

Supermodel Enslavement

Bridgette's

Category: Text Stories

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WARNING: The following is intended for legal age adults. It contains graphic images of sex, violence, and torture, among other atrocities. Even if you think you will be offended, walk away now.

PART 1 AN IDEA IS BORN

Jennifer picked up the fashion magazine, starting from the back to the front. She knew who would be on this month's cover, and she didn't want to be reminded.

The newsstand was beginning to get crowded as the fresh copies were cut and lined up. The coffee chat groups were gradually sliding down from their barstool perches, getting bored with their own faux intellectual ramblings.

As the coffee-in-hand beatniks crossed to the magazine rack, Jennifer straightened up and thrust her chest out ever so slightly, not wanting her physical adjustment to be noticed, but wanting her aging model physique to be noticed. Sometimes she sat in the center of public places just to be noticed by groups of people.

But lately, all her posturing and all her skimpy outfits produced fewer and fewer looks. The boys with raging hormones and bulging pimples were still certain to stare. But the men that she wanted, the women that she desired, they had stopped noticing Jennifer in the same way.

It was as if she had the phrase, Jennifer, Ex-High Fashion Model, tied around her neck. The people that Jennifer was used to booking with had fired her with little aplomb, in fact, her now former agent had unceremoniously dumped her over the phone, from across the fucking country, Jennifer recalled.

Why? Why? Why? had been her only response once the initial shock wore off. They want to go with a new look, was the agent's stock answer. But Jennifer made some calls and found out the real reason. New look, indeed. They wanted someone younger: Bridgette. That bitch! I got her started in this business and now she is taking my bookings?

To make matters worse, to make them so painfully ironic, Bridgette was Jennifer's younger sister, and honestly, Bridgette looked very much like a younger version. Bridgette was 16 and turning the fashion world on its ear, while her older sister was 26 and the fashion world was turning a deaf ear toward her.

It only took a matter of months for Bridgette to make the cover of the world's leading fashion magazines. And today hitting the newsstand, Bridgette was the fresh face on the covers of ELLE and VOGUE.

The swarm of patrons rushed past Jennifer and mobbed the copies of ELLE, and once it was noticed that this sensational beauty was also on VOGUE, those copies soon disappeared.

Jennifer stood in sober amazement. She had feared that her sister was hot, but she had no idea that her snotty little sister was having this passionate effect on men and women. Quietly, her face turned crimson with envy. Jennifer had never quite made it to ELLE, and the one time she was scheduled to appear on VOGUE, the photographer that wanted to shoot her was arrested the night before on drug possession charges; the shoot was never reappointed.

Jennifer had taken the offer from Sports Illustrated a couple of years back, and they jetted her to some out-of-the-way Pacific Island for a long, sticky photo session. She put on the skimpiest suits, flashed a ton of flesh, but in the end, the editors only selected two of her worst (she thought) pictures. Needless to say, her career got no high-publicity stints on The Tonight Show or The Late Show.

And here her stupid little sis was only a couple of years into this business and she was quickly on her way to being a high stakes fashion model. In fact, over the rustle of pages, Jennifer heard a few of the loiterers call Bridgette, “that new supermodel.”

The more she thought about it, the more it made her sick. Jennifer was getting nauseated in the middle of the thickening crowd. She starting running from the newsstand, capturing the kind of stares she never dreamed of getting (who is that crazy women?). Jennifer began throwing up in spurts, redecorating the fine carpet at the upscale Barnes & Nobles until she finally found the ladies room.

It was somewhere between hearing the phrase, “new supermodel,” and throwing her throat down the toilet that Jennifer first formulated her plan. She vowed to have her revenge on Bridgette, and by the time she was finished with her little sister, only FANGORIA would want Bridgette on their magazine cover.

PART 2 PARIS CATWALK

Six months later...

With one more outfit to go, Bridgette could see the sunlight beyond the trees. This was the last fashion show booked for the season, and she was looking forward to some fun in the sun at Cannes.

The last nine months had been a whirlwind world tour of fashion runway shows, magazine shoots, TV talk shows, and raucous parties. Bridgette had climbed the ladder to Supermodel status with amazing speed, even her agency had to admit their surprise and happiness that she was being offered some of the largest contracts in the business at such a young age. But the plain truth was, this sixteen-year-old model had a sophisticated look that belied her age and, on another level, Bridgette had some accessible quality that captivated the camera and didn't let go.

On paper, her measurements were 32B-22-30, 110#. Without heels she towered over many men at 5'11" and she melted those men and most women with her gorgeous blue eyes and shoulder-length blonde hair.

This last dress design was set to accentuate her blue eyes, and as she slipped hurriedly into the tight-fitting fabric, Bridgette noticed a face she hadn't seen in years. It was her sister Jennifer dressed conservatively in a dark navy suit. Odd wardrobe for Jenn, Bridgette thought, but then it had been almost two years since the two had seen each other. Maybe Jennifer had come to patch things up; to congratulate me on my success.

The chaos of the backstage was kicking into high gear again as the final wave of dresses were lining up for the runway. Bridgette knew she had to go soon.

Jennifer negotiated her way through the busy crowd of near-naked bodies and addressed her younger sister.

"Hey, sis, I know you've got to run up next. But I thought if we could, you know, talk after the show. Kind of talk things out. It's really great to see you again, Bridgette."

"Yeah, yeah, oh, um, just let me make this last walk—you know how these things are. I'll be up and down before you know it. Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back," Bridgette said, her voice fading as she made her way back into the backstage curtains.

Jennifer took a cursory look around and decided that even with people looking in her direction, there was too much craziness for anyone to figure out what she was doing. She leaned down for Bridgette's spring water bottle and quickly unscrewed the top. She belted back a quick taste and, just before replacing the lid, dropped two pellets into the water that immediately dissolved in the liquid.

Bridgette was tearing off the last dress even as she was receiving the tremendous applause. By the time she returned to her spot backstage, she was running lounging around topless, wearing only her borrowed thong. Bridgette hugged her sister properly and collapsed in her chair.

"Whew, that was exhausting. But it's so much fun sometimes. Remember how much

fun we used to have at home in the hallway. You let me be your makeup girl and I dressed you so you could walk down the long hallway.”

Bridgette finished her thought and launched into the water bottle. Jennifer watched closely and kept track of the minutes that passed.

“Yes, you were a really great helper then. How old were you, Bridgette? Only six or seven, as I recall.”

“Yeah, and I mean I never thought I would actually be walking down the catwalk someday. Hey, and it’s all because of you, Jenn.”

