



THE JOURNEY

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A Berseh and Tawny collaboration





PART I



I was just 20 when I signed for a lucrative advertising campaign that included movie clips of me parading and dancing. I was experienced in défilés and runways, also a good dancer but this was going to be very professional so I needed to take lessons. My new agent organized an appointment with a famous teacher, who had stopped dancing due to personal considerations (?)



When she opened the door of her large studio I was struck by her looks. What an iceberg! We talked across a coffee table. I told her what I needed she asked about my abilities. Not a smile, not a nicety. She stared at me like the others do: I'm only an item, a package. An object. But her...I felt like she was almost hostile.



«Walk up and down», she suddenly said.

Taken off balance I opened my eyes wide and remained seated.

«What don't you understand in walk up and down?» she nodded in the direction of the long studio, that had a wall entirely covered by mirrors.

I hesitated ... Her eyes stared hard at me. Why this contempt I asked myself? No way I work like that! I was about to leave but decided to make the effort so I could tell my new agent I tried.

I stood up and walked in a straight line to the end of the studio, and back towards her ... Once there I waited.

There was a silence.

«Again», she said «This time you take off your dress. Keep the heels on!»



Here we go again ... I'm a model, I'm used to that. I complied. I put my dress on a chair and walked up and down on my heels, in bra and panties.
«OK» she grumbled «we start the day after tomorrow, 6 to 8 PM. Dress up. Good bye»
She didn't even lift her head from her tablet when I left and said good bye.



Two days later. Knowing I'd certainly have to work in underwear, I chose the kind we use in rehearsals: cotton, plain, more covering than panties. My bra was assorted, I was ready to walk. My hair in a bun. She looked at me: In her hands was a goldfish bowl filled with water.

«Take off the bra»

«What? Why do I have to ... » I started, a bit irritated.

«Take off your bra, unless you want it soaked», she insisted, showing the water about to verse from the bowl ... On high heels wearing only my pants I walked straight erect, attentive to not let a drop fall from the bowl placed on top of my head. She made me walk a few back and forth. It was tough. She walked next to me, touched one vertebra then my lower back. After a while she sat down and looked at her tablet «I see a drop on the floor, you'll do ten more» she said without even looking at me.

I walked and walked. I walked and started thinking I really couldn't stand her attitude. Then she made me kneel down, she made me squat, the heavy bowl still on top of my head. It took its toll on my energy. She took the bowl away.



Further lessons went in this tense atmosphere. I was never allowed to wear more than my pants and heels. She barked orders, made me walk with my arms crossed in the back, bend over and swing my hips for long minutes, turn around this way and that like I was some bloody remote controlled doll.

She always stood very close to me, making me more and more nervous and self conscious. After a few days though, even I could see the benefits from her lessons. But she was so unfriendly, so spiteful!

She danced me into a waltz. When I asked why I had to do it in my pants while she was dressed up she said: «I'm the teacher»

«Okay you're the teacher» I replied angrily «but we're way past the year 1950! Don't you know society has changed since last time you were out?»

She froze. Squeezed me tight in her arms. I realized how strong she was. Scared me a little.

«My place my rule. You don't want the rules, you leave the place »



Then one morning I had a terrible argument with Chris my boyfriend when he found out I'd slept with Franck. I told him I knew he'd shagged my friend Denise, and we broke up in big drama. I was a bag of nerves!



Straight after breaking up with Chris I went to my lesson. I was in a terrible mood. I hated how she made me dance with my hands behind my head. How she kept interrupting and correcting me with dry, scornful remarks. How she looked at my tits.



«I can't stand it»

I protest, stepping out of her arms. Dancing can't be this rigid!

«There's gotta be some sensuality into it! And I don't like how you look at me!»

She stopped. I thought of a hyena about to strike. Once again my big mouth .. I recoiled, fearing she was going to hit me.

«Sensuality» she sneered. «Because you think spreading your legs is sensuality?»

I was shocked: This was so low, so offending!

«At least my legs can open! Not like yours!» I fumed.

Just then someone banged at the door. We stopped anguing, traded a look of hatred. She turned around.



As she went to the door I walked to get my T-shirt, bra and denim shorts. I was still in my panties, my back to the door when she opened . A fat woman in her sixties stepped in followed by a young woman. Miss Lawn and the elder woman greeted each other cheerily, then Miss Lawn turned to me.



I'd already put my bra on and was about to slid in my shorts when her words stopped me:
«We're not finished young lady. You still have 25 minutes. Take off the bra and the shorts!»



I looked at her, then at the women. None of them said a thing, not even hello. Just stared.

The younger one felt weird, something between a nun and a punk. Bizarre. The elder lady smiled looking me up and down like I was pizza. Her eyes were very cold, sleazy .. I just didn't like her.

«Miss Lawn» I tried» You have your visitors, I'll leave you with them»

«Now why would you do that?» We're going to use the opportunity, on the contrary!

«Then let me keep my bra..»

«That's enough now! You do what I tell you!»

The four of us fall silent. The elder lady, still smiling kind of lewdly sat on the chair that was in the middle of the studio with her (daughter? Pupil? Niece? How naive can I be?) standing next to her, a little behind, not looking at anyone.

Miss Lawn crossed her arms, legs a little spread like she was ready to fight..



I surrendered, dropped the bra and started the bloody catwalk. «She's good» I heard the elder say. She stood up and positioned herself next to Miss Lawn, at the end of my walk. Just when I turned to go back through the studio, two avid hands grabbed my breasts. I shrieked «Wha.. What?» I tried to get free but she really had a good hold. «Very fine!» She giggled, pinching me. I wrestled my way out and turned angrily.



«What are you doing? Are you insane, you sow?» I yelled. She kept smiling, like she really enjoyed my reaction. I turned to Miss Lawn who seemed pretty happy. «And you? You let this fucking dyke grope me? What is this? A setup? That's why you wanted me bare breasted? You're another pervert, right? That's why you 'left' the opera right? Did you rent your g ..»



I immediately realize I'd crossed a line. In an instant Miss Lawn seized my clothes and my bag and walked up to me. I retreated, protecting my face, scared by her determined move and tensed expression. Her hand felt like a claw as she seized my arm and pushed me to the door. Once more I was surprised by her strength.

«I've had my fill of you stupid brat! You have no idea who this lady is, you understand nothing, you're a worthless piece of dump!»

She opened the door and seemingly without effort, threw me out of the studio.

«I'm done with you pervert!» I spat.

She walked up to me. «No you're not» she hissed. Slapped my face, turned back and slammed the door.

I was stunned and furious, nearly naked by the stairs!

