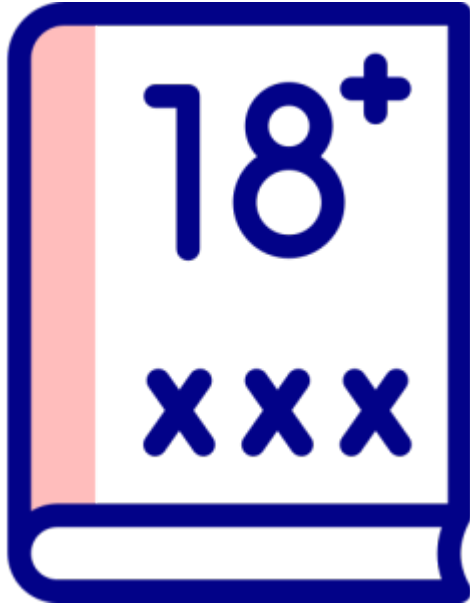


The Breaking of Tracy (part 3)

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 23, 2011



By Mr.Hurt

Fantasm, BDSM, Bondage and restriction, Cruelty, Cum Swallowing, Death, Domination/submission, Humiliation, Male Domination, Masturbation, Necrophilia, Non-consensual sex, Rape, Sado-Masochism, Slavery, Torture

Introduction: A wealthy slave trainer begins to put his new toy through her paces, with the goal of breaking her spirit.

Part 3 - Hot and Cold

Her mouth runs the length of my shaft, up and down. Eyes staring up at me, unblinking, the pace of the blowjob quickens. I'm hardly paying attention. I'm starting to believe that I've made a misstep with Tracy. She understands now that she must bow to my will, but it's hollow. Which is normal. But I did too much too fast.

The cow should not have been slaughtered until the next day. Tracy needed time to come to terms with her situation, let her surroundings sink in before the shock of the

cow being raped to death. Spilled milk and all, as they say. No sense worrying about it now. Today's schedule needs to be altered a bit. I stare off into the empty space of the wall opposite me, my arm draped around the shoulders of The Post. She sits at my side, sitting on her knees with a back as straight as a cat. As I absently trace the scars across her chest and breasts, she keeps her hands behind her back, resting between her feet. My orgasm is close, but I can already tell it will be hollow and unsatisfying.

'How to make Tracy the perfect slave?' I ponder. 'The sacrificial cow was a good shock to her system. But I did it too early. Her hope and will probably haven't eroded enough. I'll bet she's steeling herself for whatever comes next.' I imagine her promising herself a silent war of wills. A war of attrition. No matter how long, no matter what she is forced to do, she will never break. I don't know this for certain, of course. But I suspect, and that's enough.

I grunt in disappointing release and a small spurt of cum shoots into the back of her throat. With the job done, her mouth lowers the length of my shat, taking it all in.

"Is there anything else, daddy?" The maid asks.

"Wipe me off, then send that to the kennels." I answer, resting my chin in my hand. My eyes continue to look off into nothing as I reexamine my situation.

The maid lifts the disembodied cow's head from my flaccid dick and sets it aside. I sigh in contemplation while the maid wipes my shaft down with a damp cloth, cleaning me. My eyes follow her as she gets up, carrying the head in front of her, walking her awkward steps out the door. It's good that she's gone. I'm bound to lash out at something if I can't come up with a solution. How do you break a woman who's accepted she to anything done to her. Curious.

A flash of anger catches me. With my arm draped back behind The Post's shoulders, I reach up and grab her jaw, violently pulling it towards me. The side of her face crashes into the wooden arm rest, but she keeps whatever composure she can. The Post's training went perfectly. The positive reinforcement molded her into a soulless painlut. I can't do that to Tracy, not at this point anyway. All she understands is that I'm a monster. She saw me kill the c...that's it. She knows what I'm capable of. I

even told her if she ever disobeys, she'd receive worse. She'd heard the words, but after seeing something so horrific, you can't believe there's anything worse. I have to show her.

I smile spreads across my lips, and I ease my hold on The Post's head. Instead, I gently stroke the side of her face, letting her know my rage has abated.

