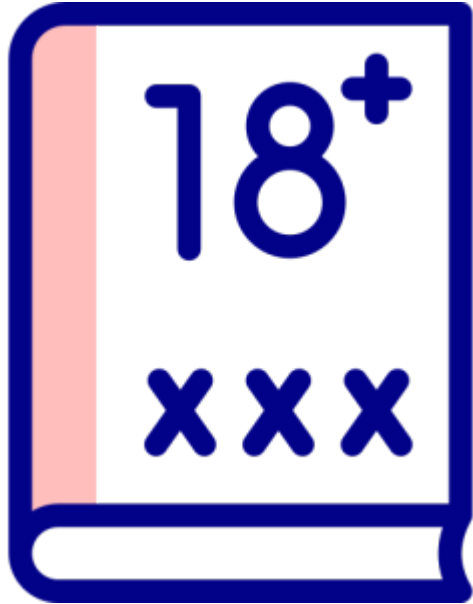


The Breaking of Tracy (part 6)

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | December 28, 2012



By Mr.Hurt

Fantasm, BDSM, Bondage and restriction, Cruelty, Discipline, Domination/submission, Extreme, Humiliation, Masturbation, Non-consensual sex, Reluctance, Sado-Masochism, Slavery, Spanking, Torture, Toys

Introduction: Tracy's torture begins in earnest

Part 6 - Tracy's Torture Begins

I am of the belief that women, secretly, long to be sexually controlled. The very act of parting their legs and taking their partner's member into them is a submissive act, meaning sexual submission is ingrained into their very DNA. Slavery is just a women's natural inclinations taken to extremes. Many of the women I have taken into slavery rebel against the very thought and need to, quite literally in fact, be beaten into submission. Trust when I say that making a slave resign themselves to slavery and enjoy slavery are two very different things. The Post, as an example, is one who enjoys the slavery and the pain. Time was spent conditioning her so as to

react with arousal to thoughts and experiences of slavery. I had to break everything that once was the woman and rebuild a pain slut in its place. Tracy needs to be different.

Fuckslit, the slave Tracy is being trained to replace, had been my personal slave. The one I used most regularly for sexual gratification and as a vent for frustrations. My personal slave needs to be special in a number of ways. They have to be broken, but not destroyed. Resigned to pain or death at a whim, but not emotionally dead as to not fear the whip. They need to be perfect. A delicate balance of humiliation and resignation. After all, it isn't fun if she doesn't hate herself. I have dozens of personal household slave staff who have gone, to an extent, emotionally numb. Tracy must not. My training with Tracy is only just beginning. We've only been circling the issue at hand. Tonight, I will break Tracy.

With renewed thanks to Mistress Bitchcraft and her brief respite, I am nearly skipping with anticipation down the hall to Tracy. Outside, a Whore stands by the door. I barely glance at her as I enter.

Inside is Tracy. Pale, skinny Tracy. Standing nude with her hands behind her back, eyes cast to the ground. This is good. The time she's spent down here is starting to affect her. She's starting to think she'll never see sunlight again. The few times she's been outside the novice room have shown her a maze of corridors, security cameras and heavily locked security doors. Like an incarcerated criminal, she's becoming institutionalized. Much quicker than I would have once thought. Let's call it a happy surprise then, shall we.

"Rapewhore." I say. A moment's hesitation brings her eyes to me. "I'm not sure what you've been expecting, based off of what you've experience thus far, but everything I've done to you until now has not been torture. It's been corrective punishment. Do you understand."

She takes a moment to answer. I don't mind. I want my words to have a weight. By the very fact that she takes a moment to answer is a good sign.

"Yes daddy." Tracy says. Even a day ago, there may have been a plea in her voice, or a grimace on her face. Not now.

“Today I will torture you. Not because you have done anything wrong, but because that is the reason for your life as a slave. Do you understand?”

Again she takes a moment to answer, though the moment passes more quickly than before.

“Yes daddy.”

“Then say it.” I am enjoying making Tracy acknowledge all these things. All the things a regular human being would never admit. Most slaves convince themselves that they are only saying it to humor me, and promise themselves that they will remain true to themselves. But the act of following such degrading commands, such as reaffirming your own degradation, is an intimate betrayal of self. It’s what I live for.

“My reason in life as a slave is to be tortured, daddy.” Tracy says. I notice that her voice doesn’t suddenly get quiet while she says this. This could mean either that she has truly accepted this fact (unlikely), or that she still has quite a bit of defiance. It matters not.

