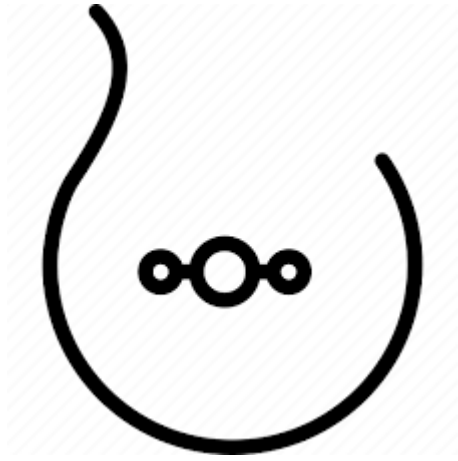


# Torture Doll

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | July 26, 2002



## By Mahgirb

Yahima: “Doesn’t she scream well?”

Shysia: “Yes, master, she does scream well. It is only because of your expert hand.”

Yahima: “Why thank you, my pet. Yes, she does have a set of lungs. Many of my new acquisitions faint when they reach this stage. But Imak is special.”

Shysia: “I agree. Master it is rare to find someone of such beauty who is also such a pain slut.”

Yahima: “Even now, as I apply these clamps to her nipples and twist them almost in a complete circle, there is a hint of a smile on her face, isn’t there?”

Shysia: “And looking at her pussy, it’s obvious she is soaking wet from all of this activity.”

Yahima: “Slave, hand me the box of stainless steel needles.”

Shysia: “The two-inch or four-inch needles. master?”

Yahima: “Oh, let’s use the two for starters.”

Shysia: "Master, may I insert one into her clit?"

Yahima: "Shysia! You know I may let you, but only after I have had the chance to. Now kneel down and observe."

Shysia: "Oh, I love the way her breasts quiver when you jab her with the needles. Jab her again, and again, master."

Yahima: "Yes, she doesn't seem to like it when I puncture her nipples. Not at all. Well, let's see how she responds when I pierce her with four needles in one nipple...north...south...east...and west!"

Shysia: 'Ahhhhh, she really is pained by that, sir."

Yahima: "Shysia, stand up. Go over to her pierced nipple and fidget with the needles. Move them around in her skin, that's it, make her squirm even more."

Shysia: "She moves so much, I fear that she will cut herself against these ropes."

Yahima: "And if she does?"

Shysia: "And if she does, I would be honored if you would let me lick up the blood, master."

Yahima: "Of course, my pet. Now let's give her breast some attention. Hand me the four-inch needles now."

Shysia: "Here is a box of 25, sir."

Yahima: "Good, I'll use all of these on her left breast. Insert them one at a time, slowly and meaningfully, until I see the tip pull through the other side. Just like that...all the way through."

Shysia: "She is really shaking now, master, and her eyes are tearing again. But she remains conscious."

Yahima: "Amazing isn't she? Imak can almost take as much pain as you, Shysia."

Shysia: 'No one can take as much pain as me, master."

Yahima: "Oh, sound a little immodest for a slave."

Shysia: "I am sorry, master. I only meant that I am always willing to endure anything you design for me. Only you decide my limit."

Yahima: "So, you think you can take more pain than Imak, do you? Prove it, pet. Pull on your nipple ring until it rips away from your flesh. Take your own hand and rip away your nipple ring."

Shysia: "But master, I love your rings. You had me pierced two years ago, and I have had them inside me ever since. I nev—"

Yahima: "So far, you are disappointing me."

Shysia: "Very well, if it please you, master. I will grasp firmly and...AH...there, I have torn my nipple ring off for you. The pain is tremendous and I know my nipple is ruined, but I love you master."

Yahima: "Very good, my slave. You have just earned your dinner. Come and suck my cock. Swallow everything I give you, as my cum is your only nourishment tonight. If you behave tonight, perhaps I will let you pierce the clit of my newest acquisition."

**The End?**