

Cleo and Paolina part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

That night (or rather morning, since it was about 6.30 AM when he went to bed), Sandro had the most blissful sleep of his entire life, with a smirk painted on his face, nestled under his thick covers and comfy, king-size bed. He could easily have just stayed up all night, just looking at that closet, and picturing what was hidden inside it. Knowing what was inside it.

Alas, his giddiness and excitement were compounded by his exhaustion.

As for Paolina and Cleo, they got much less sleep, 'perched' on their leather saddles side by side, neatly stashed inside their closet/bedroom, the slide-door of which was locked with a heavy padlock.

Their nightly garments (in their half-torn state) remained on, as did their tormenting metal clamps, not leaving Cleo's nipples or Paolina's earlobes one second and adding to their already miserable condition, which persisted for about 10 hours, since Sandro needed some hefty recharge after such a tiresome night.

Apart from their blindfold and earplugs, only thing that changed in their appearance that night was some fierce tape-wraps around Cleo's sponge-staffing. Sandro was nice, but he couldn't trust the bitch to keep quiet on her own accord for that long. Their tight stuff/tape gags worked in unison with the closet's foam padding so that not a peep was heard from Sandro's closet throughout his sleep.

The girls' first few days in captivity passed with great adversity. None of them seemed to be on the same page with their polite kidnapper, either antagonizing him with stubborn refusal to cooperate, throwing unproductive hissy fits of anger towards him, or sheepishly cowering

before him. It was always one of the three. Adjusting to a life of constant imprisonment was arguably hard.

But Sandro expected this pushback, especially during these early days of his beloved gym-girls' rehabilitation. He was patient and understanding with them, though never compromising in his vision for them. Whether muscling through Paolina's donkey-headed refusal to eat and her (thankfully heavily soundproofed) curses, or Cleo's bad habit of becoming completely unresponsive with petrifying, teary-eyed fear, even in the face of as simple tasks as a wrist-bound hand-job.

The man did not panic. He knew he held not just all the cards, but the entire deck to the girls' life. Whether during a mundane task or during their sexual interactions, if any of the two sluts gave him trouble, Sandro exercised strict disciplinarian measures.

Perhaps counter-intuitively, Sandro did not consider himself to be a violent man. All he wanted for his two love-birds/slaves to go along with his wishes and offer him their beautiful bodies and even more beautiful bondage. He simply needed them to get along with their new Master and strive to please him.

Faithful to this vision, he rarely directly beat them with whips or canes, or anything similar someone might find in a kink porno flick. Instead, the gentle man simply implemented the means of pain and suffering, and let them 'do the rest' while he went on with his day. The suffering he inflicted was always indirect, though that didn't mean it was any less dreaded by the two girls.

This meant things like his trusty metal clamps on the nipples, lobes or pussy-lips of his unruly damsels. The soreness grew with the passage of time, focusing the girl's suffering on a single point of their delicate anatomy, always one with many nerve-endings to be crushed between two pressing pieces of steel.

We see Sandro reading a book, lying relaxed on his bed, with his back raised against many thick pillows. The left half of his closet is left open, for him to occasionally glance upon the miserable duo that is hitched on their seating. Completely nude (since their 'runaway' getup was discarded soon after in a plastic trash bag) except for many coils of black, electrical tape winded around their stuffed mouths, Paolina and Cleo appear to be counting to 10 over and over again in their heads, breathing sharply through their nostrils, whilst searching for a way to deal with a continuous pain.

Their tender cunt-lips have been clamped by the same metal things the man used the first day, each clamp falling from either side of the narrow saddle/seat. Each clamp bites into a nice 'chunk' of pussy-meat, 'gathering' each woman's inner and outer labia together with its steel grip.

What's more, a 0.5 kg metal padlock is dangling from the middle of the chain that connects the two clamps and is currently dangling underneath each girl's seat, adding half a kilo to their pussies' 'deadlift' and to their misfortune.

"Gmmmmmf!" Paolina whimpers, showing a lot of vulnerability, something rarer for her than it's been for Cleo thus far. The tiny reception-girl has been acting tough during her first days, always mean-mugging Sandro and inconsequentially fighting him every step of the way. She's been a pocket-sized brat. But this ordeal seems too much for her.

At the sound of her feminine moan, Sandro lowers his book enough to glance at his two possessions, mid-discipline. It's been three hours since he put the clamps on. "Don't disturb my book reading, or I will add another padlock to your chain-load" Sandro warns, like a father-figure scolding his noisy children.

Upon hearing this, both women swallow their incoming gagged 'requests' and try to vent their frustration towards more silent counting. It's difficult to lash out at anything when you aren't allowed to scream and can barely move. The girls can't even do as much as a shuffle on their seat, since even the slightest one causes their clamped, sore labia to move and brings further, tremendous pain. They definitely don't want a whole kilo pulling at their tormented sex-lips. They already hurt too much!

Serves them well, they both were very rude during today's meal-time. Paolina threw her paper plate (Sandro is not an idiot to give her glass or metal cutlery) full of casserole at him and Cleo never stopped begging for release instead of downing her meal in the 10 minutes Sandro gives them to empty their plates every time.

At least in that department, the girls were kept well-fed and watered. Sandro was cooking a double portion of his daily meals, in comparison to his prior 'bachelor days'. He fed them once in the morning, before heading off to work, and once in the afternoon, usually an hour or two before his deprived evening sexcapades began. This way his unwilling sexual partners had the necessary energy to satisfy him, without feeling bloated.

The man had programmed everything about his slaves' daily ritual to maximize quality of life. Well, at least his life.

Cleo and Paolina's day begun with the feeling of Sandro's touch, removing their blindfold and letting sunlight reach their covered eyes. Before that moment, they could never hear the sound of the closet's heavy padlock clicking open, or the sliding of the closet door as it opened. Similarly, Cleo and Paolina were unable to see the sunlight coming in through the open closet, as it glistened on their beautifully naked, restrained bodies. Just like everything else, Sandro's image was also hidden from them.

Their earplugs and snug blindfolds kept them nice and 'protected' from the outside world. A world they once inhabited. Now Sandro would be their only world.

Sandro often marveled at his accomplishment, gazing at his two captives, unaware of his presence, for a few seconds. It was the knowledge that they had no idea they were being watched, that gave the man that extra thrill and satisfaction.

Though sometimes, the women were awakened by the subtle vibration the door sliding transfers to the closet wall and therefore their stretched bodies. Sandro loved the sight of their helpless, bound forms, groggily testing their bonds and softly moaning in their gags once they realized he was there.

Other times, they remained blissfully asleep, suspended in their marvelous encasement. Whatever the case, Sandro loved to dedicate these peaceful moments, simply to feel grateful that Cleo and Paolina were in his life. That they were his.

He liked to wake them up with a gently touch of his palm on their tape-covered cheeks. "Hmmf..." they'd usually flinch ever so adorably as they'd wake up, letting out the cutest startled moan and shifting their face, only to find it not budging one bit from their air-pumped stockade.

During the first few days, they were getting very little sleep on their 'perches'. It was expected, but after the first couple of weeks, they got a bit more settled and with some effort, managed to fall asleep enough.

But when the closet opened, it didn't matter if the girls were still sleeping (or trying to). Sandro was an early bird and that meant so were his slaves.

Having already eaten his breakfast and dealt with his morning hygienic routine, the man would then unhitch them one by one to get them from their upright bedding to the bathroom. No reason to rush things in order to 'do' them simultaneously and risk a coordinated attack.

The man took his time, being thorough with everything. He didn't want anything to feel rushed. If he was waking up at 7 prior to his new 'guest', he now woke at 5:30 to get everything ready.

Before he'd even take a girl down from her seat (with her legs still cuffed) the man re-tied her wrists in front of her with some tight rounds of waterproof tape, a roll of which was always easily accessible, hanging from one of the closet's hangers. Even if the waterproof aspect might have seemed overkill to some for what he needed it (the girls' showering), Sandro was never a man to leave things to chance.

For the same reason, his slaves' 'utility' gags (meaning not the ones he used for 'fun times') were not made by leather, but by hard rubber, to avoid water damage. They were harness panel gags, with a rectangular panel that housed a rubber penis attachment on the inside. The gags had three straps, the two coming from either side of the panel and buckled on the lower back of each girl's head, and the third starting from the panel's top corners then meeting at a single point, between the woman's eyes, before moving snugly over to be buckled behind the damsel's head with another set of vertical straps to complete the harness.

Sandro was meticulous, always buckling the two sets of straps on the tightest notch for a good snug fit, so that the panel pressed hard against the women's lips and the 7-centimeter-long and 3.5-centimeter wide rubber cocks filled Cleo and Paolina's oral cavities to the brim, tickling their gag reflexes.

More importantly, each set of straps possessing metal rings on their ends, which Sandro would connect with a small padlock. He had these four little keys, (two red ones for Cleo and two blue ones for Paolina) clipped on a keychain which rarely left his person.

As much as they'd fidget with the padlock of their tightly buckled gags, Cleo and Paolina had no way of removing them, even during the moments their hands were completely free. As a result, they never had a chance of waking the neighbors up like some sort of rooster/damsel.

These two gags would quickly become the most inseparable item they wore, during their stay with Sandro. They'd sleep with them, 'relax' with them and spend their storage time with them, except for the times Sandro was feeling himself and instead tormented them with relentless stuff/tape gags.

As soon as he unlocked a girl's wooden stockade, he'd place a black leather collar around her neck, a thin chain leash already tethered to it. Now free to walk, the heavily -gagged slave was escorted by Sandro to the attic's bathroom.

They rarely put up a fight during these times, still groggy from their uncomfortable sleep and sore from their nightly bondage. More importantly, they did need to use the restroom, so making waves at this point could only mess this up for them. Sandro would hold onto the other end of their leash, always in line with his own safety regulations, but he did not really have to pull it to lead the girls. More often, he'd gently guide them with a hand on the small of their naked backs and a warm smile. It was kind of funny to see their heads turn in reaction to these soft touches and kind demeanor, looking up at the man with a sleepy-eyed, but still uncomfortable, guarded expression.