“Understand that there is nothing that you can do that can make the torture go by quickly or be lessened. You can only lengthen it into a punishment by not obeying or hesitating. Do you understand?” I stare into Tracy’s eyes as I speak.

“Yes daddy.” She answers.

“What is your name?” I ask.

“Rapewhore, daddy.” She answers again.

“No. You never simply give the answer, you must make it a proper statement. Every time you speak you must reaffirm anything I’ve said with the statement of your answer. Do you understand?” Such a trivial thing, but one I insist on. Every time she answers, she will reaffirm to herself everything I say, instead of simply paying lip service.

“I...think I understand daddy.” She answers.

“Good. What is your name?” I ask again.

“My name is Rapewhore, daddy.” Tracy answers. Yes it is. Yes it most certainly is.

“Rapewhore, I want you to ask to be tortured. I want you to get on your hands and knees, crawl over to me and beg to be tortured.” I point to a spot just in front of me. “More than this, I want you to WANT me to torture you. When you say the words, make them a truth within you. If you do not honestly beg me, you will be punished.”

Without a moments hesitation, Tracy lowers herself to her hands and knees and crawls over to me across the cement floor. Reaching me, she asks in a monotone voice, “Please torture me, daddy.”

“I said beg!” I bark out to her. Her flesh jumps in fear, but she remains in place.

Tracy pauses a moment, swallowing hard. “Please torture me daddy. Please. I desperately need to be tortured. I’ll do anything.” Her voice has grown somewhat more timid.

“Get up. You disgust me.” I tell her. Tracy raises to her feet, keeping her eyes away from me. Despite resigning to obey, by telling her she disgusts me, she feels ashamed. Good.

I take hold of Tracy by the back of her neck and lead her over to the stockade. Most gallows hold the hands and head in place. My set holds the waist and wrists. This forces the slave’s arms into an uncomfortable angle behind her back, while giving me a more open access to the slave’s body. I open it.

“You will lay down into this, and then your arms come back behind you. Then I will tie your hair to the gallows. Do you like it, Rapewhore?”

Tracy eyes the block. “Yes daddy, I like it.”

“Then get in.” I command.

Tracy lowers her waist into the crevice. She spreads her legs and places her hands against the ground so as to balance herself properly. Above her, I slide the block into place. At the side is a metal clasp I lock into place.

“Give my your wrist.” I tell her. Precariously balanced, she offers me a hand. I take it and pull it back behind her. The angel is painful, arching her back a bit. Her other hand loses contact with the ground, placing her weight fully on the arm I have. I slide her hand into the wrist crevice before pulling the segmented block down, trapping it. Tracy sucks in air through her teeth, trying not to voice her pain. Before long her other wrist is similarly restrained. Painfully she hangs from the gallows, the wood biting into her waist and wrists. I let her suffer a bit as I take my time gathering a bit of rope. Slowly, I knot the rope to a metal loop in the gallows above Tracy’s head. I then gather her hair into a ponytail, and with practiced hands tie the rope firmly into her hair. Done, I stand back and admire her. Bent at the waist, but pulled up by her wrists and hair, she leaves her chest perfectly exposed in front. Her weight digs into her waist wrist and hair, but the distribution will make it easy for her to stay in this position for some time.

I make my way over to my table. A number of whips and crops are arranged along the tabletop. My slaves have arranged it just to my tastes. I settle on a medium length cattle crop. I want to hurt her, but not to mark her. I pick up the leather crop and give it a testing flex. Stiff with good give. This will do nicely for this session.

“Rapewhore, tell me why you deserve to be tortured.” I call out over my shoulder as I eye a pair of weighted nipple clamps. Should I or shouldn’t I?

“I deserve to be tortured because you want me to be tortured, daddy?” She offers. Bless her, she’s trying. It’s too bad trying isn’t good enough for me.

“I want to torture you, but that’s now WHY you’re being tortured. Try again.” With crop in hand I walk over to her, letting her see the length of leather I hold.

“Because I’ve been bad, daddy?” Again, not quite right. I reach out with the riding crop and gently brush her left nipple with it. From fear and anticipation of pain, it stiffens immediately.

“Almost. Being bad connotes that you’ve done something wrong. It’s not what you’ve done, but what you are. Try again. And get it right or you’ll earn yourself an extra special beating.”