Bridgette raised her water in a toast.

“To my older sister, Jennifer. Without her help, I never would be where I am today: the world’s newest Supermodel. Cheers!”

Bridgette finished the remainder of the spring water and started to wrap a tee shirt over her body.

“Listen, listen, sis, I came all this way to Paris because of two reasons. One, I wanted to catch up on your life. And two, I , well, I brought somebody with me.”

Bridgette’s mouth went wide open.

“You’re getting married!? You brought him so I could meet him, right?”

“Well, maybe...come on, he’s out this way. Just down this hall. Follow me, sis, you’ll be so surprised to see him.”

Bridgette took up after her older sister through a maze of hallways and staircases, through several floors, and in those few minutes, she began to feel the effects of a drug-induced disorientation. Jennifer looked down at her watch and smiled at the perfect timing.

Bridgette was now a jumble of arms and legs, her coordination was confused. She reached out to Jennifer on the steps for help, and then fell hard against them, her hands barely breaking her fall. At that moment, a tall, bulky American emerged from

the top of the stairs.

“Did it take 10 minutes to work?” He asked.

“Yes, you were exactly right about the dosage, and about her weight. How did you figure it so exactly?”

“Oh, when I was in high school, I used to drug all kinds of 16 year-old-girls. I know her body type.” He walked down to the unconscious Bridgette and played with her pouty lips. “As I recall, I think I drugged you a time or two when you were growing up.”

They each smiled wickedly about their mutual history.

“Sleep now, sis, you’ve got a long flight ahead of you. I’m taking you back to America. I’m taking you to your new home.”

PART 3 BRIDGETTE’S NEW HOME

Bridgette woke up as if from a long sleep, and she blinked her pretty blue eyes rapidly, trying to make sense of her predicament. She looked up and saw that her arms had been stretched high above her and her toes were a few inches off the ground. The pressure on her wrists was beginning to register in her nervous system and Bridgette distressed over the purple color of her hands.

More distressing, perhaps, was her utter nudity. In the hours that passed between Paris and her new location, Bridgette had been fitted with only wrist and ankle restraints, Otherwise, she was completely divested of any clothing.

Bridgette looked away to grasp her surroundings. She was hanging from one of a series of metal poles that were positioned ten to twenty feet above her. The flooring was wood, and as she swished her aching head back and forth, it became clear that Bridgette was hoisted centerstage in some unused theater hall. The room was enormous, which made the empty seats feel even more hollow.

Bridgette heard footsteps, and she recognized the sound of heels clicking against wood.

“Well, it looks as if you’ve finally woken up. How nice of you to finally rejoin the living, sis.”

Bridgette’s mouth was drawn wide open; she couldn’t believe that her own sister was capable of doing something so evil. Kidnapping her own sister? Why? How did she get here and where is here?

“I know you must have a lot of questions, sis, but frankly I don’t feel like answering them just yet.” Jennifer pulled up a wooden chair and stood up to meet Bridgette’s worried face.

“Why are you doing this,” Bridgette started, “Why did you come to—”

She never finished the words as her older sister strapped a huge red ball gag deep inside her mouth, effectively reducing Bridgette to a series of grunts and moans.

“There, I don’t really want you disturbing the doctor during your examination.”

As if on cue, a pale, thin man wearing a medical lab coat walked out on stage nearing Bridgette.

“Now this is Dr. Bonner. Now he used to do a lot of work for the Mafia. His services of course aren’t needed much anymore, but he still is available for special projects. He’s going to examine your body—thoroughly. Check every crevice, every orifice, take measurements, recommend stretching here, pain tolerances there. He has a ton of experience in this field. I really would enjoy watching this myself but I have to go check on Johnny and see if the satellite linkup is ready.”

The doctor made no small talk, and he made little sound, he just went straight to “work.”

Bridgette was lowered and her ankle straps were chained to eyebolts in the floor. She was spread-eagled and exposed for the good doctor.

PART 4 THE EXAMINATION

Bridgette was already slightly cold and stiff from hanging for hours, and when the Doctor’s cold instruments roamed on her body, she got goosepimples everywhere.

He checked out her mouth, flashing a light on her teeth and her tongue. Pulled on the tongue with some strong forceps and noted how long the tongue could stretch out.

He made this written note: "Tongue insufficient length. Recommend immediate removal of lower septum."

Dr. Bonner pulled out a sample of her shoulder length blonde hair and put it away in a case. He inserted a metal dildo into her mouth that had measurements on the side. He slid the dildo in slowly, waiting for her gag reflex to begin. Bridgette had never had a penis in her mouth before and the whole idea made her sick. She started to gag as only the third inch went in.

The doctor withdrew the dildo and made this note: "Pathetic BJ skills. Gag reflex at 3 inches. Needs much oral training."

He measured her breast size, her nipple size, her neck size; every conceivable measurement was made on her body, including her vaginal size and capacity. His examination determined that her hymen was still intact and therefore she was a vaginal virgin. Upon closer inspection of the hymen he noticed that Bridgette had an unusually thick hymen, perhaps 3/4 of an inch thick.

His instructions were explicit: do not measure her pussy capacity if she is a virgin. The Doc assumed that Bridgette's deflowering was to be savored at another time. However, he just couldn't resist bringing out his favorite dildo, just to test the hymen. He would be careful, he vowed, and besides, with such a thick hymen, normal dildo thrusts would be unable to penetrate it. And she would still look like a virgin.

Dr. Bonner went to his medical bag and withdrew a six-inch plastic dildo and held it up close to Bridgette tear-stained face.

"I bet if I rammed this up your cunt, your hymen still wouldn't crack, would it? I bet you've tried this out before—but you're lucky. You can fuck yourself with one of these and still have men think you're pure."

Without any lubrication or warning, he inserted the cold dildo halfway and started

pushing it in and out vigorously. Bridgette could feel her body betray her emotions, and she sensed her own growing wetness.

“My, my, my, what a hot bitch you are,” the doctor observed as he continued his assault. The “dildo test” went on for twenty minutes and after he withdrew the dildo for the last time, he witnessed no blood and then verified that her hymen was still intact.

“Yes, still solid. No rupture. Well, little girl, hee, hee, when this baby finally does break, you are going to be in some serious pain. Hope I’m here to see that.”

Bridgette wanted to scream; she wanted to fight, but the bonds and the gag could hold her in check, and she just hung her head and cried.

PART 5 PAY-PER-VIEWS AND NEEDLES TOO

“Hey baby, turn the set on. The pay-per-view feed is up and running.”