"I'll be having breakfast soon. Go have one of the Whores get the Hole prepared."

"Yes daddy."

I let her stand up, and go to watch her leave. "Have Mistress Bitchcraft flog you pussy. You have half an hour to cum as much as you can."

"Thank you daddy!" The Post replies, ecstatic. I give her so little pleasure now that she's tame. This is a great boon. She might not understand why I'm doing this for her, but she's genuinely grateful. Stupid thing. I need her to come in looking and smelling like she's just been enjoying herself. Tracy needs to see her like that when she brings in the Hole. I pay little attention to the rest of my morning, eating and bathing with only half a mind on the task near at hand.

Fourty minutes pass before I reach the door to the novice room. Whore 1 is awaiting me, wearing the standard Whore fare of a latex body suit. I've always loved the dehumanizing qualities of a featureless latex mask. Her shapely, supine figure leaves nothing to the imagination while also stripping her of her identity. This one had been a day care worker once upon a time, if I'm not mistaken.

"The Hole is ready, daddy. I've dressed her in the harness you've designed and the mask you picked. She awaits next door with The Post."

"Very good. I'll not be needing anything further."

"Yes daddy." As she leaves, I take the opportunity to spy her hands, clasped behind her back. Yes, she had been the daycare worker, both pinkies were missing. I'd had to take a set of pliers to her after she'd finished her training. Trying to escape the first day upstairs was no laughing matter. A few dozen feet further up this hallway was his discipline room. It had been there that he'd had her hung by her neck with

her arms tied outstretched from her sides, forcing her to stand on her toes. Using the pliers to crush the bone in her finger had been easy, but actually removing it had involved some considerable wrenching and twisting. All the while Mistress Bitchcraft and mercilessly whipped her naked from. It takes a moment, but I remember inserting the mangled finger up her own cunt, telling her to keep it there until I was done with the other one. I'd had no problem since with her, though I chose to keep her downstairs from that day on. Better safe than sorry. Let's not make the same mistake with our beautiful new treasure.

I enter the novice room nude, as the day before. Still strung from the ceiling hangs Tracy, though a purple shade had settled throughout her limbs during the night. Hanging there all night had been it's own torture. She'd be grateful to get down, even if it meant more abuse.

Her limp head groggily raises, looking towards the sound of the opening door.

"please..." She croaks.

I walk past her to the a basin against the wall. "Please what?"

She painfully clears her throat and tries again. "Please let me down. I can't feel my legs. Daddy!" She hurriedly adds the last part, remembering her ordeal yesterday.

I run the tap for a moment, filling a plastic cup full of water.

"I think because you remembered yesterdays lesson, I can let you down. Already you're learning that obedience has rewards, aren't you?" I turn to her, waiting for an answer.

"Yes daddy." Her tone does nothing but reinforce my conviction that I did too much too soon with her. I'll rectify that momentarily.

I walk towards her, taking care to watch her face. She cautiously tracks my movement across the room, her jaw set. Reaching her, I take hold of the clasp attached to the leather strap wrapped around her abdomen. I thumb the release, letting her swing free from the wall. All her weight is now carried in her wrists. Her numb, bound, wrists. She let's out a sharp hiss of pain. I can't see her face, but I

imagine it to be a grimace. Standing behind her proper, I reach up with both hands and thumb the release. In an instant, she crashes to the cement below, landing painfully on her side. For a moment, she makes no noise, save for the surprised intake of air. She'd been expecting a gentler descent.

"OWWWW-WWWW-WWW-WW-WWWWWW!" She begins to cry, like a toddler that has fallen after it's first few steps. My foot shoots out, finding her neck. I press down onto her throat, cutting off her pathetic display in a choking fit. I press harder.

"Shut up. You're not hurt, are you?" I emphasize the last two words, framing it as a redundant question. She tries to speak, only to realize she can't. She hurriedly shakes her head. I lift my foot.

"No what?"

Tracy answers immediately. "<cough> No, daddy!"

