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The following morning, Emiko stirs from a restless sleep, the vivid memories of the previous night still clinging to her. The feeling of the Kaito inside her, the way she begged for release, it all plays out in her mind like a twisted fairy tale. She can't ignore the anxiety in her stomach as she dresses herself, her thoughts racing with what Yumi might have planned for her today.

As she makes her way to Yumi's quarters, her heart feels like it's in a vice. The anticipation is almost too much to bear. She knocks softly, and the sound echoes through the hallway. After what feels like an eternity, she hears the older maid's voice, sweet yet laced with something darker.

"Come in," Yumi calls out, her tone filled with a hint of amusement. Emiko's cheeks flush with a mix of excitement and dread as she enters the room. *"Ah, my dear,"* Yumi says, her eyes raking over Emiko's trembling form. *"You're looking well rested. I hope you're ready for another lesson."* She gestures to a chair in the center of the room, which has been set with an assortment of unfamiliar items. *"Today, we're going to explore your limits. And I do mean explore."* She winks, her smile predatory.

"Strip down to your underwear and sit," Yumi commands, her voice leaving no room for argument. Emiko's hands shake as she undresses, her mind still reeling from the events of the night before. The memory of calling herself Kaito's bitch and the intense pleasure that followed. She takes a deep breath, trying to compose herself as she sits in the chair, her legs clamped together tightly. *"What... what kind of lesson?"* she stammers.

"The kind of lesson that will show you just how much of a slut you truly are," Yumi says, her voice dripping with satisfaction. She approaches Emiko, her eyes gleaming with excitement. *"I think you're starting to understand what it means to truly surrender,"* she says, her hand reaching out to trace the line of Emiko's collarbone. *"Now it's time to see how far you're willing to go"* She pulls out a leather riding crop from the collection on the table, the sound of it snapping through the air making Emiko's eyes go wide.

"I'm going to ask you a series of questions," Yumi continues, her voice smooth and velvety. *"And for every one you answer truthfully, I'll reward you with a stroke of this lovely little toy."* She smiles, her teeth sharp and white. *"But if you lie or refuse to answer... well, let's just say the consequences will be much less pleasant."*

Emiko nods, her eyes never leaving the crop. She knows what she signed up for when she begged to be Kaito's bitch. She swallows hard, trying to find her voice. *"I understand,"* she says, her tone submissive. *"I'll do my best to be honest."* She takes a deep breath, steeling herself for whatever Yumi has in store for her. *"Ask me anything,"* she says, her voice trembling.

"Very well," Yumi says, her smile widening. *"Let's begin."* She brings the crop down lightly on Emiko's thigh, the sting making her jump. *"How many times did you think about Kaito's knot last night?"* she asks, her eyes searching Emiko's for any signs of deception. *"How many times did you wish it was back inside you?"* The question hangs in the air, heavy with innuendo.

The sting from the crop sends a jolt of pain through Emiko's body, but she tries to focus on the question. She feels her cheeks flush with embarrassment as she recalls her secret thoughts. *"I... I don't know,"* she admits, her voice barely above a whisper. *"Too many to count."* The truth of her words resonates deep within her, and she feels a strange mix of shame and excitement. *"I couldn't stop thinking about it,"* she confesses, her eyes downcast. *"I wanted it... I wanted to feel it again."*

Yumi's eyes light up with interest as Emiko speaks, her gaze never leaving Emiko's face. She nods

slowly, her expression thoughtful. *"I see,"* she says, her voice low and husky. *"And what do you think it is that makes you feel this way?"* She takes a step closer to Emiko, her eyes burning with intensity. *"Is it the pain, the pleasure, or something else?"*

Emiko's skin flushes as she drops her gaze to the floor. She can't believe she's being asked to explain her desires, to justify why she wants to be used by Kaito. Her body tenses, her mind racing with anxiety as she tries to put her feelings into words. *"I... I don't know,"* she stammers, her voice barely audible. Suddenly, a nervous laugh bubbles up from her throat. *"It's just... really messed up, I guess,"* she says, her voice trembling with shame. She laughs again, the sound high-pitched and anxious. *"I mean, I know it's not right, but... I just can't stop thinking about it."*

Yumi's eyes sparkle with amusement as she regards Emiko, her expression a mixture of approval and curiosity. *"You're a greedy little thing, aren't you?"* she says, her voice low and husky. *"But that's what makes you so interesting."* Emiko's face flushes with heat, her eyes dropping to the floor in shame. *"Tell me, Emiko,"* Yumi says, her eyes glinting with intensity. *"How much do you truly want to serve the Tachibana family?"* Emiko's voice is barely audible as she responds, *"I... I want to serve them completely."*

As soon as the words leave her lips, Yumi brings the crop down on Emiko's skin, the sound of it cracking through the air making Emiko's body jerk in response. The sting of the whip is like a spark of electricity, igniting a fire of pain and shame within her. Emiko's eyes well up with tears as she struggles to process the conflicting emotions. Her body trembling as Yumi pushes her legs apart.

She leans in, her breath hot against Emiko's ear, as she begins to tease Emiko's clit with her fingers. Emiko's breath hitches as Yumi's hand touches her, the memory of Kaito's knot and the power she felt in calling herself his bitch still fresh in her mind. She spreads her legs, unable to resist the older maid's touch, and Yumi's fingers dance across her skin, sending shivers of pleasure through her body. *"Now, tell me,"* Yumi whispers, her voice a gentle caress, *"How much do you want to be filled with Kaito's seed again?"* The crop seems to hover in the air, a constant reminder of the pain that Yumi can inflict upon her, and Emiko's body trembles with anticipation.

