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

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Author

Message

Alien

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

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:04 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 7

User avatar

“Showers, you two Brit c—ts are leaving this morning for your nice new life overseas,” the young blonde warden smiled cruelly.

Joined: Fri Dec 07, 2012 3:50 pm

Posts: 925

“What! I-I mean please Miss I...aahhhh,” Rachel reeled under the stinging slap around her face from the girl as she was roused at 4am from a fitful sleep.

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“You always forget yourself don’t you Parfit. Well soon that won’t be our problem. You go within the hour but first, you clean up a bit for those who will soon be in charge of you,” she smirked.

“My, you’re a beauty aren’t you,” Rachel jumped at the sound of the East End, cockney voice suddenly behind her in the shower. “No, no hurry to leave eh, deary,” the large woman prisoner, who had kissed her on her first morning pushed her back into the shower block before Rachel could grab her towel.

“Please ...no,” she cringed back against the tiled wall as the woman advanced menacingly. Her tormentor was fat and old, probably in her forties, but she looked mean and vicious, covered in tattoos, not the type of person to argue with. The woman was just

as naked as she. Rachel was terrified.

“Not leaving without saying goodbye are you blondie,” the woman purred. To her sick horror Rachel saw the smiling woman reach up to a high tiled shelf and pluck down a large pink dildo which she proceeded to strap under her sagging stomach bulge.

“Please....” she whimpered backing away. As she looked around her appealing mutely for help she saw the young blonde warder close the shower door on them with a wink.

“Aghhh,” Rachel grunted, the breath knocked out of her as the woman suddenly grabbed her, kissing her fiercely as she mauled her boobs, the dildo jutting threateningly before her. She felt herself lifted and eased down onto the tiled floor, the woman’s bulky body between her legs, forcing her thighs apart, her hand closed over her mouth above which Rachel’s eyes were wide and frightened.

“We can either do this nicely, with not too many screams, or....” the woman produced a sharpened toothbrush handle from a meaty fist. “This could make quite an impression on your pretty face, ruin it for life,” she breathed as the handle moved under her eye. “Are you going to be a good girl?”

“Ymgghh,” she nodded weakly, feeling faint with fear and loathing, adding further turmoil to her shocked brain. Slowly the woman released her imprisoned mouth and knelt between her out-flung thighs.

“Such a pretty little nest awaiting my woodpecker, she smiled down at the soft down guarding her victim’s mauve petals of love. “Let your old auntie have a kiss whilst you lie back and think of England,” she smiled lewdly as she slid onto Rachel’s unwilling body.

It felt so unnatural, so awful as the cold pink rubber pushed into her, and the unfamiliar female body crushed her. This was nothing like the more refined and gentle ordeal she had suffered in Ashanti’s room. Flabby breasts squashed against hers as the vile-tasting mouth closed over her and the large hips began thrusting in and out, the woman’s talons tightly gripping the cheeks of her bottom.

“Work with me dearie, unless you want me to use my little toothbrush on you. Hold me, kiss me.” In surely the ultimate indignity Rachel jerked her hips with her female attacker, the cold rubber sliding in and out as she tentatively held the muscled shoulders, returning the woman’s kisses as best she could. “Use your fingers, down there, you know where, make me come – quickly lovey, then it’ll be over,” the woman panted down on her. Feeling even more sick, Rachel’s trembling hand reached down to find the woman’s mushy heat and the hard bud and began rubbing it, just as she might if she were relaxing in the bath at home and giving herself a little treat. Memories and comparison made Rachel sob as she panted and grunted under the woman. This was a crude violation, which she had to accept to escape it.

After the woman had at last bellowed her crude orgasm in her ear, the body and the rubber left her so that she could run under the shower to try and cleanse herself a little before she had to leave prison – and England. She was going to leave all she knew and loved behind.

Rachel was bathed in despair as she was prepared for her transfer to the prison overseas. She wondered how such a thing could be happening to her. It was little more than twelve hours previously during Dean’s visit that they had been told about the move. Now, it was actually happening by dawn’s early light before she had even time to collect her thoughts. Yet her terrible experiences here in this ‘foreign’ prison just miles from home should have prepared her. They could do anything they wanted to her now. Indeed she was still humiliated and sore from her encounter with the woman prisoner early that morning.

Still sore from her punishment, she and Alice had to strip off their flimsy uniforms to wear bright orange jump suits, still with no underwear. To signpost their status it bore the

shameful logo; 'Prisoner in Transit.' And then to remove any possible doubt they were shackled and gagged. It was horrible. Steel cuffs confined her wrists behind her back with shackles also snapping around her bare ankles. These were like the leg irons confining Victorian prisoners only allowing her shuffle along in an uncomfortable gait. To add to her feeling of dread helplessness she had to open her mouth wide to have an orange ball gag inserted and strapped behind her neck. It made her jaws ache terribly. Finally a steel collar was locked around each of their necks to which a chain was attached.

She and Alice had to shuffle along like hardened criminals with a veiled guard leading them by their chains like animals. And indeed they felt little better than animals. Awkwardly lest she should fall with her confined wrists and ankles, Rachel managed to hobble up the stairs of the prison bus and down the aisle to a seat. Alice was seated several yards away so they could seek no solace at all from each other.

Miserably she saw through the grimy tinted window the familiar Kentish countryside sliding past for the first twenty minutes. There was the park where she had done her courting with Dean, a tingle ran down her spine when she saw the bench where they had carved their initials and where She tingled again at the thought, wondering what he was doing now. Probably just beginning to wake up in their cosy pastel shaded bedroom, maybe instinctively reaching out for her? The lovely and familiar thoughts were just too awful to dwell on. Hopefully he, maybe with Dave's help, would be able to protest against her transfer. Yet she knew it would be useless. She would have been spirited away to another country before anyone even read his protest. She had to turn her mind away from such false hopes; she was lost.

There was her old school, she saw the faded sign, heard the innocent shrieks of the youngsters – which could have been her ten or fifteen years ago.

"Prisoners in transit have no need to know where they go," a harsh voice beside her made her jump, shaking her from her warm memories, spelling more trouble.

"Plggh," she was only able to make a muffled protest through her gag as blackout goggles were slipped over her eyes to plunge her into complete darkness. She was being whisked away to heaven only knows where and they had cruelly deprived her of her last sights of home.

It must have been an hour later when she was led blindly stumbling from the vehicle. She heard people all around her and guessed it was an airport. She remembered the excitement of previous journeys to the airport prior to delicious holidays abroad. Now there were no feelings of pleasure, only sick dread.

Around her she heard gasps and low voices as her fellow passengers, no doubt bubbling with excitement at a few weeks in the sun, suppressed their excitement as the two seemingly dangerous criminals were led past them. Rachel wanted to shout out that she was an innocent and helpless woman. That she was being virtually kidnapped by their Government for no real offence, being taken to a life of despair and that it could seemingly happen to any of them now under the current regime.

