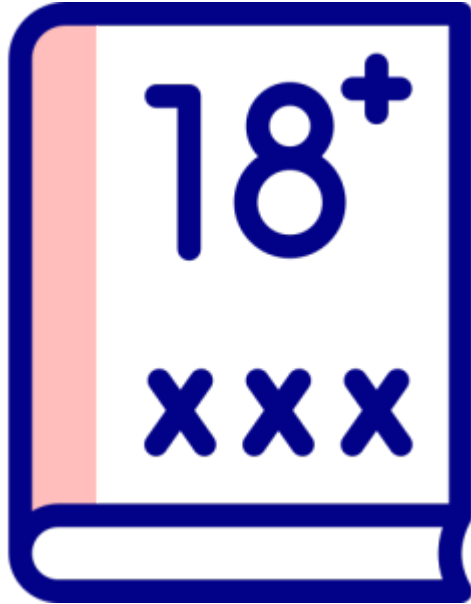


The Breaking of Tracy (part 2)

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 18, 2011



By Mr.Hurt

Introduction: A rich slave trainer has a new toy. But before training her, a demonstration is required.

Part 2 - Preparations

I personally have four bedrooms at the estate. My main bedroom is on the third floor and is decorated in imported Italian marble. The bathroom is the size of a low income house in most civilized worlds. No one but myself and the cleaning slaves are allowed in. I have a main floor bedroom near the back of the main house I use for overnight fucking. It has a beautiful four poster antique bed made out of richly carved oak. I maintain this room for having one of my slaves as overnight entertainment, often restrained spread eagle to the bed posts. A third yet is kept downstairs, near the training quarters. I've often referred to this room as the 'Pain and Pleasure' suite. It comes with all the opulent comforts the others offer, though containing more specialized equipment. Riding horses, racks, anything I'd like to use in order hurt one of my well behaved slaves for a night of pleasant agony. The fourth

is more serious. I call it the work bedroom. It's more barren. I keep a small closet that contains a single change of clothes. I call this the work room because of its direct proximity to the training quarters. The estate staff knows that when I take up residence, I have my mind on training a girl and little else. I use it to sleep, wash and little else. I've just had Baby have to room turned over so that it will be ready for me. I intend to stay five to six days, uninterrupted downstairs. No business, no other pleasure...save that which Tracy is soon to provide. The staff both enjoy and dread my times downstairs. My tenure in the work bedroom leaves them with the closest thing to a vacation.

Furniture is on standby, the art may retire to their rooms for most of the day, and few, if any, beatings and rapings are administered. They cherish the respite. But each and every slave I have ever trained has known the other end of this time as well. They know the constant drilling I will admonish, as they too knew it to varying degrees. As I understand it, even Mistress Bitchcraft has planned a small vacation to America. I believe it's to an old lover, a Mistress Mary, if I'm not mistaken. I've had the opportunity to meet the woman once. Suffice to say, were Mary not as wealthy as I, she would have been my first choice in disciplinarian. But I digress. Tracy.

As I organize the few papers I have before me, I snap my fingers absently as a summons. The short, awkward steps which heralds Baby's approach.

"Yes daddy?"

Without looking up, I address my most loyal of whores. "I'll be moving downstairs for just short of a week. I believe the wine cellar is low on Chateau Lagrange. Have it restocked, and take a recommendation from Jeanne-Marie from Reims, I think she had some of the Moet I wanted. Hold any calls or requests until I come back upstairs."

"Yes daddy. And the request from Mr. Zheng for a fresh delivery, what shall I tell him?"

I think for a moment. But only a moment. A Chinese captain of industry had recently enquired about getting a custom trained Japanese slave. The price is right, but I work on my own timetable.

“Have the team do some preliminary research in a couple of days. A girl who can understand English and Chinese would be ideal. If Mr. Zheng calls, inform him I’m looking into the matter, and will call back in a couple of days.”

