

Cleo and Paolina part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The screen of the phone, sitting on the bedside table flashes with light, as its clock changes from reading 6:59 to 7:00 AM. As soon as it does, the phone's alarm starts ringing with a mechanical, uncaring urgency; annoying despite its cheery tune. Still with his face in his pillow, Sandro blindly grabs it and turns it off. He has no need for the snooze function.

As he gets up and sits on the side of his bed, the man takes off his silicone earplugs. Despite living away from the ruckus of the inner city, he likes perfect silence during his sleep.

Sandro Martinez's morning routine is as meticulous and planned as the rest of his day. After a shower, he brushes his teeth with a steady pattern of oval-shaped movements of the toothbrush, with the towel snugly wrapped around his waist. This is followed by a good, clean shave. He then slicks his short, dark hair back with a bit of gel. His half-naked, 1.92 m tall frame has a nice reflection on his bathroom mirror. His body looks strong, not ripped, but not chubby either.

Bread pops out of the toaster, just in time for him to swoop by and grab it, the ingredients already retrieved from the fridge, laid out and waiting on the kitchen counter.

After a quick flash forward we see him buttoning his blue, well-ironed shirt, right up to the top button on the collar, before strapping the brown leather belt of his stylish pants snugly. He does a careful double knot on the laces of each of his dark-leather shoes. No rush. Things need to be just right.

Someone might call this behavior obsessive, but he is pretty content with the way he lives.

The 30-year-old man appears buttoned-up, maybe in more ways than one, as he tosses his dark-blue coat over his shirt, takes a hold of his leather work briefcase and, after grabbing his keys from a small bowl, heads off through the basement that leads to his private parking. It's easier to go in and out that way, whenever he has to use the car.

With another visual cut, we now see him driving in his red Kia Picanto, with his hands at 10 and 2 and his safety belt on as always. He adjusts the frequency on the car stereo, changing it from some boring news station to a cheerful, relaxing music.

Patiently waiting at a red traffic light, Sandro spots the car next to his on the nearby lane. A pretty blonde woman, with her hair caught in a professional bun, is driving it. She's dressed in a classy grey pantsuit, a blazer and matching skirt. Her ample bosom can be spotted even from where Sandro is standing.

The multi-tasking woman is taking the few seconds of driving idleness to apply red lipstick on her luscious lips, her mascara already skillfully applied. Unaware she's being observed, the woman's eyes are stuck on her seat's small mirror with a wide-mouthed expression, tracing the lipstick on her lips with experienced speed.

Having parked meticulously precise, we now see the man walking down the streets of a busy downtown. His eyes fall on a gorgeous woman, with short, dark bangs, walking towards his direction on the sidewalk. The young, skinny woman is wearing one of these long-sleeved, but bare-shouldered white tops with a silvery, knitted shawl over her shoulders. She wears a pair of tight jeans and sexy, silver sandal heels, strutting with poise and femininity.

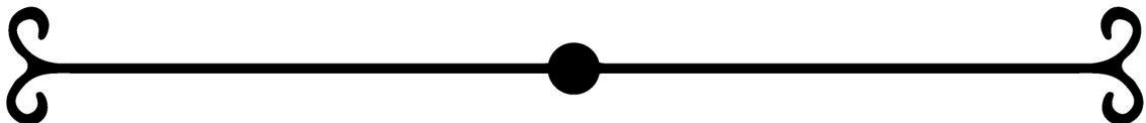
Right before their paths cross and diverge forever, Sandro's brown eyes meet the woman's blue-grey ones. They are as gorgeous as the girl's slim, slender body. The girl's eyes emanate a casual indifference, like glancing at any stranger in the street. Not rude, not polite either; simply neutral. This split-second, wordless connection between two complete strangers ends as quickly as it begins and the pretty girl disappears from the man's front view to continue her route.

In another flash-forward, we see Sandro patiently waiting for his turn, in the queue of a Starbucks-type coffee place. As soon as the last guy in front of him departs, he moves forward, greeted by a pretty barista with red hair caught in a ponytail. Though she's wearing the shop's mandatory green apron and a green topless cap, her curvy, alluring figure and bubbly ass cannot be concealed by her apron, the latter outlined by the woman's snug-fitting, cheap black pants. "Good morning! What can I get you?" she asks Sandro with a pretty smile and attractive lips. "I'll have a cappuccino please" the man utters with a friendly smile.

"Comin' right up!" the girl replies. Sandro absentmindedly observes as the woman gets to making his order, having to bend over the side of the inner table at the center of the busy workspace to reach the carton of milk.

“Here you go” the redhead hands Sandro a plastic cup of his hot drink, after a couple of minutes. “Th..thank you so much. Have a great day!” the man thanks wholesomely, putting an extra euro on the tip jar, before departing.

With his coffee in hand and a change of gym clothes neatly packed inside the sport duffel bag with a logo of the same name, Sandro finally enters through the automatic doors of the “Helix Clinic”, a health and physical exercise center. A nice workout is just what Sandro needs to energize him before work.



But no one knows the unusual, twisted things that lurk inside this innocent man's mind. No one must know, for these are troubling, violent thoughts.

Through rapidly rewinding time, then replaying the man's morning trip to his gym center, we see his inner thoughts, which though masked to perfection by his external facade and affect, in many ways, depict a much truer self:

Upon seeing the business blonde putting lipstick in her car with her pretty lips agape, the scene immediately transforms in Sandro's mind, transporting him and his surroundings to another dimension.

Blondie's red lips remain agape in that round shape, but now the reason for that shape is not the lipstick application technique she maintains on her own accord, but rather, the presence of a metal ring-gag, wedged behind Lil' Miss Business-Woman's teeth and buckled tightly behind her head, over the few pretty nape hairs that her bun has not gathered.

The wide metal ring keeps her jaw spread as her tongue helplessly, as much as suggestively, flails through the metal hole, inviting all the wrong kinds of attention. The woman's lips still have their femininely blood-red color, though drool is inadvertently dripping from them, adding to the moisture coming from the terrified woman's eyes.

Though the workplace appropriate bun on her sunny hair remains intact, the woman's respectful blazer and the shirt underneath have been roughly torn open to reveal the woman's bra and her pretty, jiggy breasts. Her previously flawless mascara now runs down her rosy cheeks, further betraying her terror-induced tears. The woman's wrists are tied with rope in front of her, but frozen in fear she only keeps them stiffly there, like a prayer going unanswered.

With the strong metal keeping her red lips open, blondie has no way of closing them and preventing a throbbing erection from gingerly sliding through them.

The image flashes off Sandro's mind as quickly as it appeared, the man jolted back into consciousness by the horn of a car behind him. The traffic light has turned green.

A few minutes later, the moment Sandro's eyes meet the blue-gray marbles that are the walking brunette's eyes, the man is spiritually teleported once more. He sees those pretty eyes from much closer now, with their pretty, long eyelashes and their endless charm. Though these eyes now lack the detached, emotionless look they had when he first saw them. Instead, they

are glossy with desperately held-back tears. They are wide and full of emotions, mostly fear and a sense of deep pleading.

The front of the woman's top has now been pulled over and behind her head, to reveal the woman's perky B-cup tits and her cute nipples. Her arms are bound behind her back with more tape.

The distressed woman's mouth is already packed with her own black pair of panties so that they are visible behind lots of wraps of tight, clear tape that seal them inside the girl's mouth. A moaned whimper escapes the brunette street-walker's lips, just as a single strip of black, shiny bondage tape is placed over both pretty eyes, sealing them off from the world, their beauty only to be enjoyed by whoever her captor is.

As soon as the stylish woman walks by him, Sandro returns to the duller, earthly realm, his pace unwavering by his sadistic daydream.

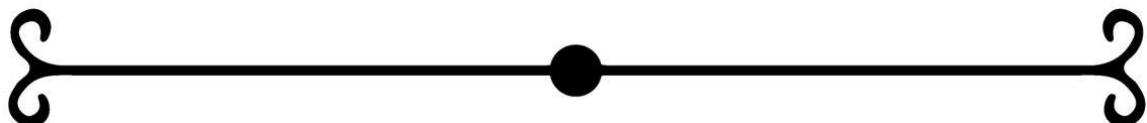
The moment Sandro witnesses the pretty redhead barista bending over the counter to get the milk required for his cappuccino, letting a better view of her black-pants-covered rear, Sandro's instinctive inner monster takes over.

In a flash, the woman is forcefully being bent over that same counter, though this time very much against her will. She's now completely naked, except for her green cap and matching apron which funny enough have remained in the man's bizarre, sexual fantasy.

The barista girl's arms are cruelly bound behind her back with rope. A brown leather belt has been strapped between her lips, roughly gagging her. The back of her apron does nothing to cover her juicy ass-cheeks, as a faceless, abstract man is giving the poor girl the "business", roughly fucking her in the ass against the counter, fully dominating her. In a huge contrast to her previously cheery disposition, the pretty girl is in obvious misery, her gagged cries synching with the pace her rapist is thrusting inside her.

"Here you go" the cute girl's voice addressing him, snaps Sandro back into the real world.

"Th..thank you so much. Have a great day!" Sandro bids the barista farewell.



These daydreams were a frequent occurrence in the young man's daily life. Sandro had learned to live with them, though countless were the times that he wished these were more than just creations of his imagination.

Ever since he was a kid and had discovered some "Sweet Gwendoline" type of old comic books in an abandoned locker of his school, Sandro was drawn to these depictions of pretty damsels in distress. A fascination that continued through his Saturday morning cartoons, then movies, TV-shows and eventually more graphic... 'adult' kinds of media.

