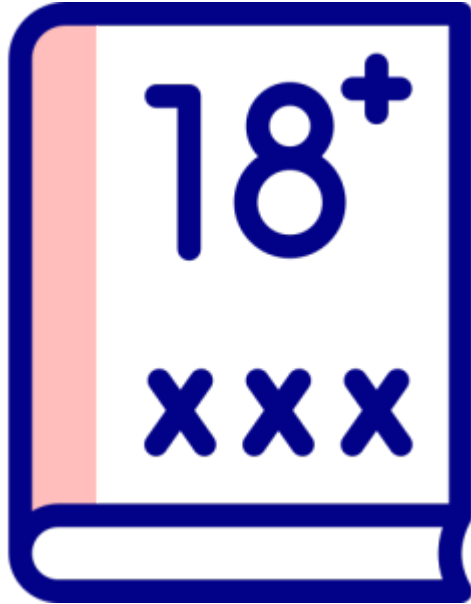


The Breaking of Tracy

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 17, 2011



By Mr.Hurt

Introduction: A sadistic slave trainer and owner has grown bored. But the arrival of a fresh girl has him aching to torture and beat her into the perfect slave.

Part 1 - Awaiting Tracy's arrival

It's not enough to just hurt a woman. Years earlier I had tried rape, quite a bit of it in fact. Forcing their legs apart while muffling their screams with a tightly cupped hand over their mouth WAS exhilarating. But it never felt like enough, leaving them there in a fetal position, crying away the shame I'd caused. THAT was what I wanted. To see the shame in their eyes after being violated. That disgust in themselves. Oh, they hated me, but they hated themselves more. Loving and leaving them, as it were, has never been enough for me.

Born into means, I've had the wealth to travel the world and do all sorts of things to all sorts of women, and the one thing that truly brings me bliss, that makes me feeling like I'm fulfilling my purpose in life, is breaking women. I'm a slave trader,

you see. The moment my father passed away early on in my life I sold off any business interests that remained and settled into a comfortable life only a nine figure bank account can provide. I've spent every waking moment creating myself a torturous paradise of sexual slavery. I have a private estate in the wilds of Ecuador which requires a helicopter to access. It houses fifty full time staff, more than half of which are sexual slaves who I have broken and tamed. Personally, I tend not to go for local fare, I prefer to import women from western civilizations. After a few months of hot tempered spite, their will and self worth eventually leaves them altogether. A western woman, once she accepts that the only way for her to not be tortured non stop for the rest of her life it to completely abandon dignity, will cut off a piece of her soul out, leaving little more than a cowed dog. The experience is rewarding. I am currently awaiting my newest specimen.

Tracy was an ivy league woman's studies major from Boston. I say was because she's little more than my personal property now. I have a talented and well paid group of kidnapers who scour the world for me, looking for something that might peak my interests. Everything about Tracy makes me hard. The thought of breaking such an uptight bitch is enough to make me cum on the spot. While most of my incoming stock are intended to be sold, a number which amounts to approximately half a dozen women a year, Tracy is special. Tracy is to be mine, and mine alone. I'd been bored recently, unable to get the satisfaction from breaking girls for later sale. I'd been so frustrated I recently whipped one of my personal staff slaves to death.

She'd been trussed up, hanging upside down in my personal discipline dungeon with a ball gag in her mouth, and been flayed over the course of a half hour. Kim, had been her name. I'd renamed her Fuckslit. She'd been a statuesque black woman of 26 years old. Four years earlier she'd been a California law student who'd dreamt of taking on exciting human rights cases. She'd been a favourite of mine. Every time I entered a room, she'd drop to her spread knees with her fingers laced behind her head, mouth open and eyes down, just as she'd been trained to. But anytime I decided to face fuck her, and she always did an enthused job despite the rough treatment I invariably delivered, she'd always have genuine tears on her cheek. She'd accepted her station, but never had she gone emotionally dead. I'd broken her spirit in the truest sense of the phrase. I could always cum hard, secure in the knowledge that I'd made her hate herself. It was a shame to loose her.

