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[Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

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Author

Message

Alien

Post subject: [Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

Post **Posted:** Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:54 pm

Offline

User avatar

Poor lovely Rachel and friend Alice, who both work for the UK Customs and Borders agency in the first quarter of 21 century are caught up in the system and sent to one of the terrible new foreign owned prisons in England.

Joined: Fri Dec 07,
2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

Rachel and Alice are humiliated and tortured in the prison after being set up by the rich Negroid Arab, Achmed, who owns it. After they are transported to his country it transpires that he needs them as an 18th Birthday present for his son. He especially picked Rachel not just for her blonde good looks but also her likeness to Makepeace in the old Dempsey and Makepeace TV series, of which his son is an avid fan. To survive, the beauties have to endure his sadistic games with them, give him a lesbian show and then seduce him. They finally succeed but not before Achmed has plenty of incriminating films of the girls seemingly seducing his young son – should he ever need to blackmail the UK border agency in future. And when she finally returns home, Rachel wonders whether things can ever be the same – without more forcefulness in the bedroom - and Alice next to her.

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Style: Moderate BDSM, Sex Slavery / Training, Male Dom - M/F

Attachments:

Rachel's_Prison.jpg

Rachel's_Prison.jpg [18.04 KiB | Viewed 4544 times]

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)**PostPosted:** Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:56 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 1

User avatar

Joined: Fri Dec 07,
2012 3:50 pm**Posts:** 925[User posts](#)[User topics](#)

The delicious-looking blonde gunned her powerful four by four into the broad sweeping drive of her house. After a last deep thrust of the engine she switched off and slammed the door with an expensive clunk, the bleep of the alarm soon followed - you couldn't take chances in this day and age.

For a moment she gazed proudly at her new car and her fairly large house, reminding herself of the virtues of a good and powerful job in Government, before she let herself in and called cheerily to her husband.

Life was good for Rachel. She was a drop-dead gorgeous woman on whom many male eyes lingered, drinking in her doll-like face framed by ash blonde hair with a delicious figure which cried out to be unpeeled. It was said by many that she had film star looks and had indeed often been likened to one. Not only was she incredibly easy on the eyes but she had brains and a sparkling personality to match. But rather than the silver screen, as a result of a good education, she had by the modest age of twenty five secured a middle management policy position in the UK Customs and Borders Agency. And having married last year her handsome boyfriend, Dean, she didn't believe that life could get much better for her.

True, in her opinion England in the first quarter of the 21 century seemed to have been going downhill these last few years and she often longed to live abroad. But there were maybe signs that the laws were toughening a bit so that criminals and the like would begin to regret breaking them. And her conscience was clear, she always did her bit, speaking out when she thought things were wrong.

That evening she lay snuggled against her husband's broad chest, her lush nude curves straining against him as their mouths locked together in deep kiss of passion, tongues entwined. His hands were holding the smooth flexing cheeks of her bottom as he thrust into her, filling her deliciously just as his tongue filled and explored her willing mouth. Her legs and mouth were open to him as her hands tightly gripped the hard mounds of his buttocks, pulling him in deeper to the hot depths of her sex.

After they gasped to a climax she lay contented in his arms, pressing her lushness against his hard muscular frame. Across the bedroom the television remained on and ignored. But gradually Rachel's interest returned to it, a documentary about one of the new super prisons opened nearby in Kent to cope with the growing crime rate. Such things were loosely connected to her job. Although the prison was funded from somewhere abroad Rachel and Dean were in broad agreement that something needed to be done about getting tough with criminals, who deserved all they got, Rachel all too often cited.

The documentary was speculating on whether it was a good idea to virtually let foreigners run these places with little supervision or restriction; but why not she thought, snuggling closer to Dean, pressing the hard buttons of her nipples against his hairy chest. In her job she had to tow the softly-softly party line all too often. At least someone was prepared to use a bit of the short sharp shock treatment rather than treat everyone lightly. Needing him again, she leaned forward to start suckling and nibbling his nipples whilst her fingers curled around the rapidly enlarging length of his penis. She and Dean had returned from a Saturday night out with their friends; Alice and her husband Mark, also their policeman friend Dave with his wife. And three glasses of wine in the Chinese restaurant had as usual turned her a bit out of character and into a wanton woman. She

sighed contentedly as his hands found her boobs and bottom whilst his male hardness grew to brush and stab her belly.

Several thousand miles away another person scanned the same television programme at which Rachel had previously been looking with interest. But he was also trawling databases of existing and future potential inmates for that prison he owned. Rich and powerful, but also rather large and ugly, the man of mixed Arabic and Negroid descent was a lot less pleasing to the eye than Rachel. How could either of them know that within weeks two such different people would be connected by something a lot more tangible and menacing than a television programme!

“Look, it-it seems that the authorities may be taking further action after you and Alice took part in that demo a few weeks ago; I know it was peaceful but.....” Their friend, Dave, who was also their local policeman, looked rather embarrassed when he called round socially a few evenings later. “They photo-matched your and Alice’s identities to being connected with customs jobs and it looks like they may want to make examples of you under the new crack-downs. I’m sorry.”

“But the demonstration was only about tougher sentencing, the anti-immigration crowd sort of took it over,” Rachel felt as if a hole had opened in her stomach. It might have been a bit reckless of her to go on any demo in her position but it seemed so harmless and she had firm views on crime and punishment. “OK I might agree a bit with what they said about immigration on the demo - but we left when things got a bit ugly and ...” yet Rachel’s words trailed off recalling the warning from her boss in the Borders Agency not to become involved in such demonstrations in case they ran out of control – and how she thought she knew better.

First came the temporary suspension from work of her and her friend Alice, who was also her deputy in her office, whilst they faced retraining. To begin redeeming themselves would apparently require her written apology and a retraction of any views she might hold against complete open door immigration. That was a high horse too far and she jumped on it, strongly objecting and refusing to go along with it; she had principles she decided. Then within a few days the authorities had dredged their databases and found evidence of her and Alice on some right-wing demo when they were university students. It was enough in the current society for them to be branded criminals.

They had a choice of a formal trial and probably losing their jobs whether found guilty or innocent. Or accepting a short rehabilitation sentence for a few weeks and then continuing with their careers. After much soul-searching she and Alice reluctantly decided to accept the rehab option. After all, she always said, most people got such early release from prison that it was hardly worth them going. She and Alice would probably be back at work in a couple of weeks, wouldn’t they?

Too late, the nature of that retraining became clear when the official letter came. It was daunting. ‘You will be escorted to HM Correction Centre Gillingham on 10 June,’ it had read- which was in just two days time. This was one of the new foreign run short-sharp-shock super-prisons she had recently heard about. ‘You may bring a family member and there will be a police escort. Expect a complete strip search and an enema on arrival,’ the awful letter had continued.

Rachel's heart sank. She knew little of the new facility beyond what was in the documentary the other week; no-one seemed to have exact details of it. They were just somewhere to heap the growing mound of prisoners, and with the public pendulum swinging back against too soft sentencing plenty of blind eyes were turned. Rachel just hoped that the flood of uncontrolled immigration would be the next thing to slowly change even though she knew that a certain amount was healthy for the country; if only the authorities would cater for the necessary infrastructure to cope she thought. Yet she realised glumly, rather than worry about lofty ideals she now had the more pressing problem of her grim future.

With a sick jolt she recalled a Muslim woman living in her area who worked in the prison. Ashanti was her name she remembered. She often saw her gliding down the road fully veiled and Rachel ensured that she kept out of her way. That was primarily because she had once checked up on her employment status and although she had recommended the woman's deportation back to Iraq, her boss in the agency overruled it. Hopefully, thought Rachel, the woman would be unlikely to recall that incident if she ever came across her during her rehab.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

Posted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:56 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 2

User avatar

Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

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The prison gates were large and daunting. Rachel felt a deep pit of fear opening in her stomach as she Dean, Alice and Mark walked through them and they crashed behind her. The two couples were accompanied by Dave wearing his police uniform in his professional capacity.

Rachel felt a pang of fear and anger as they were greeted inside by two female guards in long black burkha robes so that only their brown eyes and olive skin surrounding them was visible. Ominously the robes bore the logo 'HM Correctional Facility Number 3 – Gillingham - Respect.' That form of dress always intimidated her but she tried to swallow her fear; she had to. She always found it so unsettling when people wore such things in the street and it rankled that they did so in her own country, changing its complexion far more than she thought appropriate. Now she realised for the first time that she would be under the control of such 'foreigners.' She couldn't prevent the shiver of discomfort from washing over her, realising that she would have to learn to accept such things, and quickly, because these women were in charge of her, had power over her. And worse, she saw that both women carried short crops in their belts, the short wooden handles ending in a short bunch of knotted leather flails. She assumed they were just part of a ceremonial uniform or something.

"Follow," one of the women threw imperiously over her shoulder as she led them along various long and gloomy corridors, deeper into captivity. Although much of the building was new, its purpose wasn't – there used to be an old Victorian prison here. The smell of

confinement, fear and suffering seemed to be ingrained in the monotonous brickwork. After passing through several heavy doors which the second guard locked behind them they found themselves in a large room with whitewashed walls, mirrors and a tiled floor. It looked like a reception area containing amongst other things a row of tiny cubicles, metal tables and cupboards, and things which looked like whips with long wooden handles in a rack but which Rachel preferred not to even try and guess the true purpose of.

After signing some lengthy official prison paperwork which blurred before her eyes the smaller of the robed women handed Rachel a transparent plastic bag and pointed to one of small cubicles.

“Please completely undress in there, everything, all jewellery, off too; all to go in bag and put this on,” she pushed a tiny white surgical type gown into her hands. “Then back out here quickly now,” the woman clapped her hands as if she was a child.

“Please... you want me to put on just this and come out again...?” Rachel had assumed a discreet examination and search by a doctor in private. But this was all happening in front of her husband, and Dave and the others.

“Of course, you’ve got nothing we haven’t all seen before, nothing to be too proud of, eh. Now hurry before you get in trouble girl,” the robed guard swished aside the curtain and gently pushed her inside.

Rachel felt ashamed and frightened as she closed the curtain behind her, taking a deep breath in the tiny cubicle to try and regain her composure. Then she reluctantly began undressing with shaking fingers which didn’t seem to want to work properly. The thin strip of curtain between her and the woman outside, her husband, and the others, the world outside, was a poor physical barrier. Taking another deep breath she finally slid off her tiny panties and put the sexy garment in the bag; she’d never felt less like sex. Naked she felt incredibly vulnerable, but the cubicle at least allowed her the privacy of hiding her terror from Dean, giving her time to try and paint a confident smile on her face for his benefit when she had removed her clothes. And it was just as hard having to give up her watch, pendant and rings, all of which had happy memories of her life.

The hospital-type gown was ridiculous, humiliating. It was open at the back and the cords to tie it were missing so that unless she continually awkwardly clutched it around her, her back and bottom peeked out. Taking an unsteady breath she swished back the curtain.

Rachel didn’t know where to look as she tried to hide her quite obvious nudity under the flimsy garment from the wardress and the others. And her poor friend Alice looked to be in a similar state, unable to prevent herself giving continual and enticing flashes of boob, bottom and thigh to all and sundry.

It was now worse that she was practically naked whilst those in control of her were more than fully dressed, anonymously so. She stood holding the tiny gown around her, aware of Dean’s grim face and Dave blushing, shrinking back as one of the robed guards took away her bag of garments. The woman’s eyes flicked over her obvious curves to ensure she wore nothing but the inadequate gown.

“Ring,” the woman pointed to her expensive engagement ring, grabbing her hand so that her covering fell away to expose her. She blushed furiously, pulling it back around her.

“It- I’m afraid it’s been on too long, too tight to remove.”

“You address me, all female guards, as ‘Miss’ male guards as ‘Sir’ from now. You both understand?”

“I, er...” she was both angry and shocked at this happening in front of the others. She guessed it was being done just to create an impression of strictness – as required under the new regime – and mainly for the benefit of policeman Dave. Hopefully things would be more relaxed, she thought, when they were settled in.

“Well girl?”

“Yes Miss,” she and Alice whispered through clenched teeth, shamed, deciding it was better to grovel a bit. Yet it was cringe-worthy having to address a foreigner and someone

who she guessed despised them, so utterly respectfully. It was almost a complete reversal from the role she undertook in her immigration job.

“Good, don’t forget or you get punished.” The guard spoke in a matter of fact tone as if that was the most normal thing in the world, as if they were schoolchildren. “Now we try soap to remove ring, otherwise husband have to sign to say he accept risk of you still wearing it in prison, maybe losing it.”

She and the guard played tug of war with the ring after the woman had soaped her finger. Actually it wasn’t that difficult to slide it off. Rachel just hadn’t wanted to part with it because of its sentimental value; something to remind her of love in a place of evil.

Flushing she remembered a sexy night of passion and romance with Dean when she had first worn it on their engagement some years ago. Presently her biggest problem was in trying to keep the gown around her as her finger was yanked back and forth.

Now the ring was gone, handed to her husband with her clothes, handbag and her other things; her whole life in effect.

“Time to go Mr Parfit; say goodbye to your wife, you too Mr Hazel,” the other robed guard announced.

She desperately clasped Dean’s comforting body one last time uncaring about her gown falling slightly to spill her lushness as they kissed so tenderly. She wanted that moment to go on forever. Then the guard’s hand was on Dean’s arm.

“Please, time to go now - right now.”

Tears misted and distorted her vision as they parted and he and Mark were led away. The door closed solidly behind their husbands almost as if a chapter was being closed on that part of their lives.

“Now we get down to business, you learn how things will be and the proper respect for those in authority. Gown off, lean against wall, legs and arms wide ... wider,” demanded one of the guards.

“Please...” she looked from the robed figure to Dave.

“Do it –now or you be sorry,” the woman’s voice was cold and crisp. And thankfully she saw Dave turn discreetly away.

Miserably Rachel obeyed, wishing that their friend wasn’t still present as she began to unpeel her last flimsy covering to leave herself absolutely naked. “I’m sorry to have to delay you during these formalities officer,” the woman’s voice drawled, indicating that she couldn’t care less, “or indeed to inflict on you an unpleasant sight - if nude women are not your thing,” she added disdainfully as her cold eyes swept over the two pink, trembling figures. “It is as you know necessary for me to sign for only the prisoner’s body. All other things have to be returned to the family.”

Rachel felt hot and sticky after she had slid off the silly gown to lean against the wall, legs slightly apart, unable to meet Dave’s eyes, as he turned back to answer the guard. He looked embarrassed but also rather excited as he pretended not to look at both lush bodies posed so enticingly. And certainly Alice, despite being a couple of years older than she, had a body to be proud of too. Brown hair fell to her smooth shoulders, her large boobs looked to be still firm and she had a stomach nearly as flat as hers, and a shapely bottom. However, if her friend’s feelings were similar to her own she probably wasn’t feeling too proud of such assets right now, maybe wishing she was fat and frumpy and less likely to attract the attentions and possibly envy of these beasts.

“Legs wider apart, you’ve nothing to hide here girl,” the guard lightly patted her bottom, and then did the same to Alice. “They look clear. I’ll spare you witnessing the unpleasantness of the full body search. If we find anything I’ll notify you,” she turned to Dave to finalise the paperwork.

“Thank you officer, you may go now,” the other guard dismissed Dave handing him the completed forms. “These two are now our property, our responsibility.”

Now Rachel wished Dave wasn’t going. Although she stood shamed and humiliated before him, she knew he was a friend. She turned her head away from the wall, her eyes wide and silently imploring him not to leave her in this place. But the system had to plod

on and as he gave a last strained smile before he closed the door she knew that she was now alone – with enemies. Although she had no time for economic freeloaders, she began for the first time to realise how some of the genuine refugees might feel on arrival in England alone and without friends, without anyone. But her treatment now was surely so much worse than they ever received she thought.

“Are you thick girl? I gave you no permission to move, face towards the wall again, nose touching it,” the guard shouted brutally cuffing Rachel’s head to jar her brain.

“Ow,” the exclamation was torn from her with the unexpected blow. This was certainly not how anyone should be treated. Her shame was beginning to be swamped by a greater fear as to what might lay ahead.

“Silence bitch. No more stupidity and disobedience. You’ll be here for some time and subject to our discipline and rules, so you better get used to it. Turn round to face me, putting your hands on your head, and keep them there. No, you’ve got nothing worth hiding have you,” the guard’s lie was disparaging, designed, and successfully so, to lower her self esteem. “No use flashing these fat, ugly tits at me,” she slapped Rachel’s magnificent 36b boobs.