END PART I



PART II

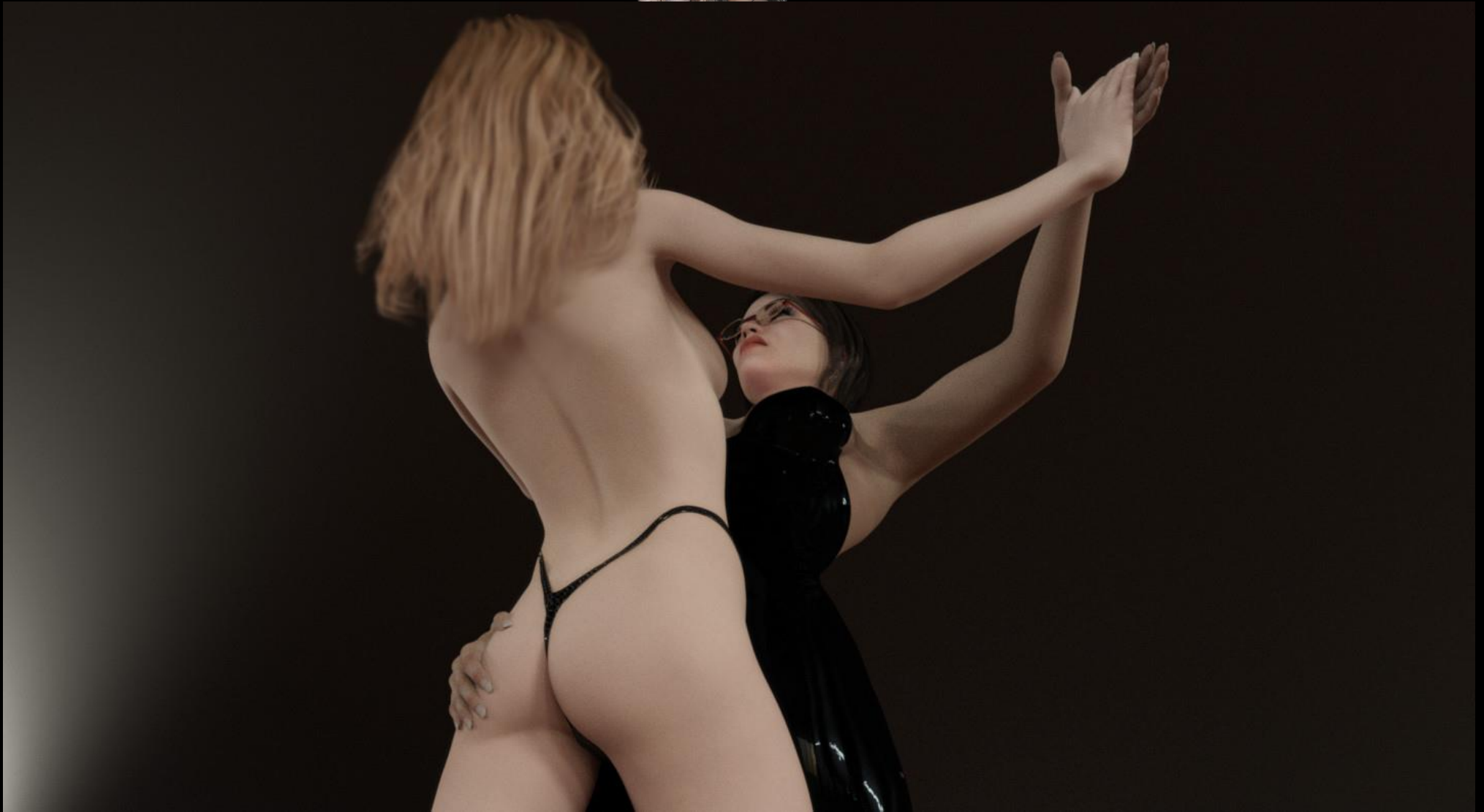
Five days later, coming back from London I was summoned to the company's headquarters to meet Shannon, the head of advertisement. My agent was present .. And, as I discovered with rage, so was Miss Lawn!

Shannon, a sophisticated woman in her late forties said my contract stated the company decides who are the partners involved. She understood we had a «little disagreement» with Miss Lawn but I would have to overcome it as the company has hired her to be the new choreographer.

The boss saw I was shocked. She kept smiling, her stare telling me very clearly: I must comply, all my career depended on it and the contract was very strict. I could imagine Miss Lawn's scornful smirk.

Shannon said the next shooting was due in two days, that we must rehearse the new part created by Miss Lawn. That there could be no delay. I felt numb.

As I left, Miss Lawn shouted : «2 PM! »



It was all too obvious from the first minute that Miss Lawn henceforth felt entitled to order me around as she pleased. Very authoritative, more disdainful than ever. Imposing a thong rather than panties she danced me almost naked in her arms. At one point she firmly grabbed my buttock. I protested but with a vicious grin, squeezing me even harder she sneered «The hand stays. If not, then the ass leaves my studio .. and you'll be fired! the company will sue you!»



Furious, I pushed her away: «I understand now why you stopped dancing! Why you're not prof at the opera anymore, you filthy dyke .. you're just an abusive sow!»

She slapped me!

So strong that, dazed, I fell on the floor. She crouched over me, holding my wrists and pinning e to the floor: «You stupid spoiled nobody! You think you've achieved something? It's only your looks that have any value .. and your movements. These depend on me .. I'll make sure you move the way I want, little whore!»

She leaned over me, her hard face closer to mine and, almost whispering: «From now on you'll be doing what I decide. Everything done to you will be for the sake of the clip! For my choreography .. You're nothing! People will celebrate my creation .. My art .. You're just the tool!»

I was scared. Overpowered. Unable to say anything, trembling under her.