Jennifer turned her attention to the voice at the entrance to the theatre. It was Johnny, the same beefy man who helped her smuggle Bridgette out of the Paris runway show, and out of the country.

Johnny, who also happened to be their stepdad. He had been fucking Jennifer since she was a kid, and Jennifer had actually liked the special attention she got, but Bridgette always rebuffed his invitations. In fact, she had threatened to tell her Mother. When he was given the chance to hurt Bridgette, he jumped at the opportunity.

“Nice kiss. You girls should save some of that action for the audience.”

Jennifer left Bridgette for the moment and grabbed the TV remote. Instantly, she saw the larger-than-life image of her defeated sister hanging from the rafters.

Johnny went upstairs to the control panel and began to test the ten different cameras set up around the theater. One by one, he clicked on the cameras, and one by one, the different angles were captured on TV.

“Pretty slick, Johnny. Is the satellite link still working?”

“Yeah, sure is. Right now, if you’ve paid your \$59.95 for this special two-hour introduction, then you are receiving live images of this little whore...about to be tortured and abused out of her fucking mind.”

When Bridgette heard this part, she went crazy; she struggled and shook in her bonds trying in vain to free herself.

“What do you suggest we start with, baby?” Johnny asked from upstairs.

“First, I think we should demonstrate to the world that this pain slut is for real. That nothing here is faked. A clear and easy-to-follow illustration.”

Jennifer moved over to the backstage area and carried with her several long hairpins.

“Johnny, for this demonstration, I want the camera to be focused on her tits only. Don’t change angles; I want everybody to see the needles enter and exit her tits. No faking, darling: it’s showtime!”

Bridgette started shaking again, but she was securely spread-eagled in the air and she had no where to escape. Jennifer held the six-inch metal hairpin for the camera to focus on, then she held it in front of her sister’s sweating face. The metal gleamed under the bright stage-lights as it approached Bridgette’s breast.

After teasing for a few minutes, Jennifer found a place to begin. Just above the left nipple, she poked the pin into the tight skin, provoking a hellacious scream from Bridgette.

“No, please God, no!! Not my tits! No, please don’t poke me with that, Jen! God, Jen, are you crazy!!! Stooooopppp!!!”

Her screams played well for the world-wide audience, but they didn’t even phase Jennifer, who continued her work. She thrust the first inch of the hairpin through the skin, just above the nipple and as she moved the pin deeper, she penetrated the skin underneath the nipple, so that the hairpin was being navigated behind the sensitive nipple.

It was such a strange and awful sensation for Bridgette who could feel the cold metal gliding through her flesh. Jennifer stopped for the camera as the hairpin was exactly halfway through, with the nipple located at the midpoint. If any in the audience thought this was fake, they must think it's the most realistic fake ever caught on tape.

Jennifer wanted to get slightly artistic, so she brought out a second hairpin and decided to make a penetration that was perpendicular to the first. She slowly punched the sharp tip into the breast meat, sending the second pin deep into her sister's sensitive flesh. Bridgette was pleading and screaming for help that would never come, tears streaming down her high model's cheekbones.

With some surprise, Jennifer felt the second tip impact the first, and she realized that she had hit the first hairpin by accident. The sound was perfectly awful, and she could only surmise from Bridgette's face that the feeling behind it was equally awful. So, Jennifer withdrew the second pin and reinserted it so as not to hit the first. Ultimately, she forced the pin halfway and then stood back to observe the instant cross pattern created.

"Gorgeous, just gorgeous," Jennifer reflected.

"Oh, baby, that is hot!" Johnny yelled from the balcony.

Jennifer returned to her victim, and began to squeeze the breast slightly for the camera. As she pushed and squeezed, tiny traces of blood oozed from the puncture wounds.

Jennifer leaned up to her sister's ear and whispered what the camera couldn't catch.

"When you were taking all of my bookings, I bet you never thought you would be modeling a pair of hairpins, did you? Well, tough shit, you Goddamn bitch. It's time you paid for what you did to my career. And this is just the beginning. I'm going to make you hurt. I'm going to fuck you till you scream. I'm going to make you scream till you lose your voice, and then I'm going to hurt even more. I'm going to burn you, scar you, stretch you, pierce you, whip you until you beg to be my slave forever. Understand me, little cunt? You are never modeling again, except for me and my

perverted friends. And I'm going to enjoy every minute of it."

PART 6 EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS

The Doc came up to the stage with his suitcase carrying his infamous experimental drugs.

"Hey, Johnny, we want to get this on the live pay-per-view; go upstairs and start it up," Jennifer commanded of her stepfather/lover.

One glimpse at the long needle in the doctor's hand and Bridgette recovered enough energy to shake in her chains again.

"Noooo, no, please, God, no more needles!"

"Stop your complaining, bitch. You'll like these sis, the doc tells me one of the side effects may even increase your breast size. Don't you want to see your 32Bs get bigger?"

"And more sensitive," the doc added.

"Shut up and just do it. And don't just stop with her tits. Doc, I want to make sure she stays awake all over. Shoot her up in the ass, clit, pussy lips-you get the picture I'm painting for you?"

"Oh, why, yes, Miss Jennifer. Clearly. It will be my pleasure!"

The Doctor proceeded to fill his syringe with the rose-tinted serum. He lifted the needle up and forced out the excess air. Then he walked up to the unwilling victim. Bridgette was squirming and trying to avoid his needle directly in her breast.

"Stop moving! Listen to me. Do you want this needle to break off in your skin? Do I have to tell you how dangerous that can be? Now, be still."

Bridgette finally acquiesced and watched as the doctor's syringe injected her left tit with the serum. He held the syringe in for several seconds, and she could feel the liquid flowing into her flesh. The Doc prepared a second dose and attacked her other

breast.

It didn't take long for the serum's effects to be felt by Bridgette and seen by the audience watching on pay-per-view around the world. The camera recorded all the action as her breasts began to swell, stretching the skin, and thrusting out Bridgette's perfect erect nipples. The doc halted his injections so that the camera could record the most angles clearly. Bridgette screamed as she endured the strange sensation; as they increased, it was as if her nipples were 10 times more sensitive just to the air they touched.

Jennifer pinched her sister's growing nipples a couple of times to see if it would cause any more pain than before. To Jennifer's delight, this set Bridgette's scream off and running.

"Fantastic. Okay, doc, keep it up."

