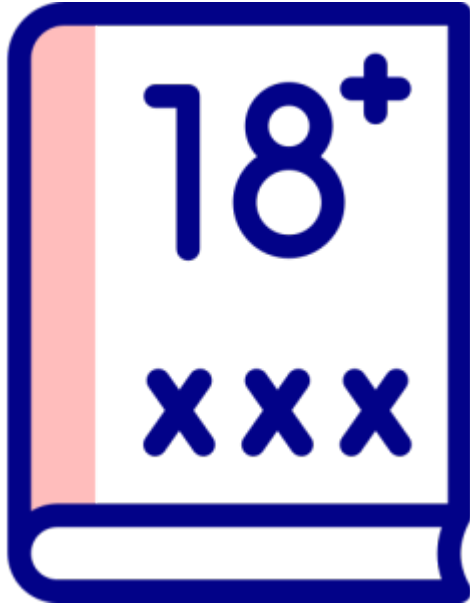


The Breaking of Tracy (part 4)

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | October 24, 2011



By Mr.Hurt

Part 4 - Tracy's Rape

It's not enough that I rape Tracy. I could do that at anytime. She has to do something of her own volition that goes against her every moral fibre. Only after she makes the one compromise will she start to compromise her self respect, her identity and, eventually, her humanity. So when Tracy eyes the scene before her, I can tell her horror is true and unexpected. She has no idea what's to come. She thinks she does, but she doesn't.

The Post, her beautifully scarred flesh straining with the effort, carries the Hole by it's leather harness. Each step is a struggle, as the Post is a petite thing. Dutifully she sets the Hole down on the stone table. I watch Tracy. Her nose wrinkles a bit as she stares in shock. The Post's earlier orgasm has left her smelling of sex. Subconsciously, Tracy will recognize that. It will help reinforce the mentality that torture and pain equal sex that she must learn.

In front of my chained up Rapewhore Tracy, on the stone table, is my ultimate punishment for disobedience. The Hole, as it is now known, was a beautiful girl once. Now, she's a thing. Her legs have been amputated flush to her abdomen. Her arms, likewise. A leather harness snakes around her body as a series of black leather straps and clasps, forming a spiderweb of sadism. It clothes her little, but looks kinky. Not only does the sight arouse me, but a small leather strap acts as a handle. I allow the Hole no face. A thick, though form fitting, leather mask covers her face, save for her eyes and mouth, though a thick ball gag rests tightly between her teeth. Around her neck, a padlocked collar keeps the mask on. I eye the silver lock in satisfaction. Though it is small, and I doubt Tracy can see, I know it has no key slot. It's been designed to never be removed. The Hole, my beautiful stump of a slave, is just that, a hole. A hole to fuck, a hole to rape. No one has touched her since the surgery, the Hole having just recovered. I plan on letting the guards or guests fuck her. When she's not in use, I'll let the dogs fuck her as they please. For her disobedience, I give her the greatest hell I could think of. An unending one, without hope or reprisal.

But first, before the Hole can be fully immersed in her own private hell, I have need of her with Tracy. Looking to Tracy, I see tears seeping out of the sides of her eyes. This is disgusting to her. Even after all she's been through so far, which to be honest, isn't much, she sees this as a violation of human decency. My cock twitches at the thought.

"You see," I say affectionately. "No reason to kill. That would have been a respite. Instead she's punished. Rapewhore? Pay attention" Tracy peels her eyes away from the Hole. Her horror tattoo her face. Even so, when I speak, she must pay attention.

"Women are nothing but holes. But I am generous. If sluts like the Post can learn my rules, than I allow them to keep their bodies. If they don't learn, they are not rewarded. Do you understand?"

Tracy stares at me. Perhaps she still had a hope of freedom before hand. Her lip trembles. I imagine she'd have carried the hope of freedom as her excuse for doing anything I asked. Perhaps she assumed that I'd kill her if she disobeyed. The truth is worse, and she starts to cry in earnest. The sight of her chained up and crying, it's

too much. I snatch up a cat o' nine tails and whip the front of the Post full force. Red streaks are left behind the leather straps' path, marking her tits and stomach. The Post shrieks in surprised pain before regaining her composure. Her mind catches up to her body, and she sends me a look of desire.

"Thank you daddy." If I hadn't whipped the Post, I'd have raped Tracy, that's how fucking sexy the sight of her crying is. I drop of precum slides off of my dick onto the floor. I only notice it when the Post gets down on her hands and knees and licks it up. I ignore her as she stands back up and resumes her position.

"I hate you." Tracy sobs.

"Why? I didn't do this to you? I did this to her." I point towards the Hole. "SHE did this to you. Just like you'll do this to another girl if you don't obey."

"YOU'RE EVIL! I FUCKING HATE YOU! FUCK YOU!" Tracy descends into sobbing again. Her sobbing breaks as she starts in pain from the lashing I give her on her thigh.