Though the 30-year-old man had some sexual and romantic endeavors, they never fulfilled him to the extent he desired and they never lasted long. Something was always...lacking.

Being a largely introverted guy, Sandro never directly broached the subject of domination and submission behind what his romantic partners proposed. Simple, fuzzy cuffs and soft cotton rope, maybe the occasional useless scarf-gag were not enough to quench the man's thirst for truly dominating a beautiful woman. His incompatibility with his sex partners gradually drove them apart every time.

Content with being single for the past three years, Sandro turned his attention towards self-improvement and other, more wholesome goals. His career had been steadily on the upswing and his salary granted him the comfort of buying a spacious house in a peaceful village, located a small drive away from the city center.

As the automatic doors of the Helix Clinic part to allow entrance, Sandro sees the ever-so-familiar presence of Paolina, the cute brunette working the reception desk. Dressed in the classic blue company t-shirt, Paolina has the brightest toothy smile and dark, straight, hair parted to one side and ending just above her shoulders.

While not a bombshell in the classical sense, with a relatively small chest and far from perfect measurements, Sandro has developed quite the affinity for the skinny receptionist, an affinity built over the last two years he's been coming to this specialized gym.

Paolina's 1.62-tall body does not appear to possess an inkling of fat on it, the girl having a slim waist and a long, slender neck, along with a nice, tight butt. Sandro is especially enamored with her big, expressive brown eyes that exude kindness.

♪ "Sandro...Sandro..." ♪

Upon seeing him reach her counter, the woman starts softly singing a little song that just so happens to feature the man's name, with a rather beautiful voice. It's a small inside joke between them.

“Good morning, Sandro” Paolina greets the man with the same charming smile she greets every customer. Though to Sandro, this affection might as well be just for him. “Good morning, Paolina. How was your weekend?” the man reciprocates the niceties. “Kinda dull, really. I didn’t get out or anything. Just sat home watching movies” the girl replies with a mock-frown.

“That’s alright, it’s important to rest when needed. Same here, only instead of movies I was playing videogames” the man continues the friendly rapport, being face to face with the woman over either side of the counter. Behind his endearing smile, he cannot help but struggle with the thought of how nice it would feel to wrap his hand around the woman’s long, delicate neck and squeeze hard enough to see that genuine kind of fear manifest in those big brown eyes.

He stops himself from gazing at the woman’s exposed neck, not that Paolina notices anything in this fraction of a second, where time has frozen only for him.

“Videogames, huh? I never really got into them to be honest” the young woman – Sandro estimated she is around her mid-twenties – says, having now turned away and facing the opposite wall to grab a locker key out of the many dangling from wall-hooks. Sandro sneaks a fleeting peek of her nice ass, squeezed inside her working pants. He watches as Paolina adorably stretches her short frame to reach for one of the top keys.

“Here, i got you the best locker in the whole clinic” she says, jokingly dangling the key above the man’s waiting open palm. “I’ll cherish it with my life” Sandro plays along with Paolina’s little joke.

“Cleo is waiting for you in B22” she lets the key drop on Sandro’s palm. “Well I better get going, don’t wanna keep her waiting, hehe. See you later!” the man waves the woman off, heading toward the changing rooms. “Have a nice workout!” the pretty receptionist waves from behind her stand.

Changing into a much sportier outfit, Sandro opens the door of room B22 to see Cleo, his personal trainer, doing some Yoga stretches on the floored mat. The 1.70-tall girl has a tight, lean body, as to be expected from a physical instructor. Her dirty blonde hair (normally reaching down her chest) is currently caught in a utilitarian ponytail, like any other session, as to not get in the way. She has a nice, round ass nice shapely legs which are further accentuated by her skin-tight leggings. Her sporty top also exposes her drum-tight belly and slim waist, and outlines her woman’s pretty B-cup boobs, stashed behind the extra layer of her sports bra.

“Good morning Cleo! Sorry I’m late” Sandro apologizes in advance, always courteous, trying to keep his glance away from the woman’s cute bellybutton. “No, not at all, I just arrived early and decided to set things up here” the girl, also around her mid-twenties, replies to her client with a reassuring tone.

“Should we get to it?” Cleo asks, receiving a simple nod from Sandro.

During their hour-and-a-half-long training session, the pretty fitness instructor gently touches Sandro on a few occasions, mostly to correct his posture. “Try to keep your back straight” she says, platonically placing her hand on Sandro’s lower back as he rises for another sit-up. Sandro’s whole body can’t help but hyper-focus on the sensation of the woman’s soft fingers on his body. As sexless as this touch may be, Sandro’s mind relentlessly pokes him that this is happening and asks its “master” for more. Sandro would accept Cleo’s hands on other areas of his body, too, areas concealed by his shorts.

The sweaty man simply exhales as he completes the sit-up motion, trying to shake off this all-too-familiar feeling of longing for something he knows he can’t have.

Cleo has been Sandro’s personal trainer almost since the beginning of his subscription to the Helix Clinic. Even though the pretty fitness trainer is a bit more serious in their interactions, she’s still a pleasant company to Sandro, encouraging and motivating him with genuine investment during their daily workouts.

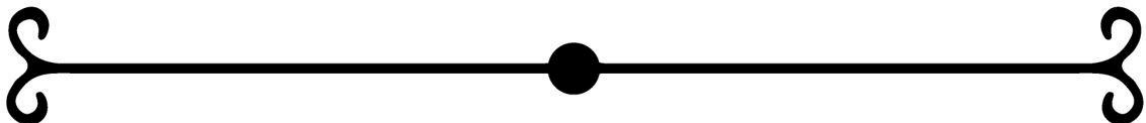
Working out with her every morning perks up the man’s spirits just as much as chatting with Paolina in the reception desk.

Sandro cannot say he interacts with more women on such a consistent basis than these two. His work is mostly male-dominated, and his reclusive lifestyle hasn’t allowed for many opportunities to “mingle” with the opposite sex. Even though his exchanges with Cleo and Paolina never cross the limits of professionalism, mostly circling around friendly bantering between customer and service-provider, the two girls are undoubtedly a pleasant company for Sandro.

The young man would be hard-pressed to admit that this 'relationship' means much more to him than to the two young women, but at the end of the day he knows the social surroundings. He is a faithful client and they are there to make him feel welcomed and satisfied.

Satisfaction.

There's a concept that's hard for Sandro to wrap his head around. It's difficult to remember a time when he wasn't compromising to something. Friends, family, job, sex. Everything required a compromise. Why couldn't he just have what he wants, exactly as he wants it? Without any bargaining or trade-offs?



After the conclusion of his workout and the departure from the Helix Clinic, Sandro's workday seemed dull. It has seemed duller and duller lately and not because of burnout or anything relating to the workload. Even though the day started cheerfully enough, the young man returns home around 6 in the afternoon with an empty feeling inside.

With the sun just starting to set, his car turns inside the private entrance of the communal underground garage of his neighborhood. It's nice to have a private driveway, gives you that extra feeling of suburban privacy.

With his leather work briefcase in hand, Sandro unlocks his basement door. With his basement on the same floor as his private parking space, it's easier to get home through the basement and then up to the main rooms.

The décor of his apartment is pretty modern, utilitarian and pretty minimalistic, reflecting his attention to detail and order, being cleaned and dusted regularly. There are some luxurious items, like a high-tech fridge, a huge, slim 4k TV mounted on the wall and a couple of gaming consoles. One shelf is filled with lots of books and blu-rays of movies, all neatly organized. The other is similarly filled with video-games. All in all, a normal 30-year-old self-sufficient man's place.

Besides the small basement he uses mainly for storage of his old living room's furniture and other random stuff, the ground floor consists of a fused living room and kitchen, along with a small bathroom.

On the first floor, there is a cozy office room, two guest bedrooms (rarely used) and a bathroom. Finally, on the attic is Sandro's main bedroom, equipped with its own bathroom and a small, cozy fireplace.

Even though Sandro has been staying in this welcoming little village home for a few years, he has begun some renovations on his attic over the past 6 months. A certain...project has been taking shape, and even though Sandro has stopped and restarted it frequently over this time, crippled with indecisiveness and fear, he has pretty much finished with these bizarre modifications to his attic.

His double-sized bed is facing a big, green wardrobe that spans the entire opposite wall. It has these sliding mirror doors. On either side of the bed enters light from a set of windows. Sandro

is not a man of particular extravagance. His wardrobe is full of neatly tucked clothes, most in standard, darker tones. Lots of shirts, pants, a few jeans, lots of sweaters and hoodies.

It was not that hard to re-store them on the right half of his wardrobe, since the left half has been modified into an ominous placeholder for his future slave. For two slaves in fact. Even though Sandro hasn't even settled on one unlucky damsel, his obsessive over-planning has deemed necessary that maybe a second 'guest' will arrive sometime in the future, and so he built two of these restrictive seats.

Jutting horizontally from the inner wall of the closet is the metal base of a dark-brown, leather seat. It is narrow and slim, similar to a bike-seat, though more rectangular in shape and appearing less comfy, despite the softness of the quality leather. A pair of matching ankle-bands can be seen lying on the floor of the closet, each attached to a sturdy, steel chain. Similarly, a pair of leather wrist-bands is lying next to the first pair. The chain of each elegant restraining item can be seen disappearing through an individual hole in the wardrobe's wooden flooring.

The last custom addition to what was once Sandro's clothing closet is a flat wooden frame, going parallel to the leather seat. Its outer side is rounded into a semi-circle. The round hole on this end of the frame betrays its role as a head-stock, the semicircular portion able to swing open from one side, the other side having a hole for a padlock to go through. The inside of the neck-hole is lined with some thin, black padding, a weird way for Sandro to care for the woman he's planning to ruthlessly torture anyway.