He continued his assignment. The next target was her anal ring, and he sent two injections there. Again, they twirled her body around for the cameras and the viewer could see where her asshole tissue was becoming engorged with the serum.

Next, the doctor reached in between her thighs and aimed his formula for her either pussy lip. Bridgette rocked her head back at this particular invasion.

"Help me hold her still," the doc cried.

Jennifer got behind her sister and helped to brace against her resistance.

"Don't forget the clit, doc. May want to double up on that clittie!"

And so it was. The doc prepared two powerful dosages for Bridgette's poor clit and everyone could clearly see the clit expand from its fleshy shelter. The doc took out his list of earlier measurements before making his analysis.

"Yes, Miss Jennifer, in comparison to the earlier data, I would estimate that her clitoris is 200% its normal size!"

Jennifer stood back and admired the new body they had created for their pleasure. Even if the effects were temporary, they always had more serum to "pump" her up

again.

“What about her breast size? What’s it up to now?” Jennifer wondered, while flicking her long fingernail against her sister’s taut breast meat.

“Oh, I took that measurement too. Gone from 32 B to 34 D. Remarkable!”

“Can’t you get them any bigger than that, Doc? I mean, we’ve got plenty of serum leftover?”

“Well, Miss Jennifer, in theory yes. However, the skin is stretched so far I don’t know how much more safely she can stand without severe skin breakage.”

“Give her another hit. She can take it,” Jennifer smiled, smacking the back of her hand against Bridgette’s tit. “She’s a big girl now.”

“But, we should really wait to see how—”

“I’m not paying you for your opinion, doc. Now give her another dose!”

The doctor withdrew his complaint and prepared two additional shots. Bridgette saw this and she felt the blood drain from her face; she at first thought she gratefully pass out, but little did she understand that the serum was blocking her body’s normal processes, preventing her from passing out. Bridgette would feel this new pain, and every pain heightened, provided the serum’s level were sufficient.

The syringe came up to her breast from the side and the doctor was about to plunge them when—

“No, not there,” Jennifer redirected him, “inject her at the nipple. Right through the center.”

Bridgette watched in screaming agony as the gleaming needle point escaped into her overly sensitive nipple.

“OHHHHH, God! Nooooooooo, ahhhhhh, Stop! Stop! Pleassssse!”

The other nipple was punctured to a chorus of screams, and within minutes, the

camera was filming her breasts expand. This time, there was a new wrinkle, as Bridgette's nipples were becoming even more exaggerated. The flesh at the center was swelling enormously, until the nipples themselves were at least an inch and a half long.

After another 15 minutes passed, the doc was ready to announce the new dimensions to an eager audience.

"With these last two injections included, I would now estimate her breasts to have been enlarged from 32B to an incredible 38DD. And, I recommend that we stop there for now. You can see the stress on the skin pulling on the upper chest."

The weight of her breasts now caused almost as much discomfort as the injections themselves. Bridgette felt her body leaning forward and this caused her wrists to bear more weight. Bridgette was scared as she looked down at her breasts. She couldn't see her tight stomach anymore. She couldn't even see the floor directly under her. The tears were falling easily now, and she followed them as they trailed down the new expanded slopes of her 38DD breasts.

"Doc, why don't you go ahead and do that tongue surgery while I see how the hairpins look on her now."

The doctor wasted no time applying his powerful forceps to Bridgette's tongue, pulling the tongue up and out of his way to the septum. It was a simple surgery, the kind that rock stars like Mick Jagger had done, to allow their tongues to increased flexibility. But the Doctor hadn't counted on Jennifer torturing his patient while he had a scalpel in her mouth.

Jennifer inserted the first hairpin directly through the nipple, punching it from one side and watching the pin punch through the other side. Bridgette tried to scream at this, and it was certainly more painful than the time before, but the doctor had a firm grip on her tongue and she was reduced to gurgling sounds.

Finally, the doc was finished with the septum removal. He stitched up and watched as a mere spectator over the next hour as Jennifer played with her sister.

PART 7 RINGS 'N' RAPE

After a couple of hours, the swelling only reduced minimally her tits, anus, pussy lips, and clit, and by this time, Johnny thought he was ready to extract some personal vengeance on the grown-up version of the little girl that rejected him and separated him from Jennifer for those long prison-filled years.

He knew from the doctor's examination that the prissy little model was still a virgin, and he was going to enjoy raping virgin flesh. Johnny and Jennifer had already discussed this part of the show, and they were prepared to enjoy raping her together.

What Johnny hadn't mentioned was his idea to use some of the Doc's serum on himself, on his penis to be exact. An hour after injecting his 7-inch normal cock, he had grown to just over 9 inches; his width had also gone from 1.5 to over 3 inches wide. The sight of this enlargement instantly aroused Jen and she could hardly wait to be fucked by her longtime lover. First, though, they had to set Bridgette up for the next shoot.

From one of the Penthouse suites of this abandoned and boarded up hotel, they found a king-sized bed and rolled it into the service elevator down to the theatre level. Next it was time to release Bridgette from the ceiling chains and reattach her to the bed, but with plenty of flexibility for what Johnny had called "The Great Fuck."

While she was stilled chained and strung up, Bridgette saw Jen coming at her with a pair of long chains. Each looked like it was 6 feet long. As Jen got closer, Bridgette could make out some big silver rings in her hands.

"Guess what little sis? It's time to apply some permanent jewelry. Special rings for a special girl."

"No, stop this Jennifer. You're crazy. You're both crazy!"

Nonetheless, Jennifer came at Bridgette with a menacing looking needle-punch tool and, like hole-punching a ream of papers, Jennifer punched through the base of Bridgette's sore nipples. After the punch, Jennifer stopped the bleeding with the heavy rings and looped them through each nipple hole. Jennifer tugged on the rings

to test them, then she pulled on them with all her weight to make sure they weren't going anywhere.

Bridgette yelled and yelled, but never could manage to pass out through the torment.

Jennifer proceeded to punch some serious holes in each of Bridgette's pussy lips, prompting even more animalistic screams for help. She looped even heavier rings through these pussy holes, and Bridgette could sense the additional weight pulling her lips down slightly.

Johnny grabbed a hold of Bridgette's aching body as Jennifer lowered her down from the ceiling hooks. Bridgette hit the floor hard and collapsed, but Jennifer was there to make sure she got no rest. Jennifer quickly attached the two 6-foot long chains to Bridgette's nipple rings and led her sister by the nipples to the king-size bed. She threw Bridgette on the bed and took the free ends of the chains and tied them tightly to the bed posts. The distance of the chains allowed some movement for their plaything; she could be flipped over on either side and she could stand on her knees, but she certainly was not leaving the bed anytime soon.

