

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Master is at work awaiting his new girl's arrival at the motel. As I was told, she sent him a message with her room number when she checked in and put the spare key card under the mat outside the door. He smiles as he mentally runs through everything he will do with her and to her.

Just thinking of meeting him has her cunt wet and slippery. She unpacks everything, organizing her BDSM gear so that all is accessible for her Master sadist. She has never shown anyone her entire collection; too embarrassing to even consider. But, her Master commanded to bring everything to the hotel and lay it out for him. She looks at the small but impressive array of items. "What will he think of me after looking at this stuff?" she wonders.

She takes note of the many dildos that are too huge for her body and considers hiding them. She had never been able to fit them into either of her holes; the pain was too intense. She fears that her sadistic Master will force those objects on her for the first of many times if he sees them.

Her tits throb as she connects the IV setup so he can super-size her breasts the way he likes them. She can imagine the "pinprick" as he inserts the IV catheter needles into her tit meat and the sensations as the cold drops of saline begin to fill her breasts. She dreads it when he slaps her saline-engorged tits, slamming them into each other; the pain is a thousand times more intense. She lays out the breast pumps and connects the power cables but secretly hopes he will not make her pump. The pumps shape her nipples thick and long and wide making them extremely painful to be touched, let alone sucked or whipped or restrained.

Her butt cheeks involuntarily clench and unclench as she setups up the enema equipment. Master wants to clean his baby girl out so he can use her hard and deep. She can imagine him sliding the tube deep inside her rectum and releasing the warm soapy water into her bowels. When the bag is half empty and he allows her to expel, she can almost feel his cock fucking her throat as she empties. She wonders if after he fills her with the remaining liquid, he will shove an inflatable plug inside to trap the foamy liquid in her colon? She thinks for the second time about hiding the oversized dildos. Locking the liquid inside allows the fluid to sit in her colon and causes horribly debilitating cramps.

It's been over an hour, her unpacking and room setup chores are completed per his email instructions. She thinks back over his emails and realizes he never specified how she should be dressed. She wonders if what she is wearing will entice him to throw her on the bed and fuck her within minutes of his arrival. She is so horny, but sits quietly in the chair, hands clasped in her lap, waiting. All three laptops, two in the living room where she sits and the other in the bedroom, are playing BDSM videos with the volume set on low. Even so, she can hear the screams from the women as their sadistic masters use their bodies. She shivers with fear but her lust betrays her as her cunt fills with juices.

Without thinking, she takes a sip of Master's whiskey sitting on the table next to her chair. Her ears strain for the sound of a car in the parking lot or the click of the key lock. Another half hour passes and her nervousness increases. She wants to peek out the window, see him drive up, watch him retrieve the key card from under the mat, but he told her to sit quietly, hands clasped in her lap, legs clenched tightly together, head bowed demurely towards the floor until his arrival.

Suddenly a key card unlocks the door and he walks in. She is unsure of how to greet him so she walks to him and extends her hand. He clasps it and allows her to lead him inside. "This will be the first and last time she is allowed to take the initiative or lead him." he decides.

As he turns away from her, he commands her, "Put out the Do Not Disturb sign and lock the door."

She tries to turn around after latching the locks but he had advanced upon her, slamming her body into the door, smashing her tits against the hard wood. Pulling her arm behind her back into a hammer lock he wraps his free hand tightly around her throat. In a stern and demanding tone, one word is whispered menacingly into her ear.

"STRIP."

Only a whisper escapes with his grip on her throat. "Yes Sir."

He sits in the overstuffed chair sipping the glass of whiskey she prepared for him, watching her clothes drop to the floor piece by piece.

Naked, she faces him, bows her head, and quietly declares, "Master, do as you wish with me. Make me your baby girl pain slut."

No response from him. He continues to sip his drink as she stands before him, head lowered, eyes downcast, hands clasped behind her back, legs spread wide. Several more minutes pass and her anxiety increases. "Did he hear me? Why is he just sitting there? I am horny as hell and need to be fucked. He hasn't even kissed me."

He takes another sip, noticing the change in her breathing, her chest rising and falling at a rapid rate as her uneasiness mounts in the silence. Threads of arousal leak from her cunt and glisten between her spread thighs. He can see that she is struggling not to look at him and to stay in position.

Finally, he stands, gathers her clothes, and tosses them into a corner. "You will not need clothes unless I want you to dress and then I will choose what you wear." His voice is stern, commanding, like a dictator issuing orders to his minions.

Slowly, he circles her body, so close that she can feel his warm breath on her skin. He pauses, takes another sip, and sets the glass down.

Grabbing her head between his large hands, he forces his thumbs into her mouth, pulling her lips wide to examine her teeth. A few seconds later, he takes several fingers and shoves them to the back of her throat causing her to gag violently. He turns his fingers back and forth, clenched tightly and then spread wide inside her mouth.

He moves his hands to her throat and clenches them tightly, his thumbs applying gentle even pressure against her windpipe. He shakes his hands forward and backward, her head flopping back and forth as her face drains of color.

"I am your Daddy. I am your Master. I am your most sadistic nightmare." He explains even as he increases the pressure on her throat, and then spats on her face.

"You are a piece of meat, my bitch dog, my slave whore, and sometimes, my baby girl fuck toy." a final shake of her head and he releases his grip.

He walks around her body again, but this time, examines her like a piece of meat for sale at the market or a horse at an auction. He pulls her nipples straight out and pinches them flat, watching as she grimaces and strains to hold steady. He compresses each breast between his large hands then wrings it left and right, smiling as tears pool her eyes.

He slaps at one tit, then the other, then both from the outside. She whimpers softly and flinches. He responds, removing his belt with impressive speed and slamming it down on her backside.

"You will not make a sound. You will not move."

She does not reply but shakes her head in affirmation. He slams the belt across her backside again.

"You will respond with "Yes Sir" when I tell you something."

Meekly, she squeaks out, "Yes, Sir."

Resuming his examination, he admires the red streaks left by his belt on her lily white butt. "Bend forward and spread your cheeks." She reaches behind her and pulls her butt cheeks as wide apart as she can and bends at the waist.

He shoves one finger up her ass, pondering if his entire hand will fit. He pulls his finger out. "Hands at your side."

"Yes Sir." she moans.

Walking around to her front, grasping her crouch in his fist, "You must always be clean shaven for me."

She snuffles silently. His belt slams into the back of her thighs just below her butt cheeks.

She buckles and screams out "Yes Sir." this time avoiding the belt.

Master pushes her roughly to the floor onto her hands and knees, pressing her forehead into the carpet, kicking her legs to spread wider, his fingers cupped into her anal hole lifting her ass higher. Squeezing her butt cheeks, he slaps each globe before rearing his arm back and delivering a direct hit of burning leather. Her body lurches forward, her face scraping against the carpet.

"You were only getting 10 but since you moved, it is now 15. Do not move even an inch. Stay in position or I will add five more to the total."

He strikes from her right several times, then moves to her left. He leaves the belt where it landed to allow the burn to sink into her flesh.

He counts each strike.

"Eight. Seven more to go baby girl. Your butt cheeks are looking good. Bright red just like I like them."

"Ten. Poor baby girl. That must have hurt. You had five more to go, but you moved. Now you get 20."

"Seventeen."

"Fuck!" she screams out.

"You are not allowed to cuss. I should add another five to your count, but I have a more interesting punishment."

He pulls a bar of soap from his bag. Before he arrived, he tapered one end similar to the base of a butt plug to ensure it stays inside her but left the blunt wide end as is. He knows it will hurt

significantly more going in. Instead of lubing her opening, he wet the soap until it was covered in a thin layer of suds.

“Reach back and spread your butt cheeks.”

Unable to see what he is doing, she feels a cold slippery substance at her sphincter followed by pressure, then extreme pressure as he forces something inside her. Her agony worsens as a slow burn from the soap seeps into her tissue. Silently, she mutters, “How can I not move this hurts so fucking much?”

Finishing her punishment, he takes note that the table is set, and food ready to serve when he is hungry. Good girl, he thought to himself.

Wanting to give her a few minutes to catch her breath and removed the soap. He examines her toys and equipment, all carefully laid out for his inspection. She wants to look up, to watch his reaction to her collection of toys, but is fearful to move without permission. His cock starts to twitch inside his pants as he reviews her eclectic collection of toys and equipment.

Walking into the bedroom, he sees the saline IV setup, one for each tit, everything ready for him to plunge the needle into her breasts and start the IV drip. His cock aches to be freed as he imagines her tits after he sizes them to his personal preference. Yes, it may take two or three hours to safely fill them, but he wants the full two cups in each tit. He wants them heavier, fuller, and painful to touch even before he starts using her, torturing her, laying claim to her as his personal property.

He sees the catheter equipment laid out next to the bed and ready for insertion if he chooses to control her bladder. Pre-cum leaks from the tip as he imagines his cock in her hot slippery cunt and then her shock as ice cold sterile water fills her bladder. He loves to fuck her violently and build a ferocious heat in her cunt. When he releases the valve and floods her bladder, the coolness penetrates her thin vaginal walls and the fullness of her bladder presses down around his cock like a glove and makes his orgasm many more times explosive.

Walking into the bathroom, he sees the enema equipment setup and ready to be released into her rectum. As he washes his hands, he thinks about what he wants to do next. So many things to do, so little time.

Only two full days to break her down and then three weeks to train her to serve and submit to anything he wants. The military way for new recruits during basic training is his specialty being a career military commander.

Break 'em fast and hard, then make 'em into the soldiers they must be.

He smiles. This slut has no idea how long he has been searching for someone like her nor what he plans to do with her over the next three weeks.

Her body is a roadmap of abject fear and unrequited lust. She stands rigid as “fight or flight” alarms roar in her head. Sweat drips from her flesh. Her forehead crinkles in consternation. Her lips appear frozen into a forced smile. Her fists open and close as if stretching her fingers.

Yet, her body ekes arousal. Her hips sway provocatively searching for a cock to penetrate her loins. Her nipples are erect, long, thick and reaching out, screaming for attention. Vines of sweet woman-juice ooze from her cunt and slowly slide down her thighs.

It is essential in these early stages to teach her that unacceptable behavior, any bending of his rules,

any deviation from his desires will be swiftly and brutally punished. Actions have consequences. It is a lesson he hopes she learns quickly.

As he walks back to her, he again examines the impressive array of BDSM items laid out for his use and pleasure. Opening his bag, he pulls out his collar, leash, blindfold, and faces her. He buckles the collar around her neck, tightens the blindfold around her head, and then attaches the leash.

The blindfold is so thick that it shrouds her in absolute darkness. Standing erect, leash dangling between her legs, she struggles to hear any sign of him or what he is doing.

“Clasp your hands behind your neck and push your tits out.” his voice interrupts the nervous silence.

Lifting his wooden paddle from his bag, he swishes it through the air like a batter warming up his swing. He loves the musical whooshing sound as the board slices through the air in front her. Her entire body shudders as wind from the paddle fans the sweat adhering to her skin. She licks her lips in trepidation, not knowing what is to come.

He notices that she is clearly under stress and possibly about to lose it. His prolonged silences and unresponsiveness toward her needs is nearly unbearable, worse is his lack of touching her. Yes, his belt has bitten into her hide, but nary a lover’s touch from him. He is spending his time slowly preparing her for his “possession” or “take over”. He plans to own her, in fact all of her, mind, body, even demanding her soul.

She senses movement, but is unable to fully form details as he takes his position to the side of her, like her body was home plate. With all the care of batter poised to hit a home run, he raises the wooden paddle in an elegant high back-swing and cracks it flat into her nipple. Her breast shakes violently, and her nipple compresses then sinks deep into her chest cavity. The amount of force behind that swing was impressive.

“The female body is full of special nerve endings.” His voice is almost chatty. “Little places partially hidden by folds or tufts of skin; places where pain can be concentrated and magnified a thousand, even a million times. Lucky (or perhaps unlucky) for you, I know them all.”

Her nipples retreated inside the fleshy breast tissue for protection after the second strike. Her breasts throb and burn after five direct hits on each, yet her hands remain as ordered.

Picking up his bag, he guides her to the IV setup in the bedroom. He decided to shape her tits to the size he prefers before he really starts to break her of her willfulness; before he systematically strips her of her former self. He thinks perhaps two cup sizes would be nice and are within the “safe” threshold.

Crawling behind him into the bedroom, he commands her to sit in the chair, impaling her anal opening on a short inflatable dildo that when pumped to the maximum, inflates to a whopping four inch diameter. Reaching into his bag, he collects straps and belts to bind her to the chair. Unable to move, he gently slides the IV needles into each breast and regulates the flow of the saline drip.

Her sadistic Master then fishes in his magic bag again pulling out a nose plug and headphones to go along with the blindfold. While her breasts slowly fill, he secures the remaining items to her. He knows that depriving her of nearly all her senses is an effective control technique and an integral part of initial slave training. He inflates the butt plug several times before he walks away.

She is cloaked in a vacuum filled with silence and blackness as she struggles to breathe through her mouth. Her imagination runs amuck envisioning what may be next and wondering how terrible it will

be.

He turns on an audio-visual reconditioning system. He is only using only the audio component connected to her headset as she sits quietly, tightly bound, blindfolded, and oddly aroused by the gentle drops of saline slowly filling and expanding her breasts.

He designed the audio-visual tracks to strip away the higher personality layers that made her a successful business professional. When he is finished with her reconditioning, she will have no dignity, no pride, and no limit to the depth of depravity she will descend at his command.

Her existence will soon focus solely on his needs which includes her submitting to his sadistic urges without a second thought or a moment's hesitation. His friend has several dogs that regularly breed with women and are attracted more towards the scent of a human cunt than their own species.

The headset connected to the reconditioning system plays over and over again. Voice tracks fill her minds-eye with abject fear as he foretells of what he wants to do or will do, how he is going to use sensory deprivation, frequent discipline, long hard training sessions, along with prolonged exhaustion until she is completely broken. Yes, her training includes administering pain, pure raw pain to ensure that she will absolutely be a totally compliant bitch.

Sandwiched between his voice recordings are tracks of women screaming, crying, begging their Masters to stop whatever is being done to them. The sound of a whip crashing into flesh plays like an intermission between his voice and the screams.

"You are my sex slave, my fuck meat."

"When I strap you into my stockade ..."

"You exist solely to serve at my pleasure, not yours."

"When I shove my fist inside your cunt or ass ..."

"I am your sadist where all your nightmares become reality."

"When I torture your tits ..."

"You are going to be my bitch and will fuck or suck or submit to anyone or any animal I tell you to fuck ..."

Terrified but finally accepting that she is in over her head, she decides to make a run for it. He is real and will do everything and anything he wants. There is no way out. This is no longer a role-playing BDSM session. This is real-life and he is going to take her, use her, abuse her, then sell her when he tires of her.

If only she can tell him that she gives up, that he does not have to break her down. "I will be a good girl. God I wish the screaming of those women would stop. I am so scared that I may pee on the chair." These along with hundreds of other thoughts shake her to her very core. A thin layer of sweat collects on the surface of her skin.

Make no mistake. He is a sadist. A total pervert. And he is determined to own her and exploit her.

At least one cup of saline has filled her breasts. The added weight of her tits and the coolness of the liquid under the surface of her skin has magnified her need to cum.

She has not always been this way. Well maybe that's not true. She always sided with the villain, the baddest of the bad. While most people hoped that Batman and Robin would prevail over evil, she secretly rooted for the Joker, Riddler, and even Lex Luther. And she desperately wanted to be their prize should they succeed in their endeavors against good.

She does not know how much time has passed before he walks back into the room. Unbeknownst to her, in his hand is a knife. He slides the tip of the blade up along her inner thighs. As she starts to open her mouth, he quickly closes it hard with his hands, her teeth coming together and barely missing her tongue.

He can see her tremble as he draws circles around her stomach, her fingers twitching from uncertainty if he is actually cutting her or not. Fear builds within her. Quietly he leaves the room again, leaving her to wonder. Is he still there? Did he cut me and is just letting me bleed?" These questions play on her nerves and put her sanity in jeopardy.

Finally the IV bags are empty and her breasts are fuller and firmer and far heavier. After removing the needles, he grabs a breast one in each hand and checks for firmness and pliability and verifies that their new size meet his requirements. Oh yes, as he slaps them he estimates they went from a measly 36C to a DDD. Each nipple is fully accessible. Pulling, twisting, and squeezing her tits, she grimaces from the pain, and he smiles.

This is what it is all about. This is what gets him off. Total control. He is going to shape her into every man's greatest fantasy when he is finished.

Again he leaves her alone with her thoughts of what will be next now that he has sized her tits to his liking.

