

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Brenda Hinson: 5'3", 118 lbs, 36/24/36, D cup, 38 years old, with wavy brunette hair mid-back. Single mom not working and doing well on alimony. Easygoing, likes to dress sexy, and has wine in the afternoons

Julie Hinson is 18 years old, 5'3", 108 lbs, 34/22/34 B cup, and a bratty teen who's not a good student. She's sexy with a foul mouth and a stubborn racist party girl.

Aisha is an Egyptian, 5'6", 128 lbs, 34/26/38, C cup, 26 years old, who is strong and fit.

Aisha's motivation is driven by disappointment and opportunity. To get away from the sex trade, Aisha has found a job as a maid and cook for Barbara Hinson after her move to America.

Marta: Egyptian, 5'5", 140 lbs, with long black hair (never seen), she's stern, old school ways, a pimp, and involved in the secret sex trade in Egypt and now in America too.

Aisha woke up early on her first day of work. She had been hoping this new job in a new place would be good for her after the tough places she was from. Aisha was tired of the corruption and disempowerment of women. She wanted to rise above the gritty life of the streets and had moved halfway around the world to start over. Being a housekeeper was not her goal in life, but it was the job that had been arranged for her. She had chatted and face-timed with the woman a few times, and despite looking like the typical pretty American family, Carol had seemed nice enough. She would seek to find a better job soon.

Aisha couldn't stand to squeeze into the overcrowded mid-morning bus where she would have to stand so close to strange men, so she took the first-morning bus. Being alone in the back seat was good and gave her time to think, but as a result, she arrived almost an hour before she was expected. She didn't want to wake Ms. Hinson up, so she just sat on the grass of the front lawn, waiting for 9 am.

With some time to kill, she looked around at the nice little farm setting, with the two horses grazing in the side pasture and the old but well-built barn and shed buildings. She had enjoyed visiting her uncle's farm as a girl.

Going to wait on the front porch to knock at the correct time, she waited. After half an hour but still not time to knock, a teenage girl stepped out of the house, but froze on the porch. She was startled to see a foreign girl on the front lawn and was about to step back into the house and lock herself in when Aisha introduced herself:

"Good morning. You must be Julie. I'm Aisha, your new help. I'm sorry if I scared you."

"Oh, yeah, I will call my mom," she said, but she remained in the door frame staring suspiciously, so Aisha continued:

"I'm sorry I arrived early while the buses were still empty."

"Ok," said Julie, with a faint air of disdain, before she stepped back inside and locked the door behind her. Aisha was working at getting used to those racist classist stares from American women, and it still got to her every time, especially when it came from a brainwashed 16-year-old girl.

Aisha waited patiently in front of the door until Brenda appeared half asleep in a silk nightgown. The dress was airy and vaguely revealed her forms below, as well as her pointy nipples. Aisha resented white women in general and envied the liberating demeanor of the mother, which contrasted starkly with the conservative environment in which Aisha grew up. Western women are just whores, she told herself consolingly.

"Aisha? Why so early?" Brenda asked, taking a step out of the house and onto her front porch.

"Oh, Mrs Hinson, I'm sorry. It was just easier in the morning," Aisha said, trying to look away to tame her hateful thoughts. The woman looked at her silently for a few seconds. Aisha could read her thoughts in those moments, during which Brenda was probably thinking about whether to say something or just to let it slide. What an inconsiderate bitch, Aisha thought.

"Ok," Brenda finally said softly. Come inside. Come," she said while making a hand gesture that one would do to a dog, and Aisha exercised a lot of self-control to avoid commenting.

Brenda walked into the kitchen, where her other younger daughter was eating cereal at the table, and she stood there like she was trying to remember why she came into the kitchen and what she wanted to do. Aisha waved at the little girl, who looked away without a smile, and then she turned to Brenda to break the awkward silence:

As they talked about the job, Aisha could see that Carol had put no real planning into hiring a live-in housekeeper. They had talked some, but there was a sloppy list of things she would do or not be expected to do. The woman she hoped would be a step above the average and be a step up for her was turning out to be as lazy as and even more sluttish looking than the whores on the streets of her city. She was very disappointed but, at the same time, smelled the idea of a challenge.

It seemed shameful to see the curves of the voluptuous woman's body and her little ass rolling with each step as she walked away, leaving the stunned young woman to make coffee in a kitchen that was unclean and unfamiliar. Aisha thought of her sweet and moral mother for a moment, thinking someone should teach the woman lessons in being proper and clean.

To Aisha's bewilderment, the woman had not put on proper clothing. She had made herself even more whorish by brushing her shamefully exposed long wavy blond hair and putting on nearly whorish makeup on her eyes, lips, and face. Granted, the woman is beautiful but still not presentable or respectable, and her lewdness is disgraceful.

The young Egyptian woman gave strong consideration to declining the job for such an awful woman and her equally awful daughter. Had she not already made an arrangement and in dire need of the rather generous pay she would have walked away from the challenge. There was no way to know if other American women would be even more shameful to work for.

Aisha's friend and sponsor, who advised her to come to this country of rude and crude people, is now very well-versed in American culture after being here a few years and had promised she would advise her more if needed. The older African woman intimidated her some, but she welcomed the help adjusting to this foreign land.

At that moment, she decided to stay, and Aisha made her mind up to accept this challenge and do what must be done.

Aisha had been shocked to see Brenda coming downstairs with a dress that revealed her breasts even more.

“What a whore” she thought but didn’t say it out loud. During the rest of the tour, she even saw a glimpse of her pink areolas when Brenda leaned down to pick something up.

Aisha tried to make peace with such behavior. But it wasn’t easy. She felt like that woman did it on purpose just to piss her off. But apparently, Brenda wasn’t the most annoying person in the house.

When Aisha was preparing lunch for the first time, Julie came down to the table all sleepy and hungover. She was so arrogant. She refused to eat the chicken that Aisha cooked, saying that it smelled weird.

“In my country, we eat what we are given,” Aisha said

“And men fuck goats in your country, and we don’t do it here,” she replied with a bitch smile.

“Julie, be nice,” Brenda shouted. “I’m so sorry for her behavior,” she said to Aisha when Julie walked to her room.

“It’s like you didn’t spank her enough.”

“Oh well, I never spanked her. We don’t do it here. Instead, we give them love and let them do what they want. This way, they develop a good personality when they grow up.”

Aisha was amazed by how this culture does everything wrong.

Later that day, Aisha was cleaning the living room when Julie was ready to go out.

“Goodbye, Mom,” she shouted while putting on Air pods when one of them fell on the floor. The floor was white, and the little thing was hard to see.

“Fuck where is it?” The girl tried to find them with no luck.

But Aisha saw them right away. She was about to point at it, but something stopped her. Instead, she stepped on it and said, “Here it is” pointing to the floor.

“Where? I don’t see it.”

“It’s right here on the floor.”

“Pick it up. I don’t see it.”

“Pick it up yourself,” Aisha said... she wanted to get a little revenge on that slut.

“Shit, where” Julie dropped to her knees right beside Aisha.

For some reason, Aisha felt her heart beating faster. She enjoyed seeing Julie crawling on her knees in front of her. But the charades took too long. She walked around the girl, leaving the air pod on the floor. It took a few seconds for the girl to finally find it.

“Shit, here it is” She picked it up and took off.

Aisha looked at the stairs where Brenda stood, and sure, she saw the whole thing.

Aisha could sense the woman’s curious interest in seeing her snotty daughter being tricked into crawling on the floor at her feet. Maybe Miss Brenda did want to see her daughter being taught her

place. She smiled at the thought. Yes, she would teach them both lessons in how to behave, starting with the mouth of the little daughter with her mother's permission and help.

With Julie out the door and Miss Brenda alone, it was time to set some rules for her job and the conditions that would have to be met if the woman wanted her help, putting her daughter on a path to understanding her place.

