

# The Bitch part 1

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Are you serious, Pascal? What am I supposed to do with that?” a stunning woman with long, curly dark hair and a light caramel complexion produced the brand new packaging of an iPhone, still in its plastic wrap. “You said you needed a new phone” Rosalina’s husband, a black man in his early 50s, the grey hairs starting to make an appearance on his finely trimmed beard and short curly hair, replied flabbergasted.

“This is an OLD model! I can’t take that to brunch” the 35-year-old woman whined and the couple argued, both dressed in immensely slick garments, Rosalina in a gorgeous blue pantsuit and her man in a nicely fitting shirt and corduroy pants.

Dr. Pascal Blanc was a renowned surgeon, respected by all his peers and staff at the hospital he oversaw. Respect he could not say he was receiving from his wife of 3 years. Rosalina’s body was a shrine to feminine sex appeal, with its juicy curves (some DDD-cup handfuls and a bouncy rump) and shapely incurves (her slim waist giving her that hourglass shape) outlining her 5’6” stature, but while her look was stunning, her behavior towards her accomplished husband was only getting worse.

With a Chief of Surgery’s salary, Pascal had the financial privileges to not let Rosalina miss out on anything. But it was seen as a given nowadays, not a gift. Her entitlement mixed with a bad temper was starting to really get on Pascal’s nerves. Gone were the days of romance and astonishment. Rosalina’s attitude was that of a spoiled, selfish bitch. This wasn’t the woman he had chosen to spend the rest of his days with, right?

The tall ceilings of their spacious, suburban residence echoed their back-and-forth argument, which was only put on hold so that the couple wouldn’t be late to their friends’ meet-up.

Pascal and Rosalina were enjoying coffee at a great outdoor little café, seated on the side of the beautiful stoned grounds of the plaza. It was nice, the sun was out and the mood had somewhat

returned to normalcy, only because of the temporal distance since their last fight. Rosalina enjoyed her cappuccino, in her furry coat and designer sunglasses, with her husband on the other side of the little round table.

“Hey little fella!” Pascal exclaimed as a stray dog, one of the ones roaming the plaza, came by and nuzzled against his leg. “Eww, get that away, please!” Rosalina made a yucky face as the furry dog happily turned to her direction. “What are you so icky about, it’s ok” Pascal reassured her, petting the good boy’s back. “I can’t stand animals; so filthy” the previously comfortable woman’s leather-legging-covered, crossed legs were now gathered up to her tummy, trying their hardest to not come in contact with this ‘vile beast’.

Rosalina never liked animals. Pascal loved dogs, and had tried convincing her to get one many times, but the posh girl was always adamant about her disdain for these four-legged creatures. Rosalina was a very hygienic person, always pampering her body with lotions, perfumes and the finest shampoos and creams. She took great care of her make-up and overall appearance, always wanting to turn heads (and succeeding).

She would not taint all that work with a dog’s sloppy drool on her pristine skin, or ruin her sexy outfits with pet hair sticking all over them. “Leave those things to the farmers and loners” she used to say.



**\*SMASH\***

An elaborate, glass candle holder turned to shrapnel against the wall. "Are you crazy, what are you doing!?!?" Pascal yelled at the peak of another fight, after a dangerous projectile missed him by only a few inches. It was only a couple of days after that brunch.

"I saw how you were looking at that whore from across the bar. You piece of shit!" Rosalina was unhinged, throwing insults and accusations for the past half hour. "What are you talking about?" the man shook his head in disbelief. Despite their troubles, he had been nothing but loyal to his wife, whose jealousy often took deranged proportions.

"I'm not an idiot you fucking liar!" the woman approached him, still in the cocktail dress and heels of their latest night out, and started putting her hands on him, slapping him all around his body like the way girly girls fight. "St...stop! Fuck!" Pascal only threw his arms up to defend himself. Over 50 pounds heavier and 6 inches taller, it was easy to overpower the woman on paper. But it was always Rosalina that got physically abusive with him, wailing aimless slaps on him during fights.

"Stop...ENOUGH!" as he yelled that, the black man made a movement with his elbows to turn away from the onslaught, but accidentally clipped the woman on the nose. Rosalina fell to the floor, touching her nose in shock to see blood coming out of it.