"Will I be left here all night? Will he release me from this chair? When he does release me what will happen? Are my breasts to his satisfaction? Will I be punished if they are not?" So many questions with so many possible answers.

She cries out to an empty room, "Please, Master, fuck your slut. I need it so bad. Please I'll give you the best fuck you've ever had."

Three hours of sensory deprivation and audio reconditioning is having an effect on her. Shrouded in blackness, the sounds that have filled her mind are no longer a turn-off, the desperate screams from women being used or tortured, between her sadist's fear-inspiring voice foretelling of her future, along with the loud cracks of leather as it collides with flesh, none seem to instill tension and fear. Actually, quite the opposite.

Her crinkled forehead is now smooth, her mouth shaped into a perfect oval, perhaps trying to coax his cock to penetrate her. Two large well shaped mountains rest on her chest and jiggle as she struggles to breathe with the nose clips. Considering how heavy her perfectly shaped tits are, neither droops, not even a millimeter.

Her hips begin to sway and grind onto the butt plug. She has grown accustomed to the size so he inflates it several more times and she moans; the pain of her sphincter stretching further interrupted her concentration on the audio tracks. He estimates her opening is probably spread about three inches now.

A pool of liquid arousal has grown significantly on the chair's seat, rivulets of moisture steadily tricking from her body with each passing minute. Her clit has grown into an explosively large angry red knob. If he simply touched it, just lightly brushed his finger across her clit, the resulting

orgasmic vortex would consume her completely.

Detrimentially so.

It would not be just a single massive orgasm, judging by the size of her clit. No, it will be a long series of orgasms, each more volatile than its predecessor with one blending into the next and the next. The likelihood of her recovering all of her wits, actually, recovering at all from such an orgasm would be slim to none. She would be out of service for hours after such an experience.

That is not to say that he would want her to recover. After all, he is, by nature, a sadist first and foremost. He has trained many slaves, mostly for other clients. And he is good at this.

The difference is that this is the first time he has trained his own personal slave. This means that he must rebuild her for his likeness, his preferences, his pervasions, not his client's laundry list of expected outcomes.

Most of his training will be exceptionally painful and challenging for her as he slowly guides her into unprecedented levels of debasement, degradation, and debauchery.

Building her addiction to pleasure this soon in the process would be a strategic mistake. It gives her hope and hope boosts her confidence, undoubtedly setting back her training by several days. He has seen it occur with new Doms.

The only hope he wants her to have is hope that she pleases him.

This is a one-way journey; a rite of passage for her. These first 48 hours are the most crucial and also challenging because he must break her down until she is exhausted, desperate, sexually over stimulated. She will hit bottom, transitioning into a blubbering piece of nothingness, unable to think or make a single decision, totally dependent on her Master to tell her what to do next. Even simple tasks like satisfying her thirst, it will not occur to her to simply fill a glass of water for herself.

Then and only then can he re-shape her into his slave, his slut, his personal whore. When she is fully reconditioned for his pleasure, she will beg to do absolutely anything for him, of course, ever most in the background, she will have hope ... hope that if she succeeds in pleasing him, she may be rewarded with a rare orgasm.

Condensation from the cold saline and the warmth of her breast tissue shimmers on her magnificent twin mountains. He cannot take his eyes off them, watching in wonderment as they tremble slightly with each breath she takes. They truly are a sight to behold. Unable to contain himself any longer, he clutches them, squeezing each like fresh produce to check firmness and pliability. Both are heavily engorged, her flesh pulled taut with the nipples stretched flat at the tips. He smiles as she cringes from the pressure his is applying, yet does not pull away.

Tiny moans escape from her throat as her back arches to push her tits into his hands for more attention. Tiny blue veins flutter just beneath the surface of her pale skin, lightly decorated by speckles of dark blue to angry purple bruises from his earlier whipping.

What is missing is her long thick pencil eraser-shaped nipples. He must have her nipples back; he enjoys tugging, sucking, and otherwise torturing them. Releasing her from the chair, he leaves her blindfold, nose plug, headphones, and butt plug in place. Grasping her breasts like you would hold two large cantaloupes, he tugs her upwards until she stands. Her legs are shaky from sitting for several hours bound to the chair and her center of gravity is off with her newly engorged breasts. She teeters forward and leans against his body for support.

Attempting to lure him into fucking her, she tentatively reaches out in search of his cock tucked away in his jeans; she is desperate for an orgasm. Stepping away from her, he smiles as her hands flail just short of actually making contact with his body. Grasping her arms, he roughly folds them behind her back and tightly binds her wrists.

Unable to resist, he grabs each breast again and fondles them with pride. These are his creation, his tits, shaped and sized his way. And he loves it.

Time has taken its toll, her mind nearly devoid of even a single remnant of her previous life. All conscience thoughts now have a singular and absolute focus ... the throbbing in her clit, the stimulation of her breasts, the drooling of her cunt, the widening of her anal cavity.

The growing inability to think straight or logically is hanging by a tenuous thread and her above average intelligence makes her keenly aware that this is happening. Yet she is helpless to stop this torturous descent into an inner world where animalistic needs, raw animal lust takes precedence even above her need for food and water.

The expressions on her face tell the devastating story after only four hours. She does not know it yet, but she is a long way from her future-defining moment and instead believes she is simply going mad. She is not that far off ... the constant deep, deep throbbing steadily propels her down a one-way journey to hell. His hell.

Brutally jarred back to the present with his belt across her backside, she realizes that he is leading her, no, dragging her by the rope tied tightly around her tits. When did he bind her breasts?

Again he pulls the leash, leading her forward with each tug. Following more out of survival, she blindly puts one foot in front of the other knowing that any wrong step will result in Master's belt. The room is not that large, yet he leads her in so many directions that her head spins, opening and closing doors along the way.

Frightening thoughts plague her as he leads her somewhere or is it nowhere? Ten steps forward. Six steps to the right. Eight steps forward. A door opens and cold air rushes around her body. Seven steps to the right. A door closes. Twelve steps forward. Five steps to the left.

Blindly following his lead as fear and confusion builds within her. "Where is he taking me? What is he going to do next? Is he going to put me on display to hotel guests in front of the large window? Is he going to take me to another room where other people are waiting to use me? Or is he just mind-fucking me and dragging me about the room with no real purpose in mind?"

Fifteen steps forward. One foot in front of the other. Her breasts hurt as he tugs the rope drawing her closer to the next step, whatever the next step entails.

Feeling the softness of the bed against her legs, she falls forward, but he is fast. Grabbing her tits, he presses his fingertips into the firm but yielding tissue. Lifting her upright, he spins her around and pushes her face-up onto the bed. Moans of agony escape as her body weight pins her bound wrists into the mattress.

With absolute clarity and from out of nowhere, a rational cohesive thought screams inside her head, jarring her back to sanity with bright lights and alarms flashing,

"If he binds me to this bed, my chances of escape will be permanently non-existent."

There is absolutely no doubt that this man, her new Master sadist is not role-playing as she

originally believed. He is everything he said he was. He is for real and this is not a game for him. This is real life and he is going to change her reality to his.

She must escape and not just physically escape from him. She could have bolted as he walked her from corner to post. She had an opportunity to run or at the very least call out for help. No, her imprisonment, although physical, is exponentially more devastating to her psychological and emotional well-being.

Clouds of fog lift inside her brain, endorphins begin to ignite, her brain awakening as if drugged. Even though she is engulfed in darkness and deprived of hearing anything other than the audio clips, she knows, absolutely knows that if she does not run now, she will never be able to escape him.

Such is the powerful force of him that draws her inexplicably closer to losing her emotional and mental faculties. Completely eradicated will be her decision making ability, her intellect, her thought processes, and overall wellbeing.

“Run. Kick him away from you. Don’t let him grab your ankles. Fight him.” her mind screams at her to respond, calling her to action, clanging inside her head like a siren in a firehouse.

She thrashes about, rolling away from him even as he grips her left ankle and yanks it closer to the foot post. She hears the click of the clamp as he secures it to the D-ring on her ankle cuff, successfully binding that one leg to the bed post. Kicking violently with her free limb, pushing him away from her, fighting as she has never fought before, even as she realizes that with her wrists bound behind her back and one leg shackled to the bed, it is too late. Way too late.

Pain springs up on the back of her thighs, her body lurches violently to escape both the pain and her future as his sex slave. Another strike of his belt pounds some sense into her, most likely her final logical intellectual thought.

“It’s too late. Stay still. Let him have his way. Accept that he will never be my friend, my lover, my mate. Instead, he is my Master. My sadist. My daddy Dom. And sooner or later, accept that my sole purpose, my reason for living and breathing, will be to serve him.”

Watching her expressions as her mind and body fight a vicious, but losing battle, he smiles. Seven hours and the erosion of her spirit is progressing as designed.

He spreads her legs and binds her free leg to the bed’s footboard. Gently rolling her, he disconnects the wrists locks from behind her back and fastens them to the headboard. She is stretched like a wishbone, ready to break if she attempts to move against the tautness of her bonds.

Then nothing. Not one damn thing. She thinks she is alone again, but is unsure. The audio recording begins but this time, she welcomes it. She needs the companionship from the screams of pain, she needs the comfort of his voice foretelling her future, and the sound of the whip colliding with flesh to pound it into her brain, and yes, it restarts the flow of cunt juices. Her hips lunge and rotate seeking something, anything to fill the void between her legs.

Lost deep in her reconditioned thoughts, she is startled by cold hard steel against her flesh as he draws the tip of his knife lightly across the surface. The backside of the blade traces every curve of her body starting at the base of her neck moving from one side to the other, pressing deeply into her but not enough to actually break the surface. He starts at the base of her throat, slowly progressing to her over-sized mounds, circling her breast until finally he presses it into her nipple before moving to her other breast. Up and around the nipple, then over to the other, then slowly migrating down to

her mid-section, pausing to press into her belly button.

The knife follows the curves of her body, never touching her womanly areas, but coming so damn close that her body moves into the blade. Progressing downward, the knife traces her thigh, down her leg, bottom of her foot, back up the inside of her leg slowly making its way to her pelvic bone before traveling to her other leg.

He is amused watching her reactions as he outlines her body with his knife. Each little quiver and flinch follows the blade as it traverses the length of her body. He wonders if she is scared or excited as the cold shiny knife strokes her body? Is she still fighting the recording being played over and over again? Most would have given in by now; at the very least, repeating what the recording has fed into the brain. For that stubborn streak she has in her, he will keep her sexually deprived and continue her audio reconditioning for several more hours.

A collection of slippery discharge seeps from inside her, collecting around the shaft of her massively swollen clit before drooling down the length of her cunt lips and seeping between her cheeks. Two little drip points of juices soak into the bed linens beneath her. Highly sexually charged, her body grinds and gyrates against the cold blade as it travels around her luscious curves. She needs him to take her hard, even brutal, to satisfy the hunger burning between her legs. Desperation ekes from every pore filling the room with her pheromones. So strong is her lusty scent that it would entice any man or animal to gladly satisfy her need to be bred.

A warm finger traces the liquid oozing from her body as it slides between her legs like lava flows down the sides of a volcano. Intense heat radiates and her juices sizzle. She is tight, very tight. For what he has planned, she will have to be stretched much larger than this. Slipping two fingers in her cunt, her muscles clench both tightly, holding him almost in a death grip. Once again, he marvels at how tight she is. Fucking her for the first time will be almost like breaking a cherry on a newbie as tight as her cunt is. It is a certainty that she will have to be stretched to accommodate the girth and length of his cock.

Soft throaty moans of pleasure create an intoxicating melody for his engorged and throbbing cock. He wants to shove his pulsing member inside her slippery tunnel and relentlessly fuck her. But it is too early and she is too close to cumming. Besides, he has more to do to prepare her for when he does consummate their Master/slave relationship. Feeding her his fingers, she licks each clean, and once again, he leaves her alone, bound, cloaked in darkness, with his mantra of audio tracks filling the void in her mind.

Fuck it. Unable to deny himself any longer, he stands over her and once again admires her body, writhing in search of cock to fill her. He straddles her mid-section just below her glorious tits pushing them upwards even as his knees squeeze them together. Reaching between her thighs, he coats his fingers with her juices and smears his cock. Sliding between the soft yielding tit flesh, he reaches up and removes the gag from her mouth. His desire is infinitely more intense and is reflected in the size of his cock, nearly reaching her lips as he slides between her twin mountains.

Heavily laden with semen, his balls dance upon her chest with each thrust, her two burning masses forming a cocoon around his pole. Gliding, thrusting, lunging, his body is alive with sensations as his eruption nears. Pre-cum no longer leaks or dribbles, tiny droplets shoot from his stem and splat on her chin. As this sensual tit-fucking dance comes to a close, he grins like a wolf about to consume a new-born lamb.

Every inch of his manhood vibrates with spectacular sensations as semen pumps up from his balls, burst through his cock, and explodes from his tip. The incredible orgasm ejects from his stem with

incredible force covering her face, soaking into her blindfold, shooting up her nose and into her opened mouth. Burst after incredible burst of cum from his loins continues for several minutes until his ball sacks are completely emptied.

The spinning room finally stands still as he slowly gathers his wits. In his chest, something foreign clutches at his heart strings as he quietly surveys her cum-soaked face beneath him. His softening cock remains sandwiched between her succulent breasts.

There is no doubt about it. This woman is every man's temptress, a true enchantress created to be enjoyed and used by men. Her sole purpose in life is to drain men of the lust she inspires with just a glance. The scent of her womanhood arouses raw animal lust and stimulates dark perverted thoughts in males of every species. Yes. He selected well.

Soon, very soon, she will have a constant blazing in her cunt, an unquenchable hunger for pain equal to her thirst for pleasure. Lust will rule her universe and drive her to perform unspeakable acts. Her mouth and cunt will drool with oceans of liquid in anticipation of being used. The rest of her days will be spent in search of cocks to satisfy, to please. She will crave cocks, any and all cocks to fuck her, any opening, any time, and any way they wish as long as they fill her orifices with volumes of sperm.

She will only know happiness when fed a steady diet of cocks and sadists. Under his careful direction and supervision, she will realize her full potential, in particular, how to serve men. She will be the whore she was meant to be, his whore, not the high society charity ball-hosting bitch that she was less than a day ago.

Never has he experienced an orgasm that intense nor that explosive. His semi-hard cock is an angry dark purple and highly sensitive, painfully so. His balls ache from the violent contractions that forced his seed up through his long shaft and projected onto her face. It felt like the fountain of semen erupting from his loins would never stop.

Scooping his precious seed from her face, he feeds it to her, pushing his fingers down her throat to test her gag reflex. She struggles to breathe under his body, and is stunned by her reaction to his violent tit-fucking. At first, she was put off by the pain of her compressed breasts. She hated it when the tip of his cock stabbed at her chin and slapped against her lips. His balls dragged heavily up and down her chest cavity like they were 50 pound bowling balls.

With her body besieged by a sexual hunger so severe and out of control that she would gladly fuck anything, anyone, or any animal for relief. She is drowning in cunt juices and as she consumes his seed, her only thought is how to get more. She is a greedy little cum-drinking slut.

He knows that when he fully breaks her, removes all her thought processes and belief system, and then begins her grueling training regime, she will be carefully crafted and shaped into serving his needs, his desires. What he did not anticipate was his cock's response to her, or his heart. It is very possible he is falling in love with her, which in his occupation, is an unacceptable consequence.

Fourteen hours and still she teeters on the edge of insanity. Echoes of the screams ricocheting inside her mind, his deep sexy voice foretelling of the painful journey she must embark upon, and the crack of the whip accentuating his every word, has left her intoxicated, lost in a maelstrom of lust. A yearning for her new life to begin takes root deep in her psyche.

She imagines the bite of leather and visualizes the reverberation of flesh as her body absorbs the impact, sending waves of pain throughout her loins. She wants to cry out for him to stop as he whips her into a sexual frenzy, yet she wants him to use her, degrade her, humiliate her, and ultimately,

fuck every orifice filling her with his life-sustaining seed. But he holds back; never allowing her an orgasm, always keeping her on the slippery slope of need and desperation.

He has so much work to do on her before she is ready to be taken to the next location. Breaking from his thoughts, he prepares for the next step.

Silently, he creeps into the bedroom and watches as she sleeps. Lightly snoring with the nose plug forcing her to breathe through her mouth, her head is turned to the side with her golden hair fanned out forming an angel's halo on the pillow. His cock stiffens and begins to twitch in anticipation.

Twenty-three hours. She is closer to the mentally diminished state where he needs her to be; a state of mind where she has no thoughts or decision-making abilities and will eagerly rely solely on him to instruct her. There should not be any further resistance, her prior faculties replaced by an automatic response of absolute compliance and obedience.

