaarghhh!" Abby's whole world dissolved into exploding pain as the earrings activated. Her head strained back on her neck, her eyes screwed tight against the excruciating agony. The scream torn from gaping mouth was almost mindless in its intensity. Frantically the naked girl pressed her hands to her ears in a futile attempt to alleviate the all-consuming agony.

"That's what happens when you're a bad girl or if you try to remove them." The leering man smiled down at the shaking girl. He trailed a finger over the dew of perspiration on her bottom. "Now let's have a good look at the sweets! I wasn't present when my companion undressed you." The voice was tight with sexual tension.

"Pleeease." Abby closed her eyes in shame as the man's hot, sweaty hand caressed her bottom possessively. It took all her willpower not to resist. She tensed as the smirking girl strolled across to her, raising the cane as she did so. Instinctively she reached back with hands in an attempt to cover her exposed flesh.

"Hands away, bitch; or your sister gets another one!" the girl warned savagely. "Or we can always light up your head again for you."

Reluctantly Abby let her hands fall away, leaving her bottom totally at the girl's mercy. She looked at Lynne, seeing the look of compassion mix with the pain on her sister's agonised face.

Swack!

"Haaagh, grrghhhh," Abby yelled and screamed as, the rod laid a line of fire right across her bottom. She rolled from side to side, pressing her hands to her burning flesh. Never had she known such pain before. It was the first time she had actually experienced the pain and indignity of being caned - and for no real reason. Even worse, the caning of her naked bottom had a kind of sexual connotation.

"Hands away girl! Don't touch your arse this time!"

"No ... no, please, you can't ... I can't ... please," she wailed, hardly able to comprehend that she was to be caned again simply for trying to ease her pain.

"Would you'd prefer your sister to take it for you?" the girl enquired sweetly.

"Please ... please ... no ... no!" Abby whimpered, reluctantly removing her hands from her pain-filled globes. She tensed in anticipatory dread, shoulders knotted, bottom twitching and flinching as she waited for the blow.

Swack! It came quickly, laying another line of molten agony bisecting the first.

"Yaaaaarghhh!" Abby bit down into the pillow to avoid biting her tongue. Her fists were balled tightly in an attempt to stop them instinctively flying to the seat of her agony. Her bottom felt as if it had been cut in two by red-hot wire. It throbbed and throbbed, and in her imagination expanded into two huge balloons. Tears wet the pillow under her tightly shut eyes as she tried to absorb a degree of pain she had never known before. Even worse was the knowledge

that the agony had been applied wantonly both to her and her sister just as a lesson to them.

"There's a good girl," crooned the man, "now we'll take your temperature."

"Please ... please ... let Lynne down!" Abby sobbed. "I'm doing exactly what you want. I'll even let you ....!"

He pleading was cut short by the man. "Oh so you'll let me will you?" He laughed shortly. "Well, that's very good of you, but I'm not sure you have any choice," he chuckled.

"Aaarggghhh!" Abby's ears exploded into fresh pain.

"Just a reminder," the German said coolly. He regarded the crying girl with equanimity. "In good time we'll think about easing your sister's pain, but only if you obey me. You know now what we can do to you - and to her - if you disobey in the slightest. Meantime, you may address me as 'Sir,' my assistant as 'Miss!' Understand?"

"Y-Yes ... Sir," the word came out reluctantly, but she knew she had no choice but continue to play his little game. She couldn't face more of that agonising pain, or having it inflicted on Lynne.

"Oh, please," she gasped in shame and discomfort as he probed into the cool cleft of her anal canal. She looked up desperately to where Lynne was perched so agonisingly on the box and sobbed.

"Urrgghhh!" she grunted, grinding her teeth as the cold bulb of a rectal thermometer was pushed shamefully and unnaturally into the tightness of her bottom. She felt sick.

Kurt smiled, feeling the bulge growing in his trousers, admitting to himself that, although much of this was staged for his and Paula's personal gratification, it also served another, even more important purpose, the breaking of the girl's will.

The taking of the naked girl's temperature was totally pointless in physical terms, yet the fact of her lying before him with the glass stem sticking out from between her red-striped bottom cheeks was one method of sapping her will to resist. The fact that it gave him gratification was a bonus.

"You seem healthy enough young lady, he finally pronounced, extracting the glass tube from her tight cleft with slow relish. "Now roll over, legs spread! Right up, I mean! Hold them up behind your ears! I have to search you.

"What! You cannot expect ... oh, Sir!" She remembered the respectful manner of address but obviously couldn't quite believe what he required.

"Oh but I do my dear. Or your sister's punishment continues as well as your own!" He smiled cruelly. "Take time to think, I'm sure your sister can wait a little while longer!" he nodded to the tied beauty squirming in agony on the apex of the wood so deeply embedded between her spread legs

He drank in the young blonde's look of shame as she gingerly turned over as he commanded. Slowly, reluctantly, she parted her thighs.

"Wider!" he commanded sternly, "and lift them more! I don't want you to have any secrets from me." Abby stifled a sob and pulled her legs higher to blatantly reveal her vaginal opening.

"Let's see ... hmm nothing in here," he slid a finger deep into the pink lips of her sex, then another and another until all three digits were squirming around in her moist hole. Grinning, he removed his fingers and moved on. "And I guess this is clear," he chuckled, one skewering finger replacing the thermometer in the tight, hot heat of her anus. "Now Get up and stand over there! Legs spread wide, hands on your head and we'll see about releasing your sister!"

He delighted as she obeyed, his eyes roaming over her exposed charms; the small up-thrust breasts, the pert roundness of her striped bottom. No longer was this the sharp youngster who he had awoken just half an hour earlier.

Getting her to sign the necessary release forms for the lottery money should be no problem; but he would enjoy continuing to persuade her.

"Here, let me help you down!" Paula's voice was softer, almost caring, as she eased Lynne down from the devilish frame cutting into her delicate womanhood. "Haaarrgghh!" Lynne was groaning as she clambered off the horrid contraption and would have fallen had it not been for the girl's arms around her waist. She wanted to say something comforting to her sister, but the trembling girl was standing erect in front of the old creep, Kurt, and she dare not take a chance on inviting more agony on either of them by interrupting.