Johnny made a final check of the automated cameras, then he disrobed in front of Jennifer, who was also occupied with removing her clothes. She kneeled down and gazed at Johnny's "new" member; it was nearly rock-hard already, and her job was to get it fully prepared for the model virgin chained to the bed.

Jennifer tried to get all of his cock in her mouth, but the increased size was giving her some difficulty. Anyway, Johnny's cock didn't require much exciting as it was ready to go in seconds.

"Ok, Jenn, let's fuck this little princess."

He climbed on the bed and laid Bridgette out on her back. He spread her legs and played with her new rings, pulling on them, as if to get a better look at his target.

"Nice work, honey," Johnny observed, "I think you should shave her completely before the clit ring goes on. All right, doll, it's showtime."

Johnny was stroking his hard cock and inching nearer to Bridgette's pussy. Bridgette's view was mostly blocked by the mounds on her chest, but she knew what was happening: Johnny was going to enter her without any kind of lubricant, any kind of protection; He was going to kill her with that 9 inch cock, she knew it.

All in one motion, he stabbed Bridgette with his cock. She yelled in her raspy, now-hoarse voice, crying out for the help that would never come. His first thrusts felt just like a saw was being ripped across her insides. She knew he must be tearing her to pieces.

"Whoa, this is one tight bitch, Jenn-honey!"

Bridgette was on the side of the bed fixing a strap-on around her waist and over her pussy.

"Yeah, Johnny, you're going to find it nearly impossible to bust that cherry. She's got some medical condition. Doc said her pussy's got a super thick hymen."

"Well, it never hurt a man to try, did it? But it's sure going to hurt you, hurt you like hell, bitch."

Bridgette could feel exactly what they were describing. Her hymen wall was thick but with all of the Doc's special serum, what no one understood was how reinforced it had become, yet more sensitive to her. Johnny rammed and rammed, and he did make tiny tears, but he was going to wear out before her cherry would.

"Goddamn!" An exhausted Johnny exclaimed, "Fuck this, I'm going to get some of that ass now. Honey, get under her and make her sit on that dildo."

They repositioned Bridgette's pain-wracked body and forced her down on her sister's strap-on. Bridgette cried out again, begging her sister to stop this madness. Her pain only got worse as Johnny started lapping her ass cheeks.

"Brace yourself, kid, your big Stepdaddy is coming in!"

And just like that, Johnny thrust into her shithole. The veins in Bridgette's neck looked like they were going to explode, the pain in her pussy and ass were so

tremendous. Johnny and Jennifer found different rhythms throughout the night as they pounded her virgin flesh.

Johnny pulled his cock out of her asshole several times and forced Bridgette to lick off the pre-cum, and her own blood and shit. Sometimes, after Jennifer had an orgasm, she would sit her pussy down right on Bridgette's mouth and command their plaything to lick her own sister. When Bridgette refused, she felt the heavy rings on her nipples being pulled painfully straight up in the air. Bridgette had no choice but to cooperate.

Johnny tried again—dozens of times—to pop her cherry; he did not accomplish this in over six hours of attempts, but it did seem to give his cock incentive to re-harden after he would cum. And every-time he orgasmed, he pried Bridgette's mouth open and ordered her to swallow every last drop. After six hours of rape, Bridgette was too hoarse to scream; she could barely manage moans anymore. Johnny had dropped about 12 loads of cum down her throat and her sister had cum even more times sitting on her face. Bridgette had been attacked in every hole for six long hours, and yet, her body wouldn't allow her senses to pass out. Her sensitivity had increased dramatically, and while the drug would take her close to orgasm, somehow it would never allow it. Bridgette was experiencing all of the pain and none of the pleasure.

Finally, Johnny gave out and collapsed on the bed, smothering poor Bridgette, who was lying on her stomach. Johnny gave her ass one more sharp slap and then climbed off of her.

"Damn, what a ride! Are we going to let her rest for a while and rerun this, or what darling?"

Jennifer was quietly sitting on the corner of the bed gently tugging on her sister's nipple chain.

"Did you know it's raining outside, Johnny?"

"No. I think I was rather pre-occupied with things other than the weather forecast. What's your point?"

"There's a building construction crew down the street, and they're going to lose a

whole day's work—and pay—because of this rain. Think they might be interested in a little R and R? A little Rape and Relaxation with our little slut here?"

(Part 8 coming soon....)

PART 8 GANGBANG

About an hour passed after The Great Fuck by her stepdad and her own sister. Bridgette was left all alone with the cameras rolling as she lied quietly on the bed, stifling her sobs, and spitting out the cum, blood, and pussy juice that lined the insides of her mouth.

Bridgette looked down at her enlarged breasts and then her pierced nipples. I look like some kind of freak, she thought to herself. She reached around to feel her ass, and without applying much pressure she was extremely tender. When she examined her hand, she saw more blood; she quickly wiped them off on the sheets.

She was afraid to try and loosen her bonds because if this was on camera it might be on tape and her incestuous rapists could be waiting for her to do just that. If they caught her trying to escape, she said to herself, I can't imagine how they would torture me then.

Bridgette's attention was drawn upstage, as she heard the sounds of numerous voices approaching.

"Hey, sis," Jennifer started, leading a sea of men behind her, "Guess what I brought for you?"

Bridgette didn't have to guess. 30 men were following her sister, and from the looks of them, they were disgruntled construction men. But their anger at the rain that was preventing them from working and earning any money today, was quickly displaced as they laid their eyes on the prize. Jennifer had gone to the work site and promised any man who would fuck her kinky sister a cool \$100 in cash. She probably didn't have to offer that much, and many would actually have paid for the opportunity, but Jennifer wanted to ensure the high number of participants. 30 was a good number, and there was a chance that more would join once some of these fellas went back and told the remaining 20 that the deal was real.

Bridgette saw the look in their eyes and she began to sweat with fear. They were brutish, some were overweight, others kind of cute, and a few unclean types that appeared to carry the deadliest human diseases.

“Now, there are only a couple of rules to follow, gentlemen, and I use that term lightly. First rule is, don’t kill her. And the second rule is, there are no other rules!”

Bridgette peered into her sister’s eyes, grasping for some unspoken look of sympathy, some sign of filial love, a word or motion that would end this nightmare. Jennifer gave her best saccharine smile.

“Go for it boys! She’s all yours for as long as you can last!”

