

Zara: Pierced and Branded Slave

Category: Text Stories

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Synopsis: Struggling but proud starlet refuses to sleep with a producer on the casting couch. He rewards her refusal by enslaving her.

Warning: The following is a story containing violent and sexual images; it is intended to be read by adults who are of legal age in their respective communities.

By MrBondsman

Part One

Zara had no idea what she was getting into. She had agreed to go out with Bret only because her agent had asked her.

Zara was your typical starving actress desperate to get ahead in Hollywood, and desperately in need of that elusive first break. She had to literally wrestle with Bret, just to get him to stop kissing her. Another casting couch affair, Zara muttered to herself.

At least Bret was a different producer than most: he called her a cab and gave her fare to get home.

But that was six hours ago. The cabbie never had any intention of driving Zara home; he was another lackey on the payroll of the producer Bret. And he had been instructed to drive into a dark alley and incapacitate poor Zara. Having worked these jobs for Bret before, the “cabbie” was more than a match for the pretty young

thing.

When Zara regained consciousness, she immediately felt a tremendous throbbing in her head where the cabbie had landed the handle of a gun. She meekly opened her eyes to find that she was in the center of some meticulously adorned prison cell. It was basically four gray walls with a wide range of assortment torture devices. Zara recognized only a handful, and of the others she would have preferred to have been ignorant.

“Well, I see, my proud little plaything has opened her eyes again,” Bret said as he opened the steel door; the only way in and the only way out as far as Zara could tell.

Bret was still wearing the suit and tie combo he had on earlier and he simply stood there admiring the captured beauty.

Zara was still fully clothed and her hands were shackled to chains that led up into the ceiling. Her legs were slightly spread as her ankles were chained to eyebolts on the concrete floor. Bret smiled and licked his lips as he concentrated on her exotic good looks.

At about 5’9”, Zara was above average height, and with her 5-inch heels right now, she stood easily at 6 feet tall. Her legs needed little help, but they were sculpted even more by the black high heels that came up to her ankles and then through a series of tight black straps, wrapped around her lower leg up to her knees. Bret wondered if Zara had a natural fetish for bondage. If she did, he planned on surpassing any soft bondage dream she might have had.

Above her knees, her simple black dress hovered, although it suffered a few scratches in the transition from the cab to the cell. There was a slit that creeped almost to mid-thigh, and this trace of flesh drew another inaudible sound of approval from Bret.

It was obvious to Bret, she was not wearing a bra, but even so her breasts were large enough to make an impression on the fabric. And with the chains pulling on her upper body, Zara’s breasts were given additional, seductive lift. Either she was excited or scared because her nipples were evidently hard pressed into her dress.

Her neck was thin and looked almost frail. The color of her face was sketched in warm tones, giving Zara that exotic, permanently tanned appearance. Her eyes usually intoxicated most men. Despite her crying now, Bret could still see that her blue irises almost looked too big for her eyelids. Her long brown hair was covering most of her precious face at the moment, and she refused to look directly into Bret's eyes.

"If you had only cooperated with me back in my office, it wouldn't have come to this, Zara. But I tell you what. I'll give you a second chance. Sleep with me—of your own free will—tonight and I will let you out of here, and, what's more, I'll even help you get that 3-picture deal with Orionia Productions. Come on, Zara. Small price to pay for fame."

"I'll never sleep with you, Bret. I want to make it on talent and hard work. I don't need to sleep with anybody to make it on my own," Zara concluded her defiant statement with the same kind of dramatic flourish she gave in her high school drama class.

"Oh, but that's where you're wrong, Zara dear. Because if you don't sleep with me here and now, you won't, how is it everyone puts it: You won't ever work in this town again. I'll see to that...in the most painful of ways. Your choice."

"No, never!"

"Well, Okay, but remember, when you're begging to fuck me that you yourself said, 'No, never.' I just want you to remember that when you're pissing on yourself in pain."

And he began his demonstration by slapping her hard across the face. Bret wasted no time, he took out a pocket knife and thrashed at her little black dress. In minutes, Zara was hanging only in high heels and black silk panties.

"Ah, French-cut panties. I like your taste, Zara. And I like those shoes too. I think we'll let you wear them for a while. But the panties got to go."

