

Ink and Concrete

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

She couldn't stand it. Even if someone else was getting one, she had to leave the room. The sight of the needle, the disturbing, buzzing sound, not to mention the occasional blood. And, of course, the pain. God, it MUST hurt. Her father always reassured her that it wasn't "that big a deal", but she could never comprehend how people willingly did this. Her father's tattoo shop had blossomed throughout the years into a profitable enterprise, with more than a few sub-joints opening in nearby cities. Jennifer Saw loved her dad, despite never getting the appeal of his practice, and she was grateful for the comfortable life his tattooing business had offered her.

But things got very difficult when Sophia Warren opened her own, much more luxurious and advertised tattoo place. She was just "Sophie", back when she worked at Mr. Saw's first tattoo parlor. She was a young, developing artist then, her talent detected by Jenny's dad. Being from a wealthy family, she was a real snob. She took her art very seriously, and her self-image even more. But on top of all, she was a sadistic egomaniac that loved to dominate anyone in her path.

Jennifer was hanging around "The Ink Joint" with her father when Sophia stopped by. "Hello Rick, it's been a while..." She was dressed extraordinarily and eccentrically, with a red, short, sexy fur coat over a black, shiny latex sleeveless top that hugged her juicy bust and matching dark, skin-tight leather pants. The square, 5-inch heels of her leather platform boots banged with each step.

"Hi Sophie, nice to see you", said Richard, his daughter beside him. She was the last person he wanted to see. "I remember you since you were a little girl. Sophia turned to Jennifer. "And look at you, what a cutie you've grown into..." she lingered her eyes on the girl, now 23 years old. There was a reason for that look. Sophia knew a dirty little secret, Jenny had no idea about.

The girl blushed, embarrassed at the woman's comment. She remembered Sophie as a young girl in her twenties, working in dad's shop. She had a vastly different, more down-to-earth style back then, but she had that same darkness in her eyes, something that always unsettled Jennifer.

"Congratulations on your success", said Richard, disregarding the almost lustful way his daughter was being gawked at. "About that", Sophia answered without even thanking him. "I came here to make an offer for your place. I thought, since it's going to close pretty soon, i want to have one of my stores here, as a sort of relic." Richard shot her an insulted look, taken aback by the audacity of this statement. "This place is not for sale Sophie. Now please, leave", he replied with a stern tone. He had enough of her antics.

A few days later, as Mr. Saw's daughter was returning home from her aerobics class, two masked men jumped her, one holding her arms, the other stuffing a rug in her mouth and sealing it there with tape. In seconds, she found herself bound with more tape on her wrists and ankles, inside the trunk of a car, with a dark hood tied over her head, her long light-brown hair, sticking out from under it. She twisted and struggled throughout the ride, helplessly trying to get free.

Still hooded, she was carried into a small room. There, she felt hands violently tearing and removing her sweaty gym clothes, until she was completely nude. The tape on her legs and arms was removed, and her limbs were forced into two wooden stocks, a flat bar under her belly supporting most of her weight. Jennifer was trapped in an "all-fours" position, her waist forced to bend slightly and make Jennifer raise her tight and curvy butt, up. It exposed her pristine-looking pussy to whoever stood behind her.

After her restraints were locked shut, Jennifer was left there for some time, tears and sweat wetting the inside of the dark hood, trembling in fear and panic. She was certain this was a kidnapping, but now, naked and restrained as she was, this looked worse.

Finally, she heard a door open, along with a voice. "Mmm, she's perfect. Just as i imagined" said the deep, feminine voice. The girl jerked her head right and left, a knee-jerk reaction at trying to discover her captor's identity. "I wanna see her face" the voice spoke again. It was a familiar one...she was certain she had heard it before. The hood was removed and Jennifer witnessed the big smile on the woman's face. IT WAS SOPHIA! She couldn't believe her eyes. The young girl screamed and whined pitifully, only producing muffled sounds. Sophie un-gagged the girl, she wanted to hear her, begging for release. "Please Sophie, you're not a bad person, i remember you since i was a little girl. Please, don't do this! You want the shop? We can work something out, i promise!"

