

Cleo and Paolina part 5

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Sandro! My sweet boy” a sweet grandma opens her tired, boney arms slowly in a distant embrace, upon seeing the young man exit his red Kia Picanto, after another hard, but satisfying day at work. “Hello, Miss Yolanda” the suit-and-tie dressed man smiles at his elderly neighbor. Miss Yolanda has had the apartment next to his for over 30 years now, well before he settled in the suburban little town at the outskirts of the city.

He approaches her and gives her a small hug, having to really lean over the small, hunched woman with his tall stature. Miss Yolanda always liked him and often gave him veggies from her garden, whenever she happened to run into him outside the premises.

“How are you, my boy? You eat well?” the granny asks as a granny is known to do. Her fully white hair is caught in a round bun and her shagging skin causes her eyelids to droop and almost cover her eyes. “I’m great, señora, don’t you worry” the man reassures her with a polite smile. “You know, my granddaughter is in town. You should ask her out, she’s really pretty” the old lady suggests with an old person’s non-existent filter. She would happily set her granddaughter up with this fine young man.

“Hehe, thanks for your blessing, señora” the man replies, always polite with the elderly neighbor, before bidding her goodbye. Sandro does not need things like dating in his life.

In fact, he couldn’t be happier with his current state. In his mind, he already has not one, but two ideal girlfriends. Both are waiting dutifully for his return home.

With a cheerful pep in his leather-shoed step, Sandro enters home, glancing around his wide multi-purposed ground floor, containing a living room, dining room and the kitchen on one side. A beautiful peace is nesting here, paired nicely with the last sunrays of the day making their way through the windows. Work can be sometimes chaotic, loud and stressful, but here is Sandro’s sanctum.

Here, he can relax and be his true self.

The man takes his time to loosen his tie and remove his shoes, which he places carefully on a little wooden shoe rack near the entrance, perfectly parallel with other pairs there. He likes geometry, clear, defined lines. It pleases him. People are often very undefined in their intensions, their personalities, their identities. Their shapes.

It is nice to be able to control these and mold them into something more...esthetically satisfying.

Sandro frees himself from the constricting tie, the suit and the shirt, which is always buttoned up to the last button on his collar, as if trying to conceal much more than the loose chest hair.

The topless man opens the fridge and pours himself a glass of juice. He could just drink straight from the carton box, no one else drinks from it. But taking the time to 'make things' right is rarely a problem for him. His big, thirst-quenching sigh fills the empty room.

Time to go check what his little lovebirds have been up to in his absence.

Inside the man's bedroom closet, are two thoroughly restrained women, stuck and strung side by side. With the weather getting warmer again, Cleo and Paolina are free of their revealing spandex bodysuits, naked but for the multiple elements of bondage. Each one is blindfolded and ear-plugged, devoid of external stimuli, as if their lives are 'turned off' whenever Master is not around.

The usual panel dick-gags are strapped tightly over their faces. Besides effectively shutting them up, they have been instilling the necessary oral fixation that their roles demand, for the past 15+ months. It is much rarer that Cleo and Paolina DO NOT have something in their mouths to suckle on, compared to when they do. With nothing to do during these long, idle 'closeted' hours, their tongues absentmindedly 'wander around' the surface of that thick, plastic phallus, increasingly similar to how Master likes them to move over his own.

Their beautiful bodies are stretched stiff by their stockade/seat combo, as well as their two pairs of chains, pulling their limbs straight down. Though it is barely noticeable due to the pressure with which their crotches are pulled onto the leather saddle/seats, both girls are vaginally impaled on the well-hung cocks that jut straight up from their leather seats.

They are rarely stored without some kind of inanimate object fucking them. It's good that there's no need for Master's triple-panty safety measure, anymore. After so much training, none of them dares to piss herself whilst closeted, no matter how much her bladder might ache.

But this is where the differences begin. While Paolina is 'sitting' on a 16-cm long, 4.5-cm thick rubber dildo, Cleo's pussy is being filled by a copper dick-replica of the same dimensions, connected to the power box stashed under the little stepladder.

"MMNnngg!" in the overkill darkness of the closet, Cleo lets yet another gagged cry, as a strong surge of electricity suddenly courses through not just her metal lover, but also the square pads she has firmly stuck to her nipples, her tailbone, her pubic mount and the front and back of her unable-to-bend knees. A stickler for protocols, Sandro is cautious to never place any electrocuting instrument above his slaves' necks, but everything else is fair play.

Tired of getting the shorter end of the fuck-stick (in this case you could say it was longer), Paolina had upped her slave performance lately, both in the 'line of duty' as well as during Master's slave tests, shifting the success ratio between her and Cleo to about 50-50.