Bret slid the knife blade under the panties over her hips and snipped them off, revealing a neatly trimmed mound of brown hair. Bret, frowning with some

dissatisfaction, approached her pubic hair and began the slow process of removing the hairs one by one with his index finger and thumb. This painful ordeal seemed to go on for hours, and by the time he had thinned out her mound, she was sweating and cursing.

He came back from a work bench carved out of the wall with a razor and shaving cream. He applied the white substance and carefully shaved the remaining hair completely off.

Strangely, Zara felt her nudity increase with this latest invasion of her privacy.

Bret stepped back from his work with a nod of approval.

“Now, you know what looks best on freshly shaven pussy?”

Zara was too humiliated to formulate an answer. She just kept her head bowed.

“Don’t know, huh? Why, a freshly pierced pussy! Now, scream if you like, because baby, I’m no professional and I know when I do this, it usually hurts the girls something awful.”

“No, no, please, don’t do that! No, please don’t hurt me there, Bret.

Bret!!”

Her pleading didn’t stop his advances. She heard the click of metal and looked down to see him rub his fingers along his cunt lips.

“Doesn’t really matter where I put the first ones, because after I’m finished with you, Zara, you’re going to be pierced at least a dozen times, so it will all kind of blend in.”

He took the first needle and poked her tender skin. Zara screamed an inhuman scream at the top of her lungs, but no one would hear her in the bowels of this entrenched basement. She heard the first ring click together and she could sense the added weight resting on her pussy lip.

“No, no, please, God, this can’t be happening to me. Please I pro—”

Her sentiments were cut off by another unearthly scream as Bret pierced into her other pussy lip to supply her with a matching steel ring. He tugged on them both simultaneously to test the new applications.

“Looks fine, but I really have a thing for threesomes. We need one more ring, and guess where it’s going, Zara.”

And just like that, he pierced the sensitive flesh her clit, sending her head back in terrible pain. He brought out a heavier ring and snapped it within and without her throbbing clit.

Zara was just about to pass out when Bret slapped her across the face to bring her back to life.

“Give up yet? Will you sleep with me of your own free will now?”

Barely able to force the air through her lips, Zara said in a shaking, quivering voice, “No, Bret. Never. You can go to hell.”

“Well, I guess we just weren’t meant to be, Zara. Too bad. I wish I didn’t have to do this.

“Bret returned from the work bench with a set of brands. Each one had temperature controls, and he was in the process of warming them up for use.

“Zara, let me introduce you to my branding set. It’s an alphabet of brands, really, 26 in all, with a few extras for punctuation and special marks. We’re going to experiment with what I like to call permanent body art.”

“Nooooo, nooooo, please, stop this. You’re insane, Bret. Stop now and I wont tell anybody!”

“You see, first, we’re going to establish a brand of ownership, and we’ll spell that out on the small of your back.”

He took the letters for the first word and organized them on the floor.

B-R-E-T-‘-S.

He slowly raised the brand of the letter “B” and pressed it firmly against her skin. He held on to her body to keep it from separating away from the brand.

“The key really is holding the brand down long enough so when the skin scars, you can still clearly make out the words.”

Twenty minutes later, he had applied the phrase, “BRET’S SLAVE” to her back, despite Zara’s frequent trips into unconsciousness. After he had started the “S” of slave, Zara was begging to suck his cock, swallow his cum, suck on his toes, anything he wanted, if he would just stop the torture.

After finishing the second word, he agreed, and Zara greedily sucked on his aching cock and greedily consumed all of his plentiful cum. And when she was finished sucking him off, and licking the cum off the floor that missed her face, Bret re-shackled her ankles and wrists and stretched her out to the ceiling again.

“Oh, Zara, that was good, but I know with the proper motivation you can do better next time.”

Part Two

For two solid days and nights, Bret alternated between punishing Zara and allowing her to suck him. Neither had had sleep in over 48 hours, and while Zara was reaching a point of hysteria and complete psychological exhaustion, Bret was more excited and seemingly indefatigable.

She begged repeatedly to be freed, and when she realized that she would never be allowed to leave, she softened her desperate demands by begging for rest.