Like a pack of hungry wild animals pouncing on the only meat in the forest, they jumped on her and pulled at her chains. Two of the men broke her bonds at the bedpost and her nipple chains swung loose in the air. Bridgette may have been untied, but she knew she wasn’t escaping from this mob. In mere minutes, she had two cocks alternating in and out of her mouth, and two guys ramming their hardening cocks in her pussy and her ass all at once.

When a man wasn’t inside her, he was probably slapping her tits, or jerking her nipples down with the metal leash. Some men got underneath her and whipped their cocks into her pussy, then gnashed at her pierced nipples with their teeth, biting down till they began to bleed.

The first man to cum shot his quick load straight down her throat. A few seconds later, another man was filling her pussy with his cum. As soon as any hole was unused, another hard prick pushed its way inside.

The guys were laughing and yelling with undreamed of excitement. Everybody knew that this was a once-in-a-lifetime event and each man wanted to get the most out of it. Bridgette was slapped, pinched, and tossed around despite her tears and her barely audible screams for mercy.

Bridgette was tossed around again and made to face another pair of hard, slimy cocks. It was difficult to focus on the cock in her mouth as the man in her ass was pulling mercilessly at her blond hair, straining at her scalp. The man currently in her

ass, Tommy, a 15-year construction vet, was pulling his cock out, then thrusting it fully in again. Bridgette's anal ring was still feeling the effects of oversensitivity, and every time Tommy penetrated her asshole, she wanted to howl in pain.

Tommy and another man, Bret, managed to squirm both of their cocks into her one asshole, trying to split the poor orifice.

"Oh my God, please stop! Please, I can hardly take one in my—"

Bridgette's complaint was quickly stuffed with one, then two cocks at once. Bridgette's jaws were at the breaking point, and the gash at the corner of her lip was splitting further. The blood on their cocks only inspired the men two-fold in their bloodlust. One of them withdrew his pulsating cock and, with his free hand, he forced open her eyelids, then directly splattered her blue eyes with his salty cum. Then the other man followed his buddy's lead and came out, spraying his white load right into her other eye.

Bridgette screamed with the remains of her voice and instinctively brought her hands around to her face. But the men on either side of her held her arms back, and then forced them up high, as far as her joints would humanly allow. This habit of cuming caught on for the next hour.

The men humping her from behind came one by one to her face and while other guys held her eyelids apart, the cum shots hastily filled her eyes. Bridgette's face was covered in the stickily liquid, especially in and around the eyes and mouth. Her blond hair was caked with drying cum, and her entire body glistened with a sheen of sweat, blood, and cum.

Bridgette's eyes were more or less blinded by the stinging cum so she was spared the sight of troop reinforcement. Some of the first participants went back to the site and reported their good fortune, bringing back an additional 20 men. As a result the stage was numbered with no less than 50 hard cocks, some of who were ready to enter Bridgette's battered body for a third time.

Four hours had passed, but it was an eternity for young Bridgette. There was no timetable for this flesh feast, and Bridgette didn't know how much more she could

stand. Her clit was incredibly stimulated, despite the obvious abuse, but the drugs continued to prevent a realized orgasm. She was violated by cocks of every size, 12 inch, 10 inch, 7 and 6. And the record so far was 6 cocks in her at once: two in her mouth, two in her cunt, and finally, two in her ass.

After the twenty fresh troops had spent their cum each at least once, the whole crew decided to break the previous record. Bridgette couldn't open her eyes to see what was going on because the heavy volume of cum had dried in and on her eyes. But she knew something terrible was being worked out. This record-breaking effort did take some strategy and planning.

First, they used Carlos to widen all of her holes again. He started with her mouth, and as soon as he exited another man entered. Then, Bridgette felt another cock pushing his way into her mouth. Her jaws were forced, and her lips stretched to envelope the pair.

Then, Carlos buried his 12-inch cock deep inside her cunt. The same pattern was followed here, with two guys filling her. Finally, the ass was widened, then filled with two cocks. Now, the tricky part.

A man came to her mouth and Bridgette's jaw was being pulled apart by a pair of cruel, strong hands. She heard a loud pop, and she felt that her tiny jaw had been dislocated. The third cock worked his way in, filling her mouth to beyond capacity.

The bed was beginning to look like a strange circus routine, with men in all kinds of contortionist positions to accommodate their cocks. Next, her cunt lips were pulled apart with a pair of forceps, allowing a third cock to enter. Bridgette felt her pussy lips tearing, just as she felt the lips of her mouth being split again.

Finally, the last man adjusted himself behind. It was Carlos. He made sure she knew it was him.

"Get ready, bitch. It's your favorite—Cock de Carlos!"

Without any additional warning, Carlos squirmed about four to five inches inside her expanding asshole. Bridgette's holes were now grotesquely stretched and straining. With the doctor's drugs, she was feeling pain that no human should be able to

endure without passing out. But she would receive no such oblivion. The excruciating pain only multiplied when the nine men began to slowly move their cocks inside her. All the men demonstrated great control, as they had discussed an order in which to cum.

The men in her mouth almost came as a trio, spurting cum at all angles inside her mouth and down her raw throat. Then the men in her cunt withdrew and stroked their cocks over her mouth while the three cocks continued to pummel her ass. Bridgette's ravaged mouth was forced open with two sets of workman pliers and the next three men deposited their loads down her mouth.

Lastly, two of the three men in her ass came around to her mouth and filled her up. 8 loads of cum and one more to go: Carlos. His legend and prowess were secure with his colleagues, but before unloading, he wanted to ram his full 12 inches inside her ass. She was already obscenely stretched, so getting 8 of his inches was relatively easy. Driving the next four were the real showstoppers for Carlos, and the real source of unimaginable terror for Bridgette.

Carlos reached around to her nipple chains and pulled her torso up off the bed to get some leverage. Bridgette's throbbing nipples were jerked to either side of her ribcage, as Carlos pulled and wrapped the slack around in his hand. With his other hand, he yanked on her cum-soaked blond hair, straining her neck unnaturally toward her ass. All the while, Carlos continued to push his cock deeper. Bridgette could feel his cock reaching her bowels, tearing her deep inside. All at once, Carlos pulled on his grips and thrust his pelvis bone forward, burying all 12 inches into her helpless ass. After accomplishing this feat, he didn't last long; he withdrew and positioned his fat cock over her mouth. He came and came for almost a minute, releasing quick steady streams across her face and inside her mouth.

The men celebrated their record, and as soon as those nine men were exhausted, much to Bridgette's despair, another nine men lined up to match the feat.