The woman laughed at the girl's misconception. "I don't think you understand. I'll get your stupid shop one way or the other. You're not a bargaining chip, my girl. You're my specimen. And as you'll see, you're not returning home" Sophie gestured to the men around her. They were holding heavy metal barrels and with a nod of Sophie's head, started pouring the contents all around the rectangle wooden

frame she was locked into. It was without a doubt, cement. "Don't worry, honey, it won't look like that, once it hardens i'll put a nice cover on it to match the rest. Then it's your turn!" The frame was a beautifully crafted piece, with an anaglyph of red wavy lines, resembling a tree base expanding into branches, sculpted on freshly polished black wood.

The captive girl struggled, shouting obscenities at the woman. "LET ME GO YOU FUCKING BITCH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Her screams being an outlet of desperation that was building up. The locks on her limbs kept her in place, long enough for the cement to get stiffer and stiffer. She could feel the liquid covering her feet and hands. "SHUT UP AND SIT STILL!" shouted Sophia and smacked the girl's buttocks with all her strength, eliciting a painful yelp. Jennifer was panicking, her heart pounding hard. She was being encased in this thing, presumably for no reason at all! What did this demented woman wanted from her?! What specimen?

The young girl then saw the woman who had captured her, approach her with a fancy looking blood-red lipstick and two sewing needles, attached to two dark, silk scarfs. "Pleeeeeease!" she renewed her efforts, much more submissively, knowing now she was in no place to intimidate her. "I can give you anything you want, i can...i can have sex with you!" Sophia again chuckled at the shallowness of the girl's offer, and got to work.

Jennifer thought she would pass out from the pain, but sadly for her, she was awake throughout all of it. Her soft lips were, first, reddened a beautiful blood red, then, sewn shut with the silky, black fabric, a pretty bow tied on the left side of her mouth, where the scarfs ended. The tightness of the silk gave her a permanent small pout, making her appear cute and doll-like. Her brown hair had been dyed red and neatly tied with a big, black bow. The young girl tried to open her mouth, but the silk held her lips sealed. She tried to beg Sophia; something about letting her go, but the woman didn't understand her, as all it came out was muffled gibberish.

"Let's see if the cement has dried". Sophia put one set of long finger nails just under Jennifer's armpit, the other on her equally exposed foot. Without another word, she started tickling the poor girl, who moaned and flailed her body trying to avoid the torment. "MMMMHHH-Hhhh...MMmmhhhhh", was all she uttered. She could not go anywhere. The cement was more than rock-solid. Her legs, from the feet to just above the knee, were now permanently encased, same for her hands and arms, above the wrist. She would not go anywhere. Poor Jenny was then left alone in the dark room, to ponder her fate.

The next day, Jennifer awoke as immobile as she fell asleep. She felt various pads stuck on her body, giving her a tingly feeling. She noticed the cement underneath her had been replaced with a beautifully crafted wooden cover, its two halves fitting perfectly around her. An important detail of the cover was

right under Jenny's crotch. It looked like a base, or more accurately, a holder for something thin, something the size of a spoon.

Jennifer knew this was a worrying sign, but more worrying was what she saw next to her. It was Sophia, sitting beside a small wooden drawer stand. On top of the stand, were two blank soda cups, weirdly out of place. "The pads are so your muscles don't become atrophied", casually explained the woman, now dressed in a more comfortable, but still fashionable outfit. "I imagine you must be really hungry since yesterday", she said in a fake-sympathetic voice. The girl nodded more than enough. She was starving.

Sophia then took out a pair of dark latex gloves, similar to those her dad used to wear, right before tattooing a customer. She snapped them on, the sound they made, send a chill up Jennifer's spine. The poor girl begun shivering and breathing heavily from her nose. "Here's the deal", said Sophia matter-of-factly. In that cup right there, is a delicious smoothie, the other contains a formula used in pig farms. One of these will be your meal. It all depends on how docile you will be while i work on you".

With those words Sophia swiveled her chair behind the girl and out of her field of sight. "Today we'll do your thighs, and tomorrow that juicy ass. But, first things first." The woman produced a bottle with some kind of lotion. She rubbed it all over the girl's thighs first, and then, did the same to her exposed vagina. Jennifer liked the sensation on her thighs, but she didn't want Sophie touching her in her privates. She could not object, least for a whiny moan. The feel of the woman's touch on her skin, was much more intense than normal. She wondered why that was, but her train of thought was cut when Sophia took the tattooing gun and the trembling and panting returned, along with involuntary sobs. Like a sad puppy in front of the needle.