“Very good daddy.” What would I do without her? Perhaps if all goes well, I’ll let her rub against my leg until she cums once I’m done with the first phase of Tracy’s training. As I stand and ready to leave the study, I notice the table’s eyes glance up. Only for a moment, hardly even a second. But not even an hour ago, I’d had to discipline her. Really, you can’t let insubordination like this slide. My bare foot shoots out and catches her in the side of the face. Her head snaps to the side, causing her to lose her precarious balance. All at once she tips over to the side, letting the crystal table top crash to the ground.

“Ugh. This is the one with the younger sister in Yorkshire?” I ask Baby.

“Y-yes daddy.” Baby can already tell what I’m thinking. Just so, this type of behavior is unacceptable.

“Good. Have her hospitalized from a gang rape. And cut this ones nipples off.” Despite what I’m saying, no hint of anger ebbs into my voice. Something closer to exasperation reaches through. On the ground, the coffee table coughs. “Please...no.” “Make sure her sister will never conceive a child either, Baby. And break the table’s knees with a hammer. Or would you like to beg me not to again?”

A quiet resolve passes over the table as her head drops. She remembers her place once again. Good. Baby will have one of the other slaves take her place until she heals. In the meantime, she’ll go through a refresher at the hands of Mistress Bitchcraft. I stand a moment longer, watching the red headed table quietly eat her sobs of sorrow through a stream of silent tears before I turn to go. She’s disgusted with her acceptance. Good. It’s time.

Upstairs, despite the central air, is hot. Which is why I wear nothing more than a silk robe and Egyptian cotton boxer-briefs. Downstairs, the temperature is cooler. I, however, work nude. I walk past Baby, who lowers her head in subservience as I pass, and cross the hall. Turning away from the main entrance, I make my way to the back stairs. These lead both up to the slave quarters, and down to the dungeons. I

had these parts of the main house connected by this stairway as a constant common reminder to all the slaves. 'Yes', it silently says to them, 'You no longer need to go downstairs and be trained. But you come from there and can return for discipline.' It is a constant, silent reminder that they had better obey.

My open robe billows as I as make my way down. Twenty feet below leads to a bricked tunnel leading underneath the main hall. I walk the length, almost giddy. At the solid wooden door at the end of the tunnel, which is designed with medieval sensibilities in mind, stands on of the Whores. The Whores are the three dungeon slaves. They serve the same position as the Sluts for the upper estate, though they deal more directly in the abuse and degradation called 'training'. The five foot six Whore at the door wears the standard Whore garb, a full body latex suite. It covers every inch of her shapely figure save for her eyes, mouth, tits and cunt. It's even fashioned to have individual toe sleeves, similar to those stupid trendy socks that are becoming popular. The choker around her neck as a silver '2' etched onto it. Whore 2, she was the politicians daughter I believe.

"Is everything ready for me?"

Without looking at me, she nods. "Yes daddy. The girl has been chained to the wall and gagged. She was inspected when she was cleaned, and is in perfect health. You're room has been serviced, and is ready. A cow is waiting in the adjoining room from the novice room with Whore 3. Is there anything else we can do for you?"

As she speaks my eyes drift along her shapely body. The form fitting body suite leaves every curve and crevice nothing to be imagined. I raise my arm and run the back of my hand along her masked cheek before lowering my attention. I turn my hand over and gently stroke her chest, just above her exposed breasts.

"Yes. Have Whore 1 take your place here, and be waiting for me in the novice room. I'll be in my work bedroom in the meantime."

"Yes daddy." She answers. I reply by reaching still further and pinching her right nipple hard. With a quick pull, I let it go. She takes this as it is, and turns to open the door for me. Despite seeing bound and nude subservient women of every hour of every day, I still appreciate the beauty they possess.