“Ow, no, stop it get off, you can’t,” she exclaimed angrily, shocked, jerking back to cover her shapely boobs with her hands. “Haaah,” with lightning speed the guard’s hand lashed out from under her robe to crack painfully across her face to leave it stinging. Rachel looked up at her tormentor with shock, the expression in her eyes indicating that she knew she was now just a little girl, naked and alone with people who could hurt her.

“You better learn fast you are nothing here, just meat to be handled and trained. You already earn yourself extra punishment for disobedience. Unless you want more, get your hands back on your head and stand still before me.”

She wanted to cry, to run away and hide, even better to wake up and find this was a bad dream. If it was, she’d now willingly do the stupid retraining course at work, sign anything any apology if it meant avoiding this.

“Mouth wide, wider, tongue out,” the woman demanded. “Further out, a slut like you surely know how to do that with your tongue,” the comments were utterly disparaging. Poor Rachel could only obey, feeling so stupid as she poked her tongue out as far as it would go, making tears prick her eyes. Just a glance at her friend having to do the same beside her realised just how ridiculous she looked. It was so demeaning to stand absolutely naked like that, mouth stretched wide as the glittering eyes examined her.

“Ughhh,” she gasped in shock through her gaping mouth as a muscled East European looking man in a dirty tracksuit barged through the door carrying a couple of steaming buckets and tubing which he set down on the floor with a clang. It was a natural woman’s instinct for Rachel to move from her enforced pose, cover her body with shaking hands, closing her mouth.

“Please no, you cannot, I object, this is outrageous,” at the sight of the man the words escaped before she could stop them. How could this be happening to her? Surely, she thought, only women carried out such procedures on other women? She blushed in deeper shame and outrage before the swine – who just smiled grimly but with appreciation.

“Wow, we’ve two shy beauties eh,” he laughed, hands on hips legs planted apart as he ogled them lustfully as if he could scarcely believe his luck. He was, she guessed in his twenties and obviously enjoying the show they were giving him. “No need to be, ladies you get plenty used to showing me everything,” he chuckled unpleasantly. “I’m a Trustee and hope to be a full-time guard soon – so I demand respect. It looks like the bitches need to be taught a lesson,” he regarded them.

“And they certainly will be, they are already down for a ‘welcome’ punishment. These Western sluts need to know their place,” the veiled woman spat, unhooking her crop.

“What the f—k do you think you’re doing moving without permission?” she shouted, immediately pouncing and painfully twisting Rachel’s arm up behind her back to force her lush curves out in an arc of pain. She now cared less that her bare boobs were

shamelessly thrusting at the smiling newcomer but more, as she scrambled helplessly in the woman's surprisingly strong grip, that her arm would be broken. Alongside her she saw poor Alice similarly bent backwards in the other woman's judo hold, her large breasts pointing at the ceiling.

"Hah ooow, please noooo," Rachel yelled as the woman without warning flicked the crop over her thrusting orbs to send unwholesome pain blasting into her sensitive flesh. It was so unexpected and agonizing. How could anyone beat her boobs?

"You want more, bitch or are you going to stand as I ordered, eh? Well?"

"OK, please..." she moaned, simultaneously trying to press her hands to her sore boobs and also rub life back into her twisted arm.

"Please MISS," the woman again flicked her crop to graze her nipples the fronds dancing around her boobs. "Well?"

"Yes Miss," she sobbed.

"Well, get the f--k back in position, now or get some more," the veiled woman, flicked her switch again.

Her eyes blinking fearfully at the gloating man she again assumed her humiliating posture. "Get those mouths open, wide open and tongues sticking right out again," the woman insisted until they were again posed just as before, but now with the man openly appraising their curves.

He looked evil and swarthy. Using her immigration experience from work she wondered if he was maybe an ex Rumanian gipsy type as he wandered over to her, his small black eyes roaming at will over her trembling flesh. How could this be happening to her she sobbed inwardly but now too frightened to disobey. Long gone was the self-assured customs officer and in her place a frightened, naked woman helpless in the hands of brute fiends. She was fully exposed; in contrast her tormentors were more than fully covered. "Keeping hands on head, squat right down... then lift, hold... down again," the robed guard demanded.

Up and down they went, wobbling, thighs splayed wide for balance, their orifices gaping to display their open sexes and to dislodge anything hidden within. And all the while the brute man just smiled appreciatively at their enforced display.

Both of them were a deeper crimson with shame as the women guards ran their hands over their hair, ears and into their gaping mouths, examining every tooth. Then the fingers were on her boobs, still sore from the crop.

"I imagine you are used to flashing these at your husband and all and sundry," the woman painfully tweaked her nipple, nearly forcing her hands from her head. "Now you do it just for us eh," she chuckled. "Now what's down here?"

"Hah," Rachel cringed up onto one foot as the fingers curled intrusively into her sex making her feel soiled as if she had been ravaged. These preliminaries were so awful, far worse than she could ever have imagined.

"Time for your enema now ladies," the man advanced on her, carrying the buckets and tubes.

"What! Please no," Rachel's cry was instinctive. "Hah, ooow," she shrieked, with Alice echoing her cry after the guard had flicked her crop across their shoulders. It wasn't a hard or a particularly vicious blow, but it was certainly painful and unexpected against soft skin more used to caressing hands than leather fronds. Tears sprang to her eyes as she edged away from the man, continuing to cover her shivering body with her hands.

"Enough," the scowling man clapped his hands. "I haven't got all day ladies. I want you both, face down on the tables here," he pointed to the two metal benches, "right now or the punishment you already due to receive will be increased. Do it now," his voice rose to a shout rather like a sergeant major in the army.

Feeling sick to the stomach she scrambled up to obey, her breasts and belly shivering against the cold metal. It was all so undignified, vile. She had once thought about having a colonic irrigation but had decided against it because it sounded rather shameful and yucky. Now, it was happening to her, being forced on her by a man and without any of

the tasteful procedures of a health spa. Here her maximum shame and humiliation seemed to be the objective.

“As I say, your stay here begin with an enema,” the smiling bastard spoke almost like a concerned male nurse before he spoiled it. Except that he wasn’t a nurse he was a swarthy brute whose aim seemed to be to hurt and humiliate rather than heal. “That will clear out your pretty bottoms,” he shamefully patted her flinching cheeks and she only just resisted the urge to shout at him and push his filthy hands away. “And for next twenty four hours all your bowel movements will be into this bucket to prevent anything being smuggled into prison within you. It is not unknown for people to swallow prohibited things,” the guard answered her unspoken look of shock and horror at the vile pronouncement. “And after you’re cleared out we proceed to your punishment for answering back just now, that’s nice eh,” he chuckled nastily. “Pretty lady open her legs nice and wide, no secrets here eh,” the creep laughed sneeringly. Trying to preserve some tattered modesty she just slid her thighs a little apart. “No, no, wider, wide apart, you have no secrets from me now,” his hand again slapped her bottom with complete possession until, cringing with shame she shifted her legs blatantly wide apart. Only Dean and her doctor had seen her thus and her face burnt against the cold metal as she sensed his eyes devouring her fur-fringed private parts.

“Ughhh,” she grunted as the cold tube was pushed into the resisting ring of her anus; it hurt and was uncomfortable. Her wriggling bottom clenched up trying to eject the intruder. “Please,” she gasped as his broad hand again slapped her backside.

“Don’t tense, relax your bottom, relax it now,” he flicked her cheeks. It was nearly impossible but she finally forced herself to relax a little bit. “Keep still, stop wriggling, you take it all up you,” the creep snapped as he pushed the tube further into her, making her feel hot, as if she were being turned inside out.

“You’ll hold it inside you until I tell you to let go,” he demanded.

“Huh,” she gasped as the warm liquid squirted into her bottom, filling and stretching her so unnaturally. And the beast controlling even her most private functions, had forbidden her to eject it. Desperately she clenched up to hold it all in, her fingers balled in tension by her side. This was just so awful. And it was as bad to see the evil brute stroking and slapping her friend’s shapely bottom, seeing her writhe and squeal as the tube was pushed between her cheeks.

“Hold it, hold it in, there’s good girls,” he patted their struggling bottoms with utter familiarity.

Unbelievably he chatted for a few minutes with the female guards whilst she and Alice fought to keep the surging liquid within them. Sweat beaded on her forehead and her teeth and toes were clenched with effort. How she hated having to do this, just for the ugly brute who ordained it. Again he lightly tapped her flinching cheeks nearly making her let go, his hands now stroking her blonde hair as her body lay knotted with tension.

“You want to let it go?”

“Yes...-yes Sir,” she only just remembered the respectful form of address for the bastard as she saw one of the women begin to unhook her crop.

“OK little lady, let it out.”

“Haaah,” despite the utter shame, Rachel was so relieved to relax her bowels.

This was so unnatural and degrading, especially so as she heard the mocking sneers of her captors but she felt herself emptying shamefully into the bucket. After a few minutes of awful involuntary movements she felt totally drained and shamed. Worse, after pulling out the tube to make her bottom feel hot and wet the grinning man washed her most intimate places with a soothing and soapy sponge, drying her thoroughly. She felt soiled, wondering how such a creep could treat her so.

She could barely look as the man then turned to Alice, stroking magnificent globes of her bottom as he withdrew the tube from between them. Thankfully he then left the room carrying the vile buckets with him.

“You two haven’t got all day to lay there Now to your disobedience.... up you get and

stand under the chains over there,” the veiled woman pointed to where the several ring bolts were attached to the floor and above them long chains ending in leather cuffs hung from the ceiling.

“Please.... I didn’t.... “

“Shut your f—king face, bitch, you only make your punishment worse. Now get over there, hurry,” the woman shouted to make her veil billow.

“Ow, uh, please ... Miss,” Rachel wailed as, with the cuffs tightly around her wrists, the woman pulled a crank to haul the chains higher until her lithe body was fully stretched. Within a minute, she and Alice stood straining up on tip-toe, hanging naked from their chained wrists, their ankles held wide apart by ring-bolts in the floor. It was immediately painful. To prevent the dislocating pull on their arms they had to strain up onto their delicate toes like ballerinas, except that their legs were planted blatantly wide apart. And with the upward pull on her arms and upper body she found it more difficult to breathe now.

It was also difficult for her to accept that just a couple of hours ago she was having breakfast, albeit nervously, with Dean in her expansive house. Now she and Alice were naked and alone, bound and helpless in the hands of vile strangers in the name of the law. Then to add to their dismay the Romania man returned with a bowl of gel in place of the buckets.

“Please...” Her eyes were wide like a frightened rabbit as he advanced on her with a grim smile. Uselessly she tried to twist away but virtually all movement was denied her. She could only hang before him, her lips dry with fear. She was unsure what he was doing. Instinctively she tried to draw away as the man poured a handful of the gel onto his gloved hand and held it out to her.

“Nice eh,” he grunted as he went to work on her.

“Hah,” she squirmed, and writhed as he lovingly began to smooth the mush over her shoulders. Although cold, it was not otherwise unpleasant, but she guessed it was not designed for her ease. She gritted her teeth as the swine now began to enthusiastically run his fingers further over her lush body. Previously only Dean had been allowed to touch in those places, but soon his hands were in places considered private just to her. But now she had no privacy or control. The course hands slid lovingly over every inch of her curves, massaged it down her neck, into her flexing shoulder blades, down the delicious arched curve of her back to the swelling of her hindquarters below. Over and between her clenching buttocks, the fingers slid down her endless thighs and up again to thrust into their apex.

“Please...”

“Juicy eh,” he smiled as his fingers curled hideously up into her sex, making her wriggle in outrage. Then after continuing over the flat plain of her belly, the hands scooped and cupped the thrusting breasts, circling the hard red buds of her nipples.

When the brute man had done his evil job on them both the veiled guard surveyed the two glistening bodies hanging before her.

“You both require to learn respect for your betters and will thus be punished as an example of the discipline we exert here - and to instil that respect.

“But... please... Miss....”

“Silence,” the woman interrupted Rachel’s plea, “next time you’ll get more for talking without permission. However, you’ll still learn the lesson of pain ...”

“You both deserve your white English bottoms to be warmed up for disobedience to our rules and also as demonstration of what to expect if bad behaviour continue,” the man joined in, his eyes and teeth flashing in obvious excitement as he surveyed their helpless, suspended bodies. He strolled to a corner of the room and with a sick feeling she realised that the things with long handles were indeed whips! They were bigger than the guards’ crops and had many long leather strands. He flexed his big hairy hands around the wooden handle.

Rachel could scarcely believe that she was to be whipped purely as a demonstration.

Surely such things couldn't happen to an innocent and fragile woman in twenty first century England? It must be a ploy to frighten them, she decided and it was working, her bowels were like jelly and it was just as well that she had been given the enema. Sweat broke out on her brow as the brute strolled behind her.

Her heart pounded. Dizzy with fear, her body was also becoming strangely hot and sensitive as she waited in terrible anticipation. The woman's harsh voice was the most frightening sound in the world.

"The effects of the gel lasts an hour or so enhancing many times the sensitivity of the nerve endings. It makes an air current feel like sandpaper against a sun-burnt body - so you can perhaps imagine how a whip will feel? We even save our own energy by not having to hit too hard to make you dance. Ten each for you two," she spat.

Already Rachel's skin felt hot and tight, as if she'd been overlong in under the sun, every movement jarred her nerves. She would now have screamed if anyone had even brushed against her. The man, who had invaded her bottom, lovingly trailed the thongs in his hand, slowly advancing on her. She licked dry lips sweat beading, mesmerized by the evil looking little implement, trying not to imagine it lashing across her. She was tempted to beg, but knew the futility and consequences. Her companion didn't.

"Pleeeeeeassse ..." Alice uselessly pleaded as the brute smiled, swishing his whip around her stretched curves.

"Twelve now, girl," announced the veiled guard, nodding to the man venomously.

Within a few minutes Rachel had no need to use her imagination as to what the whip would feel like. Her mind was totally absorbed with the flesh-searing reality of those tiny thongs cracking across her body. Each felt as if it was eating fierily to the bone. The room echoed to her soul-rending cries as, with barely raised arms, the guard rendered her insensible with pain.

Crack!

"Haaargggghhh!"

Flames of agony scorched across Rachel's buttocks as another stroke landed across skin which already felt as if it was stretched drum-tight across a glowing barbecue. The grinning monster swam in her distorted vision as she blinked tears, flicking back hair plastered to her damp face. Her mouth gaped in a hissing scream of agony.

Now the swine took aim on her breasts. She jerked aside the little allowed by her chains, but it was useless. With her sensitive orbs already throbbing, roasting, the man carefully flailed his crop accurately across both nipples. Surely, she thought she'd die of a heart attack such was her pain, and indeed at the whip was about to ignite another swathe of agony she wondered if the peace of death might not be preferable to this living death?

"Haaaaaaaargggghhhhh!"

Head thrown back, stretching the rigid sinews in her throat, mouth opened in a hissing scream. Eyes screwed tight shut, another wave of indescribable pain washed through her, taking and shaking her like a terrier with a rat. Finding her horse voice, her howl deepened like an animal's. That indeed was what she now was.

The sanctuary of oblivion was even denied her. Smelling salts ensured she hung with flames of agony licking her flesh whilst Alice's extended punishment was completed. It was the worst pain she could ever recall. Her whole body felt as if it was on fire.

"Oh no please, yaaaarghhhhhh!"

The guard playfully, sadistically, slapped her bottom. Just his touch made her weep with pain. Yet, in a moment of clarity, she saw from the mirrors on the walls that her body was not running with welts and blood as the pain would have her believe; just harsh red lines - but they were the very tip of a jagged iceberg of agony. It was true that the swine didn't have to hit hard or injure them to create the maximum agony; the gel had done that for them.

"Hah, hah, haaash," she gasped as, whilst still immovably bound, only able to jerk in her chains antiseptic was dabbed onto her tender skin. Then rough hands began kneading cream into her agonized flesh. Initially it hurt even more before the soothing effects

began to ease the fiery pain consuming her. She now didn't care that the hands were touching her wherever they wanted, rubbing the soothing balm into her throbbing red bottom and back. Nevertheless she wriggled uncomfortably as the fingers went far beyond the call of duty and strayed into her cleft to brush the silken portals of her sex. Now they were shamelessly kneading her agonized boobs like only Dean would have done. She could do nothing but sob and cry in pain.