But Master does not use nor train his slaves in the mornings. So what did Cleo do to deserve discipline?

Well, increased 'loses' (and the subsequent racking punishments) had gotten the pretty, blonde fitness trainer moody. That moodiness caused her to be rude to her other slave-half, who, like her, was just trying to avoid suffering. In addition, Monica's constant 'saltiness' had messed with her concentration, which resulted in little things. Forgetting her etiquette, dozing off when she really needed to be on top of things.

It all added up to this morning's insulting misstep. When Sandro removed her penis-gag from her

pretty lips, Cleo neglected to say *"Good Morning Master"* in the signature, syrupy cadence that Sandro liked.

This was a big faux-paw, as Sandro had made it a staple of the girls' start-of-the-day routine. In the process of getting them down from their seats, before he'd even remove their blindfolds (sometimes before the earplugs had come off, too) Sandro would undo the buckle of their gags. As SOON as that thick, 12-cm-long rubber boy slipped through their alluring lips, usually pulling a drool-strand along with it, the slave had to eagerly and wholesomely greet her Master. It didn't matter if she was being punished all night long, or had a bad, restless night, or could not even hear herself over her plugged ears. The instant those cock-sucking lips were free, they had to voice their appreciation and wishes to Master.

While a deafened Paolina greeted Master with as much gusto as her dry, dildo-bruised throat could project, the similarly ear-plugged Cleo said nothing, scatterbrained by another tough night.

A punishment was definitely in order.

And so, condemned to an approximately 12-hour-long, 'electric therapy' session since 7 this morning, Cleo is much sweatier than her (still uncomfortable) counterpart. Her whole body aches, especially the electrode-patched parts and even more acutely, her pussy.

Master's cock-pocket, a more apt description of her sexual organ, is incredibly sore and drier than the desert, from the slow-shearing it's been getting for half a day. With her sensitivity there compromised, It'll be much more difficult to 'find' an orgasm, if Master orders it at some point this evening, a high probability.

But she'll have to find a way, if she doesn't want to return to this 'hot seat'

The randomized setting on the shocking machine provides maximum levels of stress, with the subject never knowing when the next strong zap will come. Usually this shock punishment is reserved for nights, lasting no more than 8 hours. But Cleo has only herself to blame. At least that's what Master has gas-lighted his victims into believing, over time.

"Gmf" a blinded, deafened Paolina lets an uncomfortable groan escape her gag, trying to find the slightest micro-shift for her smaller, sore body. Her dainty hands are loose, while next to her, Cleo's hands fidget and tense into fists, a clear sign of her immense stress, which the constant zaps don't allow to wither.

"MNNGggg" Cleo gives another choked moan of pain, right next to her 'simply' uncomfortable friend. The visual and auditory deprivation really operates like a huge, separating wall between them, even though at the same time the two women are only a few centimeters from pinky swearing. Over time, this separation has subconsciously driven the two (once) coworkers, allies apart. Each one appears much more preoccupied with self-preservation than with much comradery or sacrifice.

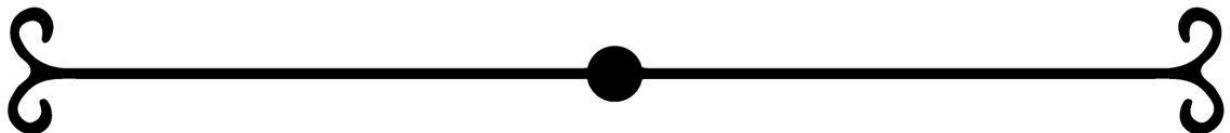
The sliding of the wide door reverberates on the interior wood of the closet and even faintly onto their drilled-on fuck-seats. It has happened so many times, that even in their distressed state, an awake Cleo and Paolina can tell that Master is now here. It's adorable because it puts both in a sudden reserved state, like mom just walked by the bedroom and you're supposed to be asleep.

In reality, it's the deep-sheathed fear that even in their total bondage, they might accidentally do something that displeases him. So awful is his dominance over them.

Sandro smirks, entertained by that reaction, and puts his heavy hand on Cleo's left, juicy breast, over the wired pad that doubles as a nipple-cover. Only one side of the pads is a conductor, so he's more than safe. A bound, gagged and blinded Cleo accepts the groping, as if she has any choice. With the man's paw on her pretty breast, another electric shock rattles her nude body, curtesy of the chaotic algorithm of the machine.

"GMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!" Cleo lets a trembling, suffering moan, as the current moves through her bound body. With the girl still electrocuted, Sandro places his free hand on the girl's right hip, holding her and cherishing the sight of the shapely woman trying to magically shake the pain off her taut body. She doesn't have any leeway to struggle, anyway, but she still does, and that's what makes it so beautiful to him.

He's gonna have a lot of fun with her and Paolina.



“Mmmmm.....Ngggg.....MNGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH!” Paolina lets a crescendo of heavily muffled, spaced moans, as her lungs are screaming for air. It’s that last one that is always paired with a visceral shaking of her face and her whole body, that Sandro is actually anticipating; the cry that does not fake the panic and desperation one bit. The other moans and shuffles are mostly... decorative.

Upon registering that, he removes the drenched towel that he was firmly pinning over his slave-gal’s ballgagged face, waiting until the very last moment to maximize his toy’s suffering and his own amusement.

“Uuuuwwffffff...Uuuuwwffffff...uuwwfff...” the eye-wide girl takes hungry, rapid inhales through her cute, flaring nostrils and the edges of her giant, red ballgag, currently lodged between her pretty lips. As her tiny chest and adorable B-cups expand heavily up and down her thorax, her beautiful, brown eyes look up at her Master with an intense look. Not really pleading (he’s not going to stop whatever he has planned), nor antagonizing (a terrible idea).

Just... exhibiting the life-threatening intensity of the moment.

As soon as Sandro has removed the waterboarding instrument from the brunette’s face, Cleo, who is dutifully balled up between her co-slave’s spread legs, retrieves her tongue and lips from Paolina’s cunt, as per Master’s instructions.

It’s another night, another ‘game’, with as many quote-marks as possible for Cleo and Paolina. The petite brunette is laying naked, back-first on Master’s bed, with Sandro kneeling above her head, on the headboard side of the bed, water-soaked towel in hand. Paolina’s wrists have been roped to the side of their corresponding thigh, the strict rope tied as high as possible up each firm thigh, before her anatomy stops it.

With her wrists pinned to her sides, the girl’s legs have been locked in a spread triangle thanks to the spreader-bar fastened on her ankles. Inside that triangle her legs and the bar make, is a kneeling Cleo, with her pussy-juice-wet face ‘plunged’ between Paolina’s thighs.

Her bondage is simpler, with only her elbows and wrists roped tightly together to form a mono-arm. But simple never means comfortable, especially when the blonde trainer is also tasked with licking her buddy’s pussy. Her assumed position doesn’t help either, since Cleo’s parallel arms are awkwardly resting above her head on Paolina’s belly, forcing blondie to put painful pressure on her shoulder joints in order to dig her face deep in Paolina’s loins.

The little whore was trying to 'cheat' and use her fused hands (previously stashed under her chin and hidden by Paolina's crotch) to sneakily add to Paolina's stimulation, stealthily rubbing and even inserting them inside Paolina's 'required-to-come' pussy.

But Sandro wanted Cleo to exclusively eat Paolina out with no manual aids and so once he noticed this 'infraction', he made Cleo present her naughty hands to him for the duration of their game, after a couple of zapper-shocks to the woman's tongue.

Sandro had been slowly integrating more...graphic sexual interactions between his two bondage girlfriends for a while now. While Cleo and Paolina had never experienced any attraction towards their own gender, and towards each other, Master's 'unquestionable' will dictated they become well-versed in pleasuring each other.

While the thought of being nose-boopingly close to the other's genitals did nothing to wet them, Cleo and Paolina fell in submissive line, getting almost as familiar with the other's 'fishy' scent and the contours of their labia and asshole, as they were with Master's ballsack and cock. It's not like Cleo and Paolina were not graphically exposed and intimate with one another already, so this progression seemed like another hat on top of a hat, on top of the many other hats of their insane, rudderless life.

This added wrinkle to the girl's already unique relationship was in no way meant to substitute their one and only affection towards Master's masculine body, but instead, offer another alternative to their orgasm training, instead of the generously used, dildos, vibrators, Sybian machines and of course, Master's girthy 'gift' of a cock.

Like most nights, tonight's goal was as clear as it was difficult. Paolina had to reach sexual climax, only whilst being smothered by the dripping wet hair towel. Keeping up with that goal, Cleo was ONLY allowed to help her slave-mate reach that peak when Sandro was fully suffocating her. Every time he pulled the towel away, every 30-40 seconds or so, Cleo had to avoid any contact of her pleasing lips and tongue with Paolina's pussy.

It almost went without saying (though the always rule-loving Sandro said it), that failure to reach that goal would get both slaves punished.