PART 9 YVETTE THE DOMINATRIX

Bridgette was allowed to rest for the next seven days after the construction crew had fucked her for a total of 12 hours. She was bruised badly on the ass from the

seamless stream of slaps from the frenzied men. Her nipple rings had been tugged repeatedly but they were intact, although understandably tender.

In her period of convalescence, Jennifer kept Bridgette in a cage. The space was cramped and the floor was cold, but Bridgette was just grateful that no one was fucking her or hurting her now. She had a collar that was chained to an eyebolt in the center of the metal; the leash was short and her movements were further restricted by the chains on her nipple rings which also were attached to the center eyebolt.

Jennifer fed her younger sister with the scraps of food that Johnny collected from restaurant dumpsters. By the time Bridgette's food tray arrived to the cage, most of the flies were gone, but all of the incorrigible foul odor remained. Bridgette was in no position to be choosy, and after the first day of protest—which prompted Jen to remove the food completely—Bridgette realized that she would rather eat this garbage than starve.

After Jennifer had noticed this new willingness, almost an eagerness on Bridgette's part to eat anything, she concocted another vile scheme.

On the seventh day of rest, Jennifer slid the tray onto the cage floor and told the sleeping Bridgette it was time to eat. Bridgette quickly shuffled over to the tray, but she was immediately turned back.

"Oh, my God, I can't eat this! Oh, I'm going to be sick!" Bridgette exclaimed.

"Oh yes you will, my little slut sister. I went to a lot of trouble to prepare this meal, and you will not insult me by turning it down."

"But, but, Jen, that's, you know, that's po—"

"Shit. It's called shit, sis. And you're going to eat it or eat nothing. Look, I spread the shit on a dozen saltine crackers almost like on an appetizer tray."

"No, never. I am not going to eat that," Bridgette insisted, her words gaining strength.

“Oh, really, well, I thought you might feel that way. Okay, then, if you won’t eat this then we’ll have to do it the hard way. JOHNNY!”

Out of the backstage Johnny emerged with a stranger, a beautiful woman that Bridgette didn’t recognize. Her first thought was one of fear. Did they bring this innocent girl here to torture too?

“Tie her up again, Johnny. If she won’t eat her lunch tray, then we’ll just feed her another way. And I’ve invited a guest to teach you to eat properly, sis. Meet Yvette. Isn’t she just gorgeous?”

Indeed, she was. Originally from France, Yvette was a 20-year-old exotic dancer with one of the major clubs in Vegas and her specialty acts including some kinky S&M sets. And if the Vegas tourist asked the right people and flashed the right amount of cash, he could be treated to a special girl/girl show with the 36D-25-32 Yvette practicing her dominatrix art on either the tourist’s girlfriend or one of her own club girlfriends. Yvette wasn’t just a club dominatrix; she enjoyed the lifestyle and actually had trained a couple of 24/7 slaves in Paris and Vegas.

“Bonjour, Mademoiselle Bridgette.” Yvette introduced herself, squatting down to reach eye-level with her new toy. “Aren’t you a pretty young thing. I like those pouty lips. We are going to have so much fun teaching the supermodel to eat what she’s told.”

After twenty minutes of getting set up, Yvette and Johnny finally had poor Bridgette hoisted and ready. Bridgette was hanging naked from the high ceiling again, her toes just a few inches off the ground. Yvette had taped Bridgette’s mouth completely shut except for a narrow tube that was pumping water into her mouth; the water was moving at about 1 ounce per 15 seconds and Bridgette had no choice: she had to drink it or drown.

Yvette then punctured her asshole with a huge enema nozzle. At its widest diameter, the nozzle was 2 inches across, and 4 of its 5 inches were jammed into Bridgette’s still sore ass. Yvette was then pumping what felt like scolding water into Bridgette’s bowels. The pain was tremendous, worse than being fucked, she thought, because the nozzle allowed the flow only one way. Her bowels were filling up with painfully

hot water and burning her insides and there was no release possible.

The amount of water that had been pumped via the oral tube was now reaching 32 ounces, and quickly was at 48 ounces. Johnny and Jennifer grinned at each other when they saw their victim's stomach begin to bulge, and her sweating ass start to wiggle at its discomfort.

"Are you beginning to hurt inside, Bridgette?" Yvette asked as though speaking down to a dog or small child. "Do you want the pain to go away, my little pouty puppy?"

Unable to speak, Bridgette frantically moved her head up and down in the affirmative.

"Well, then, you must only agree to one thing: You must agree to eat your lunch. If you agree now, we can end your suffering, my puppy. Do you agree?"

Bridgette shook her body, her bowels convulsing horribly, but she would not shake her head "yes".

"Too bad. Increase the water pump speed, dear Johnny."

As Johnny was doing this, Yvette began to tape a plastic funnel between Bridgette's thighs and pressed the wide end of the funnel as close to her pussy lips as possible. On the narrow end of the funnel Yvette had affixed a second feeding tube. Johnny continued to pump more water into Bridgette's mouth, even as she swished her head back and forth madly.

"Okay, she's had about 3 liters, now squeeze this tube into her mouth too."

Yvette handed Johnny the second tube that led from between Bridgette's thighs and inserted it in the narrow opening of tape that covered her mouth. For a few minutes more, Bridgette squirmed and wiggled her sweating body; her bladder began to bulge like she was pregnant, but she fought off the urge to pee. Yvette got close to her and began to whisper.

"Give in, Bridgette, just let it go."

Finally, Bridgette was exhausted of the fight and submitted to Yvette's words.

"Quickly, take out the water tube," Yvette ordered.

Bridgette's body relaxed and piss began to flow freely into the funnel and into the second tube. Bridgette sensed that the water had stopped entering her mouth and she breathed in as much air as she could, but the deep inhalations acted as a syphoning mechanism and suddenly she felt her own warm piss filling her mouth.

The taste was acrid and disgusting. While the liquid had changed, the design was the same: drink it or drown. Bridgette held as much as she could but then she had to swallow. A giant gulp, and then another. Jennifer watched her sister's throat move with a never-fading smile wrapped across her face.

More and more piss syphoned up and over Bridgette's pouty lips; she could not stop the piss from her bladder and she could not stop the piss coming into her mouth.

In the meantime, Johnny got a little bored and reattached the chains to Bridgette's nipple rings. He lifted the bucket that was holding the piss temporarily and clipped the two chains to either end of the bucket. Once the connection was secure, he let gravity take the bucket to the floor, and of course, this caused the nipple links to pull at Bridgette's sore nipples. When the weight of the bucket severely pulled down her nipples, Bridgette gargled and almost choked on her own incoming piss.

