

Her chest was heaving, she couldn't control her breathing in this situation, she was just a ballerina. Stage shows and critics were all she should worry about, but with a bag over her head and her hands and legs bound to some metal pipes as she was forced to stand tall with her limbs spread, Amélie Guillard was dealing with people she never hoped to meet. The heart slamming against her chest made her ears ring, the splitting headache she had only made the matter even worse.

Trying to force herself to calm down, all the French woman could remember was answering a call from her husband after a recital, then a pain in her neck before it all started to blur and fade, the last words she heard were her husband crying out her name from the other end of the phone.

No one came into the warm room, Amélie was left to wallow in her own fear and blindness. Any errant noise making the woman jump at the thought of what might be out there, if someone was just seated besides her, watching her without saying a word, or if a camera was whirring in the corner to let her captors see panic and horror consume her.

The sound of a heavy door opening made the civilian flinch and flail at her bonds, unable to see anything through the black sack on her face. That was, until it was unceremoniously yanked off her head and exposed her eyes to a painfully bright light shining over the person's shoulder. It was so bright that the man before her looked like a silhouette, no wonder she had gotten so hot.

"Do you know who we are?" The voice was deep enough to make Amélie tremble and her skin crawl when he pulled down the cloth gag over her mouth.

"T-talon." The dark haired woman couldn't hide the fear on her face. When she tried to turn away from the figure and the blinding lights, he grabbed her chin and pulled her back.

"Do you know why you are here?" It was only now that she realized there was an accent to his voice, it was partially like her own, but there was a distinction that she was too occupied to think deeper on at the moment.

"My- my husband." The figure nodded.

"We needed to learn his weaknesses." Despite the terrifying things he said, the man's voice never rose in pitch or volume. It only made Amélie even more unnerved. "So we picked you."

"But I-I do not know a-any, he is a- an incredible man." Tears of terror burned the corners of her eyes.

"Oh *mon chéri*, you are the biggest weakness he has." His thumb brushed her cheek and wiped away a tear, making Amélie shiver. "Nothing could be more fitting than having his heart be shattered by the woman that he cares for oh so dearly." She could hear the smile painted on his face as he spoke those words.

"NO!" Even she was surprised by the burst of strength and defiance that erupted from her chest. "I would never let you vile monsters hurt my love! He'll stop you like he always has, he'll save me, and you will rue the day you ever thought of going after him!" Her chest heaved, her throat was dry, she couldn't believe that she just talked back during a hostage situation.

Instead of a smack, all the bound woman received was a laugh that bounced off the walls. "That power, that hidden ferocity, I will have to be careful. It will be so much more entertaining if you keep that fire."

"Sombra, are you eavesdropping?" Amélie was confused, thinking the question was directed towards her, that uncertainty only growing when the lights started to flicker. Flashing on and off in strange intervals, the momentary reprieve of the blinding lights letting the French woman see her captor's face. The dark skinned man staring deep into her eyes while the lights shifted. He stood even taller than her husband, and his muscles were easily visible across his rippling body. It was no wonder how he was able to hold her without any effort.

When the lights stopped flickering, he spoke again. "Because you were the one trying to 'call dibs', there is no way you would stay out of this. But I do not mind, I could actually use your help."

Again the lights turned off and on, but now Amélie recognized what was happening. They were speaking through morse code. 'Goodie' is what the mystery woman responded.

"Now, *mon chéri*, I shall give you a rest. Stoke that fire, don't let it die, because this will be no fun otherwise." A pain shot through her neck as everything went black, she tried to mumble out a response, but merely went slack like a ragdoll, suspended by the rod her hands were cuffed to. A dreamless sleep taking over and leaving her stranded in darkness.

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Her body was sore all over when she woke again, the bizarre position leaving everything in a state of discomfort. Blinking away the blariness, Amélie struggled to speak through her parched lips. While no words came from her, another voice did respond.

"Would you look at that, *la princesa* woke up from her beauty sleep." The taunt came from behind her, the ballerina looked over her shoulder while weakly attempting to stand back up on her feet and giving her red wrists a reprieve.

