

How to Break a Girl

A tale of Domination by Gemma Rox

The following tale is one of conflict and aggression... a familiar theme among my readers... but today we delve a little deeper... maybe a little darker... instead of just wondering what happens when one girl beats another, we're going to explore what happens when one girl realises she has the ability to utterly break another...

The following tale was brought to you though the twisted antics of two rivals that through conflict and anger... became a whole lot closer...

Some call our first protagonist Mistress Holly. I don't...
And who am I you ask? well I'm the girl on my knees silly! But right now... you can call me Gemma...

I was on my knees... in front of the Mistress... she scowled at me as she mocked me... how did I get here? My thoughts were thrown back to the first time I faced Holly... invited to her Dungeon to finish our argument in a more personal setting. She wanted me, that much was obvious, and I wanted her. But what enraged me was her manner... the way she just thought she could take me at her whim. I was furious. We chatted a number of times online and we talked in intimate details, she's a lovely woman and was so keen to know me. And I gave up everything.

I told her how my first girlfriend was very dominant sexually and we liked to wrestle... I was probably tougher but when we fought she would always win... slipping a finger inside me... kissing my neck... nibbling on my ear... I was tough but she was sex incarnate and she knew all my buttons. Sometimes she could just utter a single word and it would make me wet. I just couldn't resist her and she dominated me time and time again.

After admitting that Holly chuckled and teased me. Telling me how she knew I was a little subbie deep down inside. That infuriated me. I hate the idea of me not being in control of myself and I raged against her taunts. What I didn't know was that I already lost control of myself. Holly knew I was a free spirit and couldn't back down from such an open taunt, so when she invited me to her Dungeon, she already knew my response. Of course I accepted her invitation and when we were down in her dungeon she broke me. I can't lie about it, I've thought about it a lot... she didn't just beat me, that would be too easy... what she did was make me want to lose. That's why I haven't been able to get the bitch out of my head.

Our first fight was back and forth and despite her size and weight advantage, I could have taken her. What I remember most vividly were her eyes... Big and blue, so deep you could lose yourself in them. And even when I had her on her back and was throwing hard punches into her mid section, those eye's shone with a brilliant confidence that melted me. I remember how her legs slowly wrapped around my waist, She was asking me if I was looking forward to being forced to finger myself for her pleasure after she beat me. It was obvious what she was doing, and if I wanted to I could have blocked her scissors attempt and pounded her into submission but instead I let her lock in

her hold. I let her squeeze down on me. I let her hurt me until I cried. I let her humiliate and abuse me. And I let her fuck me.

That last bit was a lie... I didn't just let her fuck me... by not blocking her scissors and allowing her to beat me I was practically begging her to fuck me, she knew it and so did I. Her confidence was astounding! I was on top of her throwing punches and slaps, she was in obvious pain but rather than just snap the hold on tight and fast, she rode out my punishment and slowly scissor me. All because she didn't just want to beat me, she wanted me to know she controls me. It wasn't that she won that eats away at me, it's that In that instant, I chose to lose

But here I am again... some months later and I'm back at her home in Yorkshire, I made the long trek to confront my self proclaimed Mistress. I knocked and she answered with her teasing smile and her big blue eyes... those eyes have been in dreams of mine for quite a while now. She's about 5'8" I think but in those long, black leather boots she's almost 6'. I had to look up at her to meet her gaze, yet another trick of hers to impose her dominance and superiority, and yet another stoke to the fire that's building inside of me. She's bigger than me too, clearly in great shape I'd say around 140lbs to my 110lbs. So I'm giving up close to 9" in height and 30lbs in weight as well as giving up my entire body last time we met. She invited me in and wound me up even more with her greeting

"Come in Slave" she chuckled and I pouted, my bottom lip protruding and my brow scrunched in an angry glare. This just made her chuckle louder. She led me to her dungeon... the scene of my previous humiliation...

We walked down the wooden stairs down to the cellar and came to the large dark brown, heavy rustic oak door. This heavy piece of carved oak was the gateway to either my salvation or utter destruction... there's no way of knowing what's behind until you take the handle and test it... and although Holly was behind me I could picture her blue eyes clearly... and I thought about how those eyes were the gateway to her soul... how there's no way of knowing what lies behind those eyes until you test her... last time I tested her I saw confidence and amusement in those eyes of hers, I saw mischief and malice as well as wanting and power. I felt my resolve weaken as I thought about it and I hesitated... my shoulders dropping and my head lowering... what if I can't take her, or worse still what if I don't want to...