I knew early on that whipping her with a bare cat of nine tails would do little to relieve me. It had made me even more frustrated, which led to me taking that frustration out with whippings as hard as I could make them. Soon, the cat of nine tails stopped cutting the flesh of her back and started to tear it. Twenty minutes in I'd bloodied her entire back buttocks and legs, when a stray lash severed the strap holding the ballgag in her mouth. The sound of her unfiltered screams and cries finally got me hard, and I made a conscious decision to continue to the end. I spun her around and re-chained her in place. Now facing me, her supple C cup tits cascaded into her face. She begged, something she hadn't done in four years. In return I continued my work. Her tits, her tight stomach and even between her spread legs all felt my frustration through the cat of nine tails. By the time she stopped making choking noises my dick was swollen purple. Unfortunately the lashing had been a workout and I could barely lift my arm to masturbate. Instead I motioned to The Post, my beautifully scarred whipping attendant, to service me. She dutifully put down the tray of assorted whips on a nearby table and walked over to me, before kneeling on her disfigured knees. The Post was a pet project of mine. I'd whipped and scarred every inch of her to perfection, while also giving her positive reinforcement of sexual gratification through pain. Now, she is my most compliant slave, having literally whipped her will right out of her.

"With your hands, but aim it at the floor." I'd said to her. Without raising her eyes, her hands slid along my aching shaft.

"Yes daddy. Thank you." No hesitation, just as she'd been trained. It took only moments for her call out the semen that had been begging for release. At the moment of climax I grabbed a fist full of her hair and shoved her face into my thigh. I moaned and grunted as spurt after spurt landed on the floor next to her. Her thumb gently massaged the underside of the head of my cock, coaxing out the last few drops. She knows me so well.

Finally spent, I let go of her hair. As she let go of my semi-hard shaft, and pulled her face away, I slapped her upside the head with all my force. The Post's head dropped to the ground, inches from my cum puddle.

"Lick it up." I told her. No sob of pain escaped her, so well-trained is she. Instead,

she dragged her tongue along the cement floor, cleaning everything up. Finished, she turned her face up towards me, looking for further instructions. I'd noticed then that when I had hit her, I'd bloodied her nose a bit. The sight sent a shiver of joy up through my cock, hardening it once more. I had The Post bring a chair from against the wall to where I stood, and I sat. Again, getting down on bended knees, she started the process of coaxing my cum into her mouth, though this time she kept both hands behind her back, palms cupping her opposing elbows as a sign of obedience. As she used her mouth and tongue like a loving whore, I stared at the bloody mess hanging from the ceiling. Fuckslit was gone. I'd laid my head back and closed my eyes, while sliding deeper into my chair. It took an hour for The Post to eat my cum, which was fine. I reflected on the hole Fuckslit's death left the estate. I'd need a replacement. Not only to fill the empty position, but breaking a new girl would be the only thing keeping me from doing this again. Hopefully Tracy would fill the void.

My cell phone chirps from the crystal coffee table as I read over some order forms. I almost miss the call due to the elegant Chopin playing. It's good news. They will be touching down in two minutes. I put the cellphone down and get up, noticing my coffee table's eyes dart eagerly towards me. Oh, did I not mention? I have a petite red headed British 19 year old with leather straps forcing her to rest on her elbows and knees with a crystal table top resting along her back and palms. She's eager for me to leave so that the slave kneeling with her face in the corner behind me can get up and help her rest. True, she's been a coffee table for 3 hours now while I've awaited this call, but her eyes being raised from above the floor is inexcusable. I'll have Mistress Bitchcraft cut her nipples off. No, that seems a bit harsh for a first offence. Perhaps I'll only have a finger or two broken. No need to cause any permanent cosmetic damage to such a fine specimen for her first error since being added to the staff.

