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Breeding Brooke #2

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By Crimson Rose

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Brooke entered Mr. Grant's office wondering what he wanted. The last time she was called in it was to inform her that she would be taking over one of the agency's most notorious shoots until the normal photographer returned in three weeks. That was a week ago and in those seven days she had been screwed every way imaginable by Marcus and his gang of black men as they took her from once mild photographer to kinky porn star. It was not what she wanted out of life, but considering this was all her husband's doing, she decided to go along with it if only to teach him a lesson.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Grant?"

"I do. I've got some good news and some bad news. Which would you like to hear first?"

"The bad I suppose."

"Well, the bad news is Kelly is due to return today so you will no longer be working with Marcus and his men."

"I thought she had two more weeks on her current assignment, sir?"

"She did, but a nasty case of food poisoning on the model's part cut it short. She will be here in an hour to pick up where you left off."

"And the good news?" Brooke asked, feeling a little disappointed. She had grown to enjoy her daily gang bangs at the office and reveled in telling her husband every detail as he sat in the corner and masturbated.

"The good news we've picked up another kinky client and when she told me what she were looking for I immediately thought of you. Her name is Simone and you'll find her in studio four. I also took the liberty of modifying your contract to include kinky shoots at the normal pay for such. You'll find the amended documents in your office. Please read and sign them before the end of the day."

“Yes sir,” Brook smiled. It seemed her fun had not run out after all. “So, is this another of my husband’s ideas?”

“Nope, this one was all mine. I’ve decided to take this company in another direction. We’ll be taking on more and kinky clients in the future so I hope you’re ready for it.”

“I think I can handle just about anything, sir. So, what kind of shoot does this Simone want and will I be involved in it like with Marcus?”

“I think it’s best if you talk to her about the shoot, and yes, you will most definitely be involved. I’m afraid your days as a kinky porn star are only beginning.”

“Just like I always dreamed,” Brooke replied sarcastically. Though in reality she had come to enjoy her time getting gang banged by Marcus and his men and the thought of millions of people watching began turning her on more and more. “I suppose I should go meet my new client and see what she wants of me.”

“Have fun.”

Brooke left her boss’s office and headed straight for studio four where she found a tall, attractive brunette wearing a form-fitting dress pacing back and forth. “Hello, you must be Simone. I’m Brooke,” she said offering the woman her hand.

“Nice to meet you Brooke. Did Mr. Grant tell you what this shoot would entail?”

“He did not. He said it would be better if I talked to you about it.”

“Well, to clear the air so there are no misconceptions, I’m a lesbian Dominatrix and during our shoots together I am going to train you to be my submissive.”

“I see. I suppose it doesn’t matter that I am not into women, or bdsm.”

“Not really. You’ll get into with time and enjoy our shoots, or you won’t. Either way is fine by me. Before we get to it there are a few rules you must know and abide by at all times. First, since I am training you to be my submissive you will call me Mistress at all times in or out of the studio. Is that understood?”

“Um, yes Mistress.”

“Good. Because rule number two is if you fail to call me Mistress you will be punished. The first offense is ten swats of the cane, the second is twenty swats of the cane, the third is fifty swats of the cane and anything after that is one hundred swats of the cane. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Brooke gulped.

“Rule three, you will do as I command without hesitation or complaint even if it’s something you do not like and you will do it with a smile or be punished in the same manner I’ve already described. Understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Mr. Grant informed me that you were doing a shoot with a group of black men that were breeding you. Is that correct?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And you wanted them to breed you? To put a baby in you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good, because I want the same thing for you and I’ve got a group of ten men for the job.”

“I thought you were a lesbian, Mistress?”

“I am, but you obviously like the dick and want to be bred like a cow so I’m only giving you what you want.”

“So have you ever been with a man before?”

“No. I don’t even use sex toys. Now, the men will be at your house tonight and every night until you are confirmed pregnant. I was also informed that your husband knows about your breeding fetish so he won’t be a problem will he?”