Her hands lightly rub my shoulders and her playful voice rings out "No turning back now slave... you brought this on yourself. You brought this on because you want it, don't you? You want me to hurt you and tease you. You want me to humiliate you and make you my slut again"

"...Oh...oh fuck... yes..." I muttered as my head dropped even further. It had begun. I slowly turned the handle and entered the dungeon.

The walls are plastered and painted grey and there is a beige carpet laid down. Instantly my mind takes me back and I remember the burning pain in my knees as I struggled on that carpet, thrashing in her scissors... the room is lit by a fluorescent light and I looked around taking in the room again. Straight ahead is her throne, a big brown leather chesterfield chair and to the right is a heavy wooden table with draws. I remember bitterly the cuffs she keeps in the draws and the leather riding crop that sits on top of the desk... the things she did to me that night... I quickly turn around to take in the other sights, eager to forget those memories and focus on my goal. On the wall above the desk is a soft leather flogger and paddle and hanging on the walls to the left of the chair are the trophies... clothing from the many women she's dominated down here... and there they are. My red lace panties. I remember how soaking wet they were when she broke me.

"Get on your knees" she commanded, and I obeyed. I was shocked. Just how easily she commanded me. Here I am, all tattooed and feisty and I'm on my knees looking up at her... dressed in her long black leather boots, her leather hot pants that hug her pert arse so well, her black corset pushing her breasts up and her dark hair in pigtails to add a playful twist to her domme get up. I was kneeling in

my red tartan mini skirt with black leather studded belt and a tight white tank top with a low V cut. I'm not wearing any panties... I came to get mine back.

And that's where you join us... watching me on my knees, already quivering before a single blow is struck. She walks over to her desk and picks up her riding crop with a menacing gleam in those big blue eyes...

"You were awfully rude to me slave... demanding a re-match? How very naughty. After I broke you last time I thought all that punky little attitude was gone? Watching you cry as I scissor you to submission and feeling how wet you were... you wanted me to break you. We both know that. Yet here you are, you came all this way to act tough and with one command you're on your fucking knees..." she purrs while circling me.

I hold my head down low, my dark hair falls forwards hiding my face as I slouch. She chuckles seeing my humble posture. She stopped circling me and stood with her hands on her hips 3 metres away from me and continue to mock me.

"I can't believe how easily you came... how wet you were... you begged me to fuck you... you're such a fucking whore Gemma, a dirty, slutty little whore... And now you're my whore. I'm going to enjoy you tonight. I'm going to make you beg. Now take off your top whore and kiss my boots..." she commands

My head still held low, the hair still covering my face did a great job of hiding my rage from her. I slowly and weakly answered her command

".....no....." I mumbled in a soft, unsure voice

"No?" she gasped, amazed at my defiance. She stepped in right next to me. I smiled. Perfect... I thought knowing my hair and lowered head hid my wicked smile "Do you need me to beat some discipline into you slut? Would you like that? Having your body stripped naked and spanked as I force you to bend to my will... we both know you'd love it" and the truth is, she was right. I was so wet right now but tonight was going to be different... that I promised myself. I wouldn't give myself so easily to her. She was right next to me, standing over me as I kneeled down. The end of her riding crop gently brushed my left cheek and came to a rest on my chin as she lifted it and raised my head up until I was looking up at her. My hair fell away framing my face and she saw my dark eyes. Her face was a picture as she registered something she hadn't expected from me... a smile of rebellion. Too late she realised my dark eyes mirrored my dark intentions as I slammed a right hook deep into her stomach.

Unprepared she reeled backwards gasping and in pain, the shock ripping through her body. She stumbled and doubled over, snarling at me as her blue eyes shone with a furious indignation

"Your mistress gave you an order! I own you slut!" she growled. I didn't reply at first I just got up and complied to her command... I rose to my feet. No longer a broken, timid creature, that part of my plan was done with now. She took the bait and mistook me for just another submissive who was desperate for seconds. But instead I was standing full of confidence and might. I stripped off my clothes to my red lace bra then walked over to the wall and took down my matching panties

"What... what are you doing..." she hisses as I put my panties back on

"taking back what's mine bitch" I answer back

"I own you, you little brat! You will obey me or you'll learn the hard way... have you forgot last time already? I've beaten you before... and I'll beat you again... I'll make you soak those panties through and ram them down your fucking throat you cocky little slave... I own you..."