“Why Zara, I bet you’ve lost 10 pounds of water weight since you got here. You look splendid, even if you don’t approve of your new accessories. Speaking of accessories, I’ve got some new territory to cover before I introduce you to some friends of mine.”

Bret began eyeing her luscious tits, taking his fingers and squeezing her hardening nipples. He left her for his work bench and returned with more hardware. Zara’s eyes refocused, fighting off the urge to sleep in order to see what agony he had in store for her.

“If you look carefully at these rings, Zara, you’ll see an inscription on the outside of each band. Go ahead, read it. Read it aloud, honey.”

Zara mindlessly complied with his latest instruction.

“Property of Bret,” she whispered with her hoarse voice.

“Exactly, and don’t you forget it.”

Without further ado, he produced another menacing needle and penetrated her erect nipple. Zara threw her head back and screamed with all the volume her worn-out vocal chords had. She heard the now-familiar “click” and he grabbed her hair and forced her to bend down to observe this latest adornment. This ring felt lighter than the ones in her pussy and clit, but the band itself was wider and punched through most of her nipple flesh. She cried new tears at the sight.

Her wishful career as an actress was a distant memory and now, Bret was making certain she could never get work in any legitimate entertainment field ever again. All because she stuck to her principles and refused to sleep with him.

He affixed a matching nipple ring to her other tit and sucked on them hard to elicit a few more fresh screams from Zara.

“While we’ve got the needles out, let’s put another ring through your clit. This one, just a little further back.”

Zara started to plead for mercy, but she gave up as he plunged another sharp needle into her increasingly sore clit. Bret slid another small ring just next to the first one, side by side. There wasn’t much space left, Bret thought to himself, but if he felt like it later, he could probably fit another couple of rings on her throbbing clit. To his chagrin, Zara passed out again. He slapped her face rudely to renew her senses.

“Hey, hey, wake up kiddo, I’m going to take these wrist shackles down.”

Bret had her stand on her tiptoes and then he released her to the floor. The eyebolt-chains kept her attached to the concrete floor, so Zara knew she couldn’t make a run for the steel door. “I have something special for you, Zara. A gift from me to you.”

He withdrew a heavy black collar and snapped it around her neck. He took out two small padlocks and clicked them to secure the collar around her fragile neck. It fit tight around her neck, and within minutes the black leather was chafing her tanned skin.

“Now, this gift is very special for two reasons. First, when I attach the chain leash to this collar it signifies that I love you enough to want to walk you around and show you off in front of friends and colleagues. Second, this collar has a special feature that symbolizes in a very real way that I love you enough to keep you near me at all times. Let me explain.”

Bret walked to his work bench and picked up what looked to Zara like some simple television remote control. He pressed one simple button and the leather began to constrict Zara’s neck, instantly blocking her ability to breathe. She wrapped her hands around the collar vainly trying to squeeze her fingers between her neck and the suffocating device. Bret pressed the button a second time and the collar released its vice grip just as suddenly.

“Whenever you misbehave, I have only to cut off your oxygen supply and I think you will get the message. Oh, and the other feature that I am really proud of? It has a built in radius control device. If you stray from me in, oh, let’s say in an escape attempt, the collar identifies that you have gone outside of your allowed radius and it releases a non-lethal nerve gas that serves to incapacitate you immediately. The gas causes a few small side effects like severe abdominal cramps, miosis of the optic nerve, vomiting, and dizziness, but they are relatively temporary.”

Zara only stared back in disbelief and disdain.

“Oh, and there is a fail-safe sensor in the collar, so that if for some reason you were to remove the collar in my presence. You see, I am the center of your world, therefore I am the center of your radius and the collar’s computer recognizes me; it won’t release the gas within five feet of me I’m happy to say. So, you see, you really are stuck with me, and wherever I choose to take you, Zara.”

Having explained her dubious situation, Bret felt no harm was done by releasing her ankles from their shackles. Once this was accomplished, he attached a six-foot chain

leash to her collar, and instructed Zara to prop herself up on her hands and knees. He unlocked the steel door entry and led her along the dark tunnel leading away from her cell. She “walked” in the humiliating fashion down the narrow concrete path with Bret tugging on her neck if she slowed her pace.