Tracy's eyes take on a panicked look as she struggles to form an answer that will please me.

"Be...cause I'm a girl?" Without moving I can tell she's wincing on the inside, waiting for it.

"Close enough. You're being tortured because you're a woman. And women are whore's. That's why I've named you Rapewhore. It's what you are. You deserve this. Say it." My cock pulses with blood flow as Tracy repeats my words.

"I'm being tortured because I'm a whore and I deserve to be tortured, daddy?" Near enough to perfection as can be expected at this early stage. It's like music to my dick.

"Yes, you are." I tell her. My words give her a moment to relax, making the strike of the riding crop all the more surprising as it whips against the flesh of her left breast. Tracy lets out a surprised scream at the lash, bucking in the stockade. She only ends up hurting herself more. She'll learn on her own not to buck, lest she break her wrists. I won't correct this action. She'll want to try and stay steadfast in the whipping. Not bucking means not hurting herself more. In turn, this will reinforce within her subconscious that not reacting to torture as well as can be attempted is what should instinctively be done. It's almost an art form, what I do.

I backhand Tracy after she's done bucking. "Did I say you could fucking scream?" Her head hangs limp as can be from my backhand. It left a sharp strike ringing off against the walls. Her cheek screams red as tears begin to stream down her face.

Keeping her voice as calm as she can, Tracy replies, "I'm sorry daddy."

I don't reply. Instead I raise my arm and bring the crop down against her tits. Again and again I bring the crop screaming down on each of her tits, making her bounce and squirm in pain. As her breast begin to take on an angry red hue, I strike carefully against her right nipple. Tracy bucks again, howling in pain despite her best efforts. Her nipple begins to turn a purple colour. I lower my hand as Tracy continues to whimper from my last strike, and walk around behind her.

Without speaking I move my hand between her legs and touch her most intimate of

places. Tracy's body stiffens at the intrusion. She knows well enough to remain silent, save a pitiful little cry of despair. Ever so gently I move my hand back and forth along her slit. Before I'd placed my hand between her legs she already had some involuntary moisture. With the smallest of motions she begins to gush.

After I forced the Tracy to rape The Hole, the Whore's noticed that she'd had a physical reaction. Namely, she'd cum. Sure The Hole has just the amputated abdomen of an unruly slave, one who was responsible for Tracy being abducted. And the argument could be made that Tracy having an orgasm from raping The Hole could be attributed to the hyper sexualized environment she's been forced into. But I know the truth. Tracy is an unrealized sadist. Had she been given time to live her life and come to terms with her sexuality, I believe she would have entered the BDSM sex scene and acted as a top or a dominatrix. Certain character markers and her physical reaction to hurting The Hole make me certain of this. I must educate her to enjoy getting pain, rather than giving it. And she WILL learn. But it will be such a violation of something so deep within her, that she will hate herself always. Tracy will be my 'American Gothic'. She will be my masterpiece.

I let Tracy gush into my hand for only a moment before I pull my hand from between her legs. My abrupt touching of her, followed by her unexpected physical reaction and the sudden stop of my actions have left her very confused. I walk around to the front of the rack and wordlessly begin to punish her breasts.

The crop screams through the air, landing on the soft flesh of her right breast, angrily bouncing her chest. Tracy sucks in air through her teeth, trying not to buck in pain or scream. I strike her tits several more times, leaving red marks across her skin with every strike. After a few minutes of hitting her with the crop I again stop suddenly and again move wordlessly behind her.

This time she's ready. Tracy's body is already stiff, anticipating my violation touch. My hand finds the slit of her cunt. I gently move my palm in a small circle for a few brief seconds. Tracy's body betrays her as it reacts welcoming to my touch, flooding my palm with her juices. I stop before making her feel too good. As I withdraw my hand, I let one finger gently part her pussy's lips. Tracy reacts by involuntarily bucking her hips, trying to take me into her. A deep feeling of shame should be

flooding through Tracy by now. I return to the front of the stockade and begin hitting Tracy some more.

As I lash Tracy's chest, the pain in her eyes tell a story. She's in unbearable pain. Despite her best efforts, she can no longer keep from crying out with each strike. Both nipples are swollen purple and her breasts are fully red all over. My next lash with the crop catches her across the abdomen. The tender, untouched flesh turns red immediately as Tracy screams, a higher pitch than usual. Before she can recover from the new pain, I begin striking the tender flesh along her ribs. "Ahhhh! No, ahhh!" Tracy's stopped remembering the rules, she's in so much pain.

