

Cleo and Paolina part 3

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“You see why you should try your best?” Sandro says to Cleo rather conversationally, with his hands affectionately resting on the blonde girl’s rhythmically bobbing, ever-so-gropable, juicy hips. His words are a response to the continuous moans of suffering, coming out considerably muffled but audible, through the closed closet.

Even through a good, thorough mouth-stuffing from Sandro’s freshly-used, sweat-soaked jogging socks, with many layers of tape tied tightly over her lips and the closet door’s pro-level padding, Paolina’s agony can still be faintly heard from inside the closet.

Though Paolina was recently becoming more ‘receptive’ to Sandro’s expectations during oral service, giving him less trouble and lessening her resistance, the petite desk clerk still lacked any enthusiasm or skill, treating her precious master to rather dry, uninspired blowjobs. Even though he and his slave were past the ‘training wheels’ that was the ring-gag, Sandro wanted to see more out of his personal, eternally dedicated whore.

Boring sexual services simply wouldn’t do from either of his two slaves.

Sandro wanted to show the woman bright and clear that her approach to his oral pleasure needed a swift redirection. So earlier this afternoon (about 3 hours ago) he had grabbed a few nettles he found growing on the side of the country-side road and had carefully (using gardening gloves) taped a small bundle of them unto each of the woman’s cute, small breasts, specifically over her pretty, long nips. He then did the same to the brunette’s bare crotch, securing another strand of nettles that reached from the poor woman’s cunt to her asshole. These didn’t require tape, as he simply stashed them inside the stretched girl’s triple-layered panties (the cautionary measure regarding pissing one’s pants), before locking her in the closet.

"MMMMMMNGGGghhhg! NNGGH!" Paolina's firmly gagged cries provide only an ignorable, even enjoyable (at least to Sandro's ears) ambience. With the night sky visible through the slanted windows and a cozy, dim lighting in the room, Sandro is comfortably laying half-upright on his bed, his back on many huge pillows, whilst his bit-more compliant slave, Cleo, is forced to straddle him and sensually ride his stiff cock, lubed up by the slave-girl's own pussy drippings, as she's 'seated' in a cowgirl position.

A red zapper with a black, leather handle is resting on the side of the bed within tremendously easy reach of Sandro's right hand, to give the girl the occasional 'energizing' spark to keep her 'riding pace' up. Sandro has been experimenting with them instead of the riding crop lately, finding them very effective. They provide similar voltage to a cattle prod, meaning they hurt like hell. Cleo and Paolina dreaded the riding crop, but this seems worse, maybe because unlike the leather instrument, there's no need for any wind-up motion to telegraph the incoming pain. Just touching their poor, exposed skin with a simple press of the button on the side swiftly transmits a cry-inducing amount of pain.

Cleo, with a ginormous 6-centimeter-thick, shiny red ballgag strapped in her mouth and stretching her cute jaw, does not try to respond to the man's either rhetorical or literal comment. At least not verbally, because she does eye him with a very pitiful and telling "I AM doing my best! Really! I'm trying so hard!" kind of look.

Her adorably submissive brown eyes reach Sandro's through a very thin sheet of clear plastic, since a plastic bag has been pulled over the slave's head and securely taped around her neck with snug grey duct tape, that make its constricting presence felt and a choking feeling pervasive.

This makes every gagged breath that Cleo takes precious, due to its finite nature. Each inhale makes the film of plastic cling onto her pretty face, each exhale expanding her little head-dome of stale air. Sandro hasn't specified when he will remove the bag, or whether he will remove it at all. It certainly isn't his obligation to do so.

No, his role in this was to do whatever he pleases to his sentient toy. And he had gotten increasingly more at ease in this role over the past few months. Cleo and Paolina were closing in on 6 months in Mister Martinez's captivity (well, he likes to call it 'hospitality'). The initial nervousness regarding his little love-toys' whereabouts being discovered by the authorities had all but disappeared, and that left Sandro much more relaxed to enjoy his living conquest.

And though they still fought their bonds (and him) the two distressed damsels had also gotten it through their noggins that they were not going anywhere anytime soon. They were a bit more strategic, diplomatic one might say, about when to pick their fights and when to just leave Sandro do

with them as he must. That mostly translated in being particularly docile during their morning removal from their leather 'perch' and subsequent clean-up routine, as well as their two feeding times during the day.

They knew how shitty things could get for them in a pinch, and that wisdom guided them through their arguably pretty difficult days. Any obvious outbursts or gagged cursing was gradually replaced with submissive, docile bargaining attempts. There weren't as many "F'k Uhh BUUHhtttff!" (*Fuck you Bastard!*) as there were "Pluuh, Dnnnk" (*Please, don't*) coming from their dick-gagged lips nowadays, their demeanor wildly different.

Despite remaining the rowdier of the two, even the shorter-fused Paolina was changing her tune, appearing much more agreeable to her polite captor's orders. Both gals had still a pretty long way to go, but Sandro was satisfied and optimistic for the future of this peculiar, lop-sided throuple.

While Sandro might not have any obligations, Cleo's duties are plenty. Currently, she is required to slide her tight, shaven (something she's required to keep up with during her morning showers) cunt up and down Master's meaty sword, arching her hips at the correct angle (as to not awkwardly bend Master's gift) and stimulate Master at the proper pace, which always correlates to Sandro's distance from an orgasm.

