
3D PERVERSION
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EULALIA'S
PUNISHMENT

Eulalia was a whore, but she was an upper class whore within the employ of her master, Jason Miranda. Well taken care of and well petted, Eulalia was clean, and she kept herself in good shape with plenty of exercise (including Kegels!). Eulalia was used to "escorting" the master's clients: well to do businessmen who needed a little extra coaxing to seal the deal, but her heart and her body belonged to her master. Eulalia was used to being pampered, doted upon, and fawned over. But things were about to change for Eulalia in a very unexpected, and a very unpleasant, way...

One day, Eulalia was summoned to her master's mansion, high in the well-manicured foothills of the richest and most luxurious estates around. The switchback drives up the hills in her master's limo gave Eulalia plenty of time to pet, prim, and preen herself with makeup and to fluff her hair to give it the most volume. Eulalila didn't see the master's driver, nor did she particularly care too much. If she had chosen to pay attention, Eulalia might have been worried by the limo driver's lascivious sneer and the way he looked at her through the rearview mirror... not at her pretty face but at her body. "That's right, whore... make yourself all nice and pretty for your master... he'll set you straight!"

Eulalia's heels clicked on the master's polished, hardwood floor... the way a real whore's heels click: loud, obnoxious, and demanding attention! She barely glanced at the expensive paintings or the expensive furniture around her. Such things were commonplace for her. Eulalia smiled and could feel herself grow wetter... and more confident... as she approached her master's chambers.

"I'm sure he just wants to fuck... after all, who could resist this body?" Eulialia thought to herself, smiling wickedly. She had to resist diving between her legs and fingering herself right then and there. "Jason loves me, after all... I know it! Sooner or later, I'll get my fair share of his toys..."



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Jason Miranda was a powerful man, and his bearing was confident and sure, even as he sat at leisure in his cash green chair. He smiled at Eulalia, but it was not a smile that Eulalia was expecting. With an idle wave of his hand, he said a simple word: "Kneel."

Eulalia looked back at her master, shocked. "K-kneel? B-but Jason..."

Her master leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees while he intertwined his fingers together in front of him. "You will address me as Master from now on. Now kneel, whore!"

Eulalia was even more shocked than before. Jason had never called her a whore... a common whore! Trembling at her master's command and brutal power, she did as she was told. Jason smiled, but it was not a smile that Eulalia was hoping for. It was a different smile, one that sent chills down her spine. "Better. Now spread those legs like the whore you are."

Eulalia did as she was told, revealing the soft, delicate folds of her labia. She hadn't worn any panties, and now the aromatic whiff of her silked up quiff became obvious. Jason clucked his tongue and shook his head. "I should've known you wouldn't wear panties. I bet you thought you were coming in to have a little fun, weren't you?" he asked. It was a rhetorical question by the tone of his voice. He already knew Eulalia better than she knew herself. Eulalia thought of denying it, but her bare pussy spoke more than a thousand words of denial ever could. She dropped her head in shame, her hands upturned as if she were begging for forgiveness. "You will come with me, but I don't want you on your feet. You haven't earned the privilege of walking like a human being any longer. Stay on your hands and knees."

Eulalia felt a shiver go through her... a shiver of uncertainty and fear. "What does he mean? He's asking me to act like a dog! Like a bitch! This... this can't be happening!" Eulalia thought to herself. She instantly wanted to rise in protest and give this man a piece of her mind. "You can't treat me like a bitch! I'm a human being, Jason, and I'm your girl! How DARE you?!" were the first thoughts that came. She looked up...

...and looked into his eyes. Eyes that brooked no dissent.

Instead of a cry of protest and anger, Eulalia just let out a strangled whimper as her outrage died under her master's withering gaze. He smiled, but it was not a gentle smile. "Come," her master said as he stood up.



The way a whore is presented makes a big difference. Without those confident, clicking heels announcing her arrival, Eulalia hardly seemed like the commanding and domineering female that had first walked through those doors. Instead, Eulalia crawled on the floor like a common dog, her soft hands and knees shuffling against the hardwood floor. Her knees quickly screamed in protest as she was forced to put her weight on them, and her palms grew chafed and sore after just crawling across the room. Eulalia tried her best to keep her manicured nails from getting damaged, and after a while, that was all she could focus on. She followed her master's well polished shoes and the pinstripe swish of his legs as he walked her out of the room and down the hallway.

Eulalia held back tears of shame and humiliation. "How could he do this to me? I shouldn't be doing this! I'm a human being! I don't deserve to be treated like this!" she thought to herself. Eulalia was almost on the verge of standing up and giving her master a piece of her mind, before she remembered the way in which he looked at her... just minutes ago. It was a gaze that threatened an even worse fate if she didn't play along...