"You now have time to, er hang around, and reflect on the position you find yourselves in and your attitude to authority and discipline here – and what happens if you step out of line. Just remember that the whip awaits you whenever it is deemed necessary. Oh and your sentences are hereby extended by another week, extensions automatically accompany punishments; if you don't respond to the discipline you could be here for years. Now there will be no talking unless you want more, understand?"

"Aahh, yes Miss," they both sobbed as the woman playfully slapped each of their tortured bottoms.

Finally though they were alone for the hour she and Alice were left hanging. They struggled to support themselves on their bare toes, the effort further inflaming their tortured skin. Although the pain washed over them it admittedly wasn't quite so intense now. They were just trembling and weak, the room silent apart from their sobs and groans and occasional rattle of their chains. And to add to their physical torment was the thought of maybe spending far longer in this hell than they had ever thought. Rachel sobbed quietly to herself.

When they heard the clack of returning footsteps both pained and pretty faces looked up in apprehension as the two veiled guards returned. The strain on their aching arms and legs, in addition to their throbbing skin, was intolerable.

"Take these, they help to finish clearing you out," one guard announced, pushing a capsule between Rachel's full lips and holding a beaker of water to allow her wash it down. She realised just how thirsty she was from her screaming and greedily swallowed the tepid water until the guard withdrew the cup.

"That's enough, greedy girl," the veiled guard playfully muffed her hair. "We now decide when you eat and drink, and how much."

The ritual was repeated with Alice. Only then were their chains winched down from the ceiling so that they virtually collapsed to the cold floor, writhing in agony.

Wincing from the whip's deadly work Rachel stretched when her ankles were unbound. Her skin felt sore and lacerated, her muscles screaming from the confined posture in which she had been held.

She still found it difficult to accept that she had just been whipped by the State in her own country, in twenty first century England – for nothing except a lesson in behaviour. But she knew damn well that she'd do anything to avoid another taste of it.

"Follow me to your holding cells," the veiled guard nodded, "and yeas you can wiggle those cute arses just as English whores do," she chuckled, her cane lightly dusting Rachel's wiggling bottom.

Still naked the two sore and wincing beauties padded after their black robed tormentor their hips involuntary swaying enticingly with their femininity. The other veiled woman bringing up the rear, watched with sadistic amusement the two shapely and striped red bottoms undulate ahead of her.

Down winding corridors and steps they went to a basement. The holding cells were rather like two large bird cages hanging from the ceiling of a small tiled and windowless room bathed only by a harsh strip light. To their dismay the Romanian guard who had whipped them was there, smiling. A shiver of dread at what he could do and the pain he had caused her went up her spine. Awkwardly, gasping with pain of their whipping, Rachel and Alice had to climb up into the cages with the man's hairy hands taking his usual liberties with their bare curves.

"Aah," Rachel was unable to wiggle away as he fondled her bottom shamelessly. His fingers pressed tight against her delicate sex lips as he pretended to help her up before

locking the door of her cage with a clang. There was a round metal seat with a hole in it and below which the man slid a bucket. But it was less painful on their sore bottoms for them to crouch. The dome-like cages were too low for them to stand.

“It’s the little ease. Not very pleasant, not designed to be, but somewhere where you can contemplate your fate – as the world drops out of your bottom,” the man laughed crudely, breaking wind loudly himself to emphasise, and making her feel even more revolted if that were possible.

Already, she felt a stirring and bubbling within her belly and she painfully sat on the seat with the hole, gasping with discomfort. Sweating, she clenched up desperately waiting, hoping for the man to leave but he didn’t.

“Let what’s left in you go my little bird, no shame. I’ve just done things to you, attended to your bodily needs that probably no others have; I know you intimately, we have no secrets now. Just let it go again,” he chuckled to reveal missing teeth, stroking a grubby hand through the bars of her cage and down the delicate curve of her back to pat the swelling of her hindquarters as she perched on the seat.

She had no more pride left. Shielding her crimson face in trembling hands she was forced to give way to the inevitable and let her bodily functions take their course. If only the man didn’t have to stay there gloating as they performed so intimately. Things which normally only took place in the privacy of her own loo were now on public display. And it was worse when the creep made a great pretence of examining the bucket before washing it out and replacing it.

“You’ve produced no contraband or prohibited substances yet. If you’re still clear in the morning we let you out yes,” the brute chuckled as he checked Alice’s bucket. “I hope my little birds get a good night’s sleep in their little cages,” he reached through the bars to stroke their quivering flesh. “Some say this area of the prison is haunted, and that it was built on the site of the execution chamber of the old prison which stood here. Who knows,” chuckled cruelly as he and the veiled women left the room. “Lights out,” he waved as clicked the switch to leave the room in darkness and locked the door with a clang which echoed around the shivering women.

“Oh, shit, I’m scared,” wailed Alice’s voice from the darkness nearby.

“He-he was just trying to scare us, like they’ve done since we arrived here, we just have to be strong and get through it all,” Rachel whispered with more courage than she felt.

“All the things they’ve done... I had no idea it would be like this I cannot take it we’ve done nothing really wrong. Those creeps stripping us, feeling us up, whipping us, making us go toilet like that and leaving us like this... And now they say we could be here in prison... forever... they cannot do it they cannot.....they must”

“Shut up!” Rachel shouted more harshly than she intended to stop the rising and increasingly hysterical voice of her friend. The poor girl needed reassuring words, a cuddle; she did too. But confined in dark isolation as they were, she could only sooth with her voice. “Look, Alice, babe, hang on in there, we can get through it. We’re customs officers. They are trying to frighten us but we’ve got to just play their game, go along with things. Maybe we can try to put things right when we’re out but for the moment, they have the whip-hand, literally,” and she shuddered again.” We just have to do everything we’re told, survive it, not step out of line and we’re be out before we realise it,” she tried to dredge up a cheerfulness she scarcely felt.

Heaven knows what their future was but she decided that they had no choices; they could only endure. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she could just make out Alice’s cage with her crouched form within it. She ground her teeth in rage. The bastards were treating them no better than animals, controlling them totally. She felt red stabs of cramp darting up her folded thighs and back and tried to change position a bit to alleviate her aching muscles without hurting her whipped flesh any more; that made her cage jolt and jangle and Alice cry out in fear again.

The fear was infectious. Rachel wasn’t sure about her belief in ghosts but when she locked up, absolutely naked and helpless in a cage where ghosts may have been seen.....

“Hah,” she jumped and gasped wondering whether that was a sigh from Alice, maybe her using the ‘loo.’ the building settling, or....or.

“You OK Rachel?” the low, frightened voice came from the darkness.

“Y-yeah, just stubbed my toe,” she lied, knowing that as Alice’s friend and boss, she had a responsibility to her.

Desperately she reigned in her thoughts, not wanting to look for hidden shadows, putting the occasional creak and groan down to cooling pipe-work. Then she wondered what would happen if there was flooding or a fire; she convinced herself they would just perish here, unbeknown to anyone. She was hungry and thirsty but instead, after emptying her liquid bowels for a final time, she tried to also empty her mind to sleep.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:56 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 3

User avatar

She guessed that she may have snatched a couple of hours sleep in her cramped confinement before footsteps, solid ones sounded in the corridor outside. And for once Rachel was pleased to see her tormentors.

Joined: Fri Dec 07,
2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

The grinning Romanian man was there to ‘help’ her aching body from the cage and also a young guard, her blonde hair in a ponytail, who looked mean and spiteful despite her tender years.

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“Come on you f—king cows,” she bellowed in an Irish accent as Rachel fell in a tumbled heap on the cold floor rubbing her cramped limbs. “F—k it smells in here. Showers instead of breakfast on the way to your cells I think,” she held her nose theatrically. “And you Brit C—ts don’t amble along, you march,” she shouted, “lift those legs high, swing the arms.”

If they had thought that their treatment would be any better from the young blonde girl they were wrong. She could have come straight from a violent girl gang – and they were in her power. It was painful with her skin till taut and stretched from the whip to have to move along on stiff arms and legs, she gasped and winced with every movement, her face creased with pain. But the blonde bitch was seemingly oblivious to their suffering. “You call that f—king marching you lazy c--ts.”

“Aaah,” Rachel yelped, cringing away as the blonde bitch flicked her crop across the tips of her breasts to make breathless tears moisten her eyes and on its return swing it caught Alice’s swaying bottom.

“Now we do it properly and get it right or I tan your arses all day. Up and down, legs straight and high, swing those arms, keep your eyes dead ahead. March for me and get it right, let me see those arses swing we have standards here.”

It was all so unnatural for her, marching, and doing so publicly naked, yet she had no choice. Desperate to please the sadistic blonde, eyes wide with fear and faces taut with strain she and Alice stamped up and down, enduring the occasional flick of the switch across their swaying bottoms to add to their list of pain.

It was worse to have to be humiliated under the amused eyes of the Romanian creep. He ate a chocolate bar as he casually leaned against a wall, his lizard-like eyes wandered over their wiggling curves, his expression indicating the heaven he was in as he drank in their charms. How she longed to run away, even to kick his balls, but those thoughts were pure fantasy. The reality was obediently doing just as she was told. The sight and smell of the bastard’s chocolate bar made Rachel’s belly rumble, she was starving but instead she concentrated on pleasing the scowling blonde.

“A bit better, we’ll practice on the way to the shower block. Move it out,” she shouted at

them. “And you, get their filthy buckets washed up and meet me with cleaning buckets and brushes in Block D by cells 69 and 70, I can manage these two wimps by myself,” she threw over her shoulder to the trainee Romanian guard, who shrugged as he obeyed. Now away from the bowels of the prison it was so shaming to be naked and having to march like soldiers as they passed administrative workers and fellow prisoners. Rachel kept her eyes dead ahead trying to blank out those who would gaze on her exposed body. She caught the delicious waft of breakfast presumably from a canteen but they were headed the other way and she just had to let her stomach rumble. She had been twenty four hours without food now.

Soon though she had other things to worry about; she blushed crimson, wanting to hide away or cover herself when they marched past a group of young black and white offenders. They were crop-haired teenagers who wolf-whistled as they ogled them, their eyes glittering and hard. They could have been from a street gang of muggers or something and Rachel couldn't help but shiver with fear at being so vulnerably exposed before them.

“Halt, marching on the spot, keep those legs high,” the girl bellowed to them before turning to the boys.

“Think it's funny, the discipline we use here, do you boys?”

“No Miss,” they answered in unison but still licking their lips as they enjoyed the bouncing display of femininity.

“No, it's not. You whistling at these two Brit c—ts is a reflection on me, on my authority. So I tell you what... you can join them. Uniforms off, show the ladies what you've got.” Rachel didn't know where to look as the boys reluctantly undressed. They were hard and muscled and several of them had keen erections pointing at them. She felt sick with terror at the thought of the boys pouncing on her like this.

“Bet you'd like to have them up you eh girls,” the blonde laughed cruelly. “Well?”

“N-no Miss,” both she and Alice panted as they continued to stamp up and down, wanting the world to swallow them. Rachel couldn't help but see huge rigid lengths jutting at her as the boys marched and now smirked again, practically drinking in their bouncing bodies. She feared rape, feared what the spiteful girl might allow the brutes to do to them.

“Well, I guess I don't blame you, they're not much are they,” her crop lashed out to make a couple of the boys jump with pain holding a sore penis. “A pity we've not more time though, but we've a schedule to keep – so march off girls,” her crop now painfully flicked Rachel's swaying backside.

She could endure the smarting pain, just thankful to be moving away from the gang of boys whose eyes she could feel burning into her shapely charms.

“Keep it up, legs high you cows,” spat the blonde guard, and you scum shut it up from now and dress or you'll feel my crop round your balls again,” she shouted to subdue their 'admirers.'

Despite the vulnerable discomfort of still having to walk naked along endless corridors to the shower block the warm, hissing water at least helped to make her feel like a woman again. It soothed her sore body, which to her surprise showed few marks of her ordeal thanks to the gel she decided. OK, it wasn't ideal to have to soap herself before the mocking eyes of the blonde girl, but they had little choice.

After drying to small hard towel they were marched to the clothing store.

Queuing up nude before the counter she was handed a tiny blue prison smock, sandals and basic necessities by a matronly woman in her fifties. Again it felt strange and humiliating to be continually publicly naked, but she just had to accept it. At least, though, now she had some form of covering even if was only the short smock. Yet when she made to put it on, to at last cover her modesty, the vicious young guard had other ideas.

“What the f—k do you think you are doing? You eat, speak, shit and fart only when we tell, you are ours now,” the wardress grinned, flexing her baton. “No, you don't put on

your uniform yet," she prevented Rachel's instinctive gesture to cover her nudity. "You hold it on your head; you both take the introductory walk of fame so your fellow prisoners can see the new arrivals. Keep to the middle of the passageway between the yellow lines, prisoners must always walk within the yellow lines, never outside them. In this case now, that will be essential, otherwise some of the male inmates may get... a little carried away," she smiled into Rachel's shocked face.

Cringing, Rachel slowly followed the broad back of the wardress in front, as she and Alice were flanked by two more wardresses behind. Her supple nudity flowed and for once she regretted her beauty as the first whoops of pleasure erupted from the cell bars on either side of the corridor. She longed to cover her bouncing breasts or undulating bottom, tears of shame stinging her eyes as the gloating faces of prisoners were thrust against the bars of each cell as they had to walk slowly past.

"Wow, honey, what a cute arse. It's taken a tanning but I'd have some of it."

"Nice tits, I could suck them."

"Look at her little bush. That would look nice on my face."

The comments were crude, vile, disgusting ... and they were just from the women inmates. As they turned a corner from one cell block they faced another line of small cells on either side, but this time eager male eyes stared out, devouring the beauty parade they were forced to give.

"Hey, I could f—k the arse off that."

"Come on darling, shake them over here."

"Nice c—ts."

It was awful, vile, frightening. Rachel heard words and suggestions she could never previously have envisaged. Yet could she ever have envisaged walking naked in a prison past rows of cells filled with dangerous, evil and lustful prisoners.

"You can look but not touch – it might help you have a w—k tonight," the blonde wardress behind Rachel remarked tartly to a youth before casually patted her swaying bottom, making her wince in fresh pain. The Irish girl's expression emphasised to the watching prisoners that whilst they could only watch, she could touch – at will." This one could get rather hot when I have my fingers inside her for a cavity search," she laughed again, giving the enticing globes a harder slap as Rachel's bottom wriggled away from the intrusion.

They had circled the entire prison block. It reminded Rachel of the old Alcatraz prison in San Francisco when she had once gone sightseeing there on holiday. She could never have dreamt then that she would ever be incarcerated in somewhere hideously similar and suffering just as much if not more than those old inmates. Still holding their uniforms above their heads they were now back in the female area by some empty cells at the end of a long line and outside of which the Romanian guard again lounged with two steaming buckets.

"Hands on your head, nose against the wall no moving no talking whilst I get your friend settled into her new home," the wardress snapped to Rachel. "This is a new mixed prison experiment but with extreme discipline to ensure obedience – I hope you enjoy your stay," Rachel heard the slap of a hand on Alice's bare flesh before the cell door clanged shut with awful finality. Then the blonde bitch grabbed her hair and tugged her into the small square cell next door, the Romanian guard depositing the steaming bucket of soapy water in with her before lightly patting her bottom and locking her door too with a terrible clang.

The tiny, grimy cell consisted of three solid white concrete walls with a grilled front consisting of a sliding door opening onto the corridor. The cells were completely exposed from the front and anyone outside would see them using the bed, washbasin or small lavatory. The tiled cell was filthy and stained seemingly not having been used for some time.

"Right you little English scrubbers, I want these cells sparkling by lunchtime. If I'm satisfied, you can eat. If I'm not, I'll tan you. And don't bother putting on your uniforms

till you've finished, they'll only get dirty. Right, move those f—king fat arses, I want plenty of elbow grease, and no talking; you're under constant CCTV surveillance in this facility. See you girls later," she gave a cold smile before departing with the male guard. It was so demeaning, scrubbing out the filthy cell stained with heavens knows what and to have to do so naked and with just a scrubbing brush. She just wasn't used to such hard manual labour. But she now knew better than to disobey and immediately knelt and set to work.

After half an hour she was running with sweat, her back and arms aching intolerably and sank back on her heels to stretch her back for a few moments, wiping her shining brow. She unfortunately chose a moment when the blond cow had sauntered silently back. "Got time to rest have you?" the mocking and brittle voice jarred her brain. "You lazy cow you've hardly started. Get your nose on the floor and that lazy English arse up," she shouted, unlocking the cell door and sliding it back.