I cross into the dungeon proper, and walk the length. It contains the same square footage of the above estate, though I tend to have only one or two girls down here at a time. It's size was designed for two purposes. If ever a girl should get free before being broken, it acts as a maze, making escape to the above house all but impossible. I also host an annual slave festival, when several dozen of the wealthiest perverts descend on my estate for entertainment. Despite the number of RSVP's, I always have enough room for everyone to have their privacy, should they wish it. Right now, it will host nothing more than Tracy's training marathon. I make my way into my work bedroom. The floor has been pleasantly heated. I cross the main room into my private bathroom. I want to be clean for Tracy. I want this to be special.

Waiting for me, with a folded towel in hand, is the dungeon maid. She wears a nightmare version of a French maids outfit made of leather straps and silver clasps. An anal hook in her ass is tied tightly to her pony tail, causing her to lean far forward with an arched back and an upturned face. With her ankle restrains and eight inch heels, it makes for a dangerous balancing act, but she's learned to manage.

"Is my bath prepared?"

"Yes daddy." The maid had once been an English political essayist. I remember her giving me some trouble during her training. She'd gotten an arm free once and grabbed me by the testicles, in an attempt to blackmail her freedom from me. Leaving her in a position to tear her asshole open at all times was my little treat to her for that. She made no further objections to my treatment of her.

"Strip me. I want to be bathed." Her awkward steps led her behind me. I felt her fingers reach under the collar of my robe. I shrugged out of it, letting her take it from me. She took a moment to hang it on a nearby hanger. During Tracy's training, she'll launder it. As she returns, I feel her reach for my briefs.

"No, on your knees. I want you to use your teeth." A moment of hesitation is her only response, before she drops painfully onto her knees. The hook in her ass doesn't let her reach the ground with her hand without significant pain, and so she'd been forced to simply drop down and absorb the shock into her knees. A small squeak of pain escapes her lips, before she leans forward and puts them to better use. Her teeth grasp the band of my shorts, and tug down. It takes a moment to realize she'll

need to lean all the way forward. She's not stupid enough to brace herself against me, so she instead balances herself on her knees and palms, and lowers herself to the ground, all the while keeping her back arched. I step out of my lowered briefs and walk to the large bathtub without looking to her. I step over the lip of my raised basin and into the warm water. As I lower myself into the water, the maid makes her way over to me with washcloth and soap in hand. She takes a moment to grasp the lip of the tub before gently lowering herself to my knees. Lathering the cloth with water and soap, she begins to rub me down. I'm not really dirty, I'd had a bath only a few hours earlier, but I like the sweat to be rubbed off me before I get to work. I'll work up enough of a sweat soon enough.

As the maid cleans me, her actions raise my thick manhood to attention. She pauses a moment to see if I'll instruct her do to something about it. I contemplate having her soap up her hand and stroke me to climax. Perhaps holding her head under the water and have her take me into her mouth. I could hold her under until she's so desperate for air that she struggles. I good struggle could cause the blunted hook in her ass to tear her up a bit. My cock twitches at the thought of hurting the maid so. Again, the maid pauses a moment, eyes darting to my cock for a moment. No. I'll save my energy to treat Tracy with instead. I lash a fist out to the maids face, knocking her backwards to the floor. Her head bounces roughly off of the ground, causing the hook up her backside to bite painfully into the tender flesh of her anal cavity. A long sharp cry of pain escapes the maid, before she cuts it off in a panic. Gingerly, she raises her head to me with questioning eyes.

"Get the towel, I'm done."

"Th-th-thhank you daddy." She makes her way to her feet and takes the nearby towel. As I step out, she begins to pat me dry with the fine cotton. As trained, she raises my testicles with her hand and purses her lips, as if for a kiss. As her lips make contact to the underside of my testicles, she slurps in, drinking in the loose water, before continuing to pat me dry. A few minutes later I'm dry, and I leave her to clean up without a word.

Outside the novice room, only a dozen feet from my room, stands Whore 2 and the Post waiting outside, flanking the door.

“Daddy,” starts Whore 2, “Everything is in order. What would you like of us?”

I’ve been thinking about this. I’ve decided to do things slightly different with Tracy. She’s to be my new project. I want this done perfectly. Beyond perfect, even.