Usually hard and thick like an eraser on the tip of a pencil, her nipples are instead compressed into her engorged breasts. Carefully, he attaches milking cups, verifies that her nipples are centered in each tube, and engages the pumps. Her chest cavity lurches, startled by the powerful suction that draws her nipples deeper into the clear tubes. He adjusts the speed to the fast setting and the suction force to strong for more immediate results.

Loud whimpers escape from her throat and it is difficult to say if they are pleasure or pain-fueled moans. Regardless, thick white cunt juice begins to form and collect at her opening.

Releasing her ankles one by one, he bends her legs up and over her head then connects the restraint to the headboard. Oh yes, finally, an unobstructed view of her secret womanly areas. Even though she trims very close, he wants bald. He loves the feeling of flesh-to-flesh contact when he finally chooses to fuck her and hates a mouthful of cunt hairs when licking and sucking between her legs. More than anything, though, when he whips her clit, he wants to see the crimson red of her cunt lips and her small penis-sized clit painfully protruding.

Warming a wet hand cloth in the microwave, he covers her cunt area pressing the cloth into her skin to wet the shaving area. Using an antique Badger brush, he works up a thick lather with the specialty soap he purchased just for this occasion.

Shaving is no longer the luxurious experience it used to be. His Badger Brush is a reminder of just how opulent a good shave can be, rewarding, relaxing, and rejuvenating. Its trademark bristles are made of pure Badger hair and creates a rich lather that softens stubble, opens pores, and gently exfoliates. All those benefits lead to a closer groin shave without red bumps and often create a near-orgasmic experience as well, unlike a manual shaving-cream hand-smear application.

Starting at the top of her pubic hair line just under the belly button, he moves the lather-soaked brush in tiny circles, periodically re-coating the brush with more lather. Tiny circles he makes with the Badger brush, weaving back and forth, section by section, around and around in circles on her belly. The brush then eases slowly to the left side of her cunt lips and slides a little ways down the inside of her thigh.

Always, small gentle tickling circles that lightly caress her skin yet coats her flesh with a thick layer of the fragrant lather. Continuing its expedition, the Badger bristles slip lower and leave a thick trail of lather to her anus, and then begins the slow climb upwards on the right cunt lip and finishes at her bikini line.

The straight razor, also known as the "cut-throat" razor, has been sterilized for about 20 minutes

and is ready. Pulling her skin taut, he lays the sharp edge against her belly flesh and with the precision of a surgeon, removes the hair from her sex.

Her body is so tightly restrained that she cannot move, and that is a good thing with him between her legs using an ice cold straight razor blade to shave her unwanted pubic hair. However, nothing can stop the constant production of cunt juices as they ooze between her crack and cut a small trail in the thick white foam.

Once again, a hot moist hand towel to clean the residual shaving foam from her nether region and moisten her pores to prevent the ugly red bumps from forming. A deep sigh shudders through her body although it is unsure if it is because he is finished or because of the soothing effect of the towel pressed into her sex.

A sight too tempting to simply admire, he lowers his mouth and gently laps at her clit. He circles the tip with his tongue, around and around he goes. So exciting is the sensation that she moans, not a throaty sound, but the low guttural sound of an animal being sexually stimulated.

His tongue slides up and down the outside of her cunt lips, so close to her opening yet still too far away for her needs. Her mouth forms an oval as she gives in to the rising passion that claws at her womanhood. Molten bliss lies just inside her canal if only he would touch her there, move his tongue there, her pleasure lies a measly few millimeters away.

Unable to move, unable to smash his face into her cunt, the coals inside her belly burn out of control, flames of unrequited passion lap at the entrance to her sex, yet he torments her and denies her this one kindness.

The promise of ecstasy churns through her body like a white-water rapid as his tongue continues its expedition along the curves and valleys of her sex. Every path his tongue travels leaves a trail of pure bliss as she hovers at the precipice of a life-changing orgasm. And as she approaches the chasm and is ready to make the leap to orgasmic heaven, he stops completely or bites at her clit, startling her with pain and interrupting her pleasure.

The sparkle drains from her face, replaced by a deep-seated hunger. Her sensuous, deep red lips part in an almost pornographic pout. Constant stimulation and denial does that to women.

"Please. Just one. Let me have just one orgasm. Please." she cries out, her focus once again singular and desperate. That constant throbbing of her sex must be satiated.

Rising, he checks her breast pumps and decides her nipples are not quite large enough and leaves her alone, trussed up with her cunt exposed and spread wide.

After what seemed like hours later, she is on the cusp of defeat, overcome by the enormity of the desire raging between her thighs. Unable to maintain her silence any longer, her frustration boils out of control. A pitiful mantra spouts from her core, dripping with disdain because he has yet to touch her in any meaningful sexual way. Hopelessness lurks just below the surface even as the insanity of her situation closes in on her.

"Please fuck me. PLEASE just get it over with. What do you want from me? Want me to suck your cock you bastard? P L E A S E. J U S T F U C K M E!"

Quietly, he smiles. She is close, almost completely dependent upon him. Her psychological need for sexual release is so deeply seated that it supersedes her body's need for even the basics of life such as food and water.

Her quivering body has been reduced to a violent shaking contained only by the restraints. She is completely at his mercy such is the control that he has systematically taken from her.

“Fuck me you bastard. P L E A S E F U C K M E!”

Her sex throbs and vibrates and all sensations center in the tip of her clit where a “Mammoth Pounding Pulse” threatens to explode if not soon allowed release. Having removed her blindfold after 30 plus hours, her eyes are wild, manic, her face twisted in a knot of sheer anguish. Her fingers clench and stretch as she struggles to cope with this unbearable hell he has forced her into.

Another hour he thinks. Yes, another hour or two and he will finish preparing her. He wants everything to be perfect when he decides to finally violate her, using every orifice to consummate his ownership of her. And he will do so with astounding violence, rutting deep in each cavity, occupying every space all the while, tunneling deeper inside her body; far deeper and intensely more painfully invasive than any prior lover has ever traveled.

“Please let me suck your cock you bastard. P L E A S E. I N E E D T O B E F U C K E D! What do you want from me? Just fucking tell me and I will do it.”

The noises coming from the bedroom are not really human at all, more subhuman, a woman at the apex of sexual stimulation but lost in the darkness of denial and resulting futility. Pitiful sounds drift from the room, her body drenched with sweat, and her face so distorted that she is barely recognizable as the confident, intelligent woman who opened her hotel door to him some thirty plus hours ago.

Sobs, deep soulful sobs rack her body and summarize her emotional state: agitation, sexual frustration, and abject misery. And shame. Yes, she feels shame believing that she has done something to displease him and deserves this suffering.

A vicious cycle of need, exhaustion, frustration, doubt, all merge and collectively, drain the final remnants of her former vanilla life, stripping her of any semblance of identity. Exhaustion finally provides a respite from her torment as she slips into a dreamless sleep.

But not for long.

He removes the cylinders and re-examines her nipples. Oh yes, wonderfully sensitive, large, thick, elongated; perfection once again. The protective membrane over each nipple is stretched so thin that it is nearly transparent and exposes the tiny little veins beneath. The circulation of blood shades each nipple a dark table-red grape.

A woman’s nipples are the entrance to her sexual core and this whore, his whore, is hungry for him.

With a devilish grin, he flicks her nipples hard, loving the way her body wrenches and spasms from each tiny pinpoint of pain. Her lips tremble as she struggles to remain silent and perfectly still while he flicks and grasps and tugs and pulls and twists each nipple before doing the same to her clit.

Working her into another lust-filled frenzy, and then he stops abruptly.

Walking from the room, he pauses briefly thinking he may have heard her speak. Is she ready to declare that she is nothing without her Master? It certainly is about damn time, the stubborn bitch.

But he is unsure.

Nearly imperceptible, he looms just outside the doorway straining to listen. Is she saying what he has waited so long to hear from her lips?

Thirty-five hours after he walked into her hotel room, she softly utters the phrases he has yearned to hear; her proclamation that she is ready to be his possession, his slut, his whore, his baby girl.

“I am yours Master. You are my reason for breathing. What may I do to bring you pleasure?”

She is unaware if he is even in the room, so distorted is her desire-clouded vision. She repeats it with incredible sincerity, and believe it or not, tears spring to his eyes.

This is a life-defining event for both of them; more than either is fully aware of at this moment in time.

And like a mother giving birth to a child after hours of pain and suffering, bliss clutches at his heart and is nothing like any emotion he has experienced in his life either as a BDSM slave trainer or as a man.

“Master? I am yours. You are my reason for existing. What may I do to bring you pleasure?”

The sweetest words in the universe. At least in his universe.

“Master?”

Humbled by her declaration, he realizes that it is essential to maintain his composure before continuing. Now that her focus is totally on him, his needs, pleasures, and satisfaction, her training and reconditioning can begin.

She has a long road to travel. Some days will be exceptionally painful while other journeys will be impressively humiliating and degrading, yet she will beg to comply, plead for more even as her body attempts to convince her that this is not the natural order of life.

It is for her new life. Her life serving as his personal sex slave.

For her, the transition, once made, will seem as natural as breathing. She will thirst for the taste of semen, crave cock, and willingly do anything to please her Master. Anything.

It is always with the hope that he will, at some point, become so impressed with her that he will allow her an orgasm.

Removing her bindings, he tenderly massages her aching muscles. The nose plug and head phones are no longer needed; the sensory deprivation has accomplished his primary goal.

His cock pulses with anticipation begging him to fuck her right now, but he holds back. Lifting her with amazing tenderness, he carries her into the bathroom and gently lays her in the steamy bath water. Her hair is straggly and damp from perspiration; her body slick and clammy.

Wetting her hair, he lathers an orange-ginger spiced shampoo into the tangles. His fingers massage the rejuvenating spices deeply into her scalp, her head totally supported by him. Warm water cascades down her face and rolls off her large breasts as he rinses the shampoo and then works a deep conditioner into the strands.

Reaching for the soft porous coral sponge, he works the spicy soap into froth and tenderly washes her face. Using small circular motions, he continues until her face is slathered and then moves to her

neck, spreading the suds to her throat and shoulders.

Eyes closed and relaxed from the shampoo and facial cleaning, her body goes lax. Lifting each over-ripe melon, he carefully and methodically soaps her breasts, supporting them as the sponge covers each with the suds. Lifting her arm, he navigates the length working his way to her wrist, her palm, and then between each individual finger before drifting up to her arm pit, constantly using tiny circular motions. Urging her forward, he washes her neck and upper back before finishing with her other arm.

Rinsing the sponge, he squeezes small streams of fresh water on her face, chest, and arms until all traces of soapsuds are gone. The steamy water relaxes her, his touch soothes her, and the exotic scent of the soap revitalizes her.

She has absolutely zero thoughts going through her mind. She is a puppet, his puppet, and has totally surrendered to him. For the first time since he arrived, she looks into his eyes, searching to understand what has happened to her. All she feels are physical sensations tempered by an overwhelming desire to suck his cock.

Helping her to stand, he works the fragrant soap into her belly, backside, and down both legs. He separates each toe and runs the sponge between them. Scooping a palm full of soap, he urges her legs apart and presses the foam into her folds with his strong fingers sliding in and out of her cunt, circling her clit, and rimming her anus.

Bending her at the waist with her backside facing him, he probes her rectum with two fingers working the suds inside and coating the walls of her cavity. Her hips sway provocatively, sensually, and press into his invading fingers.

Four fingers squeeze inside her ass and rotate back and forth even as he presses deeper, spreading her sphincter wider. His four knuckles are hidden from view shoved inside her rectum. He pushes harder, her muscles stretching painfully attempting to accommodate his large hand. Pushing with enormous force to completely submerge his fist, he backs off for a moment, jerks his arm out of her body, then rams his cupped fingers back up her ass several times.

She holds onto the tub wall for support, stunned by the painful degrading things he is doing to her ass yet thankful he is touching her. She aches for his touch, a human touch, even though it hurts, even though it is utterly humiliating, she is grateful he has decided to touch her.

He wonders for the second time if he can fit his entire fist in her ass. Of course he can. No question that he can do what he wants with her; but he refrains from a full hard core ass fisting. Now is not the time. Now is for caring for his possession, and cleaning her body in preparation for what is to come.

Behind her on the rim of the bathtub sits a horrible looking dildo suction-cupped to the surface.

“Lick it until it is good and wet, then sit on it. Shove it up your ass. Now.” After the tender way he cleaned her body, she nearly jumps out of her skin when he roared this command.

She bends to pick up the dildo and put it in her mouth when he screams at her. “No leave it there. I want you on your hands and knees and fuck it with your mouth. Stick your ass up high and suck it until I tell you to stop.”

Folding a towel to put under her knees, she complies, anything to please him. “Spread your legs wider apart. Wider. I said wider.”

Her legs are obscenely spread, her mouth is wrapped around the inflatable anal plug. He leans forward and pushes her face onto the dildo until her chin rests on the surface of the tub.

“Shove it to the back of your throat. Fuck it hard. I want to hear you gag.” And as she plunges to the base of the plug, he takes his belt and swings it between her spread thighs, landing direct hits in the middle of her crack, her ass hole, cunt, and clit reeling from the blow.

Shoving his fingers inside her rectum, he lifts her buttocks up higher and kicks her legs farther apart. Swinging long, the leather crashes into her delicate female parts, pushing her forward and shoving the cock down her throat.

“More. I want more Master. Please don’t stop whipping me.” Her cries are muffled and distorted by the butt plug down her throat, but he understands every word she said.

After the plug is buried deep inside her rectum and inflated to its max, he dries her hair, brushing until each strand gleams under the bright lights, and then fastens it into a pony tail on top of her head. He massages exotic oils with millions of gold specs deeply into her flesh; every part of her body is carefully oiled, revitalized, and with a sensuous golden glow.

She is ready to begin her training. And he is ready to put her through hell.

However, first things first. “Prepare and serve my meal.”

The dildo inflated inside her rectum is so wide, she waddles like a duck. Every movement, no matter how small, shifts the plug against the walls of her canal, a constant self-fucking especially when bending over or stooping down. The hand pump and vibrator attached to the butt plug swing between her legs and tug on the plug as well.

As she sets the china on the dinner table, he lunges to her and closes his large hands tightly around her neck. “Bend over the chair. I want your ass.”

Wrenching her head and looks into her eyes. He can see her fear. The lopsided grin on his face does nothing to alleviate her panic, the anticipation of knowing something is going to happen and in all likelihood, will not be pleasant.

The anticipation, the waiting, the wondering, what he is going to do?

He smashes his lips into hers and forces his tongue into her mouth, probing inside then sucking it down his throat with a powerful vacuum force.

His hands squeeze tighter. Panic wells up but she is unsure of what to do. She needs to breathe unobstructed, but cannot with his mouth covering her mouth, his nose smashing into her nose, and his hands constricting her throat.

Releasing and then pushing her head down to the chair, she automatically places her arms flat across the seat; legs spread wide, and head resting face-down over her arms.

Provocatively, her lily white behind performs an exotic “come fuck-me” dance in the soft lighting of the room, butt cheeks clench and unclench, hips sway and gyrate. She straightens her legs and pushes her cunt out to show off the juices that are threatening to escape from her swollen lips. Her sphincter twitches and firmly clutches the plug, desperate to hold it inside her to please him.

She needs her Master to take her, fuck her, do something, anything. Unfortunately, she was

forewarned about what will happen and right now, this minute, she is terrified.

This is what he does best; keep her off guard, never allow her to get too comfortable. And providing constant reminders that he owns her, that he can do anything he wants, anytime he wants. He can make her willingly do unspeakable things ... simply because he wants it.

The pain was startling, awesome, exciting, and then the burn set in. He rears his arm back and again, the split leather slapper cuts through the air and lands across her backside. Her flesh disperses like violent waves in all directions from the repercussions. Her eyes tightly close as she tries to ride the tempest blazing between her thighs.

Passion is near bursting from the gates of her soul, needing to be set free. Her body bucks and jounces even as his strikes against her flesh become more brutal. She doesn't notice.

Logically, she should be sobbing and begging for him to stop, but she is so sexually charged that each strike of the slapper sends her closer to an orgasmic experience where she will cross into a different universe. A release so devastatingly powerful that her body will convulse and spasm like a Grandma seizure.

The audio reconditioning tracks have influenced how she feels about so many things, much she has yet to understand and comprehend.