Sudden guilt threatened to swamp her racing mind. Abby was only here because she had given her interrogators her details and she'd never forget that she had actually agreed to her sister being brought here as an alternative to her being plunged back into that horrible tank.

"Come on, darling, let me ease it a bit for you!" The spike-haired blonde guided Lynne to a side room and produced a soft sponge.

"Huh, hah, haaahh," Lynne gasped as the warm sponge pushed gently against her so ravaged, tender flesh, easing, soothing. Her arms were automatically draped around the girl's shoulders and she scarcely noticed when the sponge was replaced with the girl's fingers, making her wriggle.

"Come here girl," Paula's voice was soft and low, yet threatening. The young interrogator had perched herself on the edge of a table and was reaching down to slide off her panties. Slowly discarding the small white garment, she gave a saucy, expectant smile and spread her legs to reveal the dark slash of her sex slot.

A plea began to form on Lynne's mouth before she realised its futility and, on wobbly legs, she managed to hobble towards her tormentor. She dropped to her knees before the spread thighs, the soft infusion of lust from the girl's fingers dissipating when strong hands gripped her hair and pulled her head between the waiting thighs. Lynne wasn't a lesbian and had never done anything like this before.

"Use your tongue!" the girl hissed.

"Please, Miss ... I've not ...."

"Do it or else, bitch! Come on, fuck me with your tongue or I'll put you straight back on the cunt-stretcher!" The voice was grim, brooking no argument.

Lynne stomach heaved as she edged her mouth towards the younger girl's sex. It felt so unnatural, disgusting and even worse when she smelt the girl's arousal. Then hands grabbed her head, forcing her lips against the wet flesh, the harsh voice above ordering her to lick.

Although she didn't normally 'do' oral sex, for a moment she tried to pretend that it was Brian, who she had reluctantly obliged when she'd had enough to drink. Yet this was worse - there was no straining male flesh to excite her, just a hairy mauve ring beckoning mutely.

She licked and lapped at the intimate flesh, fighting for breath when the girl's strong thighs clamped around her flushed face, hands pulling her head even closer. The hot moist flesh was horrid, vile against her mouth as, almost within seconds it seemed, the young blonde shuddered to a climax.

"Spread your legs wider!" Paula demanded a few minutes later. "I'm going to take you like a man, like your husband Brian maybe! Look! He likes me and likes what is happening to you."

"Oh please ... Miss," Lynne could do or say nothing more at the sight of the photos the girl flashed before her despairing eyes. She suppressed a frightened sob. The sight of Brian kneeling naked; masturbating himself before the television image of her being caned by Kurt was like a kick in the belly. At that moment she hated him - which she guessed was just what these sadists wanted.

The spike-haired girl laughed at her confusion. "Oh, forget him, darling!" she crooned. "It's a girlie night in for you and I. Now then, hands on your head! Quickly!"

"Please, is Brian ... all right Miss?" Lynne pleaded almost in a whisper. The young blonde chuckled. "I guess so. He's trying to decide whether he likes you more or his money at the moment. So who knows?" The girl sounded flippant, almost uninterested. "Anyway, no more questions! You know what happens when you ask too many questions. For now you belong to me, entirely. Kurt has given you to me. Isn't that nice?"

"Please-please don't-don't hurt me Miss," Lynne whispered miserably trying to forget Brian as she obediently widened her thighs, her breasts lifting upwards with her posture to point temptingly at the young demon.

Worse was to follow. In a strutting parody of a male aggressor, the girl swaggered towards her, hands on hips, with a huge black rubber dildo jutting out from her loins.

"Hmm, nice tits," the girl sneered, obscenely stroking Lynne's precious orbs and teasing the nipples to unwanted erection. "I bet hubby would like to cop a feel of these." The girl's hands left her captive's flint-nippled breasts, moving round to cup and hold the flinching cheeks of her well-stripped bottom.

"Urrggghhh!" Lynne gasped as, after carefully positioning the hard rubber phallus, the blonde brutally slammed it up into her captive's sex slot, gripping the striped bottom cheeks painfully to weld them together. The rubber felt so cold and unnatural, painfully filling and stretching Lynne's already tender sex. "Hold, me, kiss me!" the blonde demanded. "Work with me or you'll be back on the wooden horse!" she girl panted, thrusting hard in an out of Lynne's pulsating vagina.

Feeling sick and debased, Lynne tentatively held the girl's shoulders, kissing the thin line of her interrogator's lips, her hips working reluctantly with the girl's, jerking herself in rhythm with the hands clawing painfully at her sore bottom. Worse, she couldn't deny that the thrusting rubber within in her was helplessly inflaming her clitoris to the point that, very soon, she was bucking with abandon in the blonde's arms; holding her, pulling her even closer to push the rubber in yet deeper. She tried to ignore the blonde's triumphant face looking down at her as she reluctantly shuddered to humiliating climax.

Top

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Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:10 pm

offline

## CHAPTER 9



Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012  
3:50 pm

Posts: 925

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"Look old chap, I couldn't help but notice that you've not really been yourself recently. What's happened? Is it something to do with Lynne? I haven't seen her for a few days." John, a neighbor and one of Brian's golfing friends, shuffled his feet awkwardly and looked a little uncomfortable. It was the following day and the two were seating themselves at an exclusive restaurant just off Victoria Street. "The thing is ...I ..er ... just happened to spot ... er ... that photo of Lynne." He hesitated for a moment the, red-faced, continued. "She was tied in a chair ... er ... blindfolded and ... er ... well, naked." He coughed politely, willing his friend to raise his eyes from where they seemed to be fixed on the tablecloth. "I say, Brian, it's your own damned fault you know. You left the damned thing on your coffee table where I just couldn't help seeing it.

"Oh shit!" groaned Brian. "Look, old pal, please forget it! It-it's nothing ... just a joke ... honest!" Brian's stuttered words and his squirming awkwardness were matched by his red face and sweating body language.

"Uh uh!" John shook his head. "Something's wrong, I can tell. Come on now, far better to talk about it eh?" John held his friend's eyes with a steady gaze.