These stocks can slide vertical along the back wall due to the metal runner they are attached one, allowing a perfect "fit".

Though there are a few other changes the man has made, these seats are the most elaborate of his home creations.

In addition to his 'crafting' projects, Sandro has been watching shibari lessons online, to get him familiar with tying his lovely plaything with hemp rope, amongst other things. To that extent, he has ordered a wide assortment of bondage equipment, like shiny bondage tape, rope, hoods, sex-toys and many more things that could "come in handy".

All that is nice and fun, but with the most vital aspect of Sandro's plan still missing, it all might as well be indulging in some wishful (albeit expensive) roleplay.

A 'what might have been' and nothing more.

Without the actual person that will unwillingly fulfill all of the man's perverted fantasies, Sandro has not really done anything. It's not illegal to install metal rings onto your bathroom walls, or

create an elaborate bondage chair inside your closet. The big step, the crucial one, still eludes Sandro.

While he often uses his inability to find a 'proper' candidate for this role as excuse to not proceed with his risky, life-threatening plan, it also holds some truth. Sandro has been trying to settle on a victim ever since he put forward his plan, but something's always...off.

It's not that finding a hot girl to abduct is a difficult task. It is that each of the countless women that Sandro runs into, whether a coworker not even interacting with him on a first name basis, or the cute waitress on the bar that's extra sweet to him for a nice tip. They all lack that familiarity, that intimacy that would make them more irresistibly desired.

That would ultimately make them worth this dangerous endeavor.

As the dejected man enters the sanctuary of his home, he flicks a couple of light switches on and then places his keys on the same hook he picked them up from in the morning. Sandro browses through the assortment of mail he picked up from the mailbox, located right outside his front-door.

It is mostly bills and promotional fliers. Flicking through them, Sandro stops at a small envelope, coming from the Helix Clinic. Putting everything else aside, he tears the envelope open. Inside, is a card reading in a rather stock, prewritten manner of writing:

Dear Sandro,

*Congrats on reaching your **2nd** year with Helix Clinic. On behalf of the staff and management, we'd like to thank you for being a dedicated member for the past **2** years. We wish you all the best in your continuing pursuit of a healthy lifestyle.*

Yours,

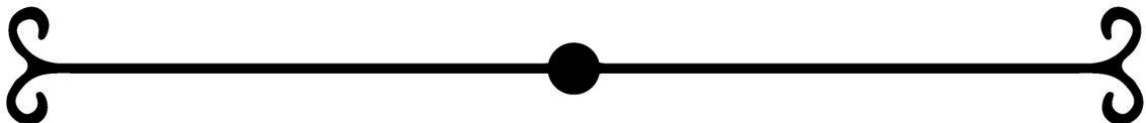
Helix Clinic

Turning the card over, the man sees a photograph of the Helix staff gathered in a group photo, everyone smiling like pals, even though they're simply coworkers, as they hold glasses of champagne, as if they are toasting to the letter's recipient. They are all dressed in identical black shirt with the company logo on the top left side, with matching leggings for the gals and shorts for the men. The man's eyes are immediately drawn to the images of Cleo and Paolina.

“It is them...” a voice speaks ever so clearly in Sandro’s mind. How hadn’t he seen it before? With his stare locked down this two-dimensional depiction of the two women, Sandro realizes that these are what he wants. No, what he NEEDS. They’ve always been.

With adrenaline and excitement pumping in his veins, the man grabs a pen and paper and starts jostling a plan on the short coffee table of his living room. For the first time after the conception of this ambitious plan, the man is confident, determined, that he can pull it off.

The mind-burned images of not a vague, faceless damsel, but of Cleo and Paolina, almost propel him onward.



Dressed in a black tracksuit that reflects the deep night's darkness, Sandro is sitting behind the wheel of his Kia Picanto, which is parked in a nice neighborhood, a bit outside the city center, featuring mostly ground or 2-floored, traditional town-houses. He's visited that neighborhood thoroughly during the past two weeks, even though he had never set foot in it prior to that.

The reason is this is Cleo's neighborhood. The man had no other way to retrieve the girl's address without stalking her on her way back from work. It worked like a charm, as it did with Cleo's co-worker and future slave-buddy, Paolina.

But this is only step no. 1 of Sandro's plan. His personal trainer leaves alone, but there still is the issue of his trespassing. The thick security is not 'breach-able' for him, but the man has researched the layout and has come up with an entrance point.

An old, rusty spiral staircase on the backside of the house complex leads to a tiny balcony of an abandoned building. That balcony is a leg-stretch away of Cleo's bedroom balcony, located on the 1st floor of the girl's home. The window-door there does not close very well. If he's lucky, it might even be open.

Staring towards the place, Sandro's heart is pounding. This is the point of no return. It's not like he can change his mind halfway through and say: "excuse me Miss. I was taken over by a dark demon. I will promptly untie you and return you to your premises". No, it certainly wouldn't bode well with the kidnapped lady.

Though he is thoroughly prepared for this dangerous heist, the butterflies in his stomach are not leaving him alone that easily. "You can do this Sandro. Think of the prize at the end of the road" the man psyches himself up, then with a determined sigh, pulls the balaclava mask over his face, grabs the Helix-branded duffel bag and steps out of his vehicle.

It was nerve-racking, but the man has reached that abandoned house's balcony. The next part is a bit scary, but without looking down, the man's 1.92 m frame is enough to help him reach Cleo's railing without having to jump. Soon, the man is standing in front of the glass balcony door. With his hands covered by black, leather gloves, he gently pressed against the wooden frame of the door. He tries to keep his excitement under wraps, as he sees that the dysfunctional handle gives in easily, and the door opens inwards!

The tall man moves stealthily inside, holding his breath with anticipation. Less than 3 meters away, peacefully snoozing in her bed is Cleo, half-lying on her back but with her face gracefully lying sideways on her pillow. She's clad in her boyfriend's white, over-sized t-shirt, which the girl has cut into a crop top. No bra is concealing the comfortable girl's breasts, though the cotton fabric does not outline her nipples. Though Sandro cannot yet see it under the bedsheets, the only other item of clothing the woman is wearing is a pair of burgundy-colored, lace panties. Unlike her more formal appearance in the gym, the girl's dark-blond hair is draped freely over her pillow and shoulders.

With a fiery look in his eyes, the man approaches her bedside, careful as to not alarm the girl to his very-illegal presence.

Reaching her, Sandro's heart is now beating like a drum. If he was nervous while on the car, now he's struggling to compose himself. "Come on, Sandro! Go for it!" he mentally yells at himself.

All that Cleo feels is the man's leathery-gloved hand capping her mouth, which awakens her. But she doesn't even get a chance to scream, as simultaneously, the man presses a sharp switchblade against the front of her neck.

"Any move or scream and you're dead" Sandro says with a soft, but stern voice, as the woman's recently opened eyes rise to meet his. Cleo stays frozen, her elevated state of fear betrayed by her deep nasal breathing onto the man's glove. The sight is already marvelous, Sandro thinks. He hasn't even done anything to her yet, and the pretty fitness trainer already looks so powerless in front of him.

But there's no time for fantasy indulgence! There'll be plenty of time for that once both "packages" are "secured". With his victim currently bound only by a fear for her life, the man slowly takes his gagging hand off the girl's mouth, ready to re-smother her if she disobeys his orders. He really hopes the girl doesn't call his bluff. He really doesn't want to kill her. That would be the worst case scenario. Aside from getting caught, that is.

Thankfully, Cleo appears scared-shitless, feeling the man's cold, sharp blade against her neck. She doesn't have any information as to what this masked stranger is capable of. Reaching into his half unzipped duffel bag, Sandro takes out a puffy sponge and without much negotiation, stuffs it inside the girl's helpless mouth, pushing and pushing until all the yellow sponge rests behind the woman's teeth.

“Mmgg...” Cleo lets out the faintest of moans, as her cheeks slightly inflate from the expanding sponge. “Sshh...good girl” Sandro praises the woman for her cooperation, as he takes a roll of duct tape from his bag, keeping the menacing blade in place. With Cleo petrified from the immediate threat on her life, Sandro presses the pre-pulled end of the duct-tape against the girl’s left cheek. “Lift your head” he instructs, putting more “urgent” pressure on her delicate neck with his knife. Feeling her neck slightly sliced, Cleo obeys, lifting her head from the pillow and the man starts tracing the roll of tape around her head, tightly winding the duct tape around her face 4 or 5 times, before snipping it off with his blade and pressing the severed end against the girl’s cheek.

Throughout this brief action, Cleo breathes only through her nose with a quick tempo, her helplessness only increasing her nervousness. She can only look up at her captor with furrowed brows.

“Turn over” Sandro continues “guiding” the girl through her own binding procedure, with his blade actually doing most of the talking. “MMnnnn!” the woman lets out a gagged whimper, her first protest. There’ll be many more to follow, but still, this is a monumental moment in a way. “Do it... and no sudden movements” Sandro ignores this polite “disapproval”, reminding the girl of his power over her life with another press of the knife. The tape-gagged girl obliges, slowly turning over on her belly, though her wide-eyed gaze remains stuck on him.