She knows that she wants to feel pain preferably just shy of severe. Not damaging or horrific pain. She doesn't want pain, but he enjoys her pain as he challenges her limits. She does crave his threats of pain. More than that, she will soon become addicted to the anticipation of pain; where she cannot wait for him to whip her, perhaps being naughty just to get him angry. She will take comfort knowing that pain is coming at any time and often, and that she is absolutely helpless to stop it.

In much the same way she feels about pain is the anticipation of humiliation at his hands, promises of painful sexual abuse and debasement that he so enjoys. The prospect of repeated defilement of her ass, fucking his friends and even animals, sweeping the floor with a broom stick up her ass, all just to humiliate her, degrade her, forcing her to sink to new lows on the perversion scale.

She dreads how he plans to debase her. She fears the searing pain when he inserts his cock after battering her anal ring with his belt. She will hate the painful gaping hole left after prolonged stretching with his large hands and massive toys.

But right now, she doesn't care about the cost of her submission. All she cares about is this spectacular orgasm quickly approaching.

Hot vaporous waves rush through her with each lash, leaving a dark imprint and building her ecstasy. She is delirious as her pain-fueled fire completely consumes her. Her teeth chatter as every nerve in her body is ignited by the pain that is an aphrodisiac to her.

Disbelief.

Stunned.

She is going to cum.

She cannot help herself. Pain, intense pain, nothing seems to stop her progression. He quickly wraps his hands around her neck and pulls her body upright and erect. He shakes her head trying to stop her, ripping her orgasm from her even as she cries out for more, begs for more, screams for more.

Her speech is nearly incoherent as her flight of ecstasy is thwarted.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she returns to the here and now. And with her return to reality, her body returns to a state of desperate lust and unfulfilled arousal.

Wretched wails burst forth from deep inside her; so monstrous is her frustration at being denied; having her orgasm literally ripped from her loins.

“You bastard. What the fuck is wrong with you? Why can’t I cum? What did I do to displease you? What do you want me to do?”

Silence hangs heavily for the few seconds it takes her to realize her mistake. A shudder courses through her body, quaking even as she stands rigid and defiant. Her brain struggles to figure out how she can fix this. Ultimately, her mind knows that she screwed up, broke one of his rules, actually several.

The first signs of her building dread begin, her skin becomes prickly and icy cold shocks rocket up and down her spine.

Consequences. Everything has consequences, and in all likelihood, the consequences for this misstep will not be pleasant. The anticipation, the fear, the waiting, and the silence, all of it is driving her mad.

Her entire sex quivers with unspent energy; her juices boiling and bubbling between her thighs, and once again her anger gets the best of her.

“What the hell is wrong with you? You bastard, let me cum. Now. I N E E D to cum NOW. Why are you doing this?”

He can see and smell her fear. Glaring straight into her eyes, he is doing nothing to alleviate her panic. His eyes are intense; an ice cold blue and burn a hole right through her.

She kneels before him and with her mouth, seeks out his cock. The warmth and moistness of her tongue is startling. Beginning at the base, she lavishes her saliva leaving a glistening trail of wetness. As she reaches the tip, she hungrily sucks the droplets of pre-cum. Descending slowly down his hardening stem, she blows warm breath like a hair dryer until she reaches his groin again, slathering his cock, blowing it dry, and then sucking his juices from the tip.

And again. Up and down the full impressive length and girth, she covers his cock until it throbs with anticipation, his balls heavily laden with molten liquid gurgling and churning for release. Long, full, rhythmic strokes, she uses her tongue as a replica thumb to tease the pulsing shaft.

“She is an impressive cock sucker.” He smiles as he watches his cock disappear into her mouth and slip down her throat.

Lost in a maelstrom of her lust, her desire, she thrusts her tongue out like a tiny wet worm and traces the heavy veins decorating his sperm sacs paying homage to the offering they contained. Ever so gently, she sucks each into her mouth, circling them with her tongue and blowing on them until he shudders and moans with pleasure.

She focuses on coaxing the fountain of cum to the surface, tracing its path from his scrotum to the slit in the tip of his cock. She craves this new kind of communion, a liquid feast of his thick white cum for her consumption.

Her lovely mouth looks like the entrance to heaven, his heaven on earth. Her hair is plastered to her forehead with sweat; matted strands hang about her shoulders. Her eyes cloud with lust and her nostrils flare as she swallows him into her mouth. Her neck muscles visibly expand and contract with the exertion of sucking and she struggles to breathe around his cock plugging her windpipe.

She has incredible breath control, truly astounding as she clenches his cock pulling it deeper into her throat. She tries desperately to impress him with her skills attempting to enchant and enthrall him and hopefully, forgive her misstep.

His large hands clasp tightly around her head and he pumps his cock farther into her mouth. She loves the taste of cum, of man juice, his juice, and feels his stem tighten as his explosion nears. He jerks her head backwards pulling his cock from her mouth as bursts of cum spray white ribbons in her hair, on her face, and across her lush breasts.

Crushing and rolling her luscious nipples between his pinched finger tips, he leads her into the bedroom. She must be punished. No doubt in his mind that she must be punished. But he is unsure of what to do. His first instinct is to whip her black and blue. It has taken great restraint not to correct her immediately and violently. However, her blow job was spectacular and did earn her few "graces" but not enough to offset the need to punish her.

Consequences. Using profanities, shouting at him, and speaking without permission, all are egregious mistakes and a pound of flesh must be exacted. She must learn consequences.

Fortunately for him (and unfortunately for her), he has many options available when it comes to punishment; he could have his dog fuck her ass raw, invite his friends over to fuck her holes until she cannot walk, give her painful punishing enemas using his special concoctions, hog tie her and torture her with his many devious devices, any number of disciplinary actions can be meted out. But none seem suited to adequately punish AND completely break her.

She has that defiant streak and it must be quashed before he can fully own her. Pushing her face down onto the bed, he spreads her wrists and binds them to the headboard. Finding a large inflatable butt plug in her arsenal of BDSM toys, he screws it dry into her rectum and then bands her legs together with a strap.

Psychological warfare; it works for the Marines, he has applied it successfully when training other slaves for clients, and it will work on her. But he must exercise restraint, gain control over his anger at her for breaking his basic rules.

Whispering menacingly in her ear, he counsels her on what is to come. "You will spend the next three weeks being trained as my slave. You, like all sluts training to be an owned sex slave, will most likely respond to the training in three phases.

As you have learned since my arrival, I will force you to comply with what I command. I know that in spite of what you asked for in your emails, you are not as ready for a sadistic Master as you first imagined. I warned you beforehand that I do not play games, and now you have validation that I am going to own you, control you, and use you for my perversions."

He inflates the plug several times. She moans at how good it feels to have something inside her body. Although his words frighten her, she is happy that he is touching her. His voice is deep, throaty, and memorizing as he continues.

"During the second phase, you will obey my commands out of fear. I expect you to obey me and failure to do so will be punished, and, as you are beginning to realize, I do know how to punish. Each

punishment will be progressively more painful, more intense, and exceptionally brutal.”

There is nothing, nothing at all that she can do about anything. Never has she felt so vulnerable, frightened, or completely under someone’s control. She asked for this, fantasized about her submission and sought him out. She wanted a sadistic Master who would teach her how to derive pleasure from pain, but she did not know what she was really asking for. And now it is too late.

“I know what you are telling yourself. You think that this will never happen, that you will resist even getting to the second phase. Just remember, I have all the time in the world, and I promise that eventually you will break.”

He twists the dry plug and inflates it several times. Her ass cheeks clench and shudder to accommodate the expansion.

“When you reach the last phase, you will obey me because the only thing you want in this world is to please me, and because I made your 24/7 sex slave fantasy a reality.”

Reaching under her, he clutches her breasts and compresses them, burying his fingers deep into the pliable tissue.

“It is important for you to accept the fact that you have no rights - no rights at all,” he emphasizes. “You will do only what I allow you to do. You will feel only what I want you to feel. You belong to me now and exist only to serve me.”

The realization that he does not allow any infringement of his rules and lack of compliance is dealt with extreme repercussions is sinking into her addled brain. Zero tolerance. And his punishments are severe regardless if her mistake is purely accidental or intentional.

“Your future is a foregone conclusion. I own you. I control you.”

Frightened, she resists as he turns her head, slips a cock gag into her mouth, and then inflates it several times. The gag pushes at the back of her throat, choking her as it expands in her mouth. Pulling her head back, he slides a leather hood, fitting it to her eye sockets, nose, and mouth.

She cannot breathe. The mask blackens her vision, blocks her hearing, and closes her nose tight. Flailing wildly in fear, she searches to find oxygen but the mask is too tight. Her lungs burn, there is no oxygen in the mask to fill her lungs. He turns her head to the side and punches a clear thin tube up each nostril. She heaves trying to suck as much air as possible through the narrow tubes. And when her breathing is somewhat less labored, she realizes this relief is short-lived.

A valve sticks out on the back of the mask and he attaches a pump to inflate it until it closes tightly around her head. Her brain is actually being compressed the mask is so tight. She cannot blink, smile, even crinkle her forehead.

Implanted in the mask are wireless ear plugs paired with his recorder. Loudly, startling her, his voice rings loud and clear and fills every crevice in her brain. Nearly at the same time, a red hot sizzling electrical impulse shoots up into her rectum and sends her body into spasms.

Several seconds later, the electricity stops but his voice, his tone, his words, collectively inspire fear and scare the hell out of her. Another brutal shock flows straight up her anal cavity and reaches deep into her belly, longer lasting and far more intense than the previous one.

Programming the controller, he leaves to rest for a few hours.

“Your cunt and ass are marvelous holes. Both are very pliable and can stretch to accommodate a wide variety of objects. Within a day or so, they shrink back nice and tight again.”

The audio reconditioning drones on and on. The voice, his voice, low and ominous, fills the void inside her head. Deprived of sight, sound, and her breathing restricted, she struggles to distract herself from believing what he is forecasting.

“You must be punished and I have decided what I am going to do. You are acting like a bitch so I shall treat you like a bitch. When I return, my best friend, Khan will be with me. I am going to slide the anal retractors into your behind and spread you about four inches wide. I am going to spoon prime canned dog food into your rectum until it is stuffed full.”

Sweat forms around her head and pools inside the mask. The two small breathing tubes feel like they may fall out so she struggles to remain very still and not jar them. Pounding heavily in her chest, her heart beat rises with each sentence that threatens her sanity.

“Khan has not been fed this morning so he is very hungry. Starving and discovering his favorite food, he will dig his snout into your anal cavity until every drop is licked out and consumed. His long sandpaper tongue will probe deep, lapping at every single crevice, slobbering and lubricating your ass hole while he sucks the last bit of his meal out of you.”

Panic devours her; her body goes rigid and her anal muscles clench closed for protection in expectation of the rectal spreader. It has been hours since he spread and tied her wrists to the headboard, belted her legs tightly together. The massive inflatable plug expands frequently and the electrodes regularly shoot jolts of electricity through her colon and deep into her belly.

“His entire meal will be heavily fragranced with your pheromones and as he eats; his cock will be growing longer, wider, harder. When he finishes his meal, he will lick your cunt juices all the while, inhaling the scent of his bitch.”

She gasps at the imaginary his story builds in her minds-eye. If she were not blindfolded, there is no doubt that her eyes are glazed with tears, her face hot, sweaty, and scarlet, and her lovely mouth curled into a snarl of abject fear.

“You will feel the anal retractor as I slowly pull it out of your ass, leaving a large gaping hole for Khan. That is your signal that he is preparing to take you as his bitch dog. Think about how he will eat his dinner, licking your nether region while his cock hangs heavy and slides up and down your pinned legs, soaking you with his pre-cum and building his excitement. When his hunger is sated, his manhood will be ready for pleasure. Khan will decide which hole he wants to fuck, either one is fine with me. But whichever hole he chooses, the fucking will be deep, brutal, and may even tear your opening as he plunges like a piston on a steam engine inside you.”

Heavy bolts of electricity lasting longer than normal scream up and down her spine. Her conscience thoughts focus on the agony of knowing what is to come, the suspense and fear makes her dizzy even though she lays face down. Terrorized, she makes funny noises; hyperventilating, whimpering, yet unable to communicate, unable to beg him to forgive her and not punish her.

“Khan is going to excite and arouse you, and then he will begin to hurt you. Oh yes, he will hurt you badly with his massive cock and his enormous knot wedged inside your hole, his hole, our hole.”

Getting ass-fucked, no, just being fucked or eaten out by an animal goes against every fiber of her belief system. It is taboo, a heathen act, and the lowest level of degradation possible. There is no way she can avoid this. He has decided that she is going to be Khan’s bitch. His voice continues to

intimidate her.

Whines become more pathetic as she tortures herself, somehow thinking she deserves this punishment even as she hates this sadistic Master. The waterslide of emotions overwhelms her, but slowly, reluctantly, her cunt lubes up in anticipation of the beast.

Hours pass. His voice repeats every single nasty detail of what Khan will do with her. Whatever remnants of her sanity that existed before, are now gone. Her only image is Khan, a Siberian husky making her a dog bitch.

Feasting his eyes on the sweat-covered form before him, her body speaks volumes; trembling with fear, heart thudding loudly with anxiety, her sex seething with arousal. Startling her with his cold fingers, he pulls the plug from her behind.

Anguish from long-term sensory deprivation has hopefully left her more compliant. He gently kneads her buttocks, pressing his fingers deep into the well-defined mounds, pulling them apart to expose her hidden openings.

She knows what is coming. Everything he promised that will happen has so far happened. There is little doubt in her mind that his best friend, Khan is with him. Very shortly, his husky will choose an orifice and fill it with his doggy sperm.

Freeing her legs, he slides a foam wedge under her belly to lift her ass upwards. Thigh bindings are wrapped just above the bend of her knees and raised to connect with her wrist restraints secured to the headboard. Spread in a frog-like position, her womanhood is visible and vulnerable. The icy cold steel of the rectal spreader slips between her sore muscular anal opening. Deeply sucking air through the tubes into her lungs, she knows what is next as he places the tongs just inside her canal. The audio recordings told her what to expect and emphasized that she is powerless to stop him from proceeding.

Helplessly, she squeezes her butt cheeks but the anal spreader widens her opening with each turn of the screw, almost two inches. A tearing sensation takes root as her sphincter muscles stretch again, nearly three inches. Spreading until her rectal cavity is a gaping tunnel stretched the full four inches and revealing her intestinal tract opening as he shines his small halogen light inside her body to check for unwanted waste.

He spoons the thick chili-like mixture into her rectum, pressing it deeply and packing it into every crevice in her canal. Her body shivers from the coldness of the food and the fullness. She struggles to expel the offending substance but is unable to do so with the retractor holding firm.

Turning the audio reconditioning tracts off, she is alarmed by the sudden silence in her brain. He leans into her ear to ensure that she has no doubt what is going to happen.

“Have you ever had your ass stuffed this full?”

“Khan has not eaten today and is very hungry.”

“You know what comes next, don’t you?”

“Your cunt is sopping wet. You cannot wait to be bred with my best friend.”

“If only you would obey my rules. I ask very little of you, yet you continue to fight me.”

Words seem to scramble and break apart in her mind, leaving her unable to neither comprehend nor make sense of what he is saying. Surely, even a sadist like himself would not step over this line into extreme sexual deviancy. She promises herself that no matter what, she will obey him. If only he would beat her instead. Why force her into submitting to his dog for her outbursts?

Maintaining the "Sit" position, Khan whines and flaps his tail against the carpet to demonstrate his impatience at getting to his meal and his bitch. The bed presses down under his weight as he is finally allowed to jump up between her splayed legs. His cold nose sniffs her crotch and inhales the delicious scents emanating from her body. He is unable to decide what he wants most, food or sex. The tip of his cock dangles from the sheath and a steady dribble of excitement leaves a wet trail on the bed linens. His tongue hangs from his mouth, drooling with anticipation.

Khan is a massive and exceptionally strong animal with a cock that requires a lot of room to prevent him from fucking her to death. He is a gentle soul except when it comes to food and breeding. Both activities bring out the dominate beast in his personality, determined to forcefully take what belongs to him and willing to fight for both. His endurance is amazing, able to fuck for half to a full hour before spraying his seed into his bitch. An animal with a voracious sexual appetite, semen builds and churns inside his balls, now heavy with fluid and drooping several inches below his belly.

Revulsion, disbelief, and dread mounts as the cold wet nose and sandpaper tongue explore between her legs. She cannot move nor speak, but tries ineffectually to beg her Master to stop this insanity.

A pathetic primal scream fills her mind as madness seizes her. Her lucidity hangs by a thread and when Khan penetrates her, will break completely. The chances of her recovery from this single act of deviancy are zero.