Groaning inwardly Rachel assumed the demeaning position. It was so unfair, she'd worked solidly and just needed a little break to rest muscles so unused to such exertion.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:57 pm

Offline

Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame (Martin Hughes)

User avatar

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

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The blond guard smiled, flicking back her dyed hair as she reached for her crop. She had been watching the toiling couple through the cameras and had pounced when she saw one of them inevitably rest. Although the more timid one, Alice, was still slaving away, probably too frightened to stop, she decided to make an example of the blonde, Rachel, who looked as if she could be haughty –outside of these walls. Inside it would be a different story. She had to admit that the blonde, a natural blonde unlike her, was pretty, again unlike her, but that made it even better to make her crawl and hurt and shame her. She hated the English for in her view their historical misuse of Ireland. Now it was pay-back time.

The sight of the lovely curving body and distraught face made her breath quicken. "Back up, bitch. Get that fat arse up higher, higher still, push it up, legs wide apart," she demanded, clearing her throat as her excitement made it a little horse. Yes the woman was lovely, from her pretty face, her shapely boobs pressed against the tiled floor to her curving back ending in the swelling of her hindquarters, all covered in an enticing sheen of sweat. And peeking from below the cheeks of her bottom was the mauve folds of her sex, nicely fur-fringed, and the dark smudge of her anus. She could guess how much it cost for the proud customs officer to have to display herself like that, and to work her guts out scrubbing her cell.

Whack!

"Yoooooww," the gorgeous backside squirmed away after her crop had cracked across it. "Get it back up again and you're getting another for moving." She smiled as the woman wiped away her tears and managed to push out her bottom again, now tinted red from her crop.

Crack!

"Haaaaaaah," the beauty shuddered, hissing through clenched teeth but kept her bottom tautly and vulnerably presented as she flicked her crop menacingly.

"Do you think you'll put your back into it properly now?" she spoke softly, her hand patting the firm and now hot curves she had just 'treated.' They did feel so good and her finger strayed a little to the velvet fluttering skin of her sex, sadistically tweaking out a

hair to make her victim squirm and gasp again. She would have loved to beat the woman more but they had rules and she wanted to keep her job. But at least, she had redressed some more of the injustices which she felt had been inflicted on the Irish by the Brits over the centuries. This one certainly didn't look too proud now, she smiled to herself. "Well?" she insisted, demanding more verbal grovelling.

"Y-yes Miss," the woman sobbed. And the necessary respect in her voice made it all worthwhile.

"Good, then I'll expect an hour of solid work and to find it gleaming when I return. And when I do, you bow, invite me in to expect your cell and kneel on the floor hands to head whilst I do so. That is the standard procedure which you'll find on the rules on your cell wall," she smiled, locking the door and looking forward to a relaxing cup of morning coffee and a bun whilst her two victims slaved.

"Cell ready for inspection Miss," Rachel managed, bowing to the spiteful Irish cow and then kneeling subserviently as required on the bed. How demeaning to have to kneel before her tormentor, her subservient pose ensuring her boobs jutted at the cow, She remained naked, not daring to dress unless told to. Life was very different for her now. "Very well," the cow strolled in her eyes peering everywhere. Oh how she'd love to claw out those eyes Rachel thought to herself. "I suppose it's passable," the girl finally decided.

It was so wonderful to be able to dress again, even though no underwear was allowed and that the short blue uniform displayed considerable cleavage and also much of their backsides if they even bent slightly over. But for over a day she and Alice had been continually and shamefully nude so it was at least a minor improvement she supposed. They managed to force their empty aching bodies to march under the blonde's direction back down the corridors towards the smell of food.

Lunch was a frugal yet so welcome affair taken in silence on long benches like a convent or monastery refractory but with guards strolling up and down only too willing to flick their crops across the shoulders of anyone silly enough not to finish their repast. Greedily, Rachel and Alice finished all of the thin soup, bread and juice; it was their first food for over a day. And it was as well they built up their strength. They had to spend several hours that afternoon working away in the hot, steamy prison laundry. By the time of their evening meal of thin stew with a few vegetables and bread they could have ate a horse – and probably were Rachel thought wryly by the taste.

"Eat up your lovely dinner, that some of your companions have toiled over," the guards insisted every bowl was licked clean.

"Smocks off then kneel before me, hands to head backs straight – unless you want the whip to remind you of your manners again." They had been taken from the canteen by one of the fully robed guards, possibly one of those from the day before, it wasn't easy for Rachel to be sure behind those veils. But neither she nor Alice needed any second bidding now, the feel of that whip was only too fresh in their minds. Immediately they divested themselves of their flimsy uniform and knelt before their seated tormentor in a side room. "Backs straighter, stick those tits out, legs wider... that's it, hold those positions. Yes it's good to have two such distinguished English 'ladies,' from the immigration service before me. You might recall me, you live not far from me yet you gave me such trouble when I first arrived in this country. Yes I am Ashanti," she briefly lowered her veil so that Rachel could see the full contempt in the olive face from which she instinctively shrank back. "Of course, it's 'Miss' now to you but I cannot forget how just a year ago you and your friend," she also glared at Alice's white face, "gave me so

much trouble when I entered this country – you won't give me any trouble now will you?"

"No Miss." Her expected humble and servile reply almost stuck in Rachel's throat but she knew she had no choice but to crawl to these devils; and of all the bad luck – to find herself at the cruel mercy of the cow, Ashanti... On reflection she realised that it was probably she who had sadistically inducted them on her arrival yesterday. How she longed for her friends from the agency to come bursting in and arrest these swine for what they were doing but she knew that just wouldn't happen. They were seemingly carrying out their depraved actions at the behest of the law, taking advantage of it.

"May I introduce Mr Slima, the prison's Deputy Governor," Ashanti stood as an old Turkish man waddled into the room making Rachel desperately restrain the urge to cover her shivering body. He was probably somewhere in his fifties, rather plump and greasy looking. He sat down on a chair beside Ashanti who had resumed her seat.

"So, these are the two new English," his hooded eyes appraised them. Her face twitching, Rachel longed to cover her shivering body from those evil eyes devouring her, to clasp her hands over her jutting boobs even more uplifted by her posture. But she dared not. Gooseflesh covered her. "Stand before me, turn slowly on the spot," his voice was deep and menacing. She shivered again but obeyed as did Alice. "Keep those hands to your necks, you're here for me to examine you silly girls," he flicked away her hand as she without thinking followed her natural instincts to cover herself.

She wanted to be sick as she turned seemingly endlessly before him, trying not to jump as a hot, slimy hand touched here and there. She had no pride left, she dare not, and simply had to allow the intrusion into places normally only frequented by her husband. And to see the amused eyes of her neighbour as she displayed herself only made matters worse. Her previous life, in which she would have slapped away any old pervert who dared to touch her up, let alone for her to be quite nude before one, seemed a lifetime away, she thought bitterly.

"Hmm, quite pretty – for English, kneel again, I will leave you in the capable hands of your guard," he said dismissively.

"Now, you cows will study the holy book for the rest of this evening. You will have more study tomorrow and questions will be asked. Failure and tardiness in your studies will not be tolerated and will be punished," the veiled figure's eyes flashed angrily as she reverently placed a large copy of the Koran beside each of them. "Dress, kiss the book and then bring it back with you to your cells. It's time you shameless Western bitches learnt true devotion."

Quickly Rachel obeyed more than happy to dress again and follow the robed figure out of the room conscious of the brute, Slima's eyes burning into her.

How Rachel hated having to study, and so diligently, something like that in which she had zero knowledge or interest. Yet she knew she had to- until lights out at nine pm. Following the rules to sleep naked she slipped into bed but just as sleep threatened to overcome her cell door opened and Ashanti peered down at her, with a torch.

"I'm prepared to allow you extra study time. Get dressed and proceed before me, carry the divine teachings of Islam on your head, good posture training, back straight, and march."

"You kneel to study the holy book; that is appropriate. You will remain silent and still," Ashanti directed when they arrived in the woman's quarters. Rachel felt some unease as she sat down to study in her neighbour's rooms, which she guessed she used when she was on night duty. They were sumptuous compared to her bleak cell, but she wondered why she was there? There was a prevailing smell of spice and perfume and the bedroom's decor was very colourful.

When Ashanti returned from the bathroom without her veil, wearing only a silken

dressing gown and with her hair loose, Rachel began to guess the nature of her neighbour's invitation. Desperately she flicked her eyes back to the book, concentrating even harder on it. "Good, you've got your head down, that's nice, and that might have an, er even deeper meaning before long," the voice tinkled softly from above her.

"Hah," she gasped as from the corner of her eye she saw a long shapely leg extend from the gown and felt a bare foot gently rub her hair, before giving her a push to nearly topple her from her knees.

"But all work and no play eh, as they say in your country; you may take a breather, put the book down. "You will remain kneeling to show me the proper respect and keep looking at me, no need to be shy eh. Back nice and straight, kneel upright no slouching, your hands by your side," the soft voice insisted when Rachel's hands instinctively fell to her lap to protect her modesty as the small gown rode up to reveal her pubic thatch.

"You've got nothing to hide from me; you've emptied your bowels before me, you've been naked- I've seen it all now," the woman smiled. And Rachel wondered how the smiling woman could be so vile towards her.

And although Ashanti certainly had seen everything the beautiful English blonde had to offer, it still didn't somehow didn't seem enough. This was the same cow that seemed to be so lofty in their neighbourhood, the same person who had made life so awkward for a while by trying to have her sent back to Iraq which, from her viewpoint, the Western invaders had wrecked. True the girl's face twitched in apprehension and her pose was one of utter servility, but she could take her down plenty further whilst she was alone with her. She knew that the authorities might guess what was going on behind such closed doors in the prison but they would likely turn a blind eye. Out of sight, out of mind; no one really cared. "Do you like me Rachel?"

"I, er, yes...Ashanti ... Miss," the beauty hastily corrected herself when Ashanti shielded her bubbling pleasure by scowling at the lapse.

"Yet after I arrived here seeking help you tried to send me from your country and now our relative positions in life are clarified you forget the proper respect in addressing me. That is a punishable offence"

"I, I'm sorry Miss, I-I didn't know it is my job to have people checked in case.....it's just, just that it's so difficult now to get used to....to this...."

"I see, well let me help you little Parfit. Firstly, it was, your job, right now you have no job, no authority, you are just a prisoner and at my mercy, right. Take off your uniform and kneel with your hands on your head, backs straight, legs nice and wide apart, the respect and search pose. Maybe that will help to remind you of our relative positions of power." Warm pleasure bubbled up in Ashanti's belly at the gamut of emotions crossing the lovely face before she obeyed, blushing demurely, the shapely boobs thrusting up to her with nipples tight pink cones of fear. "I must remind you of the discipline necessary. Six lashes on the breasts should do it. And I suspect you already know that the punishment will be worse if you move or disobey."

"Please....Miss," Rachel croaked.

Ashanti bit her lips in pleasure as her victim pleaded, her face crumpling, the girl's big eyes wide with terror as she reached for her crop. Gently she prodded the magnificent orbs, once, twice, making them bounce softly as the girl's face screwed up in anticipation of pain. She didn't have long to wait.

Swack!

"Paaaaaaaghghhhhhh," The lovely head dropped, shoulders hunched eyes squeezed shut as she screamed through clenched teeth. She had instinctively snatched her manicured hands from her head to press them against the red lines of pain on her breasts.

"What the f—k did I say, Parfit, get those hands back and stick your tits out, that one didn't count." With the hot wine of sadistic pleasure surging through her veins she watched as the weeping girl resumed her pose to thrust her orbs back out again. "Plenty more to come eh," Ashanti smile sweetly as her crop descended again.

"Graaaagghhhhhhhhhhh," her victim's cry rebounded off the walls. But this time,

although she could see the effort it cost her in the red twitching face, Rachel managed to keep her hands on her head, her breasts still inviting more strokes. It was too much, Ashanti knew she had to find an outlet for her feelings or explode.

“I can see that it hurt the little customs girl. Let me soothe it for the moment, stay as you are.” She found a tube of gel, squeezed some onto her brown palms and rubbed it onto the smooth, skin of the lovely firm breasts.

“Haaah,” the girl winced, tears moistening her eyes.

The skin felt so hot to the touch after her handiwork, apart from the cool nubs of the nipples hardening against her palms.

“I think you like that touch girl,” her voice was tight with excitement. “Do you want more, or back to the crop? Eh?”

“Er, er not-not the crop please Miss, I couldn’t take any more, please.”

“So you want me to do things to you instead? It’s one or the other,” she knew she had the lovely creature trapped. “What is it to be, the crop or you please me, like I expect from white trash? Well?” she put a harsh note in her voice seeing the girl flinch in dread.

“Please – please do things, Miss, not the crop please,” the girl sobbed, broken.

It was so good to have her verbally crawl, she of all people, and how nice to rub and caress those magnificent breasts. But she needed a deeper satisfaction.

“Head down, down there,” she parted her dressing gown to reveal her dark and moist sex. Make me come, now, or I’ll take all the skin off your tits.” She threw her head back, mouth gaping wide as the girl’s lips and tongue shyly touch her dripping sex. She wasn’t a lesbian as such – or so she told herself - but the thought of this girl, this girl who had disrespected her so, now licking her....there ... and her having just lashed her breasts.... The sadistic thrill coursing through her was too strong to ignore; it needed satisfaction.

“Tongue in you know where, deeper, flick it,” she gasped, tightly gripping the blonde tresses on her lap.

Rachel felt sick as her mouth was pushed against the hot wet mush of her tormentor’s crutch. Yet she knew she had no choice, she couldn’t take any more of that crop lashing her boobs. It had in contrast been so nice, albeit unnatural, to have the woman’s soft hands rubbing in the balm.

“Oh, yes, bitch, yes, I like such devotions from one such as you.” Rachel felt anger and sickness filling her soul as the woman’s tight voice drifted down to her from above. Yet she could do nothing but satisfy the Arab woman in such an unnatural manner. It was awful and degrading, but she just couldn’t take any more pain.

Stealing a glance at a clock on the corridor as she was marched back to her cell afterwards Rachel realised that her ordeal had lasted little more than an hour; it was still not yet 11pm. Yet in that hour she knew she had been taken to the depths in having to satisfy with her tongue a woman she so hated. Life was just hell here she decided. She washed her face thoroughly before climbing into bed to twist and turn in turmoil, her breasts still smarting with pain from the crop. But finally sleep overcame her despite her awful experience with the woman and the small uncomfortable bed and the openness of her tiny cell. The locked bars constantly burned into her brain as did the sounds of prison life from the multitude of cells in her block.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:58 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 4

User avatar

Joined: Fri Dec 07,

Silently in single file Rachel and Alice followed ten other women along the corridors to the teaching wing with a veiled guard at front and back. Although the ages of their fellow

2012 3:50 pm

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prisoners seemed to range from teenage to perhaps their forties there uniting factor was their beauty Rachel realised. She hoped this was not a bad sign also that the majority of her fellow prisoners were English girls. Her head ached from lack of sleep and from trying to study the Koran and her belly still felt empty after an inadequate breakfast. The cell inspection before that and then the communal shower had both been stressful. Luckily the cell hadn't had a chance to get dirty after her marathon effort yesterday but still the guard made a point of a thorough inspection. The shower, alongside all of the other women had been humiliating and frightening. Several large female inmates had given her and Alice's curves a more than passing look as they had to wash thoroughly alongside them.

"How about a little kiss darling."

Before she knew what was going on a large tattooed woman pressed her muscled body against her, her hands reaching round to tightly grip the cheeks of her bottom, practically hauling her off her feet as she kissed her. It was awful to feel the woman's flabby breasts squashed against her own, the woman's mouth closing over hers.

"Noo, pleeeeeease," she had squealed and wriggled until thankfully the gruff orders of a guard made her let go with a final feel of her boobs.

But she must concentrate on her study. The words had just floated illusively before her eyes without generating much interest making much sense or registering. She hoped the lesson wouldn't be too demanding.

The classroom was like a small schoolroom with a large desk at the front and rows of tiny children's ones before it. It smelt of polish and sweat.

"You may have a little longer to complete your study. You sit up smartly, no slouching and when Mr Slima enters you stand and bow," the female guards relaxed in chairs at the rear of the class and chatted together.