"You...ASSHOLE! I'm gonna divorce you and take anything you got motherfucker!" she started screaming at him with a mixture of anger and perverse joy, draped across the hardwood floors of their living room.

Pascal just watched her, in utter shock. This couldn't be happening. He had put up with this whore for a while, and now she was just gonna bleed him out for everything he had? He paced speechless and eye-wide, his wife's curses and laughter fading into the background of his mind, sounding distant and low-end. Without even realizing it, he had stopped at the medicine cabinet of their living room.

He... he had to stop her. He took out a large cotton pad and carelessly doused it with ether, his floored wife's threats still ringing behind him. He turned and approached her silently, with a serious, blank expression. "What are you looking at cuck boy?" Rosalina commented on the man's strange demeanor, not really caring as she went to get up. Before she could get her heels under her, Pascal lunged at her, pinning her back to the wooden floors and pressing the cotton rag on her face.

"MMMGGFF! HHHEEEEEEMFFF!" the curvy woman kicked and wailed under his weight, her satin dress unhooked from her shoulder in her frenzied struggling and exposing her previously nicely cleaved titty. Pascal kept pressing the rag over her mouth and nose with a cold, ruthless determination, ignoring her muffled screams and taking some of her fist-wailing to his chest like a robot.

The woman's gorgeous green eyes looked up at him with terror above the wet rag. After a few more increasingly weaker kicks, arm flails and moans they rolled up towards Rosalina's head, those same perfectly painted and shadowed eyes softly closed as she lost consciousness.

"Hmfff" Rosalina weakly groaned into a thick, red ballgag, shifting her presumably 1000-ton heavy head left and right. In her still blurry vision, all she could make up were the large, round flashes of light up above her, coming from the ceiling. The next thing she registered was the chill and hardness of the metal surgical table she was lying on. These sensory elements accentuated by the woman's complete nudity.

"I'm sorry dear. My sedative dosage was a bit...miscalculated. You weren't supposed to wake up before the operation. Hope you can excuse me" Rosalina heard before seeing her husband approaching her 'bedside'. He was dressed in his light blue surgical robe and latex, his mask under his chin. The woman was 'safely' restrained on the table, her wrists and ankles placed in some thick leather bands and attached to the four corners of the table.

"Wwhhu Dduu FFFUkk uhh dUhhhh!? LMMm GHuuuhh!" (*What the fuck is this!? Let me go!*) after a assessing of her situation, the vulnerably naked, vulnerably bound woman was hit with a wave of adrenaline, and started struggling in anger. Pascal just stood above her, patiently waiting for this inevitable hissy fit to be over.

That worried feeling only got worse when the light-brown-skinned beauty noticed the black, dash lines drawn on her skin. They went around the base of each of her fingers and thumbs as well as around her knees, at the end of her femur bones.

"Are you done? I don't want you disturbing our good neighbors" Pascal spoke calmly but threateningly. He had taken his precious wife to his personal practice office, located in the 4th floor of a downtown building. It was about deep into the night, but Pascal wasn't planning on going to sleep. He had a project to focus on.

"GMMMMFFF! FFFUMMMDDD! (*SOMEBODY!*) Pascal's phrase only made the girl more desperate, calling out to anyone behind those 4 walls through her large ballgag and banging her shapely body against the metal table.

Seeing her wailing non-stop, the man quickly grabbed the nearby scalpel he had already set out with various other tools on his workbench, placing it right on her neck! Rosalina shut up and stopped struggling, breathing heavily as she eyed her own husband with terrified eyes. "Much better, my darling. Wouldn't want to be a widower" he smirked, not taking the sharp little blade from the woman's tender trachea.

“It’s clearly not working between us. But I’m not gonna divorce you. A gold-digging whore like you would probably like that. No... I was thinking we take our relationship down a different path. Make things simpler, clearer” he said with a mysterious, ominous tone that the bound woman dreaded.

“Mmnhffggff?” Rosalina made a sort of question in her scared, high-pitched, ball-suckling voice. It was incomprehensible gibberish, whatever it was. “Tsk tsk, so much for last words” Pascal mumbled and a moment later grabbed the anesthesia mask and firmly placed it over a squirming, crying Rosalina’s face.

