

# **Breaking Zenzele**

**Crimson Rose**

~ ~ ~

# **Breaking Zenzele**

Copyright© 2017 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

A perpetual early riser, Zenzele woke long before her new Master. Rolling onto her left side, she watched the slow, steady rise and fall of his well-toned chest. Catching herself staring, she shook the sleep from her mind and turned her gaze lower down his body. Instantly chewing her lower lip, she raised up onto her knees and then bent over – giving his cock a gentle kiss. When that did not seem to wake him, she became emboldened. After another kiss, she took it into her mouth and began sucking him off.

There was no way in hell Master James was going to remain asleep with Zenzele's full lips wrapped around his cock. Resisting the urge to flip her over and fuck her silly, he kept his eyes closed to give the appearance of still being out just to see what she would do. He was not disappointed. Though she was still learning how to suck dick, she was improving nicely as she swirled her tongue around his cockhead.

The dick growing longer and harder by the second, Zenzele bobbed her head up and down several times before taking it completely down her throat for all of two seconds before gagging on it. Though a short time, it was a remarkable improvement over the previous two days and to her embarrassment, she felt the pride welling up inside. Licking along the shaft, she took it back into her mouth and down her throat – managing three seconds this time before it became too much and she started choking on it.

*God damn*, she thought, looking up at her Master's closed eyes. *How in the hell is he still asleep?* Shaking her head, she deep-throated him four or five more times before straddling his hips – letting out a soft moan as she took him fully. Leaning back with her hands resting on the bed either side of his legs, she slowly fucked herself – pulling back until only the head remained inside and then taking him deep, until she felt the orgasms building and his cock throbbing. Not wanting to get pregnant, despite begging him to breed her, she started to move off of him when his hands came out of nowhere and grabbed her hips.

"Don't stop now," Master James said.

"Jesus Christ! You scared the hell out of me, Master! I thought you were asleep."

"You've got a lot to learn about having sex with men, my pet. Not the fucking part, you're doing that just fine, but there's no way in hell any man is going to remain asleep while such a beautiful woman is sucking and fucking him. Nice job with the sucking by the way. You're getting much better at it."

"Thank you Master," Zenzele said, her cheeks flushing from the compliment.

"Now resume fucking yourself on my cock you sexy little hucow."

Knowing better than to argue with him, Zenzele leaned forward and down to kiss him on the lips – an act that surprised them both as much for its suddenness as it's passion. Lips locked together, she rocked her hips harder and faster until she felt the damn burst. And as she threw her head back in orgasm, he filled her with copious amounts of semen – not allowing her to pull out until he had grown soft again.

"Not bad, my pet. If I didn't know any better I'd say you were really starting to enjoy having sex with men. And since you surprised me, it's time for me to surprise you. Get on all fours." Once Zenzele was off of him and moving into position, Master James hopped off the bed and went to his black duffle bag. Opening it, he withdrew three coils of red rope. Walking back to the bed, he placed them at Zenzele's feet, uncoiled one and formed a slip knot at one end. Placing it over her left ankle, he pulled it tight and then raised her foot until ankle and thigh were touching.

“W-What are you doing, Master?”

“What does it look like I’m doing? You’re a Mistress, do you really need me to explain bondage to you?”

“N-No Master.”

“Then remain silent until spoken to or you will be punished.” Wrapping the rope around Zenzele’s upper thigh, Master James pulled it tight enough that she could not move it, but not so tight as to cut off circulation. Satisfied, he began slowly wrapping it down halfway to her knee before feeding it through the center and tying it off at the slip knot. Moving to the right leg, he repeated the process so that her legs were bound and she was directly on her knees. And though she hated it already, she was thankful to be on the soft bed and not the hard floor. “Now put your head down and place your arms behind your back, hands grabbing opposite elbows.”

Not saying a word for fear of being caned, Zenzele did as commanded and soon another rope was being looped around her left wrist and wrapped around both arms towards the right side before being tied off. She loved putting others in various forms of bondage, but this was a first for the lifelong dominant and she felt her entire body growing warm. Knowing full well how compromising her position was, she attempted to close her legs but was met with a spreader bar being placed between the knees.

“Yeah, we’ll have none of that,” Master James said, strapping the metal bar in place. “I’m going to give you a choice. It is a very important decision so think before you blurt out an answer. Also know that I will hold you to whatever you decide no matter how much you bitch and complain about it afterwards. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

Walking back to where his bag sat on the dresser, he withdrew a small brazier and a metal rod with two words written at the end. “Here is your choice, my pet. I have in my hand a branding iron which reads: owned slave. You can agree to let me brand you with it, you can agree to extend your time being my submissive by one year, or you can get five tattoos of my choice and your pussy pierced to my exact specifications. Those are your choices. I do not want to hear a word out of you until you’ve made up your mind.”