"Here, don't say that i'm inconsiderate" joked the woman and took a thin wooden stick out of her kit. It barely fitted under the silky stitches, and Sophie delicately slipped it from one side of Jenny's mouth to the other. "Bite that down, don't want to ruin that beautiful face of yours". Of Course, it was the need to preserve the beauty of her art, not the stupid girl's well-being that interested the woman.

"Oh, silly me, i almost forgot", laughed Sophia and placed a small device from her pocket on the holder that sat menacingly below the girl's cunt. It was a clitoral vibrator, and it fitted seamlessly into the holder, as it was designed for that specific purpose. A click later, and it came to life, buzzing excited not an inch away from the girl's flesh. "You can use that or not, i don't care..." said Sophia with a fake indifference. Jennifer wasn't going to give the woman that satisfaction. She was going to remain strong. If her captor wanted to rape her, Jennifer would at least make her do it herself.

As the needle inched towards the lower part of her thigh, Jennifer tried her best to keep still, even though her shivering was obvious from far away. And as it touched her flesh, she let out a screeching squeal. "EEEEEEemmmmmmm" and bit the stick with all her strength.

What she didn't know was that the lotion rubbed on her was a special mix of aphrodisiacs and nerve-stimulants, that made her skin hypersensitive, and amplifying any sensation, be it pain or pleasure. The needle continue to work its way on her skin, Jennifer felt like she was being carved on by the sharpest scalpel. She wanted to stop that feeling, immediately!

A jerk of her captive's body caused Sophia to miss the line. "You have one more chance, missy. You know that i'll laser-remove any mistakes anyway, and that hurts much worse. So, suit yourself." Sophia returned to her work, and so did the excruciating pain. Jennifer knew she couldn't anger her captor again. But she had to alleviate the pain, soon, SOMEHOW! Upside down as she hanged her head, her eyes caught the buzzing vibrator, between her legs. Without missing a second, she lowered her crotch on it, letting a wave of pleasure hit her like a train. "MMMMMMphhhhhh"

It felt sooo good! If she had to choose between a painful torture and one of both pain and pleasure, the answer seemed easy.

At the end, Jennifer's thighs were covered with black ink, except for a portion that resembled an extension of the tree, "growing" underneath her. The vibrator she had willingly stuck against her clitoris had helped her endure the whole session. "There was no other choice", Jennifer rationalized it. She had to ease her pain. As much as she tried, she did not come, though, the drilling on her skin too difficult to overcome. Jennifer had moved three times, same number of times that Sophie took out her laser and removed the error. "She was right, it did hurt even more", thought Jennifer. After all she'd been through Jennifer had still not satisfied her mistress. She was fed the disgusting pig formula through a straw between her sewn lips, something she was more than unhappy with, but complied.

"I can't wait to show you what i have planned for you! You're going to look SOOO GOOD when you're finished", said Sophie as she moved towards the exit. She turned to face Jennifer one more time and before she closed the lights and the door threw this comment. "I bet you'll try and finish yourself off even with that thing turned off. Thank god i modified its cap, filthy slut..."

As she was plunged into darkness, Jennifer wanted just that. She wanted release soooo bad. But, as she lowered herself on the vib', she felt a sharp stink on her soft pussylips. The bitch had covered the top of the vibrator with metal spikes. A disappointed, irritated moan was all that was heard in the room.

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She blinks. She blinks again. Nothing is different. Whether her eyes are closed or open, same darkness. She has injured her nether regions quite enough already, red dots all over her pussylips. She has to be aware of the spikes under her snatch, and keep her hips partially raised. GOD, if she could at least climax; get something from all this torture. She curses herself for thinking that, despite everything else that had occurred in the last 24 hours. "What have i done to Sophie to deserve something like this?" she wonders. Nothing comes to mind. Being tortured is terrible, but not knowing why makes it so much worse. She tries to move her fingers and toes. She can't feel a thing. It's as if they are frozen. She goes to lick her lips, but her tongue finds the obstacle of the silk, tying her lips together. She lets a sigh.