"What did you say?" I ask her, pausing my strikes. It takes Tracy a moment to realize what she said. In a single second, her expression goes from confusion to horror to absolute grief. "I'm sorry daddy, I didn't think. P-please, don't stop."

"Shut the fuck up. Hold this between your teeth. If you drop it, you'll be sorry." Crying fully from fear more than pain, Tracy takes the neck of the crop between her teeth and bites down as I let it go. I go over to my table of toys and pick up a wood billy club with a nice two inch thickness. I show Tracy.

"This is what you get now." I pick up a barbed riding crop. "This is what you get if you drop the riding crop." I put the barbed crop down and move behind Tracy. Her whole body shivers in terror as I disappear behind her line of site. Muffled crying escapes her as I examine her pristine white posterior. Tracy's chest and abdomen has been beaten into a deep red, with her nipples bruised purple. Her ass and legs, untouched, will soon compliment her tortured front by becoming black and blue.

Before I start, I push the club between her legs and stroke her pussy. I want her fired up again before I start. Tracy shivers again and I remove the club.

THAWCK! The thick club slaps against her ass, making it bounce. Around front Tracy howls. No more shrieks, no more screams. That was deep pain escaping her lips. But she keeps the crop in her mouth. I hit her ass again on the same cheek, bouncing the flesh as if punched. And again. And again. I bring the club down hard all over her ass, tattooing a beating all over her. With each hit Tracy lets out a pained moan. Soon her ass begins to show bruising. I stop for a moment and let my

hand explore her soaking cunt again. My palm resumes making little circles, edging Tracy closer. As I pull my hand back, a finger tip brushes across her swollen clit. A shriek of terror escapes Tracy. I was expecting a reaction, but not that. I look over the stockade and see the problem. Touching Tracy's clit must have done a great deal, as the riding crop fell from her mouth. Tracy must have attempted a wild grab and succeeded, for the crop is now barely dangling from her teeth, soon to fall from her mouth. I go over to her and take the crop from her teeth and place it and the club down on the table.

"We're almost done for today Tracy. All that's left is you." I pick up the hooped nipple clamps and the bucket of weights and cross over to her again. Tracy doesn't dare say anything. But her sweaty face, scrunched up in pain reveals a hope of an end. It takes a bit longer to secure the nipple clamps than expected, the poor thing is panting so much from exhaustion. I tighten each against her nipple, painfully pinching the tender flesh. Tracy whimpers quietly.

"You may tell me when you've had enough. But the longer you don't tell me, I'll be adding more weight."

Tracy eye's me, wary of doing the wrong thing. "I...I've had enough, daddy."

I smirk. "I don't believe you." I reach into the bucket and pull out two half pound weights, clipping them onto the clamps. Her nipples pull down, stretching far beyond anything her flesh is used to. As I let the first weight go, Tracy lets out a long, shrill shriek. A second shriek follows as the other falls.

"Remember, let me know when you've had enough."

"I've had enough daddy, please stop. I'll be good." Tracy pants out the words, pleading with every word. I don't answer, walking around behind her instead.

"Daddy, please....I've had enough."

I punch Tracy in the left kidney. Tracy goes limp with pain, unable to use her feet to distribute her weight. I punch her ass cheek next.

"Ahhhhh! Stop! Stop! I've had enough."

I punch her ass again, harder, making Tracy bounce in pain. With the other hand I open hand slap her left ass cheek, snapping her flesh so hard I hurt my hand.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHH!” Tracy screams.

I move my hand between her legs, and give her pussy a few quick strokes.

“Noooooo! Please stop. Daddy, stop!” Tracy begs. I ignore her. Again I move around to the front and clip on two more half pound weights. The entire time, Tracy begs me to stop. I ignore her. Her nipples are tugging down obscenely as I return behind her.

I bring my an over hand punch down on her ass cheeks, punishing her bruised flesh. Tracy screams, crying for me to stop. I keep punching her. On the ass, in the kidneys, everywhere. After long moments of assault, I drop my hand between her legs again, staying longer. I know how women’s bodies feel as they near orgasm. I never let her near one. But as I go through cycles of adding weights, punching her backside and rubbing her most private of places, each in turn becomes it’s own unique type of torture while contributing to the overall agony.

“Please stop hitting me!” Tracy begs. I keep punching her in the ass.

