

Gwen Takes Revenge 2

Crimson Rose

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“I can’t believe that worked,” Gwen said with extreme excitement, looking down at the bound and gagged form of Mistress Raven lying on Sister Kelly’s kitchen floor. “What do you say we teach these two bitches a few more lessons?” she ask, nodding from Raven on the floor to Jasmine who was still bound and gagged on the chair. After being forced into Our Lady of the Blessed’s secret bdsm sex club the THSS where she was pierced, branded and subjected to a myriad of perverse sexual acts, she was now out for revenge and was not going to stop until all three of the Mistresses were broken.

“I swear to God, Gwen, when this is all over I’m leaving this damned school and marrying you,” Sister Kelly said enthusiastically, hugging and kissing her lover deeply and passionately. “You’re the miracle this place, and I, have been in need of for a very long time.”

“Well then, fiancé, how about we get to work. The night is young and we have a lot of teaching to do.”

“Y-You called me fiancé!” Sister Kelly gasped. “Does that...are you saying...”

“Well, if we’re getting married we should be engaged first, right?”

“Um, yeah, right. I just can’t believe...”

“That I’d want to marry you?”

“Yeah. I mean look at me! I’m covered in piercings and humiliating tattoos.”

“I’m gonna be honest with you Sister Kelly. I’ve had a crush on you since freshman year, so when you say you want to marry me I’m all aboard. And besides, I’ve got piercings and a brand as well so we’re on even footing there.”

“You are such a sweetheart. I don’t deserve someone like you,” tears filling her eyes, she freely let them fall as she was overwhelmed with joy.

“You’re right, you don’t deserve someone like me. You deserve so much better, but I’ll do my best to make you happy.”

“GOD I love you! So, shall we teach these assclowns those lessons now?”

“One step ahead of you,” Gwen replied, already rummaging through Sister Kelly’s toy box. “Damn, all of the huge toys are already in use. Oh well, we’ll just have to make do with what we have.”

“I can take the plug out of my ass,” Sister Kelly offered. “Unless you want me to keep it in, that is.”

“I am *not* your Mistress, Kelly. Answer me this, do you like having that huge plug keeping your ass stretched open?”

“Kind of, yeah. I mean, I’ve been stretched open for so long now that I almost feel odd not having my ass stuffed.”

“Then leave it in if that’s what pleases you. There are plenty of smaller toys here that we can double up if need be. Don’t worry, we’ll stretch these two...FUCK ME! How did we not think of this sooner? Sister Mary!”

“Um, what about her?”

“She works for the Mistresses, right? Using all of her toys to stretch us open. Why not call her to bring over some ‘teaching’ aids?”

“She won’t listen to us. In order to avoid being severely punished, she’ll only give her toys out to the three Mistresses, or to those they tell her to.”

“Then we’ll just have to be the Mistresses,” Gwen said picking up Jasmine’s cell phone.

“Oh, right. By all means call her up,” Sister Kelly grinned. “Tell her to bring the largest of her toys as well as the most painful.”

“Anything else?”

“Nah, I have plenty of other toys we can use to work them up to the larger ones.”

About to send out the text using Raven’s phone, Gwen stopped short of hitting the send button. “You know, Sister Mary is just as culpable as the three Mistresses. I think she should be taught a lesson for her part in all of this as well. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right, but we should go easy on her. Keep in mind that she’s been through the same horrible training as me and is only working with them out of fear.”

“Fair enough.” Going back to the cell phone, she deleted the text and started over.

Bring your largest and most painful toys to Sister Kelly’s house immediately.

Yes Mistress. I’ll have them there in twenty minutes.

The front door will be unlocked. Bring the toys in and lock the door behind you.

Yes Mistress.

“She’ll be here in twenty minutes.

“What would you like to do while we wait?”

“We could always start with a round of discipline on Raven as we did with Jasmine. Or, or we could consummate our marriage a little early,” Gwen grinned.

“Why don’t we do both?”

“Hold that thought. I’ve got to go pee first.”

“Hold that pee,” Kelly giggled “I have a better idea.”

“Oh?”

“I know this might sound gross to you, but why don’t we use them as bathrooms?”

“You dirty-minded freak. I love it! Can I assume they did that to you?”

“All the damn time. Count yourself lucky that you got out before it happened to you. I have camcorders, why don’t we film their humiliation like they film ours?”

“Good idea, but let’s hurry while I can still hold it in. Where do you want to do it?”

“The bathroom. Unless they’ve had practice with drinking it, which I highly doubt, then it’ll get pretty messy and I don’t want piss all over my kitchen floor.”

“Ok. We’ll have to drag them up the steps. I don’t trust them to walk on their own.

“Fuck that,” Kelly huffed. “The only place I’m dragging them is to the curb when we’re done with them. No, they’ll walk but we’ll keep them bound.”

“Alright, I’ll get them ready if you can set up the cameras.”

“Will do. I’ll be in the bathroom.”

“Listen up whores,” Gwen said to Jasmine and Raven “we’re going upstairs to the bathroom where Kelly and I will use you as our personal urinals and if you even think about doing anything stupid I’ll beat you to within an inch of your miserable lives. Is that understood?”

With gags in their mouths all Jasmine and Raven could do was nod.

Starting with Raven, Gwen removing the chain connecting the wrist and ankle cuffs together and then yanking her to her feet. “I’ll be back for you in a minute,” she said to Jasmine. “Get moving, urinal!” she said slapping her former Mistress hard on the ass. Marching Raven up through the kitchen, into the living room and up the stairs to the bathroom, she continued to slap Raven’s ass almost every step of the way so that by the time they entered the bathroom where

Sister Kelly was setting up the camera, her ass was bright red and covered with handprints. “Get in the tub you worthless piece of shit! Make sure she stays put and I’ll be back with Jasmine.”

“Ok. I’m just about done here,” Kelly replied.

Going back down to the kitchen, Gwen stared at Jasmine gagged and tightly secured to the dildo seat she has been sitting on for the past several hours – her holes now gaping open large enough to take the biggest of toys and fists. It was one thing dealing with a cooperative person, but she was anything but.

Before uncuffing her, Gwen placed a wide zip tie around Jasmine’s arms above the elbows, one below the elbows, and a third around her wrists – pulling them painfully tight to ensure compliance. Next, she put a pair of leather cuffs around Jasmine’s ankles and connected them together with an eighteen inch chain hooked to a D-ring on each cuff. And finally she removed the cuffs keeping Jasmine secured to the chair and then stood her up, smiling as the thick dildos slowly withdrew from her holes.

“Get your sorry ass in gear, bitch!” Gwen said balling her right hand into a fist and shoving it easily up Jasmine’s ass about four inches passed the wrist. Pulling out, she slapped her hard on the ass and then rammed her fist back in. “I said *move!* Maybe if I heated the branding iron back up that’ll spur you into action.”

The threat of another brand more than she could take, Jasmine hobbled out of the kitchen, through the living room and up the stairs with Gwen hot on her heels, fist punching in and out of her ass.

“Just in time,” Kelly said when Jasmine and Gwen entered the bathroom. “I’m ready to start...” Knock, knock. “Damn, that must be Sister Mary. What do you want to do?”