I let her lay there a full minute before I reach down and undo the leather straps restraining her arms and legs. As each comes off, she let's out a whimper of gratitude as the blood begins to reach her limbs unhindered. I remove the spread bar from her knees, but go to attach it to her ankles, when she balks me. Like lightning, my hand finds her throat, and I shove her head hard against the ground. She stops struggling in an instant.

"I don't like to play games. You will stop these useless displays of independence. Do you understand me?" Her face is going red by the time I finish my little speech, my nose nearly touching hers. She makes no attempt to try and talk this time, instead nodding immediately.

"Yes, what?" I demand, lessening my grip.

"Yes daddy!" I let her go, her head bouncing off the cement again. As stars dance in her eyes I cuff her ankles to the spread bar. Leaving her laying on the floor, I go back to the basin and fetch the cup of water. Returning, I offer the cup to her. Hesitantly she takes it from my hand, before eyeing it's contents. A tentative sip is all it takes for her thirst to force the rest down. Sheepishly, she looks up at me, like a wounded doe.

“Can...can I have another?”

I reach my hand out for the cup, a friendly expression on my face. Handing it over, I can see a flicker of hope run across her face.

“No.” I toss the cup over my shoulder. Its bounce echoes off the wall, disrupting our moment of silence. “Stand up.”

Her lower lip quivers for a moment. She thinks I’m mean, how cute. Wrestling her lip under control, she raises her hand, looking for help. I effortlessly kick her hand away.

“Get up, now!”

My tone lets her know I’m not asking. Wincing from her fall, she tenderly stands, the spread bar making it all the more awkward.

“Step two feet forward.” Again, my tone says more than my words. Looking down at her feet, Tracy takes the few awkward steps forward necessary to move the two feet. Satisfied, I walk over to the work bench against the wall, selecting two short lengths of chain. Turning back to Tracy, I take the moment to drink in the sight of her. Her petite pale body is a thing of beauty, made all the more beautiful with her bruised and beaten breasts. A tie dye tapestry of purple and blue spreads out along her tender tits, along with the occasional welt. Cold, frightened and starving, she holds herself in her own arms, shivering, looking down and away from me. It’s good that she still has shame, at this point anyway.

Walking back to Tracy, I hold up the two lengths of chain to her eyes, getting her attention.

“I’m going to kneel down and chain your ankles to the floor clasps. If you try anything, even think of trying anything, and I will punch you so hard in the box, I’ll lift you off your feet. Do you understand?”

She nods immediately. Each ankle is hooked to the floor in quick succession. Standing, I return to the work bench, perusing the various toys. Selecting a light whipping cane, I make my way back again to Tracy.

“Alight Rapewhore. Yesterday, you didn’t get to do much. You got off easy.” As I speak, her lip begins to quiver again. Absently, her hands slowly reach up to cover her breasts. “Today, I’m going to whip you as much as I want.” I let the tip of the cane trace the length from her perfect belly button to the tip of her neatly maintained pubic patch.

“And you’re going to take it. Your hands will be at your sides for each strike. You will count off each strike. You will thank me for each strike and ask for another. If you behave long enough, I’ll give you a little break. Do you understand?”

For a moment, she doesn’t speak. Tentatively, she raises her eyes to me, and asks in all sincerity, “Why are you doing this to me?”

I laugh. Hard and deep. I almost drop the cane. “Why? Because I can. Because you can’t stop me. And because you’re going to listen to me because you know you can’t get away and will get worse if you don’t listen. Isn’t that right?” As I make my little speech, the cane finds it’s way between her legs, rubbing in between her tender slit. She had jumped at first, and made to smack it away, but had stopped herself. She didn’t have to answer, and she doesn’t. The shame shining through her entire body answers for me. At the sight, my cock raises to full length in quick work. Her downcast eyes catch the entire show, going wide with horror.

“Hands at you sides.”

Her mind races, looking for an escape, I could see it. It only takes a second, but her arms lowers to their sides and she begins a quiet, pitiful, cry.

I take half a step back before letting the cane cut the air. Landing exactly as aimed, a red line springs up across her abdomen. She squeals in pain before returning to her crying. She hadn’t expected the hit there.

“One. Thank you daddy, can I have another?” she manages to say through quiet sobs. I’ve always found that when you tell them to ask for another, they always say the same thing. I’ve always wondered why.