“Mfff....mffff....mmffff...” Paolina is still panting after the oxygen-rich 4 or 5 seconds she has been granted, her wet, jaw-stretched face visibly tired from this hellish ordeal. Without a ‘get ready’ signal or any non-verbal warning, Sandro lifts the towel he has already dunked back into a bowl of water next to him and quickly slams it over her face, keeping it nice and tight with both hands on either side of it.

Upon seeing that, Cleo ‘dove back in’, smooshing her face onto Paolina’s cunt, lapping at it intensely and with purpose. They’d been going at this for about 20 minutes. Inmates at Guantanamo Bay were getting longer breaks than Paolina. She knew the girl was exhausted and she wanted to help her get over that hurdle.

For both their sake.

“Uw.....Uw.....uwwwwWWWWW” with her facial features and even the bulge of the round gag vaguely outlined by skin-tight towel, Paolina lets out these muted, staccato moans, with no air going in or out anymore, only water drops sipping slowly into her nostrils and the tiny edges between her ballgag and her lips. They are followed by a long, droning moan, as Cleo’s pussy-lapping takes a moment to reach the smothered girl’s nerves. The fingers of her hands, pinned to the sides, where her feminine hips meet her thighs, open and close in another attempt at intense focus, as the towel-hooded girl tries to find the golden star, hidden somewhere in her mind’s Lust Palace.

It’s arguably difficult to do so, with no oxygen, the claustrophobic, drowning sensation of being water-boarded and an inescapable bondage to limit your reflexive stretching and shuffling. Oh, and with only stimulus available the desperate (albeit increasingly more skilled) tongue flails, hole kisses and clit sucklings of a slave, equally scared of the results of your failure as you are.

“Uuuuuuwww..hhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” the girl makes this almost feral, smothered groan, each cry followed by a vain attempt to suck in air, resulting in a sloshy, wet sucking sound, like the last bits of water going down a drain.

At the same time she’s fully drowning, Paolina’s petite hips are grinding against Cleo’s face (taking her thigh-stuck hands with them), trying to get some momentum going towards that damn orgasm. Paolina has been stuck between the 3rd and 4th gear, with no composure or stimulation enough to put it in 5th. In her dark abyss, which is only a film of moisture but might as well be the bottom of the ocean, Paolina tries to grab tighter onto that nice feeling, these circular, wet tongue strokes that Cleo is giving her, on either side of her hole and periodically northern, on her cute clit. She has to catch it now, the latter half gets too scary with suffocating and all.

But she can't quite focus, and soon more spasms are seen on her spread legs and her shaking torso. "MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNGGGGGGGGGG!" a growl of both frustration and desperation leaves her, as a tired Cleo laps away with all she has, the sweat on her face mixing together with Paolina's aroused wetness.

Sandro removes the towel once again, seeming a bit annoyed, but in reality enjoying himself regardless of the result. With only a pair of comfy sweatpants until now, Sandro steps out of bed and removes them, revealing his massive erection underneath, a bubble of precum resting on his urethra. Whether his sluts succeed or not, he's going to bust one out.

With Paolina taking in as much air as she can in this short break, Sandro orders Cleo to reposition herself over Paolina, with her ass perked up towards him and her legs spread enough so that they are on either side of Paolina's upper arms.

“Last try” he lets both his girls know and they look at him not so much with worry, but with that sorrowful look of inevitability. It was an uphill battle this whole session. They knew they wouldn’t have infinite tries.

“Yes, Master” Cleo replies, the ballgagged brunette underneath her inhaling needily and anticipatorily through her nose. A gagged slave is not required to verbally respond according to protocol.

Sandro then places the drenched towel first loosely over Paolina's face, then puts both his knees on either side of it, really stretching it and trapping it over Paolina's face. Looking over her shoulder, Cleo registers this and face-dives on the waterboarded girl's pussy, this time from a reversed angle, keeping her bound arms folded against her chest.

As soon as she does that, Sandro guides his swollen cock inside Cleo's inviting cunt and begins thrusting with the intensity of someone already half-way to an orgasm and with the roughness and disregard of someone fucking a fleshlight, not an actual, breathing woman.

“Mmm...mmm...” Cleo lets these restrained moans that betray her discomfort, but also her current laser-focus and dedication on giving Paolina a fair shot at cumming. She’s going to town on that pussy, alternating rapidly between sucking AND licking her ‘partner’s’ clit, moving her tongue all across her cunt-lips before repeating the same cycle, whilst having to counteract the thrusting Master is giving her backside.

"Come on Paolina" she encourages her, only in her mind. "You can do this".