“No Mistress, he won’t be a problem at all. All of this was his idea. Or rather the shoot with Marcus and his men was. He apparently doesn’t know about you yet.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll know of me soon enough. Now, are you ready for your first shoot?”

“No Mistress, I’m not ready for this at all, but I’ll do it anyways.”

“Good. I have a short plot outline for you here. Read it and if you have any questions ask. And when you’re done you may strip naked, set up the cameras and do as it instructs.”

“Yes Mistress,” Brooke said taking the piece of paper. It was short and to the point – bullet-pointing everything from what was going to happen to the use of the safewords red, yellow and green. Once she had it committed to memory, she set the paper on a nearby table, set up the cameras so that they pointed to Mistress Simone who was now sitting on a couch in a mocked-up living room and then stripped out of her clothes.

Crawling across the living room floor, Brook lowered her head and kissed her Mistress’s booted feet, working her way up until her lips touched flesh. Taking a deep breath, she kissed higher, parting her Mistress’s legs as she embarked on a whole new realm of sex. When she reached Simone’s panty-covered pussy she stopped and sat back – resting her ass on the heels of her feet.

“Good girl,” Simone purred. “Do you want to lick my pussy?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Simone slowly raised the hem of her tight dress up over her hips and continued going until her bare, firm breasts were visible and then the garment was off over her head. She dropped it onto the floor and looked down with a smile as Brook picked it up, folded it and placed it over the back of a chair before returning to kneel in front of her. Brook then reached up and pulled her Mistress’s panties off and did the same with them. When she returned this time, Mistress Simone was sitting back on the couch with her legs partially spread open wearing only the thigh-high latex boots.

Brook kissed her way back up the boots and when she reached Simone’s bare pussy she did not stop to even breathe, let alone think about what she was doing. Parts of her brain began debating the morality of what she was doing. While one part said it was wrong to have sex with someone of the same sex, another asked if it was any worse than letting a group of black men breed you, or to cheat on

your husband – him knowing and agreeing to it notwithstanding. Meanwhile, Brooke licked along Simone's moist slit and lapped up the juices. It was an odd, not unpleasant taste and she found herself licking deeper, more enthusiastically.

"M-May this slut f-finger your pussy Mistress?"

"You may. But remember to keep it to three fingers or less or I'll punish you."

"Y-Yes Mistress." Brooke knew that this was where she was being set up according to the plot she read. Concentrating on her Mistress's clit, she inserted three fingers and began working them in and out as deep as they could go. Simone's juices began to flow even more and Brooke gulped down every sweet drop. After several minutes, she bunched her fingers together, placed her thumb in the palm of her hand and began pushing them in and out harder and faster.

"Uhng," Mistress Simone grunted. "W-What are you...uhn...uhn...doing? I t-told you n-no more than three fingers you stupid cow!"

But Brook did not stop or even slow down as she continued to shove her fingers harder and deeper in and out of her Mistress's clenching pussy until she was in to the knuckle ridge. She knew she was setting herself up for punishment, but at this point she no longer cared. The pussy juices filling her mouth and Mistress Simone's bucking hips told her that she was doing something right and with one forceful push, her entire hand disappeared.

"Uuhhnnn!" Simone moaned as Brooke's hand penetrated her. "Y-You d-disobedient c-cow! Get your f-fist out of me! Y-You're the...uhn...uhn...oh my fucking god!" she purred as Brooke steadily worked her hand in and out. "You're the stretched out slut, n-not me!"

"I'm sorry Mistress, but you're stretched open now," Brook apologized.

"You cheeky little slut! You'll pay f-for this humiliation!"

"Yes Mistress," Brooke replied, leaning in to lick Simone's clit as she pulled her hand completely out and rammed it back in hard. This went on for a good fifteen minutes and four powerful orgasms before Simone had enough and made Brooke remove her hand.

"You disobeyed a direct order, slut. What do you have to say for yourself?"

“I’m sorry Mistress, I couldn’t help it. But you can’t tell me you didn’t like it. You had such powerful orgasms.”

