**Fiamma's Countryside Torture**

By SwimKid

“God bless the city folk of Logjam!” Mary thought out loud as she waited for little Fiamma to make her way to her countryside home.

Logjam was a private school the richest city kids attended, or so thought the 16 year old girl. Truth was, the city wasn’t as big as she thought, and pretty much every kid there was an attendee. It wasn’t even a private school, however, due to weird county rules, it forced students to wear a particularly posh uniform.

The high school had recently rolled forward a “broaden your horizons” program, in which the alumni were forced to spend two weeks —in the headmaster’s own words— “living different lives.” There were many options, most of them out of state and far more exciting than spending a few weeks coming and going to some farm in the outskirts of town. But little Fiamma had been unlucky: students didn’t get to choose their “new life,” as the headmaster thought it’d defeat the purpose of the program.

However, Fiamma had been particularly unlucky, as she’d fallen prey to Mary’s claws. The older teenager had mischievously taken more than a few upskirt shots of the fourteen year old student as she worked on her first new days. She was required to wear the school’s uniform as long as she was living her “different life”, even though the clothes were not even close to adequate for the tasks at hand.

At first, Mary was delighted simply teasing the girl, telling her how cute he looked in the red panties she’d worn that day, or claiming that she should maybe come to work commando, among other things. Fiamma would blush easily at the remarks and that would, unequivocally, spurt a roar of laughter from her tormentor.

But that had all changed last Saturday. Mary had had her closest friends over. One thing led to another, and between the natural, teenager early-in-the-morning naughtiness, the absence of adults —for Mary’s parents had gone off in a one week trip to God-knows-where— and the fact that there’d been just a tad more beer than usual, the countryside teens had started to devise a plan to make the most out of the golden opportunity they’d been given in the form of a quiet little town girl.

The very next day, Mary put her hands to work. She texted her new work-pal a few of the pictures she’d gathered of her. Not the most revealing, of course, those were only for her and her friends’ eyes, Fiamma would have to live with the doubt of just how much of her panty-clad bum was photographed. The two teens spent the better part of the day texting. Mary was grinning all the time, whilst Fiamma had gone from red, to pale, to shivering, back and forth, many a times during their conversation. Finally, after one particularly dramatic message, Mary had stopped replying, putting an abrupt end to the conversation.

At last, Monday came, and Mary was already smiling as she heard the barely-working engine of a bus come to rest near her driveway and then slowly fade into the usual silence one heard in region. She peeked through the curtains and confirmed her prey had arrived. More anxiously than she’d expected, she got up from her armchair and walked out to her porch.

Fiamma shrunk as she met face to face with Mary. The already tall teen seemed, to her, even more imposing now, though after what she’d texted to Fiamma yesterday, it would’ve been impressive if that’d not been the case. Mary run her eyes up and down the posh dressed teen and meanly grinned. A grin that she I’m-up-to-no-good, and one that was terrifying to poor little Fia.

“Your phone, please.” Mary requested. Without complaint, Fiamma did as ordered. “What an obedient little girl you’ve become since our last conversation. I remember when you’d try to convince me not to make you do those tasks you thought were gross…?”

“Walk with me Fiamma, would you? We’ve got an… interesting day ahead of us, don’t we?” Said Mary, in a matter-of-factly way that revealed that her first question had been an order and her second one had simply been there to ruffle Fiamma’s feathers a bit before her day really began.

The quiet student followed Mary’s lead. They went around the wooden, classic American country, wooden house, and walked for the better part of half an hour. Mary, wearing her usual straight cut jeans, boots and big flannel shirt, easily dodged the obstacles that presented themselves as they walked, though Fiamma did have difficulty with some, as she couldn’t move as freely as her peer, fearing to loose her modesty.

Eventually, both teens arrived to a clear in the wheat plantation they’d been traversing for a few minutes. In it, Fiamma found a big tree trunk placed horizontally on the ground, both its bottom and its top smoothed out. It must’ve been 2 meters long and half a meter wide. The smooth bottom meant it wouldn’t roll around, and the smooth top meant it could be used as a work-bench when it was time to harvest.