She can only hope that she'd doing things well. The bound girl underneath her can only really writhe in place, with not much vocal or bodily feedback, besides the subtle crotch-pointing. With his ballsack dangling above the squirming girl's towel-encased face, Master seems to be enjoying himself, holding Cleo tightly by her juicy hips and digging his cock into her raw, with only lubrication his precum. Not the first and certainly not the last occasion Cleo will be fucked like this.

But it also isn't the first time that Cleo feels some nice, 'fuck yeah' vibes permeate her cunt as Master uses it to milk his erection.

There was a case to be made for all this sexual conditioning that subconsciously made Cleo (and Paolina) shiver with a lustful tingle rushing across her cunt-canal, whenever Master entered her.

It was all likely in some psychology manual. Being forced to find arousal during your rape time and time again had gradually resulted in the reverse, too; mentally linking your rape to sexual gratification, to orgasm. Even though it had never been discussed between them, both women opted for the 'if I don't acknowledge it, it doesn't exist' treatment, finding it hard to admit even to themselves that along with all the awful, torturing ordeals they endured, they were also getting kinda horny at the hands of their captor.

Shame was not letting them accept it.

For now, Cleo brushes off that arousing, slutty feeling, getting her head back to pussy-eating, figuratively and literally. With Master ramming her harder and harder, and time running out along with Paolina's oxygen, Cleo's eyes fall on Paolina's thigh-restrained hand, doing these weird, straining tweaks right next to her.

Instinctively, not really thinking about what she is doing, Cleo moves her rope-paired hands and places them one either side of Paolina's hand, holding it dearly, reassuringly. Despite putting her neck at an odd angle and making her job more difficult, Cleo keeps lapping at Paolina's sex, feeling the drowning girl return the hand-holding. Sandro notices it, but doesn't care, close to nutting himself.

Cleo laps and laps and laps, and licks and licks and licks and weirdly, it is that sweet gesture of care, of some form of safety, that ultimately helps Paolina compose herself and get over the frustrating hump. With a breathless rattle of her whole body and a feral, smothered groan of unleashed energy, Paolina squirts right on Cleo's face, in a strong, long-awaited, exhausting orgasm!

As soon as he sees the little whore's squirt coat Cleo's pussy-slurping face, a 'close-running' Sandro busts a load that could shoot through paper with its intensity, instead hitting Cleo's cervix like hot glue,

contained by her cunt. Beneath his crotch, an orgasmed Paolina has truly let out her last breath of air with that squeal, her toe-stretched feet shaking like two rattlesnakes.

Hopefully Master will get off the towel soon.



Sandro's office job had a lot to do with numbers, with efficiency, with organizing. It was the sort of corporate job you see a lot of suited people doing, even though you don't really know what it is they're doing. Sandro liked it. Minimizing costs, maximizing profits, making things nice and tidy and...correct, gave him a true satisfaction.

"Here's the report for June" Julia Plaza, a stunning co-worker of his, dropped a folder on Mr. Martinez' desk. She always looked stylish, currently dressed in a summer-colored open blazer, that showed that her white shirt underneath had a couple of more buttons open, to deal with the intense Mediterranean heat. One more and her bra would show, holding her C-cups 'in place'. A matching pencil skirt showed off her ankles, thoroughly lotioned in order to hide her 37 years of age.

Julia had a bitchy kind of look. Maybe it was her pitch-black-dyed hair that was aggressively ironed straight or her deep summer tan that reeked of effort. Or maybe she was just the stereotypical kind of 'hot girl' that most men both drooled over and despised, because they wouldn't reply to their DMs.

She was too-much-diet kind of skinny, with her dark heels always giving off her position around the office space.

"Thank you, Julia" Sandro said with a close-lipped smile and returned his gaze to his PC's monitor. Ever since Julia had joined his team, Sandro used to have the same intrusive daydreams he had with most hotties he came across; All fantasies violent and without a semblance of consent.

But since he got Cleo and Paolina, his two 'bondage bunnies' as he affectionately called them, these unprompted fantasies had vanished. It's not like Julia had suddenly stopped being a hot thing that deserved horrible, horrible things done to it. It was that Sandro had found his very own, two hot things. And he was completely happy with them. Zigging when most sadists zagged, Sandro was rather monogamous (or rather, duo-gamous) with his two life partners, who he dorkily referred to as "S & M" at times.

He wouldn't trade them for any brawd in the world.

"Hmm, don't work so hard, Sandro" the snazzy lady gave a snooty reply at that slight social rejection, swaying her hips extra wide as she turned and walked away. Sandro was not above sneaking a glance at those buns. How knows, if he had delayed his project a bit longer, maybe it would had been this bimbo that would spent the rest of her life under his boot.