With only the neighborhood’s crickets being the soundtrack to this silent kidnap, Sandro pulls the sheets away, to reveal the gym trainer’s tight ass, half-exposed by her Brazilian lace panties. Her legs and feet are fully bare. Sandro straddles the woman’s body, sitting on the back of her thighs and pinning her between his much heavier body and the mattress. The home intruder grabs the woman’s slender arms and pins them side-by-side behind her back by her wrists. He quickly starts wrapping more duct tape around Cleo’s wrists, making sure to keep a tight tension. Cleo’s nervous shuffling only distracts his boner, as her round, half-naked ass inadvertently rubs against his crotch.

“Patience, Sandro” the man has to remind himself of the task at hand, as he cinches the girl’s elbows painfully together with another 8 or so wraps of tape.

This increased incapacitation causes the girl – who was peacefully sleeping 3 minutes ago – to lose her so far maintained temper. “MMMMMMMMGGH! PPPHHHHGG!” she starts moaning, twisting her body and kicking her legs underneath Sandro’s overwhelming pin. “Hey, HEY!” Sandro whisper-yells, trying to put this nonsense to rest as he grabs a good tuft of the girl’s hair and mooshes her head against the pillow. The brief violence puts a stop to the woman’s panicking fit.

"If you do as I say, nobody will get hurt" the man plays the "good cop" now, and only gets off the woman when he feels her completely still and calm. Cleo has her face on the pillow, but is turning her look down to where the man is now wrapping more duct tape, namely her ankles, followed by her knees, both above and below them. With each tight wrap, the girl becomes more powerless to move, fully vulnerable to this strange man's whims.

With this out of the way, Sandro lifts the cute fitness instructor to sit on the side of the bed. He really wants to take a peek underneath that veil that is the girl's oversized manually cropped t-shirt. "No" he mentally yells at himself. He must maintain focus. Things need to happen quickly and efficiently, if this girl-theft is gonna be a success.

But his vile instincts are too strong, and in a moment of the sub-conscious fully taking over, Sandro grabs a hold of the girl's top and driving his blade vertically along the direction of the girl's sternum, slices the fabric in half. Cleo's beautiful, youthful breasts pop out, exposed freely to him. Seeing this happen, Cleo looks up at him with pleading puppy-eyes. "Oh no...he's going to rape me!" is the message she receives from this action.

"They are so..." Sandro mumbles not even finding the right adjective, mesmerized by the two round "goddesses" he's been waiting so long to see. Cleo's tits are not that largest, but they are firm, perky, and nicely round. Her nipples have that nice pinkish hue to them. The shredded remnants of her 'DIY' top on either side of her breasts now look like open curtains to a show that Sandro would give anything for a ticket to.

The timing urgency of his heist snaps the man back into the present. "MMNNG!" Cleo tries shuffling backwards as he sees the man approach her, presumably to take advantage of her vulnerable state, but the man has only more bondage in mind, wrapping more duct tape above and under her bare chest, pinning her already strained arms against her body in the process. The tension of the tape is visible on the woman's flesh, making these little indents where the tape ends and the girl's soft skin is visible. Same is the deal with the girl's puffed cheeks, the tape pressing down on them.

Cleo's tits look even nicer and more flaunted, the tape above and under them framing them nicely, as well as pressing them a bit outwards.

“M-M....M-M!” the girl shakes her head in protest, as she sees Sandro produce yet another gagging equipment, a large silk scarf of light-pink color, out of many in his duffel bag.

“I need to make sure you’ll be adequately quiet” the man explains, as if it would make any difference in Cleo’s reaction, as he pulls the scarf over the girl’s pointlessly shaking face, making sure the scarf is placed over the girl’s nose. He then secures it by making a firm double-knot behind the girl’s head. Indeed, Cleo’s pitiful whimper sound more muffled now.

Cleo’s eyes project feelings of utter helplessness, in her updated muted state, but they silently widen, as she sees Sandro pull some more length of tape with the characteristic sound of its glue unsticking from the roll. “MMmff!” she pleads, but Sandro does not respond, as he tapes up the woman’s pretty brown eyes, taking the moonlight that was coming through the balcony door away from them. Just like the tape-gag, he winds the tape a few times around Cleo’s head, securing this tape blindfold.

Cleo whimpers once more. With her sight taken away, she turns her head left and right, in adorable disorientation. “What does this man want from me???” is all that circles around her mind now. He could have raped her already, and he does not appear focused on robbing her. Is she being kidnapped for ransom?

The man leaves a bare-chested Cleo nervously seated on the edge of her bed, blindfolded, tape-gagged and tape-bound, as he grabs her white bedsheet and lifts it up. “Hmm gonna need one more” he mumbles as he calculates its size. Cleo has no idea what this phrase is referring to, testing the strength of her tape bondage by squirming her hands and arms, with no success. She tries to be stealthy about her escape attempt, sitting relatively still and idle as she tests the endurance of the duct tape, something that Sandro finds adorable.

The invader searches the fit gym-girl’s personal property in a strangely respectable fashion. A standard burglar would probably toss stuff all over the place, but Sandro is rather tidy in his search. Going through her closet, the man takes out another white bed-sheet. This layer ought to conceal the very obviously distressed damsel, at least more so than before.

Sandro lays the rectangular sheets fully open onto the floor. “Come on” he says politely while grabbing the blinded, gagged girl by her arms and pulling her towards the floor. “MMMMMMGGH!” Cleo lets another scared moan as soon as he feels being blindly led by the man’s strong grip. Her struggling makes no difference, as the much larger Sandro manhandles her where he wants her, which is onto the sheets.

No home-picnic is in store though. Working diligently, Sandro starts folding the bedsheet over the helpless girl’s mostly-naked body. He first wraps her from the feet up to her belly, encasing the struggling woman in this light cloth layer. The man wraps more tape over the sheet on the

girl's ankles, and then mirrors the bondage on either side of the girl's knees, trapping them once more under the soft sheet. "MMnnnnnggfff!" Cleo struggles further as she feels more bondage coming her way.

"What did I say about being quiet?" Sandro says less nicely this time, worrying someone might hear the woman's persistent moaning, even though his gag-work is pretty thorough. He puts his blade against the woman's naked belly, right above her cute bellybutton, pressing it a bit, not to puncture any skin, but only to drive his point forward.

Cleo simply sobs in her heavy gag, realizing how deep shit she's into. She's much more passive now, as Sandro continues the sheet-wrapping, from her belly up to her nice tits, then over her neck and finally her face and head. He fixes the sheet snugly in place, with more coils of duct tape going over the girl's breasts (again above and below) her neck and finally her head, where the sheet is secured by more tape-wraps over the girl's mouth and her eyes, over the first layers of tape and the silk-gag.

When he is finished, Cleo is properly mummified in her own bedsheets, wiggling adorably on the floor. Her cries are pretty stifled by a sound-absorbing sponge, two different layers of duct tape, a thick layer of silk and finally another thin layer of sheet. Though the last two fabric layers cover her nose and make breathing through her nostrils more laborious, Sandro deems the girl will be fine, or at least as fine as she can be under the circumstances.

Plunged in light-less immobility, Cleo is panting with difficulty through her double cloth-covered nostrils. She feels the duct tape snugly wrapped all around her neck, like a person's ominous grasp around it, not squeezing, but applying some steady, slightly constricting pressure, which only adds to her claustrophobic predicament. "Mmmm...mmmm...mmmm..." her fearful breathing comes out in rhythmic moans, moans that have to go through multiple cloth layers to "escape". But unless she goes into a full panic attack, she won't asphyxiate to death.

"It's ok, calm down, you can breathe just fine" Cleo feels Sandro's gloved hands this time placed affectionately on the side of her sheet-encased face, reassuring her of her safety (weird enough) with a much softer, kind voice. It won't do him any good if his pretty victim suffocates on her bonds before he even takes her home.

Cleo's rapid nose-breathing subsides a bit, the girl realizing her makeshift hood won't asphyxiate her, only tire her out. With that, the masked stranger puts the finishing touches on her bondage by connecting the two pieces of sheets meeting on the girl's belly, by taping them together with plenty of duct tape.

“Ok, we’re ready to head home” Sandro sighs tired, but satisfied, looking down at his mummified prize shuffling her fused legs along the floor and twisting and writhing her upper body desperately. She’s not going anywhere.

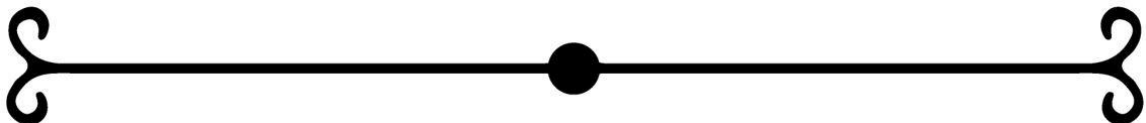
Sandro squats over Cleo, giving one last look at her squirming form. He cannot believe he will get to wake up to such a sight every day. He really likes how the sheet hugs every curve and indent of the girl’s slender body, even outlining some of the main features of her pretty face, though the silk gag makes things “bulkier” there.

Controlling his giddiness, the man takes the sheet-encased woman in his arms and tosses her over his strong shoulder, her head on his backside, her tapes legs flailing in front of him. Her moaning and struggling does not subside one bit as he does that, but it’s something he’ll have to power through. Patience will be a key feature once he gets his two new “girlfriends” home. Might as well start practicing now.

Sandro does not have much trouble carrying the woman over his shoulder, going down the small staircase that leads from her bedroom down her living room and kitchen. The keys are in the lock of the girl’s high-security front door. How handy!

With his prize still squirming on his left shoulder, Sandro unlocks the front door and peaks his head out. It is 3 AM. No sight of anyone as far as his eyes can see. His car is literally 3 meter in front of him. Opening the trunk-door with a button-press of his keys, the man hurries to dump his sexy mummy inside the trunk.

