

The Freedom Fighter

Chapter 1: Captured

It had taken General Viktor Ivanov more than five years to capture April Chen, the leader of the Adani guerilla movement that provided the sole resistance to the oppressive regime of the Republic of Moravia. The War of the Republics between Moravia and Adani a century ago had devastated the small planet of Zekov, leaving the state of Moravia as the only populated region. The Moravian victory had come at the cost of the lives of every male citizen of Adani, systematically wiped out in a genocide that had gone on for more than a decade. The females were taken into slavery, their condition ever since. They lived either in the homes of Moravian citizens as domestic slaves or in vast camps where they were put to work in factories, mines and construction. They had no rights other than to work submissively under the thumbs of their cruel and sadistic overlords. Babies born to them through artificial insemination in state breeding programs were taken away at birth, boys aborted during pregnancy, girls sent away to be brought up as slaves.

The only resistance against this brutal regime were the young women of the Adani Sem Bruni (Adani Fight Back) who had escaped the camps and fled into the mountains and hills. They conducted a fierce, if inevitably futile, guerilla campaign against Moravia, freeing prisoners and slaves, bombing infrastructure, and assassinating political leaders.

It was a perilous existence for the some 50,000 freedom fighters, for whom capture meant certain torture and execution, but in a world of such cruelty they gave their lives freely. Their leader, 24-year-old April Chen, had seen hundreds of her fellow slaves murdered by the regime and had sworn eternal revenge. It was she who had molded the ragtag escapees into an army and it was her the Moravian state had been determined to catch above all others. Hundreds, if not thousands, of women had been

tortured for information on her whereabouts, but in the end it had not been betrayal but pure bad luck that had seen April fall to the enemy. On a routine foraging mission, she had stumbled into a Moravian army patrol that had lost its way in the hills. They had taken her to their local headquarters without knowing her identity, but once there it had not taken long for the officers to realize who had stumbled into their grasp. They had sent her to the capital where she now resided in the notorious Kharzak Prison, a place many Adani women had entered but few ever left.

At this precise moment, she was in her cell strung up naked by her wrists with a bucket of bricks suspended from chains around her ankles. She was gagged and blindfolded and her slender body bore the marks of severe torture. There were burns on her breasts, her armpits, her private parts and her inner thighs, lacerations across her back, dark bruises from her neck down to her knees, and cuts leaking blood from her arms, legs and stomach. These were only the wounds that had been inflicted in the past few hours. April had suffered many more over the past five days, her torturers healing them with lasers whenever they grew too severe.

There were three men stood around her now, thick-armed brutes armed with cattle prods, soldering irons, truncheons, and their own hard fists. The most senior of them, Major Popov, thundered another punch into the underside of the girl's ribs, hearing a satisfying crunch as he broke an already cracked bone. Corporal Lenkov pressed a cattle prod up between her legs, sending a jolt of 200 volts searing into her private parts. The third man, Private Morozov, had a soldering iron that he slowly drew across the top of her shoulders, tracing a cut recently administered by rattan whip. April was trying not to give the men the satisfaction of hearing her scream, but after five days and nights of relentless torture, her resistance was weakening. Behind the gag of hot chili peppers, she let out a moan of anguished, exhausted agony.

From the corner of the cell, the man in overall charge of her interrogation, Colonel Sidorov, blew out a thin stream of cigarette smoke. He watched impassively as the torture continued, enjoying the sight of the attractive young woman suffering but making sure this pleasure did not show on his grizzled, stubbled face. He had kept her

gagged since her interrogation began, when he was dislocating her limbs on the rack, roasting her tits over a fire, beating the soles of her feet on the parrot perch, and frying her body on the electric table. He knew she would not talk yet and he did not want to give her the small satisfaction of spitting out her defiance. The bitch would suffer in silence until he was ready to let her speak.

“You know, you should be relieved we finally caught you, April,” the colonel said as another fist thundered into the young woman’s ribcage. “Do you know how many Adani whores we’ve had to torture to get information about you? How many slaves have had to suffer because of you? There’s a seventeen-year-old girl down the wing who my men have been working on for six weeks now. You should hear her screams when they tear out her fingernails every day, how she begs and pleads for mercy. We’ll be able to let her rest now. Who knows, maybe we’ll hang her soon? She’s been begging us to do that for weeks.”

Behind her gag, April let out a curse of fury which helplessly turned into a scream as Private Mozorov drew the hot iron across another cut on her back. Popov drove his fist into her ribs once more and the girl choked for breath as the air was smashed from her lungs. The 24-year-old was in mortal terror as well as agony as she dangled by the metal cuffs on her wrists. Of all the women in the ASB, she was the only one who had knowledge of all its secret bases and hideouts throughout the country, each guerilla cell operating independently from the others to keep the organization secure in the event of capture and interrogation. She had carried a cyanide pill with her at all times to prevent her from being taken alive, but so sudden and unexpected had her encounter with the lost patrol been that she had had no chance to swallow it. Now she was naked and helpless in the hands of the most ruthless torturers on the planet. If she allowed herself to break, the entire freedom movement was at risk.