Funny how life's dice come up sometimes.

Took-took...took-took

“Great” Sandro sighed after the last few hits of the hammer, in that voice that never really reached actually “great” levels of happiness. His slaves had noticed long ago how he constantly operated on a medium level of expressiveness. It was just how Master was. He might be beaming with joy, but all you’d see would be a soft smile. Well in the girls’ case, either that or a face lost in dark, lustful gratification.

What Sandro was leaning over was a small, square-shaped AC unit, which he had just finished installing on the back wall of the closet, between the two girls’ spots. Summer was in full swing and during daytime his slaves were sweating buckets, locked in that breeze-less space. The man had to once again get crafty, since he wasn’t in the mood of showing a random steamfitter his slave-rig. He drew the wires through the back wall and drilled the small external unit on the outside of his bedroom window.

Doing their mandatory stretches on their assigned spot by the wall, Cleo and Paolina could not appear more relieved. They had worked so hard for this. Master didn’t really mind sending his drenched slaves for an afternoon shower before ‘playtime’, so it was unwise to assume that he would add this feature to their enclosure of his own volition.

It had taken some bravery, when both Cleo and Paolina had timidly raised their right palms, keeping it side-by-side to their face. It was the protocol of requesting permission to speak to Master. Getting it wrong would be starting on the wrong foot already.

“What is it?” Sandro enquired, watching his leashed beauties eye him as reverently as possible. “It is very hot inside the closet, Master. Might we be allowed chained in your bedroom while you’re away?” Cleo spoke with a scared voice, scanning her brain as she spoke to make sure no ‘wrong’ words were uttered. “It will make us better able to serve you, Master” Paolina added next to her with a servile expression.

“I will not be leaving you unsupervised” Sandro said categorically, not falling for his slaves’ sly attempt at getting away with more. “But it is hot, so I can look into getting a small cooling unit” he met them half way. “If...you both pass the three upcoming tests” he added and the girls’ contained brief joy vanished.

Taking advantage of this agreement with his slaves (though not much bargaining went on), Sandro devised three fun (for him, at least) challenges, which did not have antagonizing parameters between Cleo and Paolina, though were equally as degrading and soul-sucking as the ones the girls had come to

expect from their owner. According to the (very official) rules, even a single failure would doom their chances of putting an end to their 'sauna sessions' in Master's closet, so they both were on high alert during each one:

- **The Cable of Resistance**

As straightforward as it was torturous, this first challenge forced the girls to go against their survival instincts to make Master cum. With her hands box-roped behind her back, the kneeling slave had one of Sandro's stretchy tube-cords (still used in his daily visits to the Helix Clinic) wrapped three times around her neck, then the ends fixed on the wall-rings behind her. With Master comfortably seated on the edge of his bed, the slave was required to fellate him to completion.

Easy enough, if you didn't take into account that the girls restricted their airflow by merely putting their lips on the tip of Sandro's cockhead, the cord becoming tense and tugging on their necks before their tongues could even reach their stiff, meaty prize. And the more they leaned their face closer and their lips slid further down Master's shaft (a necessary motion for any 'fulfilling' blowjob) the harder the elastic noose yanked their throats backwards.

With their lips wrapped around the mid-point of Sandro's erection, the strangled sensation was undeniable and at a full-length deep throat (something they could only hold for like a second, before being snapped back by the ruthless pull of the cord) the girls were completely red-faced, bloodshot-eyed and without a single sliver of air making it past their cord-dented, pretty throats.

Both slavegirls had to find the narrow balance between being orally 'stimulating' enough while having the sufficient air to not pass out, at least before Master came. They both settled on an initial, slower stimulation at the front half of the cock (some tongue action and the lip-smacking 'pops' of some pro-level meat-sucking) which gave them some air-breaks at the 'draw-back' portion of their oscillating movement. The latter, 'ramping-up' part of their blowjob, when Master was ready for more, consisted of a much more abusive treatment of their tube-garroted neck. Cleo and Paolina basically braced themselves with a long intake of air, before ramming their dick-pursed lips onto Master's lap over and over, hoping he would cum before they needed to stop for air. They both took multiple tries, panting heavily with open, dick-breath lips, before they 'dove back' in to finish Master.

Cleo was first. It was eerie, watching the same workout gear she had used while training Sandro, now used to train her in a much different way. Though a naturally fit girl, neck pull-ups was not something Cleo had done before. She took a couple of minutes to even find a way to fellate Master, but when she got going, the lengthening and shortening, the pull and release of the cord guide her

through her head's bobbing, as much as she was guiding it. Like going along with the water's waves, Cleo gradually got into a rhythm.