But harvesting wheat wasn’t what Mary had planned to use the tree trunk for that day.

“Fiamma,” She said, not looking at the teen who was a few steps behind her, not having stepped fully into the clear. “Will you please come lay on this table for me?”

Fiamma barely managed to nod, knowing full well what came after she obeyed. Slowly and with a timid pace she made her way forward. Her steps were tiny and her knees were already shaking. Carefully, the sat atop the table before letting her back drop softly and raising her feet. She was now fully over the wood.

Instinctively, she’d tensed up and her arms had rushed up to her torso in a protective manner. It’d been so natural to the young teen to do so out of self-consciousness that she hadn’t realized she’d moved until Mary forcefully reached over and had put her arms by her sides. Mary hadn’t even had to clarify why she did that, she just had that much power over her little victim.

“The friends I told you about will be arriving soon, my little city girl, but I wouldn’t want you getting all teary from the sun in your eyes, so here, let me help you out.” Mary said. Fiamma realized, by the variation In volume, that Mary had turned to face her mid-phrase, and that she’d been slowly but firmly walking towards where her face was at while speaking.

Before the fourteen year old could pose any objection, her head was not-so-softly raised, a strip of cloth was a little violently placed over her eyes and then securely tied behind her head. Having been blindfolded, the scene was far, far more terrifying for little Fiamma. She felt conscious of the fact that her arms had been placed on the sides of her body and that they were offering no protection, but she knew that, for her own good, she had to keep them there.

What was worse, though, was the fact that she didn’t know how many preying eyes there were staring at her. If Mary kept her voice down, she could hardly hear her over the rustling of the wheat plants. That, paired with the fact that she hated being the center of attention due to her shyness was the perfect torture. One that Mary had, quite obviously, devised for her.

As Mary awaited, she took a second to inspect her little victim. And little she was. At her mercy lay an uncomfortable, timid fourteen year old teen: Fiamma. She had a petite frame unlike any she’d ever seen before. She must’ve been only 1.65 meters tall at most, and she was very slim. Her uniform hid most of her figure, as the blouse was loose and opaque enough not to show her bra, but Mary had always assumed her breasts wouldn’t be well developed.

Her face was adorable, as any would’ve been having such a child-like frame, but there was also a certain fragile, innocent beauty to her, Mary couldn’t just put her finger on. She had pale skin —and, as of recently, a sunburnt, small, red-ish nose that looked extremely silly, much to Mary’s delight— and big green eyes. Fiamma wore her long, straight blonde hair tied in a tight pony tail, and that combined with her figure and her uniform, made her look far younger than she actually was.

She was, in other words, the perfect victim.

Time passed —how much Fiamma didn’t know, as she was as good as sensory deprived on her current state— and people started to arrive. The little teen didn’t have to worry about them peering at her quietly though, these friends Mary had referred to were as loud as they came. The girls made small talk for a while until eventually, something broke the silence and sent a chill down Fiamma’s spine. The voice of not one, but two boys.

“Alright everyone, please quiet down.” Mary announced. “Tim, tell your older brother that he’s no exception to what I’m saying dammit!” The remark ushered more laughter than silence, but it had been intended to do so. When the crowd of six people finally managed to organize itself not to giggle every few seconds, Mary went on. “Today we have quite a show, don’t we, Fiamma? Tell us, why is it that you are laying down on the bench today?”

“B-because you threatened to post pictures of me in my… my… my panties,” those two words were a mere whisper, not that Fiamma had managed to raise her voice nearly as much as Mary did “ and I… I didn’t want people to see.” Fiamma started to squirm about uncomfortably, as she realized absolutely all the attention was on her. She was such a naturally introverted girl that just thinking of being the center of attention like that was nightmarish.

“That’s right, my little one. Now, tell us, what did I say I was going to do to you today? I remember I texted you my plans yesterday, so you knew full well what would happen to you when you came here today.”

“You said you would… you’d… you’d strip me.” Fiamma’s voice broke after ushering those words, so it was unclear whether the sentence was meant to go on or not.