Fucking herself on her Master's girthy erection, Cleo looks tired, both from the physical exercise of the continuous self-penetration as well as the deteriorating oxygen granted to her. In her body's sensual, but also aggressive motion (Master likes it when she really stabs herself at the base of his pelvis, driving his cock as far deep as it goes in her sex canal) drool escapes from between Cleo's pink bottom lip and the huge rubber ball over it.

Despite being a professionally fit woman, Cleo's well-trained thighs still burn intensely from this degrading workout. But she never stops bobbing up and down her captor's lap, for fear of another 'jolting' kiss of the zapper.

Her nicely curved calves are resting on the bed, clutched around her Man's hips, as her legs are free of bonds, in order for the fit woman to be able to move her hips vertically and slide her pussy around her master's shaft.

But from the waist there's more to her bondage. Sandro wouldn't have it any other way. Her slender arms are cruelly bound against the middle of her back into an even more skillful reverse-prayer tie, with even her hands and corresponding fingers synched together with rope into a prayer. It is rather

strain-inducing and painfully uncomfortable, but the fitness instructor is a flexible gal, after years of 'professional level' stretching. At least more so than the average slut.

Her firm titties are bound into a ropey chest-harness, which constricts her chest and upper arms together. Furthermore, added coils of rope have been wound around the base of each breast, making them bulge outward through the 'strangling' rope and get a deeper, light purple color due to the lesser blood flow. The balled up titty-flesh has been pulled taut by this pressure, causing delightful squeals from the girl whenever Sandro feels like groping them.

Last but not least, Cleo's cute nipples have been 'adored' with a set of metal nipple clamps that relentlessly crush them. Sandro came with a neat solution for bringing his slave closer to him. Emotionally and physically.

A soft, satin scarf has been tied around the mid-point of the clamps' connecting chain. The other end is loosely, but securely tied around Sandro's neck. The short length of the satin means that Cleo's nipple-chain (and therefore her chest) has to stay intimately close to her lover, or else her nipples are painfully pulled towards him. In a very literal sense, Cleo is drawn towards her relaxing abuser.

To match her degrading state, Cleo's dirty blonde hair has been fitted into two girly pigtails, a hairstyle the young woman hasn't tried since 3rd grade.

"You are so beautiful like this, Cleo. I wish you could see yourself like I see you, now" Sandro says with unhinged honesty. That small satin link between the two makes for a very apt symbolism of the spiritual link developing between Sandro and his two unwilling servant/wives.

Cleo again does not reply to this perversely romantic compliment, looking level at her enforced lover with the same urgent obedience. "Gfff...gfff...guff..." she pants laboriously, struggling to breathe with that giant thing strapped in her mouth.

As he says that, Sandro gently places his hand (which is almost double the size of Cleo's) around the girl's tape-wrapped neck, softly squeezing, not so much to suffocate (she has plenty of that), as to 'feel' the girl's helplessness, to further savor his power over her.

"Gk..." Cleo simply keeps fucking herself with Sandro's prick, despite the shortage of air and the redder color of her ball-gagged face. Sandro then places his palm between the girl's roped up breasts, softly pushing against the girl's sternum enough to make the clamp-chain taut and watch her adorable pink nipples lengthen as they strain to keep up with the satin. "MMMFF!" Cleo closes her pretty eyes in pain, though she does not dare stopped humping Master.

The plastic 'bubble' surrounding her face now clings much tighter, much more lovingly against the contours of her face (and the bulging red gag that half-emerges from it).

In these intense moments, Cleo's fear for of corporal discipline, her acute exhaustion, her forceful sexual stimulation AND her instinctive dread of a near-death experience all culminate in a soup of emotions, with each feeling indistinct from the next.

A few meters away, inside Sandro's slave-closet, Paolina is experiencing a different kind of sensory overload, one resembling a meditative hell. On top of her existing debilitating bondage, Sandro has also blindfolded and ear-plugged the 'uninspired cocksucker', so that she can focus solely on the 'teaching experience' the nettles provide.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMFFFF!" she lets yet another scream of utter frustration, shaking her whole forcefully taut body in frenzy, but her arms and legs remain perfectly taut, pulled towards the center of the earth (seemingly). Her head doesn't budge either, from the air-pumped collar her stockade provides eliminating any neck movements.

The taut ankle and wrist chains don't rattle with no other element to touch. Her seat and neck-stocks don't squeal with her shifting (petite) body, being too steady for her struggles. There's no spot in this closet that the girl can bang on, despite being pretty snugly encased. Paolina's setup doesn't even allow her the lowest decency of making some kind of noise.

She can't exert even these subtlest signs of willpower.

Paolina is puffing long, hard puffs through her nose. Her areolae and nipples have been rubbing against the tormenting plants for a few hours, having gotten all red and extremely irritated. The rash on her genitals and the nettles rubbing against the wrinkles of her cute butthole is even worse. The slightest movement or shuffle on her leather saddle only exacerbates her misery, since it causes more rubbing between her delicate genital flesh and the nettles hairs, causing more irritants to be injected into it.

A cycle of agonizing squirming.