The cane marks her body again. And again. Each time she feels the bite on her flesh. Each time her voice breaks out in a painful outcry. But each time her hands return

to her sides and she asks for another. I let loose with more hits. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten. I circle her, whipping her stomach and thighs, her back and ass. The smooth curves of her well toned butt jump at the sting of the cane, each leaving a red kiss on her cheek. She keeps counting. Changing the pressure a bit, I surprise her, almost off balance. She teeters on her toes, waving her arms to steady her. Finding her balance, she takes a deep breath and renews her self indulgence by crying some more. Dutifully she keeps asking for more. Each time she asks, I hear the desperate hope of a break in her voice. I keep whipping. Aiming at her inner thigh while standing behind her, I turn the entire region into flaming red pain. Crying, in pain and shame, she continues.

"27 daddy-y-y. Can I-I-I <sob> have another-er-er?" I circle back around while whipping her, moving up to her abused breasts. Tracy stops crying with each strike, choosing instead to shriek. The first few strikes cause so much pain, she only manages to squeak out her request for another. I keep working. My arm takes aim and comes down on the aching flesh of her chest. I catch her left nipple perfectly with one strike. Tracy lets loose with a scream, hurting my ears.

"40 DADDY! CAN I HAVE ANOTHER!" Panting, she awaits the next strike. Looking over her slim frame, I see I've tattooed her flesh in bright red cane marks. My cock hard, my body covered in a thin layer of sweat, I pause. I lower the cane, and step towards her. Letting my hand reach out and find her flesh. I run my palm across her front, feeling the heat emanating from her. Moving across her tenderized breasts, I cause her to whimper in pain. I eye a puffy nipple, hungry for it. I imagine biting it, into it. I satisfy myself with a little pinch.

"Not just yet." I put the cane down.

A sigh of relief escapes Tracy, and her shoulders sag. "Thank you daddy." Her eyes go wide. She hadn't meant to say that. She hadn't wanted to say that. She'd blurted it out instinctively, out of self preservation and habit.

It's beginning.

"You're welcome." I eagerly eat her in with my eyes, letting a stray finger run the length of the underside of my cock. I watch as she realizes what she's done, and

why. Next, the disappointment and shame consume her. Inside, she's probably calling herself an idiot. Soon enough she swallows her emotions and tries to put forth a cool demeanour, even raising her chin and meeting my gaze. I walk behind her. Like a well trained soldier, she keeps her gaze ahead of her. She's trying to be stoic, not let anything in or out. Behind her now, I get close, so that I can whisper to her. Before my lips reach her ear, the head of my manhood pokes her in the small of her back, making her jump in surprise. I enjoy the sensation. The first time my cock has touched her. Though no penetration occurs, it is intimate. I can tell Tracy thinks as much, though I know she hates it. Intimate doesn't necessarily mean good. I enjoy the contact all the more.

Tenderly, my hands fall on her shoulders. Beneath my palms her flesh goosebumps. I smile with closed eyes for a moment, savouring the sensation. Sliding down her arms, I instruct her. "When you're not doing anything, or having anything done to you, place your hand behind you back. Like this." I step back and gently put her hands just above the cleft of her ass. "Understand?"

Coldly, she answers yes.

"Good. This time, if you keep obeying, I might start to go easier on you. Understand."

"Yes daddy." She let's a little nod slide out of her.

I whip her longer this time, going no easier on her. When I'd walked in this morning, Tracy's body had had a tinge of purple in it, from the constricting effects on her blood flow the leather straps. Now, her body ached in a painful bright red. She was starting to look like she'd suffered a terrible sun burn. Cane burn, as it were.

Dutifully, she takes each strike, asking for another. Soon she starts begging. Than pleading. The pain is building up in her. I strike her tits, she asks while trying to keep her knees from buckling. I strike her thighs, she begs while trying to keep from screaming at me. I strike her tender ass cheeks, she pleads while trying to stop from fainting.

"93 daddy. Pl-please another!" Her sentences have gotten shorter. Whether from

pain, desperation or an inability to think straight, I can't tell.