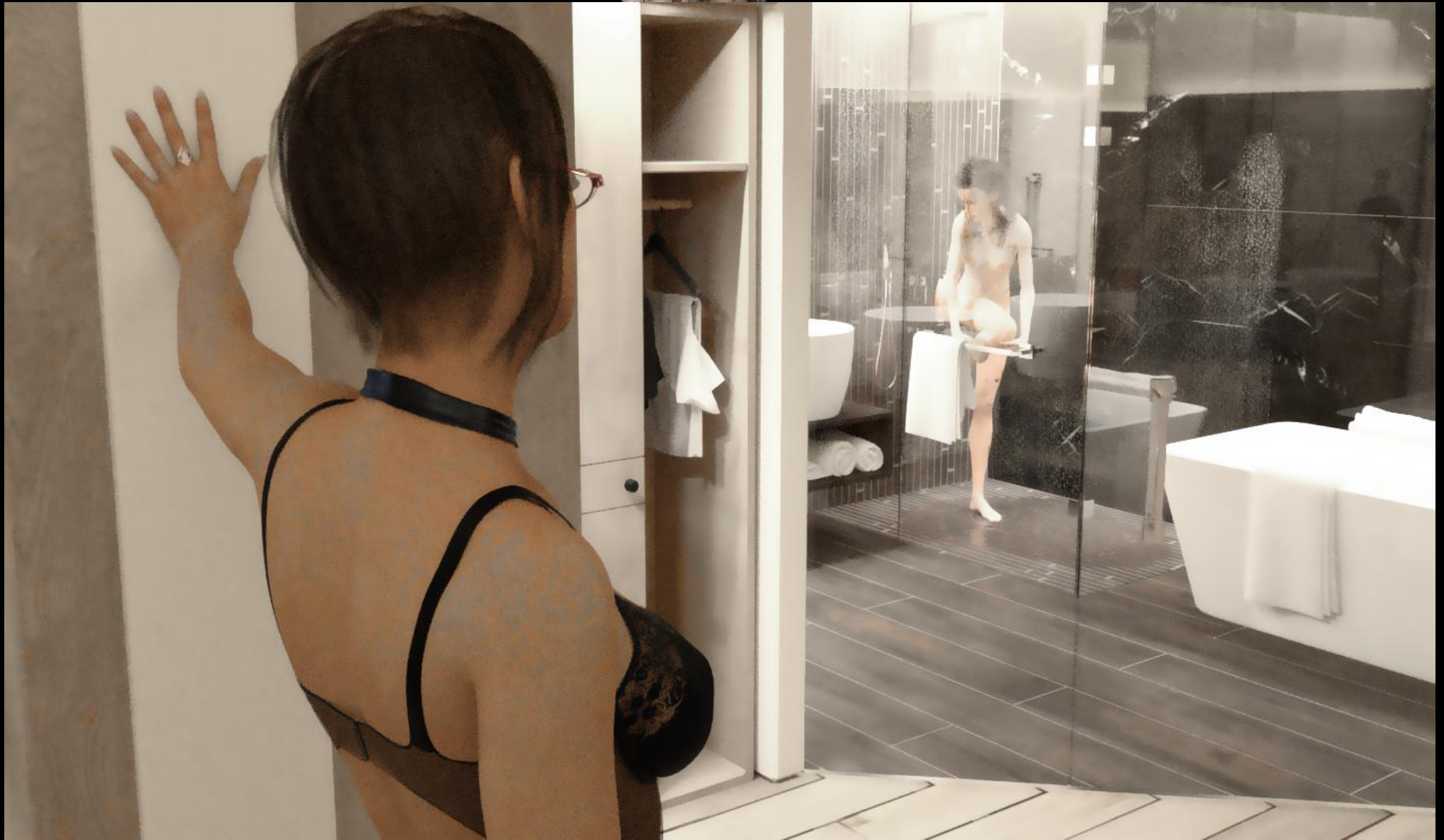
«Now dress up and leave. »



Shaken I hastily dressed up, but just as I opened the door to run away she pushed me against the wall and kissed me deep and rough. Then she parted, her steely eyes on me. «Get out!» she yelled.



Two days later as soon as we landed I was driven to the set while Miss Lawn, flown with me said she'll take care of our luggage and join us later. Coming back from the shooting I discovered I share a large suite with her. I wanted to change but it was too late in the day.



Miss Lawn says I should take a bath or a shower. «Tomorrow will be tough, you need to relax. I'll give you a massage after your bath.» «You? No way you touch me» I ranted. I hated her so much!



When I came out of the bathroom she surprised me, pushed me on the bed and kneeled on me, locking me between her thighs.



«Stop, you're crazy, what are you doing? Stop that!» I raged, wriggling under her but unhindered she tied my wrists above my head, then to the headrest.



She quietly flipped me on my back, still kneeling above me: «It's all about body language» she sneered. «Today you worked well but something was amiss: contentment. So», she added, tying one of my ankles to the foot of the bed, «I will give you contentment.»



In spite of my resistance, blind to my tears of rage, deaf to my helpless wailing of humiliation she controlled my body into forced orgasms. She raped me.



Then hours later she left me thus, tied up on the bed.



She woke me up and untied me in the morning. Didn't say a word, brought a platter with our breakfast that we ate on my bed. She wore a nightgown, I was naked. Her behavior completely indifferent, mine totally shattered. Confused. Mortified. I couldn't look her in the face.



As we got into the car taking us to the set, she whispered: «you had better convince me you're worth all this. Be sure I will punish you tonight if you don't. Oh, by the way .. No more sex» She smiled «See how you move now? I gave you what you needed, slut!». I blushed, mortified.



The shooting day finished, back at the hotel I tried to shut my room from her but she pushed, crossed my arms behind my back and forced a kiss. «This is raping!» I bawled. «Then call the police, make a scandal. Should I tell the boss?» She sneered, squeezing me in her arms.



She pushed me to the bed, lied on top of me, crushing me under her weight. Grabbed my hair: «I will make you pay for your insults, stupid girl. You will become my best advertisement. I'll train and tame you to obedience!» With that she left the room, leaving me in tears.



Third day of shooting. I dreaded to be back at the hotel but she behaved professional. «We need to perfect your "dancing feelings"» she said. «It's important you practice in public what we'll shoot tomorrow. We're going to a nightclub. Wear something very short. High heels, makeup.»



I was very nervous, very apprehensive as we reached what looked like a special club.



Just as we're about to knock at the door she produced a collar. « It's a very private club» she said. «One can enter only if accompanied by a pet». «No way I put this on, you perv!» I snapped. «Berseh, this is work» she sighed and quickly put the collar around my neck before I could stop her.



Just then a huge woman dressed like a caricatural lesbian fetishist opened the door and invited us in. Miss Lawn tugged at the leash and we entered.



Inside the club were mostly heavy dommes and their subs. Our couple attracted instant attention. It felt awful, being led like a .. like .. I hated her!



The club owner, a Glenn Close type of woman came to us and offered champagne to Miss Lawn. «Is the pet allowed to drink?» she said while gently holding me by the chin. «Water» says Miss Lawn. «We need the platform. I brought some music. Subby here is going to dance.» I was red with shame.



The owner announced me. Fetish lesbians gathered at the foot of the stage. They scared me. The music started. I don't know how I managed to dance but I did: they cheered wildly. Maybe too wildly.



They yelled and shot: «Take off your dress! Naked!». I said no I was scared, then suddenly there is this huge trucker on the stage. She lifted my dress and to the crowd's applause rubbed herself against me in an obscene manner. «Help me out» I implored Miss Lawn.



