

Aly's Interrogation

by K.D.

Note: This was written to accompany an image drawn live on stream by CMP.

The paragraphs are broken up to make it easier to copy and paste into the stream chat. Apologies if that makes it harder to read...

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"I get you ready to talk, girlie," said the grizzled old ork towering over me.

"Not met human I not make squeal an' tell."

"Nnnnnn-nnnnnn!" I yelled at him. Or rather tried to yell through the gag.

It was supposed to be a statement of defiance.

It came out slightly more pathetic than intended.

What was odd though was that I had been in his dungeon for at least a couple hours and he hadn't actually asked any questions yet.

And I'd been bit gagged the whole time.

So it's not like I could talk even if I was ready to submit.

This guy was either the worst interrogator ever or the smartest.

It had been an odd experience since I arrived.

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<inserting obligatory backstory>

Not long after Kraider had presented me to the commander of the ork encampment, I had been sent to the chief interrogator, Torgan, for questioning.

When the commander learned I was a Ranger, he assumed I must have some valuable information, despite my hasty denials.

Kraider led me to the chief interrogator's dungeon: a dark, damp and smelly cellar beneath the ruins of a castle near the encampment.

If Kraider was upset or worried about my upcoming interrogation, he didn't show it.

He appeared indifferent while handing the end of my leash over to Torgan and walking away.

I anxiously watched Kraider go.

Torgan commanded my attention by tugging at my leash, hard.

He was one of the oldest orks I'd ever seen.

He was battle scarred and hunched over.

He had an eye patch and parts of one ear were missing.

"So you a Ranger, girlie?" he sneered. "Never tortured a Ranger before."

I didn't reply as he led me across the damp dungeon floor, giving my leash little tugs.

Two nearby guards swiveled their heads watching me as he led me past them.

I looked up at their faces and they had sinister grins on their faces. I lowered my eyes.

Then they followed behind us over to the wall.

One guard held me by the upper arms from behind.

The other strapped shackles on my ankles and then attached them to a bar that stretched my legs apart.

Then that guard held his hands on my hips from the front.

The guard holding my arms from behind put my wrists in shackles that hung from another bar.

The guard in front was looking down at me.

Well at my chest, anyway.

He looked hungry.

The guard in back turned a crank and my arms were pulled upward until I was pulled up on my tiptoes.

Torgan said "open up girlie," and popped a bit gag in my mouth.

The guard behind strapped it in tight.

“Now we make you talk, Ranger,” said Torgan.

That seemed an odd thing to say right after gagging me.

He dragged over a table with an assortment of devices on top.

My eyes grew wide...

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What happened over the next couple hours was almost comical. Sexy-Comical.

Seriously, someone should draw a comic of it.

Torgan had been very liberal with the flogger.

And other instruments of torment.

Starting the moment he got me shackled up and raised to my tip-toes.

He'd been very liberal with his hands as well.

Grabbing and groping as he pleased.

With me unable to resist or pull away.

Every few minutes he'd pause and give some other corny villain line in a sinister voice.

Like “Soon, soon you talk, girlie!”

And “You not hold out forever!”

And “Ranger girlie gonna tell all...”

But he still NEVER asked a question!

A couple times I almost laughed at his corny lines.

But that didn't seem like a smart idea.

Either he was the world's worst interrogator, or the most crafty.

His tools weren't even all that scary.

The flogger, a dildo, nipple clamps, anal beads...

Nothing I hadn't experienced before, y'know?

Sure, he was getting me riled up and feeling horny. I couldn't help that.

But he still NEVER asked a question!

If I wasn't gagged, I might have asked if Kraider could come in and ask me some questions.

I was feeling fairly confident I wasn't going to crack at all!

And it's not like he was giving me a reason to...

But then he put a vertical pole on the floor below me.

The pole had a large "attachment" on the upper end.

It was a huge dildo with knobby bumps all over it.

It was really big and intimidating...

But again, nothing new for me, right?

Until he produced a small vial of liquid and a brush.

"You know what this is girlie?"

"Nnnn-nnnn." I answered.

This new addition had my attention.

"You know viper vine pollen?"

My eyes went wide.

"NNNNN! NNNNN! NNNNN!"

Yes, I was familiar with that...

"You know blue shambler fungus?"

Yup, yup, that one too...

"I mix together."

“NNNNN! NNNNN! NNNNN!”

“You DO know. You will talk!”

He brushed the top of the dildo with the viscous liquid, coating it well.

Then he adjusted the pole height upward.

I stretched up on my toes as high as I could go.

He stopped just barely short of touching me with the tip.

I squirmed and teetered on my toes.

I could not imagine both at once.

Torgan then lowered my wrists a little so I could not hold myself up easily.

He then stood back to watch me squirm a while.

“Sooner or later you talk, Ranger.”

But he still NEVER asked a question!

My arms started getting tired of holding my body up.

My feet were starting to cramp from being on my toes.

I didn't know how much longer I could avoid sagging down on the liquid.

Sweat began dripping down my forehead.

Down my front and my back, too.

When it looked like I couldn't hold out much longer, Torgan turned to the table.

He put on long gloves while watching me closely.

I watched him cautiously...

He walked over to a wooden bucket on the floor.

He reached in and pulled out...something slimy.

He cradled it in his arms like a pet.

But he was careful to not let it touch him.

He walked slowly back to me, holding it in front of him.

It looked like a giant slug.

It had ugly tentacle-like feelers around it's teeth-filled mouth.

It's skin dripped with a gooey slime.

Torgan said, "maybe you talk now, girlie."

But he still NEVER asked a question!

He brought the slug-thing right up next to my body.

The tentacle things paused like they sensed something.

Then they moved directly toward me...

"Hylll Hwwwkk! Hylll Hwwwkk!"

"Knew you would..." said Torgan.

The mouth of the slug thing opened, the teeth stretching wide...

I couldn't bear to watch as the tentacles reached for my breast.

I could only think of one way to get through this...

I lowered myself down onto the top of the dildo.

I could feel the cool slimy liquid on my warm skin.

I could feel a tingle beginning...then a burning...

Then a warmth spread throughout my lower body, moving upward and out.

Then I shivered...and then the first hallucinations began...

But he still NEVER asked a question!

and with that, I shall leave the rest to your dirty little imaginations...