“The Post will hold a common tray and do nothing else. It will not speak or move, and its eyes will stay on the ground throughout. You will act as my assistant and will fetch whatever I like from the table of the Post’s tray. Also, I’d like you to absently touch yourself while I work, as if you are being aroused at the sight of the torture. You may not orgasm, but make it look like you are enjoying yourself.”

“Yes daddy.” They might not understand why I’ve decided they will act this way, but it’s been carefully planned by me. The cow will be the grand demonstration, what she will focus on, but Whore 2 and The Post will act in a similar fashion, only subliminally. Having Tracy see not only a completely broken woman like the Post act as little more than an inanimate thing, without any restraints, will make her realize I can do the same to her. The sight of Whore 2 will reinforce the idea that compliance is the quickest way to whatever rewards may possibly be attained. In a few days, she’ll start to come to these conclusions herself, in the time between beatings. She’ll initially reject these ideas, but as more time passes, the more she’ll dwell on them. She’ll never realize that I’m the one that planted the ideas in her head to begin with. I don’t tend to brag, instead letting my work speak for itself, but I am a talented sick fuck.

We enter the novice room in silence. Unlike most other rooms, this one contains the widest assortment of tools. Whips, clamps, flogs, flails, gags, hoods and cuffs all line the walls and tables. Many other torture rooms down here tend to be more specialized. The whipping room, the water room, the stretching room. This has a little of everything. Scattered throughout the large room are sex swings, riding posts, a few cages. Things to put a slave in every conceivable position. As I enter, with my two slaves silently behind me, I see Tracy is right where I’ve instructed she be put. She hangs from the ceiling and wall, restrained. Chains cuffed to her wrists and a chain cuffed to the thick leather strap around her waist anchor her to the ceiling and wall, respectively. Tight leather straps, not unlike a waist belt, lash her ankles to her upper thigh, doubling her leg. Similarly, her arms are lashed back onto themselves.

When she squirms, all she can do is pathetically flail her elbows and knees. Cuffed to her knees is a spread bar, keeping her legs open at an uncomfortable width. Nose hooks pull her nostrils up, and are attached up and over her head to the back of the choker she wears around her neck. She wears nothing else, save her fear.

The moment I opened the door, a low repetitive plea for help filled my ears, broken up only by sobs of pathetic self indulgence. As I enter, she cuts a sob midway through and begins begging directly to me.

“Pleeeeeeease let m-m-me goooooooooo.” Renewed tears fall from her face as she pleads to my sensibilities. Stupid woman, I have no sensibilities.

I stand, fully nude, before her. Behind me is a bare stone topped table. I’ve had her chained directly across from it, for a reason. The table run parallel to her, so she can see everything I’m about to do. My cock, still partially erect, twitches in glee and the thought.

“Every time you beg to be set free, or for me to stop, I shall paddle your breasts. Keep it up, and I’ll do it until they fall off. Scream and cry in pain, just never ask anything of me. You are my property now, nothing else. It is YOU who will be asked things of. Do you understand?”

A tiny temper tantrum passes through her, as she helplessly flails against her bonds. After tiring herself out, she takes a moment to pant before whining. “Pleeeeease dooon’t! I wanna go hooo-sniff-oom!”

I turn away in disgust. “I warned you. Whore! The five pound paddle.” Off to the right, the Post was holding a silver tray. Whore 2, who had until recently been stroking her left nipple with a latex clothed hand, walked over and picked up the paddle I’d asked for. Walking over to me, she kept her eyes on Tracy.

“Here you are daddy.”

I waved her off and turned to Tracy.

“Five paddles then?” I asked my restrained toy.

“Nooooo” She wails.

“Ten then.”

“Noooo, wait.”

“Fifteen it is.” I smile inwardly, letting a smile slip through.

Tracy flinches, trying to pull away. But she has no anchor and can't do much to exit my path. “Please noooo.”

