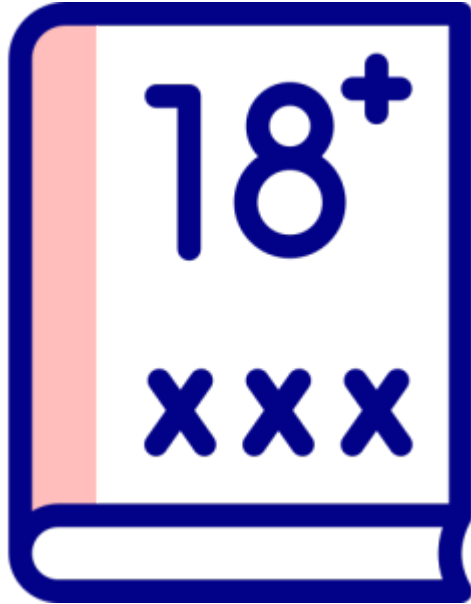


# The Breaking of Tracy (part 5)

Category: Text Stories

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**By Mr.Hurt**

*Fantasm, Anal, Authoritarian, Bi-sexual, Blowjob, Consensual Sex, Cruelty, Discipline, Domination/submission, Female Domination, Humiliation, Sado-Masochism, Slavery, Toys, Violence*

*Introduction: The torturer indulges a secret desire while Tracy takes a bath*

## **Part 5 - Secrets**

I've decided that, while I need to cum, I can't give Tracy a chance to recuperate. It's been a couple of days down here and between each session, which truth be told have been pretty relaxed thus far, I've given her time to contemplate upon the hopelessness of her situation. Not this time. The recent shock of raping The Hole has left her vulnerable. Now is the time to fuck with her head and make her accept, wholeheartedly, her new lifestyle. First things are first, as they say.

The sound of my feet echo down the hall announcing my arrival to the Whore. As I come upon the door to my private room down here in the dungeons, the Whore

stands, waiting for instructions. Back rigid, arms behind her back with both elbows in her palms. I stop for a moment and give her the privilege of being noticed. The Whore, number 3, like the other two I keep, is clothed in a full body latex suit that exposes only her tits, cunt, eyes and mouth. I stroke her cheek. I sneak a peek at her feet, seeing the individual toes encased in latex. I don't have a foot fetish, but I've always loved the sight of toes in latex.

"Give Rapewhore a bath, Whore. Do not talk to her, do not hurt her, do not comfort her. Just clean her and return her to the room."

"Yes daddy. Is there anything else I can do for you?" Her gaze never shifts, she stares straight ahead. Whore 3 had always been a good little slave, easily trained. She had been a fast food worker from San Jose. Perhaps it's because she had no life to speak of that she didn't rally against abandoning it. I keep meaning to explore the possibility more.

"I am not to be disturbed until further notice. Go." I walk past the Whore and enter my room. As the door softly clicks behind me, the Whore answers with the standard 'Yes daddy'.

Now what is it that I am in the mood for? I want to hurt someone. Not someone, not really. I want to hurt Tracy. I want to fuck her and watch her soul wither away. I know I have to wait until a bit longer before subjecting her to my cock, but it's so tempting. All of a sudden, I realize I can't help myself. I'm going to fuck Tracy too soon, she's just too perfect. No matter what or who I fuck, I'm going to be unsatisfied and get hard the moment I see Tracy again. Despite my exacting standards I hold the staff and slaves to, impulse control has never been one of my strong points. I know what I have to do.

Beside my bed is a simple black rotary phone. If I dial 1, Baby upstairs will pick up. If I dial 0, my head kidnapper Cole answers. I dial 9. And wait. For several long seconds nothing happens, the whole while my heart thundering in my chest. The ring tone finally comes, pulsing in my ear. Half way through the second ring the other line picks up and a masculine rasp answers.

"Yes?"

I lick my lips. "When do you leave?"

"Twelve hours. Has something come up?"

I hesitate. This is a serious request, one I've only made three times in the past. "I need you. We won't be disturbed."

A moment of silence. "I see. Dress for me, I will be down shortly." The line dies.

I let out a gush of air and hang up the receiver. Understand, I am in control of so much. Sometimes...sometimes I've needed to give up that control. The staff, under no circumstances, can know about it. The barest of doubts in their minds as to my authority can undo decades of work. It's just that I need...to reboot? It's as good an explanation I have, but I latch onto it with everything I am. I don't enjoy it, it's just something that has to be done. If I don't, I'll ruin Tracy before she's ever done. I don't like it.

I don't.

I am nude at the moment, as I am most of the time. At the most I wear a thin robe. My nudity is a sign of dominance, a subtle reminder of my confidence to every slave I own. Only during certain meetings or functions do I dress. And this.

I make my way around the bed to my simple dresser. Kneeling down, I pull open the bottom drawer, the sock drawer. Carefully I pull out each pair of socks and put them to the side. With the drawer empty, I push down gently until the bottom clicks. I lift my hand away and let my secret cubby lid open it's self.