“If you want this body, you need to earn it!” I roar back, my posture alert and proud. Even though she towered over me I stood tall and strong, not an ounce of fear in me... she looked at me, took me in as I stood before her, my dark lipstick and eye liner adding to the menace in my tone and demeanour. And I looked at her and those Big blue eyes... those same eyes which saw right through me the first time we met and held such confidence and power. Those eyes betrayed her. The doubt and fear she felt was clear and I fed off of it. My smile widened as I squared off against her.

She was winded by my surprise punch but got her breath back now she lashed out with the riding crop and I felt the sting across my left cheek and screeched in sudden shock

“Eeeeeiiiiik... Bitch!!!” I hissed and dived in close to her, I needed to close that gap or she’d just beat me to a pulp with that damn crop. As I rushed her I flung my left arm out knocking her right hand aside and sending the crop across the room. I dug my fingers into her hair tightly and ripped at her pigtails, relishing her screams!

As I swung my arms left and right her head was torn this way and that, each pull causing a sharp, burning agony in her scalp that was punctuated with a scream. Suddenly she got her wits and started to throw hard punches at me. Into my ribs and abs, I gritted my teeth but rode out the storm until a heavy right looped over my arm and smashed me in the jaw... I stumbled back dazed then got a hard kick into my right ribs, her leather boot connecting with my bare flesh.

“Uuuugggnnn...” I grunted through gritted teeth and gazed at her. “You punch well...” I growled “but you kick like a little bitch” I teased as I turned to hide my right ribs from her. They were red and throbbing, the kick hurt me more than I let on. My body was turned to her now, my weight on my back foot as my left shoulder was pointed towards her. I clenched my right fist, planning to repay her own right hook with interest and we stared at each other. The gaze felt like it lasted an eternity as her Blue eyes met my brown eyes, it was a war of wills... we stared each other down, anger and dogged determination filled my eyes and hers too... until, a slip. I could see her falter. A momentary lapse as she thought to herself... what if she takes me? It was the hairline crack that brought down the dam, suddenly her mind was filled with all the what if’s... the fear of losing gripped her... and in that moment, I could see it in her eyes.

She lunged at me, blind panic taking over, she couldn’t allow herself to be beaten, the thought was too much to bare but in rushing headlong, she did exactly what I wanted her to. I twisted my body sharply, bringing round that right fist I had hid behind my hip in a vicious arc of destruction, Holly was too slow to realise her mistake as I transferred my weight to my front foot and threw everything I had behind this punch. My right hip rotated towards her and then my shoulder, every last ounce of power and momentum focused into one clenched fist. As it landed a solid thud echoed out and my hand erupted in white hot pain... but that was alright... as much as my hand was hurting, I knew she was hurting more. A muted “Uuughhnn...” escaped her lips and her legs turned to jelly as she collapsed backward. I notice her eyes flutter as she dropped hard onto the beige carpet. The floor offering her little comfort in the way of a soft landing.

I looked down at her and her glazed eyes and shook out my right hand, my fist hurt like hell but it was worth every ounce of pain to see her out on her back like that. She looked peaceful, serene even... I couldn’t have that. I threw a heavy kick into her left ribs and she let out a scream, her face scrunched up in to a pained grimace.

“You awake now bitch?” I scream as I stomp down on her belly with my bare foot, every stomp causing a gasp and a pant to whoosh out of her mouth as she struggled to breath under my furious assault. She claws at my leg trying to stop me but her hands a mess, all jumbled and stunned, she sits up and wraps her arms around my right leg and I stand there, with a Dominatrix hugging my thigh. I can’t tell if she’s trying to wrestle me to the floor or just surrendering to me, as she looks up her eyes

are glazed and panicked, so I smile down at her and slam my left knee into her jaw. Tonight isn't about mercy, it's about domination, and she will submit to me.

I grab her legs and tuck them under my arms, clutching her calves through her high leather boots. All of a sudden the realisation hits home... A terrible fear is in her eyes as she looks up at me, I know she's done. The submission is only a formality, her eyes tell me all I need to know. But she does struggle still and with a 30lb advantage, she struggles well... maybe she's remembered our conversations online and how I love to make a girl beg in a painful hold... maybe it's just her bodies natural defensive instincts as she foresees danger but she straightens her body out and fights me as I try and roll her onto her stomach. My arms and back strain as I twist, trying with all my might to lock her in a Boston Crab and she screams in protest trying to stop me

“NNNNGGRRRRR..... NOOOOO..... FUUUUUCK..... AAAAGGGGGGNNNNNNNHHHHHH” She cries and groans, but I get her to the brink, I tilt her until she's on the peak of her right shoulder and we both know she can't stop me. I risk one last look in her eyes and see terror. I flash a wicked smile back as I complete my turn and lift my right leg over her completing the move and bending her legs back to a horrible angle!