“Gonna have to find another place to fit the other one” he says to himself, seeing the taped damsel take up most of the space of his relatively small car. “Mmmgnggg! PPhhhggn!” Cleo’s much muffled cries are ignored as Sandro quickly slams the trunk-lid over her and jumps in the driver’s seat.



With Cleo's gagged cries and blind kicking barely audible from the trunk of his car, Sandro is finished with the first half of his nightly mission. The next and final stop is about 15 minutes away, in the city center.

His Red Kia Picanto parks in front of a 4-story-high apartment complex. Sandro spots some sparse drunken groups of people roaming the streets. This might make his "acquisition" harder.

Paolina leaves in a comfy studio apartment on the 3rd floor. Sandro has no scaffolding or anything else to climb this time, but no worries. His lock-picking skills, honed well over this 6-month period of preparations, will finally pay off. Unlike Cleo's, the cute receptionist's door is not the most secure one. A basic wooden door with an even more basic lock. His "thief's tools" soon do the trick and the masked man gains access to his unsuspecting prey's home.

The place is very feminine. Tidy, cozy, and clean, despite the scarce room. A small kitchen is on one corner, a dining/living room table next to it, a small couch and the bed on a different corner.

Dressed in a cute, cream-pink silky night-gown, which ends just beneath her tight butt-cheeks with some lace details, Paolina is serenely dreaming in her bed, her bottom-half obscured by her covers, as are her blue, ankle-high towel socks, her feet always getting cold at night. Her small, delicate shoulders are visible, the spaghetti straps of her negligée gracefully draped over them. Her skinny arms lay lifelessly on either side of her head, her right hand above her head, buried in her dark hair.

The pretty girl's mouth hangs a bit loose and half-opened as most sleeping folk, in a way that only makes Sandro's mind race with what he'd do to it under more leisurely circumstances.

The tape-and-blade course of action worked the first time, so no reason to re-event the wheel, Sandro thinks. Though some minor changes might be in order.

The man slowly creeps onto the blissfully unaware girl's bed, holding a pre-torn piece of tape, about 15 centimeters long. He marvels at his crush's unique, fragile beauty. Neither the pretty receptionist, nor Cleo are supermodels, but in Sandro's eyes, they are perfect. In her slumber,

the girl is letting out the faintest little snore as she breathes calmly and deeply. Sandro finds it quite endearing.

The room has that calm right before the storm.

In one swift motion, the man jumps on the much smaller girl's flat belly, straddling her and immobilizing her from the waist down. At the same time, he presses the tape over both the girl's eyes, before they even have a chance to greet him.

The girl is awake, but utterly disoriented as to what is happening. An instinctive scream is bubbling up in her voice box, but as soon as it starts coming out from her throat, the girl finds thick leather smothering her mouth with force and keeping it closed!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMNGG!!" the girl starts pounding the man's upper arms with her tiny fists, in a frenzy of self-preservation. She gives him a few scratches with her nails.

That is, until the moment she feels Sandro's blade press against the side of gorgeous, swan-like neck.

"Make a sound and you're dead" Sandro mentally scoffs at himself for not thinking of a different line this time, but pressure hinders creativity. Anyway, it's not like Paolina was there when he first said it tonight.

Paolina "swallows" the rest of her scream, her initial fighting also dying down, with the more level-headed realization that this initial "battle" has been fully lost. Utterly blinded by the strip of tape over her eyes and with the man double her size pinning her, the girl is at a huge disadvantage.

Sandro's free hand grabs both of the girl's wrists, moving them down on the covers and "away" from his job, in an almost "calm down" manner. More a threatening "suggestion" than an actual grasp. In any case, Paolina does not fight him back. Her initial jostling into consciousness is now frozen in its tracks by the imminent danger of this home invasion.

Sandro slowly goes to remove his gloved hand from the girl's mouth, but he acts too quickly, too confident, having done this before.

“AAAmmmmmgghff!” Paolina lets out a girly scream as soon as she feels her mouth free. Sandro has to drown her noise once more, the word “dammit” escaping his lips in a frustrated whisper. “Is the reception girl gonna give him more trouble than the actually strong and dexterous fitness girl?”

“Are you gonna behave?” he says as menacingly as he can, pressing the flat side of the blade (though Paolina cannot know that) on the girl’s soft neck-flesh. “Mh...mh!!!” the straddled, blinded girl nods intensely. She’ll play along, after this second attempt at freedom fails.

Even slower than before, Sandro removes his gloved hand from Paolina’s face. The girl is breathing heavily now through her mouth, clearly worried of what’s next.

Having a couple of seconds to prepare, Sandro take the very expandable sponge out of his bag. He moves the thing slowly, carefully, until it rests centimeters above Paolina’s half-spread lips. He savors the girl’s helplessness, her ignorance and her future. A future only he controls.

“P...please...” Paolina begs in as soft a voice as possible, to not trigger her attacker’s “sensitive hearing”. “Wh..what do you want?... there’s some ...c...cash in my drawer” Sandro watches as the young woman stumbles to speak properly, inhibited by terror. “Open your mouth” he says assertively with a deep voice.

“Pl...please...d...don’t hurt me” Paolina is trying hard not to lose it, holding back sobs. “Open...” Sandro (safely) prods her a bit with the small knife. The blindfolded girl’s cries are heard even as she obeys and spreads her jaw for him. She doesn’t see the sponge that’s hovering only 3-4 centimeters up above.

With an almost divine conviction, Sandro shoves the squeezed sponge inside the woman’s mouth. As soon as he lets go of it, it expands and fills Paolina’s oral cavity to the brim!

“NNNHhhh...huuuhhhhh...!” the woman cries out into the sponge, which Sandro works until its entirety is resting behind the girl’s lips. “If I see your hands even twitch, I’ll slit your throat like cattle” Sandro is even shocked by himself for coming with such grim imagery. But it does petrify the poor woman, so maybe he’ll need to be grosser in his threats.

He then takes the roll of tape and pressing the free end against the sponge nesting in the girl’s yapper, he starts circling it around and around...and around Paolina’s head, until it is relentlessly squeezing her face and even driving the sponge a bit deeper. Paolina is just fully sobbing now, which does increase the size of Sandro’s “bulge”, but does not slow him down. The man makes sure the tape is actually wrapped between the girl’s stretched lips and teeth instead of over. He has an idea of how to further gag her.

But first, he needs to deal with these pesky hands, the most “dangerous” part of his catch’s body. Quickly and efficiently, he wraps them tightly in front of the girl, not bothering to flip her over. The girl lets the odd painful yelp from the cruel tension of the tape. Her occasional attempts at dislodging the 1.92 man off of her with her hips fail spectacularly. She only manages at best to shuffle and grind her scantily clad body under his weight, which only excites Sandro more.

Turning his attention back on his future lover’s face, Sandro proceeds to wrap more duct tape this time vertically to the last one, circling the underside of Paolina’s chin, and the top of her head. This bondage works counter to the previous gag as it is causing her jaw to actually close onto the tape and bite down on her stuffing sponge. More gagged whimpers follow from the wrist-bound girl, who feels her mouth becoming more and more rigid from all “sides”. Like always, Sandro is thorough in the application of tape, keeping the tension between multiple wraps, over 5 at each occasion.

Finally, Sandro goes through one last tape-gagging round, this time tracing the duct tape over the girl’s luscious lips, passing the tape once above the top lip, then on the next rotation over the bottom one, then the top again and so on, until the bottom half of poor Paolina’s face is covered with the silvery duct-tape.

“That’ll do” the man thinks, as he ponders how to tie “the rest” of the nightgown-clad woman. He makes a better application of the girl’s tape-blindfold, adding three more wraps to the initial one. Paolina is softly mumbling something under all the layers of sponge and tape, but there’s no way for him to decipher any of it.

Sandro goes to grab her socked ankles to bind them, but is surprised to see the voiceless, sightless girl start kicking towards his general direction. “You’re still fighting?” the man asks, not even mockingly, just bemused. The damsel, with more than half of her head encased in tape, can only groan and squeal inside her tape prison, in an indignant manner. But to the man’s annoyance, she has also started trying to peel her “face-tape” off with her hands, which are wrist-taped in front of her.

“Can’t have that” the intruder thinks, and approaching the petite woman, starts encasing her side-by-side hands in a shared mitten of duct-tape, rendering them completely useless. “HMMMMGGH!” Paolina lets a frustrated moan, as her plans are foiled once more. Though she’s still too fidgety for the man’s liking, the man needs to deal with the “kicking” part of his damsel, before dealing with this.

And so, with a more determined approach, dexterously grabbing any pretty, incoming foot towards his head, Sandro binds the receptionist's ankles, making sure that the tape makes firm contact with the woman's hairless skin, and not the fuzzy socks, which would offer more leeway for movement and a more unstable bondage.

Upon completing the tape-wrapping on the girl's skinny legs, above and below the knees, Sandro can't help but notice the girl's pink underwear. They even have that cute little red ribbon bow at the front.

The man's carnal desires once more supersede his practical line of operation and before he can even tell what he's doing, he has sliced the one side of the underwear that was previously pressing against the side of the woman's pelvis, and has pulled the fabric aside to reveal the front of her crotch. Paolina is fully screaming into her effective gag, tossing and turning, believing she's seconds away from being raped.

But all the man does is marvel at the sight. Her thighs are fused anyway by the strict leg-bondage. He's not going to have sex with her in this moment. But that little pouch of curly pubic hair, just above the woman's clitoral hood which is barely visible from her closed legs, is hypnotizing the man. It is so pretty, the way it lays amongst the otherwise hairless, shaven valley that is the girl's mons pubis.