"Miss Brenda, you are aware your daughter is in very much trouble. Her lack of respect for others and herself will only lead her to misery and worse. She very much needs your help before it is too late."

Then, pointing to the kitchen table

"Go sit, please. I must tell you how it will be. What must be done to intervene in your daughter's life, and what must we do? "

Brenda felt somehow comforted by the things Aisha said to her. She wanted help in getting Julie under control before she ended up on drugs or pregnant or both.

"Ms Brenda, Julie needs discipline in her life. From what I have seen in my short time here, American women, in general, need more strict rules and values to live by. Her life must be changed for the better, but she will not like it. She will fight this, so you must be willing to enforce the rules I will set for her. It may get very ugly. She is strong-willed, but we must be stronger."

Maybe it was her serious dark eyes and clipped African accent, but whatever it was, Brenda felt confident that the mysterious young woman who had fooled her rude young daughter to her knees in front of her could indeed teach Julie new ways.

"Yes, you are right, Aisha, Julie must be made to understand, and I will help in whatever ways you think best."

Aisha called her friend and told her about the challenging situation with the indecent mother and daughter she was sent to work for. They talked about the severity of the problem and how very drastic measures could lead to very big results. Maybe there was more to be done than just teaching the American whores how to be decent women. Aisha was getting very excited at the potential for her future as she listened to the wise and strong words of her mentor.

Later that day, Julie came back home and saw her mom and Aisha sitting on the couch in the living room.

"Julie, we need to talk. Please sit"

The girl sat on the opposite couch and looked at the Egyptian girl.

"Why is she still here? Should she be at her dorm or wherever she lives?"

"Aisha is staying with us tonight, and please don't..." but Brenda was interrupted.

"Well, if you are staying with us, why don't you make yourself useful? Make me a cup of hot chocolate, servant."

Brenda was shocked to hear her rudeness. But she had no words...

Aisha was cold-faced. She stood up and walked to the kitchen calmly.

“What the hell got into you?”

“Oh common, Mom, isn't it what we pay her to do?”

“First of all, it's not “we.” You didn't bring a single penny into this family.”

“Yeah, and I can't remember the last time I saw you have an actual work.” Julie had a smug smile on her face.

“Listen, your behavior has gotten out of control. I want you to apologize to Aisha.”

The Egyptian girl brought the cup of hot chocolate, put it in front of Julie, and sat next to Brenda.

“Yeah, it's not going to happen, Chao.” Julie stood up and walked with her cup to her room.

When she was gone, Aisha said

“This is what I'm talking about. You have no control. And you are too weak.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do? Bend her over and give her a spanking? ”

“No, you have no guts to do it. If you had, you would have done it a long time ago.”

Aisha walked away, losing even more respect for the white woman. She heard the shower running in Julie's room, so she walked in. She saw Julie's phone on the bed, connected to the charger, with the screen unlocked! She sat on the bed immediately opened the gallery, and started scrolling. She couldn't believe her good fortune when she found nude photos and videos.

Aisha added her number to the phone and then sent a collection of photos and videos to herself on WhatsApp. She made sure to include a couple of videos where Julie seemed to be holding cocks. Nervous but also very excited, Aisha placed the phone back where it was and left the room.

When Aisha got back to the maid's room, she texted Julie's number back, saying, “Let's discuss when everyone is asleep, ” and then waited patiently.

An hour passed, during which Brenda and Audrey went to sleep. A little later, there was a very faint knock at the door. Aisha was still nervous because of the many things that could go wrong, but she told herself again that Julie was just another little slut, and she would have made a scene already if she had felt confident doing so. And so, Aisha opened the door and laid her eyes on a pale Julie, holding her phone, standing still. Aisha looked her in the eyes and savored the moment, prolonging the awkwardness until Julie spoke in a trembling voice:

“Is ... was this y ... did you?”

Aisha waited a little longer before speaking, then opened the door wider and told Julie to come in. Julie just stood there as if she wanted to say something else, so Aisha again said:

“Julie, sweetie, it's better for you to come inside.”

Julie walked into the maid's room, and when Aisha closed the door behind her, she felt more emboldened and asked:

“Why the hell did you go through my phone? Why the fuck did you send photos?”

Aisha only smiled, adding to the rage Julie felt, so she continued:

“Delete them now. Or I’ll tell my mom.”

Aisha laughed, even though she had a brief moment of doubt. Could the mother be that open-minded? Could she have misread the situation? But then Julie stood in her spot and repeated with a softer, more pleading tone:

“Please, just delete them, please.”

Aisha regained her full composure, now certain that she had the little slut right where she wanted her. She smiled a bit at her while Julie repeated:

“Please, Aisha, what’s wrong with you? Are you going to delete them??”

“I see the way you look at me,” Aisha responded.

“What?”

“I see the contempt in your eyes and those of your bitch mom who taught you to be this way.”

“What are you talking about?” Julie asked, with her voice now trembling a bit more

“You think I’m inferior to you. And imagine how I feel when a young whore that’s good for the streets looks at me this way.”

Julie opened her mouth but found nothing to say. She let out a gasp of protest, but Aisha took a step closer to her. Julie seemed to want to step back, but the room was too small, and there was no way to go. Aisha continued:

“You look at me like I’m disgusting. Put your hand on me and tell me if my skin feels different.”

Julie was feeling incredibly uncomfortable, but she also understood the heavy risk of blackmail weighing on her, so she tried begging again, almost whimpering, with a tear starting to form at the side of her eye:

“Aisha, please.”

The tear sent a rush of excitement through Aisha’s body. Feeling empowered, she grabbed Julie’s hand abruptly and placed it on her arm.

“Does this skin feel gross to you?”

Julie started feeling very scared while Aisha was getting drunk on power, so she placed her hand behind Julie’s head and pulled it into her chest:

“How about my smell, you stupid girl? Is it repulsive to you?”

Julie groaned and pulled herself away from Aisha, so Aisha grew furious and pulled the small girl from her hair and pushed her on the small bed. Julie let out a small cry, so Aisha quickly placed a hand over her mouth and then climbed on the bed on top of her to hold her still. Julie’s eyes grew wide with terror and disbelief, and she was still screaming into Aisha’s hand, so Aisha lowered her

face and whispered to Julie:

“Are you stupid? Do you want to wake up your mom? Let her come here, and I’ll show her your videos. Let’s see what she thinks.”

Julie stopped struggling, and her screams turned into sobs, so Aisha took her hand off her mouth and took a moment to stare at her face, which was turning red with more tears welling up in her eyes. Before she could ask why, Aisha continued:

“You are mine now, you little slut, unless you want everyone to see you naked and covered in cum. You will surrender yourself to me, or I will make sure every person who goes to school with you sees photos of your tight little pussy. I will show the photos of you sucking cock in the whole neighborhood with your address on it to encourage every pervert to come looking for you.”

Julie’s cheeks were covered in tears, and her lips were quivering, so Aisha pushed her face into the pillow right in time for Julie to burst into uncontrollable crying. Keeping her face facing the pillow, Aisha continued speaking in her ear:

“I like to see you crying, my love; that means you understand how fucked you are now. You’re my property now, you understand? It’s either this or you live on the streets, a life of shame, where no one you know will accept you anymore. Shhh, shhh, calm down and show me your pretty face”.

Aisha turned Julie’s head towards her and found a whimpering, scared little girl asking her why.

“Because I want you, baby. I want to own you and to hurt you. I hated you from the moment I saw you ... and you’re going to help me get your bitch of a mother” It was late, and Aisha had made her point and wanted to let the girl stew on it overnight.

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Brenda woke to the smell of food, but not sure what it was. It was savory with the smell of meat. Aisha is standing by her bed and poking her with a large wooden spoon.

“Up. Up, Ms Brenda. You must be up now.”