Another punch connected with her ribs and a white-hot flash of agony ripped through her body. She felt herself vomiting inside her gag, though there was nothing but blood and bile left to throw up. The cattle prod sent more agony into her private parts, like a thousand hot needles stabbing in and out of her flesh, and then came the even

greater torment of the soldering iron searing into the cuts left by her latest flogging. She tried to stop her breathless choking turning into another cry but heard herself sob as the three separate tortures were repeated.

Colonel Sidorov allowed himself a smile. The young resistance leader was a real beauty, much more attractive in the flesh than in the rare photos they had taken of her clad in military fatigues and body armor. She was smaller than he had thought, only around five-foot-six, with a slender waist and full, rounded breasts. He and his men had all enjoyed fucking her between her long sessions of torture, but she looked particularly splendid now, her naked body stretched taut, the cold sweat of pain running down her bare skin. He was never going to tire of making her suffer.

As he watched his three soldiers continue to work on her, enjoying the heavy thud of Major Popov's fist in her ribs, the sharp crackle of the cattle prod in her cunt, and the hiss of the hot iron on her back, he contemplated all the Adani he had tortured as part of his work within state security. There had been thousands within the walls of this prison alone: fugitives from the camps, domestic slaves who had turned against their owners, and, of course, terrorists from the ASB who had killed innumerable friends and colleagues. Those traitorous whores were always tortured for information, usually breaking within a few days or weeks, and then they were tortured for punishment. Most ended up at the end of a noose, but some remained in the dark corners of Kharzak Prison, locked in tiny, freezing cells and taken out for torture or rape whenever the guards felt like it.

But this bitch hanging by her wrists in front of him, this bitch was special. She was not destined for the hangman; that would be far too easy. She was going to be tortured until every single one of the Adani whores she had trained was either dead or imprisoned here alongside her; and after that, she was going to be tortured as punishment for all the loyal, hardworking servants of Moravia she had murdered in cold blood. This bitch was going to suffer the agonies of hell.

A sharp crack and a choking cry brought Colonel Sidorov's attention back to the present. He saw that Popov had swapped his fists for a truncheon which he was driving

into the girl's ribs. The crack was from another bone snapping in two, the choking from blood erupting from April's throat as her insides were ruptured. There was no fear of the girl dying under torture. She had been given an injection of nanobots to keep her vital organs operating. If her injuries became life-threatening, she would be healed so that the torture could continue.

The colonel stood up as the beating continued. The sight of April's plump breasts heaving as she gasped for breath through her broken ribs had aroused him. He reached over to a large table of instruments and picked up a blowtorch, turning on the blue-hot flame with a hiss. Seeing his boss's intention, Popov stepped inside, his eyes glistening with cruelty as he watched the colonel slowly bring the torch toward the girl's body. April could feel the heat from several feet away and hear the angry hiss of the flame. She tried to brace herself for the explosion of agony to come, steeling herself not to scream.

But when the pain came, it was more than she could bear. The man held the torch a few inches from her breasts, just close enough for it to burn her skin. The girl threw herself backwards from her hanging arms, instinctively trying to escape the flame. But when she swung back, she was even closer to it. It touched her nipple with a crackle of blistering skin. Sidorov smiled thinly and nodded to Private Mozorov and Corporal Lenkov, who pressed their soldering irons and cattle prods into her back and private parts respectively. April screamed behind her gag, unable to hold herself in, and a thin trickle of piss ran down the inside of her thigh.

Sidorov was tempted to laugh at her but he resisted. Silently, he continued to brush the flame lightly over her breasts back and forth, enjoying the mewls of agony that escaped from the young woman's lips.

"I don't expect you to begin giving us the information we want from you for many days yet, April. But I can promise you more pain than you ever imagined in your life. Our scientists have been developing a stimulant that will increase the sensitivity of your nerves just for the eventuality of your capture. They say it should be ready in a few weeks so perhaps that would be a good time to begin your interrogation. In the meantime, this is all for fun."

He moved the blowtorch to the top of her breasts and then along to her armpits, where he touched the flame to her skin. April screamed despite herself before Sidorov used his other fist to drive a punch into her solar plexus, knocking the air from her lungs. Lenkov gave her another blast of the cattle prod while Morozov slowly traced another line of fire across her lacerated back with the soldering iron.