'IT ITCHES SOOOO BAD!' Paolina tries to mentally go back to her meditation exercises. She used to do them for about 5 minutes a day, when work and life stress would get a bit too overwhelming. "You just focus on your breathing and ignore any other thoughts" she'd repeat the little mantra to herself.

It's not helping that much now. As much as she has tried to find this inner peace, Paolina is unable to alleviate the horrible itching the stinging nettles cause on her tender parts. Her pussy and nipples feel on fire, the kind of itching where she would happily cut them off with a butcher knife.

If only she could wield one.

Why did she have to appear so lazily whilst sucking Master's dick? Paolina usually vowed to not screw herself over, but when the push came to shove her pretty throat down that dick, the petite receptionist always got carried away by her own pride and did the bare minimum.

Well, it appears the bare minimum is not enough, anymore.

Paolina's miserable, gagged cries are still audible by the bedded couple. Worked up, Sandro puts both hands around Cleo to squeeze the girl's nice, curvy ass as she rides him towards a good 'load'. He leans a bit closer to enjoy the intimate warmth of blondie's bound body. The smell of sweat and sex from the strain of her whorish duties blends in with the nice, sweet smell of the body wash he has Cleo and Paolina use on the daily. It is wonderful.

"Ouf...ouf...ouf..." Cleo now pants with increased strain, biting down on her gag and showing some of those pearly white teeth, as she's instructed to fuck her master faster, since he's 'getting close'. Her thighs are on fire, but she's not gonna mess up her good work and ruin it all now. Master gets mad when his slaves mess up his sexual peaks.

"Yes...yes...YES!" Sandro utters, passionately hugging his rope-tied fuck-toy and causing his chest to press against Cleo's sensitive, rope-crushed boobies, hurting his suffocating toy further. At the same time he wraps his strong arms around the woman's torso, finding her 'reverse-praying' arms stashed 'out of the way' behind the girl's back.

"Gnnff!" Cleo whines femininely from the sharp tit-pain, but there's no time for whining. She has a job to finish, if she doesn't want to end up like her pal Paolina.

Having 'lathered up' her master's cock very well with her lubricating sexual discharges, Cleo stimulates it with her 'inviting' cock-sheath. Though 'filling' in the literal way and vaguely stimulating, the penetration does not feel particularly erotic to the kidnapped woman, who does not want Sandro for her erotic partner, nor is she in any amorous mood these past days.

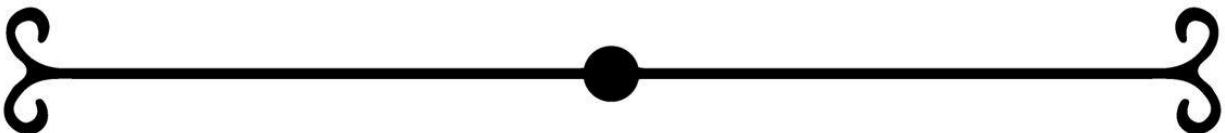
But she keeps stabbing herself with master's cock, until in her fatigue and air-deprivation high, she feels that increasingly familiar sensation of Master's hot load coating her insides.

Sandro has only begun his soft descent from this orgasmic ecstasy a second ago, still holding on tightly to his bound sex-slave and staying inside of her, savoring this emotional, as well as literal, connection.

“GMF!” The self-raped woman’s moan is stopped with no intake of air, as her pretty brown eyes look at him widen with a needy expression.

‘Please! Can I breathe? I did good, didn’t I?’ Cleo’s eyes urgently ask him, since all the oxygen is gone from her sealed hood/bag, which now fully sticks to her nose, her cheeks and the tiniest indents between the huge ballgag and her lips, as Cleo draws in these ineffective, quick, nasal inhales that mostly contain carbon dioxide.

“Good girl” Sandro says through his much more relaxed, much less time-constrained breathing, giving his very breathless toy a small peck on the forehead, before leisurely tearing a hole through the thin layer of clear plastic with his hands.



“What do we say?” Sandro asked very patronly, looking down at his two kneeling slaves whilst buttoning his perfectly ironed shirt up. “Thank you” from the ‘comfort’ of their floored chair pillows, Cleo and Paolina spoke in one voice, sounding dull and obligatory as they held their paper plates of tofu and rice; they sounded like a two-person elementary school classroom greeting their teacher mechanically.

“Master. Thank you, Master. Girls, we’ve been through this,” Sandro corrected their error with his usual level-headedness, though audibly annoyed, whilst fixing his shirt’s collar. “It’s not that hard of a protocol” he adds, not giving his slaves any excuses.

“Thank you, Master” the two slaves shyly replied the correct way, visibly worried what this mistake would cost them. Though their wording was correct, their tone had the same droning, boring timbre as before.

Sandro had started training his two girls on some more initiative-oriented duties. Addressing him correctly and being grateful for his care was the first step as far as vocal acknowledgements went. Any other time, their pretty lips were stuffed anyway, either by a rubbery or fleshy cock.

At this stage, whilst technically producing the correct sounds with their mouths, both slavegirls sounded insincere and robotic; thoroughly undisciplined.

Sandro walked up to his bedroom desk and grabbed the red zapper, stashed neatly inside a desk drawer. They needed to be shown not just the words, but also the way these should be spoken. They needed to be one with them and eventually believe them;

Come from the heart, as they say.

Cleo and Paolina both bit their lips watching him get the disciplinary toy. They didn’t make a peep though.