...and to Eulalia's shame... she felt herself growing wetter than ever before! She could hear the sloppy kiss of her labia rubbing against her thighs, and she could feel her love juices trickling, ever so daintily, down her legs. Eulalia's face went beet red with humiliation. "I hope Jason doesn't see me... or smell me... or hear me! If he thinks I'm getting aroused from this, I'll never hear the end of it! He'll make me crawl on the ground like a bitch forever!"

In spite of Eulalia's anger at the thought, she could feel a flush grow inside her... a flush of arousal at the thought. "How can I be thinking these things? This isn't real! This can't be happening! I'm a human being! I don't like being treated like this!"

Eulalia was too busy trying to keep her perfectly manicured nails from getting chipped, too focused on her master's polished shoes and pinstripe pants, and suppressing her own carnal desires... to realize what was happening. They went down long hallways which curved ever and ever downward, until they came to a cold, hard, and unforgiving steel door. Eulalia was startled out of her reverie by the sound of the steel door screaming open. "Crawl inside, whore!" he said.

Eulalia complied, and the warmth fled out of her hands and knees as she went from polished, hardwood floors to unyielding, ice cold concrete.



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

Eulalia followed her master to the center of the room and only then did she hear him speak. "Come, you can stand now." But even as Eulalia did so, Jason pulled off Eulalia's dress with a sharp flick of his wrist, leaving Eulalia naked and exposed! Jason tossed aside the dress which fluttered elegantly to the corner, carrying with it all of Eulalia's dignity. Eulalia gasped at this cold and callous act. Never before had she been denuded so swiftly and efficiently... never before had she been treated as if her body, as if her soft, youthful, glowing skin or her tender, feminine curves, meant nothing...

"M-master..." was all Eulalia could say before Jason pulled on a collar so tight that Eulalia almost choked! "M-master!" she rasped out, her fingers instantly clawing at the hard, leather collar. "Stop!" Jason said, his voice firm. "Don't remove it. You are to wear that collar until I decide otherwise... understand?"

Eulalia dropped her trembling hands and swallowed hard, feeling nervous and unsure... a far cry from the confident woman she had been just mere minutes before. She felt the collar press back against her slender neck as she swallowed. "Y-yes..."

"Good. Now, you will learn a very important lesson while the whole world watches... do you understand?" Puzzled, Eulalia looked up and saw the red, unblinking glare of an active camera in the corner! Suddenly, Eulalia felt even more exposed than ever before, and her face flushed red with shame. She was used to being queen of the bedroom... but now... she was like a porn star on display! Eulalia had no idea who was watching her, and that thought made her nervous and scared... but it made her feel something more. Her face flushed red with rage as fury welled up inside her... How DARE he treat her like this? Wasn't she his girl? Eulalia was about to turn around and finally say her mind then and now until...

CLICK.

Her master pulled her slender wrists back and slapped on a new pair of shiny bracelets: handcuffs!



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Eulalia gasped in surprise and dismay, and she struggled against the handcuffs which bound her slender, delicate wrists behind her. "Wh-what? What are you doing?!" she asked, alarmed and dismayed. As Eulalia fought against the tough, steel bite of the handcuffs in a desperate attempt to get free, all she managed to do was make her glistening body and beautiful, bouncing breasts quiver and undulate in the harsh light. Her master smiled and took a handful of Eulalia's hair in one hand while his other hand dove between her legs! "What am I doing? Whatever I want!" he said, pulling back on Eulalia's hair. Eulalia gasped again, and her eyes trembled like pools of sunken emeralds as she felt her master finger her pussy. An unexpected shiver of pure, unadulterated pleasure ran through her, and Eulalia's breath quickened through her quivering lips. "What's happening to me?" Eulalia thought to herself, startled by this new sensation. Here she was, totally helpless and in her master's control... and she was horny as a rutting bitch!

It was only then that Eulalia realized she was frantically humping her master's hand! He hadn't even moved his fingers... it was her own perverted lusts which drove her!

Jason clucked his tongue and shook his head. "Now if only you'd behaved like that last night with my clients, you might not be in this mess."

The disappointment in his eyes stung worse than the unyielding bite of the handcuffs around her wrists. "I... I'm sorry..."

Her master smiled that chilling smile that sent shivers down Eulalia's body just minutes ago, upstairs in the warmth and light of the normal world above, in what seemed like a lifetime ago. His smile did not comfort Eulalia. "Not yet, you're not. But you will be."



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At that moment, her master reached up and pinched Eulalia's right nipple, HARD! Eulalia let out a shriek of pain. "OWWWWWW!!! OWWIE OWWIE OWWW!!!" she cried out, like the primped and pampered princess that she was. "That hurts!" she cried out, like an injured child.