Somehow, blondie managed to facefuck herself onto master's meat-sword enough for Sandro to ejaculate, the girl only failing to swallow his semen because of her cable-crushed throat (not a winning condition), instead letting Master's cum flow from her tongue onto her handful-sized tits.

Paolina had the arguably even harder second challenge, later than night, given that Master's balls had already emptied once a few hours ago.

"Ch....Kh.....kh...." the petite slave let the most beautiful of choked sounds, with her mouth full of Master as she struggled to bob her face over his drooled-on cock, fighting the opposite forces of the resistance band. Her bloodshot eyes, wet with just a thin layer of strangled tears, remained stuck to his eyes for the duration of this 'legendary difficulty' blowjob. She did not have the same strength and endurance as Cleo, but Paolina knew Master liked that intense, submissive eye contact and she really needed to utilize everything in her slut-arsenal to get him off for a second time that day.

Cleo was chain-leashed nearby, silently watching her mate and hoping she wouldn't screw both of them over. Thankfully, she did not, and ready to tap out, the brunette, airless slut was strangely elated to feel that ever so familiar hot, chunky liquid being shot against her uvula.

- **The Ropey Seesaw**

Next day's challenge was a cooperative one, which the girls would compete together at. Naked but for their slave collars and some sexy high heels, the two women saw Sandro spread a wide, film-thin, touch-sensitive mat across an area of the floor and made them step on it, facing each other at about a meter away. Anxious at first, they began really worrying when he told them to spread their legs apart (Cleo 100 cms, Paolina 90, since she was smaller) and then tied off their ankles to separate ropes, that locked their legs as apart as assigned. These ropes were mere placeholders, to keep track of the correct distance and prevent any cheating girl from shifting her legs them closer together as he prepared the rest.

The healthy, strong man then placed a cement block he had found lying around the garage at equal distance between his two slaves. This would be the center-point of their twisted seesaw. He tied some thick rope around the block and fastened a pulley at its top. Attached to the center of this pulley wheel, moving from one side underneath the edge and back to the other side was a small, U-shaped piece of metal. This worked as a 'knot-stopper', since the 1-centimeter gap between the pulley and the device let Sandro's hemp rope pass through, while any bulgy knots did not.

Then came the crotch ropes. Heaving gagged with some jaw-stretching, ring-gags, Cleo and Paolina whimpered as Master's large hands worked all over their slim waists and exposed, squatting booties

(not neglecting rubbing his hard-on against their involuntarily 'backed-up' asses), dressing first Paolina with her hemp-rope G-string, before feeding the rope through the pulley/slot and identically tying it off to Cleo's crotch. He then made one knot on either side of the rope's center, to limit their movement.

This was where the challenge's catch came into picture. The length of the rope between Cleo and Paolina's crotch, as well as the distance of the knots, had all been calculated so that no girl could lift herself into a standing position. The best they would be able to muster would still be a bent-kneed stance, indicated by the feeling of the knot tugging at their rope-split pussies as it met a hard stop. With the knot on Cleo's side blocking Paolina's 'ascent' and vice versa, each slave was stuck in a wide squat, only able to alter the squat's depth by working together with her 'teammate'.

They would have to keep this compromised position for one whole hour, a task whose success possibility was questionable, regardless of one's fitness background.

In classic 'Sandro-ic' fashion, the man elected to add one last spicy touch, by clamping his toy's pretty nipples with some metal clamps, which were then linked into the opposite-corresponding nipple of their facing slave-mate.

Not just by rope or chain though, since Sandro wanted their movement to be available, but at a cost. That came from two coil springs that were the middle points of the two nipple-linking ropes. This caused painful tugging on both slave's nips, whenever the distance between their chests widened more than the 'default' one.

This immediately put an extra layer of predicament for "S & M", because of that meant that following the most sensible plan of action, which was the two slaves alternating positions between the more 'resting', high-standing position (with still buckled knees it was far from a rest) and the thigh-scorchingly painful deep squatting, meant that their chests were at different levels, at thus, the metal springs would pull their nipples towards one another.

While it was a visual treat to watch the two sluts squirm and moan in discomfort, Sandro would not just sit for an hour and watch them do this. This was why he had placed down the touch-sensitive mat. With some scissors he cut out four holes, precisely tracing around the girls' heels. With every other surface area around them 'booby-trapped' by the mat (which would send a beeping alarm to Sandro's phone, upon sensing contact) Cleo and Paolina were trapped in this spread-legged island, with the mat eliminating any feet-shuffling or adjusting.