She tugged on the leash to pull me close to her. Hands were now pawing, pinching, groping me: «Only way I can save you is you behave like my slave» she whispered. We stared at each other. I was crucified. «I'll do it! I'll do it» I begged shaking with fear «Just Please take me out of here!».



Miss Lawn looked at the trucker: «She's my slave» she barked. «Let her go!» The big lez stared down at me «Is that true? She owns you?». I bowed down while the rude kneading went on. I swallowed my pride «Y-Yes...I-I belong to her» I was mortified, hit by Miss Lawn's triumphant eyes.



She sat me on her lap. They surrounded us, hysterical. Her hand lifted my dress and while I begged «Please, let's go.; Please take me away» She looked at me, her hand fondling me: «If I take you away .. How will you pay me ?» That was it: «Wh-what you want... I'll do what you want, but please! Please! Let's go, they scare me so much!» She stared at me viciously. I couldn't look back, trembling, and let her impudently paw my breast .. Damn pervert taking advantage!



«Okay» she said «but then you'll have to earn it» I stared at her, fearing this was not going to be good. «I'm going to enjoy another drink. While I do that, why don't you kneel between my legs and bury your stupid face in my crotch darling?» Seeing the look of disgust and horror in my face she added: «Don't worry, it's only for the show, for these happy dykes! You'll just make believe. You won't have to eat my pussy .. that will be for when we're at the hotel.»



Her triumphant smirk told me how trapped I was: around us 5 or 6 women pressed and had a good time .. Fighting back my tears I dropped down on my knees .. put my face between her legs, silently cursing her.



She grabbed my head and pushed it deeply against her crotch. To my deepest shame, above the frenzied tumult of the crowd I heard the club owner sit next to Miss Lawn, offer her champagne and compliment her on the training of her slave.



«My personal car waits outside. Come back anytime with Subby» smiled the club owner. «I may do that» answered my tormentress «I promise she'll dance naked next time». They laughed. I was too waisted to protest by then. Too afraid of her. Too impatient to leave this place.



Inside the car she threw away any illusion I had the abuse was over. «Don't believe an instant I will relieve you of your promise my dear. Payment is due.» she added, molesting me with her strong hand, letting me sob and whine «You are my pet for the night and who knows? Who knows? Maybe for more!»



Back in the suite she cruelly twisted my arm until I swore to obey to everything. Then she made me strip. Emotionally exhausted as I was I thought she'd only ask me to lick her. I was resigned to do just that, hoping she'd let me retreat into my room afterwards. How wrong I was!



Once I was naked she made me kneel. She then produced cuffs and chains and what else. I tried to back off but each of my attempt to resist was met with stinging pain, inflicted with a satisfied smile. I cried, I quivered to no avail. She easily plied me: soon the chains the cuffs and the collar were connected.



The chains forced me on my fours, making me unable to stop her from harnessing and strapping me tight. «Please, this is not necessary!» I protested. «I'll pleasure you .. » «Quiet little pet! You need to be trained!» I felt so utterly defiled, violated when indifferent to my cries and pathetic begging she invaded me with two devices. It was like she was robbing me of my body!



The humiliation was only beginning: She forced a horrible gag in my mouth: I moaned in panic but I was pinned to the floor by her foot on my chains. Then she tied my hair into a bun that she linked to the vibe, forcing my head yanked upright. She kicked me and made me crawl up and down the suite: «Move like the bitch you are, tramp! Miserable slave! Stupid animal!»



Each time I stopped crawling she kicked my pussy or the plug with her foot, or pulled on the rope between my hair and my ass. I felt dehumanized. Her puppet, mocked and viciously kicked. She had a drink, brushed her teeth while herding me around. She even took a call: all sweet on the phone while making me her grotesque, debased new toy.



After what seemed hours of this, she made me kneel at her feet. Tied my wrists in my back. I found myself as helpless and degraded as a puppy. Breathing like a terrified slave at her complete mercy. She sat and viciously pushed her foot between my thighs, against the vibe. «I hope you realize by now, you're just a thing made for me. For my art or my pleasure. Say yes! Say it ! Say it!» «Ghhheff..» I moaned, defeated.



My trembling supplications through the cruel gag provoked her happy moanings. «Look what I just got from the nice club owner!» A series of pics of me going down on her appeared on her cellphone. I was doomed. «With that» Miss Lawn pursued «I am so owning you for as long as I want! You wouldn't want Shannon to see this scandalous images would you?» she burst out laughing.



My night as her miserable sex slave went on. Pleasuring her while still painfully restrained, honoring her while so monstrously degraded. I had to do the disgusting acts her vicious, perverted mind could think of. Animalized. That night I lost all dignity. That night I was utterly sullied.



Once my abject slavery had satisfied her needs she viciously bound me in a cruel hogtie, making the harness and devices torment me even more. I was lifted to the bed, then she filled my mouth and blindfolded me.

Arched and stretched, tortured by the vibe, pinched and squeezed for a time I fell into madness .. At last I heard her fall peacefully to sleep ..

In my misery, in my despair I considered what choices were left to me:

- Submit and accept my new state of slavery.
- Come out and face Shannon, only to see the contract break, be sued and probably ruined, my career gone forever.

Fight. But how could I?

Then after hours of solitary torture Miss Lawn's helpless new pet, -me!- fell asleep.

END PART II



PART III

My "dream come true" had turned into a nightmare. In a few days I had to return to NYC rehearse with that insane sadist for the last commercial produced by Shannon's company..

One week after Hamburg I was still in a state of shock. Terror. Abject shame.

I felt sullied. If this went on I would be totally destroyed. I needed help. Convince Shannon this could backfire on the campaign. Help. Any kind.. Someone powerful.

There was always Em.. my godfather.. Only.. My heart still hurt thinking about him.... Em.. no choice.

I sent him a mail, calling for his help: i knew his special «job» gave him means.



We met in a cafe. I did my best to ascertain my voice. To hide my trembling hands, to look him in the eyes without crying. Not show I still loved him mad. As always he didn't say much. Reserved. He asked precise questions. I waited for his move. A kiss, that he takes me in his arms but no. He promised he'll take care of it, then left.



As soon as I got in NYC I was summoned to try the costume on. In this last clip I would be an angel. The costume people had done a remarkable job. Any other day I would have so enjoyed to be there with them, but the bitch.. The witch was there! Behaving like she owned me. Killing the joy already...



At last I made it to Shannon's office! The advertisement boss, always so businesslike was shocked when I told her very precisely of the abuse. She couldn't believe it at first but when I fell in tears she took me in her arms. «Okay Be, I'll check that in person. Don't tell anyone. I'll drop in, right in the middle of your next session» I cried a long time in her arms.. One more day of torment.. I could take it!



