

Cleo and Paolina part 4

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The next few days passed with coldness between the two captives. If it wasn't for the proximity of their wall-rings, Paolina would much rather enjoy her meals and 'stretching time' at the opposite corner of Sandro's bedroom, as far away from that blonde traitor as possible. Cleo was feeling awful and apologized many times, though it wasn't that simple. There was a rift in their comradery.

It was afternoon and Sandro had recently returned from work. He had just watered and fed his uncloseted slaves. "Wow, you girls look like a funeral procession" Sandro noticed without any actual astonishment in his expression, arriving from the bathroom and flossing his teeth. It wasn't hard for anyone to gauge the girls' gloomy mood and hard feelings between them.

None of the kneeling girls replied, glancing each other awkwardly. "I think we need some team-building exercises" he noted.

"MMmmGGH!" both Cleo and Paolina whined in distress, as the double-ended dildo they were both 'suckling on' was forced deeper down their throats. "Quiet now, this exercise is meant to bring you girls closer together" Sandro reminded them, as he literally brought his slaves' noses and lips to touch by running the black electrical tape around their heads multiple times in ruthless tension.

"GHkkkmmm!" Cleo and Paolina both gagged at the long invasion, stuck in a very intimate kind of kiss, their dildo-hugging lips pressing intimately together. They eyed each other with a shared panic, finding it difficult to breathe without a level head and calm nasal breaths. As much as they tried to pull their heads back, the many coils of tape, going around their cheeks and the back of their heads, kept 'em nice and close, their pretty lips constantly touching.

Relieved of their cute bodysuits, the naked slaves were bound very much together, facing each other seated on Master's rugged, bedroom floor. Sandro had skillfully crafted some chest harnesses with some rough hemp rope that dug wonderfully into the girl's flesh as the rope squeezed their breasts from above and below. Connected to that chest harness, their arms had been tied in a strict box tie behind their backs, the rope visibly digging into their cute upper arms, stashing them nicely away.

Using more rope and keeping with the 'theme' of closeness, their legs were made to wrap around the other's body, in an interlocking way which put their crotches up together, in a scissoring position. Their ankles had been rope-tied behind the other gal's lower back.

To keep the pair from toppling over, Master had gathered both girls' hair in a single black-and-blond tuft and had tightly tied them with rope together. He had then hoisted that piece of rope to a ceiling ring right above them, keeping his hugging toys nice and upright.

Their 'facing' nipples were crushed on a single pair of Master's metal nipple clamps, meaning that each clamp was fastened on two nipples (one for each slave). Keeping with the theme of bringing his estranged slaves together, Sandro was painfully bringing their perky nipples together, crushing them between each other and the unyielding metal surface.

"I think we're good to go" Sandro assessed, taking a step back to examine his creation. Cleo and Paolina lightly shifted as one entity, uselessly pulling at their bonds, unable to face any direction but straight ahead towards their forced-lesbian 'playmate'. Their soft struggles only drew more attention to their complete helplessness. Their cunts involuntarily rubbed against one another with their struggling. The involuntary part would soon change.

"You need to build some cooperation skills, in order to be once again effective at your duties" Sandro explained to his cock-gagged, cuddling duo, without needing to clarify that Cleo and Paolina's 'duties' were the obediently servicing him against their will.

Both women gave him a sideways mean eye, though exerting any intimidation with a cock lodged down your throat and your body packed into an unwanted hug was impossible.

"You have to achieve orgasm in the next 20 minutes" Master explained the challenge. "If you haven't reached climax within that time limit, you will be punished. If only one of you comes, both of you will be disciplined. You win or lose together" Sandro said and approached his two worried slave, holding a pink egg, about 5 centimeters tall. Around its middle, the egg had a marked line, a timer. The man twisted the device, winding it up until it reached the 20 minute mark and once he let go and it started vibrating. He then hung it through a little hook on the chain connecting his ladies' nipple clamps.

"Mnngg!" both winced at the small, but at this stage significant, added pull on their poor nips. The chain's arc was long enough so that the vibrating egg dangled just above their spread, smooshing crotches. "You have to work together to use the toy to your advantage and utilize it" Sandro spoke with the same logistical dryness he used in his workplace as he did about his sadistic sex game.

"You have 19 minutes and 35 seconds left" he checked his wrist watch to be precise.

Cleo and Paolina looked pitifully at each other, then at Master, the back at their uncomfortably close eyes. None of them wanted to fornicate with the other, but nobody wanted to be punished, either.

In addition to the usual limbo of electrocution-heavy closet bondage (thanks to Sandro's machine), Master had taken up another practice of coating the phallus of their rubber penis gags with different things, either to reward or discipline a slave. So on top of their corporal punishment, the 'closeted' girls were also forced to slurp on a generous lather of wasabi, vinegar or even mud, throughout their 'storage time'.

When they were especially diligent and eager, Master covered their gag's dick with peanut butter or strawberry jam, which in the long, otherwise dreadful hours of their punishment, they appreciated. Though with their recent performance drop, these treats were rare and few.

Cleo and Paolina's tongue were still recovering from the hot tabasco sauce they had involuntarily swallowed over the course of their 8-hour, machine-zapped enclosure. With their dick-gags strapped as tightly as ever, they had no option but to suck on that spicy cock until it was as clean as new, with spice-tears running down their red face.

With that burn still faintly lingering on their rubber-filled throats, Cleo and Paolina only wasted about 30 more seconds of stalling, before shamefully getting to grind against each other, rubbing their pussy-lips together. Sandro watched from his bedroom sofa chair, taking peeks from the side of his morning newspaper.

His sluts were always reluctant at first, which was not ideal, but it couldn't be helped at this point. At the 5-minute mark, Cleo and Paolina were finding it hard to get horny of off simply scissoring their captive coworker in their cuddly bondage. Technically kissing through a shared dildo was not enough either and so they were now trying to lower the dangling egg on their sex to gain some extra stimulation.

Their position was pretty locked, though, from most angles. Their ceiling-tied hair kept them from lowering their heads too far, but with after plenty of dick-gagged groans and exertion, the girls managed to bend their backs forward (very awkward to achieve since their faces were tape-strapped together and unable to move) and lower their linked tits enough to get some contact on their pussies.

The pleasurable buzzing was so fleeting and imprecise, though; like trying to thread a needle with boxing gloves. The 'good vibrations' of the egg were reaching the women's sex only momentarily, without any chance to build some 'steam'. "Gmmfff...ggnnf...ff" the two damsels were getting tired and frustrated, groaning with a dildo plugging their face. Sandro enjoyed the show, as well as his girls' dedication.