**\*SSSSSSssssssssssssssssss\***

The gas quickly came through the rubber hose and filled the enclosed space of the mask, unavoidably making its way through the panicking girl’s nostrils, quickly rendering her out cold.

“Right...let’s get to work” Pascal said, scanning his knocked out ‘subject’ from head to toe.



The procedure took until dawn, but Pascal worked like a pro, transforming his bitch of a wife into a more literal representation of her true self.

He amputated Rosalina's fingers, turning her palm into a single, fingerless pad. She would never be able to handle anything. He amputated her legs at the knees, rendering her unable to walk. She would only be able to crawl on all fours from now on. Going through her neck, he injected a corrosive acid to the woman's vocal chords, essentially destroying them and sparing himself the whore's annoying yapping. She would only express her emotions to him (most of them horrible) via her beautiful eyes.

Returning without a wife, but with a pet home, Pascal quickly created a temporary space for his dear Rosalina. That would be the basement, half of which was turned into a mesh-fenced kennel, with a large dog basket in one corner. On the opposite side of this narrowed space, Pascal dumped a whole lot of loose sand, for his pet's bodily needs. It would more than do until his more permanent preparations were ready.

Rosalina spent her healing days between frenzied wailing and catatonic stillness. All that was left of her voice was a squeaky, throaty rattle, like someone struggling to take air in. Not loud enough to bother even a person standing right beside her.

The black, middle-aged doctor came by 2 or 3 times a day to refill her water and food bowls (the latter comprised exclusively of dry dog food) and let the bitch acclimate to her new, much more humble quarters. He didn't even really address her outbursts during these days, which were pretty frequent.

Finally, after a couple of weeks, Rosalina's wounds had healed. In the place of her gauges was now smooth soft flesh, covering her fingerless hands and the bottoms of her chopped legs. The mute woman could now crawl with much more ease, without pain. She pawed at the heavy lock on her kennel's door for hours, finding it hard to come to terms with just how helpless she had been rendered.

Pascal deduced it was time to complete his ex-wife's/new pet's image. Using a piercing gun, he punched three holes, on poor Rosalina's nipples and her clitoris, hanging from each piercing a tiny golden cat-bell. They only rang weakly and whenever rattled fiercely, which was good for what he had in mind, not wanting his bitch to be a ringing nuisance.

Rosalina's fingerless stamps were dressed in some black leather mittens up to her wrists where they were snugly strapped with a buckle. The bottom of the mittens had sewn on pink leather the image of three cute gold-colored paw digits with the larger pad at the center. Similarly, black leather thigh-high sheathes (calling them stockings would be a stretch) were placed perfectly fitting over the woman's brown, juicy thighs, also buckle-strapped securely on her upper thighs were they ended.

The black leather and the golden bells and piercings nicely complemented the amputated woman's caramel complexion and dark, voluminous curly hair, which had been fashioned into two huge adorable, puffy pigtails, each dangling on the side of the bitch's face, each caught in a tight, golden ribbon at the base.

The familiar footsteps down the basement made the nude woman slither deeper inside her little doggy house. She hated when he came down, seeing her in this state. She wanted to kill him, but knew how long of a reach that dream was. The clanking of the heavy metal door was heard, as Pascal unlocked it and entered the decrepit, silent space.

"Get out" he said calmly, but sternly. Rosalina stayed inside, mean-eyeing him with an adorable frown of defiance. Not one to give his bitch room to walk all over him (again) the strong, black man knelt in front of the dog-house's entrance and grabbing one of her large pigtails, yanked the stubborn woman out of her house, putting a quick end to this lopsided tug of war.

Rosalina wanted to scream at him, but she didn't want to hurt her ego yet again by sounding like a cage-trapped little weasel. She stood there staring away from him, as the man, kneeling on her much lower level, took out a black, leather collar, with a golden buckle and D-ring. On a little round, golden tag was the word 'Nutmeg', a reference to the Latina's brown complexion and Rosalina's new sugary-sweet pet name.

Before she had a chance to bite his hand (though she did try), Pascal wrapped the collar around the bitch's neck, fastening securely in place with a buckle. Rosalina did not like this added layer of humiliation. She also noticed a small, metallic part pressing on the front side of her neck, on the inside of her collar. Pascal then clipped a chain leash on the D-ring of the woman's collar. "Come on, let's go" he gave it a soft tug, getting back upright.