“You are going to regret every crime you committed against my people, bitch,” Sidorov continued, moving the blowtorch to her other armpit. “There are 120 million Moravians who want to see you suffer, men and women alike. They’re all celebrating your capture right now, drinking a toast to your punishment. Tomorrow, there’s going to be a national festival in which every Adani slave is going to be strung up and whipped, every single one, 50 million whores all screaming under the lash. There’s also going to be a mass execution of your terrorists, a hundred traitors beaten and hung in the main square of Voskova. It’s going to be televised. We might let you watch it if we’re feeling generous.”

April let out a screech of fury that the gag turned into little more than a pathetic mewl. Sidorov pulled the blowtorch away at least but only to lower it toward her navel. He pulled her dangling legs apart and held the flame a few inches from each inner thigh, gently burning the skin. The pain was excruciating but there was nothing April could do to stop it. She shook herself in the man’s grip, wincing as the tight metal cuffs bit further into her wrists, but then Major Popov drove the butt of his truncheon up into her ribs and took the energy from her body. He followed it up with a blow from his fists to both her breasts and then a punch to her face that broke her nose. Sidorov, meanwhile, continued to brush the blue-hot flame along the inside of her thighs, occasionally raising it to burn away her pubic hair.

“You’ll only hurt yourself more if you struggle, April,” the colonel said. “This is the punishment you deserve and it’s not going to stop.”

From the cell next door there suddenly came a high-pitched scream, dampened only slightly by the wall of concrete separating it. April’s head turned instinctively toward the piercing sound, a desperate wail of agony that continued on and on.

“That will be one of your terrorists,” said Colonel Sidorov. “She has already told us everything she knows, I think, but it’s as well to be sure.”

He took the blowtorch away at last, letting April concentrate for a few seconds on the agony of her comrade.

“You’ll be screaming like that too, April, once we take your gag away. You’ll scream and scream for hours on end even when you barely even have the strength to open your mouth. You won’t be able to help yourself. You’ll be a pathetic, broken, mewling little bitch, begging for just five minutes respite from agony.” He paused to drive a fist into her guts, motioning for Major Popov to smash his truncheon against her tits at the same time. “But you won’t get five minutes’ respite, cunt, not until you’ve told us everything we need to know to smash your rebellion into the dust. Not until you’ve paid for your crimes in full.”

He was seized by a sudden hatred and fury for the Adani terrorist. He put the blowtorch back against her flesh, burning her up and down her inner thighs, then down her calves to her feet. His three colleagues resumed their torture at the same time, the cattle prod plunged deeper into her vagina, the soldering iron pressed harder into her back, and Popov’s truncheon striking her breasts over and over. They continued like this for several minutes, saying nothing while the young woman whimpered helplessly behind her gag.

Inside her mind, April screamed like an animal, just like Colonel Sidorov promised she would if her gag was removed. The pain was excruciating all over her body. Her ribs were either broken or cracked. There were vicious burns on her armpits, breasts, legs and feet from the blowtorch and lines of fire seared across her back. Bruises covered her body from head to toe while the cattle prod continued to stab burning needles into her private parts. She was more tired than she ever thought it possible to be, having been denied any sleep for five days and nights. Powerful stimulants had kept her conscious through the endless hours of torture, but they did not nothing for the exhaustion she felt beneath her blindfold. She was desperate for sleep, yearned for it with every breath she took; but she knew it would not be granted. They

were going to torture her on and on for days, weeks, months, probably years and there would be no respite for her, no matter how desperately she prayed for it.

“You fucking bitch, you’re going to suffer.”

This was from Major Popov, though the blindfolded girl herself could not see. He drew back his fist and punched her hard in the face, breaking her nose for the second time. Then he hit her in the mouth, splattering her lips pressed together with the gag. April felt the blood run down her chin, the pain a burning fire, and then the man hit her a third time and audibly broke her jaw.

“Fucking bitch,” he snarled again.

Colonel Sidorov continued to burn her legs and feet with the blowtorch before finally lifting it clear. He motioned to his men who unhooked the broken girl’s wrists from the hook in the ceiling, letting her fall heavily to the floor of the cell. He kicked her hard in the guts as she slumped over like a helpless child.

“Let’s continue this in the torture chamber,” he said, giving her one more kick.

April groaned in agony as she felt a man’s rough hands grasp her hair. He pulled her toward the door of the cell as she saw nothing but the blackness of her blindfold. Out in the hall, the screams of other prisoners assaulted her ears from every direction. Helplessly, she was bumped along the floor, dragged for perhaps ten or twenty yards before being thrown inside another room. Though she had never seen it, April knew it well for it was where she had spent most of the past five days. The men picked her up by her arms and legs and slammed her down on a wooden board. April knew what it was even before she felt her arms and legs being pulled out and snapped into manacles at each end. She felt an excruciating tug on her shoulders as her body was stretched taut, but this was just the beginning of her agony.