“Oh my god! I did?” Mary said, in a badly acted surprise tone meant to tease her victim. Giggling was arising among her peers and Fiamma’s face was already starting to turn to a pink-ish shade. The little teen looked so uncomfortable there, surrounded by gawking eyes. Mary loved it. “Did I say when I’d stop? I couldn’t have told you I was going to leave you in just your cutesy little undies, did I? Oh how naughty I must’ve been!”

“You said you’d lea-leave it to my imagination…” Fiamma managed to whisper. If she’d raised her voice any more, she would’ve broke down crying.

“Oh, so we better start the show then, I’m sure everyone’s imagination is already running wild.” Mary said, accidentally making everyone quiet down. They were all thinking the same thing “Will she actually do it? Will she actually strip this little city girl?” Well, of course she will.

Mary let her hand show itself to Fiamma’s exposed inner thighs. “Now, now, so many choices. Should I take your skirt off now? Get a good look at those panties you’ve been so eager to hide?” As she said so, she ran her fingers up and down Fiamma’s lower body. She didn’t hold back, and more than once her soft touch found the fabric of the embarrassed teen’s underwear. Every time she did so, the little teen let out a gasp. “Of course, I’d also love to just rip open that blouse of yours and look at your bra. I haven’t seen that one yet. Maybe you are a bra stuffer? Oooh, what a naughty little girl you’d be… So tell me, little Fiamma, which one’s gonna go first?”

Fiamma didn’t answer. She just couldn’t. Participating like that? In her own humiliation? What Mary was doing was ruthless, she’d already reduced Fiamma to a whimpering little girl and she hadn’t even started to take her clothes off. Oh god, she just wanted to disappear. The heat on her face, her arms on her side, her legs spread open just enough for Mary to run her hand across them… It was all too much. She barely managed to hold the tears back due to some greater magic force.

“Huh, not going to answer to your owner?” Said Mary, angrier than she rationally should’ve been. “Then let’s let Tim decide. Tim here is your age, you know? I let his older brother bring him. And I’m pretty sure he’s never seen a girl in just her undies before, have you, little Timmy?”

“I… I haven’t” He said, seemingly not liking having the limelight all for himself either.

“Well then, what are you waiting for little boy? Tell us, do you want to see Fiamma’s little bra or panties first?”

“I… I’d say her bra, Mary.” Oh, he stuttered so much, he was as nervous as little Fiamma. Well, maybe not as much, but his nervousness was adorable. She’d have fun stripping him later.

Fiamma felt her heart skip a beat as, without any delay, she felt intrusive hands unbuttoning her white uniform blouse. The fact that she couldn’t see how much of her modesty she’d lost made the situation all the much worse. Mary, on the other hand, was on cloud nine. She wasted no time and, in a few seconds, had managed to undo every button on Fiamma’s blouse. It still covered much of her near-nakedness, but from Mary’s privileged position, she caught more than a few glimpses of Fiamma’s pale green bra.

And finally, after a few seconds of calmness, Fiamma nearly shrieked as she felt the soft spring wind caress her newly-exposed, near-naked chest. In just one fell swoop, Mary had tugged and folded the blouse to a position in which it offered no modesty save to Fiamma’s back. Immediately she felt her face shine bright red as all the group’s eyes —not just the group’s, but two boys’ eyes— were focused on her barely-clad little breasts. She wasn’t just embarrassed, she was humiliated. Oh, how would she live this through?

Mary, once again using her superior strength on the girl, manoeuvred her to fully remove the first item of clothing, then pushed Fiamma back down and made sure her arms stayed by her sides. And then, she looked. She stared at her victim’s newly exposed secrets: her two breasts. They were tiny, barely a lump on her otherwise flat, pale chest. Oh it as precious. The cups of her pale green bra clung to what little flesh was there tightly, offering a magnificent view of her figure —or should she say lack thereof.

“Oh my god they are adorable!” One of the girls in the back, who Fiamma didn’t know, but Mary knew as Tracy, screamed extremely loudly and in a very high pitch. “Fiamma your little boobies look like two tiny cherries, awww.”