For hours each day, Jennifer is being treated like a living canvas. The sessions wasn't easier the second time, nor the third, nor any time. She knew she was right to hate tattoos in the first place, even if it was due to the fact that the pain she experienced was 4 or 5 times stronger than any regular tattoo, thanks to that evil lotion she was being smeared with.

Every day, the lotion would go on, then the needle did the talking, with the necessary breaks of the laser, correcting any mishaps, that "pain in the ass" had caused her mistress. Jennifer was doing her best to stay still. She really wanted to earn those smoothies. But it was soooo difficult to comply, both the gun and the vibrator proved quite challenging obstacles.

Jennifer always finished her tattooing session sweating like a pig, her face equally wet with tears. Her only source of comfort, if one could call it that, was that tiny but miraculous buzzing thing she would tightly press against her clit. During the first two days she tried to hide her excitement, suppress any moans of pleasure and don't give in to her feral instincts in front of Sophia, but that strategy was soon thrown out of the window. Sophie loved seeing her toy battle with those extreme emotions simultaneously, seeing her teary-eyed with pain AND red-faced with arousal.

Sometimes Jennifer had behaved well enough, so that she was rewarded with the nice nutritious smoothie. She gulped that down eagerly, in contrast with the foul mix of pig food. Regardless, she received her meals obediently. Any efforts at a hunger strike resulted in more pain, usually by a firm pinch of her nipples, or a rough smack on her pussy. That always put her back in that right frame of

mind. Her diet made only urine extraction necessary, a problem easily solved with a catheter in her urethra, neatly tucked with black tape, against the inside of her left thigh. The small tube went inside the frame, and joined the rest of the house's piping. Thus, it preserved the "piece's" aesthetic value.

Jennifer was getting increasingly worried, every time Sophia excitedly mentioned how many days were left until her "unveiling".

When that day finally came, Jennifer was not very discernible from the wooden frame she was part of. Most of her body had been tattooed with black paint, from her thighs up to her neck and parts of her face. The appearance of a tree from her non-colored parts, effectively "merged" her with the frame's tree. Only detail different was the color...

It was early morning when Sophie visited Jennifer, accompanied by a young man, full of tattoos and piercings. The girl's eyes grew wide, and her nostrils started flaring from anxiety, when she saw his piercing gun. She had only pierced her ears when she was 11, but Sophia had much more planned for her toy. Silver rings were pierced on her right eyebrow and right side of her nose, a small silver chain connecting them. Her ears were pierced all across their width with beautiful silver piercings, resembling branches that grew out of her ears themselves. Her nipples carried the heaviest of her accessories, two apples, about 2 inches in size, made out of a mosaic of silver stones. Each was dangling a few millimeters under her nipples and their weight put uncomfortable pressure on them. Each of her cute pussy lips was fitted with three small, silver, cross-shaped piercings across the width of her labia.

Finally, from her clit piercing, (that took some tries to be done, since the little brat would NOT hold still), hanged a silver cross, its weight pulling at the girl's most sensitive little nob.

But the most complex of Jennifer's piercings, started on the side of her neck and went between her breasts, around her waist and ended around her left thigh. It resembled a silver snake, coiled around her entire body. It was made out of about 500 dermal, or "under the skin", ball piercings, placed next to one another, forming an outstanding mosaic on her body. Two red piercings were used for the serpent's eyes. Jennifer cried throughout all six hours the "piece" took, unable to deal with the pain she experienced. When she was done, the stick between her teeth had teeth-marks from the biting she had given it.

For the finishing touch, the man took a silky scarf, similar to that on her face, but red, and threaded it through her lower back, from one side to the other, until a breathtaking corset-piercing was created. Sophie could not be happier with how "her work" was turning out.

It was around 7:00 in the afternoon, now. The room she was trapped, or more accurately, kept in, was medium sized, and not especially decorated, relative to the rest of Miss Warren's mansion. Until then. Jennifer saw dozens of maids and carriers move exquisite furniture and modern-designed lights and transform the place into a hybrid of a living room, mixed with a gallery. Sophia watched and instructed the process. Her eyes lit up when she saw a large rack of all kinds of instruments, being carried inside. Whips, floggers, canes, crops, all made from the finest leather and wood. The unfortunate stuck girl, still recovering from the previous ordeal, started meowing, scared. No one gave her a look.