Sandro got up at about the 12-minute mark and walked up to them. His hair-tied toys were sweaty both from struggling to get that darn egg down there and from the largely unfulfilling stimulation they provided each other. None of them were lesbians and they had never practiced scissoring before. As a result, their pussy-humping rhythm was a bit off.

“Try to French-kiss around the dildo. It might help” Sandro stood next to them and tenderly placed his large, manly hands on the nape of each girl’s neck. Unable to turn and face him, they side-eyed him with utter submissiveness. Paolina’s brown eyes met Cleo’s pretty hazel ones with that paralyzed, dead-end sort of despair. Pleading her to try, to not throw in the towel.

She REALLY didn’t wanna be hooked to the electricity machine again.

Cleo had been lazy in her scissoring attempts so far, sunk in the general sorrow of the past week. But seeing those pleading eyes at such close proximity, she remembered how bad it felt to be punished. She knew it equally well.

Eyeing each other with some horny focus, the two women tried to slither their tongues on the surface of their shared oral-trainer, from the back of their mouths to the front, to meet. It was difficult, with their mouths filled pretty much to the brim by Master’s double-dildo, but they eventually felt each other’s moist tongues touch. Locking eyes, they flapped them together, tasting each other around this mutual fellatio.

“Mmngg...mm..” some unexpected moans of pleasure were now escaping their plugged throats, as Cleo and Paolina closed their eyes and seemed to be finding a place of lust, or arousal, rubbing their cunts again.

“Very good” Sandro gave each dildo-smooching slave a tender kiss on her temple. Giving his good whores a small present of encouragement, he gently pressed the egg down to touch the clitoral mount of both girls. “MMngggghh!” both damsels moaned both from the arousal of this vibration, as well as the pain of having their nipples pulled by the clamp-chain. Pain along with pleasure. It would have to do.

Sandro let the egg go after a couple of seconds and now his two sluts were getting somewhere, Frenching and humping each other like two beautiful beasts, roped tightly from their hunter. ‘Inspired’, Master took his erect slong out, a drop of precum visible on the urethra.

With his two slaves making out with a 10-incher split between each of their throats, Sandro begun rubbing his veiny manhood against the women’s paired-together faces. He rubbed his precum off underneath Paolina’s eye and pressed his cock length-side against the brunette’s upper face, her nose, her forehead. He rested his ballsack against Cleo’s eyes, blinding her with his shaven balls, as he hand-stroke his shaft over her head, his cockhead pointing to her pretty, taut blonde hair, pulled upwards to

meet Paolina's in their shared hair-tie. With their legs wrapped around each other's slim waists, Cleo and Paolina's crotches were now sounding much wetter as they sloshed along one another's surface.

"Picture that the dildo is my penis. Savor its scent and feel" Sandro played another mind game to them, jerking him off against his slaves' taped hears. As he said those words, he pulled the egg down once more, giving his slaves another 'treat'.

The mental conditioning of equating Master's member with sexual joy had started waayyyy earlier. Whether required to orgasm with his cock in their mouths, or allowed to orgasm only via its divine penetration, Sandro was training his slaves to directly relate sexual gratification with his organ; with himself. Though the seeds were still being planted, some promise was already showing.

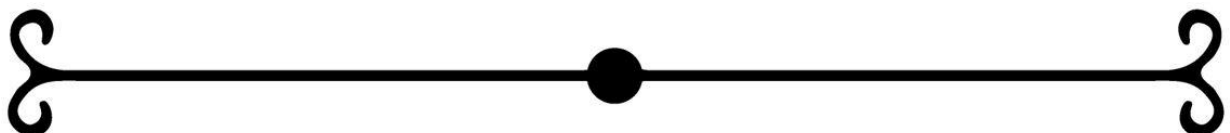
"MMNNNGGGG!" both of Sandro's playthings moaned loudly, as their upper faces were coated with the oiliness and precum of Master's cock and their noses were taking in its manly must. It was so familiar, by this point, but it was still something to be afraid of, something to dread. Not something to worship.

"2 minutes and 8 seconds left" Sandro checked his watch, notifying his slaves of their orgasm deadline. Cleo and Paolina were already scissoring pretty intensely, but at the sound of that they picked up the pace, closing their eyes to find that required focus. 'Finding' each other's tongues around their dildo-gag was also getting them going. It was so wrong, so fucked. But that's why it was working.

Standing, Sandro was fully straddled with either leg over Cleo's shoulder, being as close to his slaves' as humanly possible. He wished he could have 6 more dicks, to fill both his maidens' mouths, cunts and assholes. It was why he was so enamored with his slaves' bondage. It was like he was holding them with every strand of rope, fucking them with every toy that plugged them. They were his bondage queens. And they were his alone.

With the clock reaching the final minute, Cleo and Paolina convulsed in the limited space their restraints allowed, squealing into a simultaneous, scissoring, dildo-suckling orgasm. That wonderful choked squeal was what drove Sandro over the edge, as he shot his large load all over the girls' shared, pulled hair and the side of their kissing faces.

"Good girls" Sandro made sure his gals were 'on time', before leaving Cleo and Paolina panting from exhaustion, with their nipple-clamped chests heaving up and down opposite one another, as cum dripped down their tied hair and taped faces.



ZAP

“MMM!” Paolina yelps through her rubber penis-gag, as another jolt from Master’s zapper ‘lights’ her cute ass up. The brunette is being rather difficult about climbing up to her ‘post’. The fact that the copper dildo has already been set up and waiting for her, jutting out of her seat, might have something to do with her hesitance.

ZAP

Sandro is not in the mood for games (at least this kind) and so he pops the young woman’s small, but tight ass enough time so that Paolina climbs the stepladder with renewed fear. Her last attempt to save herself, looking at the shiny phallus at the edge of her seat, is a puppy look at Master and a clear mime with both her hands that simulate a fellatio/handjob. Bargaining.

“Too late for that, kiddo” Sandro is not swayed by the little whore’s machinations, pointing with his zapper to the copper dildo, Paolina’s seat for the night. With a gagged sigh of defeat, the cute lass shuffles forward and slowly, carefully, impales herself on the large metal cock, grimacing behind her panel gag.