Rational thoughts no longer exist. She is irreversibly broken. Only physical needs remain and become her sole validation that she is still a human being. She knows she should somehow resist the animal from performing this unnatural act, yet her body demands that he continue.

Ravished by Khan's glorious tongue, she floats in a cloud filled with sensations that sparks life into her shattered mind. Scooping his food from her body, he digs his snout deeply into her canal determined to consume every bit of nourishment hidden within. Long licks inward to locate the food are followed by even longer strokes outward, curling his tongue like you would curl your fingers to scoop something up. His saliva thickly coats her buttocks and rolls erotically down between her crack and onto the bed linens.

Sexual desire burns wildly and her body rocks in eager anticipation of the shameful but sorely needed coupling with Khan. Her focus, her concentration, her only thoughts center on needing his massive cock to penetrate her, yet the animal continues to lap his food from her cavity.

Hunger finally sated, he licks his chops and presses his nose into her trembling vaginal opening to savor the aroma of her sexual juices. His cock is fully engorged and glows bright red. His knot begins to take form at the base and his tail flairs with impatience. Mounting her, he rests his front paws on her back and aims his cock in line with her cunt.

His excitement and her swollen cunt lips prevent him from insertion as he frantically pokes the red hot tip between her slippery crack. Growling in frustration, he repositions his body until finally, he slams into her, fully impaling his cock in her saturated cunt.

"Oh yes, fuck me. Give it all to me. Fill me up. Make me your dog bitch. Go deeper, fuck me harder." These meager thoughts are all that remain of her devastated mental state as his cock jack-hammers into her body. Pounding her with the speed of a race car, his knot grows larger than ever before and his need to forcefully embed it within her is a foregone conclusion.

Blazing heat radiates within her belly, sharp spasms of astounding pleasure disperse through her body, and brilliant stripes of color fill her brain. Low guttural sounds escape from under her hood as she gives in to blissful unconsciousness, her orgasm far too intense and way too traumatic for her to

comprehend.

Khan howls loudly, his announcement that his release is eminent. With his knot locked securely inside her, he spews his sperm into her. Satiated, he turns to rest his weight on his forelegs and attempts to withdraw but her cunt closes tightly around his cock. His thick knot will not abate and he wails in frustration, yanking harder and dragging her body with him.

Her Master releases her wrists from the headboard and frees her legs from the frog position. Carefully, he deflates her hood and removes it even as Khan drags her lifeless form to the edge of the bed.

What a fine spectacle the two make; her dragged by their conjoined sex organs waiting for Khan's excitement to subside. A perfect picture as her Master's cell video captures every perverse detail of the unholy union. Eventually, Khan breaks free and her body slumps to the floor in a crumpled mass.

He feasts on her sweat and fear; her trembling body is covered with a slick layer of sweat. Khan's juices drip from her cunt and roll down the inside of her thighs. She looks incredibly sexy even with her hair matted into clumps and her makeup streaked across her face like a well-used slut fucked to perfection.

Tentatively, she reaches for her Master's cock, a formidable tent beneath his dress slacks. He always dresses properly for every occasion and her final submission or resignation to her new life is something to celebrate.

If her expressions could talk, he knows what she is communicating without uttering a word. She hates him, truly hates him, he disgusts her. Yet she is repenting for her missteps, her outbursts and use of profanity. She is truly sorry for breaking his rules.

Her cunt flesh is raw and burns as sperm streams down her legs. Her asshole feels dirty and gapes even though the animal most likely did a thorough cleaning her of his food. The welts and bruises on her body serve as a reminder of what to expect if she continues to disobey. He taught her a real lesson, one that she will not soon forget.

Now that she is broken, it is time to rebuild her for his pleasures and sadistic tendencies.

Eyes squeezed shut, warm water cascades down her body, easing the soreness of her swollen breasts. Droplets flow down her belly and meet at the V of her pelvic bone and gently wash Khan's semen down the drain.

Water splashes across her body as she slowly pivots under the shower spray removing all remnants of the past few days, or has it been hours? She isn't sure how much time has passed since she first opened her hotel room door to him.

Softly massaging her scalp, she washes the sweat-soaked strands until they squeak, then applies a conditioner. The peppermint soap lathers between her hands, warming the foam before she spreads it liberally on her body. She feels unclean even as she washes her body.

Her descent into depravity, her absolute submission is somehow liberating and yet degrading. She is alive, sexually alive for the first time in her life. No inhibitions remain. Everything is absolute. Absolutely at his discretion that is. And that is troubling, but only mildly so.

Lifting first one arm then the next, she slathers her body with the rejuvenating suds, her flesh tingling as the bubbles dissipate. After her shower and with the warm droplets of water clinging to

her, she erotically massages scented body butter into her flesh. Softness and suppleness return to her bedraggled body, energizing and breathing life into her mind and body.

Her fingers slip between her thighs and stroke her sore cunt, coating it with the balm. She is surprised at the hot liquid that still oozes between her slit, slick and scented with desire. Could it be that she needs another session with Khan? Or is she so sexually charged that fucking anything or anyone would suffice?

The warmth from the hair dryer sends her long strands into a halo around her head. Chills shudder through her body as her long thick hair lightly dances across her body. She cannot reconcile her thoughts with her body's response to normal bathing activities. Everything seems she does, normal everyday activities of getting ready to face the world has sexual undertones.

He demands that her makeup be applied heavily and that she look like a whore that wants to be fucked, wants to feel pain even more than she wants to experience pleasure. Ruby red lipstick accents her lips and rouge accents her nipples and swollen clit.

He instructs her to pack her slut toiletries, shampoo, lotions, enema equipment, and of course, her BDSM toys. Carefully selecting from her lingerie, he chooses a few sexy garments and packs those in her bag.

Carefully laid out on her bed is a long black strapless dress with underwire support for her saline-shaped breasts. The slit up the front and back of the dress clearly shows her lack of undergarments, her cunt glistening with arousal and nipples protruding like two dark Bing cherries.

He sends her outside to wait for a taxi. An elderly black man opens the door and helps seat her in the backseat. As they drive, he hands her an envelope with her Master's handwriting on the enclosed note.

"Sit in the back row, far left seat against the wall. Do whatever is asked of you. You are not allowed to cum."

Confused but excited, she glances out the windows and realizes they are heading towards the seedy side of town. The taxi pulls into an alley and the driver orders her into the front seat.

"Pay for your ride slut." pulling his cock from his trousers. Obediently, she sucks him off; it doesn't take long, her mouth a practiced vacuum of cock sperm. He kisses her, pulls around the front of the building and tells her to get out.

Standing alone in front of an XXX-rated theater, she is unsure of how to pay for her admission ticket. She stands mute in front of the ticket agent. He sizes her up and then speaks.

"Come inside my booth and suck my cock until the movie begins." On her knees inside the booth, she licks and sucks his cock, pulls his balls into her mouth and tongues each one, then returns to sucking his full stem, base to tip in slow rhythmic motions.

This tall young man has control. After half hour, he still has not released his cum. She wants and needs his cum. But he refuses to give in and holds his sperm hostage, leaving it boiling inside his balls. She cannot get his exceptionally long cock fully into her mouth so he forces her head down closer to his groin hair even as he accepts the admission fee and returns tickets to theater attendees.

The ticket agent is finally ready to cum but he withdraws and sprays her face and hair. Long strands

of semen drip onto her breasts and stick to her long eye lashes. She is a slut, looks like a slut, and in fact, now is a cock-hungry slut.

Seated in the back row, the seat closest to the wall, she waits as the movie plays. A woman is tied to a post with one man whipping her front while the other whips her backside. The woman onscreen is screaming bloody murder and that sound resonate inside her; her cunt swims with arousal.

Why is she here? Where is her Master? What is she waiting for? Surely not to watch this woman being whipped. Once again, hatred of her Master overwhelms her.

A tall, lanky black man sits next to her with a box of popcorn and a drink. His focus remains on the movie, the woman now being tortured by two sadists, her voice raw from screaming.

He reaches his hand behind her head and pushes her face to his crotch and then resumes eating his popcorn. Tentatively, she unzips his trousers and is shocked by the size of his cock. Air flies from her lungs as she gasps; she has never seen a black cock.

You would think that someone with her physical attributes rating an eight on a scale of 1 to 10 would have been intimate with many men but she has only been with four, not an impressive number for a woman of her age. Examining his cock in the dimly lit theater, she is unsure that it will fit in her vagina let alone her mouth.

Impatient at her hesitation in pleasuring him, the stranger sets aside his popcorn and holds her head to his crotch, pushing his cock deeper, forcing its way down her throat, stretching and then suppressing even her gag reflex. Bile wells in her stomach but has nowhere to go with her entire esophagus blocked by the black man's meat.

One hand holds her head securely on his cock and the other wraps around her throat and further constricts her access to oxygen. Lightheadedness swarms through her, her eyes turn glassy, her pupils dilate, and her heart pounds heavily in her chest. In search for air, her body convulses, her throat constricts, and her legs thrash against the seat in front of her.

Deep gasps with intermittent coughing; her lungs suck air like a severely dehydrated person would gulp water. He pulls her head free of his cock for several seconds then impales her throat once again. Her jaws ache, her tonsils are battered raw, and her lungs scream for air, yet he continues this cycle. When he finally deposits his cum, he uses her head like a dish rag, spraying her hair and smearing her face while thready white strands explode from the tip.

Fastening his trousers, he rises and leaves. No word was spoken the entire time she sucked him off. Maybe a few groans and moans, but other than that, the woman onscreen screaming, the sound of the bull whip crashing into her flesh, and the laughter of the two sadists enhances the fear that is developing inside her belly.

Not long after the seat was vacated, another man, larger, older with a sinister look in his eyes scoured her body before sitting next to her. He yanks her hair pulling her ear to his mouth, "Take the plug out of your ass and sit on my cock. I want my cock so far up your ass you think it will come out your mouth."

Shades of blushing red colors her face in the dark theater as she pulls the plug from her behind, straddles her legs across his lap, and guides his cock to her anal opening. She is dry and he is going to sodomize her that way. He enjoys dry-sodomizing white sluts, teaches them a lesson in black cock weaponry.

She winces with each millimeter his cock tunnels inside her and supports herself on the seat back in front. Wrapping both hands around her throat, he yanks her backward then pushes her down, hard, sending his cock up through her rectum and pausing at the opening of her intestinal tract. Tears blur her vision and she struggles to keep quiet in the crowded theater.

“Down bitch. Push down deeper. You still have another three inches to go. I’m going to rut inside your ass until you are raw and trust me, no slut of any color or experience has ever taken me fully inside their fuck holes. You will not walk normally for days after.”

Deep cramps invade her lower belly and her stomach tightens as waves of nausea overtake her. The pain is unbearable and she tries to resist. She hangs onto the seat back for support but he grips her tits and compresses them between his massive hands to pull her down on his rock hard stem.

Gouging her anal cavity with his vicious cock, a low scream slips from her throat but no one notices. The woman onscreen is pleading for mercy from the two sadists; one fist-fucks her ass and the other whips her tits with his leather belt. The camera zooms in so the viewers can actually see the knuckles on the fist pounding up from her rectum and rippling through her flat belly. The woman no longer has a voice to scream, but her facial features clearly denote what she is experiencing.

The off-screen action becomes increasingly more brutal as the stranger raises and lowers her on his thick black meat. Her rectal muscles pull outward as he withdraws and are sucked back inside as he plunges. His fingers dig deeply into her fleshy tits as his full eleven inches pounds away at the muscle to her intestinal tract until it finally gives way and sucks his cock into the tiny entrance to her colon.

Her body goes limp, saliva spews from her mouth and her nostrils flare as he deposits streams of hot cum into her colon. Her narrow canal contracts and squeezes the stranger’s cock as it convulses and shudders with each spurt of semen.

The searing heat of his juices spread uncanny warmth through her lower belly and adds sorely needed lubrication from this savage act of sodomy. Her nipples harden into two overripe cherries and her clit swells in anticipation of an approaching orgasm.

Even as his cock softens, it is still deeply implanted inside her. Her hips grind into his groin trying to urge the black cock to hardness once again. She needs this. She needs him. She deserves an orgasm after his brutal ass-fucking. Her lungs fill with air, her heart beats loudly in her chest, and her cunt drizzles juices.

Clutching her throat between his large hands, he compresses her windpipe and shakes her head back and forth like a rag doll. Pressing down on her legs, she lifts her body pulling his cock up with her before dropping her full body weight back down.

She cannot encourage it to hardness because he has other plans in mind. Concentrating, he is finally able to release, spraying his urine into her bowels even as he orders her to squeeze tight and not let a drop leak from her body. After the last of his urine fills her, he pushes her aside, freeing his cock, zipping his pants, and leaving her with his piss enema and another orgasm denied.

Humiliated, ashamed, yet highly aroused, she quickly reinserts the plug in her ass and quietly sobs. Her sphincter struggles to keep the man’s deposits inside her so as not to wet the seat cushion.

The last stranger hurt her, really hurt and degraded her. And he was correct in that she may not be able to walk without pain for several days. Her back passage will never be the same.

However, truth be told, her body loved it. Her body responded to the feeling of the thick liquid spurting from his cock directly into her intestinal tract with impressive velocity. Oh but when he released his stream of warm piss, it nearly pushed her over the edge into a powerful anal orgasm.

Impaled on the plug, his remains slosh around the rubber trying to escape through her bruised hole but her anal muscles hold tight. Her cell phone chirped and a message from her Master displays.

“Meet me in front of the theater. Now slut.”

She climbed into the back of his van and laid on the dirty thread-bare mattress in the fetal position. She hurt all over, but the most profound pain was deep in her psyche at the way her body reacted when taken forcibly by strangers in the dark theater.

Master smiled as he looked at her from the rear-view mirror while sitting at red lights. She is totally broken, he is sure of it. Having to suck and fuck four black men in only a few hours pretty much cemented her new position as his slut.

Smiling, he knows that her ultimate humiliation will occur when she stands in the bathtub, removes the butt plug and the stranger's urine streams from her gapping rectum and runs down her legs. He may have her put the stopper in the drain and make her lick up his semen and urine. Or maybe not.

It's a long drive back to his home, the place where she will never be allowed to leave again. The place where his dungeon and draconian equipment lies in wait for her naked supple body.

Dead asleep in the back of the van, he watches as her chest rises and falls with each breath. Her butt cheeks are clenched tightly even in sleep. The expression on her face is priceless, the look of a slave who has accepted her fate in life. He has seen it hundreds of times in his practice of training sex slaves for his clients.

The next few weeks will shape her behavior for the rest of her life. And increase her value should he choose to sell her.

The sound echoes in the enclosed garage as he slaps her butt cheeks several times, startling her awake. “Get out of the van and into the bathtub. Now.”

The bright garage lights burn her eyes and her legs seem unable to support her body. She waddles through the doorway and stops. Where is the bathroom? Confused, she cannot figure out where she is. Why does she hurt so much, especially in her womanly areas? Why is her ass sloshing? Each step is an exercise in pain tolerance.

Walking behind her and reaching his arms around to her chest, he crushes her nipples and propels her forward until they reach a door with a large shiny deadbolt lock prominently displayed. He slams her into the hard wooden door, pulls a key from his chain, unlocks the bolt, and throws the door open.

A gust of stale, dank air rises up the steep stairs. Her body shudders as she looks into the ominous darkness that lay ahead. Descending one timid step at a time, fear seeps into her soul as the realization that what happens down here will not be pleasant.

“Shower. You have 15 minutes.” He pushes her into a stark white tiled room equipped with a claw-footed bathtub and separate shower, commode and sink. The mirror above the sink frightens her as she stares at her reflection; actually, that's what is so terrifying.

What she sees is the reflection of a whore who has been fucked and used with ruthless abandon, the shell of the woman she used to be now obliterated, crushed by this sadistic man. Yet even as these thoughts run amuck, her cunt moistens, her nipples harden, and her tongue hungrily licks her swollen lips.

The shower is refreshing and breathes life back into her physical being. Her emotional welfare, however, is fragile at best, her mind nearly an empty vessel, devoid of any thoughts other than getting her next "fix". Her sexual addiction now firmly in control, she is willing to yield to anything the sadistic bastard wants as long as the slimmest hope of an orgasm remains on the horizon.

She is ashamed at the horrible price she is willing to pay simply to be allowed an orgasm. Anguish fills her heart as she comes to terms with the fact that she has lost everything, who she was and her station in life. Her new position is that of a cock-hungry whore

Her focus in life is total servitude. Even as that thought enters her mind, her belly burns with arousal and her nipples ache to be sucked, hurt, abused, and tortured. Swollen and chapped, even her lips crave to be wrapped around a cock, any cock.