“Please, no more weights daddy. I can’t take anymore!” Tracy pleads. I add more weight.

Stupid slut. Just ask and this can all stop.

Tracy now has two and a half pounds pulling each nipple. I finish hitting Tracy with a double kidney shot, making her buck painfully. Tracy shrieks at the pain from her wrists and from making her nipples dance from the weight bouncing around. My left hand slides into the now familiar place between her legs. As I rub her, I fully touch her clit. At the same time I pinch the inside of her thigh with my free hand.

It’s all been too much for Tracy. As I’ve continued to caress her pussy, but never letting her cum, the pleasure between her legs as mixed with the overall beatings and become an agony in it’s own right. And she can no longer take anymore. She hungrily humps my hand, trying to get over the crest of her orgasm and cum. I withdraw my hand. Tracy whimpers in desperation.

“Please let me cum, daddy.”

I place my right hand gently against her bruised ass.

“Very good, Rapewhore. You may cum.”

My left hand begins to rub her in earnest. My thumb slides into her pussy as my middle finger circles her clit. Tracy reacts immediately. Until now, I’ve been teasing and torturing her with gentle, fleeting touches. Famished, her body soaks up the contact. She begins to pant, quicker and quicker, her hips moving against my hand without a conscious thought. As I slide along her soaking cunt, my other hand gently rubs her ass, soothing the agonized flesh.

In a sudden flourish, her whole body stiffens as she is taken by the long denied orgasm. Tracy screams out, louder than any shriek I’ve given her from pain. For a full minute, spasm shoot through Tracy. With each jolt another orgasm shakes her. Each jerking movement makes the weights bounce while digging the wood of the stockade into her waist and wrists. Finally, spent and exhausted in the truest sense of the word, she drops limp against her restraints. I remove my hand from her pussy. The last thing Tracy expects is my hand violently slapping her pussy. The wet smack my palm makes against her abused cunt is almost vulgar. After such an experience, her pussy is so sensitive it takes a second for the pain to register. No sound escape Tracy at first, her mind can’t register the hit. It just hurts too much. But then, from deep within her chest comes the scream. But even as Tracy screams from pain, something more happens.

I’ve been torturing Tracy for over an hour now. Pain and pleasure have slowly been mixing within her as I alternated between hurting her body and giving her fleeting pleasure. That pleasure became a pain unto it’s self eventually. But even then, she craved the pleasure. And I gave it to her. Her orgasm was so intense because it was so long denied. And having been tortured for so long, and been in so much pain, her body couldn’t tell the difference anymore. When finally I gave Tracy an orgasm, her body flooded with endorphins, but still, deep within her, pleasure and pain were intertwining.

As Tracy screams in unimaginable pain, her body begins to tremble. Not in the

flailing way it did as I was torturing her, but the short spasming way it did as she had an orgasm. Pleasure and pain intertwined. I've just hurt Tracy to orgasm.

Tracy screams through her orgasm. Finally, she collapses again, panting for breath. Again, and again, sucking in the sweet air her scream denied her for far too long. Her body, hot from pain, soar from pleasure. I imagine there is a bit of tingling running through her body.

I walk around to the front of Tracy, admiring the beauty of her broken and beaten body.

"...thankyou..." Tracy mumbles, between breaths.

"You're welcome, Rapewhore." I answer.

Her hair pulled taught, Tracy looks up at me even as she hangs limp. It allows me to see the look of confusion on her face. She doesn't understand why I gave her my welcome. The confusion gives way to a horrified understanding. She didn't even realize she had thanked me. Tears of sorrow begin to fall from Tracy's eyes. It's begun. Resignation. Self loathing. Acceptance.

I turn from Tracy and open the door into the hall. Outside stands Whore 3. The latex clad shape of the slave stand stiff at attention, waiting my order.

"Have the maid ready my bath than clean and put Rapewhore to bed. Also, have Baby brought to my room."

The Whore nods. "Yes daddy." And goes down the hall to obey.

Yes. Tracy is breaking. But I don't want to fuck her yet. But baby, my aid du camp, hasn't been raped in some time. And after a workout like that, I need to cum. This will do for now. But later, Tracy becomes a slave for real. I'll give her a few hours sleep, but this session needs to be repeated a few more times before the day is done. This, too, will do for now. Tomorrow, however.

Tomorrow I take Tracy's virginity. But tomorrow is still so far away.