“I’ve got a few dozen close friends coming over tonight, Zara,” he explained while walking, “However, some of my friends are still nervous about the idea of being seen with you. No, no, let me put it another way: Some of my more prominent friends are nervous about being seen by you, and apparently, your wearing a blindfold is just not assurance enough for them. Politicians and actors can be so paranoid sometimes. Anyway, I promised to prepare you in a special way just for them. After all, each person here tonight is paying big bucks to fuck you, so how could I resist?”

Zara was utterly confused, and with the lack of sleep, she was finding it hard to concentrate on his words, not to mention his meaning.

“Ah, here we are. Welcome to my humble clinic.”

Zara was led into a brightly lit room, much like a doctor’s office, decorated in white on white. She was allowed to stand, and then commanded to lie back on the table. She wanted to resist, her mind knew something wasn’t right here, but her brain and body were so pliable now and easily commanded. Bret strapped her wrists to the sides of the white table then strapped her ankles to either side. He wrapped another tight band around her waist and cinched it. Bret followed this by securing her collar and neck in place at the head of the table. She could move only slightly at her joints, but otherwise she was vulnerable and motionless.

“I know how you love these needles, but this operation is a little more delicate, Zara. I need you to close your eyes and remain perfectly still. That’s a good slave, close your eyes tightly for me.”

Zara was getting nervous again, and thought to herself, what body parts could he mean. What could be more delicate than my pussy and nipples? Suddenly, she felt the sensation of the needle. The new pain was coming from her left eyelid: Bret was sewing her upper and lower eyelids together.

With her right eye she strained to see the source of this excruciating pain, but she could only make out Bret's hand moving up and down. Zara panicked and began moving every muscle in her face and body. She was frantic and Bret couldn't subdue her with his own two hands. Finally, he stepped back several feet and pressed the red button on his remote control. Within seconds, the nerve gas knocked Zara out and all her muscles collapsed as if on cue. She would be unconscious for this rare treatment.

It was the first time Bret had felt any ounce of compassion for his victim, and as he completed his work routinely, the unusual thought of compassion scared him.

She started to feel the sensation of something warm and moist on her face. Her dreams and nightmares were coming to a close and her return to consciousness was imminent.

Zara felt like she was awake now, but as she tried desperately to open her eyes, she could not. It suddenly came back to her, and the tightness along her eyelids confirmed the fact: her lids had been sewn shut! She started to panic at this realization, and wanted to fidget. But her restraints were not limited to the thin flesh covering her eyes.

As the sleeping state wore off, Zara became physically aware of her situation. Her head was tilted back further than she thought it would bend, almost to the middle of her back, and her hair had been French-braided and tied to her ankle restraints. Zara was resting uncomfortably on her knees, still wearing her original high heels, with her neck straining to reach her ankles. And the warm liquid sensation across her face? Oh, my God, she realized from the smell....someone is pissing on me!

Actually, several people were taking their turns pissing on poor Zara. Her head was leaned back and this allowed the male and female party guests to aim their urine right down her cooperating throat. Some were missing the goal, but most were striking the tongue and spraying Zara with the most bitter taste she had ever known.

Once she gained consciousness again, she fought the party goers and spit the incoming piss out; but Bret handled the insubordination with appropriate measures by squeezing the collar around her neck. Zara quickly remembered the asphyxiating

form of punishment and she suffered through additional pissing.

By the time this unseen ordeal was over, Zara had received the piss from 25 party-ers, and some of them had gone through the line twice. If she hadn't been so thirsty, and if Bret hadn't starved her over the last 56 hours, then she might have thrown up the contents in her stomach. But Zara was just that thirsty, and just that hungry, that she didn't seem to care anymore.

Eventually, Zara adjusted to the stitching in her eyelids, and the pain in her joints as her body was stretched unnaturally. She overheard Bret's voice and keyed into his announcements. "Now that everyone has been relieved, feel free to take your turn at fucking this lovely young slave. Cunt, mouth, ass—I expect them all to be violated. Many times over in fact. Have at it, friends, and whenever you feel like quitting, there will someone next to you who is willing to take over."