"I want it," she gasps, her voice trembling with need. *"I want to be his bitch again... to feel his knot inside me."* The words come out in a rush, and she can feel the heat building between her legs.

Yumi's smile widens into a grin, and she nods in approval. *"Good girl,"* she says, her voice a warm caress. *"You're learning to embrace your desires. Now, I have a little something to help you remember your place."* She reaches for the small, intricately carved box on the table and opens it with a flourish. *"Behold,"* she says, pulling out a delicate collar. It's made of the finest leather, and the name tag attached to it reads "Kaito's Bitch" in elegant script. *"This will be your new accessory,"* she says, her voice dripping with satisfaction. *"You'll wear it at all times, a constant reminder of your place in the Tachibana family."*

As Yumi holds the collar up to Emiko's neck, Emiko feels a surge of excitement mixed with fear. She knows that once she puts on the collar, there's no going back. She'll be Kaito's bitch, and she'll have to accept all the consequences that come with it.

Yumi's eyes gleam with excitement as she fastens the collar around Emiko's neck. *"Now, let's get you ready,"* she says, her voice dripping with satisfaction. She reaches for a small, wrapped package on the table and hands it to Emiko. *"Open it,"* she says, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Emiko's hands tremble as she unwraps the package, revealing a butt plug with a fluffy tail attached to it. She feels a wave of shame wash over her as she realizes what it is. *"No,"* she whispers, her

voice barely audible.

Yumi's smile widens as she takes the tail plug from Emiko's hands. *"Yes, my dear,"* she says, her voice firm but gentle. *"You'll wear this tail plug at all times, just like the collar. It's a reminder of your new status as Kaito's bitch."*

Emiko feels a surge of humiliation as Yumi inserts the tail plug into her anus. The sensation is uncomfortable, but it's also strangely exciting. She feels like an animal, reduced to a mere pet.

As Yumi's fingers ravage her clit, Emiko's breath comes in short, ragged gasps, her body trembling with anticipation. She feels like she's being torn apart, her cunt throbbing with need, her ass burning with the shame of the tail plug lodged deep inside her. Every touch of Yumi's fingers sends a jolt of pleasure through her, making her pussy clench with desire. She's a slut, a bitch, a filthy animal, and she knows it. And yet, with every stroke of Yumi's fingers, she feels herself getting closer and closer to the edge, her body screaming for release.

Just as Emiko is about to cum, Yumi brings the riding crop down on her ass, the leather strap cracking against her skin with a loud, sharp sound. The pain is like a knife, slicing through Emiko's pleasure and sending her tumbling into a world of agony and ecstasy. She screams, her body arching off the chair as the crop bites into her flesh, leaving a burning, throbbing welt in its wake. Her cunt pulses with need, her clit throbbing with desire, as Yumi's fingers continue to tease her, pushing her closer and closer to the edge. The pain and the pleasure are indistinguishable now, a maddening, swirling vortex of sensation that threatens to consume her entirely.

As Yumi continues to tease Emiko's clit, she brings the riding crop down on her ass again, the leather strap cracking against her skin with a loud, sharp sound. Emiko's body jerks in response, her muscles tensing as she feels the pain and pleasure coursing through her veins.

Yumi's eyes gleam with excitement as she watches Emiko's reaction. She can see the desire and the fear warring on Emiko's face, and she knows that she's on the verge of a breakthrough.

"Come for me, Emiko," Yumi whispers, her voice a gentle caress. *"Show me that you're a good bitch, and cum for your master"*

As Yumi's words echo in her mind, Emiko feels a surge of pleasure and shame. She's a filthy bitch, a slut, a cunt, and she knows it. And with that knowledge, she lets go of her inhibitions and allows herself to be consumed by the sensations coursing through her body.

Yumi's fingers continue to ravage her clit, sending jolts of pleasure through her body. The tail plug lodged deep in her ass seems to throb with every beat of her heart, a constant reminder of her submission and her shame.

And then, with a slow and deliberate motion, Yumi starts to brutally fuck Emiko with the tail plug. The sensation is indescribable, a mix of agony and ecstasy that leaves Emiko breathless and trembling.

The plug rips in and out of her ass, tearing her apart and filling her completely and utterly. Emiko's body responds to the sensation, her muscles clenching and unclenching as she's overwhelmed by the pleasure and the pain.

She's a cunt, a slut, a filthy animal, and she knows it. Her mind is shattered, her thoughts reduced to a single, primal scream: *"More."* She needs more pain, more pleasure, more degradation. She needs to be broken, to be shattered, to be destroyed.

As Yumi continues to violently fuck her with the tail plug, Emiko feels herself getting closer and closer to the edge. Her body is on fire, her muscles tensing and relaxing as she's overwhelmed by the sensations.

And then, with a final, brutal thrust, Yumi sends Emiko tumbling over the edge. Emiko's body convulses, her muscles clenching and unclenching as she's consumed by the pleasure and the pain.

She cums, hard and long, her body trembling with the force of her orgasm. The sensations coursing through her body are indescribable, a mix of agony and ecstasy that leaves her breathless and trembling.

Yumi's smile is cruel as she watches Emiko's trembling form. *"You're a good bitch, Emiko,"* she says.

Yumi's eyes seem to bore into Emiko's soul, and she can sense the younger woman's desire. *"If you continue to please me,"* Yumi says *"I'll make sure you're rewarded."*

Emiko's eyes drop, and she nods, her face flushing with shame. She feels a sense of pride and accomplishment at having pleased Yumi, and she knows that she'll do whatever it takes to continue to serve her. She sinks to her knees, her head bowed, and her hands clasped behind her back, assuming the posture of a submissive animal.

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