“What is it? Is something wrong? Brenda was confused

“All is good, but it is time to be up. There is much to do today. Today is a big day here. Up now, please, Ms Brenda.” She poked the woman harder with the spoon.

Aisha moved away only when the woman’s feet hit the floor. She had other things to attend to as she prepared for her first full day of changing the lives of the woman and her daughter and her own, as well.

With the spiced omelet and flatbread with the only fruit in the house being canned peaches, Aisha put some in the oven to keep warm and the rest kept cold. She was determined to have both of the lazy American women at the table eating a proper breakfast by 7 AM at the latest most days but knew this first day it might not happen.

It would be only her and Barbara today. In fact, much of what Brenda did this morning would determine if she would leave and find a new job or stay and follow through with her plan.

The vile video she was going to show the woman and then explain there would have to be a big

decision on which side the woman was on. Brenda needed to make a choice. She would need help standing up to her lifelong spoiled daughter, and she would have it. It would be this morning or never, as far as Aisha was concerned. After a talk over breakfast, she would pack her things and leave, for they would together wake up Juile and confront her about her wrongful ways and do what it would take to correct them.

Brenda had been shocked a little, but not as much as Aisha had expected. She knew in her heart Juile was a shameful slut. That she would suck men's cocks or go behind her best friend's back or even have sex with both of them.

As she looked at the downloaded photos, it was not clear who was taking the photos. It could have been anyone. There were no condoms. Not even hiding her face, it was obvious from her eyes she was on drugs or drinking or both.

"Do you see now what I tell you, Ms. Brenda? How something drastic must be done. You are her only mother and only hope. There really is no choice. She has been yours to raise in this world, and you can not fail her. It would not be right for you to let her into society in such a state."

Brenda went flushed, hearing the truth spoken so directly. She could see what a sexual slut her daughter had become and felt ashamed she had let her follow such wrongful paths. She even felt for the first time that maybe she had been a bad example with her vanity, sexy clothing, wine parties, and carefree ways. She had let and watched her sweet little girl gown into an incredibly sexy young woman and done nothing to guide her in the right ways. With wet eyes, Brenda looked up from the phone and pictures of her slutty daughter,'

" Yes, Aisha, I do see all you are saying is true. I have been so wrong in so many ways to let her become this way. What can we do? What do I do now? She really does need our help."

"Ms. Brenda, you have heard of interventions, yes? We need to perform a life-changing intervention on Julie. "

"Aisha, do you mean to call in people and have her taken to rehab? "

Looking confidently at the woman, Aisha replied.

" No, Ms Brenda. This is not something a rehab clinic can handle. You have seen how whorish your daughter has become. You know how much of a bitch she is. She is nearly an adult, and you have no real power over her for much longer. You have just over one year to turn her life around. It will have to be a very intense year of life-changing events and training for her."

Feeling very confident with how the woman was going along so well and the looks and body language they had been exchanging, Aisha stood and moved around the table to stand beside the woman and put a kind hand on her shoulder.

" I am here now to help you. There is much to do with changing Julie's ways."

Then cupping Brenda's chin and lifting her face to look calmly and confidently into her eyes.

" Brenda, You do know you are the source of Julie's problems and failures, and you must also learn new lessons and change your ways, too. I am going to need your help as much as you need mine to get Julie under control. First, you, Brenda, must be trained in new ways. "

Pinching the woman's chin harder and patting the top of her head gently with the other hand.

“ We will let your whorish daughter sleep. She will probably be out for hours.”

Then, running her fingers into Brenda’s hair, gripping then pulling her head back some and letting her chin go with her hand going back in a position where she could slap the woman’s face.

“ Your intervention starts today, Brenda. It starts now.”

Aisha felt the power of her convictions in equal measure to the weakness she saw in the woman’s face. She decided to be very hard on the trembling woman.

“You can’t teach your daughter any good when you behave like a slut.” Aisha’s voice was hard and strict. She slapped Brenda so hard across her face she fell on the floor.

Brenda had never been hit like that. She was shocked, frightened, and unable to fight back.

“Get up” Aisha pulled at the woman’s hair.

Brenda was touching her reddish cheek.

“But how will this help? Please, this makes no sense; please let go.... “

“You don’t ask questions. I know what I’m doing. Now get up, woman!”

Aisha slapped her face again.

“Ow, that hurts.” Brenda’s eyes were filled with tears. She was now afraid of the young woman.

“Get up.”

“No, please, Brenda pleaded.

Aisha stood there for a second, watching the pathetic white woman crying on the floor.

“You are weak. You dress like a slut, you have very bad habits, but I will make a good woman out of you.” she squatted near her and slapped her face again and again.

“Tell me, how will you dress today?”

Sobbing Brenda replied

“I will put on long sleeves and a long skirt to cover my whole body.”

“You know, for some reason, I don’t believe you,” Alisha sneered.

“I promise, I promise I will dress like a proper woman tomorrow, ” the sniveling woman replied, her wet eyes revealing a pitiful, defeated look.

“Promises of white women mean nothing. Come with me. I have an idea how to make sure you will cover up.”

Aisha took her by her arm and dragged her outside and down the short path into the stable.

“Brenda, not only do I need to make sure you will cover your body like a decent woman instead of the slut you have been looking like, you need to feel the shame of how you have been and understand there is punishment due for your whorish actions.”

“But really, I will dress properly ...”

Aisha, still holding a tight grip on one wrist, jerked the woman sideways and slapped her already red cheeks back and forth with her palm and backhand.

“Do you not understand what punishment is for, you disgusting woman? Do you not listen? You will keep your mouth shut or will keep slapping you. Now, cry quietly or not at all! “Then, shoving the trembling woman to face the wall, the young woman took a lead rope hanging on the wall and tied Brenda’s wrists as she just watched silently sobbing and afraid to ask why. Then, standing on the bottom rail of the stall enclosure, Aisha reached up to wrap and tie her up to the wooden post.

Aisha grinned when she noticed how horses were looking curiously at their owner hanging from the thick wood pole and looking so pitiful.

Aisha took the knife from the leather-working table in the tack room and started to cut the clothes off of her, and as she did, she made sure to touch and caress, and then pinch the woman’s nipples. She ran her hands sensually over the bound woman’s sexy, hot body and breasts in ways to both arouse her and hurt her some. Tugging her nipples and using her hands to swat and slap her breasts, body and ass. The young woman knew just how hard to be on her and exactly how to pull arousal from the female body.

“You don’t need those whore clothes anymore,” she said as she cut off her “whorish” clothing and threw them into the pile while saving her panties and looking at them.

“This is what a slut you are. This wetness,” Holding them to her nose,” and this odor of whorish pussy is all the more reason you must be punished. You are a sick, vile woman to be aroused by such treatment.”

Taking the ruined lacy red panties, “Open your mouth whore” Aisha pushed them fully into the woman’s mouth. “You will NOT spit them out! Do you understand me, Brenda? Nod your head if you do.”

The pale white skin was an erotic sight for Aisha, who took a long moment to admire the body of the sexy woman and how it compares to a white stallion standing in the hall of the barn nearby and watching them.

“You know you are not much different from them,” Aisha said, turning her chin towards the horse as she looked the frightened woman in the eyes. “ But don’t worry, I will make a decent human out of you.”

She took the long buggy whip from the tack room wall, and as she passed by, the horse patted his nose gently for a moment.

“Don’t worry. It’s not for you this time.”

Spinning the woman to face the post and shoving her into it.

“Lean on that post and take your first punishment like a brave woman if you can, you pathetic whore”

“Aisha, no, please.” Only came in gagged garble, but she didn’t finish. The girl landed the whip on Brenda’s shoulders leaving the red line on perfect white skin.

"I have to make sure you will cover your body from now on," she said as she whipped the woman, going lower and lower.

