

## An Interrogation Beading

It was a cool morning, one where drops of dew still clung to the blades of grass. The military encampment woke to life and started their morning routines. The smoke from various breakfast campfires clouded the air making it seem as though a light fog blanketed the area.

A man, the Interrogator as he was known around the camp, had a special task that morning. He briskly walked through the camp, satchel hugged tightly to his chest. Hushed whispers and discreet glances by both soldiers and camp followers followed his footsteps, though he paid them no attention.

His focus was elsewhere. He neared a large white tent where a young guard stood watch outside, spear in hand and his shield to his side. The soldier wore a leather cuirass which offered light protection, not that he was likely to need it at his post. His bored expression immediately changed to one of uneasiness when he saw the Interrogator approach.

“Sir,” saluted the soldier, whose voice was brittle, but still professional. “The prisoners are ready for your interrogation.”

The Interrogator gave a gesture of thanks with an open palm and a tilt of his head. He pulled open the canvas door and walked into the tent where another guard stood. This one was an older veteran with a hefty belly poking out of his armor. He was just inside the entrance of the tent observing two female prisoners, both blindfolded and gagged, each tied up naked on a wooden horse style bench. They laid with their bellies face down, their arms and legs draped down and tied to the legs of the furniture, and their behinds left exposed.

The tent was far more spacious than it needed to be. Apart from the two wooden horses with the women on them, a simple wooden table had been placed off to the side. Despite it's spacious interior, the tent still offered a respite from the cool air outside and privacy for the man's work.

“I would like some alone time with my prisoners,” the Interrogator calmly expressed to the guard.

The guard merely nodded and grunted something before he exited the tent.

The Interrogator carefully placed his satchel onto the table and unlatched it. He dug through his bag and gently removed two sets of anal beads along with a large vial of clear liquid that he gently placed onto the table and aligned with the beads. He walked up to each of the prisoners, but paid no attention to them while he checked the security of their ropes, a habit he had formed after an incident when a prisoner had gotten himself free and left a scar on the Interrogator's face that extended from his left cheek down to his chin.

Satisfied with the state of their bondage, his attention turned towards the two women. His superiors had notified him that they were both camp followers, an herb picker and a prostitute, who were caught working against the army. The first woman had black hair that was speckled with strands of gray. He assumed her to be the herb picker due to her thin form and short nails. The other woman, and the chubbier of the two, had long brunette hair that draped down to the floor. There was no doubt that the soldiers enjoyed grabbing onto her hair like the reins of a horse while pumping against her plush bottom.

When the Interrogator broke the silence, the chubby woman flinched while the slim woman merely cocked her head. He slowly covered his introduction to ensure that the women heard and understood his every word. “Good morning. The two of you have been very naughty. You’ve been spying for the enemy, giving them information of our camp activities and soldiers, and actively working to sabotage our army. I’ll give you one opportunity and only one. If you are the first to speak and give me good information when I take out your gags, you will be free to go. Of course, you will be escorted far away from the encampment, but otherwise you will be free. The other, will have the full blame placed on them and will receive a special kind of obedience training. Refuse to speak, and you will both share the same fate.”

The Interrogator prided himself on being a man of his word and although he didn’t have the authority to do as he promised, he could certainly sway the camp commander to follow through with his promise. Nonetheless, he hoped that they would refuse to talk.

He delicately removed their gags and blindfolds. The chubby prostitute quivered and her eyes looked red as if she had been crying throughout the night. The slim herb picker, however, glared at him with an intense hatred and hurled several insults at him as soon as her mouth was free. The man waited for a moment to see if any information would be forthcoming after the initial introductions, but neither revealed anything.

When he saw that they would not give him his information, he grinned while clapping his hands together and said, “Wonderful! It would have been a boring morning for me if you would have spoiled your secrets so soon.”

The Interrogator strolled back to the table, a slight spring in his step now. He grabbed one set of anal beads, which had eight metal spheres of equal size connected by a length of string and a knotted loop at the end. The two women looked at him and the dangling toy. They exchanged confused looks with each other.

The herb picker cackled. “You’re going to torture us with sex toys? That’s your technique?” mocked the prisoner, shaking her head incredulously.

He ignored her comment and addressed the two of them. “These sex toys are infused with a magical enchantment, one that I made myself.” He mischievously looked directly at the herb picker, “Are you ready to find out what it does?”

“Sure, shove it up your own ass and we’ll find out!” cursed the more talkative woman. “We aren’t going to tell you anything.”

“I absolutely believe you when you say you won’t tell me anything,” he said while looking directly at the hate filled eyes of the woman. “I’m sure you have a good reason to hate our army, but you must still face punishment for your crimes against our army.”