“Twenty it is, and I think it best that I do it so hard all you can do is scream, lest you beg some more.”

“Wait!” She commands. Stupid slut, I command. The paddle whistles through the air before connecting with her left tit. The smack is so sharp the noise hurts my ear. Immediately, Tracy begins screaming, a spasm of pain causing her to bounce around in her suspension.

“One.” I calmly say. “Only twenty four more.” The paddle comes down again, this time on her other breast. The sound of the hit is drowned out by Tracy's scream of anticipation. I forgive her the reaction. I train that out of them later on. For now, it will be enough for her to learn to do my bidding out of simple self preservation. That is the first step.

I bring the paddle down again and again. With such small breasts as Tracy has, cute little A cups with beautiful pink nipples, the paddle I use has a face wider than their target. Instead, much of the blow lands on her chest proper. Slaps nine, ten and eleven land only half on, smacking the ends of the tips, before passing below. She screams louder. I didn't think that possible. I'll need to continue aiming to the tips instead of the full breast. I continue to bring the solid wood face of the paddle down on her tits in turn. Screaming so loud and so long, Tracy's voice begins to go raw early on. Slap, slap, slap. The red welts that her tits had become now have a dark blue and purple tinge settling deep into them. The bruises are so much more tender than the rest of her body, and make the last five slaps an exercise in hell for her.

“Twenty five.” Slap.

“AAAAAHHHHHRGGHHH!” Tracy yelps. The final respite leaves her a chance to pant for air. She begins crying in earnest, like a small child would. The sight of this girl, in so much pain caused by my hand, trussed up like a kinky cockwhore, crying away all her pain and shame has me fully erect. I look over at Whore 2. She is pinching a nipple, twisting it gently. Her knees are bent, ever so slightly.

“Would you like to beg for me to let you go?”

A weak head shake from her matted blond head serves as answer enough.

“Whore, take the paddle.” She walks over and takes it the wooden instrument from my out stretched hand. The sound of her heels and the squeak of her latex suit tells me she walks over to the Post to replace it to the tray.

“You studied women’s something or other in school right?” I ask, not really caring. Tracy’s head bobs up and down, still too weak to be anything other than limp. “Women aren’t anything. They are things to do with. They’re holes to be fucked, and bodies to be beaten. You will learn this.”

From behind a veil of blond hair, Tracy tries to look up to me. “Fuck you.”

“What?” I ask, a little startled. I’d thought to make her too weak to say anything stupid.

“This is evil, you sick fuck.” She weakly spits out, putting all her hate into those quivering words. I have a sudden urge to take one of the flogging clubs and hit her exposed pussy over and over. But her spreading pole is in the way. Stupid, I should have just had her knees chained to the wall behind her.

“Whore, bring me the five pound paddle. The one with nails.” I’d rather not scar her so early, but she will learn. Whore 2 begins to walk to the Post in order to bring me the paddle, when,

“I’m sorry”. The choked whisper escapes Tracy, almost too quiet to hear. Her head is still raised, but she’s no longer looking at me. Her gaze is downcast and off to her left.

“What did you say?”

“I-I’m,” she clears her hoarse throat and tries again, bolder. “I’m sorry.”

I cross the distance separating her and me in an instant. I reach into her, quickly grasping her small mound of pubic hair and give it a firm tug. Thousands of little needle pricks bite deep into her crotch, as the skin gets pulled tight.

“Ahhh!” She cries.

“You’re fucking damn well rights you’re sorry. And you’ll be more than sorry if you ever, EVER, do anything so stupid as to think for yourself again. You are mine! Do anything so stupid again, and I won’t kill you for days. You’ll wished I had. You’ll over to rape your own mother with a butchers knife if it meant I’d only stop and kill you. Death is a reward. Unending torture is the only punishment. Do you understand me?”