The meetings with Em and with Shannon had given me so much more confidence! All I hoped is paradoxically that Miss Lawn would ostentatiously be abusing me at the precise moment of Shannon's surprise visit! My tormenter and rapist would at last be ignominiously fired!



As soon as I got in she tried to kiss me. Crazy perv, like we're lovers maybe? What fantasy world was she in? Seeing my rebuke her stare instantly froze to ice. «Ok», she snapped. «Let's get to work pet. Strip. Heels only! »



«I see we need to straighten you up, little tramp. You've been away from your mistress too long» «You're not my mistress!» I balked. «Oh yes I am! And I'm going to enjoy proving it you little brainless cunt. If only I could whip your ass but you're lucky: No welts.. No tracks!»



"You've seen the wings pet: Means you'll have to dance with your arms concealed, so we'll rehearse accordingly » In a flash she twisted my arms, bent me over a chair and tied my arms in a reverse prayer position. I didn't resist much, certain that this would make the best proof for Shannon. Still, the monstress was purposely brutal but I fought back my tears.



I watched her demonstrate the choreography. What a waste I thought as I admired her graceful and precise movements.. Too bad for her that all this would finish today! After more than an hour of work and incessant probing or pinching from Miss Lawn.. still no sign of Shannon.. I kept throwing little glances at the door.



My admiration didn't last long. When my turn came to execute her instructions she seized my thong and brutally, viciously, gratuitously ripped it off, burning my crotch. I squealed «To get you in the proper working mood, little pet» she sneered. Biting my lips, I begged the door to open and reveal Shannon.



«You're sick» I spat. «Just sick!»

«Am I?» She walked to her desk, took a crop I hadn't seen and in spite of my pleading apologies, began herding me around the studio whipping my bottom and smiling happily. «Sick, really? Here is how to cure me!» I implored her, I uselessly pleaded, but she kept on.



After a while she stopped the whipping and focused on directing me. I was in tears, I felt so humiliated .. But I obeyed and did my best. Dancing with my arms bound like this made it harder. As my hair kept blinding me, she seized it, roughly twisted it in a bun and achieved her welcoming intention .. Forced a kiss on me!



As soon as her tongue stopped invading my mouth she pulled me back and slapped me. Once, twice and again, enjoying my tears, my confusion and helplessness. «Work, eh? That's what you wanted stupid toy? Well, I like to mix pleasure and work.» Slap!
Shannon I thought .. Oh Shannon don't let me down: show up!



The session went on, my ass feeling cut and burned, my hands and arms unnecessarily squeezed by the ropes. Her and me alone in the studio, under the weird watch of the mannequin. The countless mirrors reflecting the sight of my humiliation, of Miss lawn's spiteful and heinous lust .. And still no Shannon!



Then it all changed! The bell rang, the door opened: Shannon! Shannon at last!



I tried to run to Shannon but Ms. Lawn maintained her grip on the ropes. «Help! Help me» I cried frantically. «See what I told you? she's insane! Insane!» The newcomer walked to us, eyes wide open. «Shannon?» whispered Ms. Lawn «Uh.. What are you doing here? How did you..?» Then she brutally threw me on the floor. Seeing this, Shannon ran to her.



As I rolled on the floor I could see Shannon rushing toward Ms. Lawn. Is she gonna hit her, I thought. Are they going to fight? How wrong I was! My world collapsed. My heart broke. My mind blew: Like two wild felines the women engaged in a long, ardent and prolonged kiss. Goose bumps ran all over my skin.



Then Shannon got rid of her coat, thus revealing the outfit of the perfect dominatrix. Both looked down at me. «Stupid heifer», spitted our commissioner. «It's only time someone shows you your place. I've had enough of you all pampered sluts! We're going to start your training..»



Her spiteful expression, her heinous voice, the surprise, my crumbled hopes... I offered no resistance when they pulled me up by the hair. Shaken, tearful, terrified I let them lead me out of the dance hall. «It's going to be so good using this piece of meat», beamed Shannon. Whip! was Ms.Lawn's manner of approval, hitting my tit.



Thus it was that these two vicious lesbians pushed me out of the studio to the gates of hell.



To this day I still can't describe what they did to me. What they forced me to do. Suffice it to say that while moaning and kissing they kept telling each other the sweetest words and displaying their mutual love, I was reduced to the lowest status a human will ever fall into. Pain, degradation, restraints: I was made their slave.



Endless hours of molestation and abuse ensued. Their sadistic imagination made of me the most miserable plaything. A pathetic sex-toy whose muffled pleas they enjoyed. A pretty piece of decorum they violated and tortured as if they had all rights over me. I cried and sobbed and begged through my gag, which only encouraged them to persecute me more.



Their insane imagination made them tie me up in different positions, hung like a device to be used anyhow anytime. They twisted my nipples and labia, kneaded, invaded and profaned me all the while drinking, gossiping, tenderly kissing each other. I began to lose notions of time. My self-esteem, my own identity faded. I was the lamb they sacrificed. I was no one anymore.