"Not right now."

"Thank you da-d-dy." She'd said it automatically again, this time catching herself mid sentence. Cleverly, she'd finished what she was saying. A second later, her hands reluctantly move behind her back, just as I'd shown her. Looking at her, it's all I can do to not rape her ass bloody.

"Open you mouth."

Fearing the worse, she complies. I place the cane between her teeth, making her hold it there. Seeing her beaten while submissively holding her hands behind her back with a cane held in her teeth strikes me as profoundly erotic. I must remember to do this again once she's docile and trained so that I can capture a picture of it. I'll make a postcard out of it.

Like before, I walk behind her. This time however my fingers trace her spine, from her neck all the way to her ass. I don't stop. My fingers make their way along the crack of her exquisite posterior, all along the hemisphere. Tracing down and under, they find the hot spot they'd been searching for. A surprised moan of sorrow escapes from her.

Gently parting her lips, My fingers begin to caress her most tender of flesh. Sweat had built up within her cunt, making the act of gliding my fingers along her unwhipped pussy a thing of great ease. Tracy's body goes stiff as I touch her there, lingering. She's too scared to move. I find her clit and tease it a moment, before continuing to glide along the rest of her pussy. The brief contact makes her make a little sound. Half yelp, half sigh. Adorable. I continue to touch her, letting my fingers briefly kiss her electrified clit every now and again.

Her body gets heavy as she lowers into my hand ever so slightly. She probably doesn't even realize she's done it. I make her enjoy my hands work. Her pussy greedily spasms in pleasure. Not an orgasm, rather a surge of pleasure. Her body is betraying her mind. Against her will, she continues to react with pleasure. Her breath is coming out in ragged gasps, breasts heaving in and out. Next to her body,

her hands bunch up into fists. Even as her hungry cunt tries to eat my whole hand, Tracy tries to will herself to hate what is being done to her. To not enjoy it. She can't.

I run the back of my hand along her ass. This new sensation breaks off a part of her concentration. After a moment, a sudden rush of heat fills her womanhood, signalling her readiness. I continue to manipulate her sex organ, slowly sliding fingers between her swollen lips before finally focusing on her aching clit. Little circles, traced around her bud forces her breath to catch in her throat. My other hand leaves her ass and moves over her shoulder. As gently as is humanly possible, I touch her beaten chest with a lovers touch. This new sensation sends her over the top. The feeling of my fingers along her black and blue bruises rise up echos of the pain I'd caused her earlier, while also soothing that pain and replacing it with erotic tenderness. Against her wishes, her thighs clamp on my hand as she moans. Her orgasm sounds remarkably similar to the dying breath of a young girl. I slow my fingers pace as she shudders through my gift.

I stop when I hear her start to cry through her muffled mouth. This has been a rape in the truest sense of the word. I have violated her, more so than hanging her from the ceiling of canning her has done yet. She hates me, but now she hates herself. This will do for now.

I take my cane from her, still standing behind her.

"Arms at you side."

Still crying from this new shame visited upon her, she complies. WHIP. A new red stripe marks her left cheek.

"94. Thank you daddy, can I have another?"

I raise my arm back.

"Do you know why I chose you, Rapewhore?" WHIP. A sister mark roses on her right cheek.

"95. Thank you daddy, can I have another?" Then, after realizing I'd spoken, "N-no.

Daddy! No, I don't daddy."

WHIP. Her back has a new ache the width of the cane.

"It's not because of who you are, or what you do."

"96. Thank you daddy, can I have another?"

WHIP. I hit the crest of her ass, marking both cheeks.

"Although that WAS a part of it."

"97. Thank you daddy, may I have another?"

WHIP. I bring it down on her left shoulder, marking it anew.

"It wasn't your looks either, although that WAS a part of it too."

"98. Th-thank you daddy. Can I have another?" She's getting scared. She doesn't know what to expect, and every time something new happens, she hasn't liked it. Precum seeps out of my dick.

"Would you like to know why I chose you?"

WHIP. The back of her leg has a brand new welt.

"99. Thank you daddy, may I have another? And yes...I would like to know." Tracy nervously looks over her shoulder to me, eyes equally filled with fear and questioning.