Cleo is already ‘tucked in’ next to her, her limbs taut with chains and her gag, blindfold and earplugs in place, though she is not sharing the same ‘seat’ as her friend. Rather she’s enjoying the inflatable lover, which while still uncomfortable and giving a ‘stretching’ sensation, will not electrocute her throughout the night. It’s a good thing those earplugs will dampen some of the screams next to her.

“Hand” Sandro calmly calls out and the poor slave timidly offers her wrists to him to be fastened on the leather cuffs. There’s no negotiation or pushback for these basic things, anymore. “Legs” he says and repeats the same process of restraint to Paolina’s delicate ankles. Two presses of two buttons later and Paolina’s body is taut like the bedsheets of an untouched hotel room, penetrated on her leather saddle.

Sandro jumps on just the first step of the little ladder to fasten the leather blindfold over the poor girl’s eyes. She hates not being able to see, but it’s not up to her. “Hmmmff” Paolina whimpers when she feels the first pads being placed on her nude body. She is nervous and she should be.

She fucked up.

Not only did Sandro not slow down in pinning his two slaves against each other, but the competitive nature of his training had only grown in the past couple of months.

Once a day, Cleo and Paolina would be given a performance test, something to mark their progress as good sexual servants. The most dedicated, shameless slave would 'win' the day's challenge, condemning the other to a night of torture. These tests usually took place later in the afternoon, after Sandro had spent his 'quality time' with his two bondage girlfriends. He found that making this the last 'event' of their day kept his girls motivated and eager to perform, since their night-time depended on it, whereas if they had already failed the test earlier in the day and secured a punishment, they were less 'enthusiastic' during Master's amorous moments, since the future already sucked for them.

This recent routine put any doubts as to the dynamics of this erotic triangle. Just because Sandro's whores were required to 'work' together and often become sexually intimate for Master's joy did not mean that their lesbian sexcapades held any weight to what was the one and only priority of their lives.

This was exclusively Master and therefore they should be head over heels to please him, even if it meant misery for their slave-mate.

That evening, Sandro was lying comfortably on his large bed, his back against many huge pillows and his slaves kneeling on either side of his legs, Cleo on his left side and Paolina on his right. It was pretty late at night, a few minutes before 'bedtime'. He often liked to 'administer' these tests during these hours, for one reason. Tracking his sluts' dedication:

Both Cleo and Paolina were exhausted by their daily slave duties by this point, but with a 50% probability of a horrible night's sleep just around the corner, they really pulled all the stops, trying to avoid being on the 'loser's side' of the closet.

With both of them devoid of clothing, Cleo and Paolina were strictly bound with rope, which made even balancing on their knees difficult, since they could not spread their legs at a triangle. The ropes dug into their ankles, knees and upper thighs, fusing their pretty legs together and even binding their large toes together, preventing any feet shuffling. More hemp rope restrained their arms in a painful reverse prayer behind their backs. Their hair was ponytailed and 'out of the way', for a proper refereeing of this test.

Instead of the usual nipple clamps and chain that Sandro often used to add level of pain-management and willpower element to his tests, this time he elected to use some simply, slim thread, which had already been neatly tied around his slaves nipples. The threads cut into the girls' tender nipple flesh, hurting already before the actual predicament was set.

The slave-drill would start with Cleo, whose nipple-threads were quickly tethered to the rubber cock-ring resting on the base of her Master's shaft. The threads left only about a couple of centimeters of slack, meaning Cleo immediately found her round, bare chest being forced to almost contact Master's pelvis. In addition, the girl immediately strained to keep her roped body's balance over Master's

erection, leaning over it as her sensitive nipples were leashed to his cock. Her face was actually forced to a level lower than Master's towering (albeit a bit bent) long cock, hovering next to it. Her back-praying arms nowhere to support her.

"So Cleo" the man, wearing his comfy, opened robe, addressed his tittering slave. "When I start the timer, you have to fellate me at as fast a tempo as possible. Only full lip strokes will be registered, meaning your lips must be in full contact with my penis at all times and they must slide from the cock ring to the head for a stroke to count" Sandro explained the rules to his anxious, precarious damsel.

"You have one minute. Understand?" Sandro asked as if explaining the rules to a family-friendly board game, with a little counter in hand and a timer set for 60 seconds on his phone.

"Yes, Master" Cleo nodded with her nose practically touching his cock, completely straight-faced, trying not to let her imbalance affect her clear speech. Things like referring to her captor as Master or nuzzling his genitalia had long since lost their negative connotation, their 'sting' to the girl's psyche.

In this moment, the blonde fitness instructor was just hoping she does well. She had already fucked Master's brains outs with her tight asshole earlier in the day, and just wanted to close out the day with a peaceful night's sleep.

Paolina watched silent, bound on the other side of her Master's sprawled body, hoping this wasn't as hard as it looked.

"Go" Sandro tapped the phone's screen and the countdown begun. Swiftly, the bound woman whored herself out to her abductor, taking his hard member on her lips and willingly, eagerly bobbing her face up and down his dick, with long, air-tight slurps, as instructed. Her fused knees and hovering naked body over Master's crotch provided a nice visual.

Click* click* click

Sandro's counted his slave's blowjob pace with each press of the little button, observing. "Hmff!" Cleo yelped with a mouthful of dick, quickly realizing the added challenge, as with each 'pull' her lips made to reach up at Master's swollen cockhead, the threads painfully tugged on her bound nipples. It was not possible to make a 'proper' face-thrust without tormenting her own breasts. It was simple geometry.

Missing a couple of 'clicks' of the counter due to not making the full penis-length, with a wince stuck on her cocksucking face, Cleo relented to hurting herself in pursuit of a good score. In pursuit of

avoiding further pain down the road. She put her head down (quite literally) and took all the stretching of her nipples and the bruising of her throat with relative grace, moaning every now and then. Sandro was molding a hard-working slut and he could not be happier.

“Aaaand time” Sandro announced, having thoroughly enjoyed this display of servitude. “75, not bad” he said to his tired slave, freeing her nipples from the cock-ring with some scissors. “Thank you Master” the panting slave sounded unironically grateful, softly bowing her head as she had been taught.

“Now let’s see how Paolina does” Sandro turned to the brunette.

Paolina had tried, but with ‘only’ 72 face-fucks, she had been defeated by her peer.

Locked for the night in Sandro’s closet, she is now paying the price for her ‘laziness’. After the first few pairs of electro-pads on her breasts and the upper part of her asscheeks (they all jiggled so nice every time electricity coursed through them) come her abs and ribs, then a few more on her thighs, the back of her calves and the soles of her feet. Each pad is connected with a little wire to the machine, stashed discreetly underneath the stepladder of the closet.