The woman was typing away at some tablet while seated on a folding chair. With the blinding floodlights not on, it was easy to properly see her, her hair combed over to one side, exposing a short cut with some sort of cybernetics, the purple and black skin tight suit she wore only being covered by a baggy coat with a tall collar, but the most disturbing thing was the smile she wore

and the glee held beneath those purple eyes that seemed to be delighted at Amélie's current situation.

"Who are you?" The prisoner's voice was hoarse. "Why are you doing this?"

"I expected that *hijo de puta* to marry some airhead, but you're even dumber than I thought." The woman stood up and walked around Amélie, continuing her typing as she demeaned and antagonized the married woman. "A trophy wife who can't remember that she's a hostage."

Holding her tongue in fear of what might happen, Amélie didn't acknowledge the barbs. "Who are you?"

"There's only one other person who Simón invited over here, you should be able to use a brain cell to figure those out, or has all the plastic surgery left them to rot?" The techy woman casually waved at Amélie's generous assets, leaving her to recoil in disgust at the comment.

Taking a breath to calm herself, the French woman couldn't keep a scowl and glare from marring her beautiful face. "*So she's Sombra, and the other man is named Simón.*"

"What, did I strike a nerve, *chica*?" The tan woman leaned closer with her smirk growing bigger. "I'm curious, did he ask you to get some work done, or did you do it on your own so you could remain his trophy wife for even longer?"

"Gérard has told me about you before. Particularly how you've never once managed to stop him. Is it true that he managed to pilot a safe landing in a plane you hacked to crash and kill him? That must—" A stinging sensation fell across her cheek while the slap reverberated in the featureless room. She knew that this would happen, but no woman with an ounce of self respect would sit there and take everything with a smile and a thanks.

"I thought Simón was full of it when he said a dainty *princesa* like you had fire, but it seems like he was right." The malicious joy and smile on Sombra's face was replaced with a sneer. "You asked why we're doing this? Your husband has been a pain in our side for too long, so why not go through his weakest point to take care of him?" Her claw-like nails pulled at Amélie's hair, making the bound woman grunt in pain. "Simón wants to use you to take out that *pendejo* personally, but me? I wanted to break you down to nothing and get every single scrap of data that we could." She leaned in close enough that the heat of her breath fell over her prisoner's ear. "But Simón isn't here right now."

The free hand of the terrorist brushed through the ballerina's hair before a massive pain shot through her skull. Had she not been held up by the binds and Sombra yanking her in place, then she would have collapsed on the floor. But while that pain was overcoming her, the torturer decided to add more fuel to the fire.

With a surprising show of swiftness and ease, the Mexican woman was unbuttoning the dress shirt that Amélie had been captured in with, her long and vibrantly colored nails not debilitating her motions in the slightest.

By the time the pain weakened and the dancer could stand without being forcefully held, Sombra had just finished opening her entire top and was now tugging at the plain black bra hidden beneath. “No scars? The doctor who did your work was a pro.”

Amélie was clenching her right eye in pain, overwhelmed by frustration and rage, and could barely do anything more than growl like an animal. “You fucking cunt!”

“Oh? Where’s your sharp tongue now?” Sombra yanked her prisoner’s hair again and grinned at the cries of pain. “Please, I bet you took care of more men than I can count to get to your position as a silly little dancer, what’s the difference if a bombshell like me is the one undressing you?” Laughing at her own taunt, the hacker undid the last cover her prey had on and let it fall onto the floor.

“What do you want to experience first; someone dealing with your long legs that you’ve trained all your life, drowning, immolation? Oh the things I can do to you, *princesa*.” Letting go of the prisoner’s hair, Sombra let the woman fight against her bonds and scream everything she could, not listening to a single one while scrolling through the tablet in her possession.

Before she could find something that really spoke to her, the door to the interrogation room opened. “I would appreciate it if you didn’t disobey my request.” Simón spoke plainly while he spun something between his fingers. “Informing the higher ups would be as much a pain for me as it would for you.”

“Well what else was I supposed to do? I got bored waiting for you to come back. Plus, I thought you might appreciate me keeping your little dancer some company.” Sombra turned off the tablet and strutted over to the man standing in the doorway.

“Reactions take time.” His defense was flat and he stepped out of her way.