Jason Miranda sneered. "Of course it does! You stupid cunt! Do you think I keep you around because you're pretty? Do you think I keep you because you have a tight pussy or a well toned body? No! I could get a dozen girls like you! A hundred! You're NOTHING! You're just meat! Pretty, stuck up bitches are a dime a dozen! I don't need another cunt with her nose in the air... I need a cunt who knows how to behave, how to slave, and how to serve!"

Her master grabbed a handful of Eulalia's hair again and shook her bobble head, and Eulalia cried out at the brutal violence of his actions. "You're here to serve my clients and make them happy... not get yourself off of their cocks! You had best get that through your thick head if you want to stay around here!" Jason's sneer deepened. "I can see you, standing there, and I can tell you're already getting off on this... you slut! Let's get one thing straight: you're here to serve me in any way, shape, and form I desire. If I want you to lick slit, you will do so because I wish it! If I want you to take cock up the ass, you'll do it because I wish it! If I want you to serve and service my cock and worship it, you'll do so! And why?"

Eulalia stared blankly at her master for a few moments before it dawned on her. "B-because you wish it?"

Her master smiled, perhaps the first approving smile he'd given her since she'd walked through the door that day. "Maybe you're not a dim witted ditz after all! Now how would a good girl worship her master's cock?"

Eulalia got down on her knees and bowed her head submissively.



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"Yes... just like that..." Jason said, nodding approvingly as his smile changed, from one of approval to one of... triumph. "I could tell before I even saw you that you had it in your head to try and manipulate me, to make me think with my cock instead of my head... but I know you better than you know yourself. Those whore's heels and that perfume smell... you were trying to play the coy and innocent little maid, but I know, deep down, that you're nothing more than a cum guzzling cunt!"

Eulalia heard something and then gasped when she saw not only that her master had stripped down to his shoes but that he was holding a cruel whip in front of him. A chill of fear went down her body. He must REALLY be mad with her if he was thinking of using that! Eulalia wanted to beg and plead with her master: "Please don't use the whip on me! Please don't ruin my skin, Jason!" but a part of her felt that it would be a bad idea to displease him further. Eulalia bit her lower lip and tried not to sob as her master continued talking.

"You see, bitch, I received some complaints from the client you serviced last night. You didn't do a good job at all. He felt like he was just another John getting his rocks off instead of a valued friend of mine. You acted like an ice queen to him, and that made him mad..." Eulalia could only kneel there submissively as she heard her master tick off the litany of her failures: "Even when he whipped you, you didn't give him what he wanted. When they all came in your face, you didn't smile or ask for more. You just cleaned yourself off like some stuck up cow who's too good for the party. And we can't have that..."

Her master took a few steps up to Eulalia.



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

Jason put the handle of the whip up against Eulalia's chin and lifted her gaze upwards. "We're going to begin your reeducation, Eulalia, and I want you to pay close attention, understand?" Eulalia's big, doe eyes shimmered as she looked up at him. "Yes master..."

"Good... a good start. Now I want you to beg for my cock. I want you to convince me that you want me. Start."

Eulalia swallowed her pride and looked up at her master with the biggest eyes and most sultry look she could manage. "Please master... please let me have your cock! I want to taste you... I want to taste your skin... I want to make you happy! Please let me have you! I'll make it good... I'll do what you want, and if I don't make you happy, punish me in any way you see fit! Just please... please let me taste you! I want you... I want you so, so much!" Even as she said this, Eulalia sidled up to her master's crotch like a desperate lover and smelled his cock as if it were the most fragrant rose imaginable. She put on the most enchanted face she could and made sure her tits bounced delightfully with each kneeling shuffle she took, trying to be as desirable and sexy as possible. Eulalia hoped that it would be enough to please her master. She hoped that it would be enough to get her out of this mess.

Jason smiled and nodded his head. "Good... a good start. But words are cheap. Show me how much you want me, Eulalia. Suck me off, and make it good... or else!"



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Even as Eulalia said the words, she felt a sense of acidic disgust rising up in her stomach. Even though it was her master... no her Jason, and if anyone deserved to have her pretty, perfect lips wrapped around his cock, it was him, she still felt not only sick but humiliated. How could he expect her to say such things? Even worse, he expected her to say that to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who walked into her bedroom! For him, maybe, but for anyone else? Forget about it!

There was still a prideful glint in Eulalia's eyes as she slowly leaned forward and tentatively took her master's cock in her mouth. Her lips quivered and trembled, and she had to steel herself. It was HIM that she was taking in. His big, beautiful, hard cock... hard just for her and her alone. But even so, she had to fight the urge to puke. Her soft, pink tongue flicked over the head of his cock, and she let out a soft, sensual moan as she slowly slid her mouth over his throbbing erection, taking it inch by inch deeper and deeper inside her mouth.