But instead she simply had to shuffle blindly along like a good girl until she felt herself led into a room.

Brusquely her goggles were pulled down and a uniformed customs man studied her distraught features, comparing them to his paperwork.

"That's correct," he stamped a document and replaced her blackened goggles.

She tried to struggle, to tell him of her innocence, that she would do anything to avoid the fate ordained for her. Yet it was no use. She was tugged blindly away to finally find herself climbing the steps of a plane.

Arabic sounding voices now took over their charge adding to her sense of gloom and fear as they were pushed and shoved around with utter contempt. It was awful, they were kept

bound and blindfold, quite helpless, and strapped into seats as the plane flew them far away from everything she knew and loved. She wondered miserably whether she would ever see her husband and family again.

The dark monotony was first broken after a couple of hours when her gag was removed to allow someone to hold a bottle of cool water for her to greedily suck and then to have some spicy mush spooned into her mouth like a baby.

Without a word of explanation, still blindfolded, the gag was simply shoved back into her mouth to render her just as helpless gain. She was being treated like someone violent who might run berserk and escape rather than a frightened helpless woman being virtually kidnapped.

Then an hour later.

“You need to use the toilet?” an Arab man’s swarthy face loomed over her as he pulled up her black-out goggles. Still gagged, she could only nod miserably.

He led her by the neck chain to a cubicle, pushed her inside and simply yanked down the orange bottoms of her jump suit; she was still bound and helpless.

“Get on with slut, I seen it all before - or wet yourself and get punished.”

With her hands still confined tightly behind her she was helpless. Lowering her head so that her blonde locks cascaded around her red face she tried to relieve herself but shame kept her taut.

“Hurry up c—t I no got all day to watch you piss or shit,” he laughed, leaning against a wall chewing a toothpick. “Maybe this help, he turned on a tap to send water tinkling into the basin.

This was so awful, not once did his amused eyes leave her. Finally, with knees pressed demurely together she managed to go, mentally blocking her ears to the noise.

“Done?” Miserably she nodded, leaning forward as she had to endure the shame of him wiping her and making crude comments.

Finally they landed and Rachel’s exit from the plane was just as ignominious as her entrance, led on a leash, still bound, gagged and blindfolded in her jump suit. Now the blast of hot air scorched her under the goggles and she was surrounded by Arabic chatter until led into the coolness of a van which drove her away to a new captivity.

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Alien

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

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:05 pm

Offline

CHAPTER 8

User avatar

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

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Three hours later, Achmed, the man who had the money and power to be able to make his dreams come true smiled in pleasure at the sight of the two English women just arrived from his English prison of which he was the nominal Governor. His deputy Governor, his old Turkish friend, Slima, had previously confirmed his choice, from his oversight through the surveillance cameras, of available beauty in the prison. He had done well in arranging this shipment. It had been just in time because the English police and authorities had just that day been beginning to agitate about the transfer of these two out of England. Now though he had them. The large man with more Negro than Arabic in his blood shifted his ebony bulk more comfortably on his bed as he sipped from a goblet of chilled wine. He was fit, albeit a little fat, for his sixty years, with plenty of money, contacts and power and able to gaze on such captive beauty as almost his own; yes life was good, for him.

His new captives were virtually silent and still apart from an occasional sob and a twitching of their bodies. Each beauty knelt like a cross, balancing heavy blocks of wood on their outstretched hands. Those hands wavered slightly with their anguished breathing

but they did not drop from the horizontal. The ache on their slim arms but have been considerable but they held their pose, and with backs ramrod straight. Both women knew by now that they had to, they had learned that since they had been kneeling. Behind each of them stood a muscled Arab youth with a cane and a strong right arm. Whenever either of his captives attempted to ease their undoubtedly aching muscles or beg for release over the last fifteen minutes that cane had danced across their shapely and shining flesh. Each woman had two or three thin lines of pain across the curve of their backs and the swelling of their shapely hindquarters. It was important that he immediately establish his control over them. And to emphasise that control and increase their fear he had managed to find something suitable from an old museum which he had placed behind a curtain to show them later.

Both new arrivals were beautiful, real catches. They were naked, as was his preference for women, their delightful breasts rising and falling with their breathing. Their lovely faces were a mixture of fear, pain and shame. Luckily for him, he and his wife enjoyed an open marriage and she indulged him his preferences and enjoyed them too – often wanting to share them. And he relied on her rich family and connections, so he would be open with her, nothing dubious with them behind her back.

From between each set of shapely globes of their bottoms curled a rubber tube into a bucket of soapy water. In addition to the strain of holding their position was also the strain of keeping that soapy water within their bodies. Their bottoms continually twitched and pinched in their efforts to hold themselves in until he gave them the promised shameful command to empty their bowels into the buckets. He insisted on the enema to thoroughly flush them out and remove any remaining Western decadence. It was excellent, he thought, to have such control over beautiful women, to be able to make them exercise such control – simply because he could. It was such a contrast from his day to day contacts with similar proud beauties from the Western world who would inevitably shun him in disgust if he made any improper overtures.

Deep down he knew that this could only be a temporary arrangement, there would be a fuss from the West and he'd have to get rid of them before long, one way or the other, when they'd served their purpose. But he was determined to enjoy them and use them first for his primary purpose and the numerous CCTV cameras he had hidden around his large house would be allow him to relive his dream and their "humiliation over and again.

Rachel was in hell, she was sure of it. After the nightmare plane and van journey, bound and helpless she had been led blindly into the coolness of wherever she was now.

Without explanation her bonds had been removed but so had her clothes and whenever she attempted a feeble protest one of the two the muscled Arab boys who had done that lashed them with a long cane.

In broken English the youth in charge of her had shoved a horrible tube intrusively deep up into her bottom and made her kneel. She could feel the liquid bubbling inside her and would soon need to let it go. But whenever she tried to speak or move to ease the strain on her arms, or bottom, that cane would lash her. It was the lesser of two evils to try and maintain the painful pose. But it was worse that, relaxed before her, reclined an old, large and ugly Arab with partial Negroid features and skin. He wore only a towel and was a gross sight, muscled with powerful shoulders but with his large belly spreading south. He smiled an array of gleaming white teeth seeming to enjoy the predicament of herself and Alice.

"My name is Achmed, I am your Master," the rich and silky voice finally addressed them, making her jump after the previous silence. "You are now my slaves."

"But...but, we were brought from prison in England and haaaaghhhh," she screamed as the boy behind her lashed her back to send her writhing to the carpeted floor. Instantly,

he was screaming in her ear, pulling her back up and making her again hold the blocks up on her aching arms, ensuring the tube was still deep within her protesting bottom.

“You were punished for talking without permission and for failing to address me as ‘Master.’ Such punishments will continue and increase in severity until you learn. Or if you fail to learn...” he snapped his fingers and another Arab youth tugged aside a curtain in a corner of the room to reveal a wooden beheading block with a large scimitar blade resting on it. Both looked stained and used. “You understand?” He spoke so routinely as if his words were of no particular consequence.