"No ... it ... it's ... nothing! I can't ... it's too .... no, I can't .... forget it, please!"

Brian looked away in obvious confusion, red-faced with embarrassment and fear. "Look, Brian!" John persisted. We go back years, don't we? Lynne's a smashing girl; just like a sister to me. You know I work for Special Branch and sometimes for the Foreign Office. If Lynne is in some kind of trouble, I'd like to think I could help." He leaned closer, keeping his voice low. "These things are never sorted out on their own, you know," he said slowly. "People like the ones I think you are dealing with usually want more and more; greediness kicks in, something goes wrong," he hesitated just for a moment, his face creased with concern, "and the whole bloody thing ends badly. Just promise me you'll think about, Brian!" He picked up his knife and fork and began eating, changing the subject even though he knew he was on the right track.

A couple of hours later on the golf course Brian broke his brooding silence to spill out the whole shocking story. "I'm sorry John. You were right. Lynne has been kidnapped, the bastards took that photo of her," he broke off momentarily and put a shaking hand to his head, "... and some others in the same vein to prove it. The swines send me things every day showing what they're doing to her. They want money - a lot of it and I'm going to pay. And now - now they've got Abigail, too - you remember, Lynne's little sister! She recently won a lot on the lottery and they are after that as well."

John's face was grave. "How long have they held them, Brian? Tell me everything that's happened!"

"They've had Lynne for a few days now. I-I get daily photos to prove she's - she's OK - newspapers with the date showing next to her, you know. They send videos now, the bastards." Brian's face was white with tension. "She was being mauled by a masked thug. They always keep her naked, crying, telling me she'd already been ... that they'd already made her ... and that she'd be getting more. She was also ... with another young chap, an Arab I think. He-he was naked as well, and tied to a chair and she was having to - to ... you know!"

John cursed quietly and put a comforting hand on his friend's shoulder.

"The message is always the same," Brian continued. "They tell me to hurry up with the ransom and not tell anyone or they'll kill her - very slowly." Brian's fists clenched in fury. "And - and now Abigail, they took her yesterday; just-just spirited her away in an ambulance! Now she's on the films too. One day she was safe here, and the next ... she- she's in hell with poor Lynne and about to lose all her money too."

"You intend paying the ransom?"

"Of course! Oh yes, I must. Every hour, every day she's there, they are doing terrible things to her."

"And what did you tell the Foreign Office about her disappearance?" John asked grimly.

"Well, luckily they haven't asked so far." Brian tried to smile at the one tiny pebble of a problem removed from the boulder blocking his life.

John's face was grave. "I'm surprised they haven't asked. Don't you remember Lynne saying she would be involved in some quite delicate negotiations for the next couple of months?"

"Well, yes ...!" Brian pondered not having thought about such side issues.

"Maybe - maybe they told her office she was sick or something?"

"Did the people who contacted you tell you what to say if her office rang?"

"They just said to say she was sick," Brian nearly choked on the word, "but I got the impression that they thought her office would be unlikely to ring," Brian's face clouded in recollection.

"Well, it does seem a bit odd that they've not checked. Anyway, you do what you have to get her out whilst I make a few discreet enquiries!" He scratched his head while he thought. "Hmm, and you say you get films and photos every day - so she's not too far away then, is she? And you say they've got an Arab lad too." You could almost hear the cogs and wheels in John's trained, logical mind moving as he pondered the problem.

"Please, please for heavens sake be careful!" Brian pleaded weakly. "They said ... they said that ... if I told anyone ... they'd have me under surveillance and they'd ... they'd ... one photo was her with a noose around her neck ...she said she'll be executed - after they'd had more fun with her." Tears gathered in the corners of Brian's tired eyes.

John nodded briskly. "Just leave it to me!" he said quietly. "Just carry on with our game for now, and laugh as if I'd just made a joke! Come on! Lighten up just in case someone's watching us!" John took the lead by laughing himself and clapping Brian on the back.

Top

> profile

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## CHAPTER 10



Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012  
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"Strip naked, then drop and give me fifty press-ups!" Paula ordered Lynne and Abby, standing to attention in front of her in the cold interrogation chamber. The spiky-haired vixen was basking in the joy of absolute power as the two frightened beauties obediently began tugging at their ridiculous, baggy pyjamas. She was delighted to have two such Western women, one her own age and one slightly older, completely at her mercy. The younger sister had quickly learnt the rules; the earrings clamped to her lobes ensured that. Abigail knew, to her cost, the price of disobedience. The spike-haired bitch could make them do anything and both she and Lynne knew it.

For her part, Paula was already beginning to regret that this job would soon be over, albeit very profitably. They would have to move on again and, as the only female, that would mean enduring the unwelcome attentions of both Kurt and Brok. She sighed miserably as she contemplated the thought. If she had to have a man as an alternative to her preference for female flesh, it would be hard to imagine two more degenerate specimens. Yet Kurt had been good to her in his own way and had certainly shown her another way of life.

Certainly she had enjoyed working with these two prisoners very much. She felt the familiar heat between her legs as she surveyed the sheen of effort on the two lithe bodies jiggling before her. Unaccustomed muscles stood out starkly against the straining feminine curves, limbs quivering with maximum effort as each naked girl lowered and raised herself again and again.

Not quite so fit as the younger Abigail, Lynne was gasping with effort, her larger breasts squashing against the cold, dirty floor as the girls neared the end of their allotted fifty.

"Up! Running on the spot! Go!" Paula barked, trying not to smile as the two naked captives obediently pushed themselves erect. Furtively, she pressed her legs together, squeezing and exciting her already moist sex at the sight of the bouncing, jiggling breasts and bottoms.

"M be boring, running like that and not getting anywhere," Paula mocked. "Tell you what! See those backpacks over there?" She pointed casually to where two red canvas bags lay in the far corner of the room. "We'll be using them to collect your ransom before long, if all goes well." Smiling inwardly, she recognised the expression of dawning hope on each tired face. "Don't get too excited, though, darlings! A lot could go wrong before you go free." She smiled at Lynne. "Your darling Brian might not want to pay he ...!"