Gritting her teeth through the pain, she nods. I draw my face closer to hers. “Than admit it. Say you’re nothing more than my stupid fucking post, and you’re only good enough for what ever degradation I give to you.” I don’t wait for an answer, I give another, harder, tug on her pubic region. She cries out again, louder this time. “Say it!”

“I...I’m nothing more than your stupid fuck post, and I’m only good enough for whatever you do to me-eeee-eee.” Tears begin anew.

I let her go, and she sucks in a breath of air through her teeth.

“Daddy.” I say, quietly. Tracy looks to me, not understanding. “You’ll address me as Daddy. And you’ll do as such every time you speak. Do you understand”

“Y-yes. Daddy! Yes daddy.”

The corner of my mouth curls upward in satisfaction.

“Do you want to be let go?” I ask **[k./sic]**

“No.” She replies, defeated.

I ball my hand into a fist and punch her square on her left tit. The force of the blow swings her back into the wall, her restrained legs crashing into the cement.

“NO DADDY!” She screams in pain, realizing immediately what she has done wrong.

“Whore, bring in the cow.” I walk over to a row of tools, and start glancing through them. Where is it?

Whore 2 walks over to the side entrance and opens the door. She disappears for a moment into the room before returning.

“Tracy, you might not understand what’s about to happen, but if you don’t want your tongue nailed to a block of wood, you’ll keep all questions to yourself. Do you understand.” I call out behind me, not caring to look up.

“Yes. Daddy!” She hurriedly says the second part. She’s coming along nicely.

Whore 2 returns with a local Ecuadorian girl. Her cool brown skin trembling in fear. Cows are inexpensive stock. They’ll never be trained into slaves and only serve on purpose. They’re disposable. I find what I’m looking for and turn to walk back to Tracy. Whore 2 is forcing the cow up onto the table. At one end the collar she wears is hooked onto the end of one table, followed by her wrists and the corners. She then proceeds to clasp her ankles to the table, leaving the local cow chained face down, ass up on the waist high table. Through the red ball gag, the cow moos in fear.

I walk up to Tracy, with her new clamp in hand.

“You’re name is no longer Tracy. It’s now Rapewhore. Say it.” I coldly look into her eyes.

She pauses a moment, with a desperate plea in her sad eyes. Then she does as I’ve commanded. “My name is....Rapewhore. Daddy.”

“You don’t understand Rapewhore. When I give you a gift, you thank me. Again.”

Tears well up in her eyes and her face distorts into a grimace. She is disgusted with herself for what she about to do. The cum in my swollen cock wells up, begging to be let loose.

“My name is Rapewhore, daddy. Th-thank you.” I am so fucking horny right now. It takes everything to not rape her to death here and now.

“Yes, it is.” I lift the spider clamp I have in my hand up to her eyes. It’s a silver mouth spreader that keeps the mouth open. Holding it in place is a network of leather straps that fit around her head and face. Along, the leather straps look like some kinky fetish mask. Altogether, it makes for an erotic and degrading piece of equipment.

“Open your mouth.” She hesitates for an instant, scared of what’s about to happen. Inside her head, I can almost imagine the gears in motion. Whatever I’m about to do to her, it’s best she do as I say and avoid anything additional. She goes to open her mouth, but then thinks better of it. “Yes daddy.” She opens her mouth up fully. She isn’t doing everything I say for the right reasons, not yet. But the first, tiny step as been taken. And she’s the one who has taken it.

I insert the spider clamp into her mouth and latch it open, the clamp the leather straps shut around the back of her head. Stepping away, I admire her. Mouth forced open, she can now moan and cry unhindered, but not really talk. Drool begins to spill out of her mouth and onto her horrendously bruised breasts.

“Rapewhore, “I begin, turning from her and to the cow. “I own you now. As I own everything on this estate. Isn’t that right Whore?”

“Yes daddy.” Whore 2 chirps, stopping just long enough from stroking her pussy lips to answer.

“As my property, you need to stop thinking of yourself as a person. You’re a thing now. Just like this cow is.” I rest my hand upon the supple brown buttock of the kneeling cow. She starts in fear at the touch. I give it a little appreciating pat.