Brenda was screaming and crying at first, trying to make the young woman stop. She twisted and jerked until she tired out, and at the end, she was standing still as she could, receiving whips almost silently as she learned to comply with the young woman's orders.

Aisha spun her around and whipped her until her body was covered in angry red lines from top to ankles, and some of them were welts that would leave marks for a couple of days.

When the whipping was over, her tears were streaming, and her breath calming down. Aisha was telling her this was for the good of her family and herself, to help her learn her true place in life.

Aisha smiled to herself, seeing the woman's pussy was visibly damped by the domination and physical sensations she had endured. She could see on her face the woman was excited by the humiliation and erotic nature of what she was doing to her and how she was looking at her.

Aisha had not only let her true dominant urges out in a new and exciting way to take control of Brenda and, later, her smart-mouth slut of a daughter too, but she was also unleashing her innate sexuality on the woman. The closeness, the touching, the ways she looked at her, and even how she was displaying her younger, stronger body to the older woman, Aisha was exuding a dominant sexuality that was deepening the woman's attraction and confusion.

When she finished, she untied Brenda, getting in her face with a look of extreme confidence on her face and body language like she wanted to kiss the shocked and frightened woman.

"Go to your room and get dressed properly for the day, or we will do it again tomorrow and every day until you have learned something about being a proper woman."

Brenda stood in front of her vanity, putting a cooling lotion on the heat of the few still red and maybe bruising whip marks after taking a cleansing shower. Her head was still trying to wrap around the past two days and how she was feeling so confused about her actions and reactions to what Aisha was doing and planning to help her change her ways and maybe Julie's wrong-minded ways too. One thing is for sure: she would have to wear something to cover most of her body.

The highest marks on her chest would mean no cleavage could show, and that eliminated many of her tops.

Brenda opened her wardrobe. She spent long minutes trying to find something that would cover her body up to the neck, but it was harder than she imagined.

"Am I really a whore" she thought while going through her open dresses and miniskirts.

Finally, she found her old jeans and a sweater her mother gave her on Christmas. She came down her stairs and out of the house where Aisha was waiting for her near the car.

Brenda was shaking and afraid to face the girl who just whipped her without mercy.

Aisha looked at her.

"You know it's summer outside, it's hot as hell, and you are wearing a sweater?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't think I was just..."

"Don't worry; it's okay. You did well." Aisha touched Brenda's hand gently. " You look silly, but at least you look decent; that's what is important. "

Brenda felt her warm hand and suddenly felt good from the girl's praise.

"I expect you to behave. We will go do some shopping."

Both women sat in the car. Branda at the wheel and Aisha at the back seat.

"Should we go to the shopping mall?" Brenda asked

"No, that place is for whores. We will go to a place near the Mosque. They sell clothes that you need."
"

As Brenda expected, the women at the store where they purchased had looked at her strangely and were cold to her. Aisha talked to one of them in a low voice at times, and the woman made comments she did not understand.

Behind a simple curtain with no bench to sit on, Brenda found herself standing naked as Aisha stood holding her new dress. Not even her panties were considered proper and lay in the heap of her clothing on the floor. The marks from the early morning whipping mostly faded, but some were still there to remind them both of the new order of things.

Aisha called out something in her native language. Brenda did not understand, and a moment later, the woman she had been talking to came behind the curtain with a box that looked to have just been shipped and unopened. The woman looked at Brenda's fair skin and large breasts with whip marks on them and, for the first time, smiled at what she was seeing.

They talked more as they looked at the nervous American woman, who seemed so out of place for being only an hour's drive from her home.

"Brenda, this is Marla. She has been helping me research ways to help bring you and your trashy daughter to your true places and how to make sure I have complete control over you. She has let me have these items overnight shipped here, and they will be added to your bill for the clothing we have purchased you will be wearing during this training. As you can see, there is some beautiful and colorful clothing here, but there is also tradition. To break you of your American vanity you will be wearing the most traditional brown plain dress with a single cloth belt and a hood until further notice."

Marla set the box on a small table, took the garments from Aisha, and hung them on pegs. All three looked similar, with small variations. Brenda gasped when Marla reached into her pocket, pulled out a knife in a sheath, and stood looking at her coldly before handing it to Aisha.

Cutting the tape on the box, Aisha smiled and set down the menacing knife without putting it back in the sheath.

Again, Ashsia said something, and Marla replied.

" Now, Brenda, you will kneel on the pile of your slutty clothing and face me."

Brenda looked around, humiliated and confused.

" But really, Aisha, is this necessary? What is..."

Slap. Slap. Slap! ... Before she could finish her sentence, she sent Barbara reeling on her heels only to be caught and held in the firm grasp of the mysterious Marla and put her knees on some of the now scattered clothing.

“Do not dare speak another word, you whorish American woman! “ Aisha commanded!

Two more words from Aisha to Marla, and she took a long silk scarf and went in Brenda’s mouth and wrapped it several times to gag her as Aisha bent over and looked her in the eyes, telling her not to dare raise her hands to try to stop what was happening to her. That she deserves this and asked for it to help her save herself and her slutty daughter from the life of American whorishness.

The knot pulled tight as tears ran down into it from the fear and stinging slaps that had her face red and burning.

“Now stand up whore. We have to put your training gear on and dress you for more shopping today. We have several more stops now, up.”

No sooner had she stood than she felt and looked down as Marla tied a silk scarf to her wrist. Aisha soaked in the look of fear and shock on the woman’s face with pure delight at how the woman who had felt so above her the day before was now lowly and humbled.

As Marla bound her wrists tightly behind her back, Aisha lusted over how the woman’s big creamy tits and pink nipples stood out obscenely and quivered as the woman shook and panted in fear.

The two women talked, and Brenda did not understand any of it. However, she read the anger and lust the older woman directed at her and how Aisha seemed to be encouraging Marla’s ire.

It was Marla who took the smaller box out of the shipping box and opened it. Aisha took out her camera, picked up Brenda’s, too, and began taking pictures of her standing in the gag, shivering in fear and crying silently. In moments, Marla had all the packaging removed from what the box called “ Portable remote controlled Estim TENS device model 860.”

Other boxes held an array of accessories and sticky pads of several shapes.

Brenda shivered at the thought of what that thing was and what it did. Marla explained something to Aisha. Brenda couldn’t understand a thing but was sure they were talking about the device. They were clearly discussing her as well. Aisha pushed Brenda to the table and made her lie on it with the upper half of her body. Rough wood didn’t feel good pressed against gentle breasts. Marla walked behind her and kicked her legs to make the woman spread them.

She felt the rough hands of the woman spread her pussy lips and felt cold metal against her entrance. A sudden push brought so much pain she screamed through the gag and tried to kick. A few face slaps from Aisha calmed her down.

Marla tried again but with no luck.

“You are too dry,” Aisha translated Marla’s words.

There were some claps and yelled words. A moment later, another woman appeared. She was dressed almost as Marla but her clothes were more plain. She had a very pale face, and Brenda could swear that under that hijab, there was the beautiful blonde hair of a white woman.

The woman carried a bottle of olive oil. She bent over behind Brenda and poured some on her ass,

and as it ran down, she started to apply the warm oil to her vulva softly. The woman's soft fingers spread it all over and even inside her with slick, oily fingers.

"Are you local?" Aisha asked her

"Yes, Ma'am. Born and bred here in the city. " in a perfect American accent.

These words hurt Brenda more than anything else.

"Is it my future?" she thought.

After lubing up, cold metal was easily pushed inside. Grabbing her hips and pulling her a few inches away from the tabletop, Marla put something else between her legs, something that looked like panties but made of metal. Brenda heard a click.

"A chastity belt! Omg!"

"Well done, Marla. Now, get up, Brenda. Stand and turn to face me," Aisha said

Brenda stood up and looked down at her chastity device that held the toy from falling. Three women were looking at her with approval.