“Y-yes Master,” she and Alice jointly whispered, each of them instinctively bowing as they had been taught in the prison. She felt sick with fear. Is this how her life would end, executed by an Arab in some Middle Eastern country?

“Are you ready to give me your little presents from your bottoms,” he chuckled unpleasantly, nodding to the Arab boys, who pressed a button on the pumps connected to the tubes to send a fresh surge of hot water deep into her.

“Yes Master, oooh,” she heard Alice whisper just before both she and Alice shamefully emptied their bowels, their faces red and bowed as they still managed to hold their arms up – such was the power of pain, fear and consequences.

Eventually both she and Alice, trembling from reaction were escorted to plush shower cubicles, a million miles away from those in the prison and allowed to luxuriate under the steaming water. Clothes were not provided and so they had to pad nude back to their Master’s quarters where they the Arab boys gave them bowls of food to eat before leaving to wait outside.

“I’d like you to meet someone,” Achmed announced a few minutes later when Rachel and Alice were again kneeling upright before him, their hands clasped to their heads to provocatively thrust out their boobs as they must. It was the last thing that either ashamed beauty wanted to do – but what part did choice have in their world now she thought miserably. Then she was shaken still further as the tall Negress, Mrs Narinda, who had tormented her as a prison guest walked in. “This is my wife, your Mistress,” he introduced her. “She checked you both out during a prison visit to confirm my researches into your suitability.”

“Good evening ladies, I said that we’d meet again; pleased to see me?” Rachel nervously licked her lips as the horrible woman smiled at her, eyebrows raised in question.

“Yes ... Mistress,” she and Alice replied softly. Even though she was pleased that she was no longer alone with the brute man, this woman was the last person they would have wanted to meet again.

“Of course you are,” the haughty Negress smiled, taking a seat and a wine glass, her eyes roving greedily over their displayed and quivering charms.

“Are your bottoms nice and clean now? Stand and bend over, touch your toes, side by side” the Negro commanded.

Lips quivering with apprehension she and Alice complied, assuming the undignified pose whilst the woman’s amused eyes trapped hers. She unfortunately seemed quite content for her husband to take such liberties with them, maybe so long as she was involved she was OK with that? She let her mind seek refuge in freewheeling as the outrage took place on her bottom and the man’s large black hands painfully prised apart the cheeks of her bottom.

“Ughh,” the grunt was torn from her as a long digit corkscrewed into her muscled ring and then his other hand performed a similar inspection inside Alice.

“A finger up each of the lady’s bottoms, what a cheek,” Narinda chuckled at her own joke as she took a long pull from her wine goblet, watching with amusement until her husband had finished.

“Let’s toss to see who has which of our little English toys first,” the Negress smiled as she regarded Rachel and Alice still bent over before them.

“Heads,” her husband called as she tossed a coin. “And heads it is ... I’ll take blondie first as I arranged it all,” he called, slapping Rachel’s backside. But Rachel gasped as she

saw the large woman strap on a snow-white dildo.

“Your little shy friend gets it first while my husband samples you. Then your turn will come my precious,” she winked.

“I’m going to f-k you hard little blonde English and you’re going to work with me – or suffer for it. On your back, legs high and wide. That’s all an English sow is good for,” Achmed grinned at her, dropping his towel to reveal to be true what she had heard about the size of black and Arab men.

“Hah, hah, hah, Rachel gasped as she lay on her back, legs blatantly spread in invitation just as the brute had ordered her. He lay full length on top of her, squashing her painfully. She had to somehow buck and writher with him despite his crushing weight and his fat belly swamping hers, his huge manhood embedded deep within her. “Aaghh,” she gasped and wriggled even more as his hands clawed the tender skin of her bottom assisting his thrusts. One of his podgy fingers pushed deep to embed into her bottom, skewering her so unnaturally and painfully as she had to jerk her haunches with his as another of his fingers found her clitoris.

Tears stinging her eyes she turned to one side to see, just yards away Alice’s nude body sliding up and down on top of the ebony curves of the Negress, the dildo embedded deep within her too, the woman’s black hands fanned over the pert curve of her friend’s white bottom. Hating herself Rachel felt the tiny glow of pleasure deep within her again at the brutal manner of her taking. Quickly she extinguished it guessing it was just her body’s escape route from the inevitable; there was nothing nice about this utter helplessness. She just wanted to be home and with her husband.

“Now let me explain why I had you brought here from my prison in England, “ Achmed relaxed on his chair as she and Alice once again knelt upright before the couple who owned them. “ My son, Jamin, maybe not so word wise, is eighteen in two days time, you two are his Birthday presents,” he explained into their shocked faces. “If you do well, please him in every way and do exactly as he wishes.... you’ll get a remission of sentence and could be home in a week. However, if you are silly girls, well.... your sentence here will continue maybe indefinitely as our slaves. Or there is the block...” his hand pointed to the curtain in the corner of the room.

Rachel could scarcely believe this. She and Alice had been brought here as a birthday present for their tormentor’s son. She had been taken against her will by the Father and now now it looked like her turn with the Mother had come. She gulped as Narinda beckoned her with a long black finger.

“Let me find out just how good you are whilst my husband recharges his batteries to give your friend a good old English rodgering,” she chuckled. “Crawl to me, right down on your belly like a good white bitch.”

Rachel felt the added sickness of now having to perform another unnatural act as she slithered across the carpet to the black body awaiting her, her breasts dragging painfully. Bitterness ate her soul; how could she ever have envisaged, just weeks previously, her having to grovel to such a person. Her tormentor was laying on her back, naked, her ebony body muscled and gleaming with her large breasts tight with excitement. Sticking up like a flagpole around her waist, the white rubber dildo still glistened with the juices of her friend.

“Right, make love to me, love me and show me how you f—k, show me how you’ll f—k my son,” Narinda settled down.

Rachel felt like a porn star making a gang-bang film must as she straddled the woman’s dark body whilst in the background Alice flushed deeply as she knelt on all fours before the swinging penis of the Negro.

“Aaghh,” she gasped as Narinda’s dark hands trapped her boobs, squeezing cruelly.

“Make me come quickly, and you too, the dildo has notches on it we both will feel the

pleasure. Kiss me now and tell me you love me,” the woman sighed.

Feeling like a whore, Rachel raised her haunches and slowly impaled herself, feeling the rubber slide unnaturally deep into her. And it was true, the dildo had little triggers which rubbed against her clitoris. Despite herself, despite her fearful and degrading predicament, she felt her excitement grow.

“Haaahhh,” Rachel hissed her pleasure, eyes closed. “I-I l-love you Mistress, oooh,” she sighed as she writhed. Although originally not wanting to she found herself returning the woman’s deep kisses with a passion as the dark fingers held and caressed her bouncing boobs until they both jerked to a shuddering climax. It felt so unnatural and distasteful; surely she had plumbed the depths she thought.