“Put your plates down” Sandro ordered with his demeanor not one the girls’ liked seeing. Cleo and Paolina immediately placed their meals away on the floor. “We’re very sorry, Master!” Cleo spoke with a visibly apologetic and invested tone, even though her expression betrayed she didn’t really know what she had done wrong.

“Out of turn, too? *tsk*tsk*” Sandro shook his head, seeing the infractions stacking. He had well-informed the two hotties of never speaking to him (or each other, of course) without permission. This meant that if he didn’t address them directly, they’d better keep their ‘dick-lubing holes’ shut.

“Get into position and stick your tongues out” Sandro checked his fine watch. There was a risk of being late for his morning workout at the Helix Clinic. But his human pets’ also came with necessary chores. Responsibilities he couldn’t just ignore.

Extra worried they might displease their Master more, Cleo and Paolina assumed the referred ‘position’. Sandro had started instilling it for the past month, and the dumb sluts (even though Sandro never insulted their intelligence or took them for idiots) had finally learned to adapt it rather quickly.

Each collared, naked slave quickly got on the balls of their bare feet and assumed a deep squat, with their legs as wide as possible to fully display their nude genitalia to Master. They then raised their arms with their hands on the back of their heads, fingers woven together and following Master’s added order, fully stuck out their tongues from their mouths, presenting as much surface of it as possible.

Sandro approached his slaves, who looked up at him while slightly wobbling on this degrading balancing act, which they hadn’t perfected yet. The whole point of ‘the position’ (he hadn’t created any others yet, so no particular name had come up) was to keep his slaves’ minds present and focused, since holding the position required some concentration.

Sandro moved the tip of his zapper towards Paolina’s tongue, the brunette furring her brows and letting out a soft, involuntary, open-mouthed whine. “Misuses of the tongue” as Master had described these, should be fittingly punished there.

“UUuuuuuuu” Paolina’s tongue instinctively flinched a bit back in her mouth as the tip of the zapper was now way too close for her comfort. It was adorable to watch, but Sandro didn’t have all day. “Do you want me to hook you to the machine before I go?” Sandro warned, though his tone was again far from cruel or insidious, but rather calm and sweet, almost as if the machine was a good thing. It added insult to injury.

“HUuuhhh” Paolina let out another soft whine, reluctantly sticking her tongue out once more. Cleo just eyed the interaction next to them, not daring put hers away and keeping her difficult stance like a good girl.

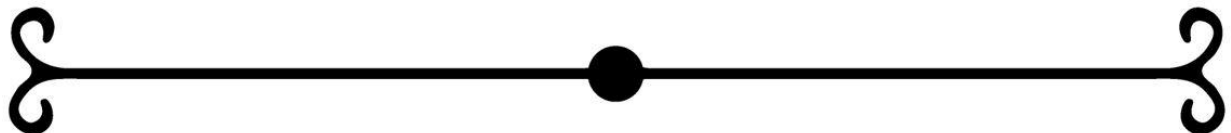
ZAP

“AAauuuuuuuuu!” Paolina let out a long, open-mouthed cry, keeping her tongue out, as the zapper’s tip the tender, moist piece of spongy flesh with a small spark. “One more for putting it back” Sandro informed and zapped Paolina’s tongue once again, the girl’s skinny, open legs trembling with both fear and strain between the first and second shock.

“And two more for you, young lady” Sandro turned to the ‘waiting’ Cleo, who had insulted him once with her uninspired speech, then twice with her additional, unwanted words.

“UUh!” “AAagh!” the blonde whore took her tongue-zaps slightly more graciously and stoically, exhibiting extreme patience and letting Sandro do what he must. Like being in the last, hard set of a gym session, she appeared to be brute-forcing herself to endure this.

“You can return to your meals” Sandro allowed, his quick lesson finished.



With the weather getting chilly as autumn was slowly giving way to winter, Sandro was starting to worry that his two maidens would be susceptible to catching a cold, with nothing to conceal their permanently nude bodies. A sick slave cannot perform her duties effectively, so this would have to be dealt with.

Being a perfectionist who didn't want to leave anything to chance, Sandro used a measuring tape on his slaves' bodies, conveniently perfectly stretched as they were locked in their closet gear. He was very diligent, taking more than two dozen measurements for each girl, who could only eye him with a puzzled and a bit worried expression behind her fierce panel-gag, since he never told them what he was measuring them for.

A couple of weeks later, Cleo and Paolina's tailored bodysuits arrived. Made of smooth and shiny, skin-tight spandex, each garment covered the girl's from their feet up to their necks and wrists, with an important distinction. The chest area had two round holes (measured in regards to each damsel's cup size, so Cleo's were a tad bigger) through which the girl's titties were fitted through and displayed in perpetuity. Similarly, a peanut-shaped opening on the women's crotches allowed easy access to their pussy and asshole.

Sandro had chosen a bright pink 'onesie' for Paolina and a purple one for Cleo. The man thought they matched nicely with their black panel gags and leather wrist/ankle cuffs. His 'girls' seemed neutral about their new outfits. While it was nice to have something between their skin and the elements, the spandex's elastic, skin-hugging nature made the fabric constantly 'felt' on them. The strategically placed holes didn't save any of their dignity either.