Liking each option about as much as she wanted another hole in the head, Zenzele knew one way or another she would have to pick one of the three and live with the results for the rest of her life. Another full year as his submissive meant the likelihood of her returning as a dominant was slim to none as she slipped inexorably into her new life of servitude so she temporarily moved that to the bottom of the list, leaving a single humiliating brand, or piercing and tattoos. The latter of which could be removed when the time was right and so it was moved to the top. Not wanting to be branded a slave, it went to the bottom, now leaving her with piercings and tattoos, or a year of servitude.

“I’m ready to make my decision, Master.”

“Already? That didn’t take long. What is your decision, my pet?”

“I will take the tattoos and piercings, Master.”

“Really? That is surprising. Oh, I forgot to tell you that you’ll have to keep them for as long as you work as a Dominant. No going to get them removed the second we get home. And your pussy will be given several eyelets which, as you know are permanent and will never close. Does that change your mind?”

It certainly added a new dynamic that was not there before and Zenzele went back to weighing her options. Not wanting her pussy permanently ruined by such large piercings, she moved it to the bottom of the list and pushed a year of submissive training up one notch. Feeling

it in the pit of her stomach that she would never recover from her training, she let out a pitiful sigh. "I'll take the branding, Master. But I don't want it anywhere just anyone can see it."

"I will give you a choice there as well. It can be placed on your hip, ass, mound or breast. Where do you want me to brand you, my pet?"

Again, not liking any of the options, Zenzele never the less went with the hip. The right one to be more precise. Bound and helpless on the bed, she watched in horror as Master James filled the small brazier with coals and lit it. "Y-You're going to brand me here in the motel room Master?"

"I am. Don't worry, you'll be gagged so you don't disturb the neighbors. You really surprise me, my pet. I really thought you'd take another year of training over getting pierced, tattoos or branded."

"I do not want to end up as your permanent submissive, Master. I don't want branded either, but it's better than having my pussy ruined by eyelet piercings and knowing you the tattoos would be incredibly humiliating, so getting branded was the only choice left."

"Do you really think yourself so weak-willed? I thought you were stronger than that."

"I.. I don't want to serve you for another year, Master. I know that if I do you'll just keep finding ways for me to spend the rest of my life as a submissive."

"There's nothing wrong with being a switch, my pet."

"But would I be?"

"Of course. Unless you somehow think being trained as a submissive somehow negates your dominance. Allow me to offer my own take on it. I don't think you have a fear of serving me for a year, or even the rest of your life. I think what you fear is that you'll enjoy it and that humiliated the hell out of you. So, I'm willing to give you another chance you change your mind. However, before you do, if you choose to be my submissive then you must also agree to set aside your inhibitions towards fucking men other than me. Meaning, you'll be fucked by whomever I want, whenever I want you to do it."

"Brand me, Master," Zenzele quickly answered. "Having you screw and breed me is bad enough, I don't want to be turned into a whore."

"How about I sweeten the deal. During your year of serving me you will not be fucked by other men until I've impregnated you. That way we ensure it's mine."

"I don't want to have sex with men, Master. Please, just brand me and get it over with."

"Very well." Letting the brazier heat up, Master James picked up a penis gag and approached the bed. Grabbing his submissive by the hair, he lifted her head and kissed her hard on the lips. Dragging her back into a kneeling position, he placed the penis in her mouth and secured the straps behind her head. Giving her a wicked grin, he shoved her face back into the mattress. "But mark my words, branded or not, I have other means at my disposal for making you submit, my pet. And while the hot iron is searing your perfect flesh, ask yourself how far you're willing to go to avoid the inevitable."

The branding iron finally up to temperature, Master James put on a pair of heavy, heat-resistant gloves, pulled the hot metal rod from the brazier and approached the bed. Zenzele watched in wide-eyed terror as he came nearer and nearer. Biting her lower lip, she felt the intense heat getting closer. "ALRIGHT! I'll be your submissive for a year!" she bellowed, but thanks to the gag it came out as a jumbled mess that no one could possibly decipher.

"What's that?" Master James asked, pressing the scorching hot metal into Zenzele's right hip. The reaction was immediate and expected as she rolled onto her left side to get away from it. But the damage was done. She was branded an owned slave and there was nothing she could do

about it now. Crying in shame, pain and humiliation, she internally beat herself up for being so stupid as to think a permanent mark on her body was even remotely better than serving as a man's submissive for a year, or even a lifetime. Struggling against the ropes binding her tightly, she flopped around for several seconds like a fish out of water before giving up and just crying her eyes out.

When Zenzele's wails finally simmered down to pitiful whimpers, Master James removed the gag. "You said something there before I branded you. What was it?"

"I said I would be your submissive for a year," Zenzele answered, not even thinking to lie.

"I see. Well, is that still the case?"

"No Master. You already branded me."

"So I did. And let me be the first to say how sexy it's going to look once it's healed. Also, I would not have stopped just because you said you'd be my submissive for a year. I told you I would hold you to whatever decision you made and I'm a man of my word, slave."

"I'm not a slave, Master."

"That's not what your brand says, slave."

"I...yes Master. Will you please untie me now? I'm starting to cramp."

"Not yet." Helping her back onto her knees, Master James slammed his hard cock back into Zenzele's pussy. "You agreed to let me take you whenever I like, and I like."