The Arab boys had to practically carry her and Alice to their nice comfortable bedroom half an hour later, but they were too tired to fully appreciate the softness of the beds in comparison to those in the prison.

“Hah, hah,” Rachel gasped under the hot sun, her back aching as she bent down to pick up another heavy brick. Through the heat haze she saw the growing pile of such bricks a hundred yards away at the other end of Achmed’s walled personal garden.

“F—king run, you no time to rest - hurry,” shouted an Arab youth brandishing a wet towel which he painfully flicked against her flank.

“Oow,” she yelped beginning to run towards her objective. The blow hurt and stung her shining flesh but left hardly any marks.

“You get nice all over tan on pretty body, but you need to sweat more to help, yes?”

“Yes Sir,” she panted bitterly, not daring to disagree or show disrespect as she reached the second pile of bricks just as Alice, also naked mouth downturned and distraught, passed her. Her friend’s hair and breasts were bouncing wildly as she ran back the way she had come, trying to avoid a flick of the towel from another Arab tormentor to fetch another brick from the first pile. A part of her mind, trying to seek solace from this hell did in fact recall her discussing with her husband getting an complete tan on a sun-bed before their next holiday so she could wear skimpy bikinis without white lines. Never could she have imagined being forced to get one like this she thought, wiping the shining sweat from her brow with her arm, feeling the sun’s rays on her bare bottom.

And in the shade of a tree, watching them with amusement, reclined Achmed. He had told them they were to carry out a little labouring activity naked under the hot sun to give them a nice tan and to keep them fit. Rachel ground her teeth in effort and fury; the worst was that it was a totally pointless activity. They had been shifting the bricks non-stop apart from brief breaks for bottles of water, for two hours now. As soon as the pile of bricks had been shifted from one location the Arab lads made them move them all back again.

“Faster, move it,” one of them screamed at her, his towel just painfully clipping one of her boobs as she followed Alice in scampering back to pick up another brick.

They were worked hard all of that day until in contrast, the evening was spent with them both in a large oval bath tended to by Arab girls who gave them both a complete beauty treatment. Oils were rubbed sensuously into their now thoroughly tanned and glowing skin, their bikini lines were trimmed and their hair washed and styled thoroughly. When they were again put to bed they positively glowed.

But of course, they were soon that night visited by their Master.

“Those white arses need f—king again, come my little English whores,” Achmed had breathed as he entered their sleeping quarters. “Kneel over me, kiss me all over, both of you, from my face to my arse,” he instructed as he collapsed with a grating of springs onto his back on her bed.

It was awful, rather than seek refuge in sleep they had to rub their soft bodies against his gross one, kissing fondling as their lips slavishly worked their way down.

“Blondie, suck me and you brown hair can lick me right up there, I like that from your sort,” he pointed to his flabby buttocks.

Feeling sick, she complied, taking his huge male hardness into her mouth as Alice’s face, besides hers, twitched in disgust as she serviced his sphincter. Soon she felt him losing control, growing between her lips. Then suddenly, brutally he flung her face down on the sheets forcing apart her thighs and taking her in the most vile and unnatural way possible to leave her feeling utterly soiled.

Finally he left them alone, with Alice holding her tightly as she shook with sobs of pain and despair. She knew that she couldn’t take much more of this.

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Alien

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

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CHAPTER 9

The following morning came more long luxurious bathing, thankfully washing away her torment of the night before, then grooming and make-up in the hands of the meticulous Arab girls, followed by a light lunch. But half an hour, in contrast, later Rachel had never felt so helpless or worthless. She knelt with ankles and wrists fastened behind her to a short aluminium spreader bar from which an upward spike ran to nestle painfully against the small of her back. As a result she was arched backwards until her back creaked to avoid the jabbing spike. Her only clothing was a miniscule white thong bikini, designed to titillate rather than cover her obvious sexuality and a ball gag, but neither of which was visible because she was totally encased in brightly coloured gift wrap. She whimpered through her bulging mouth at the confining heat within her paper prison. She and Alice had been instructed by their Master to remain absolutely silent and still; which they had been doing for an hour now, it must be well into the afternoon, despite their frozen muscles screaming for release.

“Happy Birthday, here are your main presents, Jamin.”

They heard voices, Achmed, his wife and that of a high pitched youngster, excited and happy.

She tensed in the darkness of her confinement as the wrappings were cut away.

Finally she sat blinking in the daylight as a young Afro Arab boy with cropped hair and small black eyes stood regarding her with pure excitement etched on his face. Her eyes widened, he looked young, but also cruel – and she was his present and she, a respectable married English woman, but now just a prisoner she corrected herself, had to please him in every way.... She felt so demeaned and utterly vulnerable.

“She’s so pretty, so English and blonde – and- and she’s hardly wearing anything, I can see lots of her,” his little brown fingers prodded her cleavage, thrusting with her bondage....”Is she mine?”

“Yes, and the other package,” Achmed pointed to where Alice was wrapped.

“Does she look like Makepeace too? Thanks, Mum, Dad, you know Dempsey and

Makepeace is my favourite old TV show on the satellite - and now I've got my real life ones.

"She looks a bit like her, almost as pretty, why not have a look," Achmed smiled as the eager boy also unwrapped Alice.

"Have I a Dempsey toy too?"

"Sorry boy, but now you're eighteen, you'll be better off concentrating on Makepeace, women are the way ahead for you. They are yours to do as you wish with – now you are a man, my son."

Only Achmed knew of the hidden cameras installed in his son's rooms to hopefully prevent anything too serious happening to the English girls. But ... well, if it did ... he was sure he could explain it away somehow. His son's happiness and being steered on the right, manly path was the main thing.

"Plggghh," Rachel pleaded through her gag as the young boy prodded her thrusting boobs yet again, dipping his fingers down the back of her tiny bikini bottom to pinch her bottom. He had left her and Alice gagged and bound, utterly helpless as he pranced around his captives, taking photos with a new camera of their bodies and pleading faces. "Nice tits, poke them out more," he insisted. Gasping with pain she attempted to comply, tears misting her eyes as her sinews creaked. That rod jutting from the ankle bar was practically breaking her back. But he seemed more interested in her thinly covered boobs, prodding the indentations in her bikini left by her tight nipples. She began to realise that they had fallen into the hands of a spoilt young sadist and despaired. She was used to wearing such skimpy garment whilst lying sun bronzed on a beach with adoring male eyes devouring her sexiness rather than being helpless before a vile youth whose hands now reached towards her.

"Plghhhh," she choked, struggling to breathe as he amused himself by cruelly pinching her nose to make her distended mouth contort around the gag filling it. Her face was bright red as she struggled wildly the small extent allowed by her bonds whilst he just stroked her hair. Then the fingers thankfully left her to gratefully snort air through her flared nostrils whilst he similarly tortured Alice.

He returned to her and she tensed herself.

"You want to be untied?"

"Plsgghh," she nodded emphatically."