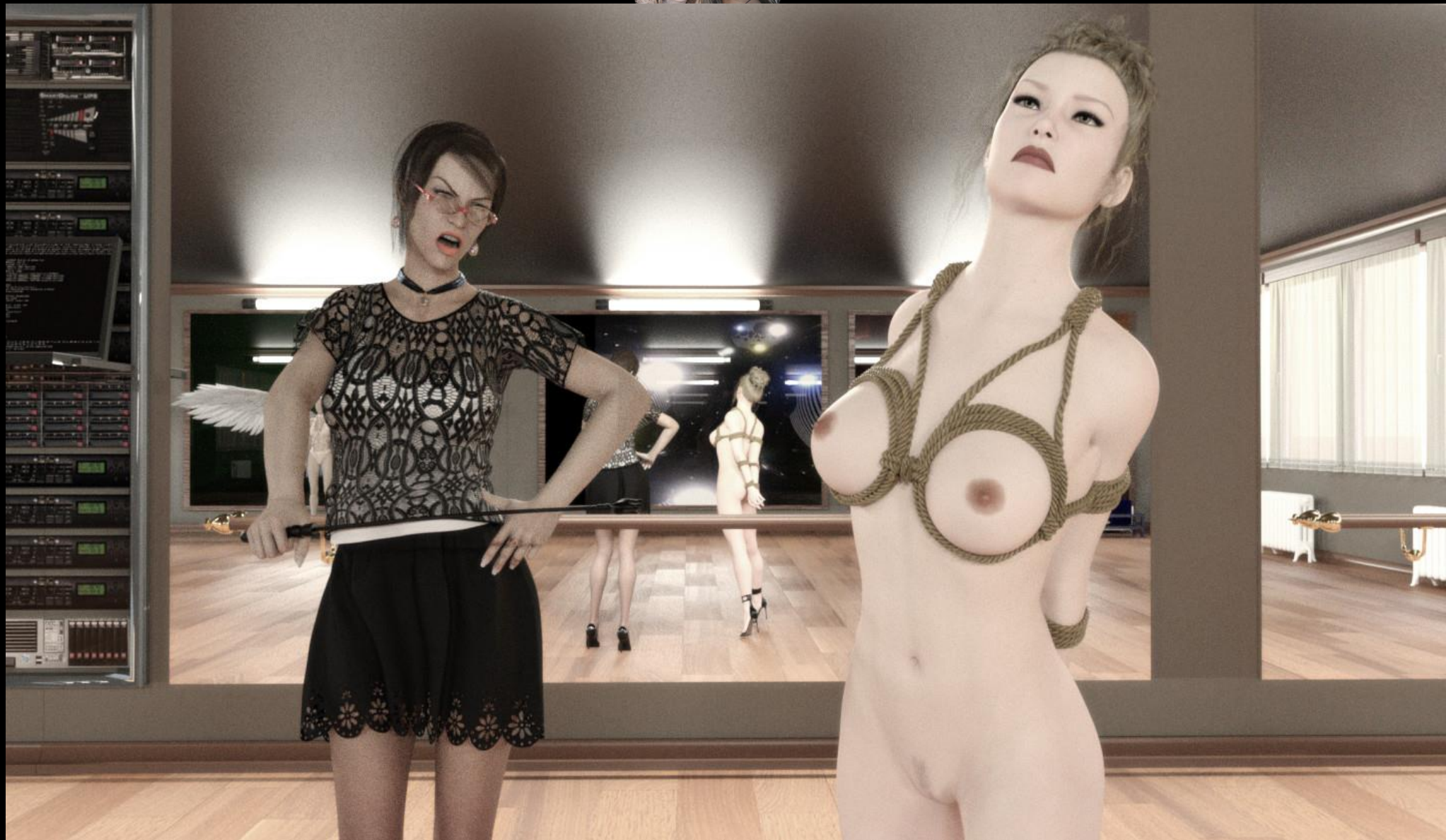
At last they untied me. As I laid on the floor, viciously probed by Ms. Lawn's shoe, Shannon sneered at me: «From now on, you better show up and abjectly obey your mistress. Cynthia - Ms.Lawn for you - expects to see you everyday. Any infringement, and the company will sue you. I'll make sure you're so indebted you never get out of her chains!» Then I was told to leave.



It was not a pretty model but a ghost who walked down the stairs. Stumbled along the streets then got into a taxi. An exhausted, shattered, debased, crying puppet. «You alright?» asked the kind driver, hearing my frantic sobs .. «Yeah.. Yeah....Thanks *sniff* I-I just lost someone» Lost myself, my hopes, my soul, my dignity. My future.



Back home I crashed. Disintegrated. Drastic thoughts submerged me. Hiding. Death. How could I survive this? I called Em but I only got his «Gone on assignment» message. I was trapped. Four days. Four more days of this hell? I felt so dirty, so sullied. Eventually I slept on the floor, all tears drained off of me. Talk about fame and glory!



Another day of sadistic training went by through which she managed to rigorously get the best dancing act out of me in a mix of great demos, degrading insults, cruel whips from the crop, filthy groping, debasing fondling. I tried to mentally disappear, to pretend it wasn't really happening. In fact I was dangerously vanishing. Giving myself away.



«I have to go shopping with Shannon» she said with a devilish smirk, producing a collar. «You'll stay here pet, as I don't think they allow animals where we go!» She laughed lightly. Cuffed as I was I had to let her dispose of me, knowing any protest would earn me the whip.



She leashed me to a ring attached to the wall. «Now it's better I make sure you don't disturb my neighbors with your barking little puppy. Open. Open! Open wide if you know what's good for you!» She then forced a ball gag into my mouth, enthralled by the humiliation, the fear and hatred she could read in my eyes.



«Be a good little thing and maybe your mistress will bring you candies» With that she left me miserably chained, naked on the floor and gagged .. I had been turned into a nameless, soulless, mindless object for her pleasure. I waited .. Waited for her return. Just like she said: like a puppy.



My mind drifted.. Then suddenly the door opened. Already back? Instead, the face of a young man appeared. He looked at me, as surprised as I was. Immediately, I moaned for help through the ball gag. He looked around, saw we were alone, then stepped in hesitantly. I pulled on my leash to make him understand I was chained. «Hmmm! Hmmm!»



Puzzled, he crouched next to me. He inspected the leash, saw the key on the desk and took it. Then his expression changed. «Hello Hello» .. he smiled. «I'm Greg Lawn, and you must be my mom's new slave am I right? .. Nothing to say? Hmm .. You could at least tell me your name!» I moaned desperately to make him understand I was unwillingly chained. Then he leaned on me.



«Maybe I should call you Titty» he mocked as he grabbed my breast. «See, I just turned 18 and Mom told me she left some cash for me in her desk. Maybe we should check if she's been up to her word, what do you think? I know i was supposed to come only this evening but I needed the cash earlier» .. «Titty, yes that's nice» he added



He unlocked the leash then pulled me on my feet. Suddenly his face distorted in rage changed again, and he slapped me. «I always wanted to make her sluts pay for making Mom a dyke!» slapped me again «It's time I get to teach you cunt-eaters a lesson!» With that he brutally dragged me to Ms. Lawn's office-desk.



He pushed me over the desk, spanked me brutally «Spread your f*cking legs, lezzie!» he snapped. I tried to resist but there was no way I could avoid this new violation. He then proceeded to help himself violently from behind. My tears left a line on the desk as I was banged up and down while he shouted revolting sexual insults at me.



Once he had his ways with me, indifferent to my pathetic sobbing and shivering and tearful face he pulled on the leash and dragged me to the large bathroom. I was on the verge of fainting. «Now now little thing» he mocked «you're such a sex-smelling slut .. Can't let you in this state can I?»



He pushed me over the tub and there, to my horror, started to fingerwash what he had offended. «We don't want Mom to know about our love affair do we? Secret is our best ally don't you think little whore?» I thought I was dying. In fact I didn't exist to him as a human being. I had reached the bottom of degradation and nearly drowned in my gag.



He pulled me back to where he had found me, chained me down again. I was shaking uncontrollably by then. Sullied. Stained. Dehumanized. Deprived of myself. «Bye slut. No worry. Mom will never know, and we'll have plenty more of this. Maybe I'll let you meet a buddy of mine. Would be cool no?» Then he was gone.