Inside the darkness of Sandro's closet, with their perfect posture enforced even in unconsciousness by their strict bondage, Paolina and Cleo were taking as close to a peaceful night's sleep as they get these days. No nettles, or clamps or electrifying stickers decorated their pretty bodies. Only their cute bodysuits, their bonds and their blindfolds and earplugs, all of which kept them sealed away from the world.

There is one thing though. The inflated dildos that nest snugly in their pussies, keeping them nice and 'stuffed' throughout the night. Sandro has upped the 'love seats' usage lately, not so much as a punishing element, as much as getting his sex-slave trainees more 'in tune' with their sex-heavy life roles. If getting cock-stuffed was something the girls should get good at to be useful, more time spend dick-riding would 'connect' them more to their desired nature as Sandro's eternal whores.

Cleo and Paolina might had given Master the usual 'sad puppy eyes' at this new turn of events, but just like anything else in their lives, they did not sway his decision.

“Up and down...nice...up and down...one more! Come on!” in hazy, swirling imagery, a different Cleo, dressed in a leggings and sweatshirt combo, back in her gym studio is hunched over a tired, but determined Sandro, who is doing squats while holding a weight bar on his shoulders behind his head. She appears to be the one in charge, telling him what to do and how to do it.

“Let’s go Sandro, one more set. You got this...up and down...up and down” as Cleo’s voice eggs the man on, the imagery swifts to her being bound, panel-gagged and straddling Sandro, riding his cock like so many times already. Cleo’s dreamy POV can only see her bouncing titties at the bottom of her view field, and a content, flustered with lust Sandro lying flat on the bed, enjoying her ‘work’.

“Up and down...up and down...” while still hearing her own voice from before, as if speaking directly to her soul, Cleo is moving her hips to the beat of her own instructions, pleasing her Master.

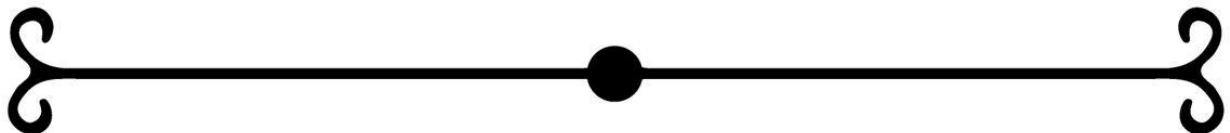
She HAS to please Master, Cleo thinks again and again in her own dream sequence.

“Hmf” Cleo softly winces in her penis-gag, awoken by the familiar tender touch of Sandro’s palm against her panel-covered cheek. Though her eyes have opened, she doesn’t see anything through the snug blindfold. She then feels Sandro reach into her left ear and remove the earplug. “Good morning, Cleo” she hears that kind, male voice. She would recognize it among a crowd of thousands, nowadays.

“What have we got here?” the blinded, bound girl hears Sandro say intrigued, before feeling his hand trace her cunt down to the base of her penetrating seat, where the pumped-up cock meets her stretched pussy-lips. This, as well as the leather around it wet with the woman’s sex squirt.

“Guess someone was having fun last night” Sandro comments satisfied, giving a ‘congratulating’ grope on Cleo’s boob. “Hmff” the girl softly whimpers, feeling shame.

She had no idea that it wasn’t just her dream version that had spent the night grinding on a large cock.



Hand in hand with their increased dedication to their life's work (pleasing Master) Cleo and Paolina where being conditioned to better 'harvest' their sexual energy and use it as Master saw fit.

To do that, first they needed to be in immaculate touch with the sexuality of their bodies. Worrying about 'trivialities' like their frequent agonizing punishments or their slim chances of ever returning back to their old lives was understandably putting a cap on the girl's sexual potential during their first months at their new home. In this constant state of stress, the two young women were unable to focus on their bodies and get much any pleasure from their activities.

But Sandro was ready to push the envelope and mold his slaves to shape. It was time for them to stop looking back at the past and focus on what the future held.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMFF!" Cleo yelled towards Sandro's direction in her strenuously tight tape gag. Her cheeks were puffed with an entire wife-beater top that Sandro had stuffed in her mouth, then at the same time crushed by the repeatedly winded duct tape that sealed them tightly. Clad in her glistening purple bodysuit, the girl was forced to stand with a wide spreader bar clipped onto her ankles and a buzzing Hitachi vibrator tied onto her bare sex with rope, fashioned into a G-string to hold the sex toy firmly in place.

"Don't whine, Cleo. I know you can get another orgasm" Sandro waved off his slave's pleading, as he was standing a few feet away from her, getting his cock pleased by a much more obedient Paolina.

Frogtied onto a vibrating Sybian like previous times (with her skinny arms roped behind her back and her collar-chain tethered to a ring at the front of the Sybian), the petite brunette, pink-clad in her sexy, revealing suit, slid her nice lips along the length of Master's erection, much more lively and effectively than previous times. The nettle-treatment had still not left the poor girl's memories. The 'snobby', lazy blowjobs of the past had given their place to a proper dick-vacuum, the cute girl's cheeks denting inwards by the amount of suction she was putting to use. She was drooling not just on Master's lubed piece, but on herself and the Sybian, not appearing as overt to mess as the old times.