"Only if you two dance together, you have to do everything I say, right?"

They both nodded and were rewarded with him unlocking their restraints. With utter relief she worked her aching jaws stretched by the gag and bent to limber up her cramped body.

"Who are you? What are your names?"

"Rachel, Master."

"Alice, Master," they both replied with low voiced servility in the manner in which Achmed had so emphatically schooled them earlier. It left a bitter taste in her mouth to have to address the youngster so, but they were too frightened of the consequences of disobedience. They were pawns in the hands of these bastards.

"English?"

"Yes Master."

"Do you know what English are good for?"

"No Master."

"Nothing," he laughed, "my Dad says your country is rubbish, right?"

"Yes Master," Rachel's meek reply hid her swirling inner anger and tension which she knew she must control. She hated the thought that her only way out of this nightmare was to make love to the creep. That was her and Alice's sole purpose here apparently – to blood the spoilt and shielded offspring of these rich sadists.

"Now dance, see if you can do that."

Jamin's eyes were wide with excitement with her supple movements as he drunk in their near naked, toned bodies, and he switched on his ipod. It was a fast beat track.

“No, you’re rubbish, dance properly, really let go,” he jumped up and down with excitement as they made their aching bodies move to the rhythm with him watching and filming. She felt self-conscious doing so before the youngster, dressed in only a revealing bikini, her body bouncing, boobs nearly spilling from their small cups. And he kept them at it for several fast tunes; then a slow one. “Dance together, press together, like I’ve seen ladies do.” It was shameful to have to hold Alice’s scantily clad body like that as they swayed to the music. “Do you kiss? Bet you do, kiss each other, properly, open mouths,” he jumped closer to them. “Slide your hands down inside each other’s pants, hold bottoms.”

This was so awful, Rachel thought as she took Alice tighter in her arms and kissed her lips, her hands moving down to grip the flexing cheeks of her friend’s firm bottom. Why then did she feel, to her shame and annoyance, a little warm ripple deep within her as the tips of her friend’s practically bare orbs press against hers whilst their tongues touched and circled? And Alice’s bottom felt so cool as did her friend’s hands as they gently stroked her globes. She was grateful, to avoid any ambiguity in her mind, when the boy seemed to get bored and wanted them to stop dancing. But she was not keen on his next tack.

“Do you fight?” he danced around them with clenched fists.

“No, no ... I don’t do haaarghhhh,” she doubled up, winded and in agony after he had suddenly punched her belly, leaving her gasping for breath. As she sobbed, crouched on the floor she was aware of him kicking out at Alice to send her tumbling to the floor too, clutching herself. “Please-please Master,” she sobbed, curled into a foetal ball of pain. How she hated the boy and especially being so powerless to stop him indulging his every sadistic whim on them.

“Not very good are you,” he taunted, grabbing her nose and painfully pulling her to her feet till tears streamed from her eyes, her stomach still throbbing with pain. She loathed the cruel young creep, but knew that her only salvation was to please him.

“Do, you, do you want to dance-dance with me...Master,” Rachel knew she must try somehow, today to have sex with the boy, no matter how unpleasant that may be, in order to ensure her survival. And the sun was edging down towards evening.

“No... boring, I don’t dance. Squat, squat on the floor both of you, hands on head – like prisoners of war have to.”

Awkwardly Rachel complied, wobbling as the boy walked around them gazing in wonder between her splayed thighs. The thin white strip of her thong bikini disappearing up into her cleft left the globes of her bottom bare, and round the front the lips of her sex were pressed against the thin material. She could guess how enticing a picture she must be for him, but his immature mind went off at another tangent.

“Now bunny hop, jump round the room, keep squatting,” he demanded.

“Aah, ahh,” she and Alice panted as, for five full minutes they had to bounce around the room, the strain on their thighs contributing to the etched pain on each of their pretty faces. But the boy mainly had eyes only for their bouncing boobs. Finally he thankfully seemed to grow tired of that game too.

“OK, get up,” and with groans they struggled back to their feet. “You look tired, out of condition, you need to see a doctor,” he smirked. “You first, into my surgery and take your clothes off,” he pointed Rachel to a corner of the room.

Anxiously biting her lip at what might be coming next, her breasts still heaving with exertion, she slid out of her tiny bikini, instinctively covering herself with arms now covered in gooseflesh.

“Hands by your side, mouth open wide, stick your tongue out,” he demanded.

It reminded her of that first dreadful day in the prison, but at least there she could be fairly sure of what was likely to happen to her. Here, now with this possibly unstable brat, who knew? His small dark eyes ran curiously over her. Looking at her gaping mouth and tongue but drawn to her heaving breasts. She felt so vulnerable and helpless.

“Wow, nice tits and bum,” his eyes bulged before he got back into the game. “These are

nice. Are they sore?”

“No, Master.”

But he nevertheless stroked her boobs, making their pink peaks tighten to cones. They attracted his evil attention and he trapped them between his finger and thumb.

“Hah,” she hissed between clenched teeth as he pinched her nipple spitefully, hating the look of amusement in his face as he deliberately hurt her. It would previously have been unthinkable that anyone could do such a thing to her, let alone a foreign youth, but this was now her world where such horrid and shameful things could happen. Instead of lashing out at him or calling the police she meekly had to endure his shameful mauling. “You look a bit hot, you’re all flushed, I’d better take your temperature.” Only her wide and tearful eyes moved to follow him as he returned with two pencils. “Bend over a bit, stick your pretty bottom out a bit please Madam,” he instructed in a soft dry voice.

“Ughhh, please Master” she grunted as the cold end of the pencil brushed the puckered ring of her anus, making it automatically contract to repel the intruder which continued to push into her anyway. This was so ghastly she thought miserably to herself. It was a parody of a doctor’s surgery but with her having to meekly accept the little swine push things into their most private and intimate places; things she never previously allowed from anyone.

“I think you need an injection,” his eyes gleamed wickedly as he plucked some coloured pins from his notice board.

“Please Master...” she practically whimpered, steeling herself, fists clenched in tension by her side as her breasts rose and fell in dread.

“No, you know it’ll make you feel better Madam, keep quite still,” he mocked, holding a gleaming pin up before her frightened eyes. She could feel a bead of sweat trickling down her brow as he eyed her boobs purposefully.

“Oh, haaah,” she squealed and jumped in pain as he jabbed a pin into the top of each of her breasts. They stung like wasps to belay their pretty appearance as they hung from her smooth orbs. Her palms were moist with fear as he walked behind her. “Yaaahhh,” she yelped at two more burning pricks in her bottom to leave a little coloured pin bobbing in each cheek.

“Your turn now.”

Rachel felt only relief as he turned his attention to Alice and she had to strip too.

She just wanted this to end but didn’t know how to gain control of the situation. And her hideous and shameful situation was reinforced when she saw her nude friend also leaning forward and the end of the other pencil protruding so rudely between her squeezing bottom cheeks.