The woman stared him full of hatred, not budging. Pascal then took out a small remote from his pocket and pressed it, delivering a strong electric shock to the helpless woman's neck. An expression of voiceless agony decorated the crawling woman's face, who screamed a mostly soundless scream, comprised of these very soft, unstructured squeals and shook her head all over, eventually dropping to the floor, unable to dislodge this electrocuting thing. She tried desperately to hook her fingerless paw on the inside of the collar to pull it away from her neck, but there was no way it would fit.

She was as helpless to this device as she was to her kennel's padlock.

"Don't make me press it again" Pascal said, calmly as ever, tugging on the leash once more. Trapped between not wanting to obey but also dreading another horrible shock, the shivering, naked woman crawled out of the kennel.

Upstairs, Rosalina found herself in the middle of the large living room; staring up at her standing Master with a brand new perspective on the house she once called her own. With her point of view a little more than a foot off the hardwood floors, she certainly felt smaller...powerless. Pascal's tall, imposing stature in front of her didn't help, either. Things got iffier when the man grabbed a hold of a long wooden cane that wobbled as he test-swung it in the air.

"Your name is not Rosalina anymore. From this day on, you are Nutmeg. You will respond to that name whenever I call you" Pascal instructed his helpless pet, who metaphorically tethered on all fours, wanted nothing more than to rip his throat out with her teeth. Good luck reaching up there.

"Let's start with 'sit'. Place your ass on the floor and spread your hind legs (he used the animal anatomy for the woman's legs). Place your front legs straight in front of you so that they press your fat titties together" Pascal smirked at the unnecessary insult. He rarely cursed or insulted his 'late' wife in the past, and he realized how often he could do so now.

"You will also assume this position whenever I snap my fingers" Pascal added. "Nutmeg, sit" the man initiated the command, this time verbally.

Perhaps expectedly, the pampered woman did nothing of what her husband 'asked' of her, staying very explicitly and stubbornly still and standing her (pretty low) ground. Her eyes though, which traced the movement of the man's thumb on that dreaded remote, betrayed her dreadful anticipation. She was shocked for much longer this time, then again, then again.

Pascal did not seem rushed, having all the time in the world to break his new, untamed bitch to shape. With each successive collar-shock, Rosalina's stubbornness dwindled further and further. After the sixth one, Rosalina could not take any more and assumed what she thought was the 'requested' position, spreading her leather-clad thighs and placing her arms side-by-side in front of her, her mittened paws at least somewhat concealing her naked, pierced cunt.

"Finally" Pascal rolled his eyes, approaching his caramel-skinned pet. The woman trembled in fear of another shock as the man's pristinely shined, moccasins moved around her clothe-less form. Pascal's cane gently (though it still hurt like a motherfucker) wacked his bitch's upper arms. "You forgot to press your tits together, I won't say it again" he scolded the woman, giving her only the one chance. Quickly as to not get reprimanded again, Rosalina squeezed her DDDs between her skinny arms, like a whore enticing her customer to cum on them.

"Better, legs spread wider" Pascal micromanaged his pet's posture with another painful caning of her hips. Rosalina grinded her teeth to absorb the awful pain, her yelp never audible as her pretty



brows furrowed in a display of misery. This cane thing stung so bad! The pain lingered seconds after making impact.

“You will never break a position until I tell you otherwise. I assume even a dumb bitch like you can understand that” Pascal twisted the dagger once more, once Nutmeg’s posture was correct. Rosalina’s anger returned, but she tried her best not to take the bait, breathing deeply.

“Stick your tongue out” Pascal ordered, and it took a few seconds and a zap of the collar for the woman to obey. “More, I know you can pull it further you cocksucker” the man recalled the times his spoiled wife wanted an especially expensive purchase and would utilize her skilled tongue on her man to ‘warm him up to the idea’. Rosalina pulled her pierced tongue out, her ego visibly bruising more with every passing minute.