The bathroom had these gorgeous black marble tiles lining the floor. As one enters, the attic's slanted window (just like the ones in Sandro's bedroom) let the early sunlight enter. The sink and toilet were on the left side and a walk-in shower with a clear glass wall is on the right.

Keeping with the man's slight obsession with maintaining a healthy physique (even though he never really liked sports), Sandro kept a small exercise-bike on the far end of the room, since he often liked to hop in for a quick spin to get his blood flowing, before showering.

Sandro had bolted a couple of thick, 5-centimeter thick rings to the lower side of the walls. One was stationed besides the toilet and the other inside the shower, the two parts his slaves would require hitching.

The wrist-taped girls had exactly 7 minutes to use the toilet facilities, their captor timing them to ensure strict compliance. He would not cut back on his gym hours because of their laziness!

Sandro would usually leave the girls some privacy during these 7 minutes, having made sure that no sharp objects or anything that would aid an escape is within their short reach. Unless they could knock the towering man out with the toilet scrubber, he had no worries.

Despite remaining cock-gagged, the women were still at no point allowed to make any ruckus or noise, like banging on the small window of the bathroom or scream at the top of their lungs to alert the neighborhood.

It did happen a couple of times at first, with Cleo and Paolina both in separate occasions bellowing for someone to help them through the bathroom window, at least until Sandro

barged in and put them back to shape. After two fierce punishments, Sandro removed that generous offering of privacy, staying with each gal and putting out any thoughts about asking for help. Nobody could really see up that window anyway, but hope hurt the girls more than anything else.

Well, figuratively.

Whatever they needed to do in the 'potty', the two slave-girls better had finished by the end of the 7 minutes. Then they were moved over to the shower wall-ring, where they had 8 minutes to clean up (no need for toilet paper with this setup either).

Sandro was present in their showering, having made it clear that if the girls did not wash every part of their anatomy with their fused hands, he was gonna do their scrubbing for them. Between the two, Cleo and Paolina had relented to taking care of their personal hygiene, as shameful as it was having a man watch them do it. Washing their hair was even more awkward, but nevertheless, Sandro wanted to see a good foam going on their black (Paolina's) and dark blonde (Cleo's) heads.

And so, under threat of more pain, the girls 'merrily' obliged him. The rare moans of indignant shame that came from their stuffed and taped faces were further drowned by the water raining down from the showerhead above.

Drying the clean girl with a towel, Sandro then took her back to the bedroom, where he hitched her collar and leash onto one of two more bolted wall rings located by his bed. Their height from the floor was only about 30 centimeters and length of their leash upon hitching was about the same, so the girl had no choice but to be seated on the floor, either kneeling or cross-legged. Sandro had placed two seat covers he got from a chair, to lessen their discomfort and (more importantly) to keep their tight bums clean.

Sandro would leave the first gal to wait there while he repeated the same wrist-taping, collaring, toilet and shower protocol on her 'work-buddy', before locking her too next to her friend.

It was only then that he'd unlock his two lovely damsels' gags for the first time in the day. Having prepared their meals (and his) from yesterday afternoon, Sandro then handed the wall-leashed girls their food and some water (all with flimsy paper or plastic plates, cutlery and cups) which they had 10 minutes to 'nom' at, as the man dressed into his clothes for the day.

The girls often saw these 10 minutes of 'free speech' as an opportunity to try and bargain with the man, to try and reason with him, to appeal to their (really loosely termed) friendship and his emotional side.

"I'm sorry Cleo, that's just not gonna happen"

"I'm afraid I can't let you go, Paolina"

His replies were always stern and weirdly almost apologetic. Like he wasn't the one responsible for their fate, simply the executioner. Whenever they saw their appeals fail, the girls usually resorted to frustration and anger, lashing out at their 'crazy' 'perverted' 'demented' captor.

It was during those moments, when the girls would start to think that their interaction with Sandro was a conversational one, a debate, that the man would put his foot down and remind each their role, usually by taking away their food and logging to his mind the necessary discipline that needed to commence in a short while.

After the few times his 'girls' got the memo that their whining would bring them further suffering, they mostly opted to hungrily eating their meals in tense silence.

When the girls' meal was done, it was time for their 'meds', meaning the 'morning-after pill'. Sandro had deemed this necessary for his new lifestyle with them. He didn't wanna 'soil' his experience of their bodies with condoms, and he certainly didn't need to father any kid with either Cleo or Paolina. He only wanted them.

But the girls weren't very receptive to that idea, looking to foil Sandro's plans by refusing to take them. That way he wouldn't be able to fuck them, right? This... strategic move was then settled by Sandro having to shove the pills in each girl's mouth, then working the pill down 'the drain' by smothering her lips and nose with one hand while massaging her neck with the other, like a dog not knowing what's good for it.

After the first four days of this adamant refusal to cooperate, Sandro came up with the idea to grind the pills into a fine powder and mix it into their breakfast. They couldn't even spot them like this. Problem solved.

Finally, when the man was dressed up and ready to head out, he'd store his human pets back inside their 'nests'. They were always more combative during this stage, struggling and shaking like crazy, which was to be expected; they were more eager to go out than return, for the estimated 11-12 hours Master would be away from home.

Add to that the 8 hours of sleeping time, and that's a pretty long time to be stationed in unyielding bondage, with only stimulus the shadowy interior of a closet and the faint shuffling and steps of the home-owner outside.

That time was extra-long, if you had earned yourself some lingering pain to teach you the error of your morning ways.

Funny enough, if Paolina or Cleo had previously 'bad-mouthed' their captor, they were extra compliant when returning to their 'closet seats', in an attempt to sweet-talk Sandro into letting them off the hook.

However, this tactic never swayed him. To his slaves' heart-sinking, Sandro always 'administered' the appropriate punishments like an unwavering judge. He appeared robotic and heartless to them (for more reasons than that) but for Sandro, it was only the 'right' way to motivate his slaves.

The man did not apply the blindfold and earplugs during his slaves' 07:00 to 19:00 'storage'. He kept these for the night-time one, when Cleo and Paolina's total sensory deprivation could serve some added soothing purpose to make them fall asleep easier. After all, Sandro didn't want his sex slaves to be lacking in energy. How else would they serve him adequately?

In order to avoid having his damsels urinate on his fine leather seats in his absence, Sandro devised a clever way to deter such rebellious bladders. Before storing his two unwilling bondage girlfriends into his closet (either in the morning or at bedtime) Sandro would dress Cleo and Paolina with three different pairs of panties, worn over each other. If a girl lost control of her bladder, then her pal would be stuff-gagged with all three of the inevitably piss-drenched underwear until the next time she was ungagged.

Sandro thought this safety panty-net alone would put this small worry to rest, but at the 5th day, when he saw Paolina looking at him with guilty puppy eyes, and her leather bench drenched and dripping with the girl's piss, he could only shake his head in a parental kind of disappointment.

"What happened? I thought you two were friends" he asked half-genuinely, receiving more shameful silence from the head-slumped Paolina and a downhearted whimper from Cleo, who became very intimate with the taste and texture of her coworker's pee for the rest of the day. With the three piss-drenched pairs of panties sealed in her mouth, Cleo inadvertently drank whatever urine had soaked into them in the course of the afternoon.

Not much downside for Sandro, who simply didn't kiss Cleo in the mouth during their late-night 'lovemaking', actually keeping her stuffed and tape-gagged with the filthy panties throughout it.

After that 'incident', each slave-girl tried her best to keep her full bladder under wraps and not cause the other woman any further trouble. It tormented their full bladders terrible (after all, who goes to the bathroom only once per day) but they agonizingly endured it to avoid a mouthful of the other's piss-soaked underwear.

To go around the issue of his captive's prolonged immobility, which posed a health risk in the long run, Sandro would get his (literally) closeted slaves out of their enclosure, whenever he'd return home in the afternoon. He'd hitch their collars to the wall-rings near his bedroom and (with their penis gags snugly locked on) allow the girls to stretch their sore muscles and get some blood flowing, for anywhere between one and two hours.

Again, he'd make absolutely sure no objects were within the girls' meter-long reach, in that side of the room. He removed the nightstand that was there to create an empty space for his slaves' 'stretching corner' as he aptly nicknamed it.

The girls could reach each other, sure, but Sandro had no issue with that. No matter how much the naked, chain-leashed chicks tried to claw and meddle with each other's gag-locks (and of course their own) they'd come up empty-handed. They'd then resort to silently eyeing daggers towards Sandro, whenever he happened to be in the room.

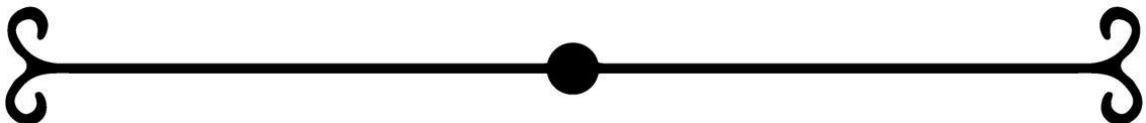
Cleo would often gaze aimlessly around the bedroom, simply happy to have something stimulating for her eyes.

Paolina was more often than not really despondent, being idle with a blank stare. These long periods of sorrow were contrasted with sharp switches between manic rage and inconsolable crying, always paired with desperate gagged pleading towards Sandro (if he was in the room with them).

“Awwww, sweetie...” Sandro approaches with an almost paternal, ‘I-know-what-you’re-going-through’ frown the kneeling, bare-skinned girl, who currently has her hands balled up in a begging gesture, having just uttered something utterly indecipherable through her dick-gag. Judging by her sad tone, it was imploring him for release.

“I know it’s difficult, but we’ll get through this together” the man affectionately tussled the teary-eyed woman’s dark hair, offering as much comfort as a twisted kidnapper can offer his victim. “MMG!” the girl stubbornly moves her head away from the man’s caring touch, furring her pretty brows. She doesn’t want his pity. She wants to go home.