“OOOOHHHHHH GAWD!!!!!! OOOOHHH SHIT!!!!!! FUUUUUUCK! PLEASE NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!” she screams and I just slowly and gently tighten the hold. There's no doubt she's in agony, I know because I've been where she is now. I also know that I haven't pulled the hold back anywhere near as far it will go... I'm holding that back to torment her. She was right about one thing... I have soaked my panties through. The struggle and the power... the feeling of total control over her is intoxicating. I tighten the hold a little more, leaning back a bit as her face and chest are pushed into the beige carpet and her long booted legs are bent backwards arching her body viciously.

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHH!!!!!!... PLEASE!!!!!!... STOP!!!!!!” she cries

“Please?... uuggnnnn.... That's an undignified word... uuuggrrrr.... For a Mistress?” I tease and she pounds the carpet with the palm of her right hand

“I GIVE!!! I GIVE!!! PLEASE GEMMA!!!! OHHH GAWD!!!”

“You want to give up already? You know what that means right? A high and mighty Mistress like you getting bested in your own fucking dungeon... are you sure you want to give in to me?” I ask and cruelly throw my bodyweight back torturing her!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!! YES!!!! YES!!!! I GIVE!!!!” she cries, tears running down her face in black streaks as her make-up runs. I lighten the hold, but only slightly

“I'll own you for a week.”

“NNNNGGGGHHHH... OH FUCK.... WHAT???” she asks confused and I pull back harder

“YOU'RE MY SLAVE FOR A FUCKING WEEK BITCH!!! Or I'm not letting you out!” I demand my voice rings with authority now.

“Yes.... I... I'll be your slave...” she whimpers

“You'll be my slave what?” I tease pulling on her tortured legs and back

“MISTRESS!!!! I'LL BE YOUR SLAVE MISTRESS!!!!” she cries out and I drop her. I look at her all curled up in a ball, rubbing her aching back as the mascara runs down her pearly white cheeks. Her

eye's watery and fearful. I strip off my bra and panties and sit naked in her throne... or should I say MY throne...

"A girl can get used to this..." I giggle and watch her on the floor. Shocked and appalled that a girl... 5'3" and 110lbs, a girl so much smaller than her could come to her own dungeon and destroy her.

"Slave..." I call out "come here and make your mistress cum. I want to feel that slutty tongue now!" I smile as I finish my first command... my first of many... she starts to get up

"NO!... you don't deserve to walk do you?" I ask

"... no... oh gawd oh naww..." she whimpers, her heavy Yorkshire accent getting stronger as she loses her control, as she gets on her hands and knees and sheepishly crawls over to me. I take her by the hair and pull her head into my soaking wet crotch feeling her tongue lap at me. With each stroke it feels like electricity is dancing up from her tongue through my body.

"Ohhhh... Fuck... You're a good little whore aren't you..." I ask, pulling her head so her mouth is trusted into my womanhood and her eyes are forced to stare at mine. "I asked you a question slave..."

"mmmmess...mistressmmm..." she answered, her words smothered by my moist pussy. Truth is she was more than a good little whore... she was breathtaking. Maybe it was the power... the raw unchained force in which I took her down... maybe it was seeing this strong, proud woman kneel and submit to my will... the fact that she's one of the hottest, most sexual creatures I've ever encountered certainly helped... but whatever the reason I came... I came fast... and I came hard. Screaming out in joyous rapture my body quivered and my hips thrust, desperate to have her dexterous tongue in me deeper.

"OOHHHHHH... YEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!!!!" I cried, my thighs gripping the side of her head as my quivers turned to violent shudders. My body spent and my desires sated... for now...

"Good work slave... " I mused "Now stand in the middle of the room... let me admire my new trophy" I ordered cruelly and she dutifully obeyed... her face red... shamed and humbled she quickly wiped her mouth and tried to make herself presentable to me. I couldn't believe it. This woman dominated me! She totally destroyed me! I knew I could just about take her in a fight, she's bigger and taller but I know on a good day I can take anyone, but she utterly broke me. I couldn't compete with her sexually. She made me want to give in... she made me a slave... a slut... a boot licking, pussy worshipping whore... and now look at her... I came here to get my pride back but I got more than that... I've discovered something deeper within me I never knew I had... I've found a will... a will I seem to be able to force on even the most strongest of women... I've broken her. She doesn't even question me! She just obeys... she's so ashamed I can bend her to my every whim... a mischievous smile pops onto my face and I cock my head to the side, still sitting naked on her throne and admiring her beauty... I decide to see how far I can push this... lets see if I can completely break this slut...