When his mother came back I was so destroyed she was immediately alarmed. The change in three hours had been brutal. That I didn't look at her, didn't react scared her. Too much was at stake for her. All that concerned her was that her human object had to perform her choreography for the movie clip. She hastily released me and sent me home.



Back home I looked around. I looked for a bottle of scotch my ex BF had left to help me swallow all the pills I could find in my pharmacy, and took everything with me to the balcony



Just then the phone rang: Em, my godfather. Only hearing my toneless «hello» made him understand. «Have faith B», he said «You- We are going to win this. Go there tomorrow. Today has been a perfect day» Then he hung up. A perfect day? The worst day of my life?



It's with a heavy heart that two days later I found myself climbing the steps to the dreaded studio. The shooting had been delayed a couple of days.

Em had called back. Insisted I take the lesson, saying it was going to be better and better from now on. That one more thing was needed for complete victory.

That we would win over the sadists, making them pay back.

Because I still loved him and still hoped he'd take me back I had been unable to tell him what degrading things had been done to me. How shattered, filthy and annihilated I felt. I didn't want him to consider me as sullied.

It was silly of me but it is how I am.

Midway to Ms. Lawn's floor a voice suddenly yelled my name: «Titty! Berseh!»

I turned back.



Greg Lawn just rushed up to me. Looking mad and entranced he grabbed my hair and jerked back my head «Berseh oh my slutty thing» he groaned, his hands all over me. He pushed me against the wall, I tried to fight him away «Leave me alone!» I begged. «No .. You can't belong to my mother. I will cure you! You're too young, too beautiful. You belong to me!» Then he force kissed me.



Untroubled by my pathetic defense he lifted my dress. Ripped my panties, his eyes like hypnotized. He violently spread my legs «You can't be a lezz. I don't care if you like this sick game of slavery Berseh. I'll learn to tie you up if that's what you want .. I love you!» I dug my nails into his face but he didn't flinch. «Stop that! Stop that» I implored through my tears. «Are you going to rape me again? Here, in the staircase? Haven't you done enough?»



Just as he was about to penetrate me we heard the door upstairs open. Female voices - including Ms. Lawn's. My young abuser froze. Heeled footsteps started to climb down. He pushed me away like he'd do a commodity, turned back and left me shaken, disoriented, breathless. Once again I had been just a toy they'd grab or throw away.



I was shocked and disheveled, my dress still half up when the person who had been with Miss Lawn appeared: It was the ugly elder woman who, it seemed years ago had grabbed my tits (page 14). She stared at me, bewildered then threw me a vicious, spiteful smirk, obscenely licking her lips.



Afraid she too would aggress me I ran up the stairs, only to face Ms. Lawn's contemptuous gaze over my semi nudity. «What kind of a whore are you?» she mocked. «Been testing the janitor?» I couldn't answer, couldn't face her eyes. Couldn't tell her I was an emotional wreck because of what her son had just been trying to do to me.



The next day I was there again. Ever since she saw me destroyed, unaware of her son's part in it Ms. Lawn had been careful not to break me more: She wanted to be sure I'd do my part in the commercial so she kept to the -still very harsh- teaching. After the lesson I took the elevator: No more surprises in the stairs for me!



The lesson had taken hours. It was late. The streets were almost deserted. Then I saw him, waiting. My legs faltered, I breathed deep: Please, not another assault. I had to find help!



I tried to run away but you never hear of a girl on heels outpacing a young man on sneakers. In the corner of my eyes I could see his athletic form closing on me.



In an instant I was brutally placated against the wall, my wrists imprisoned above my head. «I know» he hissed, drooling, his eyes afire «I know what they do to you! I'll save you! We'll be normal. You'll be mine, totally!» He rubbed his manhood against me «You're my thing .. Yes .. Not Mom's!» I squirmed helplessly. «Leave me alone, you jerk! I love someone else! You're sick!»



In my panic I tried to fight back even though I knew it was in vain. I avoided his hungry mouth, his disgustingly invasive tongue, his unwanted intimacy. I wriggled furiously and yelled for help. We heard footsteps: People! They were running! One of them shouted: «Stop! You, stop that!»



Greg ran away at full speed. Shaken and trembling I let myself sat on the ground. A young, athletic couple ran to me. «Are you alright?» asked the girl squatting and holding my hand. «It's not safe here. We'll drive you home.» Seeing my hesitancy she smiled, then pointing to her male friend. «He's police» So I let them drive me to my door.



The day later I decided it couldn't go on like this. I had to defend myself. I had to stop this. Before I started for the studio I took a large kitchen knife that I shoved in my handbag. «If it comes to that» I thought «so be it!»



My self defense plan was short-lived. Shannon was behind me the moment I entered, holding my arm. «I must say I was surprised by your declaration, slave» she fawned. «Of course I accept your complete submission! You will now lick my ass to display obedience. Just as you promised» I was stunned. «What was she talking?»



She pushed me toward her partner and sat to watch. «I always knew you'd come to accept your status» said Ms.Lawn «You are indeed a born slave. My own slave.» She began to undress me. «What .. What are you saying?» «Oh come come little pet! Stop pretending! Not after you wrote swearing you'd obey and belong to me. I've read it over and over» She bared my top.



«On your knees now kitty! Remember your promise.» I dropped down on my knees, totally confused and unbelieving «I don't understand» I pleaded. «I wrote you nothing .. Certainly not that madness .. I beg you .. Let me be!» She looked at me, delighted by my tears. «ohh .. So you prefer playing resistance .." Her smile froze. «Shannon, dear?»»



Instantly Shannon was behind me, twisting my arm. «Ohh yes sweet little slave. First, some pain for you, then .. » Just then the door slammed open!



Greg! Looking as demented as the day before, his eyes in fire. «Leave that girl alone you sick perv!» he barked to his stunned mother. «She's mine!» turning to me «Don't worry B! I got your note. Yes, I'll take you away. These two filthy dykes had better keep out!»



He ran to his mother and tried to take the crop out of her hand «What are you doing here?» she said, resisting. «She's mine, bitch!» He spit to her face. They began to fight in front of my bewildered eyes. Shannon screamed. This was so insane!



Days, weeks of humiliation and torture suddenly steamed off. As I banged Shannon's head against one of the huge speakers I could see Ms. Lawn and her son fighting like mad, howling, throwing the worst insults at each other. Although strong herself she seemed to be no match for the young man in amok mode.



I don't know what I would have done to Shannon: Taken the knife out of my bag? Except suddenly, in the corner of my eyes ..



Em!

Em my love.

Em my godfather nonchalantly leaning against the entrance door! Em, his usual smirk barring his face! Apparently very satisfied with himself.