Rachel felt the knot of tension grow in her stomach at the sound of approaching footsteps along the corridor. She would just have to hope to struggle through this. When the door banged open she and Alice followed the lead of the more experienced girls in pushing their chairs back quietly and standing.

"Good morning Mr Slima," they chorused subserviently bowing, again copying the others.

"Good morning girls, please sit," he eventually condescended after sitting himself and keeping them bowed over for a full minute. "I shall shortly be testing you on your study work – and those who know the procedures will know that I any errors and failures will be punished. You have ten more minutes," he declared into Rachel's shrinking face.

Slima looked up from his newspaper and surveyed the dozen tense yet pretty faces buried in their books. He decided to give them five more minutes of anticipation before he really started on them. Where else besides a place like this and with him as a Deputy Governor, could he cater to his sadistic whims and have such lush beauty as his playthings, especially English women. He hadn't exactly been welcomed with open arms in this country and especially not by the women. They used to call him a fat old pervert before he successfully found this job and worked his way up to this niche which catered to his tastes. And the authorities weren't interested in what went on behind these walls. He wasn't particularly interested in the real criminals but now the perverse justice system of this country was throwing his way some real gems for him who had committed no bad crimes. And he had most of them here in this class as his reluctant playthings. Yes, life was so good, he felt a stirring in his old loins that he was in such a position of power. "Time... books closed," he majestically clapped his hands. Backs straight, arms folded, look only at me now please girls," he instructed with slow, deep deliberation. His small piggy eyes roamed the rows of large anxious eyes regarding him, their pretty faces shining with fear. He selected a teenage Indian girl.

“Stand Panagi,” his voice was slow, deliberate but the effect on the girl wasn’t. She jerked as if she had been hit, her lovely dark face twitching, almost crumpling before she composed herself and stood up, hands tensely by her side, licking her lips nervously. Her blue prison uniform was sufficiently short to show a brief flash of her dark curly pubis. He had never regretted devising the rule about no underwear.

“What was the name of the book you have been studying girl?”

“The K-Koran, Sir,” her voice was low and controlled.

“Correct, good eh,” he smiled to flash his silver teeth. Oh it was so good to see the utter tension in her teenage face and that of the others as he played his cat and mouse game.

“But does it have another name girl?”

“I ... er, maybe, maybe ...Quin Sir?” she spoke hesitantly.

“Maybe not girl,” he planted a scowl on his flabby face.

“You’ve studied before in these lessons girl?”

“Yes Sir.”

“And yet you cannot recall any other name for such a work of art.”

“No, Sir, sorry Sir,” she was near to tears.

“Please take off your uniform and step out here.”

She was so delicious as she revealed her young brown body and walked out to stand beside him, undulating delicately. Her small breasts heaved in dread, he could smell her fear.

“This is the alternative name you should have known, don’t repeat it out loud in case some of your companions are equally stupid, just look closely at it,” he insisted, his sweating hands pressing down on her supple back as he bent her over, her face close to the book so she could see the word, ‘Qur’an.’ His hand slid down to lightly smack her small tight bottom several times. Cupping the cheeks in his large hands, they felt so smooth and warm. “Do you think you can remember it for another lesson?”

“Yes Sir,” she wriggled in obvious discomfort under his marauding touch. He loved his ability to do that and her inability to do anything about it.

“You think I don’t need to punish this or this?” he again lightly slapped her curved bottom and then her boobs making them jiggle.

“Please, no Sir,”

“What is your own religion girl?”

“Hindu Sir,”

“Not as good as Muslim religion eh.”

“I, er, n-no Sir,” she whispered, biting her lip, knowing the danger of any other answer. .

“How old are you?”

“Eighteen, nearly nineteen Sir,” her face twitched again, wondering where this was going.

”OK, as you are young and have already learnt the superiority of our religion, you may sit down – for the moment.” He could see the bewilderment and relief in her face as she scurried thankfully returned to her desk, her virginal body wiggling, reaching for her uniform. “No, leave that, don’t dress. You’ll then be ready if you get other answers wrong. Oh and you’ll sit on top of your desk please, cross legged – yoga style – with your hands on your head. There’s a good girl,” he murmured as the lovely creature obeyed. Her splayed limbs opened to reveal the mauve petals of her sex, her tiny breasts were uplifted with her posture.

He had played with the lovely Indian girl before. She herself had done little wrong apparently, simply lied to the authorities to protect her father. And now she was here to put pressure on her father – who would be shown films of his daughter’s suffering until he confessed. He looked briefly up at one of the many hidden cameras which relayed the scenes of suffering to different sources.

Leaving her with just her mental torment again he decided to concentrate on the Western beauties. Maybe they were thinking, desperately hoping, that the questions would be simple. His eyes found the anxious face of the new blonde English customs girl.

“Stand Parfit.” She did so and again the tiny uniform rode up to show a few golden curls.

“Have you had long enough to study the book?” he asked reasonably.

“I, er, maybe a.. a bit longer would help but...”

“Oh, but I thought you were an intelligent woman, one of the proud customs force who try to keep these useless shores safe. Well?”

“Y-yes Sir.” He could see her face twitching now too.

“Well then, you don’t need any longer do you. When was the Koran written?”

“It, was, six, er sometime in six hundred and”

“I’m waiting,” he deliberately drummed his fingers on his large desk.

“I’m afraid I’m not too sure of the exact....”

“Well then, you are a thick English cow who knows nothing then. Uniform off.” He felt his soiled white trousers tighten as the beauty revealed her shapely figure.

“So that the others may learn something let me say that the date was six hundred and thirty three - you stupid English cow. Step out here.” She looked so delightful as with a strained crimson face, she obediently walked out to the front, her gorgeous body swaying seductively, boobs and bottom bouncing. “Bend over, touch your toes.” He practically creamed himself as she obeyed, her bottom curving so invitingly.

“That’s six,”

Slap!

“Ow,” she gasped as his hand slapped the lovely firm bottom.

“ Hundred.”

Slap!

“Thirty”

Slap!

“Three.”

Slap!

His hand lingered on her warm flesh he had just slapped four times.

“Please resume your place Parfit. Copy your young friend, sit on it just as you are, legs tightly folded, hands on head.”

Rachel sniffed back tears as she scampered back to her place and awkwardly climbed onto her tiny desk. She felt shamed and humiliated as if every eye was on her as she folded her legs and placed her hands on her head. She knew that her sex was now pouting at the fat Turkish creep who was also ogling her uplifted boobs – but she could do nothing about it.

“Hazel, stand.”

She almost heard Alice’s groan as she stood up to stand stiffly by her desk. From behind, she could see the petite curve of her friend’s bottom cheeks below the uniform.

“The alternative name of the Koran is...?”

“I, er, Quint, er, Quart....”

“It’s not f—king a measurement of milk you disrespectful girl,” the beast’s heavy jowls shook.

“No, Sir I-I’m sorry Sir.... Qur’an, Sir,” Alice suddenly managed to blurt out with relief in her voice.

“Yes, but that doesn’t excuse your disrespect girl,” Slima scowled. “Who was the first prophet to receive divine guidance?”

“I, er.....” Alice’s voice faltered and Rachel felt so sorry as her shoulders drooped.

“Strip,” the command brooked no dissent and Rachel looked down as her friend slipped off her robe to reveal her pink nudity. “Hands on head, please join me out here.”

Rachel’s nerves and muscles cried out to move from her posture but she wisely remained still as she watched Alice undulating to the front of the class, her friend’s face beetroot red with shame.

Alice was by nature more timid and shy than Rachel, and these experiences here were probably even more devastating for her than her friend. Her face burnt with shame as she walked naked to the front of the class, aware of the old man’s eye s drooling over her

softly jiggling boobs; how she longed to cover them from his penetrating gaze – to cover her whole body. She'd never even thought about the concept of publicly nudity before, now she had to somehow endure it.

“Over my lap, there's a good girl,” the lecher breathed, his slimy hands around her supple waist as he eased her forward to make her lay over his paunch. “It was Adam, do you think you will remember that for next time?” he enquired softly as his hands delved between the ripe bottom perched on his lap.

“Ow, please, yes Sir,” it was a faint whisper and she couldn't help wriggling, no doubt to his enjoyment as those fat, moist fingers brushed the puckered ring of her anus to rest across the quivering lips of her sex. His touch was obscene, awful.

“Hands away from your bottom silly, girl, or you get more, fold them under your head,” he demanded as he pushed her further head down, her brown hair cascading over her red face, his hands now free to hold the cheeks of her bottom.

Alice braced herself as she felt his arm rise above her.

Smack!

“Oooooow,” she gasped and wriggled as his hand which seemed to be as large as a tennis racket slapped down across her poor bottom. It felt as if her taut skin was on fire. Once or twice her husband, Mark had suggested a spanking but the idea was horrible, objectionable to her. She had gone through the motions of one or two light taps before pushing him off and telling him it was not her thing. Now she had no such luxury of choice, she just had to endure laying naked over a fat Turk's lap and him slap her at will till her eyes were wet with tears.

After three hard blows he allowed her to get up. Through her moist eyes she saw class looking at her, and the robed figures at the back as, sick with shame, she obediently scurried back to her place and sat on her desk in a similar pose to the others. Now she saw the creep peering at the pink slash of her sex, fully visible to him.

Oh why, she thought miserably, was she being subject to this hell and why couldn't someone help her? Yet if poor Alice had been aware of all that was to come for her and Rachel she might have been rather more content with her present lot.

Rachel had been sitting cross-legged on her desk for probably half an hour. Now the majority of the class were in a similar pose as they struggled with the questions and answers, all of them suffering from sore breasts or bottoms under the Slima's stewardship.

“What is the primary role of the Koran Parfit?” and Rachel jumped now that the pressure was back on her

“Er, to, to show, , er ... guidance Sir?”

“Correct, Divine Guidance.”

“I earlier told your friend that Adam was the first prophet. From whom did that guidance originate?”

“I, er, it was, er....” Poor Rachel's mind went blank for a moment such was the pressure.

“Stand out here please girl.” Although it was a relief to unfold from the cramped posture it was worse and so intimidating to stand right before the brute. “These might help,” he extracted two little red rubber clamps from a desk drawer.

“Haaah, oooooow,” she screeched, longing to cover her boobs or pull away as the thick fingers lovingly rubbed her nipples to erection and fastened a clip to each. “Noaaa please, Sir,” she gasped, biting her lip as he tightened the screws. The clips looked like little red imps clinging to her nodules of sensitive flesh, the pain drilling deep into her. It was an intimate and outrageous pain.

“Perhaps they will help you think,” his hand curled around to lightly pat her bottom like a friendly old uncle to a young niece. She flicked back her damp hair, desperately trying to think before things got worse. “From where did it originate?”

Suddenly her mind cleared a bit.

“I, er hah, an-angel Sir?” she whispered through the hot pain on her breasts and light drumming on her backside.

“Correct. Who? Which angel?”

“Er... “ her mind had gone blank again.

Surely he couldn't expect her to remember all these things from a totally, to her, strange religion. But he did, or more likely he just enjoyed the excuse and opportunity to make women suffer she decided as the old bastard smiled to flash his teeth happily.

Indeed, Slima was more than content with his lot in life. This lovely blonde and her brown haired companion were probably the prettiest he had seen here for some time, and it was even better that he knew they were proud, intelligent women once in authority.

They were giving him many interesting thoughts which he decided he might exploit a bit later, before probably in just a matter of weeks another fate, and indeed an old friend of his, would summon them. For now he contented himself with easing the blonde's warm, nubile body over his lap, flicking her lovely breasts and their painful adornments until she was positioned to his satisfaction. Then he stroked the silky smooth cheeks of her bottom, easing apart the cheeks to finger the furry lips and the exquisite heat of her puckered ring.

Smack!

“Graaaghhhh.” It was a delight to have the beauty writhing and wriggling on him as he warmed up her delightful bottom again until his hand stung – although probably not so much as her cheeks.

“It was Jibril, or Gabriel. You won't forget that again will you little girl?” he showed mock concern as he eased her to her feet, breasts bouncing and still with their painful clips, wiping a tear from her eye.

“N-no Sir, she whispered. He could see her hands instinctively going to her agonized breasts but then remembering and clasping her hands back to her head to leave the little red ornaments dancing before his eyes.

“Good, girl, back on your desk,” he gave her another familiar smack on her bottom, loving the feel of it, and the sight of her two red cheeks swaying back up the room.

“Gina,” snapped his fingers at a woman in her forties.

The beautiful brunette, small and petite looked up from her perch on the desk, her pink sex lips pouting deliciously through her profusion of dark pubic hair. Although it wasn't excessive, he knew that he could embarrass her – and that was his prerogative.

“You're very hairy down there aren't you?” He smiled inwardly. He always commented on her pubic bush, knowing how such references to it shamed her, and indeed would shame any mature women, even a still wonderfully pretty one as she was, when it was ridiculed publicly.

“Y-yes Sir,” she whispered.

“I recall you saying that your sentence here prevented you having your normal bikini wax, eh?”

“Yes Sir,” she gave him the same answers to the same questions as he asked last time she was before him, still blushing delicately.

“Who actually wrote the Koran, girl?” and he loved being able to refer to a beautiful forty-something in that manner.

“I, I think it was Muhammad, Sir?”

“Final answer?”

“I, er, yes Sir,” and he could see the awful indecision in her red face. It was his stock in trade trick question with several possible answers.

“Some say it was written after Muhammad's death by Umar and Abu Bakr.”

“I, er....”

“Step out here please Gina.” As the small beauty's face dropped and she swayed towards him, her large breasts bouncing, and only sagging slightly, he extracted a pair of scissors from his drawer. “That birds nest around your c—t offends me,” he lied magnificently.

“Trim it off before us now, before I punish you. Whichever of your friends is on cleaning duty can sweep it up tomorrow – if they have a dustpan big enough,” he chuckled to heap more shame on her.

He could only imagine her feelings as the woman, a lawyer, stood before them, sniffing back sobs, awkwardly trimming her pubic v with him considerately pointing out areas require attention, even holding back her love lips to assist her.

Having her bend, wriggling over his lap afterwards to be spanked was almost an anticlimax.

“That concludes today’s lesson. All of those girls wearing nipple clamps please hand them in now, we don’t want to lose them for future use do we,” he smiled cruelly as with obvious relief the relevant girl eased the clips from their precious breast fruit, wincing with pain and deposited them with trembling hands on his desk. “All girls will receive three additional days on their sentence for lack of effort,” he smiled at the subdued look of horror on each pretty face at his pronouncement. “You will again be given copies of the good book before long for further testing. You need it, you agree?”

“Yes Sir,” came their low voiced reply. Oh how he loved it as the line of nude beauty, many weeping, bowed deeply to him as he left the classroom after several hours of torment. He lightly patted Rachel’s bottom as he left, enjoying her wince of pain. Although she could have done without that final demeaning pat, or the additional sentence, finally Rachel could relax a little as she followed the robed guard out of the room. It was also such a blessed relief to be free of the horrible clips on her precious boobs. These sadists certainly knew just how to make a woman suffer.

“We make good little Muslims out of you two yet during the long time you’ll be here. You agree?” Ashanti asked, patting their swaying bottoms as if she was their Mother.

“Yes Miss.” What else could they safely say Rachel decided.

“Yes, give up your faith and convert – who knows it could reduce your sentence,” the veiled guard pronounced as she later marched Rachel and Alice off to lunch. And at the moment Rachel would have done or said anything to escape this hell which was seemingly to be her life for the next few months at least. Desperately she wondered and worried whether anyone on the outside would ever realise what was going on in these terrible prisons and do something about it.

Meanwhile, far away in a hot desert country across the other side of the world the rich and powerful man of joint Arabic and Negroid descent who had by coincidence weeks earlier been viewing the same programme on English prisons as Rachel, looked at the scene in the English prison on his private CCTV cameras. And to answer the blonde’s unspoken plea he did intend to do something about her predicament.

His nearly limitless power and wealth enabled him to have tentacles in so many areas of the decadent Western life he professed to hate. And as the new English prison was one of his distant business ventures it was so easy to have discreet cameras built into its fabric channelling pictures via an innocuous satellite just to him, for his pleasure. He liked what he saw. He enjoyed watching the shaming of the English beauties, liked the way their pink flesh curved under the rod, the sensuous shadows and hollows on their bodies. But most of all he enjoyed watching the humiliation and shaming of the type of Western woman who so often found him repugnant whenever he tried to discreetly pick one up in a party or club during visits to England or America. OK so he was married but it was an open marriage of convenience and his wife enjoyed similar tastes to himself – and there was his teenage son to consider too. So far he had to be content with paid prostitutes whilst the real women he wanted remained literally out of his reach.