Well, that’s not going to be happening any time soon. This is home, now.



If his slaves' were acting unruly and misbehaving, Sandro had also prepared an 'extension' to their smooth leather seats. Well, not so much an extension as an alternative seat, which could easily replace the first one. Simply unscrewing the two holders and the thing slid off along the base's runner, to be replaced as easily.

This 'naughty' seat was identical to the first one. Same shape, same dark-brown leather. Only difference was a round, threaded hole in the middle where the man would screw on an inflatable silicone dildo, with a bumpy surface. The thing looked rather harmless at first sight, only about 10 cms long and 3-cms thick, but once the disciplined damsel would sit on it, it would pump up to a truly 'bursting' size. Both Paolina and Cleo felt like they really discovered their pussy's volume capacity, filling like a blow-up doll themselves with the filling, expanding pressure inside them.

Sandro did not really stop inflating the silicone sex toy until he could see intense discomfort in his slaves' eyes. The high-tech device featured a pressure-gauge, so that Sandro could tell how much psi Cleo and Paolina's pussies experienced. They really could not fool the man with some heartbreaking acting. They would 'pumped' to the brim each time, then left in their stretched, helpless bondage for hours upon hours, as they took deep breaths to deal with this 'impregnated' fullness. Their squirming only caused the phallus' bumps to rub and irritate their sex-holes further, bringing more agony.

If the girls knew what was best for them, they'd endure their pussy-filling in submissive stillness, contemplating how not to end up in the same position. After a while, they did just that.

Besides the useful metal clamps, Sandro also used wooden cloth-pins for his new slaves' 'lessons'. He would meticulously clip along the full length of their sensitive skin. He'd line along the surface of their inner thighs and the underside of their arms and armpits, all delightfully sensitive parts of flesh. His obsessive nature would take over a bit; he had to leave a space of two centimeters between each clipped pin. The wooden cloth-pins bit sharply, their metal springs fresh and durable.

Since the women's bodies-turned-drying racks were pulled taut by being stretched onto their leather perch, their tightened skin brought them extra agony. It made the pins pinch onto a smaller patch of their light-colored flesh and thus caused them more concentrated pain.

Similarly to the clamps, this pain does not get easier to cope as the pins stay on, but it only intensifies with time, making the two damsels progressively restless and miserable.

Sandro walks into his bedroom. He just wants to get his phone, which is charging on his nightstand. Halfway between the entrance and his phone, the man hears a thin, woody snap sound, immediately followed by a muffled yelp, both coming from inside his bedroom closet.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMG!!!”

Judging by the moan, this must be Cleo. Her cries are more droning and sorrowful than Paolina’s which are usually more staccato and angry, more groan-like.

The man opens the closet, wanting to see if his guess is correct. He witnesses his two ‘closeted’ damsels, each with precisely 40 cloth-pins attached to their naked bodies. The cloth pins are lined in a single, continuous succession, creating what’s called a ‘zipper’, meaning a piece of thread is trapped between each pin and the clamped piece of flesh. The zipper starts from the outside of each girl’s wrist, then travels up along the entire arm, turning below the collarbone and then proceeding along the bottom, round curvature of each woman’s breasts, creating a “w” figure with each breast then finishing symmetrically on the opposite wrist.

The catch is that the two loose ends of the strong thread (dangling about 10 centimeters from either side of the girl’s wrists) can be used to pull the pins in unison from the wearer’s body, making for an intensely stimulating experience, whichever side of the pulling you’re on.

For the two cherries on top of this cruel cake, a cloth-pin has been snapped over each nipple.

Paolina has a smaller breast-length than Cleo, but Sandro wanted to be ‘fair’ and so the cute brunette made up for her lackluster cleavage with a few more pins on her arms, so that both women had 40.

Well, Cleo has 39 now. One cloth-pin lies on the closet’s floor, and one is missing from the underside of the beauty’s left udder, in its place a slim, red mark.

“I told you to keep these on” Sandro shakes his head, bending over to pick the loose pin up. Both girls look in awful shape, sweating bullets from enduring this prolonged ordeal for the past two hours. Their faces are half-covered as usual, not with their panel gags this time, but with black electrical tape, which is sealing in some torn old kitchen towels that Sandro had no use for. They ‘fit’ the damsels’ mouths nicely, drowning most of their moans.

Cleo looks down at him with terrified, guilty eyes, softly shaking her head. “Mmm!...mmm...!” she’s softly asking for mercy, unintelligibly. She probably shook her boobies in an attempt to relieve some of her built-up restlessness. She could have tried to dislodge it, but the girls have learned by now that these things hold tightly onto the skin, more so than one could presume. She could have just been unlucky and that pin simply popped out on its own.

But in any case, the man is not gonna go full detective-mode for a simple cloth-pin. His slave disobeyed. Simple as that.

“Remember what I said?” the man shows her the ‘scandalous’ pin, Paolina side-watching this, grateful that she’s not in Cleo’s place.

“Any pin that falls, goes on the clitoris” Sandro reminds Cleo what she remembers awfully well. It’s the reason for her current whole ‘innocent little girl’ act. Cleo starts snorting quickly through her nostrils, watching Sandro move up close and ‘personal’ and put his manly hand on the front of her (nicely shaven) pubic mount with his index and middle finger, and pull it forward enough to reveal the woman’s clitoral hood, previously hidden by the woman’s leather seat.

“PPHHHHUHH, uh dnntt mmnn tuuh!” (*please, I didn’t mean to!*) Cleo pleads, her unyielding, inflated stocks disabling her from looking down at her manipulated sex. She only has eyes for Sandro in this moment. Both literally and figuratively.

Seeing the dread in the girl’s moist eyes, Sandro is tickled by a different idea. Without informing his slave of his change of mind, Sandro places the wooden pin to clamp onto either side of the girl’s pretty nose – the pin’s ‘legs’ facing up – fully cutting off her air supply!

“M...m....mmmm!” Cleo turns even more eye-wide than before, realizing her predicament. Her taut arms and legs flinch and jerk a bit, as if they’d help her now. Sandro observes her intently, feeling his pants tighter on the groin area. Cleo does a couple of head-turns, but the cloth-pin is snugly snapped over her nose, not letting go. The woman’s face has already gotten a rosier shade.

Sandro feels himself immersed in dominating pleasure. He fondles the suffocating woman’s ‘pin-dressed’ breast, giving it a little shake in the process. “Gnnnn!” Cleo’s pained yelp is left crushing against the barrier of her shut nose and mouth. She eyes Sandro with the look that a woman gives you when you she knows you have complete power over her life or death. Sandro drinks that look in like the sweetest nectar.

He has already unzipped his trousers, and grabbing his throbbing, needy erection, he puts it in the space-frozen palm of Cleo’s right hand. This could not be insinuating anything else.

With her asphyxiating panic rising, Cleo grabs the man’s shaft, trying her darn best to jerk it with her largely immobilized hand. A handjob is not much if the hand in question cannot slide up and down its length.

But it doesn't even really matter to Sandro, who relishes the wonderful pressure the woman gives his cock by squeezing her hands around it. As the smothered damsel is giving him a short tug, Sandro leans his towering frame over the helpless girl and starts passionately kissing her neck all over; a big juxtaposition considering he's (in a way) actively killing her in this moment.

Paolina can only watch in shock, shaking her strapped body (hurting herself in the process) in a silly attempt to help her friend.

It's hard at this point to determine whether Cleo's abyss-drowned moans are a product of her begging for air, her humiliated treatment, her pained reactions, or a result of unexpected pleasure. Sandro loves it all and at this moment, he is making love to his woman in his purest way. Well, one of his two women.

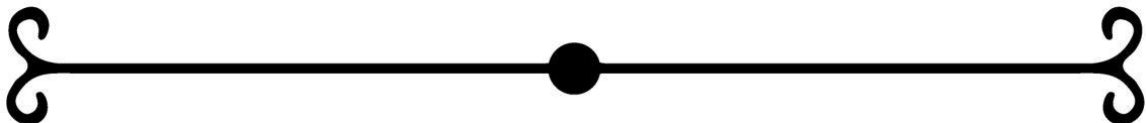
As Cleo's face has now turned fully red and her oxygen tank is running on fumes, she's gripping onto her torturer's cock as if she's grabbing onto life itself, stroking it in the 2-3 centimeters of length her bondage grants her. It's not much, but her wonderful misery is more than enough for Sandro to reach climax. Right as he expels an arching load onto the side of the woman's right thigh, he also grabs the thread by the woman's cleavage, disorganized, not where he was supposed to, and with a powerfully yanks almost the whole zipper off Cleo's torso, pulling 36 pins in one swift move and violently removing them from where they've latched onto.

Ready to burst from the carbon dioxide stuck in her lungs AND physically strained from fighting to hand-please her Master AND sore from her prolonged bondage AND drained from her cloth pin voodoo-doll transformation, Cleo did not even utter a scream. The moment she sensed a hot spurt of thick liquid on her right thigh, she also felt a truck of pain crush onto her chest, shoulders and arms. As 36 cloth pins snapped off of her tormented flesh at once, the woman momentarily felt as though the man had pulled her skin along with the threaded pins. The pain was 20 times the one she felt when Sandro first entered the room.

Sandro breathes heavily from the spontaneous orgasmic strain, his pleasure toy still nose-pinchd by the cloth pin and 'safely' mouth-wrapped with electrical tape, her fuzzy head now drifting from side to side, too heavy. "Good job, my love" he gives the woman, who's very much in the brink of suffocation, a tender kiss on the side of her neck, and only then does he finally remove the pin from her nose.

As the blood slowly leaves Cleo's face, she thirstily 'sucks in' oxygen through her nostrils, feeling as degraded and used as ever, with cum slowly dripping from the side of her thigh and pre-cum coating her right hand. Sex dolls get better treatment than this. How could this man call her 'my love'?