"Good... good... I can see you're doing your best to please me... that's a good start, my little slut slave... a good start. Now go deeper... make me feel the back of your throat. Convince me that you want to please me. Remember: words are cheap. SHOW me how much you want me!"

Eulalia's slender neck, the soft curve of her jaw, and her quivering lips trembled in feminine anticipation as she slowly forced her master's cock deeper and deeper inside her mouth...



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"Yes... go deeper... deeper..." her master insisted as Eulalia kept forcing his cock inch by inch inside her mouth. Her throat began to ache, then scream, from the size of his girth, and she had to fight her gag reflex as tears came to her eyes. She wanted to get out of these handcuffs... she wanted to get out of this cell... this sex dungeon, and the only way out was to please him. "GGLLFF GGLLK GGLLFF GLLLKK!" Eulalia choked as she pumped her head back and forth, bobbing and swaying her dark, raven locks as she worked his shaft, her tongue wriggling furiously underneath his cock as she sucked and moaned sloppily and greedily.

If it had been anyone else, Eulalia would have told that guy to go to hell and spit in his face, but for her master... she would do this... she would do anything. Eulalia moaned like the whore she was as she sucked on his cock for all she was worth...

"Yes... yes... keep going," her master said, fighting the urge to cum. But he could feel his testicles contract and could feel the tightness expanding inside him. "Take it all in your mouth, and don't spill a drop. Keep going... keep going..." her master said, his breath becoming more and more ragged.

Eulalia moaned and pressed the full length of his cock down her throat. Her warm, quivering lips around the base of his cock, her swirling tongue working along the length of his cock, and the warmth of her trembling mouth was too much, even for him. He came inside her mouth, a warm, gushing spurt of male desire filled her.

And Eulalia loved it, as the fragrant, musky wetness between her legs could attest!



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

"Don't swallow!" her master barked, startling Eulalia out of her sex addicted reverie. Eulalia looked up, surprised, her mouth gaping open and full of her master's hot, sticky cum. He smiled as he looked at her, kneeling there and staring up at him, adoringly, like a common whore, her mouth full of his cum. "You're such a sloppy slave... I told you not to spill even a single drop, and look at yourself! You're letting some of it ooze out of the corner of your mouth!"

Jason clucked his tongue and shook his head. "I'm a bit disappointed in you, slave. I thought I had trained you better than that. If I can't expect you to keep my own cum in your mouth... how can I expect you to behave when you're servicing my dear and important clients?"

Eulalia closed her mouth but kept her master's warm, sticky cum still oozing in her pretty little mouth as she bowed her head in shame. It was only after her master uncuffed her hands from behind her before he spoke: "You may swallow now, slut."

Eulalia did as she was told and felt his pearly cum slither its way down her throat. She felt a pleasant warmth in her tummy as she thought of his lust filling her and going all the way inside her. Eulalia couldn't help but smile just a little bit with pride, even as she tried to conceal it behind her raven locks as she kept her head bowed and rubbed her wrists.

"Put up your hair, slave. I don't want you hiding behind it. There's a mirror in the corner. Make yourself presentable and then come back to me."

Eulalia did as she was told, touching up her makeup and making her hair into a sensual, no nonsense bun, like a pretty schoolteacher. When she came back to her master, she couldn't help but gasp as she saw a chain and steel cuffs suspended from the ceiling! Her master smiled, that sinister smile that sent chills down Eulalia's spine once again. "Raise your arms, slave..." he said.

Quivering with fear... and anticipation... Eulalia did as she was told. She shivered as she felt him wrap the cold and unforgiving steel cuffs around her wrists, and she gasped as she heard the firm finality of them clicking together, rendering her helpless once more.



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The ratchets made an ominous CLINK CLINK CLINK as they lifted Eulalia up, inch by inch, off the cold, concrete floor. Eulalia let out a moan of fear as her pretty, painted toes left the sure purchase of the ground below and dangled helplessly in the air. The manacles cut into Eulalia's slender, delicate wrists as her wrists were forced to take her full weight. When the ratcheting stopped, the cold, concrete floor was just inches beneath her, but it might as well have been miles away. Eulalia tried to stretch her toes to reach the floor, but all she did was extend and stretch out her pretty, little feet.

The sound of her master's fine, polished shoes clicking on the floor brought Eulalia back to reality as she tried to turn and look at him. Her master circled her, like a shark circling a wounded seal. When he came into view in the corner of Eulalia's eye, she saw to her horror and despair that he was still holding the dreaded whip. Eulalia prayed that he wouldn't use that on her, but she had a sinking feeling that her prayers would go unanswered.