This situation would not continue for much longer; he would have some of these previously unattainable and snobby women for his own uses. He had taken his time and using the privilege of access to his private filming he had selected his targets; wheels were in motion. The British penal system was so indebted to him, as was the rest of the economy, and the Government so weak that it had been easy to ensure that in return for his generous loans he could move selected inmates around at will. They would be in his

clutches before long, his playthings. His trousers tightened further at the thought.

Hard, sweating toil in the prison allotment to tend and pick vegetables was Rachel's afternoon 'fun.' Again, her back ached intolerably. She had briefly stopped to stretch it but one of the male guards had flicked his crop across her, making her writhe face first into the mud.

"You f—king stupid cow, now look at your uniform. Get it off and kneel," the middle aged bastard demanded as he stood over her, smoothing his large moustache. Her lip quivering in fear she tugged it off and hugged herself protectively as the brute's crop lashed twice across her shoulders. "Now get it back on before you make people sick and put your back into it lassie," he bellowed like a sergeant major as she obeyed and began digging up roots with her bare hands as fast as she could. She knew that she must adapt quickly and get on with it whatever protests her body made.

Another small and lacklustre meal was her reward before a trip to the stores to hand in her soiled uniform and collect a new one before sleeping so soundly in her uncomfortable bed in her open cell for the night.

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Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:59 pm

CHAPTER 5

Cleaning the prison floors was an unpleasant and backbreaking sequel to breakfast the following morning but then Rachel's fears heightened when she, Alice and a few more pretty girls were marched to the gym after their apology for a lunch.

"Time for your physical exercise work out ladies, clothes off please, here are your costumes," the Romanian creep who had whipped them the other day smiled lewdly at his small class of beauty.

Anger bristled within Rachel that these swine could casually just demand they strip for all variety of reasons, all to dehumanise and debase them she guessed correctly. The leotard which she found in the pile was transparent and skin tight, hiding nothing of her lush body. And all in the gym class were women and all lush.

"Give me twenty press-ups straight arms, just chins and tits touching, go," he shouted, slamming his crop down hard against the floor for emphasis. Rachel needed no second bidding, she still smarted from his whip. Although she considered herself fit she was soon gasping and panting. Her arm muscles quivered with effort as she pushed herself up and down, over and again hearing the guard shouting and using his crop to 'encourage' them.

"Aaahh," she gasped collapsing in a heap on the floor as she absorbed a fiery cut across her bottom from the bastard's crop. The thin leotard afforded no protection, it hurt like hell.

"Faster girl, get that fat arse moving," the creep demanded, forcing her to somehow find the inner reserves to continue pumping up and down the remaining five press-ups.

"Catch and hold high above heads," he threw them each a heavy medicine ball, making her stagger back and then lift it above her head; it was heavy. "Knee bends, holding the balls above heads, arms straight; down and hold," he demanded. As they went down to a crouch, thighs wide for balance he walked around them, smiling as he took in their splayed charms scarcely hidden by the tiny strap of the leotards. "Now up."

Yaaghhh," Rachel, like the others, gasped with effort as she complied, and they had to do

so five more times.

And still it wasn't over, their bodies shining with effort he had them running around the gym for ten minutes. Ahead of her she could see Alice, her friend's jiggling bottom and boobs scarcely concealed by her covering, hair flying as she ran. This was all so unfair, how could these swine make them do this she thought bitterly. But when she recalled the whip and the continual extensions to the sentence she knew how.

"Nice warm up yes," the creep smiled into their gasping faces.

When they finally had a break to greedily drink from water bottles Rachel was disquieted to see people, important looking people begin to file into the rows of seats overlooking the gym. A middle-aged butch woman guard arrived, a tracksuit covering her athletic body. She had an armful of clothing.

"Netball girls, we've guests watching on a tour of the prison, give them a good game. Leotards off; you wear these," the woman threw costumes at them as she pushed them into two teams of five.

Cringing before the many watching eyes Rachel and the others huddled in a corner of the gym to try and preserve their modesty as they donned tiny frilly cheerleader type skirts, which were nothing more than large red coloured belts hardly covering their bare backsides with skin tight, low cut red vests through which their boobs jiggled. The other team, which included Alice had similar outfits but in blue.

They nervously assembled under the woman's shouted directions and piercing whistle under the gaze of the observers of both sexes, dressed to the nines in the galleries. She recognised the bulk of Governor Slima, and one, a tall Negress, was even using binoculars for a better look. Rachel felt as good as naked before them all but that, she supposed, only added to the display they were forced to give.

"You are Red Team," the butch coach tapped Rachel with a long whippy bamboo rod, directing her to stand with four other girls. "And you are Blue team," she did the same for the remaining women, who included Alice. "Five-a-side and I want all of your effort into it, the losing team gets punished by the winners, thirty minutes each way."

Rachel hadn't played netball since school and disliked it, and she suspected the same was true of Alice. She ran and jumped, trying her best, none of them were particularly good apart from a tall ginger-haired girl - in Blue Team unfortunately. Ruthlessly, desperately probably, Rachel corrected herself, the girl pushed and shoved her way around, getting away with it.

"More f—king effort," the coach screamed at her after Rachel jumped for the ball and missed so that the ginger girl in Blue team caught it and scored.

"Hah," she gasped as the woman's cane cracked down across the backs of her legs to sting like blazes.

"Yeah, hurts eh. Next time you jump higher like you did for the cane. I don't expect skill, I expect effort and a good show. Play on," the woman's whistle shrieked to drone out the shouts and jeers from the observers.

Now Rachel put her all into it, she had to. That somehow took her mind off those watching from above, no doubt enjoying the view of their bouncing glistening bodies. She grabbed the ball, bounced it along, jumped and threw it, having to disregard her tiny skirt flying up and her boobs falling out of her vest. She simply tucked them back in again, wiped the sweat from her shining face and carried on; she had nearly scored. She realised that the bastards had successfully divided and conquered them. Now, she hated Alice, barging her aside just as her friend did to her. They were enemies; she wanted desperately to avoid being punished at the end of the game. Yet her team was losing. She was now shouting and cursing in the last five minutes like the best of them as she ran and jumped. But it was to no avail, the final whistle saw them as losers. Uncaring of the immodest display she gave the jeering observers she bent over wiping her eyes, trying to collect her breath.

"Well done Blue team," the large coach hugged each smiling member of the winning team. "Red team fetch out the vaulting horse."

Dispirited, Rachel and her team mates, struggled to hump the heavy wooden frame to follow the coach's pointing figure. With cracking sinews and muscles they set it down in the centre of the gym.

"Red team, outfits off, stand to attention by the horse," bellowed the Romania guard who had watched the game with amusement, making them face the observers who had now wandered down to mingle on the gym floor. Rachel felt herself go hot with shame as she obediently stood, her bare boobs heaving as she sought to get her breathing under control. "Now you naughty girls have to pay price for failure, yes. Bend over the horse, Sally, right over, legs wide apart, no secrets here," he instructed a small and petite dark haired girl whilst the others in Red Team still stood stiffly to attention trying to un-focus their eyes from the sea of excited smiling faces. "You may use this old trainer," he handed the smelly old shoe to one of Blue Team, the ginger-haired girl. "Three across her arse and if it's not hard enough, I take over and you and the rest of Blue Team get it too," he smiled at the impossible situation he had put them all in.

Rachel didn't want to look, but her eyes were drawn to the slim glistening body folded over the horse and the tall girl brandishing the shoe over her twitching bottom, the back and shoulders flexing with dread. She licked her lips nervously, wanting to use the loo, wanting to be sick as the shoe whacked up and down with a meaty sound accompanied by poor Sally's heartfelt cries.

Her heartbeat raced as the punished girl had to stand hands on head beside the horse, her little bottom glowing. Would she be next? No, it was the turn of the teenage Indian girl, Panagi to bend over to receive three hard slashes at the hands of the text Blue Team member. The tension amongst the waiting girls increased again as the sobbing young Indian joined Sally.

Almost as if by design, she thought, they kept her till last to endure the screams of her friends and the tension of anticipation.

"Last but not least, Rachel," the Romania patted her swaying bottom as she walked to the horse on unsteady legs. "Get them nice and wide apart, let's all see your little charms, and let your friend Alice give it her all," he smirked and patted her rump to position her to his satisfaction. "I know you and Rachel are friends," he spoke softly to Alice, "so I expect you to show me you don't care and to lay it on hardest of all – especially if you don't want to get her, and your team mates, caned by me."

Rachel groaned with apprehension, she couldn't have tried harder, she was exhausted. It was just that she was unused to such a strenuous physical workout, especially at the behest of these swine and the watchers. She trembled as she reluctantly positioned her shining, sweating flanks over the horse.

She could also imagine her friend's feelings, but her own were uppermost in her mind at the moment. It was heads or tails you lose. She just had to hope that Alice didn't hold back; she couldn't take also being caned by the creep.

Crack!

"Gaahhhhh," she jerked suddenly not wanting Alice to hit so hard. The pain was a hot band eating into her, making tears jet from her eyes as she hunched her shoulders in tension, shuddering as she heard Alice's arm rise again.

"Noaaaaaghhh," the toe of the trainer had caught her sensitive inner thigh to make the velvet flesh burn there too. She attempted to close her legs a little but the Romanian had other ideas and deftly tugged them wide apart again.

"No hiding from it Rachel. Nice and hard, Alice, go girl."

Crack!

Graaaaghhhhhh," she yelled as the awful pain now tore into the similarly sensitive underside of her poor bottom under Alice's clumsy assault. She felt sick.

When at last she could stand, angrily wiping tears from her eyes and her hair from her sticky face she hated her friend, hated the stupid apologetic look in her doe-like eyes. But she somehow got herself back under control as she stood in the line of shame. That was just what the bastards wanted her to feel. But she was determined not to play their game

not to let them hurt her friendship as they had her body.

“Any volunteers to apply the gel we use here to aid healing and prevent damage? You see we are very good to our girls,” the butch coach smiled as several of the observers eagerly dipped their hands in the gel. “Legs apart, let the helpers get in there and no moving girls, let them make you feel better, she smiled as if the monstrosity of what she was saying was lost on her.”

Rachel bit her lips as an old creep in white trousers and a blazer who must have been well into his seventies, older than her Grandfather, shuffled her way using a walking stick. Yet she needed that balm to ease the scorching pain which presently made her bottom feel as if it was expanding and contracting like elastic.

“Hah, mmm,” she couldn’t help but sigh as his shaking hands kneaded the cold gel into the shrinking cheeks of her throbbing backside. She wriggled as the fingers intruded shamefully into her private parts. How she longed to slap him away, but daren’t.

“You must try harder in these things young lady,” the old man condescended as he moved to stand in front of her whilst still reaching round to rub her bottom. His face was sweating as much as hers as he licked his fleshy lips. To her disgust she could feel the warm and damp bulge of his trousers against her pubis as his hands worked on her.

“Otherwise, you’ll get hurt, and it did hurt I expect, well?”

“Oh, ow, y-yes Sir,” she gasped, unable to meet his excited, piggy eyes. “Ow, please,” she hissed, edging back a bit, but still the fingers pursued her.

“Can I finish her off? You look a bit tired.” Suddenly a tall, cultured Negress was beside her, the one who had used the binoculars, and virtually elbowed the old man away.

“Hah,” Rachel gasped as the woman painfully slapped cream onto her buttocks and worked it in vigorously smiling as her movements made her bare breasts jiggle and bounce. Yet if she thought that the woman had seen her plight at the hands of the old man and had acted out of kindness, she was soon put right on that score as the dark fingers intruded just as shamelessly.

“Time to move on ladies and gentlemen,” Rachel was relieved to hear Slima’s announcement.

The woman scowled and surreptitiously her woman’s fingers flicked one of her pink buds to send a jolt of fresh pain into her. Rachel blinked back tear of pain.

“Thought you might prefer a woman’s touch, my pretty,” her tormentor now smiled, winking at her as Governor Slima began ushering the guests out to continue their tour.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

Posted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 1:59 pm

Offline

Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame (Martin Hughes)

User avatar

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

Fresh unease began to eat into Rachel when the Romanian ushered the others away to shower and dress after she and her team had struggled to get the vaulting horse back to the storeroom.

“I saw you pull away from the gentleman who was good enough to soothe your bottom with the gel. You could get the whip for that girl, or a longer sentence.” Sudden panic swamped her. How could they punish her for a woman’s so natural reaction to such an obscene assault? Yet she knew that here, they could, and the thought of that whip again was too much to endure.

“Please... Sir, I didn’t mean... it was hurting me after the slipper and....” Rachel hated herself for her grovelling explanation of what should have been so obvious, but her backside was still smarting with pain, to face the whip again”I’m so sorry,” she buried her face in her trembling hands, hating the creep’s smiling face as he approached her.

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The Romanian, Rabastan, felt his loins tighten at the sight of the beautiful naked blonde, weeping softly to make her breasts bounce. He certainly felt no pity or sorrow, only lust. She was the prettiest one they had at the moment, a real English rose he supposed she could be called - and he had mentally positioned her just as he intended.

"I wonder how many lashes you'll get, probably a dozen and without any gel - you only get that on your first lashing - you'll lose all the skin of your arse and back and be scarred for life. That was a retired mayor you insulted," he lied on all counts. In fact he had no idea who the old bastard was - but he had deliberately looked out for any lever he could use against this blonde beauty.

"Oh please, no I'd die, please I beg you," she implored him through wide and tearful eyes.

"But it is my duty to report the matter..."

"Oh, heavens, no please, no, I'll-I'll..."

"You'll what?" He could see from her stricken face that that the beauty knew she'd talked herself into a corner.

"I'll - do anything ..." she whispered having walked into the trap.

"So you are attempting to bribe a guard?"

"No, I....please," she dropped her hands to her sides in surrender, also revealing her full charms.

"Kneel, beg me to f—k the arse off you," he smiled.

For several seconds she hesitated, red face buried in her hands then she slowly sank to her knees, breasts bobbing softly.

"Please...please take me," she whispered.

"I don't want to 'take' you, you stupid stuck up English whore," he loved the way she flinched back with his every shouted word. "I said, I want to f—k the arse of you," he kicked her sprawling to the floor, seeing the fear and shock in her eyes. She thought that she'd said enough in her prissy way but he would extract his full pound of flesh. "Kneel again and tell me, beg me," he insisted.

"P-please, I-I beg, f—k the arse off me," she finally whispered when she again rested on her knees before him.

"Louder, I didn't hear."

"Oh, please," he saw her control her flash of anger, but he was determined to take her that final mile, and just looked at her quizzically.

"I-I beg, please f—k the arse off me," she repeated loudly.

"OK, up against that horse, legs spread, hold me tight. You better give me a good ride, work with me, make me believe you want me," he spat, lowering his tracksuit.

It was so good to see the dawning horror in her lovely and sophisticated English face as she saw his ten inches of erection pointing at her, waiting for her. He had wanted her ever since whipping her the other day. He loved breaking these stuck up English bitches, especially this one who he understood worked in the customs, trying to keep Britain great. He laughed to himself. He hoped she would indeed be as good as in his dreams. Oh and she was. Rabastan was thrusting deep into her liquid succulence. He gripped the red cheeks of her bottom pulling in deeper as he suckled on her jerking breasts. He slid a long finger deep into her cleft, feeling the hidden heat there and enjoying her gasping wriggle as he skewered her arse.

"Your husband, he like sticking his finger up there eh?"

"N-no Sir," she panted with his thrusts.

He could see the look of revolted horror flash over her pretty face as he obviously reminded her of perhaps better times she had enjoyed. To complete his ravishment he plunged his mouth over hers, forcing it open and thrusting in his tongue.

Rachel felt sick as she was totally invaded by the brute, nearly choking. She had known what he was after when he had threatened the whip, but with pain still controlling her actions she just couldn't take the chance of him not bluffing. She had nearly broken when the bastard had made her beg him so crudely using words she would never use to do

something that revolted her – but thoughts of the whip made her frightened to disobey him; the whole system here was on his side. She had no rights or hope.