And so it happened just as Bret pronounced. Zara felt her pussy invaded by strange cocks, some tentative, but most rough and violent. She felt her mouth being covered by the lips of men and women alike. She could taste the alcohol and appetizers on their breath. Zara felt the hands tug at her nipple rings, tug until they almost ripped out of her body. And worse, she felt bodies rubbing against her back where the fresh scars of her branding screamed in pain.

The fucking went on for hours. Men diving their cocks in her pussy, her ass, and literally ripping her apart. She screamed, but the screams of a slave only exacerbated their efforts. The anal thrusts came harder and even the women with strap-on dildoes demonstrated no mercy. She had been penetrated multiple times by 25 guests, and she had lost count of the total number of fucking violations. 75? Maybe 100 times? She couldn't remember; it was all one big atrocious blur of pain and penetration.

Strangely, she had expected to have men cum down her mouth. Her boyfriends always preferred to splash cum on her face, so she was preparing herself mentally for this insult. But none of the men released their cum on her face. Zara felt a kind of relief, but she had no inkling of what Bret had planned in advance. The men were instructed to spew their loads into one of the champagne glasses and when all of them were collected....

Bret brought the glass to his slave, who thought her fucking torment was over. She was dead wrong. He got the attention of all invited then held the full glass over Zara's unsuspecting face. He quickly propped her jaw open wide and tipped the glass to release the gooey white substance straight down her throat. Zara was getting sick at her stomach, but she knew better than to resist. Maybe there was still the slim chance that Bret would free her. She gulped the sperm down and let nothing escape her mouth.

The guests were all mightily impressed, and several of them inquired about "renting" her out from Bret. Zara kneeled at her master's side and wondered if and when she was to be sold off to someone else.

"Now, now, friends, before you ask, I have to tell you, my slave Zara doesn't come cheap. If you need to use her for a night or a weekend, we're talking about \$10,000 easy. And if you plan on incorporating any serious means of punishment or torture, well, we're talking about maybe—"

Suddenly, Bret's voice was cut off without courtesy or warning. A heavily accented Japanese man from the back silenced the room: "One million dollars! I offer one million dollars to you sir, to buy your slave for my personal use—no holds barred—for one week. One week, one million, no questions asked."

The attention of the room focused on this man in shades, sitting on the long leather sofa. All eyes then seemed to turn back to Zara and her master. Bret stayed silent for a moment, then reminded himself of the money involved. He looked down at the helpless Zara, watching her eyes—still sewn together—manage to release a number of frightened tears. Zara cried because her intuition told her that this foreign buyer would be worse than anything Bret could dream up.

Part 3

Behind closed doors, Bret and the Japanese buyer, Mr. Yakuta, worked out the details for the week-long exchange while Zara was returned to her original cell to contemplate the painful events behind her and those ahead of her.

The party had long since concluded, and Zara had been violated several more times by cocks and dildos. She had been forced to insert a 7-inch rubber dildo in her cunt

and walk around with it inside her for at least one whole hour. One of the women, whose voice Zara thought she recognized from a recent blockbuster movie, had ordered the insertion. It sounded like the woman was extremely drunk or perhaps extremely high. Even in her forced blindness, Zara could feel the beautiful curves of this woman's body as the partyer rubbed up against Zara while the dildo was in place. The others kept referring to this woman as "Cindy", but even with this aid, Zara couldn't be sure if it was a known celebrity.

Cindy became very liberal with a whip once she got bored of the dildo insertion. Zara was forced to stand and she felt the D-ring on her collar being attached to a chain overhead. Once secured, the chain tightened and Zara's body was lifted slowly off the carpet by her thin neck.

The strain was incredible and it was obvious to everyone that Bret's Slave was having difficulty breathing. No one expressed any words of compassion over this, of course. This was Zara's first life experience with the whip and no amount of mental preparation could have braced her body for the alarming sensation of leather slashing across her skin.

Blow after blow, the whip rained on her back and front mercilessly. Cindy was the main perpetrator, and she yelled in a state of excitement every time Zara pleaded for relief. Cindy was quite beautiful herself, and in fact she was a famous celebrity. The men around her were getting sexually aroused and decided spontaneously that they had to have her. Cindy was too high to object, and she was so caught up in her excitement that she was more than willing to take on a gangbang of 15 or more cocks.