Pascal knelt down in front of her. “If you make the faintest move I’ll whip your tits raw” he warned the tongue-presenting bimbo. Rosalina only watched with great worry as her abductor produced a gold-colored flat vice, about 3 inches long. It was comprised of two flat, slim plates, lying parallel with a small gap in between them. Pascal unclipped the top plate from one side so that it turned open. Rosalina watched with increasing horror as the man placed the vice over her tongue, then pressed the two plates together on either side of her tongue until a satisfying click was heard, the two sides snapping in place. Rosalina grimaced in pain, her breath getting heavier to deal with her crushed tongue. The vice was wider than her mouth so she couldn’t bring her tongue back even if she tried.

“Dogs *are* a drooling mess as you’ve said” Pascal spoke calmly, not trying to hide his pleasure as he used his thumb and index to turn the little clip/screws clockwise, causing the distance of the two plates to shrink by an added millimeter and clamp down harder on the girl’s drooling tongue. Rosalina let the softest squeal, as her eyes communicated her dismay clearer to her new master. Her tongue was now fully crushed by the gold vice.

“Come, let’s go to your real home” Pascal said and before the tongue-stretched girl could get used to her added bondage, he pulled on her chain-leash and led her towards the back yard.

What was once ‘their’ back yard.



The following days, Rosalina's, or rather, Nutmeg's training continued with greater vigor. On the side of their wooden-fenced yard, was a wooden little dog house, with the word 'Nutmeg' painted on a little sign above the 'entrance'. This was where the girl spent her nights or her rainy days, it was her only refuge from the plain outdoors, and it didn't differ that much.

Rosalina hated everything about her place of residence. The rough wooden floor of her dog house scrapped against her pristine, flat belly and her round, sensitive breasts, scratching them and getting them red with friction rash. But it was either that or the moist, autumn grass and muddy dirt and so Rosalina opted to stay dry. She hated being outside, the cold breeze on her bare skin made her feel uncomfortable and vulnerable. Crawling on dirt and mud made her feel so yucky and dirty, the pampered city girl never been in such close proximity to natural filth.

Her own words regarding dogs' 'disgusting, filthy nature' were really coming to bite her in her round, bouncy ass.

While once perfectly framed and supported by the woman's sexy outfits and her durable, push-up bras, her DDDs now swayed from her chest with every 'crawl', hanging from there like true udders, with their cute pierced bells on the ends. Though very much exposed, Rosalina was mortified, feeling the loss of actual clothing as the loss of her humanity. With the added absence of her voice and her manual touch, she already struggled to resemble the privileged socialite she once was.

Her tongue-crusher was left on for most of the day, only taken off for the pet's meals, which were strictly comprised of low grade, dry dog food, served in a bowl for the bitch to stick her face into and munch on. Rosalina had been cosseted into fine dining and luxurious restaurants by her husband. She never cooked at home, always opting to order delivery or go out.

Just the smell of the cheap dog food's dust made the woman dry-heave, but after two days of complete starvation and with Pascal reassuring her that there was no alternative, the miserable lass crawled over to her bowl, defeated, and started slowly, pathetically lapping at the vile pellets with a gurgling belly.

The constant presence of the tongue-crusher not only kept the bitch in a perpetual discomfort from her painfully sore tongue, but it also caused her to drool uncontrollably, her saliva making little rivers that flowed first down her chin, then on her large boobs and lower down her crawling body. It was such an appalling sensation to be constantly half-soaked in your own dribble, but Pascal did nothing to wipe his female beast of her filth.

Rosalina's drool would mix in with the exterior dirt and wood dust or the odd blades of grass that got stuck on her flesh to form a general cake of filth on the woman's once perpetually perfumed and lotioned skin. Rosalina never had her bare sex out in the 'wild', but her naked pussy had not

experienced the cover of a soft, expensive lace fabric since, exposed to the same outdoors grime as the rest of her body.

It all was so animalistic, which made total sense. She was not being treated as a person that was for sure.