“Ugh, ugh,” she heard herself grunt like an animal as he pumped into her. He was big and filthy, filling her mouth and sex. And the finger so horribly up her anus was just another rung on her downward spiral. And why did he have to remind her of Dean. It made her cry to think of him and what she was now doing to a brute stranger, and what a casual observer just entering the room when she was begging on her knees would assume was at her instigation.

She cringed as she felt him swell inside her, his hands like talons on her backside and shoulders as he pumped with greater voracity, his tongue sticking deep and rigidly into her mouth. It was vile, she hated it but was there not some tiny warm animal instinct within her which took a secret delight in her brutal cavewoman ravishment with no responsibility for her actions? It was something so different from all of her genteel experiences with Dean and previous boyfriends. No, she guiltily buried any such thoughts, she was totally a victim.

The shower afterwards made her feel a little cleaner after her ordeal with the Romania beast. And after dinner, Rachel almost felt like a normal woman again as she was allowed to apply make-up and slip into the long black dress with the sexy splits on each side. Albeit she was allowed no underwear and it was low cut to practically spill her boobs but she looked and felt elegant.

In fact, she guessed that in reality she looked more like a high class call girl as she served the visiting guests their meal and drinks in the prison officer's mess. She surmised that she and Alice and one or two other exceptionally pretty inmates were there to add a touch of glamour to the evening to impress the guests. It made her blood boil that she could be used that way.

As the drinks flowed she began to feel more nervous. She just had to ignore the hands, male and female, creeping over her thighs and bottom, the eyes bulging down her cleavage. Had not the obnoxious Deputy Governor, warned them.

“You will be serving my guests tonight as waitresses and will be totally compliant,” he had them lined up stiffly to attention as he lectured beforehand in the kitchens. She felt like a little schoolgirl apart from her sophisticated dress. “Anything less that complete subservience and respect will go very badly my dears,” he had gripped her chin painfully. “It will result in long extensions to your sentence or punishment of a more ...physical kind,” she had flinched as he patted her bottom. “You understand, ladies?”

“Yes Sir,” it was galling to have to bow to the fat slug, but they all did so.

“More s-ssshugar, over here,” a diner's drunken request jerked her out of her daydream and sent her swaying over to the Arabic man, bowing and gritting her teeth as his hand strayed briefly up her thigh. She had to move on.

“More drinks Sir, Madam?” she had to keep moving and avoid them, be politeness on legs she had been instructed – or face the consequences. She saw Mr Slima raise his glass in acknowledgement and she made to head in his direction.

“Refill this girl, hurry slut I haven't got all evening,” Rachel bit her lip at the mode of address. Any sign of anger towards these beasts would go against her. She turned to become aware of the tall and elegant Negress who had earlier rubbed in the gel in the gym. The woman was holding out her half empty wine glass. She too wore a long elegant dress, in her case white, to emphasise her ebony curves. Rachel poured, the bottle tinkling slightly against the woman's glass, her shaking hand betraying her nerves.

“Steady, clumsy bitch, if you spill any down me you'll be sorry, well?”

“Sorry Miss,” Rachel deferred her eyes, turning to leave.

“Don't be in such a hurry, get me more peanuts,” she demanded, her eyes glittering cruelly.

“I must just ... Mr Slima is waiting for

Right now; don't make me annoyed girl, guests take priority, especially distinguished ones such as I. My name is Mrs Narinda, you would do well to remember that name and ensure you do not annoy me. Get my snack - now,” she added with low voiced venom. Desperately looking up and seeing that Mr Slima wasn't immediately waiting for his refill, Rachel scurried off to fetch the bowl of nuts from an alcove which Mrs Narinda couldn't be bothered to fetch. But as she turned, she realised that the Negress had followed her and was suddenly beside her, crowding her in the corner by herself.

“You're a pretty girl. Name?”

“Rachel Miss,” she was a bit panicked at being virtually trapped by the menacing woman, breathing heavily with anguish so that her cleavage heaved enticingly.

“Full name?”

“Rachel Parfit Miss,” she instinctively bowed unable to meet the harsh eyes, just wanting to get away.

“Yes... I thought you might be, I enjoyed watching you at netball earlier,” the woman now smiled, her eyes travelling slowly up and down Rachel's trembling form, lingering on her overflowing cleavage and her toned white thighs peeking between the slits in her black dress.

“Hahh,” she jumped a little as she felt a dark hand cupping the cheeks of her bottom over the dress.

“Please, I must...”

“No: you must listen very carefully, to me, little Rachel,” the woman's soft, deep voice interrupted. “You mustn't move, you will stay very still for a moment because if you disobey I will make sure you finish the night under the whip, right?”

“Yes Miss,” she whispered, now really frightened of the overpowering woman. Who could have thought that she of all people would ever be so intimidated by such a person? Yet it was happening now, she was little better than a slave to the haughty Negress.

Instinctively she knew the woman was trouble. “Aaaghh,” she jumped again as, unbelievably the black fingers slid under her dress to her pubic thatch and pinched the lips of her sex. The pain was hot and intimate, excruciating. She longed to wrench the hands off her, to pull away but instead she blinked back tears, pleading with her tormentor woman to woman with wide eyes not to continue hurting her there.

Both women stood silent and still for a moment next to each other as if joined at the hip, and in a way they were. One was in control, relaxed, amused, the other in pain and frightened, helpless in the hands of her mentor.

“That's better, now I have your complete attention,” the woman's fingers trapped her sensitive labia but also now lightly brushed backwards over her clitoris, up into her, making her jump and shiver again. She felt dirty and soiled. “Show me your breasts.”

“What! Miss?” Rachel could scarcely believe the woman's request.

“Lower your top a little let me see them again, they looked nice bouncing in the gym ...or... You seem to forget that you are no longer a powerful figure of authority; I am that. You are now the one cringing and I am the one with a finger up your c—t,” she spat with venom.

“Ooow,” Rachel squirmed as the awful fingers tightened on her sex. And what the woman said was true. Although she wore a lovely dress, that was all, no handbag, no power or authority, she was naked under it, a helpless prisoner completely at the mercy of this bitch. After instinctively looking around to ensure no-one was looking Rachel hurriedly slid her dress down a little to let her lovely orbs spill fully free. There heaved up and down even more now with her pain and anguish, almost dancing for her smiling tormentor.

“Yes, very nice, I just wanted to remind myself, and your backside is good too. You'll do very nicely,” Mrs Narinda breathed, “a good little girl,” her other hand lightly cupped her breasts, allowing the red buds of her nipples to firm up in her ebony palms. “Now remember me, remember my name I have a feeling that we may meet again,” the woman

spoke softly.

Rachel gasped with relief as the fingers released their cruel and intimate grip, patted the bare cheeks of her bottom under her dress and the woman slid off back into the main room as if nothing had happened. For a moment Rachel stood confused and perplexed before she suddenly remembered her duty to refill Mr Slima's glass and scurried off.

It was way past midnight when the last guests left and Rachel was somehow relieved to see the departing broad back of the Mrs Narinda; the woman unsettled her with her vague threats. Luckily, after she noticed the bitch making similar overtures to Alice, she seemed content to just relax and take a back seat – although her eyes seemed to follow her.

Conscious of their normal 6am cell inspection Rachel was keen to get back to her cell, but the Deputy Governor had other ideas.

“Come sit on my lap little girl,” Slima beckoned after he had led her by the hand to his room. The guests had left, thankfully including the terrible Mrs Narinda but she was now alone with the old Turkish creep. She felt an obscene bulge press against her bottom over the thin material of her dress as he pulled her down. “You did well,” she flinched as his large slimy hands smoothed over her shoulders, sliding down the thin strap of her dress to allow him to stroke the side of her breasts.

“Th-thank you Sir,” she wriggled uncomfortably as he planted a sloppy kiss on her cheek. He smelt of sweat, drink and tobacco.

“It's been a long night, plenty to drink, but you have a nice mouth little girl,” he stroked her quivering lip. “You know if-if you are good to me-really good, we can see about having some of those nasty extra days you earned on your sentence taken away” he rubbed her other shoulder until her dress fell down to her waist. “But if you are bad... But these nice little titties, they don't look bad, they look good,” his thick fingers circled each of her nipples until her cones hardened. She felt sick, guessing by now what would happen next and that it wouldn't immediately be a trip back to her cell. Yet again, she had no choice, the difference between less time here and being punished was too great. “Now I know that you can make an old man happy he breathed. Let's start with a kiss for an old man.”

It was like kissing an ashtray filled with stale brandy but her full lips obediently closed over his as she tried to pretend she was with Dean. The sweaty hands mauled and groped her boobs before sliding to her waist.

“Get it off girl, let the hound see the rabbishh,” he slurred.

Feeling definitely like a whore, she struggled free of his hands, stood and wriggled sexily out of her dress till it pooled at her feet. Such a move could only be done sexily, by her, but it made her angry, that she had to do it for a vile lecherous old stranger and not her husband. How this be happening? She despaired to herself.

“Get me out and f—k me,” he pointed to the slightly stained bulge at the front of his trousers as he sat back in his armchair. Making her even more sick, her small fingers fluttered at his thighs, feeling the moistness there, smelling the unsavoury smell down there. “If you f—k OK it'll go well for you. If not...”

She needed no second bidding and, holding her breath she extracted his slimy member. It was too soft, she panicked. Although the last thing she wanted to do was make love to the brute, she was being punished for not doing so.

The hidden cameras Slima had in his room for just such occasions would, especially when properly edited, show the lovely blonde perching on his broad lap, the gorgeous swelling of her hindquarters quivering as her hands worked on his flagging manhood against the backdrop of the drunken, dreamy look on his face.

She sat astride him now, raising her haunches slightly, the look of panic evident on her face as she tried unsuccessfully to guide his bending penis inside her. She clasped the old man to her, rubbing her breasts against his white shirt as she kissed him, grinding herself

up and down, but to no avail.

As I say, you have a very nice, a very pretty mouth,” he leered at her, pushing her head down.

It was awful, sick. She’d rarely allowed anything like this with Dean, yet now she was forced to give a horrible fat creep twice his age the blow job her husband had always craved but which she had never consented to. In comparison to the obnoxious task before her, performing such an act on her handsome, clean Dean would have been a pleasure.

This was far from it.

She knelt by the flabby thighs, her blonde hair cascading over his lap as her quivering lips opened over his near flaccid manhood. It tasted as vile as it looked. Yet desperate now, her tongue began to flick and her mouth formed an oval as she sucked her heart out. She guessed that her only option was to satisfy him this way. It was not the sort of thing he would forget in the morning if she failed to. She’d just suffer for it one way or the other.

She recoiled, nearly being physically sick as, a full five minutes later, he began to swell in her mouth. Now the old bastard came more alive and his large hands gripped her blonde tresses, holding her head fully in place as he obscenely spat deep into the hot wet warmth of her mouth.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 2:00 pm

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CHAPTER 6

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“You two have got visitors, your husbands; nice eh,” leered the old Turkish Deputy Governor, his cruel, flabby face attempting a grin as he regarded the two beautiful women prisoners standing nervously before him. Rachel and Alice had been wondering why Slima had summoned them. Apart from two more awful schoolroom sessions, which followed a similar painful and shameful pattern to their first ‘class’ on the Koran she hadn’t seen much of him.

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“Y-yes Sir,” Rachel whispered, subserviently in reply bowing to him whilst wishing she didn’t have to display such respect, simply wishing that she wasn’t in prison and at the mercy of these fiends. And whilst she welcomed the opportunity, any opportunity to see the man she loved, indeed her heart soared, she dearly wished that it wasn’t under such degrading circumstances.

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It had been over a week since she had been forced to give the old creep his blow job. In that time, her sentence here in hell had been increased by various rule infringements and punishments so that the small reduction in sentence she had gained by satisfying the bastard had been more than wiped out. Her nightmare here would seemingly never end. But to more immediate matters, she had heard about the humiliating procedure for visits and it was thus a bitter-sweet thing to endure it to reap the reward of once again seeing a friendly face. She looked at Alice standing beside her and saw the similar tenseness in her twitching face. Both knew that if they declined such a visit it would probably be their last and gone would be their only opportunity for both to see their husbands and communicate with the world outside of this hell.

“Come,” the old creep snapped his fingers as if they were dogs, then gave them both a demeaning slap on their bottoms under the thin material of their short prison smocks – as was his ghastly custom. And she, a respectable married woman just had to accept it. They obediently followed the creep’s ambling walk towards the quarantine zone for visiting. Their long legs and swivelling hips were barely concealed attracting the usual wolf whistles from both the male and female prisoners as did the plunging neckline of

the garments. The obscene comments, the titillating uniform with the vulnerable lack of being allowed underwear made Rachel cringe with shame. She was so far outside of her comfort zone and previous experience. Yet she knew that to exist here and survive she would somehow just have to adjust to them. She could only be for once thankful that the harsh discipline of the prison regime had kept her safe from assault from her fellow inmates for the last couple of long weeks since her terrible incarceration. Slima, the large Turk who they so dutifully followed mostly glared into the harsh faces of anyone whistling or looking intently.

“Don’t you worry, these two soon be buck naked – for me to see,” he chuckled, taunting a fellow Turk, a hard-faced, scarred teenager who lewdly rubbed his crutch as they reached their destination.

“May I talk to you about something, a problem Sir,” the Turkish boy hesitated so hopefully by the warder as Slima fumbled for keys. “I can come in with you it won’t take a minute, Sir,” the boy licked his lips, eyeing Rachel.

“No, on your way, they’re seeing visitors – no room for you, on your f—king way, put in a written request- or you’ll be on report,” his voice sounded like trickling oil as his hand went to his crop threateningly.

As the youth gave her one more long appraising look before continuing down the steel corridor Rachel was for once grateful for the presence of the Governor. She shuddered at the thought of what could otherwise happen with her so scantily and provocatively dressed before such lustful and violent types.

“In you go,” the creep unlocked and pushed open a heavy door. “Mrs Rachel Parfit and Mrs Alice Hazel. Both undress; Parfit you hang your uniform on the peg marked 1 then stand on the circle marked 1 in front of the curtain - in search position. You Hazel – the same – on circle number 2,” he addressed Alice, similarly smacking her bottom too. It was to be humiliation by officialdom and numbers she realised.

Rachel felt her face flush with shame as she walked into the large tiled room which smelt of polish. Incongruously at the far end the tiles ended in a large rich red drape. The shine from the floor and wooden panelled walls reflected harshly from the many bright overhead lights as the Turk turned to lock the door and announce on an intercom the quarantine room was now in use. She could imagine the back-break of her fellow inmates scrubbing and polishing the tiles and woodwork of the room. She had had to perform similar tasks in other areas of the prison as part of her ‘hard labour’ punishment. But it was her first time here, her first visit from outsiders since entering hell. Although it was going to be gut-wrenching shameful, she mustn’t waste it. Tears moistened her eyes at the thought of seeing her husband again.

“Hurry - or you no want f—king visit eh?” Slima’s shout made her jump but she found the row of pegs then her hands went to the buttons of her smock. Her fingers were trembling as she began undressing. It felt so unnatural have to publicly strip, she’d never get used to it. Instinctively she glanced at the door, glad that it looked to be thoroughly locked and with the other inmates on the other side.

Taking a deep breath she kicked off her sandals and hung up her smock before walking as naked as a baby, her bare feet padding over the cold tiles, towards the curtain, stopping on one of the large circles on the floor marked number one. The curtain was about ten feet in front of her and she wondered whether her husband was on the other side? Fresh tears moistened her eyes at the thought of his possible proximity. Whereas during the walk her hands had been instinctively and protectively clasped over her bare breasts she now placed them on her head and opened her legs and mouth. The search position was shameful but the punishments here for not doing everything you were told made disobedience something you tried to avoid, no matter how degrading.

She hated the way her breasts uplifted with her posture, her nipples tight with apprehension as the Turkish slob stood before her and Alice - who was now in a similar pose on the circle next to her. He at first just looked at their displayed beauty, grinning. “Yes, two very pretty English ladies,” he chuckled. “And English ladies know what they

have to do next, squat six times, right down and up, holding ears please.”

Rachel bit her lip as she obeyed, hoping her husband wasn't near and listening. She felt almost as bad as when she first had to go through this strip-search procedure on arrival here; it was not really any easier to do so now after her two weeks 'experience,' yet she must. Slowly she went down into squat, her thighs splayed wide for balance to give the creep an even better view of her mauve intimacies as she sex gaped. Slowly she raised herself before again lowering. Each time she did so she felt her anus and vagina opening, just as was the intention, so that anything concealed would drop out. But she knew that Slima would satisfy himself totally.