Sandro approaches one last pad towards the woman’s clit, not fully sticking it, but gauging her reaction. “Mm-mm! Mm-mm!” the sight-less girl protests, adorably shaking her harnessed head (not much due to her stockade).

The clit is the worst place to be shocked.

“You’ve been losing a lot of challenges lately. I’m trying to push you to be better” Sandro shows some tough love, placing the small sticker firmly on the girl’s clitoral mount, making sure it makes good contact with her little nub.”Mmmm” Paolina lets a pitiful whimper from her penis-gag, with no choice but to accept her awful fate.

Even though Paolina was slowly stepping up to her demanding expectations, Cleo’s more submissive, more tamed nature was coming out in these challenges and the cute fitness instructor was often the ‘winner’ at a ratio of about 2-to-1. The notion to go above and beyond to outdo someone in an act that you found heinous was another twist of the knife for the girls, but especially Paolina, who after the initial settle in a life of rape and captivity, found herself having to climb another mountain of self-degradation. She was having a hard time.

A vague, unspoken truce had been agreed upon by the two battered slaves. Despite Sandro's humiliating team-building sessions, the two girls were much more alienated than at the start, though they did make a fine slave-duo, getting much more intimate with each other's bodies than any boyfriend prior. In general, both appeared to be in a self-preservation mode, with few other concerns. Getting their feelings hurt seemed to pale in comparison to the much more real, much harsher pain that Sandro brought them.

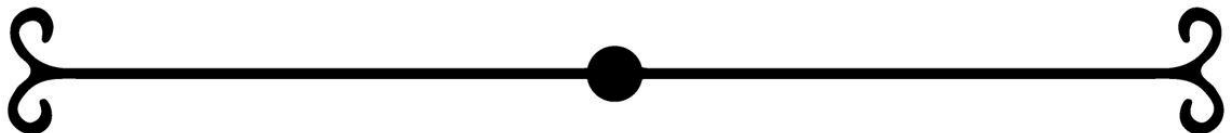
"Goodnight Paolina" Sandro says right before placing the earplugs snugly inside the girl's cute ears, taking away her hearing and submerging her further into a sub-space, a place with no agency and limited senses.

Like with most things in Sandro's daily life, this approach of sensory deprivation was premeditated and a product of reading much psychology and brain re-wiring books. He intended to condition his two beauties into a state of submission. To subconsciously signal to them that only the moments of their lives that he was a part of (meaning when they were out of the closet) were the ones that were memorable, engaging, important.

Any other moments were just a waiting room.

Jumpy from the expectation of what she knew would come next, Paolina flinched in her tight restraints as Sandro flicked the ON switch of his machine and an array of alternating current started passing through her entire body, including her poor clitoris and the inner walls of her metal-fucked pussy.

There was no way the intensity and surprising nature of the electric shocks would allow her to drift off. Paolina would have all night to ponder how she could improve herself for Sandro.



“Thank you Master!” Cleo and Paolina both utter with a lively, perky tone as they receive their morning meals, some leftover chicken and peas from yesterday. Their demeanor is wildly different than that of a few months before, which had gotten them punished.

“You’re welcome” Sandro replies with a soft smile, far from your typical sociopathic kidnapper/rapist. When not overtaken by his sadistic, monstrous side, the young lad is as put-together and functional as they come. More so than some, probably.

The two (former) employees of the Helix Clinic, which Mr. Martinez still frequented with a consistent schedule, had reached a year in the man’s ‘care’.

A year during which they only people they ever saw were Sandro and each other. Calling this year challenging would be an understatement, as their days were riddled either with instructive or obeying torment. Either punished or trying to avoid punishment.

But with that came plenty of breakthroughs. An appreciation for things others took for granted, like being able to sleep without constant electrocution or move your limbs freely without rope biting into every part of your numb flesh; or not have a rubber hog lodged down your throat for hours on end.

Things like enjoying a meal that’s not pure mud or hot sauce and that you can enjoy at your own pace with a fork and not through a uvula-tickling phallic plug. Enjoying the 7 minutes you have to wash your body and the feeling of emptying the bladder you’ve been desperately holding shut for the past 5 hours.

Hand in hand with that appreciation, there was also the re-evaluation of things that didn’t matter as much. Things that perhaps you thought had value, but turned out overrated.

Things like having sex consensually, or orgasming when you wanted to and not when you ‘had to’. Expressing what was on your mind freely without the façade of a robotic servant. Things like self-esteem and self-respect and having a limit on what you will or won’t do.

Valuing these things over the alternative (immense pain and discomfort) had proved time and time again a very bad call and so they were slowly abandoned.

“Paolina don’t neglect your stretching” an almost dressed for the day Sandro reminded his slave, who was idly seating by the wall. “Yes, Master” Paolina obeyed and started doing some of the arm and leg stretches Master had instructed. Her mind was wondering a bit, as both of them did, devoid of much stimulation besides their time with Master. It was a necessary step in creating a strong connection to him. Perhaps if she manages to bounce a bit on her leather cock-seat she might get some enjoyment and pass the long hours of Master’s absence.

Both she and Cleo did that, grinding onto their pumped-to-capacity rubber lovers, especially when there was no agonizing punishment to ‘distract them’. With their relentless bondage, the limited ‘motion of the ocean’ was never enough to get an orgasm brewing. But it was regardless, a welcome feeling, even if it was paired with the frustration of incompleteness. It was seen as a sensation different than the complete immobility and stillness of their enclosure.

If anything, it got them more ready and eager for when Master returned.

Following that, their relationship to sex had changed probably more than anything else. Master’s orgasm control training was marching on with the same and more dedication. Both women were getting better at ‘riding’ the edge of that wave of arousal, edging their (always bound) bodies until Master allowed them permission to let the orgasmic waves ‘smash’ onto them. Sandro would often leave the crotch-soaked damsels writhing in pleasure-induced agony for as long as 30 minutes, before ordering them to climax.

It was so difficult, having to go against your biology, with their cunts vibed, filled and fucked from devices especially designed to elicit orgasms. While getting aroused was a challenge at first, now Cleo and Paolina had to empty their minds and find some inner blankness to avoid what they and their bodies craved so much. It was another exercise at a monk’s nirvana, who none of the two city girls were. Subsequently, they failed often and suffered the consequences greatly.