"I'm afraid those clothes simply will not do..." I tease in my posh English accent "after all, you're not fit enough to be called a domme... wouldn't you agree slave?" I ask

"...y... yes Mistress..." she stammers and eventually answers her face looking flustered, and red... perfect, I think... time to fuck with her mind... by the time I'm finished with her she'll doubt she ever was a Mistress...

"Well go on slave! Take of your clothes!" I snap and smile as she jumps at the aggression in my tone... as she starts to undress I add another command... "No, no, no... that's hardly a fitting way to entertain your betters is it?... do a little dance for me slave..." I giggle as she obeys. Her face goes bright red... she looks awkward, uncomfortable, as she spins her corset around and starts to unbuckle

it, her big blue eyes, like a panda now, with black all around them, avoiding my eye contact. That told me a lot... those eyes are the gateway to that brilliant mind, She's a spoiled little princess... her husband gets her whatever she wants and as a mistress she gets whatever she needs from her slaves, all of whom were broken by that wicked mind and those powerful eyes. They are her greatest weapons... now she can't even look at me.

Damn her bodies hot... but now wasn't the time for sex... now was the time for submission... She slowly slid her black leather boots off her long, slender legs and my grin widened... I know she loves those boots, I could see the look on her face as she was stripped of them. And finally her leather hot pants fell, exposing her entirely. As she finished it was as if she had lost her armour... she was defenceless and frightened. I got up and kicked her gear to the side of the room

"That doesn't belong to you anymore... you don't deserve the title Domme..." I heard a short snuffle and she nodded in agreement. I was stunned at how deep inside her head I got, every word I said was taken as fact and she followed my orders with total obedience... but I wanted more...

"I'm sorry? A nod as hardly a polite response to a civilised question is it slut!" I growl right in her face and she cowers and shrinks before me... she stands 5 inches taller than me but she might as well be on her knees for all the control she has...

"I... I'm sorry mistress... y... you're right... I don't deserve the title..." she whimpers,

"Good... that's better..." I purr, calming my voice again. I see her hands are up trying to cover her breasts as she stands there naked and mortified. "Raise your hands way up high slave and twirl for me... like a ballerina..." I smile as she starts to turn to her left and I walk in the opposite direction... circling her to her right. With her hands held high above her head her entire body is there for me to enjoy, as I walk around her my hand slides gently across her skin... my fingers dancing around her hips, her smooth tummy, her back and her breasts. I studied her from top to toe. I could see her tremble a little... it's obvious she's embarrassed... awkward... and a little afraid... I decide to play on that and walk over to where her riding drop is and pick it up, the soft leather handle feels smooth in my hand as I whip it through the air filling the room with the sound of air getting sliced. With every sweep she jumps a little...

"Bend over slave..." I command and she obeys... her hands on her knees, her pert arse sticking outwards as she quivers and sobs... I touch the soft skin ever so slightly with the tip of the crop and she jumps a little... I'm not really sure what's possessing me right now... I just wanted to beat this girl... earn my freedom and pride back... but now all I want is to strip her of every shred of dignity she once thought she had... I pull the crop back fast and hold my hand high in the air and the swishing noise the crop makes causes Holly to jump yet again. I hold the crop there, the longer I do the harder she trembles. She's terrified of what I may do but powerless to stop me

I revel in that fear... after a while, holding off my strike she starts to whimper and sob, the anticipation of the blow proving far more damaging than the actual strike ever could. I drop my hand slowly and ever so delicately brush the tip of the crop against her labia. She lets out a short sharp squeal as she was expecting the blow to be hard and sharp, instead I use her crop to caress and tease her... soon her whimpers turn to groans, her face bright red as she's stripped of all control and a few tears roll down her cheeks

I hear the heavy oak door open and a cheery "Hello Mistress, I've been naughty again and I..." her words trail off as she walks in and stops in stunned silence. She was holding some sex toys and clothing and they drop to the beige carpet as she stares in horror at the sight of her Mistress being completely broken. "What the FUCK IS GOING ON!!!" she roars, her initial shock turning to anger and Holly cries out...

"Sharon! Stop her!!!" her order is more of a plea as the tears roll down...