“Right, the phone” the man audibly remembers why he entered the room in the first place.



“...The police are open to any information civilians might have, regarding the missing women’s whereabouts” the cute news announcer spoke in that standard news presenter manner of speaking, through the multiple TV screens, which are broadcasting two photos of Cleo and Paolina, on the background of the host.

“Sooo, do you need help with anything else, sir?” the male checkout clerk asks, snapping Sandro out of his trance-like stare at the electronic store’s many monitors. “Ummm, no I’m fine, thanks” the man blurts out, taking his bag of recently purchased goodies and heading out.

As Cleo and Paolina entered their third week of captivity, Sandro could not be more upbeat. At the same time though, he was rather stressed, regarding his recent incredibly illegal act. Though he had seen their faces appear on the local news, the authorities appeared clueless as to the reason of Cleo and Paolina’s disappearance, mostly focusing on the shared past of the two missing women at Helix Clinic and the similar date they both ‘vanished’.

The man kept his daily appointments to his gym, to avoid seeming suspicious. They assigned him to a male fitness instructor, named Armando, and on the reception was a new woman around her 40s. Sandro was as polite and agreeable with them as he was with Cleo and Paolina. It was actually nice to be able to concentrate 100% on his workouts, instead of being distracted by his undying lust for the two Helix employees.

Though he heard from the new receptionist that detectives had stopped by the other day, they only asked the staff and management questions, not clients.

Nobody suspected a thing.

At home, his two abducted gals were still very upset about this drastic change to their lives, somewhere between shock and denial with a good splurge of anger. Sandro was understanding and patient. The women were still recovering from a traumatizing experience, still discovering the (very narrow) limits of their new freedom. It was only natural that some tension and disappointment would surface.

His role in this was to be there when it happened and ‘calm the spirits down’. And by that, he meant showing the two sluts who’s their new and only boss until they’d eventually get it through their stubborn heads.

Despite the time and energy Sandro had to invest in his new, terribly illegal hobby, he felt it was all worth it, in the end.

After two years of constantly fantasizing about them, he had Cleo and Paolina in his disposal. He could fuck them whenever he felt like it! Having spent his past life imprisoned in the realm of the imaginary, having the ability to REALLY, to TRULY fulfil your fantasies was utterly mind-blowing. Sandro's mind would stop to remind himself this simple truth at random points during the day, and it really made him feel lucky. It made him feel gratitude.

Even with all their protesting, having sex with his two hot and (usually) extremely bound crushes had been a truly heavenly experience thus far. Sandro adored holding the girls' slim bodies into his big arms, totally unobstructed by their fidgety hands (usually stashed behind their backs with plenty of tape or rope).

He relished the freedom of feeling them up on their exposed tits (usually further presented to him by a cruel elbow bondage that curved their shoulders backwards), with all the time in the world at his disposal to savor every last millimeter of their pretty areolae and their tasty nipples, which he rarely missed a chance to suck. He loved digging his hands into their juicy, tight behinds (whether forced out towards him like a bound bitch in heat, or groped as the girl was sitting on his lap, facing him), making each ass-cheek wobble in his grasp, as he pawed it like a possession, like a trophy.

And of course, the divine feeling of their pussies, 'welcoming' him with open legs that were fighting to close, but could not, due to any kind of knee or ankle spreading bondage. The man hadn't 'explored' his slaves' asses yet, but it was at the top of his bucket list.

The two abducted young women were forced to fellate Sandro on a pretty regular basis, usually kneeling on the floor, offering a nice foreplay. The man had discovered that Cleo's more fragile, timid spirit worked greatly for his purposes, as the scared fitness instructor only needed some 'encouraging' smacks of his leather crop on her titties or hips, in order to offer him a half-decent blowjob. Nothing wild mind you, Sandro never intended to beat his slave, only guide her on her path to submission.

While the blonde girl was not yet slamming her head down his crotch like a pornstar or voluntarily deep-throating him, she was not biting or offering too much of a resistance, and that was already a good sign.

As she looked up at her Master with timid, frightened eyes (Sandro had expressively demanded good eye contact during oral), she kept her pretty lips wrapped around Sandro's shaft, and that was something to build on. With time, he would teach her to be an awesome cocksucker.

Paolina on the other hand, was not going 'down' without a fight, (pun very much intended). Sandro had his penis bruised after inserting it a bit too excitedly and carelessly in the girl's mouth during the second day of the girls' stay.

Thus, he deemed some cautionary measures necessary.

"This is a ring gag" he shows the silicone-coated device to the tiny naked chick, who has been mean-mugging him whilst was straddling a sybian sex machine located on the bedroom floor. The woman's legs have been frog-tied on either side of the horseback-shaped machine, its adjustable level such that the woman's dainty knees barely scrape Sandro's carpet and her face is on par with Sandro's crotch. Paolina is being currently penetrated by a rubber dildo of medium size, but that won't be the sole extension of its role.

The woman's folded, skinny legs have been further secured onto the machine's side with leather straps that go over them and buckled tightly to ensure there is no way for the horse-girl to accidentally or voluntarily 'dismount'. To further incapacitate the unfortunate damsel's legs, Sandro has tied hemp rope around each the base of each of the woman's big toes and has linked the two behind Paolina, the rope going over the sybian. The short rope keeps the woman from even wiggling her cute feet and forces her to slightly lean her torso forwards (towards the standing Sandro) to ease some of the pressure of the awkward position of her feet.

Paolina's slim arms are stringently bound with many layers of tape, around the wrists and above the elbows, pressing the latter together in excruciating discomfort. Her hands are bound in a strict tape mitten, similar to the day she left her home for good.

"It will help you familiarize yourself to your oral duties" Sandro explains without any irony or sarcasm, as he fastens the 5-centimeter-wide ring past Paolina's unruly 'chompers'.

"NO!NnnnoGGGUUUhhhh!" Paolina's grumpy refusal is quickly rendered into helpless whimpering. She shakes her head furiously, but Sandro has no trouble buckling the leather straps behind her head, making sure the fit is snug, with no slack.

"You look lovely" Sandro praises the girl's humiliated appearance, which only angers her more. "One more thing" he adds, grabbing the roll of black electrical tape that's resting on his nightstand and holding the objectified girl's head for resistance, starts wrapping it around her eyes 4 or 5 times, plunging Paolina in darkness.

“AAA EEE GUUuuuu OO AAHHTAAGH!!” (*Let me gooo you bastard!*) Paolina has no way of appearing regal with her vowel-only screaming. The tape is pressing firmly on her eyebrows and the top of her nose’s bridge, cutting off any light from her pretty eyes.

“SSShhh” Sandro hushes her like a riled up pet, and flicks the red switch on the sybian. At once, the dildo filling Paolina’s pussy springs to life, vibrating with an unflappable aggression. “AAaaa...hhhaaaa...” Paolina lets an wide-mouthed (as if she could otherwise) droning moan, trying to find a way to cope with this intense stimulation she really doesn’t want.

“Just focus on the pleasurable sensation on your sex” Sandro cooes her, whilst fully undressing. With a stiff, throbbing erection, he approaches the unsuspecting damsel and without warning enters her mouth. “NUUUH!Gluu....” Paolina tries instinctively to pull back, but her bondage, as well as a gentle hold by Sandro’s hand on her head, renders her fighting ineffective and she has no way but to taste Master’s manhood.

“Nice!” Sandro utters, easily working his hard-on in and out of the round entrance of Paolina’s lips. Holding the back of the woman’s head, he shoves it more aggressively, making the girl savor him fully. He presses so hard that his hard rod slightly bends as it finds a stop somewhere around the girl’s tonsils.

“Gk!....GKKK!!....GHH!...” is all Paolina can utter, being dick-choked by the man she once serenaded. She tries to turn her tape-blinded face away from the asphyxiating invasion, but Sandro is standing really ‘intimately’ to her face keeping a firm hold on the back of the woman’s head. With the inner walls of her cunt being senselessly vibed to enforced arousal, Paolina is desperately trying to get any oxygen, finding her windpipe plugged by Sandro’s thick sex. She struggles and wriths atop her buzzing stallion, blind as a bat. Will this man kill her right here with his cock???

Finally, Sandro retrieves his cock, not leaving the warm nest of Paolina’s mouth, but just inching back enough that she can get some semblance of air going around his rod. He likes the way the jaw-spread woman’s needy inhaling feels on his prick, the way the woman’s hot, scarce air caresses his shaft as it rushes in the woman’s lungs. “AAAa!...guuuuh!....aaaahh!...” Paolina breathes laboriously, with the man’s cockhead almost reaching her uvula.

The twisted ‘beast’ has fully taken over Sandro, yet again.

“Wait” he says to his sybian-bound, pussy-vibed toy, as if she can up and leave, but simply chooses to get faceraped. He urgently opens his night-stand drawer and takes out a small tube of liquid instant glue.

The blindfolded girl has no clue as to what’s happening, until she feels the man’s hands hold her head and face steady, so that Sandro can squirt the clear glue through both her nostrils. “NNnnnguuuuuuuu, AAAAAAAAAAAAA!” the girl twists like a banshee upon this foreign assault, but is hopeless to prevent her strong Master from generously filling her nasal canals with quick-acting glue. Sandro does not seem that worried. He’ll remove it with the solvent later.

Sandro pinches the writhing woman’s nose for a couple of seconds, to make sure his trick works. When he releases his fingers, Paolina’s nose appears normal but the clear glue can be seen hardened and dry on the edge of her nostrils. Her nose is fully plugged. Paolina’s ring-gagged cries fill the bedroom. The woman’s fear escalates in this utterly vulnerable state, realizing she can only breath through her gaping mouth now.

Sandro caresses her face; she pulls away, still in moderate panic. With the same imposing calmness, the man inserts his erection (already moist with the woman’s drool) into the girl’s face-hole.