In the meantime, Pascal enjoyed teaching his riled up Nutmeg how to behave and be a good girl. On top of the "SIT" command, Pascal taught Nutmeg many more "bitch tricks":

- **ROLL OVER:** Pretty self-explanatory, Nutmeg had to roll on the floor or ground, something the big-titted lass found uncomfortable besides horribly demeaning, with her big knockers crushed between her body and the ground with each roll. If they were outside on the dirt, her big pigtails and shapely body would get soil on them and Pascal often tested his bitch's dedication to the trick by placing her on the dirtiest of spots in his yard.
- **HIGH-FIVE:** Nutmeg had to push off her arms and momentarily get on her back legs, so that her cute, mittened paws could meet Master's waiting palm, placed at a level the little bitch could reach, somewhere around Master's waist. This was very exhausting, especially when Pascal gave the command again and again in quick succession.
- **PERCH:** Nutmeg was expected to get upright and stay that way until told otherwise, with her cute paws presented in front of her and bent at the wrist like a pretty doggy-girl. It was not easy since the amputee damsel could not stand upright in her chopped legs and balance for long before she had to get on all fours again. Her heavy jugs brought her center of gravity closer to the 'front' than the 'back', but with 'persistence' she became pretty good at it in the end, like a dog-show bitch.
- **BOW:** The Latina bitch had to sink her face and chest to the floor and with her paws flat forward, she had to arc her back so that her ass was flaunted high up in the air. With her eyes stuck at Master's (a crucial detail) she had to shake her ass like a begging puppy wagging its tail. If her clit-bell wasn't ringing clearly, she wasn't doing it well enough.
- **JIGGLE:** This command was ordered while the caramel bitch was on the SIT posture already. If Master snapped his fingers again after Nutmeg had assumed her position, she knew to shake those pretty, fat titties (still presented between her skinny arms) left and right and make her nipple-bells sing joyfully.

Rosalina hated her training sessions and tried avoiding them at all costs; meaning she'd crawl away from Pascal, with her metaphorical tail between her legs, whenever he appeared in the yard with the remote and cane at hand. It was so funny, since he would just shock her again and again from a distance, until she always crawled to him in the end, resigned to her fate.

But even during her training, Nutmeg was stubborn and was caned countless times for failing to follow Master's orders correctly. Whether it be being lousy at them or getting motionlessly stubborn and disobeying, her shapely, curvy body collected many rosy line-marks caused by Pascal's long cane, especially on her ass, her hips and free-hanging knockers.

It was precious how the poor woman would try to follow Master back towards the house, each time Pascal headed towards the window-door, after a training session or having just stopped by to feed/water her. "No-no-no, bitches don't go inside" Pascal shook his finger at the pleading puppy-girl, who looked up at him, cold and craving the feeling of a pillow or duvet under her.

"Maybe if you're good enough" he'd leave the bitch with some hope, before closing the window-door in her face.

Rosalina's cute little dog house was situated on the far opposite corner from the window-door. For someone looking out from inside the window, they would see the longer side of the doggy house, which concealed a spot in the corner of the yard behind it.

In this spot, right next to the fence, Pascal was hammering the pointy spike of a metal ring, burying it securely in the grass. "Sorry Nutmeg, I'm having a guest over and I don't want you ruining our fun evening" Pascal said to a stunned Rosalina, as he clipped her leash to the recently installed ring. "She's very pretty, you know. Blonde hair, white skin, a pity you can't be around" Pascal left no doubts of whether he was actually sorry about all this.

Rosalina's raised gaze was full of hatred, undermined by her clamped tongue and general humiliating state. Pascal knew how much her blood was boiling in this moment, savoring it. She always gave him shit just for looking at other women. Now he was going to fuck someone in their own house.

As the man turned away and walked away towards the house, she tried pulling on her chain-leash, which became taut, the grass-buried ring not budging.

"Do you have a dog?" a beautiful, blonde woman asked casually, looking out the window-door with a glass of wine in her hands. Her date with this cute doctor was going great. "Yeah, she's...giving me

some trouble, but I'm training her to behave" Pascal's wise-ass, double-meaning escaped the woman's knowledge.

At the same time, Rosalina was trying to will a voice to her ruined vocal chords, bucking and pulling desperately against her tether-point. No matter what she did, she was not audible or visible from where she was leashed.

"Well, maybe you can train me to behave, too" the woman turned to the tall, handsome black man with a sultry look and biting her bottom lip. A moment later, the two were embracing and kissing passionately, as the cucked puppy-girl could only struggle voicelessly, out of sight, alone in the yard.