“Oh? So you did enjoy my kindness? Or maybe you’re just waiting to see the security camera footage when you’re all alone at night?” Looking over her shoulder as she left, all Sombra received was a door closing behind her.

Walking over to the strung up woman, the tall man didn’t seem to pay any extra attention to the fact that his prisoner’s large breasts were quaking from the heavy breaths she made while trying to keep herself from breaking down. When his hand stopped spinning the object within it, Amélie could clearly see that it was a vial filled with some clear liquid.

“I am going to use this drug on your body. Would you prefer the easy way or the humiliating way?” He seemed to genuinely ask the question while Amélie looked at him with horror.

“My husband is going to save me, you and your group will be-” Her refusal to choose was all her captor needed to hear, he grabbed a ring from out of his pocket and shoved it into the French woman’s mouth and before she could even consider biting his fingers off, the ring expanded into a gag, spreading open her mouth and leaving her to cry out in nonsensical noises while drool started to leak over her chin.

“Sombra saved me a bit of time, I need to remember to thank her when our session is complete.” He unscrewed the cap of the vial and tipped the contents out onto the pale expanse of Amélie’s boobs. She rattled her bonds and pointlessly spoke gibberish while Simón tossed the plastic container to the side and put on a pair of simple blue nylon gloves.

Even though his hands dug into the beautiful woman's heavy twins, lathering both of them with the unknown chemical, the North African man stayed straight faced and locked eyes with his victim. Toying with her body seemed to be a tool that he was taking advantage of rather than a pleasurable bonus. Her panting chest and quaking tits weren’t what kept his attention, he seemed enthralled by the expressions that shifted and marked her beautiful visage. Shifting between rage, embarrassment, disgust, fear, the power he held over the ballerina was intoxicating. Made only sweeter by her vain attempts to pull herself away from his grasp, only helping him cover her breasts in the glossy liquid.

Like the man had said, reactions take time, and after minutes of enduring her humiliation, Amélie discovered that it was even worse than she imagined. A bizarre heat sprung forth and engulfed her body, the cries of surprise resulting in her drooling past her ring gag and dripping down her sensitive tits.

Understanding that his chemicals had taken hold, Simón changed his tactics. Instead of simply slathering her naked skin to now directly toying with the woman’s breasts. Merely flicking her hyper-sensitized nipple sent the captured wife’s head flying back with her knees pressed together in a struggle to keep herself standing, but what he was most taken by was the defiant burning in her eyes that painted her shameful arousal in a more delectable light.

No matter how he teased her pink peaks, she still held a look of hatred and vile, the minutes wound on and on, leading the innocent French woman to slowly grow more overwhelmed by pleasure. Despite how much she tried, willpower could only do so much, her eyes became half lidded, her legs barely able to hold her up, even her voice couldn’t stop as her moans rebounded off the cold walls. It was closer and closer, sweeping her up in a storm of pleasure.

... And then nothing, the hands left her body and allowed her time to edge back down to how she had been. Leaving her as a sweaty, oiled up, drool dripping, woman with her beautiful breasts heaving as she tried to catch her breath without choking on her own spit. The man simply stood by and watched her return to as normal as she could be within this situation before starting all over again.

Time became a blur as her body was assaulted over and over, and before her own climax could be reached, it was stopped again and again. And here she was, tears trailing down her cheeks, her legs having given out and her body now being held up by her arms dangling off the beam she was cuffed to, and a massive wet spot on her designer dressing pants that nearly reached her knees. Her eyes were blurry and unfocused, not even a spark of that defiant passion remained, and it was now when Simón struck.

She was so out of it that Amélie didn't even notice what was happening until it literally hit her in the face. A thick and heavy monolith of a cock slapping her brain back into focus, all she could look at was the veiny black rod that stood larger than even her husband's. With the ring gag holding her mouth open, she could taste the sweat and saltiness it had and instead of being disgusted, the woman simply tried to swallow the lump that had formed in her throat.