Sticky pads were placed just outside of each nipple. Sticky bandage tape over each pad, then wound around each of the tits, squeezing and shaping them more round but leaving her nipples uncovered. She stood, arms tied behind her back, chest out as Marla stretched a strong rubber band around one of her tits, making sure to get tight against her chest. The band made her snugly wrapped tit full and round on her chest. Her nipple was pushed out and exposed.

Soon after, the other tit had suffered the same treatment. After that, more of the tape was used to tape the small TENS control box with several wraps around her waist and the wires from the plug in her pussy and the pads by her nipples plugged into the control box, and one more wrap of the tape to hold the wires all in place.

Brenda watched the woman's strong brown hands attach silver clamps to each of her swollen nipples and tighten them painfully.

Marla spoke to the American woman who translated for Barbara. Some of the words she understood even before were said again in better English.

"Turn and face the table, American dog whore"

Brenda's heart sank at hearing out loud what she had felt from the woman already. Marla hates me and wants to hurt me! Oh fuck I wish I had never hired Aisha! This is all insane!

Aisha took photos and video as Marla put small leather straps around each of her arms just above her elbows, then spent a moment connecting them with a strong leather string like a long boot lace and adjusting it so when her wrists were untied, her arms could hang straight down her sides. Still, she would not be able to reach forward but could hold her hands out in front to hold things at waist level.

Marla slapped Brenda's ass with her hand.

"Legs apart, dog whore"

More small cuffs just below her knees pulled tight on each upper shin were connected with a stronger leather string, so she could only take short steps. She could still walk somewhat normally, but running would be out of the question.

With another long leather lace tangled in her hand, Marla used it to whip Brenda's ass severely as the American woman held her by one arm and shoved her against the table. Brenda screamed into the gag as her ass was covered with more and more red stripes and welts from the leather strings until it was red all over. Her burning red cheeks were divided by the shiny metal of the chastity belt locked securely on her.

A few more words from Marla to the other women, then finally, some of them translated.

"You are the lowest class of women. You are nothing but a dog whore and will be treated as such unless you can become a woman of some class above what you are now. You will be brought back here for more lessons, but for now, your Mistress Aisha will take you out in the world, so see it from your new place as a dog whore. You will keep your head down and always be respectful of what you are told. You will answer with yes Miss and no Miss and offer nothing of opinion and behave as a well trained dog."

Marla had picked up a long, brown, plain hijab and handed it to the American woman.

"Now turn and face Miss Marla," she said.

Marla pulled off the nipple clamps without loosening them, making Brenda bend over and cry out into the gag! Her eyes went to her nipples as she expected them to be ripped and bloody, but they were only red and indented from where the tight clamps had been.

"Stand straight, dog whore; we are tired of looking at your filthy whore body. Step forward two steps."

Marla went behind her and untied her wrists. Then, both the American woman and Marla put the hijab over her head and pulled each of her hands and forearms through the baggy sleeves. The garment hung down completely, hiding all that was underneath.

For the next ten minutes, Marla used the remote control as she showed Aisha how the TENS deception could cause wonderful pleasures and great pains. The mind buzzing felt good in many ways as the settings were changed, and shocks ranged from low to high and good feeling to agony! Brenda's body flinched and bent as her yelps and cries filled the room as the women watched. Aisha soon knew how to inflict orgasm, producing good feelings and terror, producing shocks to the inside of the woman's pussy and her tender aching nipples.

Brenda stood silent as the woman gathered her clothing and put it in a box. Then, identical items to those that had been put on her and some others still in their packaging were placed in with them. It was clearly a set meant for her daughter.

"Now get this dog whore out of my shop. I do not want to see her again until she is trained to take her proper place with her Master. "

Brenda sat at the wheel, feeling the TEN between her legs. She looked at the mirror and hardly recognized herself. Aisha sat behind her.

"So how do you feel?" she asked, and as Brenda opened her mouth, she interrupted, "Actually, I don't care. Just drive to the nearest hardware store."

Brenda felt ashamed being in public wearing such clothes, but it seemed like nobody paid her any attention as they went into the large farm and hardware store.

"Bring the cart, " Aisha said, looking so happy and excited. The first thing she put in was 20 meters of heavy chain. The consultant appeared out of nowhere.

"Can I help you with something?"

"How strong is the chain?" she asked.

"it can hold up to 500kg of weight, but of course, it depends on what you are going to use it for."

"I need to chain up a couple of dogs."

"wow a hell of a dog you've got if you need such a chain to hold it."

Aisha looked at Brenda.

"Yeah, it looks strong and is capable of many things. "

"What breed?"

"American hound."

"oh yes, these are wild beasts. Would you need something else?"

"yes, actually, a lot of items. Here's the list."

She gave him a piece of paper. "Take her. She will help you gather everything. Meanwhile, I will look for something more specific."

She left Brenda with the consultant. They walked around the store shopping. He tried to ask her questions, but she didn't answer any of them. She was afraid of saying something wrong. That thing in her vagina made it very clear that she didn't want any trouble.

When Aisha returned, she put a couple of small cameras in the cart, saying these would be enough for now until the full home security system package was delivered.

She was pleased to see Brenda had gathered nearly all of the items on the list.

Aisha took the list, checked what was in the cart, and marked off the items already collected.

Chain.

Eye bolts.

Cordless drill.

Drill Bits.

Cotton rope.

Grass rope.

Wood rods.

Two six-packs of matching keypadlocks.

Bolt cutter for cutting the chain to length.

With those items collected, Aisha dismissed the curious store consultant and led Brenda to the area for pets and horses to gather more items from the list.

Four food and water bowls.

Two heavy-duty leather dog collars.

Eight small leather dog collars.

Two expensive shock collars with Bluetooth remote control.

Twice, Brenda had spoken without permission, and both times, Aisha hit the button on the remote device to make the woman flinch and squeal in pain from the sharp electrical jolt to her nipples.

To humiliate and tease the woman more, Aisha set the device to send a pleasant buzzing to the probe locked in her pussy by the snug-fitting chastity belt.

Brenda drove in silence as Aisha texted and looked at things on her tablet as they went from the farm and hardware store further into the city. The directions took them to the parking lot of Eden Bound, a sex shop with leather and whips in the display window facing out to the side street in a seedy-looking area. A drunk was on the sidewalk across the way. A prostitute leaned on a wall down the block.

A young man with a short beard sat behind the counter. He barely looked up and then went back to his reading or whatever had his attention on his phone.

An unattractive couple was looking at sex swings, and a gay couple looked at videos.

A rough-looking woman about Brenda's age with tattoos covering both arms was hanging a new display of butt plugs from a cart filled with them and other sex toys.

"Brenda, get a basket and follow me."

Within minutes, the basket was nearly full of sex toys, mostly in sets of two. Brenda shivered more than once, knowing why there were two of everything. She feared for her daughter even more than herself. She knows her daughter is a fighter and would end up suffering a worse fate than just going along with Aisha's plans to "reform them."

It was looking less and less like reforming and more like enslaving that, had Brenda fearing whatever it was Aisha was going to do to them. Would they really be chained like dogs? Why all the sex toys?

The few times she did try to ask Aisha anything, all she got was told not to speak unless spoken to and more of the painful shocks to her now sore and aching nipples or a hard jolt to the probe in her pussy.

Aisha smiled as Brenda followed her into Eden Bound, her cart full of supplies for their training. This was going to be so much fun! She had big plans for her new pet. "Look at all the wonderful toys we can play with," Aisha purred, grabbing a few items from the basket. "I think we'll start with these." She held up a set of metal handcuffs and a thick rubber ball gag. Brenda whimpered softly, her eyes

widening in fear. She didn't want to be trapped in a sex shop, chained up and used as a plaything. But the devices Aisha was choosing sent shivers down her spine. She knew exactly what kind of games were planned for her. Aisha laughed at the fear in Brenda's eyes. "Don't worry, pet, we'll take things slow. I want to train you properly." She placed the cuffs and gag on the counter, along with a bottle of lube. "Let's get you ready for your new life."