"Enough of this. You are my Rapewhore. Do as I tell you and rape the Hole."

Tracy blinks in surprise. "Wh-what?"

"I put the strap on onto you for a reason. Fuck the Hole."

"What? No, that's sick!"

I grit my teeth and pull back my arm. I lash her side six quick times. Each lash makes her flesh jump in pain. Her tits bounce from the impact. Tracy turns her head away, trying to escape, but unable to move. Her skin screams a crimson red as she herself screams with each strike, acknowledging the pain. At least her body obeys me.

"Address me as daddy, you Rapewhore. Fuck her!"

"I can't." She protests. It's met by another three strikes against her side. I aim the last directly at her breast. Tracy howls in pain, knees buckling. "Please don't make me...daddy. Pleeeeease!" She almost screams the last word.

“Post, belt her.” Tracy looks around in confusion, not understanding the command. The Post is there behind Tracy, strapping an ordinary leather belt around Tracy’s waist. When I walk up and grab hold of the strap on, Tracy loses all interest in the Post and stares at me in fear.

I take the dildo and slip the tip into the Hole’s pussy. As Tracy goes to pull back in disgust, she realizes she can’t. Looking down she sees that the belt is a chain attached to the table. Her focus on me had meant she had not noticed the Post attaching the chain.

“Fuck her, or I’ll whip you raw.”

“I...daddy, please don’t make me. Please.” On the verge of tears again, Tracy pleads.

“Begging doesn’t work. It didn’t work for the Hole. Here, listen.” I take out the Holes ball gag. Immediately it starts screaming obscenities at me, but they are almost unrecognizable. I had the tip of her tongue cut off as further humiliation.

“See? She screamed and begged, and all it did as leave her a cripple and you abducted? Now fuck her.

“Preesh, oh!” The Hole begs to Tracy, eyes wide.

I position myself behind Tracy and raise the whip. “Do it.”

“Oh, preesh! I’m a vir-gen.”

“She’s a...daddy, I can’t, no!” Tracy stammers out her protests. I ignore her. I answer only with a full force strike on her ass. The pain causes her to jump forward, instinctively away from the whip. Also directly into the Holes cunt. Not deep enough to break the hymen, but the head of the dildo is fully in the Holes cunt. Tracy, realizing as much, pulls out as much as she can.

“on’t ishen oo him! He’sh a shick fuck faggoc!” The Hole tells Tracy. I whip again. And again. Each whip I redden Tracy’s ass and make her cheeks bounce. Tracy’s screams of pain echo off of the walls. A full 60 seconds of whippings does nothing to force Tracy to rape the Hole of her own volition.

“Why are you doing this? To save her?” I ask Tracy as I whip her ass again. “She’s the reason you’re here.” I whip again. Tracy’s sobs and screams of pain continue as if she never heard me. I know she does.

“I even told the Hole what I’d do if she didn’t obey.” Whip. “I even showed her your picture.” Whip. Tracy’s ass jumps slightly less this time. Contact with the whip is made, but she pulled out less last time, and so less whip struck her ass.

“She didn’t care about you.” Whip. “She thought if I kidnapped you, she’d be home free.” Whip. “She wanted you kidnapped.” Whip. Tracy’s breathing picks up. Her anger and frustration are boiling over.

“Oh! I i-in’t ow! Preesh!” The Hole looks over at the Post and begs. “Ooo can op ish. On’t rishen oo him. Kir him! We can eshcape!”

I strikes Tracy again, her bright red ass bouncing.

“So she can be amputated?” I ask Tracy with another lash. “And another girl taken from her home?” Another lash. “The Post wouldn’t do that to another girl.” Lash. “Not like she did to you.” I strike Tracy again. As always her ass bounces, but through gritted teeth she grunts. In anger, in pain...in may things. But the grunt, I suspect is directed at the Hole. I strike again. Tracy’s hips begin to move forward before the whip strikes her. She doesn’t go far but Tracy is beginning to worry about herself more than the Hole. Good.

“This whore could have saved you!” Another lash. Her hips move forward with a bit more force than pain would cause. Another grunt. Tracy’s panting grows faster. “This cunt could have saved you!” Another lash, another anger filled thrust. Looking over Tracy’s shoulder the Holes eyes widen through her mask. She understands what’s happening.

“He’sh uh wom who ig it. HE’S H UH WOM OO BRAME!” The Hole pleads to Tracy.

“She could have saved you!” I whip Tracy again. Her flaming ass barely comes back at all. A bit more, that’s all I want.

“Just like you can save another girl.” Whip. “From being taken!” Whip. “From being

tortured!" Whip. "From being you!" Whip.

"Urgh!" Tracy grunts in genuine anger. She hates the Hole.

"Ah!" The Hole grunts in pain. She's never been penetrated.