As I ran to Em, the cloud of confusion that had obscured my brain suddenly cleared. Things started to make sense. What my tormentors said .. The messages they thought I had sent. What made Greg Lawn show up so enraged in the studio .. Of course, it was Em!



His eyes. His tough and gentle, loving smile .. Being in his protecting arms, at last!



Behind me my tormentors had stopped fighting. «Who the hell are you?» barked Ms. Lawn. «You've said it» Em replied softly. «Hell» His eyes like ice «Just hell». He walked slowly to them, holding my hand. «I'm your personal hell. I'm making sure you never recover to the surface.»



From many spots in the studio he started to uncover little gadgets «When berseh asked for help I was to go to an assignment but I asked my team to have this place covered.» He lifted his head and stared at Greg like he was going to kill him «Covered everywhere .. Including in the bathroom. I'm so furious with myself I discovered the whole thing only two days ago».

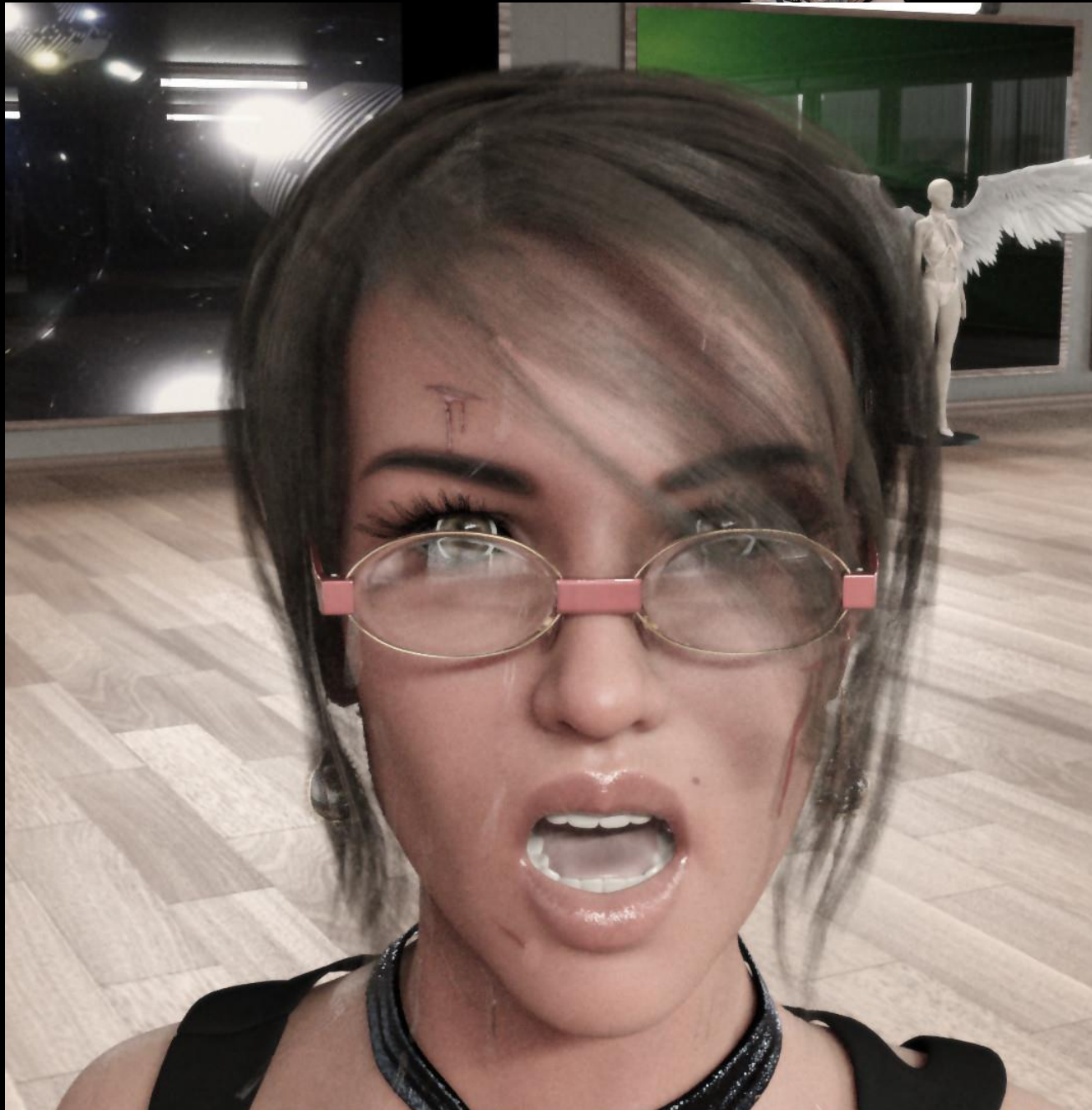


«Last night I sent messages to each of you that looked like they were from B. Letting you believe she wanted to submit to your insanity. Now check your phones. Each of you will find a link to a couple of interesting videos.»

They all seized their cells. How their faces disintegrated! Hell did indeed opened under them!



«You Shannon are going to sign B a contract for more movies on a much better basis» Em went on. «This done, you'll be escorted to a commercial flight going to... Damascus, Syria. Hope you'll like it there» Shannon gasped, terrified while Em continued in a cool, threatening tone «This, or a brothel in Salvador. Your pick. You have no other choice if you want to live» She staggered, in tears, trembling. «Your CEO will receive the video in exactly 18 hours».



«As for you, the sycko ..

You see the video? How your son treated Be? Did you know he planned to terminate you? He contacted one of my team, whom he took to be a hitman. Nice, isn't it?»

Her mouth wide open, my cruel tormentress's face crumbled.

«You're going to sell Be your studio. One dollar. Contract is here. Just sign. Once Shannon will have made her choice, you'll take the other option .. Wonder if that will be Damascus or the brothel» he smiled.

"Your son? Sweet dear Greg who fortunately was stopped yesterday from harming Be by two members of my team? An ambulance will pick him up in a few minutes. He's bound to a high security mental facility.»

He looked at them three. «Because I know Be's stand against death penalty I will let you live. But who knows? Once you're out of her view ..»



Turning to me: «Okay Be. All the cameras and servers have been cleared» he added glancing at Ms. Lawn «Anyway the place is yours now, Be. Baby, I'm so sorry I was far away and only found out two days ago. You'll never see these psychopaths again, as their destiny is now to live in the inferno they deserve» He took my hand. «Let's go».



We walk in the street, his arm around my waist,
me cuddling in his shoulder

"Is .. Is it really finished?"

"Yes girl. It's the end.

THE END



Story by Berseh

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