"You did good, slave. You sucked and worshipped my cock like the true slut you are... and that's the problem..." Her master ran his fingertips along Eulalia's back, sending shivers down her spine as he reached the soft, sensual curve of her ass. His fingertips drove between Eulalia's ass cheeks, and Eulalia moaned helplessly, her holes twitching and quivering as she felt him stroke her between her legs. "You need to behave that way with EVERYONE... not just me! You're just a whore... a slut... a body to do with as I wish! You're a good girl to me... but you're a frost queen to everyone else! We're going to have to fix that. But first, you need to know what happens to bad girls that don't do as they're told..."

Eulalia shivered and moaned again in fear, afraid of what was about to happen next!



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KRAKK! Eulalia screamed as the whip cut into her tender, sensitive skin and sent a lance of pain through her entire body! "AAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!" she screamed, her face turning beet red as if she were being murdered! KRAKK KRAKK KRAKK went the whip, over and over again, and Eulalia screamed and screamed and screamed.

"STOP!! PLEASE STOP!!! PLEASE!!! PLLLEEEEAAASSSSEEEEE!!!" Eulalia wailed. "PLEASE HAVE MERCY, MASTER!!! MERCY!!!" she cried out as the whip went KRAKK KRAKK KRAKK over and over again!!

"I'll stop when you've learnt your lesson, whore!" her master roared. His voice took on a terrifying edge, as if he were enjoying it... as if he ENJOYED hurting helpless girls! "You're a stuck up cow!" KRAKK! "You always think you're better than everyone else!" KRAKK! "You have no manners, no humility, no decency!" KRAKK!!

Eulalia's entire body was on fire from the pain as her master crisscrossed her sensitive, glowing skin, but even worse than that, there was another, brighter flame taking over her... one growing from between her legs! It took a moment for Eulalia's pain addled brain to register what was going on, but she realized to her horror and shame that she was getting undeniably, unbearably horny from being whipped!

NOOO!!! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!!! THIS CAN'T!!! Eulalia thought to herself. HOW CAN I GET AROUSED FROM THIS??!!! PLEASE STOP!!! I'LL DO ANYTHING, JUST PLEASE STOP!!!

"You... you fucking whore!" her master shouted, his own breath growing ragged as his cock stood up erect as a tent pole at the sight of Eulalia's swinging, glistening body. "You fucking, fucking WHORE!" KRAKKK!!!!



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"S-stop! P-please!!! Y-you're... you're hurting meeee!!!" Eulalia gasped, trying to conceal her arousal behind the pain. But even as her master kept going, hitting her again and again and again with the cruel whip, she couldn't help herself. "I'll do anything, ANYTHING!!! Just please stop!!!"

"You dare to tell me what to do, you fucking slut?!" her master shouted. KRAKK! "I'M the master here! I decide what to do with you!" KRAKK!! "If I want to whip you until you're nothing but shreds, I'll do so, because that's what I want!" KRAKK!! "If I decide to leave you down here, rotting in the dungeon for the rest of your miserable, fucking life, that's what will happen!" KRAKK!! "I have TOTAL control over you!! I can do whatever I want!" KRAKK!!

"NOOOOO!!! NOOOOO PLEASE NOOOOO!!!!" Eulalia screamed.

"That's right! Keep screaming, bitch!" her master said, striking her twitching and trembling back again and again with the whip. "I control you! I own you! I can do anything I want!" he said.

With a loud clatter, her master threw the whip aside into a far corner of the room. "And what I want... is that tight, puckered asshole of yours!"

"Wh-wha... wait... WAIT!" Eulalia screamed as she felt her master grab her from behind. Her skin was aflame from the heat of being whipped, and she shivered uncontrollably as he ran his hands along her back and the sides of her body, but the fire between her legs burned even brighter. She wanted him... she wanted him to take her, NOW!



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!" Eulalia cried out as she felt her master lift her up and spread her legs obscenely wide. She felt him press the rock hard, throbbing tip of his cock directly against her ass! Eulalia arched her entire body and let out a low, animalistic moan of pure and unadulterated lust! "Yes, yes, yes!" she cried out before even realizing what she was saying. "Please, please fuck me master, please fuck me!" she screamed, writhing sensuously against him.

"Such a fucking whore!" her master said. "Smile pretty for the camera as I wreck that ass of yours!" he said before suddenly slamming her down on the length of his cock, burying it all the way inside her! Eulalia screamed as she felt him fill her ass completely and totally! But even then, she couldn't help herself. Eulalia gasped and ground against him as he sloppily and greedily fucked her tight, puckered ass over and over again, his cock throbbing and iron hard inside her bouncing behind. Eulalia's eyes rolled back into her sockets as she groaned and moaned like a randy, horny slut who had completely lost control!