“NNNNNGGA...NngA...NGGA....nggggA...” the faintest thrust now fully takes away Paolina’s air, the tormented receptionist wailing blindly amidst her suffocating blowjob. On top of that, her pussy is being forcefully stimulated without a care, the large dildo tickling her insides and G-spot in the way it was designed: To ellicit intense pleasure. Any pulling Paolina exerts hurts her poor big toes and her crushed arms. She’s too bound to have any agency over her fate.

As Sandro enjoys fucking the girl’s mouth, Paolina is panting for dear life at the fractions of a second his prick – coated with thick, throaty saliva – braces to re-enter. “If you don’t behave, this is the way I’ll be using your mouth each time” Sandro does not neglect the teachable moment, even though he’s close to ‘busting’.

“Are you gonna be a good girl like Cleo?” Sandro refers to blindfolded Paolina’s slave-pal, while blocking her windpipe with his cock. “A..gla...!” a face-fucked Paolina manages subtle, but clear nods, nods she repeats again and again to notify her rapist beyond a shadow of a doubt; she’ll be a good girl.

Paolina’s literally dying amidst an orgasmic amount of stimulation. Her cunt is sopping wet, all droplets forming against her will. She can’t believe she’s about to choke to death on a cock whilst climaxing at the same time.

“Oughta girl!” Sandro praises his suffering toy, not even removing his erection from its ‘rightful’ nest, as he bends over just so that he can crank the nob of the dildo’s power to max. It was only on medium this whole time.

"GGGGGGGUGUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Paolina is surprised by an added wave of enforced cunt-buzzing, her involuntary gurgly squeal of lust mostly blocked by Sandro's penis. Holding her head with both hands, Sandro pumps in and out of her until he fully thrusts, balls deep down her throat!

As soon as his cock sloshes down Paolina's throat and the cockhead lodges itself somewhere down her larynx, the man ejaculates powerfully with a wonderful climax. His milky semen flows down the girl's gullet 'dispensed' way past that point. In her blind, tied, sexually-tortured and suffocating state, Paolina simply feels a hot creamy fluid coat her throat on top of everything else. Her swallowing muscles instinctively activate and she gulps down her 'prize'.

“Come right now or I never pull off” he whispers to the blinded fuck-toy, that fully throat-sealed, doesn’t even have a moan to utter, any sound stopping way before her vocal chords, on its way out her lungs. Despite losing some of its hardness, the man’s satisfied cock will take a while to unswell, still filling Paolina’s mouth. The girl cannot depend on any shrinkage to survive.

In her bound, degraded state, silently writhing with Sandro's balls on her chin and his pelvis pressing against her glued-shut nose, Paolina silently squirms, staddling the sybian, desperately searches her psyche, her libido, to find this precious rape-induced orgasm that will save her life. Thankfully, whether she liked it or not, this horrible machine has brought her near the edge, and it's now blasting her sex with unfathomable levels of stimulation.

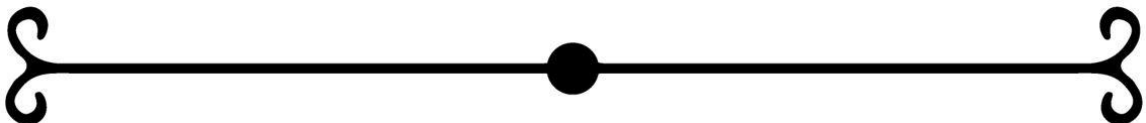
Sandro's cockhead is still swollen with pleasure, having just shot a hot load. With the girl's nose glued airtight, it can still easily smother her.

Charmingly twisting her small shoulders in feral struggling and trying to ignore the fact that she hasn't been breathing AT ALL for the past 10-12 seconds, the bound girl manages to focus her mind on the stretching, vibrating feeling in her cunt, for a couple of crucial seconds. They are thankfully enough to send her over the edge.

By this point, Sandro has fully embraced the woman's taped head in an inescapable hold with both arms and hunching over her head with his whole upper body. His exposed abs are on top

of Paolina's dark hair, the man keeping his hose buried down her larynx. It bends a bit, having lost some of its rigidity after ejaculating, but it's still quite the mouthful for the small woman.

As the tape-blinded, nose-plugged Paolina helplessly twists her petite, bound, sybian-mount form into a long, twitching, breathless orgasm, she lets out glimpses of utterly gagged, jizz-gurgling, choking sounds. "G!.....Gh!.....Khhh!"



"G'morning, Cleo!" Paolina greets an approaching Cleo from the Helix reception desk. The dirty-blonde trainer is already dressed in some flattering leggings and a matching (albeit not so flattering for her curvature) wind jacket. It's of course ok. The girl is here to work, not to flirt.

"There's some coffee in the break-room" Paolina lets her co-worker, having already turned her attention away from her and towards her computer's screen, typing away some new schedules. "Oh, thanks, I've cut down on coffee" Cleo politely replies. "Oh right" Paolina remembers the woman telling her a few weeks ago, in another superficial chat, aiming mostly to move the clock further towards the end of their shift.

"Good for you, I can't function without it" Paolina says, alternating her gaze between her coworker and the computer screen.

The two women have known each other for quite a while, working together ever since the fitness clinic opened about 6 years ago. Though they've never had any troubles, and got along really well, they never hang out after a work, or besides the customary company gatherings. Each woman has her own life outside of work, and they are both content with that.

"Where am I?" Cleo asks the receptionist, propped with her elbow on the curved counter of the reception. A frequent phrase which has turned to mean 'which room am I working in today?'

"8A. Martinez" Paolina informs her casually, almost dully, passing her the room's key.

"That guy is in his own little world" Cleo shares in a more discreet volume. "He IS a bit dreamy, isn't he?" Paolina nods with the same gossipy volume, agreeing with the woman's observation. "Later" Cleo heads off and at the same time Paolina returns her attention towards her screen, typing away.

The two women are now naked, chained to Sandro's bedroom wall, seating on the carpeted floor on the little pillows the man has up for them. For the past hour and 45 minutes, it has been their 'free' time, though the irony of that name Sandro picked is not lost on the two women. Not only are their necks restrained via leather collars to the 30-to-40-centimeter radius their chain-leash allows, but they are still heavily gagged with their locked phallus gags.

Paolina's hair has grown a bit, now grazing her shoulders, where once it was not. Cleo's is caught in a ponytail. Sandro likes her hair that way. Besides reminding him of their one-on-one workouts, the ponytail offers an easier 'grip' and less trouble while gagging.

Paolina turns to look purposelessly towards Cleo. The blonde girl catches the dark-haired girl's look and reciprocates. There have been countless of these wordless looks since the women were plucked out of their homes and into these shared quarters. After two months in captivity,

these look begin to take various meanings, almost like a language of its own. While the two women have not interacted much in the traditional way during their cohabitating, their shared experience has automatically brought them closer. The women were no more than friendly acquaintances in 'real life'. But over these past months, without them really noticing, a sense of kinship has started developing between them.

Paolina and Cleo's eyes often communicate fear, a need for comfort, a worry about a gloomy future. Along with all these things, they exude a knowledge that they other understands, sympathizes, since she's going through the exact same thing.

Right now, Paolina's eyes seem kind of rudderless, with no clear intention. She could try testing the strength of Cleo's thick gag-straps or the buckle's padlock, or maybe give one more shot to her own collar's D-ring or the chain attached to it. Or check again the wall ring's sturdiness.

But the truth is, she has done all of these, time and time again. She doesn't feel like shifting her mood back to disappointment and despair, instead choosing a surrendered idleness. As she lays next to her, Cleo puts her hand onto Paolina's, holding it tightly.

Their naked bodies are up-close, almost touching at the hips. The two, speechless women have gotten used to their nakedness, having not really worn clothes for two months. They've also gotten familiar with each other's nudity, something quite surreal for the two co-workers. While technically not the only kind touch they receive (as Sandro can often be tender with them in little moments), this is an understanding touch, thus more meaningful.

Sandro interrupts this tender moment as he enters the bedroom. The two women snap their necks up towards him, their sitting posture immediately become much more guarded, as they ball up against each other. Sandro is wearing only the bottoms of his pyjamas, shirtless otherwise.

"I'm happy to see that you two are getting along" he comments, seeing his two slaves holding hands and cowering up towards each other's embrace. "Interpersonal relationships are important to create a cohesive group and achieve a common goal" he waxes logistically, nodding satisfied. Cleo and Paolina simply look up at him, not having anything to add. They don't agree on this 'common goal', which seems to be Sandro's unconditional pleasure and happiness.

The man approaches Cleo, who looks up at him cautiously. "Wrists on your back" the man simply says, meaning he wants the girl to offer him her wrists to bind. "M-M!" Cleo shakes her head, in a rare stand of pride. She knows the man is intending to have sex with her. And not the lovey-dovey kind.

Sandro sighs. "Wrists or Paolina gets hooked on the machine".

Not the machine!!!

Paolina's eyes 'plead' as they widen at the sound of this, speaking louder than her voice currently can.

The dreaded 'machine' was a type of muscle stimulant/relaxant that Sandro had come to know from the Helix clinic, since he would sometimes use it after his sessions with Cleo, whenever calves, thighs or really any muscle group was feeling a little too sore. It was a pleasant feeling, a soft buzzing sensation coming from the pulse of the electrodes patched onto his body. With some relaxing music from his earphones keeping him company for half an hour or so, Sandro was refreshed after this treatment.

Sandro purchased two of these machines, as a method of keeping his two slaves' safe from muscle atrophies whilst in his ruthless bondage. He had put it to use a few times, when Cleo and Paolina looked too sore to be of much use to him, but he also realized he could modify it to fit a more... fun purpose.

Opening it up and fiddling with its electrical circuit, Sandro could easily attach an amplifier transistor to the circuit, to boost the voltage of this thing to truly painful levels. He was a fixer-upper sort of guy, which came in handy.