Hand in hand with orgasm denial, Sandro was instilling his bondage slaves the ability to orgasm at his command. This meant harnessing their sexual energy and keeping it always at a high enough level to be able to reach that place at a word’s notice.

It was a tight rope act all the way, with one side of the rope being ‘staying close to coming’ and the other side being ‘going to close and orgasming’. And the heights were dizzying, considering how awful the punishment was.

In that sense, arousal had transformed into not a strictly bad or good concept, but a more obstruct meaning, a grey state of being, taking up larger and larger parts of their lives. Losing themselves more and more in it, Cleo and Paolina felt it fogging their minds, affecting their lucidity and ultimately making them more obedient and docile. Less troublesome.

“Aaa.....aaa.....aaa.....aaa...” a blindfolded, ring-gagged Cleo softly moans with each thrust Sandro is giving her asshole. Bent over on Master’s bed, the blonde hottie has her kneeling legs pressing together with harsh rope. Master feels her asshole ‘hugging’ him tighter when her thighs are pressed together like that. Cleo’s flexible arms are caught in a strict strappado, pulled up behind her back via a line of rope leading to the ceiling. She’s facing down at the mattress, her whole body ‘nudged’ forward with each ‘dicking’ Master gives her.

“Aaaa.....aaa.....aaa.....aaa...” Another strand of drool leaves Cleo’s outstretched tongue and follows the thread that’s tightly tied around it, moving down with gravity’s help to find Paolina’s identically thread-bound tongue, sticking through the petite slave’s wide ring-gag and connected to Cleo’s via the 15-cm-long thread.

Tightly blindfolded as well, Paolina accepts her slave-mate’s saliva which is ‘collecting’ in the open puddle of her mouth ever since their shared predicament begun. Paolina is lying on her back and her body is reversed so that her button nose is pointing to Cleo’s chin, though their gaping lips are lined up perfectly, Paolina’s below Cleo’s. The smaller girl is ruthlessly frog-tied, with her skinny arms and legs folded onto themselves at the elbows and knees. Master has been diligent about wrapping many coils of rope at a couple of points at each limb. Once around the underside of the armpits and then the middle of the upper arms, then around the upper thighs and one last wrap closer to the knees, each with inelastic tension.

But that’s only one aspect of their setup. The rope strappado-ing Cleo’s wrists painfully above her head is not tied off to the ceiling, but rather passing through a pulley there, then coming back down to split into two ropes that are synched onto Paolina’s metal nipple clamps. Any ‘break’ Cleo tries to give her sore arms by lowering them transfers to a yank on Paolina’s crushed nipples. The short leash between their pulled tongues also hurts them if Cleo forgetfully tries to lift her head.

Sandro’s manhandling of Cleo’s rope-dressed body doesn’t help much either, often causing them pain by Cleo’s ass-fucked movements.

Even the most sadistic prick would assume that this predicament is a pretty rough, challenging setup for any slave, but this was merely the groundwork for Sandro’s orgasm training, something he tries to incorporate in most session. While the dick-stuffed Cleo has a couple of vibrating Ben Wa balls inserted in her pussy and a vibrating egg taped to her clit, the thigh-spread Paolina has a Hitachi-style vibrator rope-tied up against her sex, set to ‘high’.

“UUhhggg” Paolina lets out a yelp and shifts in her cute short-limbed bondage. With her eyes covered by the blindfold, it’s practically impossible to gauge whether that moan came from the soreness of her frog-tie bondage, an abundance of stimulating arousal, from her tongue being pulled, from her tits

being yanked or from involuntarily gulping down Cleo's drool with an open mouth. There are too many balls up in the air.

SLAP

Sandro's open palm meets Cleo's asscheek with force, immediately 'stamping' its shape on her pale flesh with a red hand mark. The man digs his fingers into his toy's ass, enjoying the thorough milking her asshole is giving his hard cock.

'Guuuww!' Cleo yelps femininely, unable to foresee that spank coming, her whole rope-packaged body flinching forward once more. Her ass hurts, but not as much as it did at the start. She was never an anal 'type of gal', but both she and Paolina have accepted it as part of their sexual 'diet'. There's not a hole in their anatomy that goes unutilized, and their sphincters have gradually loosened up during their stay, both literally and mentally. True to his plan-ahead personality, Master makes his slaves douche their anal cavities with an enema the morning of, so they can really see their ass-rape coming.

"Uuuuuuuuaaww!" Paolina moans again, her tongue instinctively retrieving a bit and pulling Cleo's further out as a result of this tug-of-war. This moan is more droning and miserable. It makes sense, since it is derived from a deep, urgent need to come. Whilst Sandro has only been fucking her slave-pal for the past 15 minutes, she and Cleo have been setup in this interconnected bondage for the past two hours, and their vibrators were on the whole time.

They desperately need an outlet for their pent-up lust. And not the biting rope, nor the nipple/tongue tugging, nor the girls' sloppy, distant drool exchange can alter that desire. If anything, these degrading, uncomfortable sensations mesh with their horny state and make them wetter.

The brain is a funny thing when it really wants something.

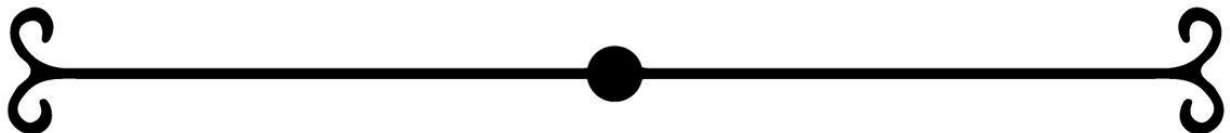
"No orgasms yet, ladies" Sandro reminds his blinded, roped toys, not pausing his unrushed ass-pounding, while gently rubbing the lower part of Cleo's spine, on her waist. The blonde damsel pants open-mouthed from the exertion of her bondage position, as well as the strain of holding her orgasm in for the past two hours. She's like a balloon about to burst, but knows that throwing her effort in the trash will not be worth it. Master's hard member in her ass fills really nice around these desperate times, adding to the difficulty of her task. More drool leaves her metal-gaped lips and falls onto Paolina's face, which is by now drenched in Cleo's spittle from forehead to chin.