But even more exciting for Sophie was, strangely enough, when a rolled up velvety fabric, was carried inside. It looked like a big poster, which was hanged, still obscured, on the wall Jennifer was facing.

Amidst all the commotion, a man came in and screwed in a metal plaque, on the corner of the piece, tilted slightly up, so anyone, but her, could easily read it. So many mysterious things were happening. Jennifer was getting increasingly more nervous.

It was now 10:00. Jennifer had been rubbed clean with wet towels by Sophie's maids, her hair and make-up remade, and her body covered with perfumes and the same lotion that made her jump at the simplest blow of air. Her privates got much of the attention of those ladies, much to the girl's dismay. She was now completely covered by a velvet sheet, like a true piece of art, waiting to be presented to the world. Her sight obscured, Jennifer could only listen to the chatter, the clinking of glasses and the low music, as more and more people filled the room. She was getting more and more anxious by the minute, when the music was turned off and she heard a familiar voice.

"Thank you all for coming here, today. I've been working on this piece for quite some time, but it's my pleasure to finally unveil it. It's an interactive piece of art, one that is never complete, without the viewer's participation. And one that always", she paused for dramatic effect, "brings you back for more." Jennifer saw two shadows behind the sheet, ready to remove it. "I present to you 'THE FRUIT OF SIN!'", she said magnanimously, and the sheet was pulled, revealing the imprisoned girl. People gasped and applauded the spectacle, admiring the craftsmanship. Discussions sparked quickly, regarding the symbolism to the forbidden fruit and to the tree of the "garden of Eden".

They approached the plaque that accompanied the piece. Engraved on it, was this phrase:

Like Sisyphus' rock goes up and down the hill, the sinner's flesh goes from red to white.
Eternally. Just.

The woman then got close to the bound girl's ear, and whispered. "You think i kidnapped you because of your daddies' damn shop?... Hehe, stupid slut..." With a smile that she could hold back anymore. She then gathered attention to herself, again. "My work is about sin, so, i shall present to you, the sinner herself". Jennifer was confused. "I'm already naked bound in front of them, what is she talking about?" she thought. Just then, Sophie pulled a rope-cord that held the giant poster in front of everyone. It rolled down like a banner. What was printed on the fabric made Jennifer almost lose her senses from the shock. It was a photo, hastily taken, but pretty clear. It showed Jennifer when she was younger, much younger than she was now, inside the storage room of Mr. Saw's shop. Her skirt had been lowered and she was visibly rubbing her clit, her eyes closed, lost in the moment.

Jennifer's mind run back to that night. It was late, Sophie was closing the shop. Little Jennifer usually hanged around in the storage-room where the inks and tools were kept, with the company of her laptop and the music from her mp3-player. She was discovering her sexuality those days. A little boredom and her hands didn't take too long to wander down her skirt, lowering it along with her underwear. As young Sophie went to notify the girl to leave, she heard moans of arousal, coming from the storage-room. As she sneaked closer, she peeked through the gap of the not-fully-closed door. Her eyes widened at the sight, Mr. Saw's daughter, was playing with herself right before her eyes. She took out her phone, and snapped a picture. She didn't know why she did that at the moment, but she was certainly grateful she had done that, now.

Everyone in the room gasped, at the picture being displayed prominently in front of them. More applause and more chatter followed, for Miss Warren's masterpiece. Jennifer was so humiliated, she closed her eyes; she couldn't bare this nightmare. That innocent, private moment, was vilified, for some smug psycho's party. As she shut her eyelids tightly, tears dropped down her cheeks.

Sophie continued. "On your left, you can choose from a wide selection of implements, in order to finish this piece." As people joyfully gathered to pick their tool of choice. Around 15 people now gathered around the girl, ready to redden her white-as-milk skin. Sophie took out the last piece of the puzzle, a metal anal plug. On the flat handle, was a curved picture of a fruit, just like the two hanging from her aching nipples. With a little lube, it was pushed snugly inside the girl's anus. Sophie then turned on the vibrator below the girl's even more exposed clitoris (due to the weight of the hanging cross). It sprang into life, and Sophie pushed the girl's waist down onto it, making Jennifer's eyes roll up in her head with ecstasy. "Let's begin", she cheered and gave the first strike with a big crop, right on Jennifer's ass-cheek.