The Interrogator grabbed the vial of liquid and coated the toy with the slick substance. His excited grin appeared to get even bigger as he moved towards the irate woman. He patted her head condescendingly, appreciating the rage behind her dark eyes, a rage that had no where to escape except through the obscenities that he ignored. He slid his hand across her slender back much to the disdain of his prisoner until he reached her butt. The woman tried to move about to make it difficult, but the restraints of the device made even the slightest movement near impossible.

He unceremoniously grabbed her cheeks and spread them open before pushing the first bead against her asshole. It was tight and unrelenting, but with a little force combined with the lubrication, the first sphere slid into the woman.

The sudden insertion of the first bead made her shout more obscenities towards her tormentor, as if she were trying to find every possible combination of words to insult him. She tried to resist the subsequent beads by squeezing down as tight as she could, but the Interrogator was an expert at his craft. He joyously sang as each bead entered her ass, “One – Two – Three – Four –” Despite the resistance from the thin woman, he pushed one sphere at a time without skipping his rhythm until, with a little extra force, he pushed the final bead inside of her. For once, the prisoner stopped cursing, and instead groaned from the tight and full sensation of the anal beads within her. She tried to push the toy out of her ass which caused the last sphere to crown just a bit, but the interrogator held his finger against the sphere with just enough pressure to keep it inside of her.

“Now that it’s fully inside of you, the magic will only take a few minutes to do its work and then you will both see what it does.”

“Bullshit!” shouted the woman. “You’re just using it as an excuse to be a perverted troll and to try to scare us into speaking.” Despite the woman’s bravado, the Interrogator detected a hint of fear in her voice.

“Do you believe that Miss Prostitute?” The Interrogator glanced at the other woman, who remained quivering and silent, not even daring to look at him. “Do you believe that these beads are just a psychological trick to get the two of you to talk? Does knowing the beads are inside your accomplice make you feel like talking now?” he invited the other woman to speak.

As the chubby woman was about to speak, the black haired woman scowled at her as if telling her not to dare say a word. She closed her trembling mouth and tears welled up at the edge of her eyes.

The end of the rope began to glow a faint sapphire color, which neither of the women could see from their points of view. “It’s ready,” happily announced the interrogator. He tugged on the now glowing loop, forcing one of the spheres out and causing the woman to gasp.

“What was that sensation in my head?” she asked confusedly.

“You can feel something happening in your mind, can’t you?” he prodded as he started pulling out another one of the spheres. Her asshole widened and then closed tightly as a second sphere was pulled from her.

She shook her head. “Stop you ugly goat bastard! What are you doing to me?” She cried out as the man pulled on the knot again, threatening to remove the third sphere. She tried to strain against it, but the strength of the man soon had the bead plop out of her ass.

“The fourth ball is about to be taken out,” he sung to her. Again he pulled. This time, as the fourth popped out, she moaned. He didn’t pause as he pulled out the fifth ball too, which made her moan even louder.

She was gasping between breaths, her body warm. Her ass desperately clung to the remaining three beads. “Why does my head feel so weird? Why does my body feel good?” she begged for answers that the Interrogator would never give her.

“Just moments ago you were trying to push the beads out, but now you are hanging onto them so tightly. Why the change, do you suddenly like them being inside of you?” he asked with feigned ignorance.

When her breathing steadied, she spat out, “Go get impaled by a sword, you fucking scumbag!”

The Interrogator laughed and yanked the remaining three beads from her ass. She uncontrollably moaned and her whole body contorted from a shivering orgasm, which lasted for many seconds as she continued to buck wildly in the restraints. Her pussy repeatedly squirted onto the grassy floor below and her asshole was left gaping. As the orgasm subsided so too did the woman’s moans quiet down until only her breathing and the occasional twitch of her body on the wood could be heard. This time, when her breath had slowed to a calm rhythm, she did not speak.

Glowing anal beads in hand, he looked towards the other prisoner, whose mouth was agape in shock and eyes wide. Her fearful gaze shifted between the black haired woman and the glowing beads in his hand, even towards the Interrogator himself.

“Is there anything now that you want to tell me?” The Interrogator spoke to the bound prostitute, the recently removed beads still threateningly swinging in his hand.

“What did you do to her? Why is she so quiet all of the sudden! Tamara!” she screeched as she pulled against the rope, which dug into the skin of her wrists and ankles.

“Don’t worry, she’s okay, at least physically,” he said as he walked back to the table and placed the glowing anal beads in their previous spot. He picked up the second set and turned towards the frightened woman. “As you just saw, these anal beads are very special,” he explained. “While inside of a person’s ass, the magic in the beads will absorb their free will. When removed, the person’s mind will be trapped in their own body, their free will stuck inside of these fantastic toys. They will still be able to feel the sensations but won’t be able to do anything besides basic functions, not without a command at least.” He emphasized his point with a hard spank to the dark haired woman. The hit did not elicit a response from the previously combative woman.