Inside are the pretty things I wear during these times. Bras, thongs, garters and stockings in a wide range of styles and colours. I pick out a frilly black thong and matching bra. Excitement and shame swell up inside me as I slip a leg into the thong. I step fully in and pull it up along my legs. As I settle it along my waist, I look down to see how I look. My cock just the thong out obscenely. I pat it, feeling the cloth around my manhood. Quickly I put the bra on and snap it into place. I take a moment to feel the woman's cloths against my skin, really feel it. Feel what it does to me. The moment passes and I wait behind the door. My excitement is giving way to shame and fear, the only things that will abate my need to take Tracy early. Deep

inside me my worry over Tracy settles. I am sure this will fix everything.

All too soon there is a knock on the door. I take hold of the door handle and open it, standing behind the door the entire time. She walks in with the tell tale sound of jingling between her legs. I close the door behind her. She places her hands firmly on her hips and speaks, never looking at me.

“In front of me.”

I walk around her and wait, standing in front of her.

“On your knees.” The steel in her voice let’s me know it isn’t a request. Next to her muscled body, so perfectly toned, I feel like a child. Kneeling down the feeling is compounded as I gaze up at her.

“During this time you are not my master. I am yours.”

I nod. “Yes Mistress Bitchcraft.”

“Until I leave this room I am your mistress and your are a faggot. Say it!” She demands.

“You are my mistress and I am a faggot.” My voice, normally stong and authoritative, grows timid.

Above me Mistress Bitchcraft clicks her tongue. Deciding what to do with me, I suppose. Perhaps five minutes goes by before she says a word. “Get me my strap on.”

I start to stand up. “DOWN! ON YOUR KNEES YOU FAGGOT BITCH!” She screams. I fall to the ground, submitting to her demand. I crawl over to the chest at the foot of my bed like a dog, the whole time keenly aware of Mistress’ eyes on me. I open the chest and dig through it, looking for the polished silver box. The chest holds all sorts of nasty things I use to hurt a slave while in bed. Alone among everything, Mistress Bitchcraft’s personal strap in is used solely by her on me. She gave it to me after the first time I asked her to take command of me. She has yet to use it.

I pull the silver box out of the chest and return to Mistress Bitchcraft. Kneeling

before her I open the silver case, offering it to her.

“Hand it to me!” She orders. I pull her dildo out of the case. I leave the case off to the side and hold her strap on out to her. Her strap on is unique, made by her own hand. It protrudes about 5 inches long and is nearly two inches wide. It also has a thick stub dildo that fits inside her. As I understand, it is meant to rub against her g-spot. While a regular strap is worn around her waist, the strap on is truly held against her by a dozen thin tassels that are woven through her 14 weighted loops in her pussy. With each thrust she will hit her g-spot and painfully pull her pierced lips. The ultimate sex toy for her.

Mistress Bitchcraft raised the 5 inch long dildo to her mouth. “You don’t deserve to even have your saliva inside of me, so I have to lubricate this myself. Thank me.” She begins to run her tongue along the length of the shaft. “Thank you Mistress Bitchcraft.” I am wholehearted in my thankfulness.

Before too long she stops, and hands it back to me. Spreading her legs, she motions her head towards me. “Put it on, faggot!”

I crawl towards her muscled thighs as she lifts her leather skirt up to her waist. The few times I’ve seen her beautifully abused pussy, I fall in love. I line up the stub dildo to her, and begin to insert it into her.

“Don’t you dare touch my cunt with your hand!” I am careful to obey. Even so, the act of inserting the dildo into her pussy is very intimate. I relish it. Done, I lash the waist strap into place. Before going further I look up at Mistress Bitchcraft in hesitation.

“Go ahead,” She answers my unspoken question. “You may tie them on. Knot them tight.” Each tassel is looped through two piercings before being tied off. I tie everything tight, threading her pussy. Before too long I am done. Before my Mistress Bitchcraft is now the man. I sit back on my legs and await. She ignores me for a while, simply stroking her new cock. Up and down all along the shaft. It is molded to look like a circumscribed penis, with a full head. She gently plays with the underside tip.

“Faggots suck cock. Get to it!” I raise to my knees and open my mouth. Any gentleness I may have expected are dashed away, as Mistress Bitchcraft shoves the length down my throat in one precise motion. I gag several times before she pulls out.

“I said suck it bitch. Not make friends with it.” I run my mouth from tip to base, coating the shaft with my spit. I gag several more times, but seem to please her with my effort. I feel a hand run through my hair, almost tender.

“That’s it, you little cocksucker. Such a good like bitch.” She grabs a fistful of my hair and begins to thrust in and out with force. “This isn’t a date, faggot. You take my cock and like it!” My neck starts to hurt from the odd angle, but still Mistress Bitchcraft does not relent. For a several minutes she rams the dildo past my lips, grunting all the while. Suddenly, Mistress Bitchcraft pulls my hair back hard, forcing me to look into her face, all the while keeping the dildo in my mouth. After a few more thrusts, she lets my mouth fall away.