"Yes..." Sandro feels a rhythm going, as he leans his bear-type body over the much smaller Cleo's, fucking her harder and faster, whilst putting some of his weight on her back. "Oooooooooowww" the

bitch cries out from extra strain that forces her bound arms to rotate at an even worse angle to her back, which sunk under Sandro's body. Master has fully mounted her from behind, now, giving it to her like the good slut she has become.

Drowned in literal darkness, and with her immobile body riddled with pain and arousal, Cleo tries to stay focused and not fuck this up. Master must be getting close, and that's when he'll most likely command her to orgasm. He likes it when his slaves come alongside him.

"Come!" Sandro orders both his slaves with a breathy tone that shows how close he is to bliss. Two or three seconds later, Cleo and Paolina convulse in a harmonizing choir of ring-gagged, tongue-stretched squeals, and as soon as Cleo's cunt-walls are spasming with orgasmic ecstasy against the vibrating metal balls, her asshole is filled to capacity with Sandro's hot cum, 'burning' her deep inside her bowels.



“Gmuhgfffuugullluu” Paolina mumbled some incoherent protests, looking up at her man, the only man (or person) that mattered in her life, as he was stuffing the 4th pair of lace panties in her already half-full mouth.

Sandro had purchased a bulk order of about 100 sexy female underwear, in plenty of colors. He liked the feeling and textural differences of women’s underwear, the lace mixing in with the flatter cotton/nylon fabric. He also wanted some proper stuffing, instead of using his old discarded socks, scarves or underwear for gag stuffing. He was so organized in other parts of his slaves’ regiment. Being cavalier about such important things as his slaves’ gags simply wouldn’t do.

He always ‘fitted’ them the same way. One fold of the right side of the panties, then the left over it, then the bottom strip over to form a little bite-sized ball (albeit a generous bite).

“Don’t complain, or I’ll put the clamps on” Sandro calmly shut his jittery slave up. Paolina was laying on his bed, arms ‘out of the way’ bound behind her back and her ankles tethered to the corners of the bed frame via more rope, making her pretty ‘accessible’ to her Master.

Clad in his pants but shirtless, Sandro was straddling her drum-tight belly, comfortably taking his time with her gagging. He enjoyed these details as much as the more... carnal parts of his fun. It was all equally wonderful.

On the ‘couple’s’ side, standing by the wall, Cleo was exhibiting her improved orgasm control skills to her Master, even if he wasn’t paying attention to her in this moment. Assuming ‘The Position’, Cleo was on a deep, graphically spread-thighed squat for the past 75 minutes, supporting her weight on the balls of her feet and with her fingers woven behind her head. The Hitachi had been fashioned into her crotch rope, dangling from her dripping wet pussy, buzzing away. Blindfolded with her usual leather blindfold, the girl’s only real restrains were her leashed collar to the wall-ring. As much as her legs were periodically trembling, Cleo hadn’t broken her posture.

She hadn’t come either, staying still like a proper, obedient slave.

The round, modernly-designed, numberless wall clock silently ticked. Weirdly enough, it was on the wrong side of the bedroom. Sandro had set it up on the right side of his bed, but now it was on the left, where Cleo also was. Though it reached the man’s peripheral vision, Sandro did not seem to be alarmed or affected by it, despite being very particular about his things’ placement.

Paolina truly contained her cries at the mention of the nipple clamps, relenting to just eyeing Master nervously and softly coughing into her panty-stuffing. It was a big insult to spit any stuffing, so the girl

was just letting the panty bundles sit in her mouth with a relaxed jaw. "Five..." Sandro mumbled the number as he prodded the fifth balled-up pair, a purple one, down the girl's mostly packed mouth.

The trick was to pat all the existing panties further down the 'cave' to make room for the new ones. Muffled coughs left the poor girl, and she seemed apologetic despite not being her fault. "Six..." Sandro grabbed a silky beige pair and squeezed it through the existing pile of panties and the corners of Paolina's lips. It was yet another 'technique', hooking the stuffing on the insides of the cheeks or at the roof of the mouth, places that stuffing didn't 'occupy' as easily on its own. It really brought a slave's moaning a few more decibels down and gave her cute mouth that priceless 'packed' look.

"Aaand nine" he made room for one last underwear pair, having to really push to nudge the piece of fabric just behind Paolina's teeth. Paolina's jaw could not close from the amount of cotton/nylon filling her maw.

Sandro unwound the end of a roll of duct tape with that characteristic glue-ripping sound and started securing the panties in there, placing the end of the tape on Paolina's left cheek, then bringing it over the right side, carefully lifting the damsel's head to pass the role underneath (Paolina did not dare fight him) and back from the other side, then again 5 more times, making sure to keep the tape's tension snug. Each wrap was passed over the upper lip, then the bottom one, then between them at the sprawled jaw, then the pattern repeated. "Gmf" Paolina tried to breathe calmly through her nose, to not trigger any gagging and start choking to death. Her mouth could not be fuller.

"Ok, now for the final layers" Sandro had everything gathered around his lady, on the bed. 'Final' was a relative term, since Paolina already knew the bastard wouldn't just toss one piece of fabric over the tape-gag.

Indeed, grabbed the first strand of white linen. He had cut an old, white bedsheet into handy pieces of 20x100cms, creating many identical cleave gags. He placed it neatly over Paolina's taped mouth and nose, making sure the fabric fit nicely over the bridge of Paolina's nose then traced on either side of her tape-strangled, puffy cheeks. Not rushing anything, he tied it off tightly behind the girl's head, then grabbed the second one. Then the third...

By the 7th, Paolina was finding it difficult to take in much air through her nostrils, through seven layers of linen cloth. Her mouth was sealed air-tight, no hope there. "You can get to ten" a horny Sandro reassured his puppy-eyed slave, his erection rubbing against her belly through his pants. He felt a light woozing sensation, like a high of arousal as he said those words. He vaguely remembered that he usually stopped at seven cleave gags, but for some reason he was feeling confident, eager to 'push' his little gag whore. It just felt...right.

With a heavily packed mouth and TEN whole OTN cleave-gags to boot, Paolina was visibly uncomfortable, shifting anxiously in her bonds, her small chest heaving up and down with her lungs' strain. Sandro paid little attention, removing his pants and laying between her spread legs. "Mmm, yes" his tone had changed from the kind, well-meaning captor into the devilish, lust-driven captor that Paolina had met some many times. He placed his arm around Paolina's neck, bringing her close to him as he guided his cock with his other hand past her pretty cunt-lips.