He leans a bit closer, now only a few inches away, smelling the woman's sex. It smells like heaven. He cannot wait to fill his cock being hugged by Paolina's pussy. The man has definitely stained his underpants with some pre-cum. Oh well, he'll change at home anyways. And if all goes well, he'll give Paolina the rest of his load.

The short-haired brunette is heavily panting through her nostrils, waiting to feel the man's stranger hands (or even worse parts of his anatomy) on her privates at any second, but the man exhibits restraint. He has a whole life ahead of him to enjoy that.

After these few seconds that appeared like a timeless paradise, the man lifts his head up to see that his trashed-up little toy is rubbing her tape-mitten against her own, equally taped face, in a vain attempt to scrape it off. Once again trying to make his life difficult. This girl has a lot of spirit, something that is desirable for what Sandro has in mind for her new role.

For the problem at hand, the methodical man has a creative solution. It yet again involves duct tape. "Such a useful tool" the man silently ponders, as he leans over the defenseless girl, who's still giving her escape a blind go. "MMg...NNNMM!" the girl yelps as she feels the man grab her fused wrists and pin them against her bra-less chest, folding both her arms at the elbows. Keeping them like this, Sandro wraps duct tape over the girl's wrists and around the underside of each of her arms (below the armpits), effectively frog-tying each arm. In combination with the

girl's strict wrist bondage, Paolina's folded arms are now trapped in front of her small chest, with no real wiggle room, like two chicken wings connected at their tips.

"Ok, now where to stash you" the man thinks out-loud, his toy squirming by herself on her mattress, like a worm made of tape. "Got it!" a metaphorical bulb lights up over his head.

Going through the girl's stuff without her permission, the man finds what he's looking for, from the top shelf of the woman's closet. It is a red, large, wheeled luggage bag. The type meant for long-duration trips, something which the girl adores. At 1.60, she surely will fit in there, Sandro deems. How can she even pull this thing? he wonders as he lifts the giant bag.

"MMMMMMMMNGGHH! PPPLLHH!" Paolina's moans are as desperate as her flailing, but Sandro easily overpowers her to shove her inside her open bag, waiting for her flat on the floor. The man forces her into a fetal, balled-up position, which he secures with some last touches of duct tape that he runs under the girl's knees, which have been pressed against the woman's chest, then around the middle of her back, folding the woman's body in half. For an added safety measure, he repeats this folding "procedure" to the poor woman's fused legs, tethering them to her upper thighs by winding the tape all around her lower back and the girl's bound ankles.

Before closing the bag over the poor girl's balled-up form, Sandro gives one last look at his bundled victim. Paolina looks absolutely miserable, her fighting widdled down to nothing more than pathetic twitches and minute jerking.

"Patience, the trip home is not long" Sandro says reassuringly to the taped woman, giving her a soft "hold on there" spank on her soft booty, before tossing the lid over her and closing the zipper all around the bag securely, sealing the woman in her own luggage.

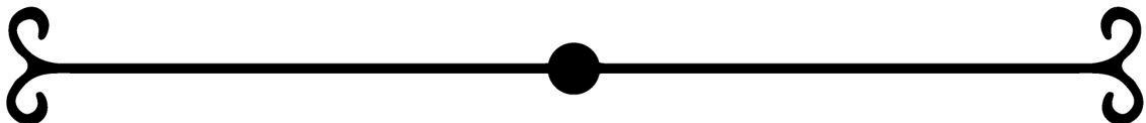
As he lifts the bag vertically on its wheels (along with his living cargo) the man is relieved that the hard part is over with. He might have gotten some cardio exercise throughout this night, but he'll walk out of the girl's front door like a true gentleman.

All the few and far between passers-by see step out of the building is a man in matching black sweatpants and hoodie (the skin mask has been pocketed), pulling a red luggage bag along the sidewalk and depositing it onto the back seats of his car. No screaming, no struggling and no pleading for help register with the drunken folk returning home. No complaints regarding the soft thudding coming from his trunk, either. The man quickly puts his ear against the trunk. He can hear some fierce kicking going on. Everyone is here. It's time to head home.

As the man slumps on the driver seat with a tired sigh, he ponders the literally crazy events of the night. It's almost over. He cannot believe he actually went and did it! Very soon, he will have his two hugest crushes. Literally HAVE THEM.

To do exactly as he pleases.

With the faint shuffling of a luggage bag heard behind him, Sandro steps on the gas, onward to his new life.



Getting his two squirming acquisitions home was the easy part of the night. Sandro's private entryway help erase any worries that someone might spot him carry the helpless damsels in his premises.

With the neatly "packaged" Paolina "waiting" by his side inside her own luggage bag, Sandro opens his trunk to get his other toy out. The sound of the trunk opening must have alarmed Cleo, because she immediately flinches from her slumped, understandably knackered state. "MMh???" she lets out a frightened whimper, her mummified, tape-and scarf-wrapped face turning towards the general direction of the trunk's exit, unable to see anything.

"We're home, Cleo" the man calmly announces to his captive, as he leans over to pick her up. "MMMGGG!" the blind, bound girl squeals as she feels his (not gloved anymore) hands on her sheet-wrapped body. "I'm gonna need you to be chill until we get inside" Sandro explains to her, putting his fingers on her sheet-and-silk covered nose and pinching her nostrils shut. It is still far from dawn, but Sandro does not want to alert his sleeping neighbors with own nightly business.

"MMnggg!....mggnng!!!" the girl's pitiful moans now sound like they've been submerged deep underwater, since they have no way to exit. She shakes her 'wormified' body with urgency, fully suffocating under your easy grip. Sandro keeps her nostrils pinched for a good 4-5 seconds. Not really a lesson, but a polite warning.

As he removes them, Cleo sucks in air long and hungrily, her nasal inhaling having to bypass her silky and cotton barriers. She's not screaming anymore, which is a plus. He reaches in and carefully pulls her out by her torso and waist. As he tosses her form over his broad shoulder, Sandro can both see and feel the tremendous self-restrain the woman is exerting to not struggle and scream again, a restrain that cracks here and there with the occasional yelp or flail.

With his right hand wrapped around the OTS-draped girl's slim waist, and the other pulling the handle of a big red wheelie bag, the man enters home. Stepping from his basement inside his living quarters, it kind of feels like newlyweds stepping into their new home for the first time. "A trio of newlyweds?" he ponders. Why the hell not?

Soon enough, Cleo and Paolina are laying side-by-side on the man's double bed. Paolina has been "unpacked" from the bag, the tape that kept her balled up also removed. Similarly, Cleo has been relieved of her bedsheet cocoon and silky scarf-gag, now only clad in her 'primary' tape bondage. As the two girls struggle, their taped bodies are rubbing against the man's soft, grey blanket, which has a dark-blue floral pattern across it.

Paolina's is in her cream-pink, short nightgown, her cute blue socks and pink panties, the latter of which been partially cut, to reveal the left side of the woman's pelvis and tease at more.

Cleo's shapely breasts are free to the elements, with her boyfriend's comfy crop top shredded in half earlier. Her burgundy lace panties are untouched.

The man stands and watches them with the weight of his accomplishment just now hitting him. He's almost in disbelief as he marvels at their gorgeous, writhing forms. Blinded by duct tape, they still have no idea who the man that took them is.

But Sandro's current headspace is nowhere near greetings and introductions that would naturally be in order right about now. With his long-obsessed-over maidens, lying powerless right before his eyes, in the comfort of his home, his mind is on one thing only. For too long he has kept the leash on his 'monster' tonight. It's time to let it loose.

With complete tunnel-vision on the 'monster's' singular goal, the man approaches the bed with an almost feral need. His cock is rock hard inside his sweatpants, probably for longer than he'd assume. It needs its 'reward'. All other functions and intellect is thrown out, a dense lust taking over.

Sandro has already pulled his trousers and underwear down around his thighs as he approaches the unsuspecting Paolina. It could have been any of the two at this moment. The girl so far has been relatively motionless with fear of angering her captor, but as she feels the man's strong arms grab her by her dark hair and roughly lead her from the bed over onto the carpeted floor, she starts screaming into her gag and twist in panic.

'MMMMNNNGGhhhh!' she wails, but that only makes the man harder. Not bothering with any foreplay, sensuality or even removing the tape gagging and blinding her, Sandro shoves the girl's taped face against his ball-sack and the base of his rod, whilst stroking it with his other hand. More muffled squeals leave Paolina's heavily gagged mouth, as she tries to pull away from the intimate contact with this stranger's genitals, but Sandro keeps her face pinned there easily, letting her shuffle her fused legs on his carpet all she likes. Rubbing her face against his groin, he stimulates his already-aroused cock.

The sensation is... dreamlike:

The warmth of the girl's face against his testicles.

Her cute button-nose rapidly exhaling and inhaling with difficulty, as her nostrils are roughly smothered by the man's wrinkly (and sweaty from all the night's physicality) flesh.

The vibrations of her taped, desperate, sponge-drowned screams, reverberating from her cheeks against his naked crotch.

Her fruitless head-pulling as she tries to avoid his carnal advances, only to find a stiff resistance from the man's tight grip on her silky hair.

...It all makes this so... real! Not a fantasy anymore, like Sandro has envisioned countless times. But reality!

The two girls' terrified distress had already gotten him going, but with this animalistic, utterly dominating contact on top of it, Sandro only needs a few hand-strokes of his throbbing, vein-popping erection to ejaculate fiercely onto Paolina's forehead and her beautiful black hair-locks, thick creamy load coating the poor woman's skin. She couldn't be more degradingly used.