"Good job, Paolina. Don't think I don't notice your improvement" Sandro looked down at the girl's timid, dedicated eyes, softly brushing her dark hair on the side of her head. Full of gratitude, the pocket-sized woman nodded slightly with a mouthful, not daring skip a beat on her voluntary facefucking.

Nearby, Cleo closed her eyes in an attempt to focus, her nice, firm thighs shaking at the strain of her ordeal. She hoped having orgasmed once already might put her Master at ease. It did not. The blonde

gym instructor had gotten that coveted orgasm about 30 minutes into her 'challenge'. Even Cleo was surprised by her ability.

Her orgasms, all of them in harsh restraints, were on the single digits and all of them difficult to wrap her head around, considering she would happily bash her 'lover's' skull in, had she had the chance. Her mind required immense detachment from her perilous life and focusing on the simple, undeniably stimulation she was getting, in order to get over the hump.

But for the first time, Master was asking another one, and it was proving even more difficult. The girl was feeling between a rock and a hard place, having accumulated some pleasure in her attempt to re-climb the mountain, but not enough to get her to the top; she was stuck in a place of pure sexual frustration, wanting a break but the intensely vibrating head of the toy not letting her go. Her hands would be clenching and wiggling with her body's tension, locked to her sides, right underneath her bosoms, if they weren't trapped inside a tight ball of tape, rendering them as useful as a stump.

Sandro had rope-tied the girl's elbows behind her back, painfully close, before tying her wrists in front of her, so that her arms had been chicken-winged up against her ribs, fully immobile. He had also put her on some sexy, 12-cm-tall, stiletto heels, for plain esthetic reasons.

But it wasn't just Cleo who had been tasked with achieving sexual climax. On top of her demanding blowjob, Paolina also had to orgasm, strapped to her buzzing Sybian ride. It was appearing a daunting task, with the cute receptionist not feeling particularly amorous towards Sandro (despite appearances) to get off on blowing him.

This was the monster that had taken her from her own home and was torturing her for so long! It would be insane to start having these kinds of feelings towards him.

In addition, having to longingly gaze up at her Master whilst sucking him had made things extra difficult. Paolina always liked closing her eyes to find that place of lustful ecstasy. It grounded her and kept any distractions away. Despite her pussy registering the stimulation, it was only getting her up to a point.

Anyway, Master was close to cumming! No time for personal joy! Was the sharp thought on Paolina's busy mind, as she saw Sandro gather her pretty hair into a handheld ponytail, something he often instinctively did when wanting that extra umph to come. Though softly holding Paolina's hair, he didn't need to guide anything though, as the slavegirl picked up the speed of her fellating, the sloppy,

wet sounds of her smacking lips getting faster, until Paolina felt the veins on Master's cock twitch in her mouth, and a moment later it flooded with the creamy gift.

Paolina hated the taste of cum. She never swallowed with her past boyfriends, opting at best to take it in then immediately find a place to spit it out. But six months of grueling slave training has changed that practice.

"Mm..." the faintest moan, not signaling dismay or protest or anything but the briefest surprise, left the cock-pleasing whore, who without even stopping to think, downed the gross semen, all while giving her Master a few slow, long strokes of her lips across his cum-pump.

"Very nice" a drained Sandro petted his girl's head as she cleaned all cum from his cock. "I'll need you to cum at least once in the next 10 minutes, though" he said almost as if apologizing for this 'inconvenience', even though Paolina knew by now they were all full-on orders no matter the cadence.

"Yes, Master" Paolina replied obediently, trying to ignore the lingering taste of cum to catch that damn orgasm. Sandro approached his other toy, who had still not come a second time. "I think you need some motivation" he said, embracing the slim girl's hips; she was almost up against the wall, her collared leashed to the wall-ring.

"M-mm! MM-mm!" Cleo shook her head in intense protest, signaling that she could 'get there' by herself. Whatever motivation Master thought of would probably not be good for her.

She was right. A worried Cleo watched Sandro open his closet and return to her with a bunch of wool scarves in hand. "Some time constraints might perk you up" Sandro informed and ignoring another pathetic head-shaking from his slave, wrapped the first scarf, a silver colored one, around her face, covering her lips and her whole nose, reaching just underneath her pitiful eyes. He tied it with a chunky double knot behind her head.

"MMM! Mm!" Cleo immediately realized the reduction of air, with this new 'filter' over her nose. Sandro brought forth the next one, a stripped red and black scarf, and fashioned the same OTN gag above the first one. "MMmmm" that moan was a whiny one, as Cleo's brows furrowed. If she could get 50% of air before, now it was more like 20%.

Sandro tied the scarf just as securely as the first and produced a third one, made of beige-brown wool. He marveled for a moment at Cleo's full chest doing these large heaves to take in air. "You need to be able to climax with a limited air-supply anyway, so this will be only beneficial for you in the long run" Sandro explained the silver lining that an asphyxiating Cleo was not really seeing, as he placed the third wool scarf over her taped mouth and nose. This last one was longer, so he did a double wind around her face, before tying it just as securely.

Meanwhile, Paolina was doing her best to reach her sexual happy place. Whether masturbating or having missionary sex in the past, she always stretched her legs in tension whenever her pleasure was reaching high levels. But now, Master's strenuous frog-tie of her skinny legs did not allow her that freedom. With her legs folded, she would have to find another way to grab an orgasm.