“This cow was bought for me in a village many miles from her. As she is mine, I can do anything I want to her. Whore? The Gaper.” Whore 2 takes from the Posts held tray a device that looks like an egg beater, save for the long handle and the toothed gear on the handle. I take it from her and wave her away.

Turning to Tracy, I explain. “This device, as it gets cranked, spreads. It starts of with

a diameter of one inch, but can spread to a diameter of one foot. See?" I turn the crank, spreading the egg beater like end. It's made from a thicker and stronger metal, and can withstand a few hundred pounds of pressure. The toothed gear ensures that once cranked, it can't uncrank until the release is engaged.

Tracy's eyes go wide with fear. She knows what it's used for, but has the wrong idea.

"Don't worry Rapewhore, it's not for you. It's for the cow. You're going to watch."

"Ooooo! Eees ooodt!" Wails Tracy, feebly.

"Whore, that's another five paddles. Keep track for me."

"Yes daddy." She replies automatically. I walk around the table to the front of the cow, handing the Gaper to Whore 2 as I pass. "Insert it into her ass and start. Go slowly."

"Yes daddy." I look into the panicked cows face as the Gaper is pressed against her asshole. I can imagine it puckering at the sensation. In a moment, her eyes squeeze shut and a scream passes into the ball gag as Whore 2 forces it in without care to the damage she's causing. The mechanical clank of the metal crank begins. The cows eyes shoot open in fear, darting around. Finding no escape, she begins to shriek.

I'm too worked up to make this last long. I unclasp the red ball gag and let it fall to the floor, revealing the O ring behind it. Similar to the spider clamp, the O ring is a metal ring that sits in the mouth behind the teeth, keeping the mouth open. The cows anguish fills the room for a moment, until my cock enters her mouth, serving as a new gag.

I look up from the cow to Whore 2. "Crank it hard!" She obeys my command. A well of sound enters the cows throat, With no where to go, the screams vibrate into my cock. Along with her dancing tongue, it feels like a sadistic heaven. As I thrust in full, rapeful earnest, I hear the sickening sound of splitting flesh followed by the sound of a steady drip of blood hitting the table. The cows collar has a loop on the back of it I hook my fingers into. Holding a fistful of hair to keep her steady against my cock, I use my other hand to pull up hard. The pressure of the collar on her

windpipe cuts off the screaming. The cow, in so much pain, begins her final thrashes. I'm so close.

"PULL. IT. OUT." I command Whore 2 through gritted teeth. She braces a foot against the stone table top and pulls with all her might. Even with the leverage, it's a fight to pull the Gaper out. It takes a moment, but comes free, making a wonderful mess. As the cow's last few spasms of life twitch from her, I grab two fist full of hair, and thrust the last few times.

"TAKE IT! YOU GODDAMNED! WHORE!" Each scream a force full thrust. I cum hard and long with the final shout. With each spasms of cum shooting into the dead girls mouth, I chant through gritted teeth, "Take it. Take it. Take it. Take it. Taaaaake it."

Drained, I pull out uninterested. It takes me a moment to realize that Tracy had said nothing the whole time. Looking up, I notice she's staring in horror, but unable to look away.

"She meant nothing to me. You are a personal interest. Disobey, and you'll beg me for this kind of treatment." The words register with her, I can see it. But she's too horrified from what she's just seen to answer.

Spent I go to leave the room. "Whore, clean this up. Leave Rapewhore there for the night, she'll keep." As I reach for the door, I pause, thinking.

"Have the cows head removed and cleaned. I'll have the maid masturbate me with it later." I open and step out. Looking back in as I close the door, I call out to Tracy one last time for the day.

"You never have to be treated so badly. Learn to obey, and you can avoid any punishment."

It took a second, but Tracy's eyes tear away from the body to look at me. Even though she makes no effort to answer, I know she understands me. Tomorrow, she will learn to believe me.