"MMMMMGG! MMMMNNG!" feral gagged cries continue to escape the violated Paolina, as Sandro keeps her face mooshed against his crotch for a moment longer, squeezing his shaft until every cum-drop has left his swollen cockhead and is lying somewhere on the girl's head. The semen is already slowly dripping from Paolina's forehead onto the duct tape that's tightly woven around her eyes, the rest already soaking into her disheveled hair.

Throughout this, Cleo could not have been anything but a silent, blind witness, mentally stewing on her shared awful fate with whomever this other poor woman she just heard being raped is. She's still lying on Sandro's bed, trying to make any progress on her pained elbow and wrist bondage, with no updates.

Having gotten a taste from the best orgasm of his 30-year-old life, Sandro wants more. Like a werewolf that's just wetted his fangs with blood, the man is already stroking his sex into quick 'regeneration', as he rushes over towards Cleo, who's taped eyes cannot alert her to the immediate danger.

This time, the man climbs onto the bed, and roughly searches for the edge of the duct-tape wrapped around Cleo's lips. He unwinds it with hurry, pulling the sponge out from the girl's oral cavity. He's only already 80% hard again, his cock hot with renewed arousal.

"Pleasedon'tGGhhhhhhhunnngg!" Cleo has about 0.82 seconds of free speech before the man, lying reversely to her bound body, literally mounts her face and shuts her up once again with his erection, in this mix of missionary and 69. The girl gags at the violent insertion.

Cleo's face is sandwiched between the mattress and the man's pelvis, as Sandro immediately starts face-fucking the taped blonde, keeping his arms wrapped around the girl's pressed-together thighs, and pinning her 'flaily' legs in the process. As much as Cleo tries to kick, her

pretty legs do not disturb the man's throat-pounding. The upside-down angle really gives Sandro a deeper 'reach' down the woman's esophagus.

"MMNngggllhh..mmggllll..gllggkk...ghghhhh..." the girl can only let out gagging, wrenching, choking cries, triggered by each prodding. As her throat gets pummeled by a generously-sized 'piece', it is not accurate to say that she can breathe. The (once again) fully erect rod is working the girl's larynx with little care.

While the tape-bound girl is not actively doing much besides trying to wiggle away from under the man's body, Sandro is having a blast, working his boner in and out of his captive's wet, hot little cock-sheath. Any residual semen left on his cock has certainly been slurped clean by Cleo at this point, whether the girl wanted it or not. As much as the woman tries to turn her face away from this onslaught of dick, she has nowhere to turn.

Her pretty lips feel so exquisite, wrapped around his shaft and her warm throat hugs his cock like a long-lost lover. Sandro has been picturing how fellatio from Cleo might feel for months, but now he's experiencing it first-hand! Much better.

Holding securely onto her thighs, Sandro is not only keeping Cleo's pesky 'mono-leg' from flailing annoyingly towards him, but also uses his grip as leverage to thrust deeper and fuller into Cleo's mouth. With the woman's head trapped under him, Sandro's balls rub against Cleo's nose with his hips grinding. She could not be feeling any more objectified and abused.

Meanwhile, Paolina is quietly sobbing, seated on the man's floor where he left her, with his jizz lingering on her face and hair. In her bound, blinded and speechless state, she's trying to recover from the traumatic experience, one of many to follow. She can hear Sandro's wet, dick-sloshing on the other girl's mouth and the girl's crying rhythmically plugged.

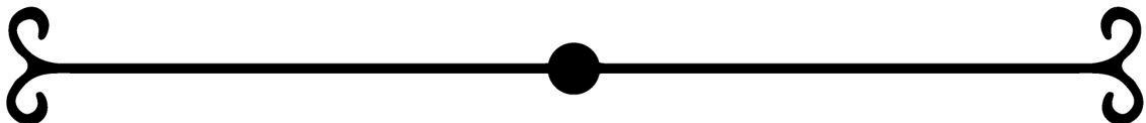
As Sandro seizes the opportunity to roughly grope Cleo's tight-trained ass (since it's positioned right in his face), he gets that extra kick of stimulation to empty his balls for a second time in a few minutes, filling Cleo's throat with his semen.

"Ghh...khhh...hhh.....*glup*...*glup*..." the woman chokes initially on the thick liquid, but as the man strongly pins her neck down with his hand to stop her squirming, he hears that unmistakable sound of the sightless, tied woman's throat contracting to swallow his seed.

As he retrieves his glistening cock from Cleo's lips, a small 'leftover' splurge of cum escapes from the corner of the panting woman's mouth, dripping down towards the back of her neck.

“GAaaaaah!” the woman sucks in precious air. With the...particular taste of her kidnapper’s load stuck in her taste-buds, Cleo is inconsolable, quietly sobbing as she remains lying on her back.

Sandro feels like an evil demon slowly leaves him, with the first two orgasms of his new lovers granted to him. Seeing that the two girls don’t appear in a position (both physically and mentally) to cause him any trouble, he goes to the bathroom to refresh and regroup.



After cleaning himself up, drinking some water and splashing some more on his face, the man returns to find his two favorite damsels more or less where he left them. Paolina's back is now up against the foot of the bed, as she's (once more) trying to reach her 'mittened' hands to scrape off her tape-gag. With each of her arms folded, she can barely reach her mouth, never mind finding the end of the tape.

Cleo's still sobbing, coughing from time to time from her recent 'tonsil-poking'. Sandro deducts that the smaller brunette is a little brattier than the fit trainer, who looks more easily scared. All this entail might become useful as he proceeds with his slaves rehabilitation.

Sandro hastily cleans most of the drying jizz from Paolina's face and head with a small bath-towel. They'll be more meticulously clean at a later moment. "MMNNGhh!" she sounds ready to fight him once more, trying to pull away. "I'm just taking you to the bed, nothing else" the man explains in a reassuring voice. Its timbre is kind of familiar, but the women can't fully pinpoint it. Sandro gently places the bound woman on the bed next to Cleo, letting her only semi-clothed body drape onto one side.

"Please..wh..what are you gonna do to us?" he hears the blindfolded Cleo ask in a pitiful voice. He doesn't want this to be a two-way conversation. Grabbing the large, saliva-moistened sponge that in the heat of the moment has found itself on his carpeted floor, Sandro returns it in front of the unable to see girl's quivering lips. "NO...nnn!" Cleo stubbornly presses her lips together, doing her best to close the "entrance" to the sponge as she feels its familiar texture against her lips. But her wish is not granted as the man simply pushes it a bit harder, 'breaching' the soft seal of Cleo's lips and stuffing her mouth.

"I can strap it securely with more tape, or you can keep it in your mouth for now" Sandro gives her a rare choice, too tired to go to his duffer bag and get more duct tape. "Will you be good?" he asks and Cleo nods with a whimper. "I don't want to see the sponge poking past your teeth" Sandro warns, the expanding material already trying to "escape" from the girl's perfect teeth. Another sad whimper/nod follows. Cleo does not want to re-live the ruthless squeeze of the tape around her head.

With that, Sandro returns his focus on his other guest. Still on edge from having been assaulted, Paolina shifts in her bonds and pulls her head some more when she feels the man's big hands on her head, but Sandro is just reaching for the edge of the duct tape that's keeping her eyes closed, somewhere behind her head.

As he removes the duct tape, Paolina's pretty brown eyes widen in shock at the sight of a familiar face looking down at her. "HHmmhh?" she says the gym member's name with a fearful confusion, which translates through her gag to gibberish.

"Patience Paolina, I'll explain everything very soon" Sandro says collected, as he promptly undoes the tape/blindfold of the woman right next to her.

The co-workers share similar emotional states, as they look first at their familiar captor, then quickly turn to recognize each other, in utter shock! Their eyes, recently deprived of light, are full of questions and fear, turning back towards Sandro.

"I'll ask that you don't interrupt me..." Sandro prefaces his short speech, before taking a deep breath. "I've kidnapped and brought here to serve as my personal sex slaves" the man informs in a tone that doesn't seem to register the craziness or immorality of his statement. "From now on, you will be imprisoned strictly in my household. Your stay will be indefinite. I don't intent to ransom you or release you at any point" he continues.

A matching duet of angry, indignant moans spur from the women's gagged lips the moment they hear this. Sandro just watches the two women mean-eye him and spew unintelligible nonsense towards his direction for a few seconds, almost expecting such retaliation. He finds particularly adorable the fact that Cleo does not dare to spit her sponge-gag, but she does try to curse him out through it. Priceless.

"Your reaction brings me to an important point. Throughout your stay here, you'll be expected to behave in specific ways, determined always by me. You're expected to always follow my orders and never question them. Since I'll need to motivate you somehow to oblige this important rule, I decided that there'll be negative consequences in moments of disobedience, and positive ones whenever I deem you overzealous in your cause to please me" the educated man lays out the foundation of the social dynamics that will be in effect.

He looks nothing like the beastly individual that had his way with them minutes ago.

"So for example, I told you not to interrupt me, and you disobeyed..." the man speaks matter-of-factly, his tone not threatening or malicious, rather, educative, as he turns and walks over to a big leather-coated box on one side of the room and takes out two pairs of metal nipple clamps, each pair connected together by a small chain. They are not the "nice" ones that have the plastic coating at the end, either. These are mean motherfuckers! Like most "real-deal" clamps, the

distance between the two halves is loosened or tightened via a screw in between, that offers great precision.

“...So now there needs to be a negative consequence to your action, so that in the future you’ll be less likely to repeat it” Sandro continues this psychology 101 lesson, as he approaches the two increasingly-worried damsels.