Brenda's heart sank as Aisha began to unbuckle the chastity belt. She didn't want to be exposed like this, vulnerable to anyone who walked into the shop. But she couldn't protest, not with the devices still attached that could shock her into submission at any moment. Aisha smiled and slid the belt off, tossing it into the basket. "There, now you won't be restricted." She laughed as Brenda instinctively tried to cover herself.

"Go on, pet, show everyone how obedient you are for your Mistress."

Brenda whimpered at the threat of exposure, and the devices still attached enough to make her quiver in fear. She didn't want to please Aisha, but she couldn't disobey her without suffering the painful consequences. She took a deep breath and slowly lifted her top, revealing her breasts. Aisha's eyes lit up with delight at the sight. "Good girl," she purred. "Now, take off the rest of your clothes. Brenda removed the top and bra and then stood frozen for a moment before Aisha snapped the remote, and she cried out in surprise and pain as another shock jolted her nipples.

"Now hurry up and finish undressing, pet."

Brenda undressed faster, her body shaking as the TENS device continued to send jolts of electricity to her sensitive areas.

Finally, she stood completely nude, her body trembling and covered in a sheen of sweat. She felt so exposed and vulnerable, knowing that at any moment, Aisha could shock her into submission.

Meanwhile, Aisha was busy *****ing more items for their training. She picked up a set of wrist and ankle cuffs. "We'll need these too," she said, adding them to the basket.

As Brenda watched her Mistress shop for more tools of her dominance, she couldn't help but feel a sense of dread growing inside her. She knew that whatever Aisha had planned for them would be cruel and degrading, but she also knew that she couldn't escape it. She was trapped, both physically and mentally, by the devices attached to her body and the fear that dominated her mind.

Aisha smirked at the fearful expression on Brenda's face. "Don't worry, pet," she said softly, grabbing a box of dildos in various sizes. "We'll start slow and gradually work our way up."

Brenda shuddered at the thought of what was to come. She knew that Aisha would use these toys to train her, teaching her to submit to her will completely and without question.

When they finally left the store, Brenda felt like she was being led to her doom. She couldn't escape the images of what awaited her, the humiliation and pain that Aisha promised to inflict on her body.

As they got into the car, Aisha turned to her pet and said, "Don't worry, pet. You'll be a good little doggie soon enough."

Brenda closed her eyes, trying to shut out the world around her.

Brenda's house had two upstairs floors, a half basement cellar room for the furnace and water heater, and lots of room for storage. Aisha put Barbara to work on moving things to the garage and

packing them on selves and in boxes until the room suited her needs as the place she would keep her American dog whore mom and daughter as she trained them.

Aisha settled into her new training room, satisfied with the array of equipment at her disposal. This place would be perfect for breaking in her new pets. She watched as Brenda moved furniture and boxes out of the room, creating a clear space in the center. The floor was cold concrete, making her think of kennels and dog training. She smiled to herself, imagining how perfect this place would be for training her doggie. Once the room was clear, Aisha began to set up the equipment. She placed a heavy cage in one corner, with a thin mattress on the floor for sleeping. Nearby was a set of restraints with padded cuffs and a long chain for tethering. Various whips and paddles were hung on the wall, along with a St. Andrew's cross for more intense sessions. When everything was in place, Aisha stepped back to survey her handiwork. The room looked ready for a training facility, and she couldn't wait to get started with her pet. She heard Brenda coming into the room and turned to see her standing in the doorway, eyes wide at the sight of the equipment. Aisha strode over and grabbed her by the arm, pulling her into the room. "Isn't it wonderful, pet?" she purred, running a hand along the surface of the cage. "This will be your new home." Brenda whimpered in fear, taking a step back from Aisha's touch. "Please, just let me go," she begged. "I won't tell anyone about this place, I promise." Aisha laughed, the sound cold and cruel. "You're mine now, pet," she said. "And it's time you learned your place." She grabbed Brenda's wrist and pulled her towards the cage. "Get in," she commanded. Brenda hesitated, fearful of what was to come. But the devices attached to her body gave her no means of escape. She stepped into the cage, trembling as the door closed behind her. Aisha smiled, locking the cage door. "Good girl," she purred. "Now we can begin your training in earnest.

Aisha picked up a padded collar and attached leash from the table where she had earlier laid out all her training supplies. "Alright, doggie, let's get started." Brenda whimpered, her heart pounding with fear and anticipation. She knew what was coming next, and it filled her with a mix of dread and excitement. Aisha fastened the collar around Brenda's neck, tightening it just enough to secure it without causing discomfort. Then she clipped the leash to the ring on the back of the collar.

"Now, pet, I want you to walk around the room a few times. Just like a good little doggie." Brenda took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves. She knew that every step she took would bring her closer to her new reality, one where she would be treated like an animal and trained to obey her Mistress' every whim. With her head bowed low in submission, Brenda began to walk around the room, the leash taut as Aisha followed behind. Each step she took felt like a small death, her dignity and pride stripped away bit by bit until all that was left was the shell of a broken woman.

Aisha watched her pet move around the room, her eyes scanning for any signs of defiance or rebellion. But Brenda's movements were slow and obedient, her body language screaming submission and fear. As Brenda completed her circuit of the room, Aisha praised her. "Good girl," she said softly. "Now, let's move on to the next exercise." The training was just beginning, and Brenda knew that every moment would bring new horrors and humiliations. But she also knew that she had no choice but to endure them, for the devices attached to her body left her no means of escape. With a heavy heart, Brenda prepared for the next stage of her training.

Aisha watched with satisfaction as she moved, and the leash tugged lightly at her collar with each step. She was pleased that her pet was obeying her commands so well already. "Good girl," she purred, praising Brenda's obedience. "Now I want you to sit." Brenda immediately dropped to her knees, her body instinctively assuming the submissive position. She lowered her head and kept still, not daring to move an inch without her Mistress' approval. Aisha smiled, reaching down to stroke Brenda's bare shoulder. "Very good," she said. "Now, lay down." Again, Brenda obeyed instantly, flattening herself out on the floor in a show of submission. She could feel her heart pounding in her

chest, the fear and humiliation nearly overwhelming her. But she knew that disobedience would only lead to punishment, and she couldn't risk the pain that would follow. "Good pet," Aisha praised, her hand moving to stroke Brenda's hair in a mocking show of affection. "You're learning so well.

And we've only just begun your training." Brenda whimpered softly under her breath, trembling at the thought of what other horrors might come. But she couldn't deny the strange thrill that went through her at her Mistress' touch and praise, no matter how degrading it was. Aisha continued to stroke Brenda's hair, praising her obedience and loyalty. She was pleased with how quickly her pet was learning to submit to her will. It made her wonder what other tricks might be hidden away in that clever mind of hers. But for now, she was content to continue Brenda's training, molding her into the perfect pet. She had so many more lessons planned for her, each one designed to break her down further and remake her into something more pleasing to her. "Are you ready for your next lesson, pet?" Aisha asked, her voice soft and commanding at the same time. Brenda whimpered, her body trembling in fear and anticipation. She didn't know what was coming next, but she knew that she had no choice but to submit to her Mistress' will when she was ordered to go into the cage and locked in.