And, as though that remark was the permission everyone had been waiting for —anxiously waiting for—, a colossal roar of laughter came from the group. Many such teasing remarks came too, but they were lost in the sea of giggles and chortles. Mary, who did catch a few of those, cruelly thought it was a shame that Fiamma didn’t hear them, for she knew that any flat girl was extremely self-conscious of her lack of curves, and that remarks like that were oh-so-embarrassing for them.

The laughter, it is worth adding, only came from the girls and the older boy, as little Timmy was transfixed, seeing a girl in such state of unclothing for the first time. But, when the moment passed, all the lustful teens were ready for more.

“So, Timmy, not much to see here, I know” Mary teased, making sure she really let Fiamma know her boobs were tiny. And simply to add insult to injury, she let her index finger trace what little curvature was formed in between Fiamma’s two breasts. Back and forth her finger went as she spoke. The girl squirmed and whined, but she knew better than to move her arms and to slap her away. “Shall we remove our little schoolgirl’s skirt now?”

“Y-Yes, Mary.” Said Timmy, sounding more than a tad more excited —both meanings— before. “Please.” He added.

Mary walked around the table until she was at Fiamma’s feet. She kept a steady, confident pace, and she didn’t, for one second, lift her gaze from the petite teen’s small chest. Mary was loving life.

“Tell me, little Fiamma, what color will it be?” Mary said. Involving her victim in her own humiliation seemed to be particularly torturous for the younger teen.

“T-They are gr… green.” She whispered.

“What’s that, little one? We can’t hear you.”

“M-My panties are green.” Fiamma managed to say loud enough to satisfy Mary, more as a long string of characters than as a sentence, for she knew that if she paused, she wouldn’t continue speaking at that volume.

“Well, let us see them, then!”

Seconds after having heard so, Fiamma felt with horror how Mary had taken a hold of her burgundy skirt by the hem. Then nothing… and then… tug. Fiamma let out a loud gasp-cry hybrid, as the skirt sliding had slid her panties alongside it. She felt her heart sink before she realized that, thanks to every deity in existence, they’d stopped sliding a fraction of a second later.

The result of the tug was a victorious Mary, waving Fiamma’s skirt as a trophy in front of her friends, and a very, very, exposed Fiamma. Her smooth, slender milky-white legs had become part of public view and she cringed as the warm spring breeze caressed her inner thighs. Her pale-green panties —a matching set with the bra— clung to her body, as she was so petite she still had to wear child sizes, and there was none that fit her perfectly. What was worse, everything just above her lips was perfectly in view, and she knew that. She also knew that, if she were to be turned around, most of her bare bum would be unclad as well.

“Awww, little Fiamma’s got no hair down there?” Teased another female voice, not Mary’s and not Tracy’s. “Don’t worry little one, when you turn twelve or thirteen, your body will start to change in all the right ways.”

Fiamma experienced a wave of newfound shame; she was experiencing a level of humiliation she didn’t even know existed, all the while the group took great delight in seeing her. She was being treated like a little girl, and she knew she must’ve looked like one. After all, her boobs were tiny like they were saying, and she kept her hair… down there… cleanly shaven. The fact that she could not see made it all so much worse, as she had to rely on her other senses to take the scene in. It made every touch, every sound, everything so much more intense! She didn’t know how many eyes were fixed on her, she didn’t know what anyone was looking at… she just had to assume the worst. She grabbed the sides of the “table” she’d been ordered on so tightly her knuckles became white: it was the only way she found not to cross her legs to try and aid her modesty.

As the group gawked at her plaything, Mary made her way back to where Fiamma’s head was resting. She bent over and placed her head near her victim’s ears. “You know… you can’t see him, but little Timmy has the biggest tent in his pants right now. Part of the conditions for him coming was that he wore grey jogging pants and no undies, so he can’t hide his boner at all. If you were to look at him now, you’d see that his grey jogger pants are getting lightly stained by his pre-cum… How does that make you feel, my little schoolgirl? To have made a boy your age’s willy very, very hard?”