Simón didn't even have to give any command as the maddened dancer couldn't control herself, even with her arms and legs still bound and her mouth locked open, she let her tongue forward and trail across his length. Her body was electrified from the first moment, unable to listen to the faint voice in the back of her mind, all she could do was give in to her burning desires. Bobbing her head, Amélie sloppily gave a strange blowjob without the ability to wrap her lips around what she was sucking. However, the chemist didn't seem to mind as he was simply smiling at witnessing the woman's fall into the dark, the first step in a long road that he would more than enjoy shoving her into.

Even with her arms bound above her head, the gorgeous woman didn't seem to care about the discomfort she should be feeling, all that mattered was properly servicing this deliciously hulking piece of man meat before her very eyes, her tongue lapped and licked every inch she could reach, before she even finally put it in her mouth, she had already left so much drool and spit that it was dripping off his throbbing cock.

When she tried to push her lips forward, she found out that the dick before her was so huge that the ring gag stopped it from going any deeper. However, that only mattered for the briefest of moments before the ring collapsed and shrunk down into a normal looking band once more, rolling off her tongue and clattering onto the floor. Rather than taking it as a moment to rest her sore jaw or finally speak after so long, the burning woman just went forward and swallowed as much as she could in her first go. She could barely fit the fat log in her mouth, only getting a few inches deep at the start, but she quickly pushed herself to go further and further. Dutifully and reverently working to suck off this thick shaft that pushed her mind to emptiness and desire.

Having no experience dealing with something so monumentally sized, Amélie was left gagging and choking while pushing it deeper down her throat, but never once stopped herself. No matter what happened, she still did her damndest to gulp down everything he had.

Because they had captured her directly after a performance, the prisoner still had all her makeup on, though with what felt like days of being unconscious and held in a hot windowless room, her foundation had become uneven from the sweat running down her face, her mascara

left black trails from her cheeks to her chin, a result from her tears, and the purple lipstick she had worn that night, Gérard's favorite, was now being smeared over this onyx obelisk spearing her throat, ring after ring forming with more and more of his dick being worked into her slutty mouth.

She couldn't control herself, the taste was addictive, and a small part of her thought that if she did this, then maybe her fiery body would be given the release she was so desperately deprived of. Only at the sound of her bonds clattering and she reached as far as she could go did she stop. After trying for so hard and so long, Amélie was just under halfway, but was unable to go any further, her chest was already pushed out as far as it could go, and her neck and head craned forwards, the only reason she couldn't get any more was because of the man she had been doing her best to blow. Had he moved further and further away as this all happened? Or was he always so far away? No matter the answer, he was just a few brief steps away. If he just walked forward or chose to take the lead and ram his jaw-dropping cock down her gullet, she could make it to the base, she knew she could.

Yet the man refused, the same smile on his face as he bore witness to the depravity the woman was subjecting herself too. She tried again and again to try and push against her restraints, but it was fruitless. But she wouldn't just call it quits, if she couldn't please him that way, then she'd just have to do it through a different one.

Pulling back, Amélie's tongue trailed along his veins and tasted as much of him as she could, stopping with her beautiful lips wrapped around his bulbous and dripping tip. Working on the slit and his sensitive glands just below the head, the supermodel of a woman sloppily, yet with a near loving amount of care, kissed and sucked the tip of his glorious dick. His pre-cum washing over her tongue and swallowed again and again with a heavy blush across her face. After god knows how long, her ministrations worked out and she could feel his shaft twitch and his salty sperm shot out like a hose. After just one spurt, it was already spraying out of her cheeks, spilling over onto her breasts and even down onto her black dress pants and the floor.

Amélie tried to drink everything she could, but when her head was pulled back, that proved impossible. Burning hot spunk landed on her face, staining her perfect dark hair and leaving one of her eyes shut, along with covering her forehead, eyebrows, nose, and even her neck.

She tried to show herself as useful, doing her best to swallow all the cum that she got in her mouth, but nothing came of it. By the time the man's orgasm came to an end, he simply put his pants back on and left the prisoner alone, though not before turning off the lights. Leaving the woman completely alone in the dark, his cum painting her body, a heat burning her from the inside with a wet patch that had only grown since she had started servicing her captor, and a growing sense of shame and self-disgust when her voice of reason and sanity returned. In the pitch black room, all Amélie could do was cry in frustration, pain, and humiliation.