Aisha strode into the room where her daughter Julie was sleeping, a wicked smile crossing her face as she grabbed a bucket of cold water and a riding crop. "Time to wake up, my dear," she purred, dripping the water over Julie's head. "Your training begins today, and I have such delicious torments planned for you." Julie sputtered as she found herself drenched in icy water, her hair matted down and clothes clinging to her skin. She opened her mouth to speak, but before she could utter a word, Aisha brought the riding crop crashing down on her back. "Silence, bitch," she sneered, eliciting a cry from her daughter. "You speak only when permitted to speak. Is that clear?" Julie whimpered, her body trembling under the blow. She hated how easily her Mistress could dominate her, but she also knew that resistance would only lead to more pain and humiliation. Aisha trailed the riding crop along Julie's back and sides, watching as goosebumps rose on her daughter's skin. "Today's lesson will be obedience," she purred, bringing the crop down on Julie's back once more. "You will learn to do as you are told when you are told to do it. Is that clear?" "Yes, Mistress," Julie gasped, her body quivering under the punishment. "I will do as you command." "Good girl," Aisha praised, trailing the riding crop lower...

Aisha's eyes are cold, her voice low and threatening as she speaks to Brenda. "You see, my dear, I'm not just punishing your daughter. I'm also teaching you a lesson." She gestures to Julie, who whimpers softly in the corner. "You thought you could keep your life under control, didn't you? But here I am, ripping it apart piece by piece."

Aisha steps closer to Brenda, her voice dropping to a hiss. "You will learn to obey me, or your daughter will suffer even more. Do you understand?"

Brenda's eyes are wide with fear, her body trembling slightly. She manages to nod, her voice barely audible as she whispers, "I understand, Mistress."

Aisha smiles, satisfied with Brenda's response. "Good. Now, let's continue your lesson." She turns her attention back to Julie, who is still tied up in the corner. "It's time for you to learn your place, whorish American bitch."

With that, Aisha picks up the riding crop and moves towards Brenda, preparing to continue her punishment.

Aisha grinned sadistically as she watched Brenda tremble under her threat. She loved the power she had over the older woman, and the knowledge that she could make her submit so easily thrilled her.

"That's right, you pathetic bitch," she sneered. "You're nothing but a plaything for me to use as I please."

Brenda whimpered softly, her body quivering in fear and submission. She hated how Aisha could manipulate her so effortlessly, but she also couldn't deny the strange thrill that went through her at being used in this way. "Please, Mistress," she gasped, her voice choked by sobs. "I want to be a good pet. I'll do anything you ask." Aisha's eyes darkened with lust at her pet's plea. She trailed the riding crop along Brenda's back again, eliciting a soft cry from her captive. "Will you now?" she purred. "We shall see." She brought the riding crop crashing down on Brenda's back once more, eliciting a cry of pain from her pet. The sound of the impact sent a rush of heat through Aisha's body, and she felt herself growing aroused at the sight of Brenda's suffering. "You belong to me now," she growled, her voice low and husky. "And you will do as I command, or you will suffer the consequences." Brenda nodded, trembling helplessly under the punishment. "Yes, Mistress," she whimpered softly. "I will do anything for you...but why...why this?"

Aisha smiled, her eyes glinting with cruel delight. She loved having such power over another person, and she relished in the knowledge that she could make Brenda tremble and submit so easily. She trails the riding crop along Brenda's back again, bringing it crashing down now and then to elicit gasps and cries from her pet.

She grinned wickedly at Brenda's question, her cruel eyes gleaming with delight. "Because I can and because you'll do everything I say," she purred, trailing the riding crop along Brenda's back. Brenda shuddered, her body trembling under the threat of the crop. She hated Aisha's domination, but she also couldn't deny the strange thrill that went through her at being used in this way. "Please, Mistress," she gasped softly, her voice choked by sobs. "Why are you doing this? What do you want from me?" Aisha's lips curled into a devious smirk as she watched Brenda squirm helplessly beneath her threat. "Oh, pet," she cooed, bringing the riding crop down hard on Brenda's back. "I want you to submit, to obey my every whim without question. I want to break you, body and mind so that you can only find purpose in serving me like the American dog whores that you are."

Brenda cried out at the sharp pain of the crop, her body arching off the floor. She hated Aisha with every fiber of her being, but she also knew that resistance would only lead to more suffering for herself and her daughter. "Please, no more," she sobbed, trembling uncontrollably under her punishment. "I'll do whatever you ask. Just please stop hurting me."

Aisha's eyes gleamed with cruel delight at her pet's submission. "Will you now?" she purred. "We shall see." She trailed the riding crop along Brenda's back again, bringing it crashing down now and then to elicit gasps and cries from her captive. Brenda moaned in pain and pleasure, her body betraying her mind's desperate pleas for reprieve.

She hated how Aisha could manipulate her so easily, but she also couldn't deny that there was a twisted satisfaction in enduring such punishment for the sake of her daughter. Aisha smiled, her eyes darkening with lust at the sounds of Brenda's suffering. She loved having such power over another person, and she relished in the knowledge that she could make Brenda tremble and submit so easily.

Brenda watches in horror as Aisha approaches Julie, who's cowering in the corner locked in chains. Aisha's cold gaze falls upon the young girl, and Brenda can see the contempt written all over her face.

Aisha speaks to Julie, her voice dripping with venom, "You're just a spoiled brat, aren't you? I'm going to teach you a lesson you'll never forget."

Julie glares back at Aisha, her defiance evident despite her fear. "Go ahead, make my life a living hell. I won't bend to your twisted will."

Aisha's eyes flash with anger and amusement. "We'll see about that," she hisses. "But right now, you're going to watch your mother become my sex slave for the night."

Julie's eyes widen in shock and disgust, but she remains silent, her anger smoldering beneath the surface.

Aisha smirks, loving the idea of making both mother and daughter suffer. "And who knows, maybe you'll learn to enjoy it too."

Brenda sobs softly, her tears falling as she realizes the extent of Aisha's cruelty. She can only hope that her daughter will somehow find a way to escape this tormented life they've been thrust into.

Aisha turns her attention back to Brenda, the riding crop still in hand. "Tonight, you'll fulfill my desires as my obedient pet," she says, a sadistic grin spreading across her face. Brenda shudders, her body trembling at the thought of what horrors await her.

Julie watches her mother's torment with a mix of horror and defiance, her father's lessons on standing up to bullies still fresh in her mind. But as she listens to Aisha's cruel words, she realizes she might have underestimated the situation.

Julie decides that she needs to take control of the situation somehow. Drawing on her father's teachings about not backing down, she steps forward and shouts at Aisha, "Leave my mother alone, you twisted bitch!"

Aisha snorts at Julie's bravado, her gaze shifting from Brenda to the young girl. "And what are you going to do about it, little brat?" she challenged, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Julie squares her shoulders, channeling her father's spirit within her. "I'll make sure you regret this, you heartless monster!"

Aisha's eyes flash with amusement and curiosity. "Oh, really? Try your best, kid."

Julie feels a surge of courage, knowing that she has nothing to lose. She rushes towards Aisha, ready to fight the older woman to protect her mother.

Brenda watches the scene unfold, her heart swelling with pride for her daughter's defiance, even as fear grips her at the thought of Julie joining her in Aisha's cruel games.

Aisha smirks, appreciating the young girl's spirit. "Well, well, it seems we have a little firecracker on our hands," she says, her voice low and taunting. "Let's see if you can live up to your words." As Julie lunges at Aisha, ready to confront her, the older woman catches her off-guard, grabbing her by the throat and pinning her against the wall with a swift movement. Julie gasps for air, her eyes wide with shock and fear.

Aisha sneers as she tightens her grip around Julie's throat, enjoying the look of fear and shock on the young girl's face. She relishes in the power she has over another person and the thrill of seeing them submit to her will. "Go on, little brat," she hisses into Julie's ear. "Keep struggling. It only makes things worse for you." Julie gasps for air, her hands frantically trying to pry Aisha's fingers away from her throat. She feels a sense of panic rising within her as she realizes how helpless she is against Aisha's strength.