Her master pumped inside her, faster and faster, the heat of his passion invading her ass and filling her entire body. The two worked against each other, sweating, rubbing, and grinding passionately. "Yes, yes, YEEESSSS!!!" Eulalia screamed, arching her back and pressing her ass against his rock hard abs. "I'm going to cum, master, I'm going to cum!!" she screamed, rising higher and higher against the chains and the passion until...



"YEEEEEESSSSSS!!!!" her master roared as he rammed the full length of his cock deep inside Eulalia's quivering, twitching, and trembling derriere! Eulalia arched her back in hot, steamy lust and creamed her juicy, quivering cunt as she felt her master's cock fill her rear completely. She could feel a warmth invade her ass as her master shot his load inside her, and Eulalia groaned like the completely dominated and degraded bitch that she was.

"Yeah... did you like that, you little whore?" her master growled as he grabbed a handful of Eulalia's hair and yanked back, making Eulalia gasp and groan, wriggling and writhing, still impaled on his rock hard cock. "Yeah... you did, didn't you? Beg for more, my little slut. Beg!"

"Please..." Eulalia said, her voice husky and filled with a lust haze. "Please give me more... I want all of you master... I want you in every hole I have..." she moaned, a randy and rutting bitch without even an ounce of shame! "Please fill me with your cum... I want you... I want all of you!" Eulalia whimpered, putting on her most innocent and pleading voice that she could manage.

But her master, Jason, was not fooled. He sneered. "That's a good start, slave, but you need to get it through that thick, slut head of yours that I want you to beg for EVERYONE... not just me! You're still a proud little cunt, but I can think of a way to fix that..."

With a snap of his fingers, the door creaked open on its hinges, and Eulalia heard the proud click of high heels tapping across the concrete floor...



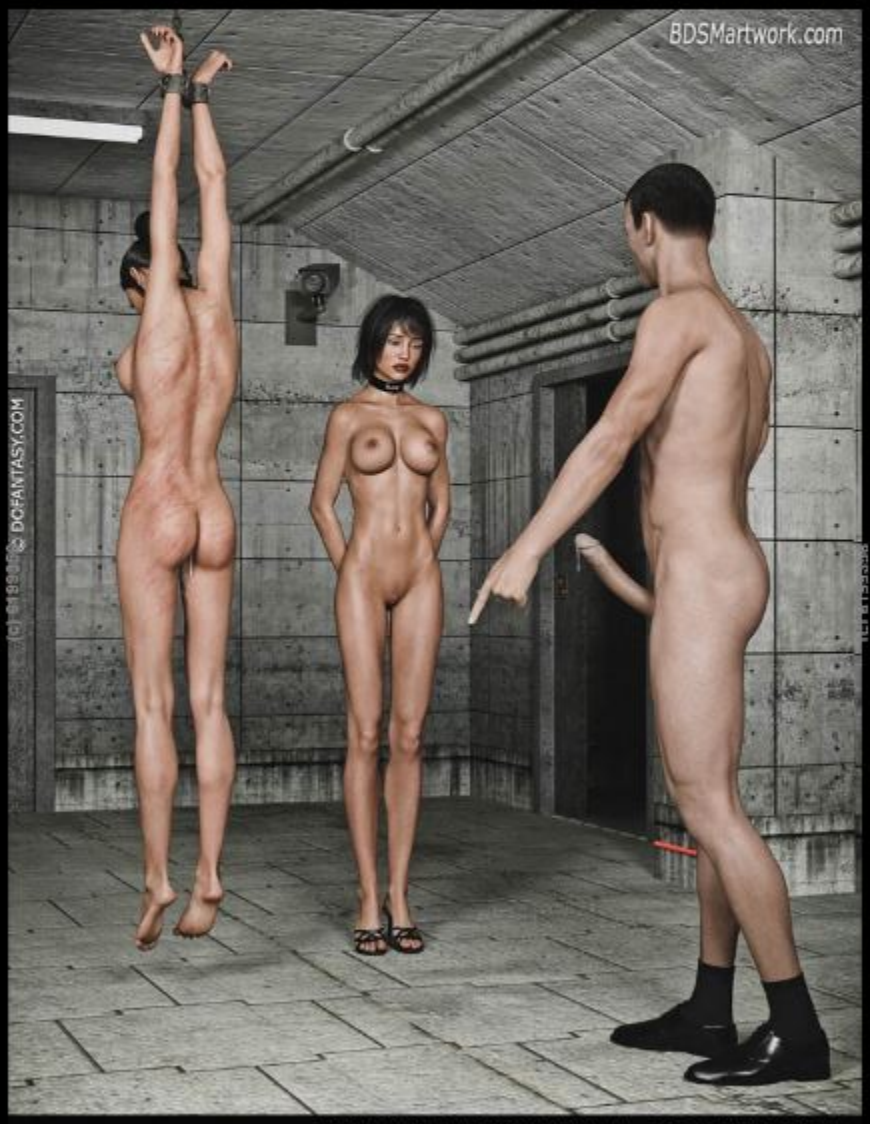
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Eulalia gasped as another woman walked into the room, and Eulalia suddenly felt even more exposed and helpless than ever before. She didn't mind her master seeing her, naked and exposed like this, and even the camera she could ignore... but having another woman, especially a naked woman, seeing Eulalia like this... helpless, exposed, whip marks across her back, and her ass full of male cum, made Eulalia go red from head to toe with deep and humiliating shame!