“Oow, please, Master,” she whispered as he then also adorned her shivering nudity with the evil pins so they both stood tensely and silent, human pincushions, pencils sticking from their bottoms.

“Do you watch Dempsy and Makepeace on the television?” he was careering off on another tack as Rachel was simply trying to absorb the humiliation and stinging pain amid the hope that the pins would drop out before he decided to push or twist them further in. But he was obviously excited by the thought of what Achmed had previously explained was his heroine.

“I, er, yes I have done, Master,” she recalled the English policewoman teamed with the American policeman and how she had often been favourably compared in looks to the actress. And she guessed now why the Arab girls had that morning made her up and her hair in that particular style.

“Well you are Dempsy, you both are, and I’ve gotta’ catch you and question you. I’ll explain the rules and give you a head start. You don’t need clothes, we’ll pretend you escaped whilst you were being searched or something and you took guns,” he threw them plastic water pistols. “I’ve got something better,” he produced what could have been a real gun, a replica or maybe it was an airgun, Rachel just didn’t know as he held it before her nervous eyes. “And in case it runs out of ammunition...” he produced another, bigger

water pistol. "It's got acid in it." The frightened, naked girls had no way to know he was lying, but he so obviously enjoyed their shocked reaction. "You run that way, and you that way," he pointed in different directions. "There's an old white pavilion at the far side of the estate, about a mile or so away. If you get there without me catching you within an hour, you've won and I let you have whatever you wish. But if I catch you, or if you take longer than an hour... Oh and be careful of the guard dogs which roam around," and again they had no way of knowing his lie as he put on a large frightening-looking pair of night vision goggles. "These will help me as there's two of you - go."

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Alien

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

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:06 pm

Offline

Rachel's Prison And Slave Shame (Martin Hughes)

User avatar

Joined: Fri Dec 07,
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Posts: 925

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Rachel was terrified as she crept along the darkened path. Naked, helpless apart from a stupid plastic gun she felt utterly alone in the several acres of lush garden and woodland of the walled estate. In the cool early evening air it could have been a country estate in England and she had to keep reminding herself that she was thousands of miles away from that country, a prisoner somewhere in an Arab land. But she had no need to remind herself that somewhere out there in the gathering gloom was a young thug who wanted to capture and hurt her.

After he had made Alice scamper off in one direction, he had held her back until her pink body had disappeared in the gloom before sending her off the other way. She had vaguely seen the domed roof of the pavilion in the far distance on a hill; it seemed so far away. Frantically she had run zigzagging between trees for a full minute to put distance between herself and her captor. Then crouching down she angrily plucked out the hateful pins still sticking in her; the pencil had long ago been expelled from her hot bottom. But these reminded her of what the beast could do to her at will; she shuddered.

She desperately hoped that Jamin's guns were toy ones, just like hers. But the evil youngster had taunted her that it wasn't and about the water pistol was filled with acid. She clutched her pretty face, it was all enough to make her feel sick with fear. He had infrared night vision goggles as he stalked her through the grounds of the estate. What would happen if he caught her or Alice? Would they be killed, disfigured?

She heard a noise and froze. Was it someone treading on a dry twig, or just a small animal? Or maybe it was one of the dogs? She waited and waited but knew she had to move on, crouching down. Feeling sorry for herself wasn't an option. Her hands clenched with anger around the stupid pistol he had given her. What would she have given at the moment for a real gun. But as it was, she was being hunted through the grounds, a naked and defenceless animal. If she could just reach the pavilion, if she could win she had the promise of the boy doing what she wanted. She might then be able to satisfy his horrid parents and get out of this mess.

"Haarghhhhh," she jumped as a night bird, maybe an owl, screeched by. She was terrified.

Although she wanted to curl up and wake up safe in bed, she knew that wouldn't happen. The only way she'd get out was if she made it happen. She knew the pavilion was somewhere in this direction; she could get there she decided. It was all a slim hope but the only one she had. Certainly, being captured and tortured by the brat didn't appeal to her one bit. Even getting out of here and being returned to the prison she had left would almost be preferable to being the helpless plaything of the Arab boy.

There was a shape ahead. A dog? The boy? The sound of her laboured breathing sounded

so loud in her ears; at last she got it under control. She peered intently until the shape formed into a bush. Sighing, she edged forward another few yards nearer to her goal. Whoosh!

“Aaghhh,” her gasp was instinctive as some small animal she had disturbed rushed past her. She had nearly wet herself where she crouched, her heart hammering. She hated being alone in the dark, it frightened her, but she knew she’d hate being caught by the young sadist even more.

Ziingg!

Hah,” she was nearly sick with fear. It seemed like he did have a gun! A bullet or a pellet or something had sung over her head just missing her to crash into a tree with a meaty thwack. That could have been her head or stomach, she fretted. Instinctively she ducked down crouching, her legs quivering with fear. Where was he? Had he seen her? Was he trying to kill or just frighten her? Whatever, she knew she couldn’t stay there.

Holding the idiotic toy gun before her for moral support she ran, her lush form bent over, darting this way and that, finally hiding behind a bush, hoping she had put enough distance behind her. She was desperate, aided by fear she immodestly squatted to empty her bladder, just a like a hunted animal she guessed.

On she went. There was water ahead of her. She tried going either direction but couldn’t get round it. Maybe it extended the whole width of the estate and the boy was waiting on the bridge she could see? Her mind was in turmoil. Eventually she waded out, it was cool but she hoped it wasn’t deep.

She stopped in a reality check. A modern day, sophisticated English woman and yet here she was, naked, in the dark wading out into dark unknown water with a thug somewhere out there trying to capture or hurt her. Yet what else could she do? She was driven by desperation and fear.

“Aah,” she tried to still her shriek as something had swum past her feet, brushing her. She really didn’t want to be here. Did they have piranha here? She worried. But her legs were still attached, so she guessed not. As silently as possible she waded out, the water reached her knees, her thighs. Would she suddenly walk over a ledge and drown in the murky water? She inched forward, reaching out blindly but then the depth began to recede until she again stood on dry land the other side by some bushes.

In a crouch she scampered on, her bare feet sore from the stones and twigs underfoot, but that didn’t matter only survival did. There was a noise nearby. She froze, but nothing happened. Collecting her wits she moved slowly on, keeping to the edge of the bushes leading to the pavilion.

It was becoming possible; she really thought now that she might make it and felt quite proud of herself. She’d make the boy listen to her when she had won. He was only a boy, she’d convince him to persuade his parents to let them go and....

“Not a move lady, you’re my prisoner; if you do, I shoot; hands up.” Rachel jumped at the sound then froze, raising her hands, terrified, not wanting him to do anything silly. She had so nearly made it to the safety of the summerhouse when he caught her. “Throw your gun away and clasp your hands to your head, legs astride. Instantly she obeyed, wondering what little tricks he had up his sleeve for her now. “I need to search you for other weapons.” She saw him come into her vision, looking like a frightening movie monster with his goggles, aiming his gun at her. To her dismay, she saw that he led Alice on a leash. Her hands were bound behind her back and her eyes wide with fear above a gag as she had to jog behind him, breasts bouncing. .