“That’s beside the point. You obviously haven’t learned your place so I’ll have to put you in it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Crawl to the Saint Andrews and prepare for your punishment.”

“Yes Mistress. Um, what is the Saint Andrews?”

“The piece of equipment that looks like a large X. Prepare yourself slut because I’m going to give you a lesson you’ll never forget.”

“Y-Yes Mistress,” Brooke said as she stood up and placed her hands and feet at the corners of the metal X. Mistress Simone Strapped her in place and then left the room. When she returned it was with a group of ten black men who immediately began to undress as Mistress Simone grabbed a cane from a shelf.

“You’ve been an incredibly disobedient cow despite bringing me to so many orgasms. For lying to me when you said you understood the rules you’ll receive ten swats of the cane. And for fisting me after I repeatedly told you to stop you’ll get another twenty for the first infraction, fifty for the third, and a hundred for each one after that. By my best reckoning that comes to two hundred and eighty swats. Since I can’t give you that many on the ass in one go I’ll instead cane you’re entire body from the shoulders down.”

“OH MY GOD! Y-You can’t be serious!”

“Three hundred and eighty. You just forgot to call me Mistress. And yes, I am very serious. And while I’m caning you, these men are going to use you. Understood, cow?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

THWACK! The first swat landed across the back of Brooke’s thighs causing her to pull against the bonds holding her in place. “Aahhgghhh! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow! Fucking hell that hurt!”

“Hence the reason it’s called a punishment.”

THWACK! The second swat landed as one of the men stepped up, aimed his

cock and began to piss all over Brooke's legs. Aiming higher, he managed to cover her breasts and smiled as it trickled down her body. THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! Another man stepped up and took his turn pissing on her as Mistress Simone continued to deliver the swats.

Brooke was covered in pee and her ass and legs ached from the swats, but that did not slow the men or Simone's treatment of her. She tried to keep a brave face and not cry, but after fifteen swats it was more than she could take and she cried her eyes out, sobbing harder after each swat.

Thirty swats in and Mistress Simone landed the first across Brooke's breasts and by fifty she was wearing wicked red welts down her belly as well. But a sudden turn of events after the sixty-sevenths swat gave Brooke the break she so desperately craved. Three of the men walked over to Simone. One of them grabbed the cane from her and dropped it onto the floor.

"W-What in the hell do you think you're doing?" Simone asked. "Get back to pissing on the disobedient cow as you were paid to do!"

"I think she deserves a break," one of the men responded. "And while she get it we're going to fuck your brains out."

"Like hell you will!"

One of the men forced Simone to her hands and knees while a second stepped behind her and shoved his hard cock into her pussy – unaware that his was the first to ever do so. "Change of plans, slut. You've cock teased us for the last time! Now be a good little slut and suck his cock!"

"Uhn...uhn...aaahhhh god! G-Get off of me y-you f-fucking idiot!"

"Not until I empty my load!"

"You son of a bitch! I'm a lesbian! Get your god damn dick out of me!" She was gagged into mumbling as the man standing in front of her shoved his dick into her mouth.

"We know you're a lesbian," the man slamming into her pussy said "but when we're done you'll be begging for big black cock like that slut!" he added, motioning with his head in Brooke's direction. "Now, be a good fucktoy and

start fucking me back!” THWACK! His hand came down hard against her ass causing her to lurch forward and take the cock deeper down her throat which in turn caused her to jerk back onto the cock in her pussy. Another hard slap had the same result and after six she was rocking her hips onto the trusting cock of her own accord. Not out of any sense of pleasure, but to avoid being spanked again.

Two of the men released Brooke from the Saint Andrews and helped her to the floor. “Oh god, t-thank you,” she groaned.

“Don’t thank me yet. Open up, I’ve got to piss. And after we’ve used you two whores you’re going back onto the Saint Andrews to finish your punishment.”