"SHE'S! THE REASON! YOU'RE! HERE!" A whip punctuates each word.

Tracy screams in rage and frustration. She plows her hips into the Hole, tearing through her hymen. As the Hole gasps in this new pain and humiliation, Tracy gasps in pain from her legs hitting the stone table. I keep her focus on the Hole.

"Now fuck her!" I whip her. "Like she fucked your life."

Tracy stares down at the Hole, dildo hilt deep in the bleeding cunt.

"Oooooo, preeesh! It hurtsh! Shop!"

For a moment I'd thought Tracy would rebel in disgust. But then, like shutters closing down upon a window, all compassion drains from Tracy's face.

"Why? So I can end up like you?" She pulls out a bit before shoving the dildo into her again. The Hole cries out in pain.

"So I can get another girl kidnapped?"

Tracy pulls out more and slams in deeper this time. Crying the Hole begs. "Preesh oh, preesh oh, preesh oh..."

"You did this. I DIDN'T HAVE TO BE HERE!" Tracy screams at the Hole. She pulls out and in again, so fast I don't bother to keep count. Tracy's strap on plunges like a knife into the Holes cunt, fucking it like a beast. Tracy screams through the whole thing so loud, I can't even hear the Hole's screams of pain. Exhausted from the effort, Tracy almost collapses afterwards. Tracy's rape of the Hole lasts about a minute and a half. Both sobbing, I smile.

I nod to the Post, who walks over and grabs hold of the strap on, pulling it out of the bleeding pussy. She then flips the Hole over. Tracy's head bobs up, looking at what's happening.

“Now, Rapewhore, fuck her ass.”

“Ooooooh!” The Hole screams in fear!

“But I-” Tracy begins.

“Do it because I said so!”

Tracy finds me, looking over her shoulder. There’s no pleading in her eyes, and no warmth in mine. She recognizes this. Her head turns back to the Hole. Insider her I can tell what she’s thinking. She knows what she just did. She doesn’t really have a reason not to.

“...yes...daddy.” She says, with tired resignation. The Post lines the dildo to the Hole’s puckered ass hole. She hesitates a moment before pushing in. The force of anger isn’t there, so the dildo has a hard fight getting into the terrified, virgin ass. With determination I see Tracy’s ass cheeks clench as she puts more effort into a thrust. And then another. I can tell she penetrates by the shrieks coming from the Hole.

“Post, gag it. I don’t want to hear anymore.”

“Yes daddy.” The post takes up the ball gag and straps it into place in the Hole’s mouth.

I watch as Tracy continues to force the length of the dildo into the Holes backdoor pussy. Even with the blood from her hymen, and now from her torn ass hole, the dildo is hard pressed to go too deep. Without much enthusiasm Tracy grunts with the effort of penetration. The motions are mechanical. Tracy rapes the Hole’s hole without any compassion or hate. Her hips slap against the Hole’s ass over and over. All the while the stump of a slave’s screams of pain are muffled by the gag. The drip drip of blood hitting the floor sounds in rhythm with every sixth or seventh penetrating thrust. All the while Tracy rapes it, she stares with cold eyes upon the weeping form before her. After a few minutes of watching Tracy’s rape of the Hole’s ass hole, I tell her to stop.

“That’s enough.” She stops at once. I unchain her belt from the table and have her

take a step back. In front of her I rest my arms on her shoulders. I stand so close to Tracy that my dick is flattened against her stomach and her breasts against my chest. She barely notices.

“That was very good. Do what I say and you’ll avoid needless pain. Do you understand?”

Tracy nods. Fresh tears dot her cheeks. I’ve killed a part of her soul. The thought makes me hornier than ever. I think I might fist fuck a girl later to help relieve some of the sexual tension I’ve gathered. But that’s for later.

“One of the Whores will draw you a bubble bath, so you can clean up and relax a bit. Good girls get things like that.”

“Thank you daddy.” Tracy says. It’s almost automatic. That’s good.

I let Tracy go and walk away from her. On my way to the door, I rest a hand on the back of the Hole’s masked head.

“And how’d you like it?” I ask the Hole. She continues to sob in pain, ignoring me.

“Hmmm. Too bad. Post, have the Hole sent down to the kennels. I want dogs fucking her from now on whenever she’s not in use.”

“Yes daddy.” The Hole’s muffled sobs redouble. She heard that one, alright.

As I open the door and walk through, I call back to Tracy.

“Enjoy the rest of the night. Tomorrow we continue on your education.” I close the door as Tracy answers with another ‘Yes daddy.’

Things are going good. As I walk down the corridor, I nod to myself in pleasure. Tracy’s on the right path. The Hole as been humiliated more than she ever thought possible. I am happy. Tomorrow I can get serious about Tracy’s training. But tonight I only have one thought. I need to cum.