But even as Cindy was the new focus of sexual attention, Zara was not allowed to rest. A trio of avowed lesbian models approached Zara's sweating body, stretched so seductively by the chains, and began to kiss and lick on the slave. At first, this treatment was almost pleasant, but like everything else that was happening to her, the treatment of Zara turned violent and painful.

The models brought out a matchbox and Zara could hear the stark sound of individual strikes on the rough box. As a model would light a tall kitchen match, she would bring it close to Zara and let the slave feel the approaching heat. One of the

models, named Jenny, liked to bring her matches right up to Zara's nipple rings and heat the ring up, conducting heat through the whole ring which naturally transferred immense heat to the inside and outside of Zara's sensitive nipples.

Another model, whose name was something in German (and hard for Zara to recall), preferred Zara's asshole. The German model would bring her lit matches to Zara's ass-cheeks, watch Zara squirm at the sensation of heat, and then quickly snuff the flame out by jamming the stick in Zara's ass. The flame was small and quickly extinguished each time, but each time, it burned Zara's helpless flesh.

As Zara reviewed the events of the evening from her quiet and cold cell, she was almost glad that her eyes remained sewn together. She did not want to view the damage that had most certainly been done to her.

The steel cell door shook her from her thoughts and she heard the footsteps of two men enter.

"Mr. Yakuta here has the honor of renting you first, Zara," Bret said without my emotion, "Now I had anticipated several one-night encounters for you first, my dear, to gradually work you in. But as it happens, I am not about to turn down a one million dollar contract for one week's time."

As if she would find it interesting to know the terms of their agreement, Zara was read the documents that the two men had hastily drawn up. Among the clauses that Bret emphasized, a torture section that did not include anything, but rather frighteningly, only excluded three specific items: no dismemberment; no disembowelment; and, under heavy financial penalty, no torture leading to death.

Zara realized instantly the gravity of her situation with Mr. Yakuta. Her new master (for the contract week) said nothing as he approached his new slave. Bret still carried on with the chatter; he felt he owed some explanation to the pretty young thing that had refused his gestures on the casting couch.

"Zara, your week with Mr. Yakuta starts immediately, and he's elected to keep your stitches on your eyes indefinitely for the flight. He also prefers a slightly different kind of leash, so I'm going to have to deactivate and remove my collar for the time

being.”

Mr. Yakuta unwound a chain from his inside suit pocket. Zara could hear the links moving close to her pussy. She felt her two clit rings being adjusted and then heard the click of metal snaps attaching to her rings. Mr. Yakuta then placed a heavy padlock through her rings and the connected leash ring. When he released the padlock from his grip, she instantly felt gravity at work on her tender clit. The lock weighed perhaps 16 to 32 ounces and the painful pulling of her clit was registered all over her face.

Bret unlaced and removed Zara’s high heels at Mr. Yakuta’s request. Zara’s hair was unbraided and allowed to fall loosely to the small of her back. Zara was completely divested of anything on her body, save for the rings and chains. Mr. Yakuta tugged on her clit leash, signaling that it was time to go. She began to stand to walk, but suddenly she felt a tremendous fist slam into her stomach and drop her to the floor.

“You will not stand or walk, unless commanded! Is that understood?”

Yakuta yelled.

“Yes, I under—“

Another blow, this time to her side.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir,” Zara managed to barely speak, “Yes, sir, I understand, sir.”

Zara assumed the doggie position and walked on her hands and knees out of the cell. With her eyes sewn shut, it was difficult to keep up with her new master, as he led her through the basement and the house where the party had transpired. Zara was led outside and into the waiting limousine.

Once inside the plush backseat compartment, her clit chain was secured to an eyebolt fashioned on the floor of the expensive car. Zara was instructed to kneel with her hands behind her, her back arched, and her tits sticking out.

Just as Yakuta’s limo was pulling away, he leaned down to his new acquisition and

whispered into her ear.

“Say goodbye to your boyfriend Bret, slave. You are never coming back here.”

(the end??)