"Oh, he will ... he will, Miss!" Lynne interrupted, trying to reassure herself as much as the youngster whose relaxed state was in total contrast to her own panic-stricken, mental turmoil. He'll ... Aaarghhhh!" Her tortured scream proclaimed her agony as her earrings sprang into unwelcome life.

"Don't fuckin' interrupt me, you slut!" Paula spat venomously, accompanying the words with a vicious slap across Lynne's heaving breasts.

"Hahh," Lynne gasped, her reddened globes stinging.

Paula glared at her shrinking victim. "I was going to put two bricks in each bag and have you run around the room with them." A tiny smile began to curve her cruel lips. "But I think we'll make it four in each to teach you another lesson in manners. Go on! The bricks are next to the bags! Any more lip from either of you and I'll make it eight for each pack. Hurry now! Get those packs on your fuckin' backs. Ten circuits of the room for a start ... unless you'd like me to adjust your earrings again?"

Paula had already decided that this was heaven. She sat relaxed in a chair, feet up whilst the two naked English girls stumbled around the large, cold room. The backpacks were very heavy and both girls were gasping with effort, breasts bouncing wildly as they ran. The straps of the heavy, brightly coloured packs cut sharply into each smooth shoulder, the canvas slapping the shiny flesh just above each shapely bottom as Lynne and Abigail continued to stumble, bare feet slapping on the floor.

"Well ... at least you're nice and warm now, ladies!" Paula mocked as the two straining girls ran past on legs that were more leaden by the minute. The spiky-haired interrogator knew that she had to satisfy the feelings building up or burst. "Okay, that's enough!" she shouted. She pointed at Abigail. "Give your bag to your sister," she instructed gravely, "and kneel at my feet." She nodded at Lynne. "You girl, take out three bricks from each, then stand to attention holding a pack in each hand, arms straight out to each side!"

As Lynne scurried to obey, Paula saw the look of fear and disgust in the kneeling Abigail's eyes as she reached casually under her short skirt to slide her knickers down and off.

"You will use your mouth, here!" she ordered, spreading her legs and pointing to her dark curly thatch, "and if you lower your arms, I'll play with your earrings!" She grinned and shot a quick glance at Lynne, standing as if crucified with a bag in each shaking arm; then turned back to the shaking Abigail. "Get your snout in there girl! She growled, "or it will be the worse for you!" She smiled with satisfaction as the blonde head reluctantly ducked under her skirt.

Paula was even further within heaven's portals now. With talon-like hands guiding the blonde head, she could watch the other sister straining to hold up the bags. Each of her captives was undergoing an ordeal of a different nature; but the common factor was that it was solely for her enjoyment.

The mouth and tongue beneath her skirt were inexperienced but active and the unwilling nature of their work made the end result so much sweeter. It was so good just to enjoy the lapping tongue while feasting her eyes on Lynne's anguished face. The older girl's lovely body was covered with a sheen of sweat. Her nipples were stiffened red berries of fear on the perfect breasts. Filled with joy at the feeling of absolute power she had over the two beautiful, naked girls, Paula concentrated her senses on the darting, lapping tongue between her thighs, her hands pulling the blonde head ever harder against the wet, quivering flesh.

"Okay, Paula! I take over now; give them real work-out." Brok had walked and watched with a broad grin on his ugly face while Paula gasped to a shuddering climax, her cries of passion hardly distinguishable from the moans from her victims.

"Stand against wall, hands on head, nose touching wall," the Turk ordered Lynne, patting her jiggling bottom with a hand the size of a small shovel. "You, little blondie, come here!" his finger beckoned the trembling Abby, who kept her hands obediently planted on her head as she walked across on shaking legs to the brute.

It would be difficult to imagine a more revealing or degrading position for a

woman than that which she was now forced to hold. At Brok's command, she knelt with her nose to the floor, bottom thrust up and legs obscenely parted as wide as she could. Even worse, she was doing all this at the behest of a horrible, ugly, greasy Turkish man-mountain, helplessly displaying every soft feminine secret.

Brok stroked her shining curves and she squirmed and wriggled helplessly under his disgusting touch, only just managing to hold her position. Then, without further preamble, he thrust his awful hardness straight into her, cruelly claspng and squeezing her ripe young boobs.

"Haaarghhh," she screamed, gasping helplessly as he held her in a bear-hug, enfolding her, pressing her wriggling curves against him as he rammed up into her squirming body.

"Huh, huh, huh, " Abby panted in disgust. Never had she felt so degraded. The assault continued until she felt him tense and his hardness swelled within her. Then he suddenly withdrew, ordering her to remain kneeling in the degrading pose while he beckoned to the shaking Lynne, standing obediently by the wall. "I feel like a real woman," he jeered, slapping Abby's curves with disdain, his erection glistening with her juices.

Abby wept with the shame and degradation of being rejected by someone so gross. Almost as bad, she was forced to endure the sight of her older sister ordered to kneel in the same humiliating posture with her nose to the ground, and then similarly impaled. Lynne took the assault much as Abigail had done, just a low series of moans and gasps erupting from her mouth as she was so brutally taken. The brute's hands closed like talons on her bruised flesh as he thrust and thrust into her. Finally it was all over and the big Turk filled her brutally with his seed. Withdrawing and standing up, he gave her a broad grin before casually slapping her flinching bottom as she wept.

Top

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Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

📅 Posted: Mon Jul 15, 2013 6:11 pm

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## CHAPTER 11

"You two are very alike; there's no doubting that you're sisters." Kurt's voice was oily smooth as he regarded his two tense victims, almost like two living, beautiful statues. . Another day of their hellish imprisonment had passed and both girls sat naked, bolt upright on stools facing each other just a couple of metres apart. The two girls were absolute pictures of subservience with hands clasped obediently behind their necks, backs ramrod straight.

"Open your legs then, sluts! Come on, wider!" he demanded when they shifted their thighs apart only slightly, trying desperately to maintain their modesty as much as possible. Kurt was having none of it, however. "Come on! Wider than that! Show me everything! Show each other everything!"

Reluctantly both sisters spread their legs, blatantly revealing their womanly charms, two delightfully distinct mauve flowers trimmed with blonde muffs.