“M-m, M-M, MMMMgh!” Generously tape-wrapped as her arms and legs still are, Cleo can only watch as her refusal are ignored, and Sandro clips the metal clamps onto his personal trainer’s poor, vulnerable nipples, since her breasts are already “out and about” between two rows of tape.

Paolina’s tape-mitten and arm bondage is standing in the way of his clamps and her chest. Not to worry. The man opts to clamp his disciplining tool onto the woman’s pretty earlobes. “MMMMFFFFFF!” the petite woman cries out, feeling totally powerless to stop the man putting this kinky pair of earrings on her. Sandro makes sure both pairs bite nice and firmly onto the young women’s sensitive flesh.

Judging by their matching, rapid panting, as each girl is trying to cope with this sudden, overwhelming pain, Sandro’s done a good job on his first “unofficial” punishment. The metal chain makes a nice arc underneath Cleo’s ample chest. The other one resembles a necklace as it links the two ear-clamps, going under Paolina’s chin.

The tall man gives them a good 10 seconds to shake their titties (Cleo) and head (Paolina) in a vain attempt to dislodge their torturing accessories. They wouldn’t listen to him now, anyways.

“Now that I have your attention again...” Sandro clears his throat. “...I understand that all this is a lot to take in. From my end, I can assure you, that with your cooperation, I will make your transition here as painless as can be” the man chooses his words very carefully.

“With your cooperation” ... suggesting that the women have to comply in order to avoid said pain.

“As can be”.... meaning that a level of suffering is unavoidable.

“The more you acclimate to my rules, the less restraining measures I will have to implement” Sandro concludes, giving his two prisoners two clear pathways of action.

The two damsels' puppy eyes are stuck on Sandro, their lobes and nipples pulsing with pain. The women currently appear too distressed to gravitate towards any one particular action, overwhelmed both from this wave of dreadful information they just learned, as well as the soreness of their prolonged bondage and the much fresher misery coming from their new jewelry.

Both seem unable to wrap their heads around this horrible turn of events. To fathom this man's sadistic plans for them. How can they? This...this is just Mr. Martinez.....Sandro!"

The polite customer to their shared place of employment. Throughout the two years he frequented the clinic, his behavior was never creepy or alarming in any way. How could they have ever foreseen this?

Holding a determined body posture, Sandro is relishing this new self that's manifesting before his very eyes. Even he can't quite believe how assertive he's being in this moment. It's like he's fulfilling his long-hidden potential.

Like he is who he was always destined to become.

The man's debriefing has concluded though. Not much to be said really. This will be a long (hopefully) process, a journey. Sandro is just now feeling the fatigue of kidnapping two beautiful damsels hit him like a moving wall.

"This is where you'll be spending your time, definitely when I'm out of the house, often when I'm here as well" Sandro announces to his captives, sliding the mirrored doors of his closet, revealing their modified interior. Besides being lined with thick soundproofing on the inside, the edge of the sliding door houses a metal latch for a padlock to go through. There's a little two-step wooden ladder built against the inner wall, between the two seats for easier access, due to their elevated level.

At first, the sight is incomprehensible to the bound women, even after Sandro turns on an overhead light inside the closet that illuminates the two contraptions. Sandro does not elaborate, simply approaching Paolina with a switchblade knife. "Don't move so I don't hurt you" he advises the wide-eyed receptionist, cutting the tape that binds her ankles and knees, before swiftly picking her up in his strong arms.

"NNNNFFGGGF! LL' MMM GGHHH!" (*Noo! Let me go!*) the feisty pocket-sized damsel struggles with newfound mobility, but her furious air-kicking do not thwart Sandro, only annoy him. The

man props her on the leather seat built inside, and quickly hops onto the step and closes the front half of this more esthetically pleasing pillory, locking it shut with the slide of a metal latch.

He follows that by grabbing a black, rubber bulb pump that's installed on the frame behind Paolina's head. With each squeeze, he pumps air into the black, rubber ring that lines the inside of Paolina's stocks. With each pump, the ring inflates to close around the woman's slender neck, nullifying the slightest slack that was there before. The woman initially shakes her head in frenzy, feeling the claustrophobic rubber noose tighten around her neck. But her head shaking causes her clamp/earrings to jiggle, causing further pain to her poor earlobes, so she quickly stops.

Sandro stops only as the rubber ring is applying the slightest pressure on the girl's windpipe. No cause for alarm. But the choking feeling the woman is experiencing is hard to deny, a result of her neck movement being reduced from a few centimeters to zero.

It is important that this is the first step, in order to securely immobilize the damsel from hopping off her 'assigned' seat and potentially injuring herself (and Sandro, sure). The man has studied what the optimal tethering sequence is. Like most things relating to his damsel's stay, he's well-prepared.

With Paolina's head fully trapped in the round, snug neck-hole, Sandro can now work unopposed to grab her cute, still socked foot and place the thick dark-brown, leather bands over the ankle, fastening it securely by two buckled straps. "MMMMMMMMNNGGGH!" Paolina looks down as her lower-body freedom was all too temporary. Soon, her other ankle joins in, being intimately encased in tight leather restrains. She still has some 'kick-room', but that is about to change soon.

First, Sandro 'caters' to the woman's taped arms. He removes the tape from the right arm first, then slices the hand-mitten in two. Like a wild, stray cat, Paolina tries to claw at him with her free hand. He easily clamps her twig-like arm with both his, which are double the size (if not more). He fastens a similar, high-quality, leather band over her wrist and pulls the strap until it hugs the girl's slim wrist firmly.

He soon repeats the process to the woman's left arm. In the end, the neck-locked Paolina has all four limbs attached to chains that disappear underneath her. Her feet are about 10 inches off the closet floor.

But something doesn't look right. The woman's posture is a bit ugly, forced into a slouch by the distance between her stocks and her leather seat. Her chains are also far from taut, rustling as the woman tests her limits of movement.

Sandro doesn't worry. He'd never leave his darling's presentation imperfect. He would not soil the beauty of her distress with subpar bondage. Reaching his hand to the left side-wall of the closet, where the light switches have also been installed, are three black, two-way rocker switches, the kind that return automatically to a neutral position if not pressed.

Sandro presses the first one on the far right, aiming at the top side. With a soft, mechanical hum, Paolina immediately feels the wooden frame of her neck pillory start to slowly rise along the metal runner it's attached to, taking her long neck with it and forcing her petite, night-gown-clad body to stretch. "MMNNNGH!" the girl panics, flailing her arms and legs in the narrow radius that her chains allow, fearing this mad man will uncork her head from her body like a bottle of merlot.

Of course, the man would never do such a thing. He loves Paolina, after all. Just in his own, special way.

He removes his finger from the switch as soon when he feels that Paolina's torso is adequately straightened, observing a pleasing, stiff posture catered to by his mechanical creation.

All that's left is the frustrating – for Sandro, that is - looseness on the girl's chains. Their lengths are operated by the other two switches. One shared switch for the two wrist-bands, one for the ankle-bands.

As Sandro pressed the down-trigger on the middle switch, the chains on Paolina's wrists start been pulled through their respective holes, by an electronic pulley system installed underneath the closet's bottom. The girl flexes her tiny biceps, trying to resist this downward force, but she is no match for the machine's motor and pretty soon, her arms are fully stretched on either side of hers, pointing straight to earth. "Hmmm..." the pretty receptionist furs her brows with a helpless gagged whine, witnessing her mobility lessen more and more. She can ball her fists or open her palms, but that doesn't do anything for her escape. Her hands are stuck in this tug-o-war between the thick chain and her own anatomy.

Satisfied, Sandro repeats this 'ironing out' of the wrinkles in the girl's freedom, pressing the last button and similarly pulling the slack out of her ankle-chains. Paolina's legs tense taut in unison, the woman feeling the pressure of her leather seesaw-like seat against her panty-clad loins a bit firmer than before.

With the girl stretched like in an old-timey torture rack (only the limbs point to the same direction) Sandro grabs a leather blindfold, matching the bands and featuring a gap in an inverse U shape for the nose to fit. Paolina's terrified eyes disappear behind the dark-brown blinders.

Finally, the man gently parts Paolina's shoulder-length hair to the back of her ear and inserts a silicone earplug into the girl's ear-hole. Only after diligently sealing the girl in deafening silence, does he repeat the process on her other ear.

"MMMFFF! MMMMMMMGGHH!" the girl is squirming like crazy, all her senses taken away.

Sandro examines his contraption's first usage. He feels satisfied, even though it's tough for him not to micromanage everything. For starters, it looks good. Paolina does not agree, appearing utterly uncomfortable. Everything feels... tight. There's no leeway to practically any movement. From the noose-like rubber collar of her pillory, to the persistent resistance of her wrist and ankle restraints. With the slightest attempt at motion, at relief from this bodily tension, every part of Paolina's new 'gear' appears to reply "NO" with a stern, non-negotiable tone.

Her 'head-gear' replies the same to any sensory check. Well, the girl can faintly smell a hint of leather (from the seat and restraints) and that fresh furniture scent of Sandro's well-kept closet. Otherwise, not much else.

Hitched on the back of Sandro's closet, the girl feels like a butterfly, flattened onto a frame by pins placed onto every corner and side of her beautiful wings. Before the blindfold went on, her peripheral vision was a closed frame, made from the furniture's wooden interior.

"Your turn" Sandro turns to Cleo, who's been watching her co-worker's 'mounting' with a 'swallowed tongue'. She lets a muffled cry escape the sponge she's still holding behind her teeth, like a good girl.