He watches her from a video feed and takes pride in what he has accomplished. The phases of breaking her down to nothing and building her up in his likeness, his preference, his pleasure is on target.

Over the new few days, he will establish her daily routine, her "job" as his sex slave, cook, housekeeper, and because he likes his milk fresh, Hucow. The hormones he is adding to her food and water are starting to take effect, breasts slowly enlarging, nipples constantly hard, and her sexual appetite insatiable.

Hearing the key turn in the lock, she quickly kneels just beyond the door, head lowered, hands clasped and folded behind her neck, elbows extended. She sucks in a deep breath of air and slowly exhales, trembling as he approaches her rigid form.

He lifts her chin and her mouth automatically falls open into a perfect oval shape. His cock has a mind of its own, and slips between her swollen lush lips. The warmth of her mouth is intoxicating causing him to want to cum immediately, but he holds back. Grabbing a handful of her hair, he pulls her face onto his swollen cock.

Eagerly she swallows and clenches her throat muscles to draw it inside her mouth until her chin rests against his balls and her nose is buried in his groin hair. She sucks his magnificent cock softly at first, then with more pressure.

Choked sounds escape her throat as she hums; her vocal chords vibrate and clench the mushroom-shaped tip. Beads of perspiration dot the small of her back as he works her head up and down to capture the entire length of his cock.

Her breasts hang downward and swing to and fro as he smashes her nose into his groin. Unable to hold back, a volcanic eruption of thick steamy cum spews from his cock and quickly fills her mouth, her cheeks bulge with cock and fluids.

Saliva and semen form a frothy-white foam around her ruby red lips and then drool down her chin and onto his balls.

It was only when he lifts her face and looks into her eyes that she realizes the potency of the power he exudes.

He gazes upon her naked form and feels the rush of an owner-trainer in his finest pursuit. He is playing her like a finely tuned instrument. He can cause her to cry out in specific pitches with certain flicks of his wrist with the flogger and bull whip.

More importantly, her cunt spasms shamefully as masochistic thoughts consume her. Tears of despair leak freely down her face in recognition and anguish over the price she is willing to pay repeatedly for another pain-induced orgasm.

Her belly burns with exquisitely subservient slave heat which spawns a primitive ache for a slave's rapture, a slave's orgasm. Her body, hot, lustful and sore spins out of control with each lash of the flogger against her flesh.

She is fiercely hot and instantly responsive to each strike, and where her body leads, her brain follows without hesitation.

Her total obedience is tested with another sharp cut from the bull whip as it wraps around her slim middle before rebounding back to him. Her defenseless body quivers and shudders with each lash, the stinging impact fueling her sex, oozing juices leak from her cunt lips and coat her thighs.

The heat flairs, subsides, then flairs again with each collision of leather and flesh. Her sexual passion rises, builds, growing like flames searching for ignition sources for mini explosions. Never in her life had she made the connection that two opposing sensations can culminate into one breathtaking, raging fury that pulses steadily through her veins.

She is overwhelmed with lust, her eyes bulge, nostrils flair, teeth snarl as each strand lands with purpose on her exposed naked flesh. Her brain reels as she comes to terms with the stunning insight into her own character. She is a slut. She is a sex slave. She is owned by him.

And with this realization and acceptance of her new station in life, an orgasm consumes her, her eyes roll out of her head, her jaw slack as nonsensical words escape her lips. She is on a ride of sexual ecstasy releasing lightning flashes of intense heat that ejects violently from her sex.

She is barely conscience, her body pliable. This next training segment will stress her to the max. It is all about self-control. She must willingly hold still and accept anything that he or someone else wishes to do with her body. No jerking away when a particularly harsh cane strike lands on her flesh. No cringing as more weights are applied to the clamps on her nipples and clit and cunt lips. And no moving away as he fucks her ass with his cock and other instruments of torture.

He positions her limp body into a chair and props her breasts on the table's edge. He connects the leather wrist restraints to cables across the table and pulls the chains tight until she is lifted from the chair and bent at the waist at table's edge. Her large breasts are smashed into the hard wood surface, and reaching under her, he pulls each tit out to her side.

Moving quickly, he jerks the head of the table and separates the two halves. Her breasts drop through the gap and her chest cavity rests on the edges. In short bursts, he pushes the two sides of the table together until her breasts are pinched tightly between the two edges.

It has been his fantasy to have a slut with realistic udders. It takes time and is a painful process, but the female breast can be successfully reshaped without surgery. Udders with long thick nipples protruding from cone shaped areolas; dark areolas that span four or five inches in circumference. That's his goal for her. Udders.

Working under the table, he connects the tubes and wires and engages the pump. Slowly, he places

the large cow teat cups near the tip of her nipples, and wham, two thirds of her breast tissue is sucked violently into each tube. Her body lurches above on the table, but she is helpless to stop him. Fascinated, he watches as the tubes pull and release with impressive suction power. Her tissue is crammed into the teat cup and her nipples are pulled nearly to the tip of the eight inch tube. It looks like her entire chest cavity is being sucked into the powerful machine.

Soft moans vibrate into the table top above him as the pumps pull her breasts downward and squeeze the tips into the cylinders. Every intake of suction lengthens her nipples a tiny bit more, and as they swell, spread wider, thicker; nearly the circumference of a dime.

He slaps the dangling tits, impressed that the teat cups hold steady even as her breasts collide and separate, swinging to and fro as he smacks them like punching bags. Harder, his large hands slap at the swaying mounds matching the rhythm of the milking machine. Smacks, violent full-hand smacks, he admires the rapidly reddening skin from his unrelenting smacks.

The swollen breasts hang heavily between the table halves, pulled downward by the milking machine and gravity. Fully tenderized on the outside, it's time to stimulate the milk sacs inside. He gathers one entire breast into his two hands and twists it like wringing water from a towel. Winding it tighter, the skin rippling and her cries of pain encouraging him to twist the entire breast into a tight cone, and still the teat cup retains its hold on her nipple.

When he releases the tit, her flesh unwinds and shakes violently; dark finger bruises and angry-red creases mark the pale flesh. He repeats on her other breast, then back and forth, twisting, squeezing, slapping, compressing, the pain in her chest is intense, overwhelming. If only he would do something else, give her breasts a break. They hurt a deep penetrating pain.

But he continues. His obsession with cow teats is his only mission for the next few hours. And when he finishes, disconnects the tubes, and releases her tits from the table-vice, she cries at the sight of what he has done to her lovely breasts.

He admires the roadmap of finger bruises and bright red stripes, and is particularly intrigued with her blackish-red plum-shaped nipples. He pinches them, compressing them between his fingertips, and she holds perfectly still but her facial expressions speak volumes.

She did well for two hours of breast torture. His cock jerks in his slacks in anticipation of her next torture.

Spread wide and secured to the cross, he begins her next torture. Sucking deeply on each tit, she sharply inhales, holding herself steady even as he renews the pain in her breasts. His hand slips down between the V of her legs and finds her dripping. Her clit is a hard nub, but he likes it larger, more prominent and raw.

Toying with her clit, he thumps it, pinches it, and rolls it between his fingertips, all the while gorging on her luscious breasts. Juices coat his hand and he feeds his fingers to lick clean then kisses her deeply, sliding his tongue down her throat. Breaking away, he works quietly at a bench against the far wall, leaving her body dripping with lust and bound tightly to the cross.

Her agitation increases as time passes and he ignores her. Random thoughts flit through her mind. What is he doing over there? What is taking him so long? I'm on fire and have to be fucked. Unable to contain herself, she calls out to him.

"Please fuck me. Sir, Master, I need to be fucked hard, please fuck me, fuck me and make it hurt, please just fuck me."

He smiles, takes a deep breath, and exhales slowly. She continues to assail him with insults, not realizing that she is using "fighting words", words that have consequences, painful consequences. She has no idea how much pain he can cause her, pain so intense that she will lose consciousness, and when she comes to, the pain will be worse than before.

"What's wrong with you, aren't you supposed to be my Master? Act like one and fuck me. Don't just leave me hanging here you sick son of a bitch."

Another long sigh as he evaluates his options. Unfortunately, she has yet to learn who serves whom. He could give a rat's ass if she gets what she wants, her needs do not matter to him. What matters is his pleasure, his needs, and she must learn to put him first and foremost in her mind.

She should be begging to suck him, fuck him, and serve him. Instead, the self-centered bitch is demanding that he please her. He makes a decision. He is going to introduce her to clit torture, torture so severe that the last thing on her mind will be an orgasm. He will make sure that her clit will hurt with just the thought of arousal for days after he finishes.

Starting slowly, deciding on layers of different types of pain as the best approach, he swings the split leather slapper upwards and slams into her crotch. Her cunt lips protectively fold over her clit. Slapping upwards three fast hard strokes, her cunt lips begin to redden, tiny blue veins become visible under the taunt flesh.

Five vicious upward swings, direct hits all of them, the brittle leather tips of the clapper slice her cunt lips apart and her clit pops out, totally exposed. He pinches it, rolls it between his fingertips, tugs on it, and then smashes it back into her body with handle of the slapper.

Switching to a riding crop, he snaps the flexible wire stem between her legs. The double-ply four-inch square of thick tough leather slams into her cunt lips, rebounds slightly and smacks again. Screams of agony fill the sub-basement room, echoing off the walls. Although he loves it when she screams, it can become obnoxious after several hours.

Returning from his bench, he fits a harness around her head and pushes an inflatable cock gag down her throat. He smiles and carefully watches her expressions. He pumps the gag several times and notices her cheeks swelling. A few more pumps and the cock presses her tongue flat and lifts the roof of her mouth. Several more pumps and her eyes bulge, her airway is blocked, and her tonsils rest on the cock's tip.

Ten slow motion snaps of the riding crop, well aimed, each crash of leather versus flesh is music to his ears, minus her muffled growls. Her clit hangs listless, beaten, swollen, but not quite ready for his taste. He places clover clamps on the top of her cunt lips and secures them around her legs, pulling the string tight to ensure her cunt lips are spread wide. Attaching another set of clamps to the middle of her cunt lips, he does the same, tying them around her legs. Finally, clamps on the lower lips, her clit fully exposed, but also both her holes.

Stepping back, he poises the crop on the floor between her legs and swings upwards with startling quickness, repeatedly slapping her naked female flesh. The force of the impacts sends shudders up her chest, even her tits shake from the sheer power of each hit. Again, deliberate, well aimed snaps of the wire sending leather soaring into her exposed folds. The burning, stinging, blazing pain is unimaginable. She is overwrought, her brain soaked with pain, her throat choking on the gag. Her knees give way but the belts hold her securely to the cross.

Back at the workbench, he assembles a wicked clawed clamp with a small bucket hanging from a foot long chain. Bending between her legs, he flicks her beaten clit, raw, dark red, yet fully aroused.

Grasping her clit and pulling it completely free of its protective hood, he closes the clamp on the full length of the bud. Her body jerks and tries to shake it off, but the clamp holds tight, stretching her clit at least a quarter inch.

He swings the empty bucket between her thighs, laughing as she cringes under the pressure of the clamps. Scooping a cup of lead weights, he slowly pours them into the bucket. Her clit is drawn further down and the clamp bites deeply into the flesh to support the additional weight.

It sounds like she's howling but it is difficult to tell for sure with the gag. Just as well, he is not finished with her clit. Scooping another cup, he slowly pours the lead weights watching as the bucket drops heavily towards the floor.

She cannot lower her body to ease the pain. It is like he is tearing her clit from her body, stretching it four full inches from its base. Feeling a bit ornery, he gives the bucket a push and watches her reaction as eight pounds of lead swings from her clit back and forth between her spread legs.

Drool oozes from around her lips, snot drains from her nose, tears flood her cheeks, and her eye lids bat frantically trying to communicate with him; she gives up, she is sorry, please stop.

Leaving her alone, soaked in pain, lost in agony, she attempts to think her way to freedom. She is sure that he is going to kill her at some point. It's just a matter of time. Just when she thinks she has reached her absolute pain ceiling, her ready-to-die threshold, he raises the stakes. He has clearly demonstrated that pain is his specialty, a fetish that is near and dear to his black heart.

His focus on a particular area of torture is impressive, spending several HOURS on a single part of her body until he has fully explored it, used it, hurt it, and owns it. No variation. Total focus on increasing the pain, always adding layers upon layers of pain, until the pain becomes mind-numbing, then erotic, and then painful again, a very long tormented journey where he leaves his marks deep in her flesh, her bruises hard-earned badges as his sex slave.

He releases her clit; it hangs long with wicked bruises where the claws bit into the flesh. Bending to her, he sucks her elongated clit deep into his warm mouth, licking it with his tongue even as he suctions it to the back of his throat. Lavishing wet licks up and down the stem, and then biting down at the base. Her body spasms, her hips gyrate, but her clit is raw, super sensitive, almost painful, yet loving his mouth.

His face is suddenly drenched in cunt juices; she is close to an eruption of orgasmic bliss. He pulls back, kisses her, then allows her to lick her juices from his face.

Hormones rage through her veins, her lustful aroma fills the basement; even her whimpers have a certain rhythm. She is riding an emotional tsunami, a wave too powerful to resist.

Her addiction is firmly ingrained into her psyche; she needs and wants his brand of "foreplay" because the payoff is intoxicating and has become a deep-seat obsession. She is desperately overheated with unrestrained need.

Lost in her emotional avalanche, he catches her off-guard and swings straight up between her thighs landing hard against her battered clit; the solid leather strap lined with silver studs burns into her flesh. She jumps and tries to pull her legs together, but the strap slams into her crack again, the metal studs leave deep imprints in the soft tissue.

Again, another series of direct hits, the tissue between her thighs, her exposed clit, her gaping cunt, all repeatedly slapped with utmost precision. Each impact sends waves of heat pulsing through her.

Several more direct hits only on the inside of her thighs, much worse pain yet after the initial impact, it too joins the flow of heat ransacking her body.

Another blow, crack of the impact far louder than before, the stinging more intense as her clit is battered once again, but she takes no notice. She is in a wild state of sexual arousal, barely conscience of what he is doing to her body.

Pain seeps deeper into her flesh, but she is gripped by a masochist fever that easily converts the pain into a blistering heat, a heat so intense that it propels her towards a sexual release of devastating proportions.

He strikes across her breasts and even as the air whooshes from lungs, her body hungers for more. She wants to plead with him to slam the leather across her breasts again, make them hurt even more than they do now.

She is high, flying so very high. Sharp fragrant smells seep into her nostrils; brilliant colors create a hypnotic light show inside her head; pure raw lust oozes through every single pore.

A final well-positioned strike right at her opened cunt unleashes the flood gates. Volumes of liquid womanhood spews from her cunt and lands halfway across the room. Her eyes roll from her head and she nearly stops breathing as the orgasm ravages her exhausted abused body.

Her body limp, her responses slow, he releases her from the cross and repositions her securely in the gynecological chair. Legs belted to the stirrups, wrists bound to the wall behind the chair, and a thick strap around her waist. Still limp and unseeing, he leaves her to rest for a few minutes while he prepares her for his next torture.

Engaging the gears, the stirrups raise and widen until her legs are spread as far apart as possible without popping her hips out of place. The stirrups hover just above her waist. Her entire bottom is grotesquely displayed before him, allowing the cold air to seep inside her cunt.

She lifts her head to see what he is doing and barely has time to register the objects on his tray before he slams her into the leather headrest, straps a belt across her forehead and buckles it under the chair. A white ceiling and the bright overhead lights blurs her vision.

“Several things will happen this afternoon. First, you will be given a complete physical and lab workup. Secondly, we are going to measure how your body responds to different types of stimulation. These electrodes, strips, and clamps measure your body temperature, heart and breathing rates, and brain activity. Some of the more invasive parts of the exam procedures are usually performed under some type of anesthesia but I want you to experience all of it wide awake. With your flesh already sensitive from my whippings, your reactions should be strong.”

The monitors above her head clearly indicate a significant increase in her stress level. He smiles as he prepares his first procedure. The cell phone chirps and he reads the message from his doctor friend that he is running late. Not a problem. He has other things he can do in the meanwhile.

He moves in closely to examine her bruised and extended clit. It is impressive what lead weights and a bucket can do. Even her cunt lips are dark red from the leather whips.

He takes her extended and bruised clit into his mouth and sucks it down his throat, swirling his tongue along the length of it until it pulses with arousal. She is close to another orgasm but he is not ready for her to feel pleasure again. She needs to be tortured first.

Using a thin rubber strip, he ties her elongated clit at the base and squeezes it tight. Her clit feels like a noose is choking the life from it until numbness sets in with the blood supply cut off. Donning surgical gloves, he sits comfortably on the chair between her exposed sex and pours a liquid gel from a dark-brown glass bottle on the tray.