“Hah,” Rachel couldn’t help but jump as Jamin’s hands frisked down her, feeling her boobs then down her hips, patting the cheeks of her bottom, down her legs and then up her inner thighs and into her furry apex. He was nothing but thorough even though she was already stark naked for him.

“You’re rude,” he smirked at her. “I saw you piss earlier, I filmed it through the miniature camera on my goggles. I’ve watched you both most of the time. Your friend had a shit before she washed herself in the pond,” he smiled as he patted Alice’s bottom. “Now,

hands behind you,” he was suddenly businesslike and she felt the steel clasp of handcuffs painfully confining her wrists before he tied a scarf around her face and into her mouth. “Now I’ve caught you Makepeace, and your friend. I’m taking you back to my headquarters to question you.”

“Huggghh,” she gasped under her gag as he tugged her and Alice along on their leashes like captured animals. He was choking her but she could only stagger along behind, trying to catch her breath.

“Hands on heads, you’re now my prisoners,” he demanded when he had dragged them both all the way back to his rooms and released their bonds. “Tricked you, I only had a catapult; this is only a toy gun,” he laughed.

She bit her quivering lip in anger at what he had put them through.

“You shouldn’t have tried to escape. You’re gonna talk, tell me who helped you?”

“No-I don’t know Master aaaghhh,”

The creep seemed to be an expert at hurting and bondage, just like his parents she thought wryly. In five minutes he had again fastened her wrists behind her with handcuffs and shoved her face into his washbasin full of water. Abstractly she was aware of his hands tweaking between the cheeks of her bare bottom as he hauled her hands up to keep her head down. But that was the least of her worries.

“Bub-blub, was all she could desperately manage before he pushed her head back down under the water so that again her world became one of streaming bubbles. She didn’t know what to say, any stupid thing she had thought of he rejected. Surely her lungs must burst before he hauled her up by her hair. With her wrists confined up between her shoulder blades she was unable to resist and at his mercy as he chose to duck her whenever. Would he kill her by mistake? It was an added pressure. Thankfully, whilst she choked and spat water, trying to think of what to say and do he gave her a little break as he turned his attentions to poor Alice. Sadistically he began slapping her boobs with a plastic fly swat as he made her run round the room with wrists also handcuffed behind her, quite helpless to evade her tormentor.

“OK Makepeace, we’ll just have to try something else, his eyes gleamed as he hauled her and Alice painfully around the room by their hair whilst he looked around. It didn’t take him long. With their wrists still cuffed he had them perch astride the wooden centre bar of the easel in his private schoolroom.

The pain was awful, intense, eating up into her most private and intimate parts. Her mouth opened in a gape as, in the background she saw the creep smirking, so enjoying her suffering; and all for his amusement. As she sat so painfully perched on the thin ridge, her bare feet scrabbling to take some of her weight and relieve the awful pain biting up into her softness she recalled Achmed’s words.

“You’ll probably play lot’s of nice games with Jamin, but you only have a day to f—k him,” the huge brute had announced to them both. “If you do not succeed you will be no good to me and I will get other ‘Makepeace’ recruits from the endless supply of possible candidates in my English prison. It is a pity because from my searches, you are the nearest to my son’s ideal. And it will be a pity for you because for your failure you will be transferred to one of the prisons in this country – and there will be no guarantee of when if ever, you may be released. That is if my boy doesn’t accidentally kill you anyhow in one of his realistic games.”

“Hah,” she whimpered in pain, bringing her back to the reality of her feet scrabbling for a purchase astride the easel eating up into her. But she could sense that the youth was now growing bored with this game. She had to try something.

“Please, please Master, yes-yes I do have a secret to tell you, I promise,” Rachel writhed desperately. Sweat rolled down her contorted face as she strove to think her way out of this with the wood scouring her delicate sex lips, the weight of her body grinding them.

“Well?” he stood before her, his whippy little swat toying with one of her boobs, making it bounce. Then it transferred to the swelling of her hindquarters spread over the thin wedge, flicking to add to her pain.

“I...I need to get down to be free to show you, please let me, please Master,” she sobbed and begged the smiling youngster, “I promise.”

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Alien

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

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:07 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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“Please, Jamin, Master, I want you, you’re so nice, I want to show you the secret,” and Rachel felt so cheap as she pressed herself against the lad, her hand stroking his chest over his tee-shirt as her lips nuzzled his face. “The secret is that, like all boys, er I mean men, you have to... you know, do things with a lady when you become eighteen otherwise spots can break out all over you, that’s why some boys get acne, ” she lied desperately, making it up as she went along. “That’s why we’re here, Master, your parents wanted to save you from that.”

“I don’t want to, I like it when I capture and torture you,” he pushed her away.

“Yes, that’s fun but sometimes, as you get older, like you are now, men and women want to do ... other things, Master,” she delicately kissed his ear feeling like a whore, and she was, she had to be – and with him just an inexperienced lad, albeit of eighteen now. She guessed he was frightened of the act, guessing that his own experience so far had been courtesy of his hand. But shameful and disgusting though it was, she had to make love to him – if she was to come through this.

“Why don’t... why don’t you and Makepeace-Alice show me, show me what ladies can do... together. In fact, I command it as your Master. Show me what I should do, let me watch.”

Although, she supposed, it was a start, it still just so awful, especially with the young creep watching closely, but neither she nor Alice had any choice. Gently she began kissing her friend’s face and rubbing the firm orbs of her breasts, her red nipples forming to two hard peaks.

It felt so strange to be naked with her friend, feeling her soft body under her hands and her friend’s mouth over her own. Alice’s boobs were like two hard-tipped cones against her own as she opened her mouth over the full lips before her. Her hands slid down to cup the perfect cheeks of her bottom as their pubis rubbed together and she could feel the heat of her friend against her own.

Could there be a sense of lust in this? All Rachel knew was that as she bent to take those ripe nipples in her mouth and felt the little sucking bites on her own engorged buds that it was a special feeling, one she had never felt before.

They subsided onto the floor, the boy watching, his eyes wide and staring, his hands deep in his pockets. Now she undulated on top of the lush, long-limbed nudity beneath her, thighs entwined, kissing her boobs, she felt a warmth spreading up her belly. She sighed, this time of her own accord as Alice’s fingers found her clitoris, making her wriggle. She too found the succulent depths of Alice.

“Ooh,,” she sighed as her friend’s thigh pushed up between her legs and she began to grind her hips up and down it, greedily kissing the pouting lips.

Now the soft hands were sliding between her legs, seeking her out just as she had found the plumpness of Alice’s sex lips and sticky wet heat within. For a moment she could forget her cares as a warm tide of pleasure picked her up and flowed around her writhing

body as she lay full length on the lushness beneath her. Although it felt unnatural to feel a woman's softness beneath her it was the first real affection she had experienced since her incarceration and her body sought it, needed it.