Kurt casually strolled around the trembling girls. "A bit cold in here, eh youngster?" The fat German's tone was almost kindly. Smiling, he put his arm around Abby's shivering shoulders like a concerned old uncle for his niece.

"Y-yes Sir," she whispered, loathing the fact of his touch, yet knowing there was nothing she could do to avoid it.

"Hmm, your nipples are hard," he commented absently, reaching out to tease the small, tight buds, rolling them painfully around between finger and thumb. Abby's hands, knuckles white with tension, clenched hard at the back of her neck. She longed to slap him away but common sense warned her not to!

"Good girl," Kurt growled. "Your sister told me all about you and how much she wanted you here." He moved to stand behind Lynne, grinning at the way her features crumpled into guiltily. He casually stroked her hair, running a hand down the curve of her spine to the swelling of her bottom. "Those nurse and patient games eh?" His grin widened as he felt Lynne tense and saw the shock on Abigail's flushed face "Pencils into little girls' holes pretending they were something else?" he chuckled.

"What!" exclaimed Abby, shooting an accusing look at her sister.

Kurt was amused, reaching down to slide one finger under Lynne's bottom cheeks and into her anus. "Hmm, I think maybe little Abby might be surprised at what girlie secrets we shared, eh Lynne?"

Abby was mortified at the thought. "Oh, please! Oh Lynne ... how could you?" In her mind's eye, she thought back a few years to when she and Lynne were young. "Come in please and undress!" she would tell her elder sister when she knocked on her bedroom door at the start of one of their 'games.'

"Oh, do I have to take everything off?" Lynne would role-play the surprised patient.

"Oh yes, we need to take a good look at you. Please take everything off!" Abby would be playing the nurse. It gave her a strange, sexual thrill to see her sister taking her clothes off. It was something they both knew to be rude and, of course, there was the exciting risk of being caught by their parents. But Abby also felt good at the idea of role reversal; bossing her elder sister around and she knew that, at times, Lynne secretly enjoyed being dominated. Soon Lynne's knickers and bra had joined her school uniform in an untidy heap on the bed, leaving her in just her white socks.

"Walk up and down please," Abby instructed, feeling strange feelings of arousal between her legs as her older sister's ripe young nudity was paraded up and down the room.

"Seems OK!" she said gravely. "But I think I'd better examine you thoroughly." Her face was flushed with excitement. "Now bend over and I'll take your temperature!" Abby would select an old pencil and, with a secret thrill, move it down between the small cleft of Lynne's trembling bottom and into the tight rubbery resistance of her back passage. It looked so funny to see it wobbling there so rudely.

Next time it would be her turn to take her clothes off and feel the pencil sliding into her.

"Haaaarghhhhh," the searing pain of her earrings ripped away the retreat of further reflection and returned Abby uncomfortably to the present. Then she was aware of her sister's voice.

"Abby, leave it, please! "You don't know what they did to me to make me ... Haarghhhh, oh God!" Both girls screamed as their earrings frazzled further speech.

"I didn't give you permission to talk girls!" Kurt returned the remote control switch to his pocket and grinned sociably at the two shivering captives. "Sit up straight again, exactly as you were before!" he ordered. Reluctantly the girls obeyed and, once again, they became two living, naked statues.

"Yes, you've both seen it all before haven't you?" he hissed, trailing a finger around the edge of the stool and into the cleft of Lynne's bottom.

"Oooorrrgh! She groaned as the tight heat of her sphincter contracting around his finger.

Kurt ignored the groan. "I wonder whether you've had any good pencils up your arses since then, little Abigail?" He gave a leering smile, but Abby kept her eyes downcast, unable to meet his gaze.

"Well I've got some pencils here so I think we'll play a little game that I've improvised!" He chuckled. "Let's see who wins eh? I'll tell you how it goes. The first to carry, shall we say, six pencils across the room two at a time using your bottoms and cunts is the winner. If one drops out you start again. The winner

spanks the loser." He grinned broadly at the tearful expression on both girls' faces. "Not quite the same as you two played it, eh? Never mind, you're both big girls now." His grin faded and his expression became grim.. "I warn you, though, if I see either one of you going slow or trying to 'throw' the game - you'll both be caned - hard, by me!"

Abby could hardly believe she was doing this. Crouching she eased one pencil into her vagina and another into her anus. It was so degrading and unnatural. What they'd done as a childish experiment had no comparison with what she was being forced to do as an adult. The whole thing was so humiliating; it felt horrible, disgusting! Gripping both slim intruders desperately with her internal muscles, she walked in an awkward crouch across the room, keeping her hands on her head as instructed by the loathsome Kurt. He, in turn, sat watching with amusement, fingering the remote control of the horrid earrings. Lynne was just ahead of her, her two pencils protruding obscenely from between her legs. Oh how she wished she had the courage to leap on the fat German and claw his piggy eyes out for making them do such things - yet it was impossible. Kurt held all the cards and she and Lynne could only 'jump to his disgusting tune'. Then Abby had other things to worry about. She felt one of her pencils slip and had to stop, desperately clenching her bottom and just managing to hold it in place before hobbling on. Lynne meanwhile had reached the designated spot and was already running back for her second pair.

And this set the seal on the contest. Try as she might, Abby somehow just never managed to catch up.

Kurt was ecstatic. "I think this is roughly how you said it went when you played your original naughty 'little girl' games, didn't it?" Kurt's voice purred hotly over Lynne's shoulder as Abby resignedly eased herself over her sister's lap.

The touch of her young sibling's soft nudity against her own felt so strange, unconsciously invoking some sexually exciting childhood memories. But now they were grown women, and under the control of a hideous, fat German, whose hands were resting lightly on Lynne's trembling shoulders.

Kurt twisted her head so that she faced him, breathing stale breath into her flinching face. "Now then, slut! If I don't consider that you've spanked her hard enough, I'm going to cane both of you, very hard. So for both your sakes, I'd urge you to smack her bottom as hard as you can! Begin!"