On the way from my study to the front lawn, I snapped my fingers to summon Baby. Baby was one of the few slaves I permitted a certain level of independence. She'd been an ad executive in New York once, now she was my personal aid and slut. Her eight inch latex heels and ankle cuffs made her walk in short baby steps, while her push up corset prominently displayed her bare DD tits.

“Yes daddy?” She followed me as I walked down the main hall.

“Have the novice room readied, my new toy is almost here. And have the table in the main study sent down to Mistress Bitchcraft to have a few fingers broken. Her eyes aren’t staying where they should.”

“At once daddy. Anything else daddy?” To think, this 38 year old woman had once threatened to bite of my cock off.

“Yes, have Mistress Bitchcraft spank you. You knew Tracy was arriving, and should have been standing AT the entrance to the study waiting for me. You made me wait for you for nearly 10 seconds. Tell Mistress Bitchcraft to spank you for no more than half an hour, I want you to be able to sit down without discomfort within three days.”

Baby nodded without hesitation. “Thank you daddy.” She turned and left. I had no reason to follow up on her or suspect she would not follow my orders to the letter. She, like every slave on the estate, was mine. Baby no longer hated herself, or was disgusted with her actions. She’d admitted to herself that she was no longer the owner of herself.

I make my way to the main entrance, passing the through the main hall’s paintings, carvings and the art. The art is my collection of six slaves, two sets of identical triplets. They sit on their knees, hands behind their heads with open mouths like every slave on the estate is expected to. Three on one side of the hall, three on the other. Each has a unique nipple shield pierced through their nipples which are chained together and to their collar, making for an erotic triangle on their chest. Below, the chain from their belly button piercing trails down between their legs. Though I don’t take the time to look as I pass, I know that the chain running to their cunts is attached to a silver clit piercing, which in turn is attached to the weighted dildo they wear up their asses. Together, the six make a firm, sensual statement to every visitor of the estate. They say ‘This isn’t some cheap kidnapping ring from Thailand you’re here to see. This is a five star business, and we want to make sure you get EXACTLY what you want.’ They’re best described as elegant.

I continue past the art towards the open front door. Already I can hear the whir of the helicopter motor winding down. Good, she’s already here.

As I exit the main house, I can see a three member team escorting a hooded and handcuffed woman along the lawn. She fights against their manhandling of her, even though she has no idea where she is. She doesn't know better. One of my little rules is to not have the recently kidnapped harmed in any way. If they have no warning on the matter, they have no idea of the harsh treatment that will become of their lives once they arrive. The surprise in their eyes as they realize what they're in for is only the begging of my decadent joy, but it is a cherished one. It takes them a few minutes to walk across the entire length of the lawn and up the twelve steps to where I wait them. Despite being almost noon, the temperature is moderate. I savour the site ahead of me. Clear sky, green grass, beautiful Greco decorations and a new, untouched whore to torture into submission. Life is good.

Cole, the head kidnapper, greets me as they arrive. "Sir. Transport has been a total of 36 hours. No alerts were sent out before we left town. It's likely no missing person report was been filed before we left the country. We left no sign of a struggle and packed a few items of hers, so it should be no one will be looking for her for sometime."

"Very good. The transfer will take place by the time you make it home. I've had a very specific request for a Japanese national. I'll have the details sent over to you in a couple of days, so try to keep the vacation short."

"Yes sir". As they turn to go, I once again appreciate how professional they are. It makes things easier and more comfortable. I hate chit chat, and these men could care for anything less. Now, left before me, is my prize. Confused and scarred. Running shoes, jeans, t-shirt, black hood. We'll take care of that soon enough. I reach out and pull the hood off. A moment of panic passes for Tracy as her eyes adjust to the light. Her beautiful blond hair is matted with sweat against her forehead. I'll have to have her cleaned up. Seeing me finally, she moans, beggingly, through the ball gag.