Jennifer moaned on the first strike. She didn't get a chance to moan at the second, as it was more of a wave of hits from every direction. Her back, ass, thighs, tits, all hit from different weapons and people. But still, the young woman couldn't tell which sensation was stronger. The pain on her body, or the lightning she was feeling in her pussy. Everything messed into one sensation. One intense experience. As intense as Jennifer had felt or would feel in her life. She was completely lost in another world. As the color of her skin slowly blended with her surroundings, from white to pink to red, Jennifer was on a continuous orgasmic wave, going hand in hand with the storm of strikes from any direction. Even after the 9th orgasm, she couldn't stop, and nobody stopped hurting her. She tested the cement prison's limits, a lost battle, but one she fought all night.

Sophia's masterpiece was being completed. She sat in the corner, watching the juices from Jenny's wet cunt flow down the silver chain, onto the cross hanging from it. Her work's message was simple. The girl was the embodiment of sin, Eve herself, being punished for the original one. And, as a sinner, hence a perversion of the right and natural, she took pleasure in that punishment, mocking God himself. As the cross and the apples danced back and forth, with the swaying of the girl's struggles, Sophie could not be more proud of herself.

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The next night, Sophie visited her work, its bruised flesh now pink, only partially recovered from the torture. She took a chair and sat in front of the bound girl, her face inches from hers. Her bound lips quivered at the fear of more pain. But Sophie stroked her cheek. "Good girl", she said and placed a straw in between the girl's lips. She sucked generously, enjoying the cool, sweet drink. "Do you know why you're here, in this moment?" asked Sophie. The girl shook her head, keeping her eyes locked on her owner.

"You're here because you were a filthy little slut who couldn't keep her hands away from her pussy!" Sophia laughed at the girl's misfortune. "You know that, right... right?" she asked the bound woman. With a look of utter defeat and humiliation, Jennifer nodded her head. "If you had managed to avoid rubbing your little clittie that night, you would never be in this position, would you?" Sophie continued rubbing salt on the girl's wounds. She wanted to degrade Jennifer as much as possible, and she had succeeded. The girl, now with tears streaming down her cheeks, nodded a second time.

Sophia took out the clit vibrator and stood behind the girl. That pussy looked so appetizing right now. Sophie firmly grabbed a butt-cheek with each hand and dove her tongue and lips right into Jenny's "flower". The girl let out a loud, deep moan. The woman's tongue felt so wonderfully wet and warm and playful! Sophie was licking her own piece of art! It made her feel so good, so powerful. Before the girl managed to orgasm, Sophia removed her tongue, eliciting a disapproving moan from her. "Now let's see if you'll come without the help of my toys", she said, and returned holding a thick riding crop.

Jennifer Saw was once a beautiful, brown haired girl, she hated tattoos and piercings and she loved comics and movies. Now, she was only a metaphor, an allegory, an art statement. She was beaten every day, either by Sophie or her many guests, her un-tattooed flesh was never left unmarked, the color never returned to white. Her conditioning had worked wonders though, and often she would manage to "steal" an orgasm from her beating. Especially if they went to town on her ass, she got off almost instantly. After enough time, she "learned" to enjoy the pain in all parts of her body.

Sophie rarely missed a chance to tease her whenever she climaxed from the savage canings she liked to give her, calling her a perverted pain-slut and other rude names. But Jennifer didn't care anymore. She just wanted to have her smoothie meal and get a few orgasms. Maybe shake her ass to her

mistress, so she'll touch her with her hands, or just something other than flogs and whips. The picture of herself, masturbating, remained forever in front of her, a constant reminder her of her sin. She knew very well why she was there. Sophie had even made her see a silver lining:

"I made you worth much more, now, as you will ever worth in your life. By turning you into art, my art, you now have true value. You should cherish that value. It's something most people try to find their whole lives."

She wondered if Mistress would ever present her in an actual gallery. The thought of hundreds of strangers' eyes on her sent a chill up her spine, and a tingling in her cunt. She wished Mistress was around now to give her a good caning...