Shuddering with disgust, Lynne felt the dastardly interrogator's male hardness against her naked back as he reached round to fondle her boobs with one hand. His other hand was down at his crotch, openly playing with himself. To take her mind off the awfulness of the situation, Lynne tried to block him out, thinking only of Abby and how much she loved her. It felt so odd yet exciting to feel Abby's warm pubis against her own, the small, perfect spheres of Abby's bottom at her mercy across her lap. She tried not to touch her sister's bottom any more than necessary, even when the act of just raising her hands made Abby, so delightfully, contract her cheeks in dread.

"Don't keep us waiting!" Kurt warned.

Smack!

"Hahh!" Abby gasped and wriggled as Lynne brought her palm smartly down across the smoothness of her sister's pale bottom cheeks.

Slap!

"Grahh!" Lynne added another reddening mark to the already carmine hue, feeling a twang of guilt that she didn't feel as bad about smacking her sister as she ought. After all, she tried to justify to herself, in the old days her sister often won similar races and gave her a slapping.

Slap!

"Haaah!" Abby's gasps and wriggles became more intense right up until the last one, when Lynne heard her sniffing back her tears. Abby's cute little bottom was now bright red, the heat from it quite noticeable.

"Hmm, not bad," chuckled Kurt. "Not hard enough, though, I'm afraid." Kurt

smiled gleefully as he announced his verdict to the two pairs of wide disbelieving eyes. "On your feet please girls! Touch your toes, legs wide and straight!" He swished the cane menacingly.

"Please..." whispered Abby.

"Do it," he snapped, interrupting the distraught girl's plaintive wail while ostentatiously fingering the remote control.

Groaning, the two lovelies assumed the position side-by-side, twin pictures of misery and eroticism. Their lush, taut curves were so inviting, the dark lips peeping from below their flinching globes, each etched with a few strands of wiry hair at the apex of the thighs. Both pairs of delightful, red-tipped breasts were heaving with each anguished breath.

Lynne tensed as Kurt's footsteps went behind her and stopped. Her bottom cheeks automatically twitched with dread. Desperately, unsuccessfully, she tried to stop them, knowing how it would add to the beast's pleasure. She heard his arm raise and closed her eyes.

Swack!

"Haarghhh!" Abby's howl of pain alongside her made her jump. Relaxing slightly, she saw her sister's head jerk upwards in pain, teeth clenched, her eyes screwed shut.

Whack!"

"Graaaaghhhh!" Lynne screamed even louder as the next brutal lash caught her completely unprepared. The cane seared into her soft bottom like a cheese-wire. Sobbing, she followed Abby's example and pressed shaking hands to her burning nates.

"You remain bending over! No moving! No touching bottoms! For disobedience, you get the same again! Now then, bend over and remain like that for your punishment until I say otherwise!" Kurt demanded.

The fat German licked his lips, smiling as the two beauties obediently reassumed their positions; the two gorgeous white bottoms, each laced with a red stripe, presented so vulnerably for his attention. The sniffing sobs emanating from each inverted head under its curtain of hair only served to enhance his pleasure as he gave each girl another biting cut to their flinching cheeks.

This time, both girls somehow managed to remain bent over, hands tightly gripping their ankles. Kurt's face was flushed with excitement as he stole a quick glance at his watch.

"Okay then," he said lasciviously. "You did all right that time. I'll let you off with that if you both kiss me and then each other to show no hard feelings ... yes?" His trousers bulged so obviously as each sobbing, distraught beauty tentatively pressed trembling lips to his.

"Come on now! A proper kiss; press against me, no need to be shy eh?" he chuckled, smiling as he felt each soft body. Two pairs of girlie breasts mashed themselves obediently against his chest, each girl pressing her soft pubis against his arousal and giving vent to soft pleas for mercy when he casually swatted the two pairs of sore, red bottoms.

"There, there, now give Lynne a kiss to show no hard feelings!" Kurt ordered, pushing Abby away. "Now press yourselves tight together, use your tongues and keep doing it while you do this." Lynne jumped as he extracted his hot, sticky manhood and thrust it into her reluctant, trembling hand.

"Go on! Keep kissing each other while Lynne er, 'relieves' my feelings!" He breathed lust into their disgusted, twitching faces. "Run your hands over each other, girls! Don't pretend you're not enjoying it! Come on, Lynne, use your free hand to stroke Abby's bottom!"

Lynne gently turned her face to meet her sister's full, trembling lips. She felt her sister's soft body against her own, and almost joyously bent to her task of kissing her while, with her free hand, she jerked off the fat German, giving him his vile pleasure. She gasped as Abby obediently cupped the cheeks of her sore bottom. Soft femininity against femininity, no matter how unnatural or

unwanted, the touch between sisters was so much better than touching the brute's awful male hardness. Tentatively at first, then faster as her confidence grew, she rubbed and jerked the solid pillar of flesh until he jetted his vile lust onto the dirty floor.

"Time to go!" Paula barged in just as Kurt had finished. "Lets get these two sluts back in their cells."

It was almost a relief for Lynne to hear the sharp voice. She had feared that she might have to do worse for the fat interrogator and it was good to see him flustered and hurriedly stuffing himself back in his trousers. Thankfully, she and Abby pulled on their baggy pyjamas.

Brok put down the cellphone an hour or so later and grinned at his three victims. "Your husband been good! He not tell anyone 'bout you being here! We checked. Others pick up ransom and lottery money now. Maybe all over for you soon!"

Although she hated the Turk, hated his huge animal presence, indeed hated them all, Lynne couldn't help but let some hope lighten her bleak heart. Surely, she prayed, this nightmare would end soon. Without any explanation the Turk had entered her cell and she'd automatically feared the worst when he had ordered her to strip. Yet after securing her in the 'normal' fashion with wrists twisted painfully up between her shoulder blades, he had merely pushed her out of the door.

In similar fashion all three captives had been brought by the Turk from their respective cells and lined up in the main factory area while he sat relaxed and received progress reports about the ransom collection on his cellphone. She, Abby and Asan all stood in a line before the huge Turk, their nude bodies shivering in the chill air. Although frightened and ashamed, Lynne couldn't help also spare some feelings for the naked Arab youth as Brok casually, ominously, strolled over to stand behind him, eyeing him up and down in a lecherous fashion.