After being mounted on her closet-seat, the disobedient slave-girl would then be patched with about a dozen of these 8x8 cm electrode-baring sticky pads all over her body. The traditional spots were fine; arms, belly, thighs. But Sandro usually went for the more sensitive spots that someone would probably not think. The ribs, armpits, the soles of the feet, the lower back and the back of the knees. They all brought that added 'sting'. Though he rarely neglected sticking an electrode patch on the poor woman's clitoral hood and over each of her areolae and nips.

To compliment this electrifying 'lesson', the man got another attachment for the girl's seats, a copper dildo, which was also linked to a similar electrode as the patches. The 16-centimeter-long, 4.5-cm thick bullet-cock could then fry the inner walls of the poor damsels' pussies.

A very instructing lesson.

Both Cleo and Paolina became accustomed to the experience of 'the machine' at one point or another. Not only did they have to suffer through hours upon hours of painful electricity coursing through their stretched bodies, but in addition, Sandro had messed with the device's software, adding an extension which randomized the voltage signal indefinitely.

That added feature brought great psychological torment to the miserable girls, besides the obvious physical one. Strung up in their leather seats, taut and gagged, a girl could never anticipate whether the next second they would be greeted by a peaceful, tame buzz or a brain-melting electric shock. There was no wave or any kind of pattern to the current running through their naked bodies. Only chaotic, disorienting agony.

This torture method really pummeled the two slaves' patience and mental strength, keeping them on their (metaphorical) toes for hours on end. At the end of its punishment, they were drenched in sweat, as much due to the prolonged mental stress, as the electric shocking itself.

At the sound of this warning, both girls look up at Master pitifully, then at each other. As much as she dreads what's about to happen to her, Cleo cannot do this to the other woman. Letting a long, whimpering sigh through her panel gag, a defeated Cleo turns her back towards Sandro and puts her wrists crossed behind her back.

Sandro has often used the girls' kindness and comradery against them, whenever they try to make his life difficult. It usually works, since the girls are kind people who don't want to cause suffering to the other with their actions.

The man, already holding a roll of duct tape, starts taping Cleo's hands tightly, not crossed, but parallel to each other. Cleo hopes this'll be sufficient, but she feels Sandro grab and put her elbows side-by-side, wrapping more round of tape strictly around them. "GNnn!" she yelps, but the deed will be done. Only after, does Sandro unlock the woman's chain from the wall and pulls her towards the bed.

“MMMMMMMMGG!” Paolina tries to hold on to her friend by grabbing her waist, her thigh, anything, on order to help Cleo out of this fate, but Sandro is much stronger than both of them, and with the added leverage of his chain-leash, easily separates the two women.

“MMNGG!” Cleo also fights him, but Sandro has no problem tossing the nude chick onto his perfectly-made bed, on her back. “DON’T!” he says with a rare sternness in his voice, as he sees Cleo immediately go to get up. Cleo freezes, getting second thoughts, then backs down. She doesn’t want to push her luck too hard.

Sandro gets a few things from his ‘side’ of the closet. Six pairs of short, summer socks, each pair neatly balled up. There are two black two, white and two grey colored pairs. Sandro also takes some pieces of white cloth and some red cloth, pre-cut into long rectangles, about 20 centimeters wide and a meter long. As he returns to his laying ‘girlfriend’, he straddles her belly, completely immobilizing her torso under his body, and dumps the stuff next to them on the bed.

“Hmmf...nmff!” Cleo lets out worried groans, looking up at Sandro and the socks/scarves back and forth. “Please, don’t be obnoxious” Sandro says to her, meaning loud, as he unlocks the tiny padlock located on the back side of the woman’s head.

“Gaah, **cough**” Cleo is relieved to not have the black rubber phallus prod inside her mouth anymore. The thing is covered in her saliva, ‘pickling’ there all day.

“Let us go! We haven’t done anything wrong!” Cleo utters in a moment of pent up desperation, in a high-pitched voice, suddenly feeling in the verge of tears. This cannot be her life from now on!

Sandro looks down at her confused, taken aback by her statement. “I know Cleo” he reassures her. “This isn’t about punishing you for anything” he says while grabbing the first two pairs of balled-up socks, the black ones. “This is about me realizing my full potential. You just play in important part in fulfilling that” he says, though that does not appear to put out the woman’s distress.

“Pleaseeeee! You have to know this is wrong! We are GGNNMMMFFF!” before Cleo can finish her sentence, the man shoves the cloth balls in her mouth, pushing them with his thumb about as deep as they’ll go. “Too empty” he thinks. The girl’s mouth is too empty. Cleo’s tongue is only half-obscured by this stuffing, nervously flailing at the front of her mouth.

Sandro does not pay attention to her moans. He is already transported to his little paradise. The only thing he’s focused on now is how to fit the rest of the socks in her noisy maw.

Keeping the socks wedged on the back of the struggling Cleo's tongue, Sandro pops two more sock-pairs, of grey color, inside the pretty woman's oral cave.

"*Cough* cough* GNNNNNNN!" Cleo cries out, as the two initial pairs are pushed further back by the 'newcomers', their cotton fibers tickling her uvula. These new socks bury the rest of Cleo's wailing tongue, like an overwhelming amount of mud burying some alive.

'MMMMMMMMMMHHH! *cough* *cough*'" Cleo's gag reflex is being triggered by the throat-prodding socks. She's now constantly on the verge of a coughing fit. Her problem. If she stops wailing her sock-meal will go down easier.

The woman's oral entrance now seems pretty sealed with these four pairs. Cleo desperately tries turning her face away, snapping it left and right, but at least one of his hands always remain over her mouth, keeping the socks there and also keeping her head pinned between Sandro's grasp and the bed.

"HHTUUPP! PPPHHHH!" (*STOP! PLEASE!*) Paolina protests and pleads a couple of meters away, pulling at her chain with both hands. She can only bare witness. For now.

Sandro takes a couple of long pieces of cloth, one red and one white. Holding them from each end, he pulls them over Cleo's face and between her teeth, firmly trapping the eight socks under the cloth. "NNNNNNNNNNNNUUUGG! PPPPPPHHEEEEEEEEEEAHH!" Cleo wails, her arms and hands pinned both by her own body, and more crucially, Sandro's. She can't help herself.

Sandro is fully in the zone, lost in this wonderful, almost meditative practice. He could not be thinking of anything else right now.

While a very important aspect of it, his slaves' bondage is not only a means of preventing their escape and keeping the man away from a life behind bars.

Cleo and Paolina's bondage IS his end goal for them. It is their purpose to be bound, enslaved and gagged for him.

To be at his complete mercy.

Not leaving his weight from the squirming gym girl's belly, Sandro takes great care to keep a perfectly harsh tension, as he ties the ends of the scarves behind Cleo's head, right above her nape. The woman can feel the round knot pressing against the back of her head, as well as the rest of the cloth constricting around her cheeks. The cloth keeps her not only from spitting the

socks out, but not even from moving them to the front of her mouth. The corners of the woman's alluring lips are squeezed by the relentless pressure of the cleave-gag.

Cleo is full-on struggling and crying now, her moans already heavily muffled by her deep-digging mouth-stuffing. But there are two more pairs to go.

Grabbing the last two white pairs of socks, Sandro inserts them similarly, over the cloth-barrier he has created. There's not much space left at the front of Cleo's mouth, but Sandro prods the socks further with his fingers until the bigger part of them is wedged behind Cleo's teeth. No space is left unoccupied in the poor damsel's mouth.

Cough*... *cough

Cleo has stopped screaming, clever girl that she is, but she still can't resist the urge to cough trying to manage the overwhelming amount of 'face-stuffing' she's getting. Sandro wants to hear his gal's voice. He roughly grabs the woman's nipple and twists it, between his thumb and index. "GMMMMFFF! **cough* *cough**" Cleo yelps exquisitely, her sock-full mouth preventing her jaw from closing.

Sandro grabs two more pieces of cloth and places them over these last two sock-pairs, sealing them behind Cleo's agape lips. "GMMMHhh!" Cleo's cries might as well be coming from Sandro's neighbors; they are so soft and muffled.

The man again gently lifts his dear damsel's head by the back of her nape, just enough to tie off the two bundled scarves with the same strictness as the first bundle. "**cough* MMNNNgg!!! *cough**" Cleo shakes her head, though everything is tied way too securely to be dislodged like this.

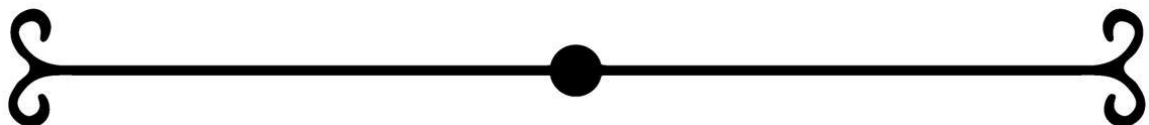
For the 'finale' of this gagging Masterclass, Sandro takes out the last two cloth-strands. He makes sure these ones lie perfectly on top of each other, laid perfectly smooth and flat. He then carefully places this two-layered gag over Cleo's lips, which were poking from either side of her cleave-gag until now. The soft fabric is pressed tightly with equally distributed pressure, from just below the woman's cute nose down to her chin, turning the lower half of her face into a smooth, white surface.

Sandro fully lifts the bound, woman's exposed upper body, resting it against his chest as he wraps his arms behind the girl's head to fasten the third and last couple of scarves. Cleo's dirty-blond hair now has three aggressively tight, square knots pressing down on it. Besides the obvious strain, Cleo can tell he tied them harshly, because each time he yanked at the two ends

to complete the knot, the sheer tension of his pulling transferred a momentary wobble to the girl's head.

Sandro gets off his severely gagged slave's belly, lifting her to seat on the bed. "Perfect" Sandro mumbles, holding the fearful woman by the top part of each of her arms, right below the shoulders.

The preparations can now continue.