Fiamma couldn’t even force herself to answer. Mary grinned and went on.

“But I mean, who could blame you, here you are, almost naked for us, letting us see your undies. I mean, can you believe it? Six people, two of them boys, are seeing you in only your underwear! You were warned. I told you this would happen, and it did. Just like I said in our texts. And the best part? I own you now.”

As Mary whispered cruel nothings into Fiamma’s ears, the crowd became more and more silent, until the only thing one could hear on that plantation was the wind and the heavy breathing of both the fourteen year olds, albeit, the were breathing heavily for very different reasons. A few tense —very tense— seconds passed until Fiamma’s tiny, barely-sounding voice broke the silence:

“P-Please” She said before sniffling.

“Please what, little schoolgirl?”

But it’d been too much for the little near-naked girl. Maybe if she’d been braver, and not so shy she could’ve continued begging for mercy, and maybe that would’ve meant Mary would’ve started to feel guilty and maybe the situation would’ve had a whole different outcome. Nevertheless, she kept quiet. Her shame burning too bright on her face to be able to speak any further.

“Well, if you aren’t going to say anything else my doll, I take it you want us to please continue stripping isn’t that right, Timmy?” Mary said, quite meanly and grinning.

“I…” Mary had caught the boy unprepared. He was feeling a bit of guilt, but he was also fourteen years old and hormones were more powerful than any ethical value he might’ve held. “Yes,” he said simply.

Before getting up and away from Fiamma’s ear, Mary whispered “You better hold on to the table very strongly, little Fiamma, because now I am about to take off your panties. I bet you thought you thought those were safe, huh? That since they hadn’t slid down with your cutesy rich girl skirt you’d get to keep them? Oh no little one, I’m stripping you all the way naked” She made sure to add those last words in a sing-song way.

Mary licked her lips in anticipation as her thumbs hooked between Fiamma’s tiny undergarments and her soft, moonlight-pale skin. To her eyes, the pale-green piece was begging to be pulled off; barely covering her privates after she’d tugged at her skirt too strongly. The movement for taking off her little victim’s clothes had become second nature to Mary, and with a newfound expertise she torturously removed Fiamma’s panties. She was slow and methodical about it too, she wanted the girl to feel it all.

“No, no, no, no!” Were the only words Fiamma could think as she felt the all-too-familiar sensation of Mary’s fingers divesting her of whatever modesty she held. Fiamma felt —for she could not see— with horror how the garment abandoned her. Tears running were wildly under her makeshift blindfold as the green cotton fabric slid swiftly along her soft legs and a drowned whimper sealed the deal as she felt a show-off tug to pull her panties off of her completely. Any conception of privacy she’d had had been shattered by the older teen.

Poor little Fiamma resorted to disobeying her captor and crossed her legs almost as an act of reflex as soon as her panties left her body. She was simply too ashamed. Mary had implied, until mere moments ago, that she’d let her keep her underwear. But then… She’d been very clear about stripping her all the way. She’d never been that naked in front of that many people. She’d never been naked in front of anyone in years! She was beyond mortified. Her eyes were still red, though tears no longer came, and her face felt —and looked— like a live fire.

Mary, who had been more than clear about the no covering rule on their little text conversation, found the little irreverence more amusing than offensive and decided it'd go unpunished. Casually and without showing any effort or mercy, she grabbed a tight hold on both of Fiamma’s ankles and forced them apart no more than twenty centimeters. Her victim squirmed about, resisting the urge to close them up again, curling her toes and lightly churning her upper body side to side. It was hypnotizing to see Fiamma struggling against humiliation like that, yet always keeping herself exposed for Mary and the group to see.

And see they did. The group gawked quietly, for everyone was too afraid to break the silence that was only infrequently interrupted by Fiamma’s barely-audible cries. They took long looks they’d remember for a long time at Fiamma’s pussy. It was pink, puffy and smooth; exactly how you would’ve expected such an innocent girl’s sex to look like. Mary had made it so Fiamma’s legs were spread just enough for them to see, which to her, somehow made the image even more tantalizing; it really left it clear that Fiamma had no say in how much of her body Mary would look at.