Brooke thought momentarily of using the safeword to make it all stop, but she was about to get what she wanted and a small part feared she would lose her job if she walked away. Opening her mouth, she closed her eyes and waited for it to fill with pee. When it did she spit it out and let it fill again – the bitter liquid stinging as it trickled down her welt-covered breasts and belly.

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After nearly two hours and six cocks, Simone was fucking herself on them with gusto – her pussy clenching each and every one that penetrated her until it spewed forth its baby-making seed into her womb. “Uhn...uhn...uuhhnnn! F-Fuck me! Ram your cock in me you don of a bitch! Breed me like a motherfucking cow!” she moaned as she neared the plateau of another orgasm – the humiliation of being taken by men a thing of the past. In the meantime, Brooke knelt on the floor and let the men use her as a urinal between acting like a fluffer to keep the men hard for Mistress Simone.

After nearly four hours, the men were finally spent and Simone was so full of semen it was leaking out of her like a faucet left to drip. “Mmmm, my god, I never imagined dick would feel like that!” she moaned. “Now leave me be as I finish punishing my submissive.”

“Actually, we have other plans,” one of the men smirked as he helped Simone to her feet. Taking her by the arm, he led her to one of the Saint Andrews and held her while two others strapped her in place while two more placed Brooke on another.

“You can stop whatever it is you’re thinking of doing to me right now!”

“I think you would have learned your lesson that you’re no longer in charge here. At least not while we’re here. We’re going to finish punishing your slut and you at the same time. And then we’re going to give you something to remember us by.”

“What are you going to do to me?” Mistress Simone demanded to know.

“You’ll see soon enough you cock teasing cunt.” All ten men picked up canes, floggers, paddles and crops and surrounded the two bound women. Arms drew back and flung forward and the room was filled with wails of agony. No mercy was given as back, legs, breasts, ass, pussy, and arms were struck hard and repeatedly until there was no place below the neck left untouched. Brooke passed out after two hundred and twelve swats and then again at three hundred and twenty. Simone followed suit – passing out three times before the ordeal was over.

Too weak to speak and out of tears, the two women could only groan softly as the men pushed needles through their nipples and then placed rings in the holes. And then, on the left side of their necks, Simone and Brooke were tattooed with BBC SLAVE.

“Change of plans, sluts. While Simone here is training you to be her submissive, we’ll be training her to be ours. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes M-Master,” Brooke and Simone replied meekly.

“We’ll also be using you as out breeding cows. We already know you want it,” he said to Brooke “but we want to hear you say it,” he said turning his attention to Simone.

“P-Please M-Master,” Simone groaned “U-Use me as your b-breeding cow. I want your b-babies.”

“Very well. Men, give them the last tattoo.”

Two men stepped up and began tattooing the right side of the bound women’s necks with Breeding Cow.

“There you have it, sluts. You’ve got one week to rest and recuperate before we start breeding you.”

After the men let Mistress Simone and Brooke down and helped them onto the bed they left them there to fend for themselves as their part in the shoot was over. “Oh god,” Mistress Simone groaned as the blankets pressed painfully against the countless welts and bruises forming all over her body.

“It hurts to even breathe,” Brooke sighed. “I can’t believe you let them fuck you like that, Mistress.”

“I can’t either. I’ve known them for years and they’ve never done anything like that before.”

“Well, you were teasing them, Mistress. So, are you going to let them breed you?”

“I don’t know.”

“You might as well, Mistress. After all, they did mark you as a breeding cow and BBC slave. And you can’t deny that you loved taking their big black cocks in every hole. I saw the way you fucked back on them and counted at least half a dozen orgasm.”

“No, I will not deny it. By the way, they marked you in the same manner. I’ve never been used like that in my life. I’m supposed to be the dominant one and they used me like a common whore!”

“And you loved it, Mistress. Maybe not the punishment – you’d have to be a serious masochist to like that, but you enjoyed them taking you, making you submit to their cocks. Admit it, like me, you’re a slave to black cock.”

“I admit no such thing, but I’ll see you in a week to continue our...ahem...your training.”