"MMgffffff!" a blush Cleo let out an exasperated nasal exhale along with a worried moan, jerking her bound, leg-spread body to find that perfect scratch to her itch, causing her free titties to jiggle. Her oxygen intake had been compromised almost completely.

Sandro stayed onto her, holding her up close to him. "You can do it, Cleo. I know you can" Sandro put his face right up to Cleo's smothered one, speaking encouragingly as well as authoritatively. "Think of what you were fantasizing about *that* night" he advised her with meaning, digging his fingers on her feminine hips.

"M-hm" the smothered woman nodded, her pretty, terrified eyes stuck on Sandro's, about two inches between them. Already exhausted from her sexual exertion and now greatly suffocated, she didn't know whether she could actually go to that mental place; but best agree with Master, if anything.

Instinctively, the leg-spread, bound beauty softly shook her wool-wrapped head, as if that would dislodge her second set of gags. With her elbows touching the bedroom wall, she was very much pinned there by Sandro's much larger body. She had to focus and not let her asphyxia grip her with panic!

She closed her brown eyes and started grinding her spread hips in the air, trying to get some momentum going. The round head of the vibrator, pressing tightly on the opening of her fuck-hole and lightly spreading her labia, faithfully followed her gyrating. The sex toy was drenched in her fuck fluids, as the handle dangled from between her open legs.

With no alternatives coming to mind, Cleo thought of how nice it felt riding that literally dreamy cock, bouncing up and down its length. It felt somewhat ok to 'draw' from that for inspiration, instead of the other, real times, when they were an awful violation of her humanity. She was happy in her dream, feeling good, doing something she wanted.

Sandro took a step back and marveled at his toy's beauty, feeling proud of her for her effort. Between his normal self and his 'monstrous' side, he genuinely wanted his girl to succeed, instead of having to be punished for failure. In a twisted way, his goal was to set them up for success, as grueling and difficult as the road ahead would be.

Cleo was feeling good. Her pussy, as sore as it was, was on cloud nine again. Panic was not hitting her just yet, as she surmised she had about a minute of air left in her lungs. More than what was 'granted' to her other times.

As she air-humped harder and harder, her coworker a few feet over was also grinding on her little mechanical bull, getting more and more aroused. Sandro's devious side was enjoying what he had created, getting him erect again. He was molding these two uncooperating brats to strive for a common goal. His goal. Even though they would probably view it as a disgraced expression of helplessness, in Sandro's eyes they were self-actualizing in the deepest, most meaningful way.

Becoming his two perfect slaves/lovers/playthings. All meant the same.

"OOOooowww" Paolina let a wonderful moan of lust, feeling close. Cleo was silently working her way 'up the ladder', mostly due to not wanting to 'waste' precious air on moans. Giving her a little 'push', Sandro pressed his shirtless body against hers, and drove the head of the vibrator even deeper against her cunt, rubbing it onto Cleo's dripping hole whilst simultaneously copping her breast with an open hand.

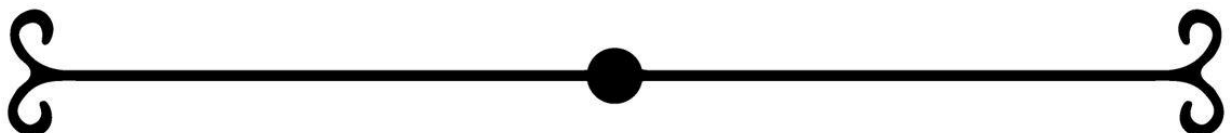
"Mmmm!" Cleo opened her cute eyes at this sudden manhandling, wonderfully writhing up against Master. Sandro placed his lower forehead, between his brows, onto the same spot on Cleo's head. Wrapping his arm around her slim waist, he was now overcome with further desire, stroking his rejuvenated cock rapidly, pressing the swollen head onto the woman's pubic mount, left uncovered by her sexy suit. The only visible upper third of Cleo's face was now signaling great strain, the girl wincing as she was trying to magically suck in air through four layers of wool.

"AAAAaaaaawwwwwwwwwww!" behind them, Paolina achieved a hard-fought orgasm, her tiny, rope-packaged body shaking up on its 'saddle'. Coupled with her memory of that wet dream a few weeks back, that sound of pure lust from her 'co-slave' was the droplet that spilled the glass over for Cleo.

Struggling in her immobility, pinned by her bonds, her captor and the wall behind her, Cleo finally tamed this overload of sensations into a second climax. "GGNNNNNNNNRFFF!" she groaned deeply, letting out any remnants of air stored in her lungs, as Sandro savored her wild, orgasmic bucking up against him.

A moment later, the man shot his second load, spilling it all over Cleo's hairless pubic flesh that was outlined by her suit and watching it slowly drip down her vibrator-jammed pussy.

These two girls would be alright, Sandro thought.



"You want mine?" Paolina not so much whispered as she simply mouthed the phrase, as she offered Cleo her half of her meal. Though the slaves' meals were precisely portioned by Master each day, to keep their bodies not just healthy, but also tight, lean and attractive, Cleo was often feeling hungry. It was more so her underlying depression (a reasonable sign of a prolonged prisoner) that was causing her to crave more gratification from food than usual.