But as moments passed and the spectators grew used to the new sight of prohibited skin, all eyes turned to Timmy and to Mary, who were the only two who would remove Fiamma’s last item of clothing. Mary considered asking Timmy if he’d like to see Fiamma’s little boobies, a gesture she was sure would’ve sunk the pretty little girl deeper into her pool of self-consciousness, but as she took a swift glance at the boy, she found his jaw was still open and his eyes were fixed on the most recent revelation.

So she went to work without asking for advice or permission. As her hands met Fiamma’s breasts —completely unnecessarily so, for she need not touch them to remove her bra— she began to whisper:

“This is it, my little city-made toy. I’m going to take off your laaaast bit of clothing and leave you naked. Isn’t it exciting, little Fiamma? Everyone seeing your tiny chest I know it is for little Timmy. Gosh, I just can’t wait!”

As she teased and mocked the helpless fourteen year old, Mary went to work ok the clasps of her victim’s bra. Had she been efficient, she would’ve had it off in mere seconds, but she meant to go slow, painfully so. In a similar fashion, after she’d hooked her index finger on the fabric that held the cups of the bra together, she was excruciatingly sluggish while pulling upwards.

She exposed Fiamma’s breasts bit by bit, savouring the art and the humiliation she was causing. First the underboob and the sideboob. Then followed the areolas. Mary let the bra dangle at that height for a few teasing seconds and finally finished the job, exposing Fiamma’s loveable nipples.

Fiamma had to drown an ear-piercing shriek as she realized that she was naked. Completely, head to toe naked. She couldn’t see herself, of course, but she’d felt how Mary had lifted up her bra —a horribly creative way of removing it— and she could practically feel the weight of everyone’s eyes fixed on her breasts. She felt conscious of her every cell. Not only were her boobs naturally small, gravity pushed them down even further and truly made it look as though there really was nothing more than mosquito bites there.

Mary stared quietly and whilst keeping a mean-spirited grin. She let her cohorts do her teasing for her once the clothes were removed. She adored the way Fiamma’s breasts softly balanced themselves left to right, as the poor teen couldn’t help but squirm about in an effort to fight the urge to cover up. Her nipples were the icing on the humiliation cake. They crowned her breasts and were like a magnet to everyone’s eyes. They were pointed towards the sky and they were the only real sign of development.

The collective stare was a bit more vocal that time, as snickering and giggling were paired with phrases such as “I can’t believe they are that small!” and “Aren’t they adorable?” both of which Mary found pleasure in hearing, as she knew they’d sting like needles.

\*\*\*

About half an hour later, and after all of Mary’s peers had quietly left (per Mary’s instructions), Fiamma dared to break the silence.

“C-Can I… get d-dressed?” She cried out.

“Oh just a few minutes more, my little plaything.” Mary said. “You may take you blindfold off and sit now, it’s just you and me now.”

Slowly, the girl obeyed. She knew better than to ignore an order from Mary. Instinctively, as she sat she fixed her legs shut and both her arms rushed to cover up her breasts. Mary would be having none of that and instructed her to keep her legs slightly separated and her hands extended above her head. Beyond being exposing, the position was terribly uncomfortable for the younger teen.

“Quite a show you put up for us, didn’t you, little Fiamma? Tell me, what are you wearing right now?”

“I… I’m w-wearing n-nothing.” She said puzzled, still burning red.

“That’s right, my tiny doll. And from now on until I get bored of you, you will sent me a video of yourself, completely naked, just as today, saying those words.” Mary cared little for more footage of the naked girl, she’d gathered plenty that day, but exerting her power over Fiamma for god-knows how long? That would keep her entertained for a long while. “Now, say you will.”

“I… I will do it, Mary…” She said in a barely audible whisper, coming to terms with the fact that she’d have to strip for her tormentor over, and over again.

“Oh, and one more thing, little Fiamma, address me as Miss Mary from now on. Just to remind you who is in charge.”

---