“No, I think you had it right the first time, Mistress. If you allow it they will train and breed you. Speaking of which, are any of the men bisexual? The only sex my husband is permitted is with those men that come to fuck me.”

“Oh? So he does not have sex with you?”

“No Mistress. I will not let him fuck me until I’m pregnant with another man’s baby. He got this ball rolling and I’m running away with it.”

“I believe six of them are bisexual. If that’s not enough for him then I know a few more I can call. What about women?”

“No Mistress, he’s only allowed to have sex with other men until I’m with child. And possibly beyond that depending on how I feel. So, how long will it take for the marks to heal?”

“The minor ones will be gone in hours while it may take a few days for the worst of them and the bruises to heal. The tattoos should be healed in a week or two and the piercings can take a few months to heal all the way.”

“I can’t believe they pierced and tattooed us like that, Mistress. And in a place everyone can see, no less.”

“Yeah, I’ll probably be having mine removed. The tattoos, that is. I don’t mind the nipple rings so much.”

“Yes Mistress. I don’t think I’d mind the tattoos if they were somewhere less visible. After all, I am a breeding cow and a slave to black cock. I might have them removed and then redone elsewhere on my body.”

“Why didn’t you say the safeword to stop the scene before it happened?”

“Because I agreed to do the shoot and I don’t back out of a deal. The better question, Mistress, is why didn’t you? You are allowed to use the safewords too, right?”

“I am. And I asked myself why I was permitting it to go on after every swat. The truth is, I honestly don’t know why I let it go on.”

“Maybe deep down you get off being forced to submit, Mistress. You certainly seemed to like the cock well enough.”

“Not at first, but yeah, after a few of them took me I really started to enjoy it.”

“And you’ll continue letting them use you for their own pleasures won’t you, Mistress?”

“Probably. I never imagined the day I would say it, but I loved the way their big black cocks stretched me open.”

“No shame in that, Mistress. What about fisting? I could feel by how tight you were that that was the first time you ever took a fist. Am I right?”

“Yes, that was my first time, but like the men it probably won’t be my last.”

“Be lucky they didn’t fist you, Mistress. When I was doing the shoot with Marcus and his men they all repeatedly fisted my pussy and ass. And oh my god, wait until they shove two cocks in the same hole at once. That is something divine, Mistress!”

“I’m sure it’ll happen sooner than later. This is a side of the men I have seen many times before, but the first time they ever broke the rule concerning me. I know I should be pissed off at them, but my god their dicks felt amazing!”

“I know, Mistress. And might I add that you’re pussy is pretty damn amazing as well. It was the first, but definitely not the last one I’ll lick. I guess we’ve both been converted today.”

“It would seem so,” Mistress Simone said as she gently lay back on the bed. “I think I’ll need a few hours rest before I’m able to drive home. Do you think Mr. Grant will mind me laying here for a while?”

“I don’t think he’ll mind, Mistress. After all, we’ve just made him a ton of money with the sale of the DVD’s alone. In fact, I think I’ll join you if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all, slut...not at all.”

“What do you think they’ll do to us tonight?” Dave asked, his voice full of excitement.

“Probably fuck our brains out, Brooke replied. “Remember, Mistress Simone and I are off limits.”

“Yeah, I know. The only sex I’m allowed to have is with the men.”

“Don’t pretend you don’t like it.”

“I do like it, but I’d also like to fuck my wife again.”

“After I’m knocked up with one of their babies you can.”

“Ah come on, let me fuck you tonight and I won’t ask again until you’re pregnant.”

“Not going to happen. You wanted me to get knocked up by another man so that’s what I’m going to do. You wanted a total slut for a wife and thanks to Marcus and Mistress Simone I think I’m well on my way. Now take off your clothes so we can give our guests a proper greeting when they get here.”

It had been a full week since Brook was beaten and used by Mistress Simone and her men and while the majority of the marks were gone, a few lingering bruises remained here and there. The tattoos on either side of her neck had scabbed over and healed, but while the nipple piercings no longer hurt, they would require many more weeks. Like her husband, she wondered what Mistress Simone and her gang had in store for them. She knew it would involve more pussy-licking submission, but hoped like hell they left the canes at home.