Brenda watches the scene unfold before her, feeling a mix of fear and anger at the sight of her daughter being threatened. She knows she needs to do something to help Julie, but the devices still attached to her body leave her paralyzed with fear. Aisha leans in closer to Julie, her lips brushing against the shell of her ear. "You don't want to disobey me," she whispers. "Keep quiet now, or your mother will suffer the consequences."

Julie hesitates for a moment, torn between fear and defiance. But when Aisha tightens her grip around her throat once more, she realizes that resistance is futile. "I won't tell you again," Aisha warns Julie darkly. "Do as I say, or your mother will pay for your disobedience." Julie's eyes fill with tears at the threat directed towards her mother. She knows she needs to comply with Aisha's demands if she wants to protect Brenda from further harm. "Okay, okay," she whimpers softly. "What do you want me to do?" Aisha grins wickedly at Julie's surrender. "Good girl. Now tell your mother that she belongs to me."

Julie looks at her mother with a mix of worry and defiance, her voice shaky as she repeats Aisha's words, "Mom, you belong to her now..."

Brenda stares back at her daughter, her heart aching at the betrayal in her eyes. She hates the idea of surrendering to Aisha, but she also knows that Julie's safety depends on it.

Brenda nods, swallowing the lump in her throat as she whispers back to Julie, "Yes, I do. Whatever it takes to keep you safe..."

Aisha watches the exchange between mother and daughter, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction at their submission. She enjoys the game of power she has over these two women, and she knows she'll continue to play it for as long as she can.

Aisha steps forward, releasing Julie from her grip. "Good. Now, Brenda, I want you to undress for me. Show your obedience by presenting your body to me without any hesitation."

Brenda's body trembles at the command, her eyes filled with shame and fear. But she knows she must obey if she wants to protect her daughter.

Aisha adds, "And Julie, you will remove your clothes too. I want to see your disobedience punished right in front of me."

Julie's eyes widened in horror, her body shaking with anger and defiance. But she knows her mother's safety hinges on her submission.

Brenda and Julie exchange a look of desperation, knowing they're in a losing battle. They begin to undress, their bodies quivering under the weight of humiliation and fear.

Aisha watches them, her heart pounding with excitement. She loves the power she has over these women, and she'll continue to play this twisted game until she's satisfied.

She smirks, her eyes darkened with lust. "That's it, strip for me. Let me see the bodies that I will be using for my pleasure tonight."

Brenda and Julie continue to undress, their bodies shaking with fear and humiliation.

Aisha sneers in satisfaction as Brenda and Julie continue to undress under her command, their bodies quivering with fear and humiliation. She loves the absolute power she has over these two women, forcing them to obey her every whim. As they stand before her, naked and vulnerable,

Aisha's eyes roam over their bodies, taking in every curve and imperfection. She feels a rush of arousal at the sight of them presenting themselves to her so obediently. "Good girls," she purrs, reaching out to trail her fingers along the length of Brenda's arm. "You're both so beautiful...and now you belong to me."

Brenda shudders under her touch, hating how easily Aisha manipulates her. She knows she's trapped, caught between the fear of what this woman will do to her and the desire to protect her daughter. Aisha moves closer to Brenda, trailing her hands down the side of her body before cupping one of her breasts harshly. Brenda gasps in pain and tries to pull away, but Aisha holds onto her tightly. "You want to disobey me again?" Aisha asks menacingly. "Remember what happened before when you tried that."

Brenda swallows hard, the memory of the punishment still fresh in her mind. She knows that resistance is futile, and so she forces herself to relax under Aisha's touch. Aisha grins wickedly at this show of obedience. "Good. Now, bend over for me." Brenda does as she's told, bending over with her hands on the floor and her ass presented to Aisha. She hates how easily she follows these commands, but she knows she has no other choice.

Aisha moves behind Brenda, trailing her hands over her back and down to her hips. She grips them tightly, pulling them up until Brenda is on tiptoes. "That's it," Aisha growls into her ear. "Present yourself to me like the obedient little bitch you are." Brenda whimpers softly, hating how aroused this humiliation makes her feel.

Aisha's eyes gleam with excitement as she continues to dominate Brenda and Julie, forcing them to submit to her every desire. She loves the control she has over them, and she plans to make them suffer as much as possible to teach them a lesson they'll never forget.

As she enjoys the sight of Brenda bent over with her hands on the floor, Aisha brings the riding crop down on her back, making her cry out in pain and fear. Each strike elicits a new gasp or whimper from the younger woman, reminding Aisha of how much power she holds over her.

Julie watches the scene unfold, her eyes filled with a mix of horror and rage. She hates seeing her mother treated like this, but she also knows that any disobedience on her part will only lead to further suffering.

Aisha turns her attention to Julie, still standing naked in front of her. "And what about you, little brat?" she taunts. "Do you still think you can defy me?"

Julie swallows hard, her eyes darting between her mother and Aisha. She knows she can't fight back, but she also can't let her mother suffer alone.

In a moment of desperation, Julie decides to take control of the situation in the only way she can think of. She lunges at Aisha, tackling her to the ground and trying to pin her down.

Aisha is caught off-guard by Julie's sudden move, but she quickly regains her composure. She smirks as she feels the young girl's body pressing against her, her strength no match for Aisha's experience.

"Oh, you want to play rough, do you?" Aisha purrs, her voice low and taunting. "Very well, little firecracker. Let's see how long you can keep up this fight."

As Julie struggles to keep Aisha pinned down, the older woman manages to slip out from under her grasp. She grabs Julie by the arm, twisting it painfully behind her back. Julie cries out in pain, her

body writhing in agony as Aisha's grip tightens.

Aisha's eyes gleam with excitement as she continues to dominate her captive audience. She takes pleasure in the power she holds over these two women, forcing them to submit to her every desire. As Aisha maneuvers Brenda's body, she moves with a fluid grace that comes from years of experience. She knows exactly how to manipulate her pet's body for maximum effect, eliciting gasps and cries of pain from the younger woman. "You like this, don't you?" Aisha purrs into Brenda's ear. "Having your body used and abused for my pleasure." Brenda whimpers softly in response, unable to deny the strange thrill that goes through her at being used this way. She hates how easily Aisha manipulates her, but she also knows that any resistance will only lead to further suffering. Aisha moves closer to Brenda, trailing her hands down the side of her body before cupping one of her breasts harshly. Brenda gasps in pain and tries to pull away, but Aisha holds onto her tightly. "You're mine now," Aisha growls into her ear. "And you will do as I command, or you will suffer the consequences."

Brenda swallows hard, the memory of the punishment still fresh in her mind. She knows that resistance is futile, and so she forces herself to relax under Aisha's touch. Aisha grins wickedly at this show of obedience. "Good. Now, bend over for me." Brenda does as she's told, bending over with her hands on the floor and her ass presented to Aisha. She hates how easily she follows these commands, but she knows she has no other choice.

Aisha moves behind Brenda, trailing her hands over her back and down to her hips. She grips them tightly, pulling them up until Brenda is on tiptoes. "That's it," Aisha growls into her ear. "Present yourself to me like the obedient little bitch you are." Brenda whimpers softly, hating how aroused this humiliation makes her feel. She knows that no matter how much she hates it, her body betrays her desires each time.

Aisha continues to dominate Brenda and Julie, her eyes gleaming with excitement as she forces them into submission. She takes pleasure in the sounds of their pain and fear, knowing that they're suffering for defying her.

Aisha moves back to the riding crop, her eyes never leaving the two captives. Aisha's dark eyes gleam with satisfaction as she holds the riding crop in her hand, relishing the fear and anticipation she's instilled in her captives. She knows they're trapped in this twisted game, forced to submit to her every whim.

As she raises the crop above her head, Aisha takes a moment to savor the power she holds over Brenda and Julie. She loves the control she has over their bodies, and the thought of using it to punish them for their disobedience and rape her American dogs for her pleasure has her heart pounding with sadistic excitement.

To Be Continued...