"Gmfff" Paolina not so much moaned as she lost precious air from that gagged, wincing yelp, as Master penetrated her and started slowly moving inside her. Sandro was now laying on top of her, his eyes on level with hers. He was looking down at her with a beastly, predatory drive as he fucked her, savoring the pathetic, bound twitches she gave underneath his larger-than-twice weight.

"Gnnnffff!" Paolina lost more of her precious stored air, as Master's thrusting got rougher, deeper. Being raped (as funny as that might sound) wasn't her biggest concern. It was her suffocating gag. Master had tied too many scarves! "MMm!" she tried notifying him, first with her moans, then with her pleading eyes, but Master was on cloud nine, loving her distress, taking it all in, making his balls twitch with semen as they were slapping against her crotch. Sandro was 'digging deep' into her.

Paolina's eyes widened; her need for air difficult to communicate. With her moans only making Master hornier, she tried violently struggling against her bonds and shaking her face in a vain attempt to dislodge the cleave gags. They were all perfectly tied over her face, fully smothering it. "Gmm...gmmm!!!" her cries were now virtually breathless, stuck in one of the 9 pairs of panties, or if they meant it through there, definitely blocked on one of the 10 layers of OTN gags. The sound was contained within her neck, her vocal chords, never really reaching her Master.

Someone paying closer attention would see her neck muscles, straining as they hopelessly contracted to suck air. Her pretty, small-breasted chest was now not expanding properly, stuck in this airless limbo.

"Oowww" Next to her, Cleo was unaware of her friend's peril, letting out the kind of moans that attempted to ground you back, bring you down when stimulation got you dangerously excited. There were many close calls like this, and an untrained slut would slip up and down that orgasm slide. "Fuuuuu...fuuuu..." Cleo did some controlled breathing, gaining once again mental control of her pussy, as well as her burning thighs and the 'stabbed' balls of her feet.

Overcome with his devilish desires, Sandro fucked his roped, suffocating toy harder, putting both his masculine arms around Paolina's arm-pinned, petite body and fully embracing her so that her face was now over his shoulder, rammed his cock inside her. He wanted to feel her against him.

The soundless slave tried to shake her legs, which were too-well tethered on the bedposts to make a difference. Her whole body spasmed but underneath Sandro's, it didn't register as anything. Even

though his ear was now right beside her covered mouth, Sandro was not hearing anything, as he ejaculated inside his squirming slave.

“Aaaa....aaaa....aaaa...” he gave his darling some last dick-pumps, depositing the last drops of his cum with each last ‘push’. Paolina appeared to accept her semen-filling well, stoically. When he got up, Sandro witnessed the young woman’s eyes, stuck wide, right above the puffy assortment of gags. They were not looking at him, or anywhere, blankly gazing towards the ceiling’s general direction.

“Fuck...” Sandro mumbled, his great post-orgasm bliss ruined by this sight. He pulled down at the scarves that covered the girl’s nose in bunches, leaving only the tape-gag. Paolina remained lifeless, even after a few testing slaps to the face. She was dead.

Sandro got off her but remained kneeling on his bed, stuck staring down at her expired body. He couldn’t believe he had let his inner demons get the better of him so carelessly. He didn’t even bother removing the tape wrapped harshly around the dead girl’s face, and the countless panties filling her mouth.

As he silently grieved for his bondage girlfriend (that’s how he often viewed them), Sandro’s depraved mind was overtaken by the loss of another thing. A lost opportunity. Specifically, he was saddened that he didn’t get to witness, to be a part of the girl’s death. It all happened behind his back, figuratively and literally.

Next to him, a blindfolded Cleo was still stranger to the news of her friend’s demise, battling her sexual nature and her physical limitations for Master’s sake. “Very well, Cleo” Sandro praised his toy’s performance, as he approached her squatting form with a neatly coiled piece of rope and laid next to her on the floor. “Thank you...Master” the sightless girl replied with gratitude, panting from great fatigue. Sandro turned the vibrator off, which caused the girl to shudder, but she did not dare break her posture until Sandro allowed her to.

With the toy removed from her sopping wet sex, Master laid with his back against the wall, behind his leashed slave and allowed her to lay back onto his torso. “Thank you Master, thank you!” Cleo sounded even more grateful in-between moans of soreness, as her limbs were finally free to take a different, much more relaxed position. Lying against Master’s soft, encompassing body filled her with a sense of warmth, of care even. She had done well and she deserved it.

“Bring me your wrists” Sandro’s deep voice right next to Cleo’s ears made her immediately obey, the girl raising her wrists next to each other, at her chest’s level. With his manly arms wrapped around her

as he worked, Sandro flawlessly tied the blonde's wrists together in rope, then brought the doubled loose end through the girl's legs, wetting it with her sex juices before bringing it back around her spine's length and tying it off snugly on the collar already adorning her neck. Cleo's hands were now tethered in front of her crotch. Any pulling gave her a rope wedgie and choked her via her collar.

"Relax" Sandro massaged his blinded dear's chest, first on the sternum, then on the more meaty, attractive 'mounts' of her C-cup tits. With his other hand, he felt the inside of the Cleo's mouth, sensually exploring it with a couple of fingers. "Aaaw" Cleo kept her lips nice and inviting for him, sinking her body onto Master's. Even though she couldn't see and even though she could not know what Master would choose to do to her, she was feeling a weird trust in him.

Now was simply the time she was 'played with'. Not so much 'have sex', as people may call it. Calling it that took a more balanced, equal relationship. Cleo and her friend Paolina were just things to be played with. They did not so much have sex as they offered their sex and their sexual services.

Cleo's calmness was evident in her body language. There was no nervous struggling or leg shifting, but a simple content surrender to Master's whims. Having her boobs massaged was even...nice. Something rare for Master.

Without words or sweet-talk required, Sandro looked down, marveling at his blinded slave's submission. She even twirled her tongue around his fingers each time they prodded her mouth deeper. Sandro got erect again, having in his vision both the sight of a roped, fatally gagged Paolina, lying limply on the bed, as well as an unsuspecting Cleo, sluttily pleasing him in his embrace. It was a good thing she could not see the truth right in front of her. She looked so peaceful in this moment.

With no sudden movements or any real violence, Sandro simply placed his big hand over Cleo's mouth and then used his other one to smother her nose, cupping both over her lower face.

"Mm..." Cleo let a soft moan of mild surprise. No fear or panic. Sure, she couldn't breathe, but you don't always get to when Master is playing with you. After so long, she had learned as much. Sandro kept his face-encompassing grip on his beloved slave, waiting for that moment when she would realize things were wrong.