The first knock came a few minutes to eight and Dave answered the door naked, greeted and let in Mistress Simone. “Come on in. You must be Mistress Simone, I’m Dave,” he said before dropping to all fours and crawling to kneel in front of the couch like a puppy.

“You didn’t tell me you trained your husband,” Simone said to Brooke.

“I didn’t, Mistress. Not really anyways. I only gave him a few things he had to do to keep me happy while the black men bred me and so far he’s complying with my wishes.”

“How is your sex toy collection?”

“I have a few dildos, plugs and vibes, Mistress. So you want me to get them?”

“Not necessary. I’ve instructed the men to bring a few things to make the party more interesting. While we wait for them why don’t you come over here and lick my pussy?” she said to Brooke who was more than happy to oblige. Dave, meanwhile, jerked off to seeing his wife with another woman for the first time.

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What Mistress Simone really meant by more interesting was, in fact, things that would make the party even kinkier. The men arrived half an hour later carrying in machines, furniture and boxes of toys enough to open a small shop. Once everything was set up, their living room was transformed into a makeshift dungeon and the men stripped out of their clothes.

“If anyone want’s their cock sucked raise your hand,” Dave said as he took in all of the glorious black cocks hanging free. He was practically drooling in anticipation.

“You can start with me,” said a lanky, bald-headed man named George. “Get it nice and wet because once it’s hard, it’s going in your tight white ass.”

“Yes Sir,” Dave smiled as he crawled across the living room. Ever since his wife started bringing Marcus and his gang home a week ago he’d come to love sucking dick and taking it up the ass, but what he really loved was a mouthful of semen which he savored like a rare treat. Cupping George’s balls in one hand and wrapping the other around his cock, he started with licking the bulbous head.

“What is all of this, Mistress?” Brooke asked.

“That, that, that and that are fucking machines,” Mistress Simone said pointing

to four vastly different devices. One looked like a box with two metal rods sticking out of it which one of the men attached dildos to, another looked like a saws-all with a dildo attached where the blade would normally be, the third was a glider with a dildo sticking up through the center and the last was a stockade with a motorized arm at the back.

“And this here is our portable Saint Andrews,” Mistress Simone said while pointing to several rubber-coated metal bars. “It’s designed to fit over any door and the rods sticking out ensure we’ll be able to use at least one side of you without damaging the door, or the need to haul around heavy equipment. Now, are you ready to submit, slut?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You’ll both be submitting to us tonight,” a man named Henry said as he walked up behind Mistress Simone, bent her over and shoved his cock hard up her ass.

“Aahhgghhh! Take it out you son of a bitch! You didn’t even use lube!”

“You forget who’s in charge here,” Henry said as he fucked her even harder. “You’ll have plenty of time to train a new slut, but tonight you all belong to us and we’re going to use you like the fucktoys you are! Now take Kyle’s cock in your pussy so that Will and I can plug your other holes!”

Mistress Simone did as she was told – straddling Kyle and lowering herself down onto his thick black cock until all nine inches were buried. Henry added enough lube to his cock so that it wouldn’t be rubbed raw and then pushed it back into her ass as Will fucked her mouth. Another man took Dave up the ass and three more filled Brooke’s holes.

When one man shot his load another took over until all ten men were thoroughly spent and Dave was relegated to licking his wife and Mistress Simone clean. When it came to sexual acts with women it was all he was permitted for the time being and he relished the moment. “What are you going to do to us now?” Brooke moaned as her husband’s tongue wiggled a little deeper into her pussy.

“We’re going to take a break while the machines fuck you,” replied Henry. “But before that we’re going to have a little more fun. I want all three of you to line up on all fours with your asses up and your heads down on the floor. If you move you’ll be caned a hundred times.” Once Mistress Simone, Brooke and Dave were

in position, Henry knelt behind Dave and began tattooing his left ass cheek.