“Pitiful. If you can’t suck dick, that I’m just going to have to fuck you! You want that, faggot? Want me to fuck your ass until I cum?”

I nod. I can’t bring myself to say anything.

“Get on the bed, loser. Face down, ass in the air.”

I scramble to obey, balling a pillow up underneath me. I stare into my oak head board for some time, not daring to look back. Eventually the mattress shift under Mistress Bitchcraft’s weight. She positions herself behind me. I hold my breath as she puts the head of the dildo against my puckered asshole. I’m making an effort not to clench. That fucking stupid bitch Tracy. So frustrating I reduce myself to this indignity. After this is over, I’ll make her hurt.

“Ready to get fucked like a little cock slut?” Mistress Bitchcraft asks. Like before, I don’t answer. Her powerful hand slices the air, cracking against my left ass cheek. I yelp into the pillow.

“Answer me!” She commands.

“Yes Mistress!”

She doesn't say anything else. She doesn't have to. The dildo, lubricated with only my spit, says everything. For a moment, I feel like something is tearing inside me. But nothing does. The pain stiffens my back as she forces herself deeper into me. A sigh of pleasure escapes her as she hits the hilt against my body. I'm shaking.

Mistress Bitchcraft doesn't say anything, she just pulls out and plunges back in. I cry in pain, biting into the pillow. Mistress Bitchcraft starts fucking my ass in earnest, leaning more and more of her weight into me as she does. Each thrust in makes my cock ache to explode, each pull out makes her grunt in painful pleasure. I'd never call Mistress Bitchcraft gentle, and the ass fucking doesn't start as anything nearing such. But as she thrusts into me more and more, the pain and pleasure building in us both, Mistress Bitchcraft becomes more and more brutal. My hips sink to the bed spread wide under her weight as she continues to violate me. Each thrust a hellish pain in my colon. I can feel precum soak my thong.

“Take it, faggot. Take Mistress' cock. Like that? Let's see?” She reaches around and grabs hold of my erect cock through the fabric of my thong. My cheeks redden at the humiliation. “Such a loser!” Nearing her orgasm, she thrusts into me several times in quick succession before shoving the strap on deep inside me, screaming through her pleasure. Her nails dig into my back throughout her climax. All of a sudden it is done and she collapses on top of me. The full pressure of her weight and mine pushing my cock into the mattress feels too good, and I explode. Silently I shiver through my own orgasm. For long minutes we lay there like that.

I let out a long breath as Mistress Bitchcraft pulls out of me and gets up from the bed. I don't move at first. I hear her unthreading the strap on from her pussy piercings. I roll over in time to see her drop the dildo onto the bed and pull down her skirt. For a fleeting second I see her pussy, swollen and red from the abuse, her clitoris inflamed nearly 3 inches.

“Do you need anything else?” She asks. There's something in her voice. I can't place it.

“Thank you, no.” I reply. She leaves through the door, not speaking another word or

looking back at me.

These few times Mistress Bitchcraft has taken command of me have always been tasking. I don't give up control well. Like those times before, shame swells up. Indignantly I begin to curse myself and my staff. Especially Tracy. That fucking cunt, this is her fault. I strip myself of the woman's underwear and throw everything into the incinerator. I'm still fuming as I finish washing the strap on and put it safely back into my chest. The entire time I imagine my bruised prostate, feeling everything with each step I take. The reminder fuels my shame and rage. I pull open the door to my room and scream down the hall.

"WHORE! GET IN HERE NOW!"

I ball my hands into fists as I wait. Nearly 20 seconds pass until the Whore appears in the doorway. Unacceptable. I pull her into the room by her locked collar and throw her against the footboard of my bed. She doesn't resist. As she turns around to face me my foot snakes out and connects with her pussy. I kick her so hard I lift her onto the balls of her feet. Tears well up in her eyes and her knees buckle. Before she can drop to the ground from pain I lash out with a punch to her left breast, connecting perfectly. She falls back onto the bed, gasping in agony. I feel a little better now.

"Did you bathe her?" I ask, calming down.

Whore 3 gasps, nodding. Catching her breath, she answers me. "Yes daddy. B...but..."

But? But what? Something had better not have gone wrong. "What?" I demand.

The Whore composes herself, taking the time to stand. Despite being in a calmer state, I begin to enrage again. But when she starts to speak, I find a smile spreading across my face. Tracy, it seems, has a secret. One she might not even know herself. This is good. This is better than good. My mind races as I adjust my plans. The Whore waits in silence, shaking slightly.

"Get the riding horse in there. And the pillory. I want ankle weights. And riding crops. Get everything ready. Let her take a nap. Wake her in four hours and put her

back in the room. Go.”

“Yes daddy.” The Whore leaves to do everything I’ve said. Good. I need to sleep these next four hours myself. I’m exhausted from Mistress Bitchcraft. In four hours I’ll work on Tracy, making her perfect. Making her my slave. In four hours I’ll be taking my frustration and humiliation out on her skin. So very soon. I will torture Tracy for the next 24 hours straight, destroying the last of her humanity. I will do horrible things to her. And in the end, she will thank me.