Jennifer looked on as she saw her sister's nipples became seriously distended toward the stage floor. The weight of the bucket had a motivating effect on Bridgette; she tried to hold the additional piss within her bladder and at the same time, she tried to suck up all the remaining piss inside the bucket, to lighten the overall weight.

Once her bladder dried up, Johnny and Yvette quietly conferred. After their brief conversation, they decided to restart the whole process, only this time, the funnel and feeding tube was rearranged to accommodate Bridgette's full ass. The warm nozzle was released and a brownish-yellow grotesque mixture of shit and water spewed furiously first through the funnel and second into the bucket. But of course, Bridgette's own breathing caused the syphoning to begin again, and within seconds, the weight pulling her tits was horrendous and the taste entering her mouth was

unimaginable.

Pieces of shit, mixed with the enema water rushed through the tube and hit Bridgette's tongue. The reaction in her eyes defied description, although Yvette looked on almost casually, as if she had seen this reaction many times before.

Bridgette wanted to die. She wanted to spit this horrible shit-laced mixture into the faces of each of her tormentors, but she was utterly helpless to their every whim. She was made to endure the shit and water for about two full minutes. She was ready to cave in. Bridgette decided then and there that she would agree to anything. She could see no way out, and in refusing to do as ordered, she only risked greater tortures. Bridgette's will was nearly dead.

"Well, then, pretty little plaything," Yvette looked her victim up and down, admiring her slim and defeated figure, "Are you ready to eat your crackers like a good puppy? Are you ready to eat your shit crackers with a smile on your little puppy face?"

Bridgette nodded up and down so there was no mistaking her decision. Her eyes pleaded with Yvette to let her down.

"That's good. But with Mademoiselle's indulgence," Yvette looked to Jennifer for approval, "I do not think that I am ready to let you eat your lunch just yet. Monsieur Johnny, let us do it again. We want to be thorough."

Bridgette shook her head frantically, trying to get some words out, words that would make them unchain her nipples, words that would convince them that she would obey now. Her tormentors paid her no attention. Instead, Yvette readied the bucket under her pussy, and Johnny attached the water tube inside her taped mouth again. He set the water pump off again, and the fluid ounces squirmed up and into Bridgette's helpless mouth.

She had little to no food left in her stomach, so the water made a quick run through her system, and within a few minutes, Bridgette was pissing freely again into the funnel, into the bucket, and into her mouth. When watching this became boring, Jennifer and Johnny came up to the bucket and relieved their individual piss.

Somehow, this seemed worse to Bridgette. She had almost adjusted to drinking her

own piss, but now she was being forced to drink and swallow warm, bitter piss from her stepdad and blood sister?!

Then, Yvette alternated to the hot enema water treatment, and this was followed by more bowel movement into the bucket and into her mouth. Of course, Johnny and Jennifer had to shit into the bucket as well. The chunks of shit that weren't soluble, and therefore wouldn't travel through the feeding tube, were scooped up by Yvette and smeared onto Bridgette's face and breasts. The smell of the shit on her face was enough to make Bridgette throw up, but she had to hold it back, because still more shit and water were coming through the tube. If she vomited now, she was sure to gag and suffer more. Would they let her die on her own vomit, Bridgette wondered to herself.

Yvette alternated the piss and shit routine for no less than two hours. By this time, the piss running through Bridgette was clear and the shit nonexistent. Jennifer and Johnny had gotten so turned on by this display that they were having sex on the stage floor about 10 feet away from the hanging Bridgette.

Yvette lowered the weary, former Supermodel down from her midair home, and Bridgette just collapsed onto the hardwood. Yvette removed the nipple chains and the bucket, untapped Bridgette's well-used mouth, and reattached the collar and leash to her thin neck.

"Ready for lunch?" Yvette asked rhetorically of her new plaything.

Bridgette looked up at her dominatrix meekly with her eyes. She wiped away some of the brown clumps of shit that collected in her eyelashes, and slowly nodded her head in the affirmative. Yvette led Bridgette by the leash over to the tray of special crackers. Yvette began to softly stroke Bridgette's beautiful sweat-soaked hair and then she suddenly, and quite violently shoved Bridgette's face onto the tray.

"Eat, worthless bitch!"

Bridgette began to reach a hand over to the nearest cracker, but that action was swiftly admonished with a powerful slap to her ass. Bridgette cried out at the stinging in her ass.

“Eat like a dog, you stupid cunt. Not with your hands. Now eat!”

Bridgette lowered her head toward the tray and tried to tackle the first shit-loaded cracker with her outstretched tongue. It took some effort, but Bridgette finally managed to corral the stubborn cracker into her mouth. Leaning her head back to keep the shit and cracker into her mouth, Bridgette chewed only slightly, thinking it best to swallow without tasting as best she could. This led to another violent slap on her already bruised and tender ass.

“No, bitch. You will chew your food at least 25 bites per serving. One shit-cracker represents one whole serving. So, you do the math, little cunt. Now eat right, or I slap that ass until it bleeds.”

Bridgette was thoroughly defeated and she put up no fight with the second reprimand. For the next 11 crackers, Bridgette made sure to mentally count out 25 bites per cracker in order to please her mistress, Yvette. It took about thirty minutes to down the crackers, but Bridgette finally finished the last one, and she almost smiled because she thought her performance would please Yvette.

Yvette looked down on her plaything. Bridgette’s face was still smeared with shit, but Yvette could see the beautiful perfect supermodel transforming into a beautiful perfect model slave.

Bridgette looked upwards to Yvette for approval.

“You have done well, my little plaything. You are well on your way now. Perhaps one day when Mademoiselle Jennifer is bored with you, she will sell you to me. Only then will you understand what it means to be a true slave.”

Bridgette wore a confused expression. She wasn’t sure how to interpret this. Was this a show of affection from Yvette? How could it be, after all of the incredible torture she forced onto her?

Yvette repositioned Bridgette in the cage after wiping away the ugly shit from her lips and face. But before closing the metal gate, Yvette leaned down and stared long into Bridgette’s blue eyes. Yvette found Bridgette’s lips and kissed her deeply and sensuously. Bridgette was too confused to respond in any way. Yvette slowly drew

herself away and locked the gate.

“Somewhere down the road, maybe we will meet again. Until then, au revoir, Bridgette...my little plaything.”

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