“Ahgh!” Dave screeched as the needle pierced his ass a thousand times a minute.
“W-What are you d-doing!?”

“Tattooing your ass you sissy bitch. Now shut up and take it like a good little hoe. George, Sam why don’t you work on the other two so we get this phase of the party over with quicker.”

“You’re the boss,” George grinned, grabbing a tattoo gun from the bag. He poured some ink into tiny paper cups and moved in behind Brooke while Sam got into position behind Mistress Simone.

“Just so you submissive cunts know, you’ll be getting a few more piercings and other work once the party is over. In fact, once we’re done with you, there’ll be absolutely no doubt in anyone’s mind what you are. And as for you Mistress Simone, You’re dominating days are done. From now on you’ll serve us without question. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Master,” Simone replied.

“In fact, you’ll all serve us from now on. And to ensure that you’re as loyal as possible, we’re going to break your spirit and build you up from scratch into the perfect sex slaves. What do you have to say about that?”

“Will you continue to breed me and turn my husband into a cock-loving cuckold?” Brooke winced as George tattooed her ass.

“Absolutely. He’ll never fuck women again and you and Simone will be baby-making factories. I think you’ll both be able to give us at least ten before you get too used up. How does that sound, you worthless fucking cow?”

“Sounds perfect, Master,” Brooke answered.

“I don’t think I like where this is going,” Simone added. “I’m okay with you guys using me, but I don’t want to be a marked up breeding cow.”

“Then after the party you can go and never come back,” Henry replied. “But in the meantime we’re going to mark you up and use you like the fucking whores that you are. Now be still, we’ve got half a dozen more tattoos to get through and

we don't want to fuck them up because you insist on moving."

"Y-Yes M-Master," Simone replied. However, after Sam finished the first tattoo, she got up from the floor and quickly got dressed. "I'm sorry, but I can't do this. As much as I enjoy you guys using me I'm Dominant at heart and nothing you do is going to change that. Brooke, I'll see you next week for another session."

"I don't think so," Henry said. "This slut and her sissy husband belong to us now and if you want to continue training her then you'll have to let us train you. So either get your ass back here on the floor so Sam can finish the tattoos, or get out."

"I'm sorry Master," Brooke said looking back over her shoulder at Henry "but this is my house and I say who stays and who goes. And Mistress Simone is right, you guys have gone too far. Please get dressed and go. And don't bother coming back, we're through with you lot."

"Have it your way, bitch," Henry shrugged. "Come on guys, we've got other sluts to break."

To Brooke's surprise, the men got dressed and left without giving her much fuss. Deep down, she fully expected them to bind and use them whether they wanted it or not. When they were gone, Brooke turned to Mistress Simone and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry Mistress."

"Thank you, Brooke. It took a lot to stand up to them like that. Sorry you won't be bred like you want."

"Not necessarily, Mistress. I'm sure Marcus and his men will be more than happy to keep screwing babies in me if you're okay with me doing it with them."

"That is entirely up to you. What did he tattoo on my ass?" Simone asked, turning her ass towards Dave and Brooke.

"It says gang bang whore," Dave said. What about mine?"

"Cock-loving cuckold," his wife replied.

"He put gang bang whore on your ass as well," Simone said to Brooke. "I suppose it's true, but I'll probably have it removed with the others."

“I’m keeping it. I’ve decided to keep them all. Although the ones on my neck are getting removed and done elsewhere. Maybe I’ll start a list on my ass,” Brooke giggled.”

“Me too,” Dave smiled. “So, does this mean the party’s over?”

“Hell no,” Brooke replied. “We have all of these toys if Mistress wants to stay and use us.”

“I’d be more than happy on one condition. Your husband gets to fuck me.”

“I think I can live with that, Mistress.”

“Then Brooke, bend over the couch and Dave, you bend over the coffee table and I’ll show you the pleasures of being fucked by a machine.”

“Yes Mistress,” Dave and Brooke said at the same time.