"Call yourself a man?" he mocked. "You've got to do a lot better than that." He reached down to fondle Asan's cold-shrunken penis. "You're a nice big boy for me sometimes eh? Maybe ladies see you at your best? Not worry, boy! I make you big." He chuckled, slapping and stroking the brown, muscled rump, one finger curling within the shrinking anus. "There that's what we want eh?" Grinning triumphantly, he fondled his victim's unwillingly growing manhood. "Aaaaahhhh!" Asan groaned as one calloused hand stroked him obscenely to a massive hardness while a plundering finger continued to explore the hot tightness of his reluctant anus.

"OK!" grinned Brok. "I let you enjoy yourselves now whilst the others away; make your dreams come true! You fuck oldest girl now!" Brok smiled down at Asan in friendly fashion. "On your side!" he ordered, pushing the boy down. "You beside him, legs apart!" he growled at Lynne.

Flushed with shame and humiliation, awkwardly with her hands bound, Lynne knelt down beside Asan.

"I help, eh?" chuckled Brok. "I think you like my touch, boy." He smiled in friendly fashion at the shamed young Arab, then guided Lynne to lay down alongside the dark erection sticking out like a flagpole.

Asan groaned again as the Turk grabbed his stiffness with one hand and, pushing with his other on Lynne's shrinking bottom, forced them close together. "Push right in there! That good! Now, three good thrusts, both working together, then stop! Pull nearly out, just leave tip inside her! If either of you come 'fore I tell you, I drop you in tank!"

The Turk sadistically directed the couple as he pulled a squealing Abby against him, cuddling and fondling the young blonde as she perched uncomfortably on his broad lap. Abby had to endure one huge hand squeezing her small breasts while surreptitiously shifting her bare hindquarters to avoid too much proximity

to the giant's obvious excitement straining through his soiled trousers. Grinning broadly, Brok watched the two bound figures moving together, then very reluctantly but obediently stopping, their nude bodies quivering with tension. "Hold it in!" Brok ordered roughly, wiping a stream of spittle from his lips. "Enjoy ... relish it eh?" He smiled through his black and broken teeth as the interlocked couple pleaded with wide eyes and parted lips to be allowed to continue. "All right, all right! he finally relented. "Three more thrusts then stop!" came the Turk's next command. Quickly, he extracted his own length and rammed the young blonde's hips sharply downwards. Abby gave a piercing scream as she was impaled and ravaged on the Turk's huge penis.

Lying with Asan on the floor, Lynne was in an utter torment. Despite the enforced circumstances, she has to admit how much she wanted ... no needed ... Asan's pulsing manhood inside her. He was so big, young and virile. Instead the throbbing erection lay unmoving between her legs, just the cock head inside her pulsating sex as they awaited further directions. What kind of woman had she become, she wondered? She shivered with lust, hovering on the brink, longing to hold him, to kiss him, to pull him deeply into her, feel his strong hands on her bare breasts and bottom, holding and caressing her tenderly.

In reality, though, all both she and Asan could only await the command to thrust again. She looked up with hooded eyes, feeling guiltily jealous as Abby was bounced up and down on the Turk's lap, blonde hair and bare breasts bouncing wildly.

"Three more!" Brok ordered, panting and grinning as the two entwined, sweating bodies lovingly pumped and undulated together. Three thrusts, both male and female bottoms flexing in their excitement. Asan turned his pleading gaze towards the big Turk. It was pretty obvious that he couldn't hold out much longer.

Encased in the younger blonde's energetic, dripping honeypot, Brok was in a forgiving mood. "OK, come!" he growled, his own face slack with the same lust as the two on floor, all jerking wildly together, gasping their joint pleasure.

Top

profile

Alien

Post subject: Re: The Interrogation (Martin Hughes)

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## CHAPTER 12

Kurt smiled at them coldly and without humour when he returned an hour or so later. "We have the ransom, so your usefulness to us is now at an end. Brok will put you all into the tank and, this time, I'm afraid you won't be coming out again!"

Lynne panicked, hardly able to believe her ears. After all they'd done, this bastard was just going to kill them in cold blood! "Oh God! Please!" she begged piteously. "You can't ... I beg you ... please! We've - we've done everything ... my husband's done everything ... given you everything! Oh, pleeeeaase!"

It was all to no avail. Twisting and squirming, she was picked up like a sack of potatoes and slung over Brok's massive shoulder. Begging and pleading desperately, she was carried effortlessly up the steps to the waiting water tank. She struggled uselessly in the Turk's strong arms, unable to prevent him binding her ankles together and fastening heavy lead weights to her feet.

Brok grinned at her tearful, desperate expression as he propped her up at the edge of the tank with her feet dangling in the ice-cold water. "You no swim good with weights on feet, I think," he chuckled. "Wait here now and I go fetch you sister and boyfriend!"

Within minutes, both Abby and Asan were similarly bound and weighted, their frantic pleas for mercy merging the panic-stricken Lynne's screams.

"Goodbye, my dears," said Kurt with a cheery smile. "Don't worry too much! It will all be over very quickly." With a casual wave, he and Brok rolled them one by one into the waiting tank.

The icy water enveloped Lynne once more, practically tearing the air from her lungs. She began to sink immediately and she looked up with wide, terrified eyes as Kurt and Brok gave her mocking salutes of farewell. The water closed over her head and the two sadists vanished from sight. The weights tugged at her ankles and she felt herself sinking deeper and deeper into the black water. A strange calm seized her mind and she knew she was about to die. A sincere regret that both Abby and Asan were about to suffer the same fate filled her mind.

In that moment, there was a huge concussion that smashed her to one side of the tank. Coloured lights flashed through her head at the blow and then, almost unbelievably, she felt herself caught in a rush of water which sucked her naked body through a gaping hole in the tank. Gasping, she dragged a deep breath of air into her lungs as both Abby and Asan were sucked through the hole and deposited at her side on the concrete.