The brunette’s eyes went wide again when she realized what her fate would be. “Please don’t use those beads on me! I will tell you everything,” she begged.

“Go on,” he urged her. He relished in the hope that hung with every word of information that left her lips.

“That woman, Tamara, approached me several months ago. It started with asking for information that soldiers would share after laying with me. She later paid me to ask the soldiers certain questions and I would share what they told me, but I didn’t think anything of it. I didn’t know it would cause any harm. I just saw the coin and decided to accept it. Please, sir, I’m innocent!”

“You can’t be that dumb. You’re telling me you’re so unintelligent that you didn’t realize she was paying you information to help sabotage our forces?” the Interrogator looked at her incredulously. From observing her scared face, she appeared to be telling the truth. Without digging for more information, the pleading woman continued to spill more details.

“I sometimes saw her walking with a young man, one with short blond hair. I think he was an herb picker too, or some kind of forager. That’s all I know, I swear! Please just let me go like you said you would.” The desperation in her voice was turning him on.

“You have been very helpful, but you should have paid more attention to my words. Unfortunately for you, the deal was only good at the start of the interrogation. You waited way too long my dear and now it’s your turn.”

The woman cried out and begged for mercy as the Interrogator walked behind her with the fresh pair of beads in hand. She shifted wildly in her restraints like a captured hog.

After lubing up the beads, he spread her ample butt and slipped them into her asshole, one at a time. They entered with a lot more ease than the other woman’s had, no doubt a result of her profession.

“Did they pay you extra to take your ass, or did you offer it to your clients for less than your pussy?” he taunted her without slowing down.

His comment fell on deaf ears as she continued to beg, but her pleas were only rewarded with more of the beads being pushed into her used ass. She begged louder and harder with each subsequent bead that was inserted all while the Interrogator joyfully counted to eight.

Her whimpering complaints left the Interrogator hard in his pants. He decided to pass the time while the magic of the beads slowly absorbed her free will. He took his cock out of his pants and pressed it against the entrance of her fat pussy. It slid in with a wet sound and instantly he felt the pleasure of her warmth around his cock. He moaned from the sensation and began fucking her all while keeping his finger pressed against her asshole to ensure the beads didn’t leave before the magic worked.

After awhile, the sounds of begging and weeping turned into pleasurable moans, possibly from the habit of years of faking it for her clients or possibly because she actually enjoyed him being inside of her despite the circumstances. The wooden horse rocked with each thrust against her plump ass. The Interrogator grabbed the loop, lightly tugging on them to elicit more pleas from her. Even when the beads had been glowing sapphire for a while, he continued to threaten to remove them. It was a fun game for him. He fucked and tormented her until he felt his own pleasure mounting in his cock, ready to burst free.

With one fell swoop, he mercilessly yanked all eight beads from her ass as he came inside of her. His cock was drenched by the warmth of the woman’s multiple wet orgasms as her entire body spasmed from the unexpected pleasure of having her free will suddenly pulled from her. Her asshole was momentarily left gaping and throbbing as if begging to have something else inserted into it.

Breathing heavily, the Interrogator took his cock out from her dripping pussy and moved to her front. Her face was covered in sweat and she panted heavily. Her eyes stared off into the distance, expressionless. “Clean my cock,” he ordered her. She obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue ready to receive him. As soon as he shoved his cock into her mouth, the woman’s tongue

hungrily moved over his member, licking up her own juices although her eyes remained unchanged. He knew she was still in there, confused and begging to be released, but she would become accustomed to her new life, at least one day.

When he was satisfied with the cleanliness of his cock, he withdrew it and placed it back in his pants. He placed the two slightly glowing toys back into his satchel along with the vial of lube and headed out of the tent, where the cool breeze of the morning air hit his face.

The two guards, who appeared to have been having a small conversation to pass the time, snapped to attention. "Feel free to use the two prisoners to your desires. I won't be back until later to pick them up. You will find them to be very obedient to your commands," he said with a wink.

The older guard merely shrugged while the younger one peered into the tent with interest.

The Interrogator proudly pat his satchel. It wasn't even the hour of his breakfast and yet the interrogation had already ended, almost too soon for him. He figured he would fill his stomach early and later pass on the information to his superiors. He was sure that they wouldn't have a problem finding the man that the curvy prostitute had mentioned. Already, a plan was beginning to form in his head, one that he looked forward to making into reality.