“Mouth open wide, tongue out,” he ordered when she had squatted her six times. “Legs wider apart.”

Hah, please, no,” she gasped as his crop lightly but painfully flicked her breasts, nearly making her tear her hands from her head. Her precious boobs throbbed but she dared not cover them and instead let them continue to jut provocatively towards her tormentor.

“I can hit tits all day until you do exactly as told – now legs nice and wide apart, let me see you. Hmm, nice c—t as I recall. ” She went hot with shame with his vile words and as his slimy hands crawled over her mouth and lips before descending to fondle her breasts and then slide over her belly. “And a tight little arse, don't be shy, don't clench it up around me,” he chuckled.

“Hah,” she always gasped when one of the creeps invaded her sex and bottom.

“Ow,” and again when he gave his familiar smack on her bare bottom. She felt soiled and turned inside out by the time he had moved on to Alice. It was almost as bad to see the hairy brown hands taking similar liberties with the supple pink nudity of her friend. Desperately she thought of her husband to take her mind off the awful fingers.

Close at hand Rachel's husband, Dean, had been thinking of her too.

“Parfit and Hazel? OK boys, lose the clothes,” the young blonde wardress had earlier demanded of Dean and Mark in a thick Irish accent when they had confirmed their names on entry to the prison. Although she looked to be young, younger than him, Dean felt that she looked mean and spiteful, not to be messed with.

“Look, is this really necessary? We have just come to visit our wives and ...”

“It's f—king fine if you don't want to see them, they're settling in quite nicely to life on the inside, better off without you two bastards I guess, reminding them of all the little homely things they have to do without. But if you do want to see them, you, and they, have to be in the buff – you read the rules. No one takes the chances of secret miniature cameras and filming these days. So its buck naked or I'll show you the way out. What is it to be?” she stood enquiring hands on hips, smoothing down her green uniform.

Dean shrugged as with a nod to Mark he had begun removing his clothes. It made him sick that his poor lovely Rachel was no doubt now being subjected to this sadistic regime twenty four hours a day. She had to endure almost as a matter of routine such indignities. It was barbaric; his fists balled with fury that such a thing could be happening in his own country, in England, in the first quarter of the twenty first century. And what had Rachel and Alice done wrong? They had simply been in the wrong place at the wrong time and then, maybe foolishly, stood on their pride. They had been branded criminals. With the benefit of hindsight they should have accepted the first slap on the wrist offered them but they objected to such politically correct things applying to them whilst in their view different rules seemed to apply to foreigners who she always said were overloading the country.

OK, some would say the country, maybe the world, had changed for the worst over the last thirty or so years but he always thought that Rachel and Alice were too vocal on such things which he now accepted with a customary shrug. And now both of their lovely wives would pay the awful penalty with weeks of hell here. How often had he lain awake

at night these last couple of weeks wondering fearfully what was happening to his wife as he reached out to her cold and empty side of the bed. Secretly he would often hold one of her nighties close to him, inhaling her fragrance, feeling somehow closer to her, wondering what was happening to her.

“Everything off, not ashamed are you? I can assure you your rather lovely wives are getting used to it,” the teenage guard chuckled to set her ponytail jiggling. Reluctantly Dean slid off his boxer shorts. “Socks too, are you too thick to understand bullock naked boy? I’m sure I could teach you with a day inside,” she shouted mockingly. “Stop covering yourself, you’ve nothing there anyway. Hands on your f—king head.”

Bright red with shame he obeyed, aware of the young girl’s eyes roaming over his exposed body including his fear-shrunken penis. Certainly the idea of short, sharp, shock seemed to apply to visits too.

“F—king hell, I can’t even see it,” she laughed. OK keeping your hands on your head squat for me. Hold it, hold it. Up, now down again. Hold it...and up. Mouth open keep your hands on your head, f—king move them and I’ll kick your balls off,” she spat crudely.

Dean couldn’t recall ever having felt so exposed as the teenager proceeded to examine him thoroughly all over.

“Just give me the excuse,” she purred cruelly as her hands cupped his balls, squeezing sufficient to bring a tear to his eyes.

Thankfully she released his assets and her fingers and hands continued their journey over his muscular body. She then finished by sticking a finger up his backside. It felt awful, he was sticky with sweat by the time she gave Mark a similar going over.

“When the visit starts you don’t begin speaking to your wife until given permission and when you are told the visit is over you stop talking immediately. Understand?”

“Yes,” he mumbled, shamefaced.

“I’d prefer it if you address me as ‘Miss,’ boy, as benefits my position as a guard in this Medway Correctional Facility. And any male officers are ‘Sir. If you are not willing to abide by the rules the visit does not take place. Do you understand, boys?”

“Yes ...Miss,” they both gave the smirking girl the necessary respect no matter how unwillingly.

“I hope you do,” she spoke briskly, throwing away her rubber glove and then standing right before Dean. His muscles tightened in fear as she moved closer to invade his body space her starched uniform brushing his flesh. “You see we are well equipped here to punish those who step out of line – like your pretty wife. Only yesterday she was standing before me, just as naked as you are... she’s got nice tits hasn’t she?”

“Hah,” he winced as the girls fingers touched and trapped one of his nipples, squeezing it playfully but painfully.

“Well, hasn’t she?”

“Y-yes ...Miss,” he winced, feeling his penis begin to unfold against the starched skirt brushing him. Desperately he tried to control it but her fingers now sliding over his chest, erotically circling his nipples, and the thought of his wife made it impossible as he began to grow.

“You’re not trying to impress me are you... little man?” her voice was now low.

“N- no Miss,” he felt sweat beading on him.

“I hope not because flaunting an erection in front of me could constitute assault – and you wouldn’t want that would you.”

“N-no Miss,” he licked his lips nervously as her other hand moved to his erection, stroking it to full life.

“Yes, I sometimes play with your wife’s nipples, just like this,” the hand on his chest tweaked and pulled his trapped nipple out away from his panting chest. “I think she likes it, just as you do,” she smiled as his firmness nestled in her other hand.”But I think we need to get you back to the reality of your predicament. I haven’t got a jug of cold water but this might concentrate your mind...”

“Hargghhhhh,” his mouth opened wide in pain as the hand on his penis again squeezed his balls, this time with even more cruelty, forcing him to double over, twisting away, his hands trying to prize hers from his manhood.

“Uh, uh, little man, hands back on your head as I told you. And if you’ve shrunk and stopped trying to show off, I’ll let it go. Do it, or you get worse,” she spat menacingly. It took the greatest effort of his will to slowly straighten himself and replace his hands on his head to leave his throbbing balls in the cool spiteful hands which enclosed them. He felt sick with pain and fear. Finally they released their grip and he was not surprised to find that he had shrunken away.

“There’s a good little boy,” she mocked, tapping his buttocks. “Right, but if you fail to remember the simple rules, or fail to obey any orders whilst in the confines of this correctional facility not only will the visit be deemed to be over but you may face state discipline, far worse than that little touch. OK?”

“Yes Miss,” they again both nodded. Dean felt his belly quake at what life must be like for his poor Rachel here.

“Right boys, you’re clean, come with me, keep your hands on your head at all times. No matter what you hear on the other side of that door, if you react, speak or make any sound at all, or if you step out of line, as I say, the visit’s over and you could find yourself facing a penalty.” She lightly slapped his hard, bare buttocks pushing him towards a door at the end of the highly polished hall. After relocking the heavy door behind them Dean found himself standing before a thick red drape curtain hanging across the considerable width of the room and before it a series of circles marked on the shiny floor. “Stand on the nearest two circles, you on 1,” she flicked Dean’s buttocks with her crop, “and you on two,” she pointed at Mark. “You might have a little wait, prison routines you know, but you can call off the visit at any time before it starts. Otherwise you stand silent and still on your circles – anything else and both you and your wives will f—king regret it,” she spat viciously before she sat behind them on a comfy chair and began reading a magazine, her intercom over her shoulder.

Dean and Mark were temporarily ignored. They felt nervous and uncomfortable as they stood in utter silence in their designated places, the curtain before them cloying. But then they began to hear the first sounds from beyond the curtain and Dean’s hands were soon clenched with tension on his head. He longed to go to his wife as he heard the shameful commands of her being searched coming from beyond the curtain, but knew that he daren’t.

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Alien

Post subject: [Re: Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame \(Martin Hughes\)](#)

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:04 pm

Offline

Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame (Martin Hughes)

User avatar

Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

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Rachel still stood obediently on her circle hands on head as Slima spoke into his intercom and received a response. Then he began tugging on a cord to draw the curtain aside. It was all so formal, so staged, designed to intimidate and impress she guessed correctly.

Rachel gasped in shock at the first sight of her husband for some time. Seeing him naked like this reduced him to her own shameful status. She reddened in shame at the circumstances, longing to cover her shivering nudity, seeing his hands twitching too. But he too must have known that it didn’t pay to disobey the rules in a place like this. They both stood silently and still on their respective circles just twenty feet apart. So near yet so far.

Yet, almost bitterly, she knew that, on his side of the curtain, Dean and Mike were free, or relatively so. They could choose to walk away whenever they wished and resume their suburban lives whilst she and Alice were confined here like hardened criminals.

“No-one moves off their circles or changes position in any way, you all remain still. No-one talks until given permission. You all know that any infringement of visiting rules ends visit immediately and can mean punishment for all parties. Clear?”

“Yes Sir,” Rachel and Alice meekly responded first, quickly followed by Dean and Mark when Slima glared at them. Oh how Rachel wished that Mark wasn't also present to share her shame.

“Yeah you don't want to feel the cane across your pretty bottoms again do you girls,” the teenage guard she hated laughed as she ambled to from her position to stand behind her and Alice, smacking their bottoms with utter possession.

“No Miss,” they had to make the required response. The only way to survive here was to play their sadistic games, but she could see the strain and frustration on Dean's face. Dean felt as if he would explode at the impositions heaped on him and Rachel, yet he could only meekly stand and watch. He had vowed on their wedding day to protect his gorgeous wife but he was now utterly unable to do so. The teenage sadist and old Turkish creep could do whatever she wanted to her and he could do nothing about it.

He never knew how he restrained the urge to run to his wife, take her lush, shivering body in his arms and punch aside the grinning girl and the fat old Turk who so lecherously ogled her lush flesh. But he knew when he was beaten – and he didn't want Rachel to be so beaten – he had recently heard of the sort of the things which happened in these new style prisons. Rachel had always said that things never ought to be soft in prison – and over the last few years things had changed. But neither of them had ever dreamed that they would themselves experience it.

“The visit has begun. You may now converse for ten minutes,” the Turkish guy sat down with the young girl in their easy chairs.

“Are you.... are you OK darling?” he asked the somewhat rhetorical question given the awful circumstances of their meeting, the voices of Alice and Mark blurred into his background, he only had thoughts for Rachel.

“I'm, I'm fine thanks,” his wife's voice was subdued yet still silky soft. It reminded him of so many things. She was so close and looked so lovely, he longed to go to her, hold her but daren't.

“You look well,” he mumbled, it was meaningless hospital visit type talk, but what else could he say with the guards listening in and watching. But in fact his wife did look good, fit but worryingly he saw various thin lines on her lush curves probably caused by a cane or something. He ground his teeth in rage.

“How much longer are will you be here darling? Not long now I guess,” he tried to sound cheerful.

“Probably f-four more months.”

“F...! But your sentence was only a few weeks and ... and you've been here for!” he looked hopelessly into her distraught face, seeing how she fought to hold back tears. Rachel bit her lip, trying not to cry, trying to be brave. She didn't want to think about how much longer she would have to stay here, especially now seeing Dean again and the fond memories he invoked. She took a deep breath, seeing the creep Slima looking at her.

“Yes ...they can add extra time for disobedience,” she hurriedly interrupted. “And... and I'm afraid that's what's happened,” Rachel whispered half to herself, remembering.

“But... but I deserved it,” she whispered dejectedly to play their sadistic game and avoid further rule infringements and punishments.

”Yes and because of that disobedience, girl, your sentence will be continued elsewhere, not in this country, girl, you're being transferred to another prison overseas,” Slima smirked into the white shock on her face.

“What, no, you cannot... please....,” the words tumbled from her as another fresh hole of fear and despair enveloped her. Surely this was a nightmare she thought, whilst knowing

that it wasn't.

"Silence," the female guard interrupted, shouting into Rachel's shocked face. "Oh dear, you see why her sentence gets longer with her disobedience and disrespect," the girl shrugged to Dean in mock helplessness.

"Too late, I heard you questioning the State's right to discipline you," the Deputy Governor glowered. Before we consider further the question of your transfer we must consider your disrespect now. Two more weeks sentence, but for now, stand before the punishment block, Parfit for an immediate reminder of the consequences of breaking prison rules," Slima smiled cruelly.

"Please I...."

"Silence, unless you want to make matters worse," shouted the girl interposing, interrupting Rebecca's heartfelt plea.

Her heart sunk, she couldn't take much more of this. She looked helplessly, forlornly at her husband as she walked with utter dejection to the indicated spot, her hands still clasped to her head, her knuckles now clenched even whiter. She saw the familiar type of ankle shackles her side of the vaulting horse set firmly into the floor, and the ceiling cuffs hanging above it.

"Get your fat arse over the horse, you know the procedure by now," mocked the girl as she winked into the red tense face of her victim's husband.

The straps secured her ankles immodestly spread apart. Her belly rested across the horse ensuring that her backside was bent in an inviting curve.

"Hands behind," the warder snapped and she wearily obeyed, feeling her wrists grasped and twisted up behind her and imprisoned by the hanging straps.

"Hah," she gasped in involuntary pain as he jerked pulleys to haul her wrists up behind her so almost vertically so that she was forced to bend forward hard against the horse. Then he took pleasure in pulling all of the buckles tightly so that she could hardly move. The swine had positioned it so that Dean could see her sweating face and she gave him a weak smile, seeing his white faced fury, praying that he wouldn't lose control and do anything silly. Then she noticed his erection, making anger briefly bubble inside her that he could find this awful experience in any way erotic.

"Nice eh," Slima shamelessly fondled her hanging breast fruit. She could see the impotent anger in Dean's face as the bastard took his liberties. Serve him right she thought irrationally for getting any pleasure out of this. The Turk's greasy hands were vile as they stroked her to make her nipples rise traitorously under his touch.

Then he was walking behind her and her bottom cheeks pinched up in dread anticipation at the sound of the brute raising his arm.

Swish Crack!

"Yaaaghhhhhh," she cried through a mouth gaping with pain, her head impossibly jerking up against the bondage to revel the stiff white sinews of her neck as the fiery pain ate so cruelly into her backside. She shuddered a little before controlling her breathing and opening her dull eyes.

Now although his face was etched with anger and concern Dean's penis was jutting towards her like a flagpole. Did he enjoy watching her suffer like this? She pondered. Deep down she knew that he didn't, normally she took the initiative in bed, even once instigating a mild spanking session in their bedroom. But that was nothing like this. That was controllable fun, this was uncontrollable agony.

Angrily she blinked away a tear of pain. It was just the system, she knew that really; a man's body would react instinctively to a nude woman. It just didn't help that it was under such hideous circumstances. And now, trying to cope with the news that they were moving her to some horrible prison overseas, she wouldn't even be able to see her loved ones. Then she heard the arm raising again behind her and her glistening body tensed again.

Swack!

"Haaaaahhhhh," the pain burnt deep into her curved and sensitive skin barging through

the existing throbbing agony lingering from the last stroke.

“It best you say goodbye now. As I say this is last visit I afraid. Your wife and friend will complete the extended sentence, currently then four and a half months in a prison overseas,”

“What! You cannot be...”

“Silence, you do not speak out of turn boy,” the girl snapped, brandishing her baton menacingly as his nude torso. “It’s all a question of prison overcrowding and as the cow seems to keep adding to her sentence we have to use sterner measures. The right of the prison governor to transfer inmates is all written in the new prison custody rules. Your wife accepted and signed them on arrival. You may of course appeal but the process can take months. Meanwhile, the cow leaves within a week or so,” she stroked Rachel’s shining and distraught face.

Rachel and Dean stood facing each other on their assigned marks, so near yet so far. Tears glistened on each strained face as they whispered their goodbyes.

Far away, in that desert country across the other side of the world the rich the rich and powerful and powerful man who liked Western women switched off his television showing the touching scenes of the husband and wife reunion and now farewell. Very soon now, his plan would come to fruition and the two English beauties would be his.

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