Cleo simply gave her friend a tired, sad smile and tilted her head 'no' as she rubbed Paolina's shoulder, signaling she was fine. They were both collared and chain-leashed to the wall, as per the usual afternoon MO.

It wasn't Paolina's speech that was punishable, though. Master had allowed for "low-volume verbal communication" between his two darlings, deciding that it would be a hindrance to their slave development, and could only improve teamwork. It was the meal sharing that was not allowed, since Sandro did not want his slaves' diets to be compromised. Paolina had managed to sneak her meal to Cleo only three times, and those with great fear of punishment.

"Today is an exciting day, girls" a cheerful Sandro entered the bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and another one he was drying his hair with. "Both floor-seated slaves meekly turned to face him. "It is November 25th, my birthday!" He said to them with a smile, pausing. He was turning 31.

Cleo and Paolina widened their eyes in fear of not knowing how to respond. "I expected wishes..." Sandro's smile gave way to a disappointed pout. "Happy birthday, Master!" Paolina put on her best smile to try and salvage the big 'oopsy'. "Yes, ehm, happy birthday, Master!" Cleo followed suit, even more delayed than her buddy.

"This is unacceptable, girls" Sandro said to them in a tone that they knew they had screwed up. "You've been with me for over 8 months. I shouldn't have to remind you to address me with the utmost adoration and servitude" Sandro's good mood took a slight hit. "We apologize, Master" Cleo and Paolina now spoke in synchronized fashion. It didn't stop Sandro from making them assume 'the position' and each getting five zaps on their 'uninspired' tongue.

While Sandro's captives were gradually behaving more 'lovingly' and 'eloquently' (meaning slave-like), their sexual services had sort of...plateaued. The young man wasn't sure if it was their sexual inexperience (meaning a normal, 20-something, attractive woman's sex tally) or lack of effort that had gotten them there to this dead end, but he planned on pulling them through that mud.

A little in-house competition was in order. Sandro preferred to call it “helping each other get better”. Whether it was which whore was more enthusiastically backing her ass up against Master’s thrusts or moving her tongue with a greater sense of exploration during Master’s rimjobs, Sandro always made sure to single out the slave falling short. That slave earned herself a full night’s punishment to ‘re-evaluate’ her commitment to the cause.

The cause being, Sandro’s satisfaction and gratification.

While the two cute slaves initially scoffed (not verbally, since they were usually gagged) at the notion of antagonizing each other, punishments soon started racking up and their hurt nipples, sore asses and sleep-deprived bodies (thanks to their electricity-filled nights) started pleading for them to spare them.

Cleo was especially desperate to stop these torture sessions coming through. The shapely fitness instructor was watching her dignity sink like the Titanic, but could do nothing to stop it, since her drive to avoid pain was turning her extra submissive and diligent about her abductor’s pleasure.

“That’s nice, good grip” Salvador mumbled as he slowly, sensually worked his cock in and out of Cleo’s presented cunt. The blonde slave, clad in her cute, purple bodysuit, was bound with her ass up and her face down on the mattress, her right wrist tied to her right ankle and same for the left side. It made her body compact and folded, as Master used her warm cock-pocket as he pleased. Cleo took her pounding stoically like a champ, her occasionally wincing face stuffed with a giant, purple ball-gag that matched her slave outfit.

Next to them, deep-squatting by the wall, a chain-leashed Paolina was trying to reach climax, with her little thighs burning from ‘The Position’ and the balls of her feet feeling bruised. Sandro was rope-tied a vibrator on her sex, letting it buzz the slave away. It was set to a medium intensity, to make his slave work harder for that orgasm.

The grip Sandro was referring to were the frequent Kegels Cleo was doing as she was being reared. Sandro was adamant about his slaves using their entire anatomies to his pleasure’s advantage. That meant squeezing their assholes and cunts every time they were ‘visited’ by his fleshy rod. Giving Master’s cock that extra bit of friction as he fucked them raw.

“Cleo is doing a much better job squeezing me, Paolina. You should take notes” the thrusting man turned to school his sweating, squatting slave. “Yes, Master” the petite brunette replied obediently, trying to hide her gut-punched mood, as her saddened eyes found Cleo’s, since the head-mooshed slave’s face was turned her direction. The ballgagged girl returned Paolina’s gaze with a similar sadness

in her eyes, albeit one containing some guilt. She had once again inadvertently condemned the black-haired damsel to another day of torture.

It was reaching a point where Paolina was getting the short end of the stick (which ironically, often translated to a long, copper stick up her pussy) on a daily basis, almost always outmatched by her slave 'colleague', sometimes by little, sometimes by a long shot. Sandro was a fair arbiter, not caring about his lousier slave's shortcomings. In his mind, she should just...get better.

Paolina was utterly hurt by Cleo's approach, not just in the literal sense of becoming an avid punishment collector, but also in the 'feelings' sense. When the two were first abducted, she was turning to Cleo for these rare moments of comfort, the other slave the only one understanding her and sympathizing. She hoped the two, together would find the strength to stand up to this evil monster and combat his demeaning wishes. Even though she never communicated it explicitly, she hoped that Cleo would be diplomatic about their recent 'assignments' and just let her take a W and rest herself every now and then. She was struggling to keep up and she didn't feel that her co-slave cared at all.

Cleo and Paolina no longer felt together, inside that dark closet.

Simply side-by-side.