It happened at about the 30 second mark. Up until then Cleo was sensually teasing Master with some light slithering of her body up against him. "Mm.....mm" she shyly let out the first few indicative moans, communicating her maybe not need just yet, but certainly wish. She was already tired from her orgasm training, to boot.

"Sshh" Sandro hushed her almost lovingly, feeling her nervous, naked fidgeting on him. The fitness instructor had a better cardio than Paolina, so patience was needed. "GMfffff...!" Cleo lost quite a bit of air, puffing through her nose and exacerbating her suffocation. Master ought to give her a break by now. But he didn't seem too.

She tugged on her wrist rope, feeling it only sharply dig into her sore/red pussylips. A lot of blood had gathered there from her orgasm denial, and now it made them even more sensitive as the girl hurt herself to get... free? That wasn't happening. More so to signal her distress more clearly.

"Easy now..." Sandro cooed as his toy was getting antsy, bucking stronger and stronger against his firm grip. "GGNNnnn....nnnn!!!" the girl tried to shake her face away from his cupping hands, but it was child's play for Sandro to keep them in place. Her lips were fully clamped and her nostrils pinched shut.

At a minute and 20 seconds, Cleo was a squirming mess, trying to roll away from Sandro's embrace. Her fingers were desperately clawing up towards her face, driving the rope deep between her labia and tugging on her collared neck. Her previously resting legs were kicking all over the floor.

It was partly thanks to the good gym training Cleo gave him, that Sandro was so fit and strong to hold her screamless wailing off. His biceps were indeed flexing, as he kept an iron grip on his lovely slave's face, watching her going to 'meet' Paolina in the next world. His re-erected cock, poking the dying girl against her lower back, was oozing precum. If he as much as touched it, he would come, but he was mindlessly rubbing it on her incurving lower back.

It was so exciting watching her demise. He only wished he had seen Paolina's eyes as they left the world. They were just as he had left them, staring at his ceiling.

Cleo's naked heels hit the ground hard in her wild struggling. They would certainly be bruised by that, but it wouldn't matter. Nothing did, anymore. Jerking her fit, naked body left to right, only finding Sandro's, the pretty trainer finally slowed her 'antics' down, and much faster than one would imagine, plopped devoid of energy on Sandro's lap, her brain and heart shut down, expired.

Already dry-humping against her skinny waist, Sandro came as soon as he felt Cleo's exhale no longer slamming against his blocking hands, looking for a way out. His warm semen blasted the asphyxiated girl's lower back, staining it well and wide.

Sandro held his suffocating 'hug' for a few more seconds, feeling the lack of pushback on his slave's bound body. He then slowly removed his hands, seeing the girl's loose, drooping set of lips, do nothing to his fingers, anymore. He removed the blindfold and watched the girl's hazel eyes. They were immobile and slightly crossed, half rolled up inside her head. Towards his direction, but far from looking at him.

"Dammit" he gave the blonde, expired girl a pecking kiss on the top of her head. "Need to get new ones now" he mumbled about his slaves with a melancholic, post-nut clarity and the dead Cleo sprawled on him like a ragdoll.

"Gmf...gmff...gmmff..." laying on her back, strictly rope-tied, Paolina is getting fucked by Master. She looks up at him, having a tough time. Her face is stuffed with nine pairs of panties and smothered by seven rags made out of Sandro's linen. She can draw in air, albeit with much difficulty.

Sandro's giving it to her good, knowing that her furred brows are not to be taken seriously. He has done actual tests to gauge how many cleave gags his slaves can receive without imminent risk of asphyxiation. As scientific as possible, he was not gauging their reactions (which would be distressed in any case) but rather measuring each woman's heart rate, while placing layer after layer of nicely overlapping cleave gags over their noses (their mouths packed and taped for a correct 'control' study).

He had found that both girls' pulses spiked dangerously at 8 layers of linen fabric, signaling they were clearly getting no air in their poor lungs.

So seven was the magic number. Giving each damsel the opportunity to exhibit her beautiful suffering to him without any real fear of it being the last time. Sandro had put so much time and resources to Cleo and Paolina, he wouldn't want to just toss it all away.

Suffering was exactly what Paolina was doing for him, as he deep-dicked her petite body with his generous girth. "Aawwww" Cleo let another lustful moan next to them, blindfolded and holding her assigned 'Position' by the wall. "GMmmmmfff!" Paolina yelped into her bulging, multilayered gag as her man/lover/captor dug his fingers into her small B-cup, enjoying her pain. Screams like that made her lose her stale air, and she now had to work extra hard to 'retrieve it' with those long nasal inhales. Too bad Master was also ramming her tight cunt, getting her heart rate spiking.

"Are you ready to come for me?" Sandro gave the girl a heads up. While Cleo had to stay 'pure' and orgasm-less for the past 1.5 hours, Paolina had to be ready to come for Master. "Mmhmm!" Paolina nodded with an adorable, muffled whimper. Her cunt felt so hot and not just from the erection's friction against it. Breathless orgasms were not a new thing for her, or Cleo for that matter. Master's gags offered little luxury in those terms and so Paolina had conditioned her body to put her burning lungs aside and climax regardless. It took A LOT of disciplining pain to get there, pain Paolina did not want to return to.

“Now” Sandro groaned as he sped-fuck his little slut to pieces. Upon hearing that, Paolina’s eyes rolled to the back of her head, as she let her cunt’s metaphorical ‘dam’ break and overflow with sexual bliss. Her small, rope gift-wrapped torso writhed as Master’s creamy ‘filling’ drove her further into lust, heightening her orgasm.

Sandro caught his breath on top of his tiny toy, pulling the scarves down from her nose, leaving the gassed brunette ‘only’ with a violently taped face. As his face rested over her right shoulder, Sandro’s gaze met the round clock hanging on his wall, on the right side from his bed. Where it always was.

“I have to get ready for that company dinner party” he thought to himself, slowly regaining his lucidity from his fun sex game.

“Nooo! AAAAwwwww!” behind him, he heard Cleo being betrayed by her female anatomy, as an orgasm slithered its way past her cunt-buzzed body. He’d shower and then set her punishment up, the man thought, his dead-weight fully crushing the bound and tape-gagged Paolina, who despite the crushing pain on her elbows and her stomped lungs, was not complaining, patiently waiting for Master to ‘dismount’.