"Hello slave, do you see this worthless cow hanging over there?" Jason asked, pointing at Eulalia. The slave gave a cursory glance at Eulalia before meekly nodding her head, placing her hands behind her back and showing off her feminine features in the best way possible. "Yes, master, I do."

Jason chuckled. "This bitch is arrogant and proud and doesn't know any manners. What's say we show her how a good girl acts?" Her master then pointed at the floor. "I just finished ass fucking this bitch. Clean my cock."

Eulalia was sure the girl wouldn't do it, but to her shock and horror, the girl immediately dropped to her knees! Without even a moment's hesitation, the girl licked HER master's cock clean before swallowing his cock completely!

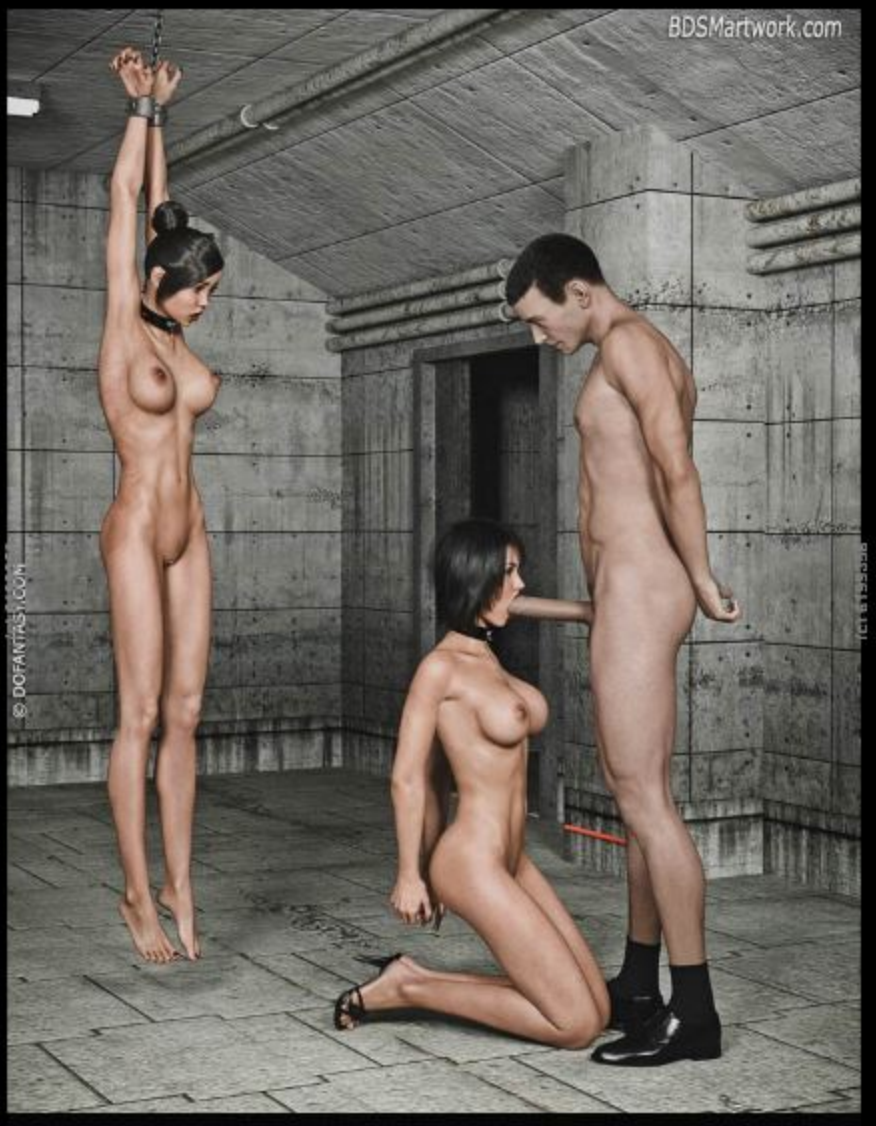


Eulalia could only stare in shocked horror as she watched this girl, this innocent and sweet looking girl, gobble down her master's cock like it was the tastiest popsicle in the world! Eulalia felt all kinds of emotions fill her pain and lust addled brain: jealousy that another girl was touching her master, especially in that way... horror that another girl could be made to do these things without even the slightest hesitation! Confusion... surely no girl in her right mind would do such a thing, especially on command like that! And fear... fear that that might be Eulalia's fate too...