“MMMMNNNGG! NNNNNN!” Paolina blindly wails, but Sandro ignores her, lifting the leather seat of the adjustable stool her head is resting on, so that the 20-cm-long, 5-cm-thick rubber dildo that’s sticking out of her panel-gagged face gradually disappears inside the standing Cleo’s cunt. “GNNMMGG *cough*!” Cleo yelps painfully, unable to prevent this uncomfortable, stretching penetration. Paolina sounds equally distressed, moaning through her penis gag, which has a similar attachment (albeit a bit smaller) going the opposite direction, filling the woman’s throat.

As Sandro puts the metal pin in the correct slot along the stool’s thick metal base, the black, 20-cm-wide, round leather seat (which Sandro has nicely trimmed on two opposite sides to make it a bit narrower) is locked in the appropriate height so that Paolina’s face is fully buried in Cleo’s crotch and the sizeable sex-toy that’s jutting out of her paneled mouth is fully slotted inside her tight pussy.

The setup Sandro has devised might be a little elaborate, but he won’t make any discounts to his sadistic fantasies. Not with his two crushes readily available to fulfill them!

With black electrical tape tightly wrapped around her head over her eyes, Paolina is lying horizontally on her back, though her weight is only supported by three points, so it’s more accurate to say she’s suspended.

One point is the stool supporting her head. As an extra securing measure, Sandro has tethered Paolina’s head to the base-bar of the stool, by cinching rope around that and the girl’s neck. The other two points are the edges of a meter-long, metal spreader bar, clipped onto each ankle and suspended from another useful ceiling ring by two pieces of rope, each tied off to small rings at the bar’s edges. Paolina’s legs are forced obscenely spread by the metal device. Much to her worry, her holes are on full display.

The pretty receptionist’s feet are also adored by a pair of sexy, 12-cm-tall sandal heels. They don’t have any utility, since they’re far from reaching the floor, but what utility does this sexual encounter have anyway? The helpless woman’s wrists are pinned to the outer sides of her upper thighs, tied snugly with skillful rope-work, the line going right underneath her juicy ass-cheeks.

As for her lovely colleague, Cleo is forced into a good-postured stand-still, thanks to the multi-coiled, rope noose around her neck that is currently hoisting her body up to attention. She can’t complain about it, thanks to the layered gag Sandro created earlier. The woman, clad in some

tall sandal heels Sandro gently placed on her feet, has no choice but to sit on Paolina's face, and be subjected to the invasion that is the girl's double-cock gag.

Her arms are bound strictly behind her back in an inescapable box-tie, the ropes going around her bare chest in a constricting chest harness, which presents her breasts wonderfully, as rope weaves around and between her gorgeous B-cups with strictness, bulging them out.

Her thighs meet the flat, leather-coated edges of the (once) fully round seat that Paolina's head is resting on and her ankles are hobbled by some leather ankle bands with a short chain, to prevent any widening of her legs. Paolina is doing all the leg-spreading for both of them.

"Gmmmf...kh....!" the blonde fitness trainer shifts her body, trying to find a way to not firmly sit on her slave-mate's face, only to feel the noose pull on her windpipe. Likewise, Paolina cannot slide her head out of her headrest, since her face is pinned down by the arc of Cleo's thighs and her loins. The girl cannot even turn her face, with her gag's 'extension' locking her upright towards Cleo's full hole.

Their bondage, along with the stool's elevated seat, makes the two girls' predicament impossible to avoid.

Sandro's goes through the final checks, making sure everything is 'correct'. In this context, correct means with no wiggle room for the two slaves.

Tilting his head sideways, he examines the panel of Paolina's gag. The base of her mouth-holding dildo presses nicely and firmly against the groaning and shifting Cleo's sex-hole. The panel even houses semi-spherical bulbs across its surface, to stimulate the 'receiver's' inner labia and clit. From where he is, Sandro can only see Paolina's chin, peeking from under Cleo's crotch. The rest of her face is unwillingly smothered by Cleo's sex, the assumption proven by Paolina's cunt-muffled cries coming from her coworker's vulva. Paolina's nose is all but blocked by Cleo's crotch, bent as it's mooshed onto the girl's puckering asshole, without any of them consenting to it.

Sandro then checks the level of the rope-suspended spreader bar. With her ankles higher than her body, Paolina's legs are at about a 45 degree angle, exposing her crotch in the ideal way for him to enter.

Everything is in perfect order.

Sandro pulls down his loose pajama pants and approaches his creation. His two slaves appear almost like one single organism, inseparably linked in this intimate way. He lifts the bar just enough to duck underneath it and find himself in front of Paolina's pussy, beckoning him despite the girl's will. Right above this great view, is the wonderful sight of a desperate, bound Cleo, eyeing him with those wonderfully moist, pleading eyes. It's like she's asking to be abused.

Sandro cannot see Paolina's expression, Cleo's round ass operating like an effective mask in this moment, over the girl's tape eyes. But Paolina's constant dick-plugged cries and the occasional snorts she lets as she tries to find any angle from which she can take in air, speak volumes.

The man puts his hands on Paolina's suspended, wide, feminine hips, his dick throbbing for a while now. His touch triggers more crotch-smothered moaning coming from Paolina, to the point where the throat-prodded girl starts gagging.

"Easy now..." Sandro coos as he rubs his cockhead up and down Paolina's inner labia a few times, running it against her sex-lips and getting nice and ready, before plunging it inside the woman's tight cock-sheath.

"GGGMMMnnngghkk!" Paolina's pained yelp onto Cleo's pussy causes more choked moaning from her. It's bad enough that's she's smothered by the other girl's crotch; she has to cope with the 12-centimeter rubber phallus filling her throat.

Leisurely comfortable, in great contrast to his two sexual partner, Sandro starts working his increasingly-lubricated cock in and out of Paolina's fully vulnerable pussy, pounding her with force and excitement.

Cleo stands right before Sandro, having a closer-than-first row seat in her co-slave's railing. She can only watch, both miserable by this degrading treatment, as well as struggling to deal with her own predicament. Paolina's desperate struggles between her thighs only cause the rubber monster-cock that's currently 'puppeteering' her to shift inside her already fully-stretched cunt-walls, causing further 'tension'.

As Cleo groans with all sorts of pained expressions, searching for a way to find a semi-tolerable position (which she does not find), Sandro moves his hands away from the suspended Paolina's hips and grabs each of Cleo's nipples with each hand. These are full grasps, too, not just the nipple-tip kind of 'pinches'. The man's fingers almost cover the entire areola in their crushing clipping.

"GMMFF *cough* MMNNG!" Cleo's labored squeal comes out ever-so-muffled by her heavy gag, her pretty eyes popping up as she sees the man pull her by her nipples towards him, having each one painfully pinned between his thumb and fingers! She can either keep her torso where it is

and force her boobies and nipples to be painfully pulled 'away', or she can lean forward and let her noosed neck 'take the hit' by cutting her air supply down.

She instinctively tries to do the first but after feeling the sharp pain on her sensitive nips, she lets Sandro 'lead' her up close to him by her nipples. Sandro has not stopped thrusting into Paolina, enjoying Cleo's red-faced misery as he keeps his pulling tension, trapping Cleo between the digging of the noose around her throat on one end and his unavoidable titty-lock at the other.

A soundless Cleo eyes him from this intimate distance with defeated, heavy eyelids, due to her shortened air. "You suffer so wonderfully, Cleo. I knew you two would be the ideal candidates" Sandro caresses the girl's cheek over the taut, smooth white cloth (and the many later under it). "Gmf..." Cleo does not have any heartfelt words available for him, looking at him with a pathetic expression, straining at his mercy.

Keeping only his right hand clamped on Cleo's left areola and nipple, Sandro starts fondling the girl's other titty, whilst leaning closer and kissing her noosed neck, his lips making tender contact underneath where the rope digs.

Like with everything else, Cleo is helpless to resist his wish. With all this abuse, she can't even pay attention to the fact that Paolina might be bursting from air deprivation under her cooch. Cleo can feel the girl's cries reverberate onto their shared double-cock gag and transfer onto her crotch.

Paolina's view of the show is not as 'deluxe' as Cleo's. The girl cannot see anything, the strict tape pressing over her eyes blocking all light. Her skinny arms are flailing in place, trying to dislodge her wrists from the sides of her thighs, with no progress.

In her enforced darkness, Paolina can only experience things:

Her suspended bondage, her naked body tethered mid-air, by her raised ankles, her spread legs and her incapacitated hands.

The rigorous fucking Sandro is 'offering' her splayed sex. It has a violent, uncaring nature to it. Rough, deep and only caring about the man's fulfillment. Objectifying.

The gagging sensations her gag's attachment is offering. Her snug pressing against Cleo's crotch forces both sex-toys to 'deepen' their connection to their receivers. Though not blocking Paolina's wind-pipe, it only causes problems with each rubber prodding.

The claustrophobic enclosing from Cleo's loins on all angles, consisting of Paolina's cheeks pressing and rubbing against Cleo's inner thighs, and her crotch immovably pinning Paolina's face immobile against the leather seat.

The airless sensation, caused by Cleo's sex unavoidably pressed over the woman's face. Two out of three nasal breaths are 'stolen' by Cleo's sex clamped over Paolina's nostrils. This one out of three inhales that 'makes it' through Paolina's lungs, comes with a deep, dense scent of Cleo's cunt and ass, the backside of the blonde's sex-hole, her taint and even the wrinkles of her asshole rubbing vigorously against Paolina's cute little French nose.

Sandro has leaned further forwards, making out with Cleo. While his cock is experiencing the divine warmth, smoothness and coziness of Paolina's cunt hugging his erection, the man is feeling up Cleo, groping her round, harnessed titties and kissing her all over her neck, her shoulder, then moving up to her scarf-wrapped face. The man kisses her tenderly right where the tense cloth meets her cheek, making it slightly bulge as it peeks above the cloth-line. A perpetually red-faced Cleo closes her moist eyes, as Sandro gives her left eye a passionate peck, tasting her tears.

"Hmnnnnnn!!!" Cleo's pathetic whimper sounds buried out of this world, as her packed mouth is housing six pairs of the man's ankle-high socks.