Using small, delicate circular strokes, he coats her flesh with the cool soothing gel. His magical fingers trace around the base of her clit and out to the tip, slips under and around the clit hood, then slides slowly up and down the interior of her cunt lips. His fingertips form wonderful tiny swirls and cover her battered flesh with the mysterious gel.

Scooping another handful, he painstakingly applies more but this time, his fingers slip inside her cunt and glaze the hidden delicate tissues.

Moaning in appreciation, she smiles and exhales a long breath of air. Her body slowly relaxes, her heart rate slows, her eyes flutter and then close. His fingers and the wonderful potion ease the soreness and pain raging through her private female areas.

Another handful of gel and his fingers carefully plunge fully into her canal and gingerly paint the stem of her cervix, up and down and all around the spongy surface. Tiny swirls, always increasing the pressure until her cervix relaxes and relents to his ministrations. Pausing, he presses into her cervical entrance, urging it to dilate by wedging a finger in the tip and tickling until it finally yields; the gel glides his finger into the mouth of the stem.

Terrified and also unable to move, she fills her lungs and screams out in pain. The penetration into her cervix without any medication is beyond sadistic torture. He carefully pivots his finger and tunnels another quarter inch then pauses to allow her a few seconds to adjust.

Leaning back in the chair, he smiles. He is having a blast toying with her. Her responses excite him and make him feel all powerful over her, of which he is. His cock bobs in full agreement, hard as a rock, engorged, and leaking generous amounts of pre-cum.

What she doesn't realize is that the bottle contains a potent homemade salve that causes the skin to burn. The word "burn" doesn't begin to describe the properties of this substance. Think of wasp stingers embedded into EVERY single pore. And each pore experiences an extremely savage pinprick followed by a sharp sting that radiates outward, and then a sickening burning sensation so intense, her vitals will most likely trigger all types of alarms.

Another notable feature of the gel is that it is easily absorbed into the individual layers of skin then breaches that protective barrier and travels into the bloodstream setting nerve endings on fire.

The reason he spends so much time spreading the gel is that he finds it highly entertaining to watch her reaction as her body absorbs the gel, watching as the prickling, burning, searing sensations flow through her.

The only antidote is a special cooling foam that will douse the inferno immediately upon application. The alternative is to wait for the burning pain to dissipate, approximately ten to twelve hours. Any type of liquid exposure to the gel increases the efficacy ten-fold, and that includes water, cunt juice, semen, saliva.

Little by little, her body trembles as tiny twinges plague her clit. Her hips gyrate and she thrusts her pelvic region towards his magical fingers. Several minutes later that bliss is followed by series of pinpricks that sting like she'd being stabbed with thousands of sharp hat pins, a very intense but still a relatively erotic phenomenon.

Several minutes follow then an unbelievable inferno sizzles in every gel-saturated pore. The flames lap at her tissue both inside and outside of her body simultaneously and she screams in utter misery.

If her hands were not bound, she would literally tear her flesh from her frame, the vicious gel is so concentrated. She cries out, begs for him to rinse it off, and promises him her forever obedience if only he would wash away the gel.

Why would he give her the antidote? Even though she is completely tied down to the chair, it is inspiring how many ways she can move her body when motivated. Changing to a comfortable chair near the desk, he sips two fingers of Jack Daniels and enjoys the show.

After several fingers of perfectly-aged Tennessee sipping whiskey, he feels refreshed and ready to continue her torture. Her body writhes and pitiful moans spout from her chest. She is on fire and drowning under the relentless cycles of varying types of pain slam through her body. Every pore, all protective layers of skin and worse, every single nerve ending inside her all rotate between sharp, biting, throbbing, burning pains, a true kaleidoscope of hell running amok above and below the surface of her skin.

After close to thirty minutes, she is beyond comprehending what is happening to her physically as well as psychologically. Her nerve endings under her skin crackle with incredible heat, a heat so punishing, she cannot escape, even mentally, she is unprepared to cope.

Lifting the electric toothbrush from his tray, he dips it into the potent gel and presses the switch. Zeroing in on her extended and well tortured clit, he ruthlessly sets it to rest on the tip. Her body lurches and pulls against her restraints, and she screams from his newest torture, still, she is unable to move away from him.

Back and forth, the toothbrush vibrates across the tip of her clit side-to-side while pushing the gel deeper into the swollen flesh and brushing away dead skin cells. The rough brushes finally and successfully sweep the first layer of skin away exposing the frail supporting layers beneath to the fiery gel.

The pain is beyond extreme and she sobs hysterically. "That's my sex slave, let it out." Smiling as his cock grows harder and he continues to brush pain into her flesh. Back and forth it cycles as he draws the toothbrush up and down the entire stem of her clit, from base to the tip and back to the base again.

Where the toothbrush leads, sharp, piercing needles and blistering pain follow shortly thereafter. Pulling her cunt lips aside, he brushes additional gel up and down the cuff then around her ass, cunt, and urethra, pausing for ten or fifteen minutes in each area. The sensitivity levels are beyond anything she has experienced before.

Absolute anguish storms through her sex with pure animal lust raging alongside and in competition. A waterslide of emotions run rampant in her mind. Her entire being is in a frenzy, under attack in so many places at the same time while her unfulfilled needs remain just that, unfulfilled.

Opening her cunt lips, the toothbrush continues to force the gel into her tissue. When he penetrates her vagina, he focuses the vibrating bristles up and down the stem of her cervix. She nearly jumps from the gynochair, but the straps hold firm.

Irrefutably broken, she gives up or gives in, he is unsure which, but the outcome is the same. She is a drooling, quivering mass of pain-driven desire and cannot seem to find a single thread of pleasure.

Focusing the brush on the mouth of her cervix, he cycles back and forth until the muscles dilate once again. Withdrawing the brush, he dips it into the gel then reinserts it and presses into the opening. Penetrating the narrow channel to her uterus, he maneuvers the toothbrush so that it digs a passage to her reproductive system. As the properties of the gel takes effect; her body lifts from the chair and her screams nearly shatter his eardrums.

The masochistic tendencies that were latent her entire life are now alive and causing her monstrous distress. Her need for pain of this magnitude is not necessary, but somewhere inside her soul, she knows that it is welcome.

Leaving the toothbrush vibrating in the tight cervix channel, he scurries to the bench and returns with an inflatable cock gag. Rearranging the straps around her head, he secures it and the belts.

Biting pain seizes her as the toothbrush resumes its journey towards her womb. It almost feels like a plumber clearing the pipe of debris to gain full access and creating a tunnel to boot. Unlike a clogged drain or pipe system, this pain consists of three parts cramps, three part sharp pinpricks, and three parts excessive heat.

Another hour passes and still he continues to ruthlessly terrorize her womanly area. Bored with the toothbrush, he sits back to enjoy another two fingers of Jack, all the while, he watches as her body contorts, shakes, spasms, vibrates, shudders, all motions are involuntary.

The monitors above her begin to scream warnings of her adverse physical responses. She gives in to a very welcome state of unconsciousness.

He is giving her body a respite, obviously, not a long pain-free respite with what he has planned for her next treatment, but a respite nonetheless.

While she is unconscious, he spreads the soothing foam and thickly covers every gel-saturated area. To demonstrate that he does indeed have a less than black heart, he coats the toothbrush with the antidote and drives it inside her cunt, cervix, and the tunnel to her womb, easing her suffering a bit more. He never penetrated her uterus; some things are best left to the doctor.

A whiff of smelling salts and she is startled awake, eyes blinking against the bright overhead lights, coughing with the cock gag still firmly embedded in her mouth. After removing the gag, he kisses her, a passionate knock-your-socks-off kiss, his tongue probes deeply into her throat, sliding along her gum lines, and tracing the roof of her mouth.

A sensuously well-choreographed dance between his mouth and hers continues for several long lust-filled minutes. Neither breaking contact even as saliva flows smoothly from his mouth to hers and vice versa. The kiss continues and their joint desire builds to an amazing crescendo ... her cunt warms and produces droplets of feminine juices; his cock swells and drips pre-cum.

Several more minutes pass and still they are locked in that kiss; it transmits a million unspoken words between their oral cavities and sensory receptors. She licks his tongue as it flicks in and out of her mouth like a lizard. She circles it with her tongue hoping to hold it captive in her mouth.

You can see the words carved into her partially closed eyes, "she adores his tongue." Her hips sway seductively in search of a cock to fuck her. His hand presses into her breast and compresses the tissue between his fingers; he loves it when she moans and grimaces. Squeezing tighter, his fingertips bury deep into the entire breast, bruising her flesh and she pulls away from him.

She did the unthinkable. She broke the magic of that moment, that spectacular kiss, by pulling away.

He straightens up and glares at her in disbelief. After all she has been through, still she has not learned or accepted that he owns her body and can do as he pleases. Her only choice is unconditional acceptance, and pulling away is unacceptable behavior that must be dealt with.

There really is no way to avoid punishment. She violated a basic rule and knows better, or should. He steps away from her and pours himself another two fingers of Jack. Sinking into the easy chair while closely observing her, he racks his brain for an appropriate punishment.

This is the second time she has rebuffed him, apparently his prior punishment was not memorable enough to ingrain that rule into her thick dumb head. He really does not enjoy punishing her, training is different than punishment. Punishment is brutal and serves no purpose other than to get her attention. Training teaches her to deal with pain on a highly sexually charged masochistic level.

Silently crying, her chest heaves from the dam about to burst. She knows what she did, but in her defense, it was an involuntary movement. She had almost manipulated him into fucking her with the breathtaking kiss. He was ready to mount her and she was more than ready for him to do so.

She has no idea how to recapture that moment of co-mingled passion. Her frustration increases as her hope to be fucked is replaced with a somber, anticipatory expectation of imminent intense torture for her misstep.

Nothing has diminished her need for him to fuck her with ruthless abandon. She needs him to brutally pound into her canal, cunt or ass or both, she doesn't care. If only he would just fuck her and stop playing these foolish control games.

The doctor arrives, a bit out of breath and apologetic for his lateness. He once was a premier plastic surgeon until he lost his medical license many years ago. Now, he specializes in "off the record" exams, hormone therapy, and body modifications for sex slave owners and in particular, the S/M group. He will mold your slave into anything you want through untested surgical procedures, as long as the price is right.

Welcoming his old friend, the Master discusses her persistence in not yielding to him. He carefully outlined her training so far, and was hoping for suggestions to encourage her to control her body even when molested or hurt. Pouring some Jack for the doctor, the discussion carries on while she strains to hear.

The two men leave her alone in the sub-basement, naked, fastened to the gynecological chair, and whimpering as bright overhead lights blur her vision. The doctor gave her several injections before they left and now the effects are slowly unfolding inside her.

A flush of heat spreads through her and colors her skin a dark crimson red. She thinks she is having heat stroke; it started slowly and progressed quickly.

A crawling sensation takes root just under the surface of her skin. Like a ferret burrowing between layers of bed linens, it feels like something is tunneling between the thin layers of her tissue creating a collapsing tunnel in its wake; the sensation occurring everywhere in her body.

The phenomenon is so dramatic that she is stunned when examining her arms. All the activity is under the surface, not even a ripple can be seen. It is certainly not painful, but it is not pleasurable by any means.

Changes are also occurring in her bruised and battered tits. Thick white liquid oozes from her nipples, her breasts feel especially heavy and are fuller than they were even after the two cups of

saline he injected several days ago.

Resembling a tiny cock, her clit floods with fresh supply of oxygen-rich blood and quivers with excitement. She clenches and unclenches her butt cheeks as her cunt and ass tremble and beg to be fucked.

Heavily panting sounds from her breathing is all that can be heard. A thin film of perspiration completely covers her; even her hair is drenched from sweat. She is exhausted but unable to relax or even attempt sleep. There is so much activity going on, almost like several Olympic games are being played out simultaneously inside her body.

Yet outwardly, she is the same. No movements, actually, she can't really even feel her skin, can't even sense it. It's like her skin is no longer a part of her. Really, nothing is a part of her. She is simply an empty vessel for her sadistic Master to use as he plays out his fantasies and fetishes.

Pheromones of the highly oversexed female circulate throughout the sub-basement broadcasting that "a bitch is in heat and ready to be bred." Yet she suffers in silence. A painful, excruciating suffering silence while the two men discuss her future sitting in front of a warm fire and sipping Jack.

The two men have made a decision on the appropriate punishment. She was, in her former life, a business owner, socialite, and public figure. Those roles kept her in public view and fed her ego as she rubbed shoulders with the rich and famous through the many organizations of which she was a member.

Public humiliation would go a long way towards her responding and behaving appropriately. A large animal auction was being held the next day in a horse and cattle town that lay just beyond the outskirts of the city. And as with all auctions, there is a "sample" room where potential buyers can inspect animals before bidding on them.

When it comes to high bred studs, the more semen they produce in conjunction with their ability to mount and breed on command is an incredible selling point and a tremendous source of profit for the prospective buyer. Obviously it is near impossible to find a mare in season when the stud needs to show-case his fucking skills, so a stand-in is always welcome.

Sellers flock to the board that advertises female horse fuckers. Each seller needs to line one or two up for use during the two-hour perspective buyer's preview. An effective horse fucker can urge a horse to cum up to three, a few gals even four times during the two hour period.

Since this would be her virgin voyage into the horse-fucking trade, he and the doctor decided not to charge the seller for her fees. But before she can take a horse cock, her cunt and ass have to be stretched, and stretched fast with only 16 hours before her services will be needed.

The two men head to the sub-basement and when they first opened the door, they are nearly knocked over as the pungent smell of a woman ready to be fucked assails their nostrils. Her scent is light, almost sweet like a fine sweet white wine. As the men navigate the steep staircase, their cocks respond to the aroma of her sexual excitement that greets them as they near her body. Cocks swell beneath their robes and large pointy tents lead the way as they walk towards her.

Master was hoping her first public display would be just that; a display of her tits three or four cup sizes larger from lactating, and her breasts looking like authentic cow udders. Unfortunate, only colostrum dribbles from her nipples.

But the stretching of her canals, that is the challenge. So little time and so much to do. The two men stand over her, appraising her body and her mental state. Yes, the shots of high-dose hormones are working wonders. The injection of a female version of Viagra has also taken affect as indicated by the flush skin tone, a thin layer of perspiration coating her body, and a puddle of womanly juices beneath her buttocks.

She really is a mess as the doctor surveys her naked body. He pokes and prods then sticks his fingers inside her openings and slaps her tits several times. She is indeed a prize, a pent-up sexual being needing release. Her skin has a sunset reddish-golden hue to it, her complexion is free of any abnormality, not even a zit.

A thick mane of strawberry blond hair frames her face and falls to the back of her waist. The piercing emerald green eyes provide insight into her soul. A spattering of faded freckles dot her face and belies her age; she could pass for eighteen.

Her entire being oozes sensuality and her sex appeal is off the charts. He wonders if his friend would allow him to fuck her before the horse? Shaking himself from his thoughts, he nods at her Master. It is time to prepare her body for a horse's cock.

Her body trembles as the two men approach. From the expressions on their faces, she knows that her consequences will be brutal. They released her bindings and moved her to the bathroom where an A-shaped wooden structure is positioned near the large drain. They bent her at the waist and folded her body over the apex. Her butt cheeks are prominently displayed with her legs spread wide and chained to her wrist restraints under the structure.

The doctor generously lubes her anal cavity and inserts a heavy stainless steel bullet-shaped enema nozzle with a tapered base that rests just inside her opening. She knows better than to speak up; she knows that they are determined to obliterate her last shred of dignity.

The two men alternated the administration of several enemas using the bullet nozzle then a colon tube for the last few, and without anesthesia. The position of her body forced the enemas higher into her colon and beyond making her belly swelled like she was nine months pregnant. Several of the solutions were so potent that she vomited as violently as she expelled the liquid. The cramps wracking her body were excruciating and she was helpless to stop anything.

The doctor used a hose sprayer to clean her after completing the last enema. The combination of very little sleep and unspeakable cramps left her near collapse. However, their final mission before the horse auction still remains.

She is moved to a thin uncovered mattress in the corner of the basement, her wrists are secured to leather thigh straps, her face turned sideways and flat on the bed. The doctor lubes a very small inflatable dildo and slips it into her cunt. The dildo is warm from his hands and it feels good to have something inside. She loves that "full" feeling. But when her Master slides the anal spreader into her back opening, she shudders recalling the last time he used that terrible device.

And just like last time, the Siberian husky is brought downstairs and perches in front of her face with the red tip of his cock peeking out from the sheath. He licks her face, smells her cunt, and whimpers for attention.