"I'll make this quick. I own you. You'll be my sexual slave, beaten and raped for my gratification. Learn, and you'll live. Don't...well, you'll live, for a time. You will call me daddy, and you will thank me for this." It's simple and direct, designed to illicit a specific response. Immediately she begins to angrily moan through her ball gag,

even kicking out at me. Her panicked attack made her small A cup tits bounce a bit, drawing my eyes. I get out of the way, easily enough. She's going to be fun.

"None of that. But don't worry. I'll beat that out of you. SLUTS!" I call out for my Sluts, two slaves who act as heads of the household staff. They walk up, having been nearby, in matching black corsets and collars. Branded on their chests, just above their perky B cup tits, are the number 1 and 2, respectively, thus differentiating their names as Slut 1 and Slut 2.

"Take this cunt down to the novice room. If the room isn't ready, have Baby flogged for an hour." Tracy tries to scream, and resist, her eyes going wide.

"Yes daddy." They say in unison, leading Tracy away by the arms. Though not twins, they look near enough. Slut 1 was once a homemaker from Tucson and Slut 2 had been a nun from Canada. I let them leave, and stay where I am, watching the helicopter fly off. As it fades away into the distance, I hear a telltale jingling of metal on metal approach me from behind.

"Master?" The deep, though still feminine voice gently asks.

"Yes?" Mistress Bitchcraft walks in front of me.

"Your table is back in place, no lasting damage will be done. Also, the Hole is healing nicely. Her arm and leg stubs are completely healed, and her tongue is just finishing up. Is there anything else you'd like of me before I return to finish with Baby?" Standing at 6'3, Mistress Bitchcraft cuts an imposing figure. She was a Dominatrix of American origin working in Amsterdam when she'd killed one of her clients by being a little too rough. I had to have her. A few bribes here and there, and a generous contract later, and she now worked as my full time disciplinarian. The sun glistens off of her well muscled body. She could have been a world class bodybuilder if she'd been less sadistic. As she breathes, her large DD breasts, the work of a very talented surgeon, heave. As usual, she wears only a push up corset and a leather skirt. The corset does an excellent job of displaying her bare breasts. The two weighted nipple rings nearly shine the sun in my eyes.

"No Mistress Bitchcraft, thank you. Just make sure my new acquisition is in place

when I get down there, and all should be well. Thank you for coming to me." My appreciation and respect to this woman is full hearted. She's as evil and disgusting as myself. Where she not a confirmed lesbian, I could see myself marrying her.

A quick nod from her beautiful blond head is all she replies with, and goes to leave. The metal jingling resumes as she leaves. Below that leather skirt of hers is a bare pussy. Mistress Bitchcraft wears no underwear. Instead, her immaculately trimmed pussy is left free, as are her piercings. Along each lip are seven heavily weighted pierced hoops. The pain of having her pussy weighted down arouses her. The thought of it gives me an idea.

"On second thought Mistress Bitchcraft" I call out. "Have a cow sent down to the novice room as well. I'd like to make a persuasive demonstration."

"Very good Master. Would you like me to make the demonstration?"

I smile. Never the one to pass up the opportunity to inflict some pain. "No, that's all right. I'll manage it myself. Thank you."

"Yes Master." The jingling resumes before fading completely. I watch over the garden a few minutes more before heading back inside. I pass the art and return to the study. As promised, my table is back in place. Her left hand has a splint on three of her fingers. I notice also that her breast are black and blue and her lip is split. Good. As I sit, I notice light reflecting off of fresh tears on her cheek. She's been crying, probably right before I entered. Well, no harm in that I guess, so long as she doesn't do it in my presence.

As I read through that last of the invoice, making a few annotations as I do, I hear a quivering snuffle. And then another. A moment later, I hear a third.

"Cut that shit out now, or I'll have your clit sawn off with a rusty straight razor." The table stops immediately. My staff is well trained. I can't wait to begin on Tracy.