Jason smiled as he looked up at Eulalia's shocked face. "Surprised, my little dove? Did you REALLY think you were the only slut at my beck and call? Far from it! A man of my means has many a gold digger willing to do whatever it takes to get into my wallet, but all of them learn, sooner or later, that you don't mess with me!"

The girl kneeling in front of her master closed her eyes and moaned lustily as she swallowed his cock, sloppily and hungrily, looking as though she was in pure, unadulterated ecstasy... as though sucking cock was the only thing she ever wanted. The slavegirl went deeper and deeper down on her master's cock, working the shaft with her tongue and sucking for all she was worth. Her master smiled and patted the girl on the head, like an approving owner patting his dog. "You see? Good girls get to stay free and are rewarded. Now finish me off, slave, like a good girl! Show our hanging cow how a REAL slave should behave!"

The girl worked faster and faster, deep throating her master and sucking greedily. "GLFFF GGLLK GGLLFF HHFF!!!" she moaned as she pumped his cock in the hardest, hottest skull fuck ever. Eulalia's eyes were wide as dinner plates as she watched this girl go. "How could she do that without choking? How can she even BREATHE?!" Eulalia thought to herself in horror. The girl worked faster and faster, and she could see the look of pure pleasure on her master's face. Eulalia couldn't help but feel a bit of shame... that another girl was doing such a good job with her master... maybe even better! The girl worked faster and faster and faster until...



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

"Yeeesssss..." Jason groaned as he rammed his cock down the slave girl's throat! The slave fought her gag reflex mightily like the well trained tramp that she was and only moaned and sucked his cock for every drop he could give her. But Jason did not give the slavegirl the satisfaction. He rudely pulled his cock from her mouth and squirted his pearly cum all over her face. The girl looked up, hurt, as if she were robbed of the pure pleasure of sucking down every drop of his cum. "Please, master! Please let me swallow your cum!" she said without even the slightest prompting.

Her master pumped his cum all over the slavegirl's face, groaning as he worked his shaft to squeeze out every last drop. "I'd rather see you with a fresh coat of makeup, slut," he said, grunting as he squeezed out one last squirt directly into the slavegirl's open mouth.

The slavegirl smiled, absolutely delighted and thrilled. "This slave is happy to do whatever her master wants," she said, looking up at her master with absolute adoration carved on her face. "If it pleases my master to give me a facial, this slave will wear it with pride!"

Jason Miranda smiled and nodded his head approvingly. "You see, my little dove?" he asked, looking back up at Eulalia. "THIS is how a slave should behave! Obedient, hungry, and begging for more! Maybe if you learn this lesson, I'll let you down! If not... well... I can think of other uses for you!"

Eulalia quivered helplessly as she hung there, unsure of what to make of her master's threatening remark...



EULALIA'S PUNISHMENT by 3D PERVERSION

Jason Miranda smiled as he bound Eulalia's slender ankles before walking over to his neatly folded clothes. He put on his suit with a calm, careful assuredness, as if he had all the time in the world. Jason looked back at the two girls with a smile, Eulalia still hanging there, helpless and pretty and unsure and his other slavegirl still kneeling there, her hands behind her back manacled by loyalty and obedience rather than cold steel. The kneeling slave still had his cum dripping from her face, and she made no effort to wipe herself clean.

"You two have fun now," Jason said, beaming with pride and satisfaction, hoping that his lesson to Eulalia was well understood. "I have more important things to do now, but I trust you two will play nicely together." Jason tugged at the crisp lapels of his blazer with a snap of finality. "Slave, I give you permission to play with my little Eulalia. Make sure that she learns her manners." Jason then looked up at Eulalia and winked. "And remember, my dear... I'll be keeping an eye on you. You'd best behave for your new 'mistress,' or else you might find yourself in quite a sticky situation. Ta ta!" Jason said as he waved his hand before exiting out of the dungeon door.

The kneeling slave had a sinister look in her eye as she smiled evilly. Eulalia could only gulp in fear... what would happen to her now?



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