Oh it was so lovely, she wanted it to go on forever as their tongues entwined and Alice held her jerking bottom, her finger going inside her, flicking her bud so knowingly, just as she was doing in return. Then she remembered her purpose, her only way out of this hell.

"Please Master, join us, we – I, I...we both need you," she reluctantly disengaged from a panting Alice to press her supple curves against him, seeing the lust but also uncertainty in his eyes. Aware that she was glowing with pleasure and lust from her friend's hands she gently eased Jamin down onto the floor, tugging off his tee-shirt as she knelt astride him.

"Please, I beg you, I need you, Master," she whispered huskily leaning down to kiss the nipples on his scrawny chest.

"No, I-I....," he looked afraid, turning away.

Rachel bit her lip in frustration, she daren't lose him now.

"OK, let-let's just lay here, you between us two," she purred, stroking his face as Alice nestled her curves against his other side, her larger boobs rubbing his flushed face. Gently, Rachel slid her hand down to the boy's jeans and unbuckled them, kissing his navel as she slid them down, running her lips over his trembling body. There was a wet, semi-hard bulge within his pants and she fondled it gently, feeling it grow under her touch.

"Oh, please, please Master," she practically sobbed, pressing the full length of her body against him, kissing his face, easing his pants away until he was just as naked as them apart from his socks. But his erection was flagging against her pubic bush. Maybe her instinct for him preferring to hurt women and find solace with men was not far from the mark? She was becoming increasingly desperate.

Now she was astride him rotating her haunches over him so that the warm, soft petals of her sex rubbed over his bent penis. But it wasn't hard enough. Yet in another thought she wondered how she could possibly be doing this. She was a married woman who loved her husband, and yet here she was, acting as a whore, naked, desperate to seduce a youngster who she wouldn't normally even give the time of day. Needs must, she decided frantically.

"Please, please," she whispered, proceeding on instinct. Her hand slid over his backside to nestle between the cheeks, the bud of his anus was hot and disgusting. At the same time she took his hand in her other hand and guided it between the cheeks of her own bottom.

"We can start this way," she whispered kissing him deeply, wriggling her bottom enticingly. She felt sick as his finger probed her backside, but was rewarded by a stiffening of her objective. She squeezed up her bottom holding his finger within her as she in turn found the boy's puckered heat. It was revolting but effective, he sprang to life, a wonderful firm erection; but she had to keep it.

Nodding to Alice, her friend, with a wrinkling of her nose, took over and pushed her finger deep into the boy's backside, pressing her breasts against his side as Rachel positioned herself.

"Please, f—k me Master, please f—k, f—k me hard," she continued to softly entice, seeing the positive effect her dirty words had on him.

With another wiggle she raised herself over him, feeling the head of his penis sinking into her as she began thrusting and bouncing. Keeping his hardness deep within her she leaned forward, pushing her breasts against him as her mouth opened over his, kissing him deeply. Beside her, Alice continued to work her finger in him, pressing her large boobs against his neck. For a moment the reality of what she was doing crashed through her senses. She was desperately seducing and making love to a teenage brute, riding him. Between them, she and Alice were doing things to him they'd never have dreamed of at

home. Yet, she knew that if she didn't... she banished that thought, she must be successful; she must make love to him and forget her husband and what he would think.

Above the tableau of lust the cameras faithfully recorded every sordid moment. To an observer it looked like a scene from a schoolboy's wet dream. Two lush women were making love to a virtually passive youth, their nude bodies all over him as were their lips and hands. The blonde undulated like a pink, sleek serpent on him, kissing him with what might appear to be desperate lust, with the lad's hand fanned over her bouncing bottom, a finger deep within the cleft. And beside them her brown-haired companion had her manicured fingers embedded deep in the lad's bottom whilst she thrust her large breasts against him.

Achmed was content, his boy had become a man – and with no other boys in sight; they had been beginning to harbour real fears for his sexual orientation. He saw the crazy pleasure flick over Jamin's face as he climaxed within the blonde, him bending upwards to nuzzle her boobs and stick his finger deeper up her arse. And all the while both women were seducing him with voices, hands and bodies. Although he knew he would have to let the women return he saw possible future blackmail opportunities. If he ever needed favours from the British customs people he felt sure that these two officers would consider that option as an alternative to this film of them seducing a youngster featuring on the internet!

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Alien

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

PostPosted: Tue Jul 02, 2013 3:07 pm

CHAPTER 10

“You have shown my son what a woman can do, steered him away from a path I feared for him. Some of his young friends are so... so effeminate and a few things we picked up from the CCTV cameras here... well we were a little worried. But he was probably just experimenting,” he reflected for a while. “Anyway, for your ‘tutoring ‘I am grateful and I will reward you with freedom,” Achmed actually smiled as did Narinda. The couple regarded her and Alice as they knelt nude before him, hands obediently clasped to their heads. Rachel's heart was pounding fit to burst, still not daring to speak or move lest it should all be a trick. “And voices in England have also come to my attention, voices who are asking for your return, voices that could ensure I lose my investment in the prison. You may go home. You must leave in the same way you arrived, but I'm sure your welcome at the other end will be different from when you arrived here,” he smiled again. Rachel knew that she should be angry at the way she had been treated but all of her emotions were smothered by her fear of being plunged back into the nightmare she was just leaving. She fainted.

“You should have seen the petition we raised and the internet campaign to get you released and all the background research we did. I couldn't let you know what was going on when we visited. And Dave had been stoking up the police to finally recognise what

was happening inside those prisons. They transferred you out abroad just too quickly for us to stop it. But we were soon onto the case and we managed to get you home again within a few days didn't we," Dean said quite proudly when she and her husband were finally alone in her house again a few days later and she had confirmation of having her job back, the remaining prison sentence having been waived. "When we'd all stirred up public outrage about those prisons it all came out that the rich Arab who runs them is a bit of a nasty piece of work. He had fingers everywhere, even within your customs job and that's why you so easily ended up in that terrible prison. The British authorities applied some sort of pressure about oil prices and future Government contracts to get you and Alice home and he's now selling the prisons to the Government and the staff will be changed. So the bastards got nothing out of it really," Dean smiled.

Rachel turned away, happy but remembering what she had had to do to get out. The humiliation and torture, selling her soul, prostitute her body and just as a present for a spoilt brat's Birthday. Yet as she undressed that night and allowed Dean to cuddle her for the first time in so many weeks she wished, just for once, he would take the initiative and take her, and maybe be a bit more forceful and rough with her. Or even that Alice was there too, her soft body and hands writhing against hers; maybe she'd sound out her friend soon. Such thoughts gave her a nice and now familiar warmth deep inside and she slyly wrapped her arms and legs around her startled husband.

"I think I need to be f—ked, I've been bad," she smiled seductively, turning over and raising her haunches, unable to see the utter bewilderment in her husband's face slowly turning to lust.

THE END

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