Lost in this arousing power-trip, Sandro buries his face on the side of Cleo's flesh, where her shoulder meets her neck biting hard as he kisses her, holding her roughly and tightly by the back of her dirty-blond hair, under her ponytail. It is as much his flesh as it is hers. He owns that piece of flesh. He owns all of her.

"GNNNNNN!!!" the girl squeezes her eyes shut in pain, as the man pounds Paolina's sex-hole harder, faster.

Both women are struggling as one, bound as much to each other as to their respective posts. While their torment is different, it is equally unbearable. With a visible red bite mark and many more hickies on the woman's soft skin, Sandro pulls out of Paolina's cunt with a wet, sloshing sound, eliciting a shivery moan of involuntary pleasure from Paolina.

He doesn't wanna come just yet. This is too fun to end.

He grabs something that has been waiting on the bed. It is a small remote, looking like a keyless car remote. It can communicate with the sex-toy currently filling both his slaves' fuck-holes (different ones).

Sandro wanted his good slaves to be orgasm machines. At least, that was his long-term goal for them. He wanted them to be able to come from his 'love', no matter how debauched and forced it was. He wanted them to be proficient enough to orgasm at his command and at the same time hold off any climax if he so desired, keeping an iron discipline over their own sex and instincts. Their orgasms needed to be his, in a very real way.

Even at this early stage of their 'development' into slave-whores, Sandro had already started training Cleo and Paolina towards this goal. Setting orgasm as an objective for them, despite their clearly non-consenting acts they partook in. Paolina, the little loud-mouthed closet-slut, had already force-climaxed times, despite how adamant she was about her awful stay at Sandro's. Once during her nose-glued sybian-ride a few weeks earlier and another time when he was pressing a Hitachi-style vibrator between her swollen cunt-lips, the girl graphically splayed and frogtied for him.

It wasn't by any means some depraved enjoyment of her abuse, just Paolina was always more adapt to finding her 'sweet spot' in her past, dignified life. All her past boyfriends had managed to make her come, much to their gratification. The woman was reasoning with these ecstatic moments as a way to help her avoid more pain. A means to an end.

But the shyer Cleo, she hadn't graced Master with her sexual peak yet. That needed to change.

As soon as Sandro clicks the remote's button, the girthy cock filling Cleo's cunt springs to life with intense vibration! "MMMMMMNNG!" Cleo's eyes roll up her head and her knees buckle for a second at this sudden wave of unexpected stimulation. The bound woman's body would probably sink lower if the noose didn't sharply stop her descent.

"Listen to me both" Sandro approaches them, speaking to both the living seat and the noosed girl sitting on said seat. "I want Cleo to climax. Do whatever is in your power, but I want to see her orgasm" Sandro makes his order clear. "If you fail, you'll both be sleeping with a zipper made out of these" he says and brandishes a metal alligator clip. He then opens it and lets it snap back to original state with a loud, metallic 'bite'.

The girls thought the wooden cloth pins were mean, but now they look so much 'nicer' compared to this shit! Even Paolina, who cannot see them, heard that ominous snap.

Like the name suggests, these pins have zig-zagging teeth lining their tips. That and their metal built, sound horribly painful.

A duet of panicking moans starts emanating from the two slaves. Cleo is furring her brows pitifully, shaking her head 'no'. "I believe in you, Cleo" Sandro tenderly puts his hand onto the terrified girl's gagged face. "Just focus on the good sensations your friend gives you" he says, putting his forehead against Cleo's.

He's not wrong. Paolina is already trying to help her slave-mate (and by extension, herself), shaking her dick-gagged face left and right and up and down, trying to twirl the thick, buzzing sex-toy inside her friend's pussy. Blindly trying to hit her G-spot, or any other 'good' spot. There's not any 'empty-space' for the rubber cock to go, but the sex-toyified woman is just trying to change the angle of the penetration.

"MNNNNNNNGHFFF!" the heavily gagged Cleo strains to look down, as soon as she realizes what her pal is doing. Her pussy is being bombarded with waves of vibrating stimulation, but it's not enough to get much out of it. She lifts her gaze up at Master.

"You have until I climax" Sandro says to her, as he slightly lifts the spreader bar once again, entering the triangle formed by the bar and Paolina's legs. The man dips his index and middle finger inside Paolina's 'waiting' cunt, stroking it from the inside then outside. Without wasting anymore time, he then grabs Paolina by her thin waist and re-enters her. The blinded woman in turn moans from the cunt-stretching penetration she cannot anticipate. She doesn't stop trying to stimulate Cleo, though, being a good lil' sex-stool.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" Cleo whimpers, seeing Sandro is already 'ahead of' of her in this sudden race. The buzzing rubber cock inside her now doesn't feel awkwardly 'filling'. It feels good, but not 'rock-your-panties-off-good'. She's doesn't believe she can 'make it' in time. But the repercussions of failure are too great for her not to try. At least for Paolina's sake, who's desperately trying to grand added pleasure to her slave-mate.

With Sandro thrusting in the suspended Paolina with a relaxed, enjoying tempo, Cleo realizes what she needs to do to get any added stimulation. She needs to get some vertical sliding going and squat up and down that cock. But her body is already taut by the overhead noose, so the

only way to get some vaginal friction going is if she lowers herself further down Paolina's face and simply let the rope choke her out. There's no other way around it...

Sandro's enjoying the delightful, warm sensation of Paolina's cunt, grabbing the tiny girl but her tight ass-cheeks, when he sees Cleo tip-toe on her sandal heels, to get an extra centimeter or two of 'cock' in her, then squatting as deep as her bondage allows her to go, fully cutting her air as the noose digs around her neck. At the same time, fully smothering Paolina with her crotch.

With a red-faced, pained expression she repeats the motion, up and down...up and down. We're talking about centimeters, but the girl will take anything!

Despite being rather obsessive about making his bondage slack-less, Sandro is actually enthralled by his slaves' commitment and dedication to his humiliating cause. They are going out of their way, causing themselves further voluntary agony, just to make him happy. To comply with his will. They have never really done it to such an extent. It cannot be more endearing.

In this moment, Sandro has no doubts that he made the right choice in picking Cleo and Paolina for his slave-companions. His cock starts sliding faster inside Paolina's hole.

"Gk....Gk....Gk....g....gh...." Cleo's sock-stuffing prevents most of her noises to reach even the man that's standing right in front of her, but the faintest choking sounds are heard with each 'down-stroke' the woman makes with her bound body, as each squat caused the rope to pull at her throat. Paolina is mostly trying to survive, breathing at Cleo's ascent, since at the descent she only feels her crotch and ass slamming against her face. Along with Sandro violating her cunt, the sensations appear too overwhelming to process altogether.

But it's working! Cleo feels a tickling, these hints at an orgasm, somewhere far along the end of the road. If she takes all the correct turns, she'll get there! But she needs to keep fucking herself with Paolina's face. God, what a degrading statement!

The girl doesn't try to think of what she's actually doing. The mere thought of how shameful her actions are would instantly kill her arousal. Cleo rarely watched porn or masturbated. Any pent up energy was vent through her workouts and private exercise. The sex with her boyfriend was rather vanilla, just how she liked it.

This...this was crazy. But then again, so were her last two months.

“GMMfff..gmmmf...gmmmf!” a scarf-gagged Cleo is deeply straining, her face fully flush not just by her elevated arousal, but by the shortage of oxygen due to the ‘yanking’ noose. The rubber dick’s buzzing feels nice, it feels really good! Paolina’s face-wiggling causes the dildo’s textured base to rub arousingly against Cleo’s cunt-lips. Add to that the vertical stimulation from her choked squatting and Cleo’s riding the high, almost as much as she’s riding Paolina’s face.

Between her toned thighs, the dark-haired damsel is in similar oxygen deprivation. Despite that, Paolina is trying her best to move her face-phallus in a pleasing way. The girl’s taped face is drenched in Cleo’s sweat and sexual fluids, smothered by her intimate flesh.

“Gmmm...gmmmm....gmmm!” Paolina is yelping not at the tempo of Cleo’s fucking, but at Sandro’s.

“GMMMNFFF...YYYYHhhh....YYYYHhhh!” Cleo’s eyes widen. She has made a ‘correct’ turn. She can feel the end of the tunnel in the near distance! Sandro is also ‘closing in’, savoring the culminating depravity of his wonderfully orchestrated threesome.

‘Seeing’ the top of the rollercoaster, Sandro grabs onto Cleo’s tits with each hand, digging his fingers in the soft, tender flesh around the nipple and squeezing, while also pulling Cleo’s juicy jugs towards him. He wants to feel both his slaves as he orgasms.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMNNGFF!” that squeeze in any other occasion would only bring unwanted pain to the vanilla woman. But swimming in this abyss of lewdness, in this moment, it somehow is just what Cleo needs to jump that final hurdle.

Merged in some sort of communal pool of lust, Cleo and Sandro climax together, their ‘peaks’ indistinguishable from each other. As the man is crushing the woman’s perky tits at full force with his ejaculating grasp, Cleo lets out a loud (but still heavily muffled) squeal of pain, ecstasy and release, all together!

All Paolina feels is Master’s rough pelvic thrusts being concluded with a hot load coating her fuck-canal. Simultaneously, the girl feels an increased moisture drip on her face and fill her nostrils, coming from the space between the dildo and Cleo’s twitching sex-walls. She adorably snorts under Cleo’s ass, trying to get rid of the woman’s sex fluids.

“I’m proud of you girls, you did well” Sandro says in a dazed, blissful high, moving himself (and his semen-coated cock) deeper into Paolina to reach Cleo and grabbing her gagged face with

both hands, plants a tender kiss at the white, smooth cloth where the woman's lips would normally be.

A debilitated, barely-standing Cleo flatters her eyelids as she receives this kiss and she lets out the faintest of moans. It's a different than the thousands preceding it, though.

It's not one of fear, or imploring.

It's a moan of gratitude.