I raise the cane against my shoulder. "It's because of another girl."

It takes a second to register for her. Whatever I could have said, whatever she's expected, that wasn't it.

"Wh-what? Why?" She asks, adding, "Daddy."

I walk around her to the bench, leaning against it and putting down the cane. Her body is a sight to behold. Each strike I've made against her virgin flesh blazes bright

red, though none bleed. I don't want her scarred.

"I'd chosen someone else before you. We were short staffed, and I'd chosen another girl. She'd been the personal assistant to a feminist writer. Two months ago, she was right where you're standing. And it's because of her, that you're here right now."

She tries to wrap her head around this. I can see her trying to suss out what could have led from that to this. She can't.

"How-" She started.

I cut Tracy off before she can continue. "I'll tell you. But first I need to cuff your hands above your head, and I need to hear you ask me to do it."

Her mind reels again. "But-"

"Everything around you is based off of one tenant. It is as I want. I want to whip a woman, I do it. I want to rape one, I do it. I don't want to hurt you for the rest of the day. If you do everything I tell you to, you won't feel a single ounce of pain until tomorrow. I haven't lied to you. And I won't, I don't have a need to. Listen to me. Learn to do what I tell you, and you can avoid the worst. Right now, I want you to ask me to handcuff your hands above your head."

"And you'll tell me why I'm here?" She timidly asks.

"I'll do whatever the fuck I want." Her hopes dash away in a moment. I return them just as quickly. "Which, right now, means telling you, yes."

Looking up, she can see a metal cable hanging from the ceiling. Tracing the line with her eyes, she sees it attached to a mechanical spool against the wall near the door. Gingerly, she raises her arms.

Quietly, "Please handcuff my arms above my head daddy?" I wait a moment. "Please daddy? Please?"

I walk over and flip the arm on the spools control panel, lowering the cable. I stop it above her head and walk back to her, picking up a set of handcuffs along the way. I tighten them around the wrists, then raise her arms a comfortable distance above

her head again. Satisfied, lean back.

“She wouldn’t learn.” I say simply.

“She wouldn’t-” Tracy starts.

“No. I beat her, she refused to obey. I tortured her, she still didn’t listen. She tried to convince some of the other girls who serviced me down here to revolt. While one of the Whores was bathing her, she fled. She made it upstairs, actually.” I point up as I say this, Tracy’s eyes following it’s direction, looking at the ceiling.

“Oh yeah. But I’m not stupid, I’m not the only one here to keep you sluts in line. I have a staff.” I point off to the corner, and again her eyes follow it’s trail. Instead of blank ceiling, a small black camera. She starts, surprised. She’d never noticed it.

“I have armed guards, well paid, to make sure no one does anything they shouldn’t. Like escape. They don’t live in the mansion, but they are on the estate. They tranquilized her before she made it to the front door. She never learnt, so I needed someone else who could.”

I let this sink in. She takes a couple of minutes to run through it.

Meekly, “Did you kill her?”

I chuckle. “Why would I do that? There’s so many worse things I can do.”

“Like what. Daddy!” Remembering formality, she adds the last part on quickly. I walk to a table against the side of the room, not answering her yet. Coming back I walk behind her so she can’t see what I’m holding.

“Daddy?” She asks. “Daddy?” Almost pleading this time.

I kneel down behind her, putting it between her legs. Looking down she starts, even trying to struggle. She can’t move.

“Daddy, please. No.” I ignore her, tightening each strap around her leg tightly then her waist. I stand up and walk around her, admiring. Jutting out from her crotch is a nine inch, thick, red strap on dildo. I finally answer her. “I’ll show you.”

I walk over to the side door, the one I'd had the cow brought in from the day before. I give it two quick pounds with my fist before returning to the centre of the room to drag a heavy table before Tracy.

From against the wall, the door opens.

Oh Tracy. My dear Tracy. The things I'm going to do to you. She has no idea. I eagerly watch as Tracy's reaction goes from frightened intrigue to true and utter horror. The things I'll do to her. They are nothing compared to the things I'll make her do.