Shouted commands, the roar of gunfire and heavy explosions were replaced by the sharper crash of percussion grenades. The stench of cordite was heavy in the chill air when Lynne regained her senses sufficiently to find herself being gently released from her bonds. She tried to rise, but her senses began to swim and she passed out again.

"I thought it was odd when you said the Foreign Office hadn't asked where Lynne was, especially in the middle of those important negotiations. Either the kidnapers had made her ring her office, which would be a bit unusual, or, the FO already knew where she was and didn't expect her in." John was explaining things to an immensely relieved Brian after leaving the hospital where Lynne, Abigail and Asan had been taken.

"The-the Foreign Office - they -they were behind it, they did it!" Brian was lost for words.

"Well, not quite," John continued. "You see ... ah ... in the current security climate, our own services sometimes use other ... er ... 'Agencies' for interrogation purposes with suspected traitors or dangerous terrorist suspects. You've heard about the American CIA transporting terrorist suspects to other countries for interrogation, haven't you? These people are not bound by the normal civilised rules of interrogation; but are very, very effective in extracting information." He frowned and cleared his throat. "Well, in this case, it seems that the 'Agency' the Foreign Office chose to use employs some pretty dubious foreign nationals whose methods include sexual torture as the norm - not to mention blackmail and extortion when the opportunity arises."

"You mean to tell me ...!" Brian began.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Our own security service engineered the kidnap because the Foreign Office suspected Lynne of passing delicate information to the Arabs. After her interrogation, of course, any suspicion as to who was behind it would have fallen on the Arabs. That would have suited our people, of course, who need to distance themselves from any accusations of kidnap and torture. Our foreign friends, of course, formulated their own agenda once they had Lynne, blackmailing you after Lynne had told them about your finances - and kidnapping Abigail once they found out about her lottery win. Why they took the young Arab, I'm not sure, except that the three interrogators are all acknowledged bisexuals, so perhaps they just took him because they could.

"Anyway," John went on, "after I banged on a few doors, the FO reluctantly told me that they had actually received the information they needed from Lynne's interrogation." John grimaced. "They didn't want to say anything too soon

because Lynne had not yet been released and the negotiations with the Arabs were at a delicate stage. Lynne had discovered that they had no intention of honouring the deal. That's why Lynne was spending time grilling the Arab lad for information out of hours. She's a heroine."

Brian was white-faced with anger. "You can't be serious! My wife and her baby sister both tortured and almost killed ... all at the instigation of the fucking Foreign Office and your fucking Secret Service buddies?"

John coloured and raised a defensive hand. "Please Brian. The FO weren't to know exactly what was going on. Our security boys have used this particular agency very successfully many times before with no unfortunate repercussions. This time, unfortunately, these thugs went completely over the top. Our chaps were amazed that Lynne and the others had not been sent on to the hospital they use to help people recover from such interrogations. It's the job of the Head of whichever Agency they use for any particular interrogation, in this case a German guy called Kurt, to explain to the 'victim' in hospital and mitigate the effects if, as in this case, the subject proves to be innocent.

Brian was white-faced. "Innocent?" he choked. "Of course she was bloody innocent. Oh, those bastards ... those bloody, bloody bastards!"

John placed a comforting arm around his shoulders. "Our boys didn't know it, of course, but Kurt and his cronies were keeping Lynne and the other two under wraps until they had the ransom money. It seems they were all sexual sadists and were enjoying the torture. Once they'd got the cash, they planned to kill them and disappear." He shook his head sadly. "Unfortunately, it took a while to trace the particular interrogation centre they were using but I knew it had to be close by virtue of the daily photos you received. It helped when we raided a flat used by Kurt and found his stash of photos of what he'd been doing to Lynne and a lot of others who weren't as lucky as her. Fortunately, one of our operatives recognised the place they were using, a disused factory in Wapping so we mounted a raid ... just in time, I'm glad to say."

Brian snorted and John coloured even more.

"Oh and you might want to keep these," The Special Branch man discreetly passed Brian the film of him being led around his flat on a lead held by Paula. "Anyway, to cut a long story short, he continued, "we soon had the place under observation and, once they'd picked up the ransom we had proof. It's fortunate that we knew about the factory hideout because they used several taxis and a motorbike so we'd never have followed them. Also, they were in contact by mobile with one of the gang members holding Lynne and the others and he would have finished them if we'd managed to intercept them. Don't worry! We had it all under control.

Brian moved away from his friend. He was still angry but knew enough to realise that the anger would do neither Lynne nor himself any good. She was safe now and it would be useless to make a fuss at the F.O. Suffice it to say that Lynne and Abby had already been offered a six-figure 'compensation' fee and, in Lynne's case, a twelve-month paid holiday term as well, to spend exactly as she liked.

"What about Kurt and the others?" Brian asked in an almost disinterested tone.

"I suppose they'll go to prison for a long time."

Oh yes!" John answered readily. I can assure you that those particular three will never walk free again. At the moment, though, they are all three receiving some of their own treatment as guests of another foreign 'Agency'. We hope to pick up a lot of information about certain governments and their activities in the next few months.

### Epilogue

Lynne obediently opened her mouth and resisted an almost irresistible impulse to clasp her hands behind her head. She was a little disappointed that the

hospital doctor didn't want to take her temperature in the more 'unconventional' way below, but there would be plenty of time to experiment with that later, she decided.

She smiled at Asan who was watching from a bed nearly opposite, then turned to see Brian walking into the ward with a large bunch of flowers. Her stomach lurched at certain suddenly clear possibilities and, right there and then, decided that it was time to turn her somewhat staid world round in a more exciting way. Of course, she would need to instruct Brian as to his place in her new and exciting sex life. Her experiences had provided a comfortable sum in compensation and her suspicions about the Arabs' underhandedness had been confirmed.

As horrible as her experiences at the hands of Kurt and his associates had been, she had to admit that they had also enriched her previously staid sex life.

Winking at Abby, in the bed next to hers, she opened her legs under the sheet and purposefully slid a hand down under to the pouting lips of her wet sex. Her finger gently rubbed away at her love button while she tried to decide when she should next see Asan – on her own terms this time, of course.

THE END

Top

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Page 3 of 3 [ 15 posts ]

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

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