"Turn your face to his cock and open your mouth wide. I want you to give Khan your best blow job. Suck his cock and make him cum in your mouth, and drink every drop. Until Khan cums, I am going to stretch your ass wider and wider, one half inch every 60 seconds. It may be helpful for you to know that this anal spreader is for a horse and expands up to 12 inches."

She breathes deeply, holds it for a minute or two, and exhales slowly, perhaps to psych herself into not getting sick doing what this sadistic bastard has ordered. He remains poised at the spreader while the doctor relaxes in an overstuffed easy chair; both men sip another two fingers of Jack and glare at her.

“One minute. Half inch. Reach out for his cock with your tongue. You can move your head and scoot your body.” She groans loudly as her sphincter is widened. Her need for this to end motivates her to move her head between the dog’s legs. With her tongue stretched as far as possible, she finally reaches the glowing red tip. Khan jumps at the sudden warmth licking his cock and then lies on his side with his cock resting on her face.

“Two minutes. Half inch.” She turns her head and with one big gulp, she sucks the tip into her mouth, clamping tightly around it and drawing it slowly out of its protective sheath and into her throat.

“Three minutes. Half inch.” Repeatedly swallowing, she hopes the gulping sensations will encourage him to cum. Moans escape even with her mouth full of dog cock, the stretching pain of her sphincter is intense. She slurps loudly as she frantically sucks his cock.

“Four minutes. Half inch.” She hums a light tune hoping that the vibrations of her vocal chords will stimulate his stem and excite him further. He begins to thrust into her mouth and she meets each thrust head-on, relaxing her throat as he plunges and withdraws.

“Five minutes. Half inch.” The pain is nearly paralyzing as he turns the screws to widen the anal horse spreader. Her concentration is interrupted repeatedly as he swings the leather strap across her wide-open backside. She continues sucking this vile cock with even greater enthusiasm.

“Six minutes. Half inch.” Khan shifts to all four legs and straddles her head with his cock still buried in her throat. He pumps her mouth in earnest, jack-hammering with incredible speed and force. His knot bangs against her chin and lips as he tries to wedge it in her mouth. Her jaws ache from the expanding cock, her anal cavity burns from being outrageously stretched, and her butt cheeks sting from the leather slapper.

“Seven minutes. Half inch.” A loud scream bursts from her throat. Both the anal spreader and the dogs pounding into her throat are sending pain throughout her body. The dog is thrusting so fast and hard that she is near the edge of the mattress. Fear grips her as Khan nearly succeeds in slamming his knot into her mouth, then her jaw pops and her face goes numb.

The cycle continues. Master swings the leather clapper and lands hard blows across her backside pausing only to tighten the screw on the anal spreader another half inch every minute. Khan thrusts violently into her mouth and down her throat with his knot just outside her lips.

A near perfect storm brews inside her. Pain from the leather striking her butt cheeks burns into her flesh, her sphincter tears with each expansion, her jaw feels dislocated from Khan’s pounding, and her breasts ache and feel bloated and far heavier than even a few hours ago.

Finally, an immensely powerful spray initially lubes her throat then chokes her because she cannot swallow the massive volume of dog cum filling her mouth. She coughs and sputters but the dog does not attempt to dislodge his cock from her mouth.

She thrusts her head side to side to extricate his manhood from her mouth, but the animal is persistent and holds steady for several long torturous minutes before reclaiming his cock.

Her lips, tongue, and throat are swollen and dotted with tinges of blue bruises from Khan's enthusiastic thrusts. Her jaw is sore, breathing labored, heart racing, cunt dripping, and ass in real pain as her Master removes the anal spreader and restraints leaving her in a huddle on the edge of the mattress.

The doctor orders her back to the gyno chair where he straps her down for an examination. He sprays a soothing gel and coats the inside of her mouth and throat. Relief is immediate and eases the pain from the damage caused by Khan's cock.

"I think after maybe half an hour rest, she will be ready to continue. I'm going to give her an injection to reduce swelling, another to increase her sensitivity, and finally, a second injection of the hormone blend to keep her aroused and speed her milk production."

Her brain feels frozen, unable to process neither what the two men are talking about nor what they have planned. She is beyond exhaustion and her coping mechanisms no longer exist.

The milking machine is wheeled over to her chair. The suction cylinders suck half her tit inside and the tug and pull begins. After thirty minutes, the tip of each breast is the perfect shape of a bell tipped with an engorged rock-hard nipple that throbs and secretes drops of thin milky fluid.

The Master is impressed with her resilience; she was obviously spawned from hearty stock. It does not seem to matter how much he dominates and humiliates her, the more brutal he is, she responds with her own unspoken needs. She seems to take his blows in stride, even welcoming more pain when most slaves would be shattered by what she has endured thus far. Instead, she is more aroused as if her pain is earned and reflected in her magnificent erotic surrender to her own previously neglected desires.

There is an animal inside her, one that seeks primal release through her submission to him. Likewise, she has awakened the wild and reckless animal in him giving him a heady feeling of raw power, raw fucking power over her. Unfortunately, that power brings out the worst in him, freeing his dark side to prevail.

He wants to fuck her, fuck her so hard it makes his cock throb to think about what he wants to do to her. Even asleep, makeup smeared, dried dog cum on her chin and chest, she is a beautiful creature. A wild tingling sensation runs through his veins, an electric current that feeds directly to his cock. She is indeed, a temptress and he is vulnerable to her feminine wiles.

There is a certain calmness about her as she wakes from her thirty-minute nap, almost like all is well with the world, her world that is. Her eye lids flutter as the doctor's injection takes effect. But reality sets in, and sets in hard. Unable to move, her mind becomes paralyzed with fear of the unknown ... unknown to her at least. But along with fear, is anticipation, hope, her mind reaching for a safe place where she can hide the meager remains of her life before she opened her hotel room to this sadistic man.

Her limbs fight for freedom and her brain floods with messages of impending doom, each felt with a horrible clarity as her future flashes before her. But she cannot move, the straps hold her firmly to the gyno chair. Her bones creak, muscles ache, yet she is fully aroused and engaged in a mental struggle with her addiction to cock and the pleasure a hard cock provides. Searing heat runs through her veins, blood fills every organ in her body, and her sex drips fresh juices signifying her need for sexual satisfaction.

The two men prepare her for the event, her body yields to them as they bathe and dry her hair, and dress her. She is careful to apply her makeup thick and dark, very slutty but not detracting from her

beauty, actually, just the opposite.

She is even more beautiful than when he first took possession of her less than a week ago. The gold strands woven into her strawberry hair shimmer and create a halo around her face. The dark brown eyeliner and thick mascara enhance her jade green eyes, making them clearer, brighter and more oval shaped. The crimson red lipstick covering her luscious lips screams “fuck me” to anyone who sees her captivating smile.

They drive for over an hour with her fastened securely in the back of the van. Her neck has a three-inch wide collar with four D-rings, two rings are chained to the sides of the interior and hold her firmly upright. She struggles to maintain her balance as the van navigates twisty windy roads. Bumps sprout up on her flesh as the cool evening breeze from the opened front windows caress her nearly naked body.

The corset was laced tightly by the doctor and compresses her chest making it difficult to completely fill her lungs with oxygen. As uncomfortable as the corset is, it does help support the weight of her tits. They are fully engorged with constant droplets of the thin milky mixture escaping.

The two men lift her from the van, each holding the chain on either side of her neck and pulling her behind and between them as they enter the large facility. The arena is brightly lit and alive with activities. Various scents of foods and spices assault her nostrils and remind her how hungry she is. The men hold her head firmly locked to limit her vision to the back of their heads.

Men of all ages, and women too, notice the petite red head as she is towed behind the two men into the Buyers Preview arena. Large animals of all types fill the stalls and kneeling next to each is a naked slave, silently waiting.

Animals react strongly as she passes. Her pheromones heavily influence the behavior of the studs as they inhale her scent and then whine and stomp in anticipation of mating.

She is frightened, no, it is terror that threatens to suffocate her but not enough to drown out the screaming in her head for a fix. Her intoxication to cocks simmers and blossoms as they parade through the narrow walkways until she is finally pulled into a stall with a magnificent white stallion.

He is a proud and stately animal, tall, high-spirited, and boldly seeks out the alluring female who just entered his space. The horse nuzzles between her thighs, drinking her scent and feasting on the liquid womanhood coating her thighs.

They begin a dance, a mating dance, whereas he seeks her out and she toys with his advances, teasing him, luring him into her feminine web where the promise of pleasure for both will be fulfilled. She skirts the walls of the stall, the horse following her every move, nudging her into a corner where he can molest her.

His teeth gently nip at her butt cheeks, his head and shoulders force her down on all fours. He turns full circle until the sheath protecting his cock is just in front of her lips. Her warm breath alone excites the stud and his cock begins to extend and expand. Her desperation is clearly evident as she hungrily laps at this mammoth cock slapping against her face.

Her lips seem to part of their own volition but not nearly enough to fit the tip of his manhood. Now a three-foot long by six inches around, the extension of the horse’s body bobs and bounces in expectation. The sheer weight is beyond defining and she knows it will never fit inside her body anywhere, but she wants it, needs it, and is determined to do whatever is needed to fuck that cock for her pleasure.

Remembering her earlier instruction, she pokes her tongue out and licks the cock as it moves in front of her face. Reaching and finally able to grasp it, she eagerly licks the full length of it, starting at the tip and licking to the base, then gently sucking his heavily hung balls and rolling them between her lips.

The dance continues as the horse snuggles her neck and nips at her breasts. He stomps his hoofs and thrusts his hips forward into her face, but still, his cock is not buried inside a warm hole. He neighs and whines in frustration, his need to mate taking precedence, his pursuit for a welcoming cunt is relentless.

Crawling under his belly, she lifts the cock to her lips and licks the tip like a popsicle, slowly, sensuously, but the stud is too excited and his need to thrust inside any warm moist opening becomes an obsession. Stretching her jaw to the maximum, she is able to fit the very tip, the crown of his cock into her mouth but sucking is impossible, he will not hold still.

She embeds her tongue inside the crevice urging him onward to a journey of mutual ecstasy. Her tongue is fully buried inside his cock and as she fucks his slit, she also blocks his pre-cum from releasing. Fluid builds in the massive cock making the animal reckless as he attempts to extricate his cock but she holds her tongue buried at least two inches inside the massive stem.

The pressure of his release makes the animal thrust more violently yet she continues to keep her tongue wedged inside his cock. She clutches his stem with both hands and forces her tongue deeper. With his fluids held hostage by this vixen's tongue, his frustration mounts and the pressure of his eruption becomes unmanageable.

His cock shudders, yet she tortures the stud, fully blocking his explosion of sperm. The animal thrusts violently but cannot shake her resolve to torment him. His heavy balls slap against her chin and rest on her chest exciting the horse even more.

The mating dance continues her seemingly in control of his manhood. But the animal's primal instinct takes over. He lunges and raises up on his hind legs, resting his forelegs on the rungs of the gate. The sudden repositioning of his body slams her into the metal stall gate where she loses her balance frees his manhood from her mouth.

Fluids fly from his cock with the force of a fire hose showering her and his stall, and projecting into the narrow walkways outside the gate. A crowd had gathered to watch the mating dance between the whore and the horse and they too are sprayed with his cum.

But she is left unsatisfied and desperate. In frustration, she grasps the softening cock and bends over to slip it into her cunt. Still too large for her opening but she no longer cares about being stretched and torn open. She needs penetration and attacks the horse's cock, tugging and pulling it as she attempts to fit it inside her broiling cunt. Even soft, the cock will not fit so she wedges her body so that the cock is a rigid pole and she fucks the entire length of his stem, sliding her cunt back and forth.

Short panting breaths flair from her nostrils, drool runs down her chin and coats her chest, and her feminine juices soak her thighs. The friction builds, her clit swells, her eyes turn glassy and unresponsive as her long-awaited orgasm takes flight.

The room spins. Her legs give out. Yet she maintains her death grip on the animals cock. She screams, a long pitiful wail as her pleasure shakes her core and her womanly juices spray almost as far as the stud's sperm when he was finally able to unlock her tongue from his slit.

The large crowd outside the stall applauds the spectacle of the woman and animal. She slips to the floor and curls into fetal position, drained from her orgasmic adventure. She is unsure if she will ever recover from that orgasm. It blew through her like a tornado blows through anything in its path, leaving destruction, her mental destruction as it finally dawns on her that she is nothing but a horse fucker.

Nearly falling asleep at the hooves of the white stallion, she is jarred by a violent surge of electricity firing into her butt cheeks. Her body rolls and shakes like an epileptic seizure, drool runs out the side of her swollen lips, her eyes roll back into her head, and she screams, a scream borne of unspoken pain that is now her world.

A world where her existence is either pain or pleasure driven, nothing in between, no mid-point where all is right with the world even for a single moment in time. No, her world is one of extremes, extreme pain, extreme pleasure, both equally debilitating and yet in some aspects, equally rejuvenating.

Her Master jabs the cattle prod into her left breast. She is now absolutely positive that this sadist is going to end her life. End it before she has even begun to fully live it.

As the fog clears, she hears her Master speaking to her, but his voice has a terrible echo quality and the background noise from surrounding activities seems especially loud. Finally able to discern his words, she sucks in a deep breath of air, exhales slowly, and moves towards the stallion.

She positions her body to his side, angling her head so that it is cock-level. Semi-hard, she brings the tip to her lips and begins an erotic tongue dance with this amazing cock. Racing around and around the tip, her tongue swoops inside his pee slit and continues to spin circles while pressing deeper. Slurping, she closes her lips around the tip, creates a vacuum, and sucks his horse cock like you would a straw, pulling his pre-cum up the long stem then blocking its escape with her tongue.

The animal rears upward, standing straight up on his hind legs and planting his fore legs on the metal stall gate with a heavy thud. He wields his cock like a knight wields his spear, piercing the air in search of a cunt to fuck. She bends the massive cock and pulls it to the side just under his belly. Licking the tip again, she lavishly coats it with a mixture of her spit and his jetting pre-cum.

He thrusts forward even though she is kneeling beside him, hard and fast lunges as he fucks air. Carefully, she crawls underneath him, arches her back until her body molds against his chest and presents her cunt to his floundering cock.

In only a few seconds, his cock finds her leaky cunt and pushes forward to penetrate her, but he misses. On the second attempt he nearly slips inside her gaping ass hole but she lurches upward quickly enough to avoid being impaled by his long stem.

Rearing up on his hind legs, he again screams in frustration at not being able to penetrate her. Unwilling to give up, the horse repositions and dips lower until his cock is perfectly placed to violate her cunt. He thrusts forward with such force that he not only penetrates and tears her cunt apart, but also throws her into the metal fence where her head is now stuck between two rungs.

Spectators laugh at her misfortune, she in turn yells for help as the stallion pummels her cunt, bruising her cervix, and splitting her body in half. This animal was born to fuck. Only the first six inches of his three-foot cock fits in her cunt, but oh what a glorious six inches.

The slit at the tip of his cock dilates and her cervix slides inside the mammoth pee hole. The connection is intense at first for both of them, him because his stem is blocked by the spongy

opening to her uterus, her because his slit squeezes her cervix and tugs and pulls it with every thrust.

He fucks her cervix like a madman. Her hips sway and push onto the cock as heat in her belly builds. The horse backs away but her cunt closes tightly around his cock and refuses to let it escape. He is wild with lust and trapped juices swell in the stem.

Her cervix acts like a rock blocking the volcanic explosion from release and driving the horse wild. He nips at her neck, slobbers in her hair, his teeth bared, all the while thrusting harder and faster, banging her shoulders into the metal gate and lifting her lower body up off the floor.

A thin stream of breast milk squirts from her tits onto the barn floor, horse juices and her own seep from her stuffed cunt and run down her legs. Neither animal nor horse-fucker can stop the inevitable; their joint orgasms collide like two freight trains in a head-on collision. Both are screeching at top volume. Both are dancing the dance of orgasmic bliss. Neither is aware of the large group watching this extraordinary fuck-fest.

Her cervix dilates enough to channel his semen directly into her womb. Her belly extends like a large enema only it is horse cum filling her womb.

After several long orgasmic minutes, both horse and horse-fucker break apart, her stuck to the gate, him moving to the back of his stall to recover as the audience enthusiastically applauds and cheers the unholy mating.

The men closest to the gate help free the horse-fucker's neck. Then the cattle prod to her butt cheeks and she is back working the stallions cock.

After two hours, the horse cums four times, and the horse-fucker is carried from the stall and secured in the back of the van for the long drive back to his dungeon.

The End