The ankle ropes were then removed, the mat's sensor was turned on and the timer started.

Initially trying to find a way to settle into their bound predicament, nervous and squatting at about the same height, it didn't take long for the two poor girls to call out to each other, in those adorable wide-mouthed bleats, to signal their need for some relief. Their 5-cm-thick ring-gags made any verbal communication just a tad difficult, not to mention it made them drool uncontrollably all over themselves. Their initial positions, with their knees bent at a right angle, were too awful to maintain indefinitely.

Sandro observed them during the first 10 or so minutes, watching as Cleo was the first to generously give her friend some slack of their shared crotch-rope, lowering herself deeper into her squat so that Paolina could achieve a less demanding position and give her weaker skinnier legs some reprieve.

The kind sadist enjoyed their synchronized grimace of pain as that imbalance caused their connected nipples to grow a couple of centimeters apart, more than enough for the metal coil springs to immediately punish them by pulling them 'back' to their initial distance. "Check on you later" Master gave a quick ass-squeeze to a helplessly squatting Cleo and exited the bedroom, ignoring the worried mouth-wide whimpers coming from both slaves, who would much rather not be left alone like this.

Master kept the timer on his phone, which meant that Cleo and Paolina had no clue of how much time had passed. It certainly felt like ages though, with the girl's alternating positions in this seesaw from hell every 3-4 minutes. The switch was usually initiated by an especially needy cry from the girl on the 'lower' end of the saw.

After the 30-minute mark, both women were begging for it to end, with their hips, their glutes (meaning their fine asses) and their inner thighs screaming with a pain that soared during their (literal) low points. Each switch of this pole-less seesaw was done slowly and carefully, so that both slavegirls kept their balance and did not stumble onto the minefield that was the floor around them.

At minute 45, they were both a sweaty mess, with their spread, bent legs trembling constantly. Their nipples hurt so much they were almost like two perpetually-stinging bees nesting on their chest, since the girls could never close the gap between them without stepping on the mat. The balls of their feet were also killing them and their ankles were shivering under their precarious weight. This exercise was not meant to be done in 12-cm-high heels.

10 minutes to the end, each panting exhale going through their wedged-open mouths was an audible cry, with each girl calling to the power of her mind to ignore all the stabbing cramps on her hips or thighs.

Sandro returned with a minute or so to spare. He would not exchange the looks of despair both his girls gave him during that minute with anything in the whole world. Only when he checked his phone's timer and declared them successful, did both girls collapse on the mat, their bound, nipple-tethered

bodies folded in an arm-bound fetal position, uttering exhausted moans of soreness, with their tired tongues sticking limply through their ring-gags.

- **The Timely 69**

For their last challenge, the two slaves were required to make each other orgasm, at the same exact time. Orchestrating a synchronized orgasm would be definitely difficult, but maybe achievable. But that is without discussing the other parameters.

Cleo and Paolina were bound into a sideways 69 position on Sandro's bed, with their arms stashed inside snug leather armbinders (a light pink for Paolina and a purple for Cleo, matching their winter leotards) and belted tightly behind their backs, with multiple straps across their arms' length. Each girl's right leg (and only the right one) was frogtied with a strenuous rope around their ankle and the top of their thigh and another on either side of their knees, folding the leg in half. This was the leg they had to raise in order to expose their genitals, with the left one lying freely on the bed. The tie was made so that the slaves would not be shifting around to change their position.

Ok, so this set-up meant they would have to simultaneously lick each other to orgasm?

No.

Master fitted each slave with a gag that housed an 18-cm, veiny thick dildo at its exterior. On the inside, a rubber bulb could be inflated through a little hole at the side of the veiny dildo, where a pump's tube could be attached. Sandro did not cut corners, pumping his slave's gags to a mouthful size. Cleo and Paolina's cheeks would bulge more if they weren't being circled by the gag's snug buckle straps.

Once that was done, Master fitted them with face-snug, latex hoods of the corresponding pink and purple colors. The opaque latex completely blinded them as their cute noses peaked through the small triangular gap at the front. 5-cm-wide, round holes at the mouthpiece accommodated the exact width of their dildo's shaft, which fitted right through.

In addition, the hoods had a hole on the top of their heads, through which Sandro passed each slave's hair, previously fixed into a strict ponytail. Cleo's wavy ponytail was about 40 cm long, while Paolina's straight ponytail was half the length. But both strands of black and sunny hair could be masterfully tied onto the metal rings located at the end of each other's armbinders. This locked each slave's face in the immediate vicinity of the other slave's 'crack'.

Master had made sure to 'guide' each blinded girl's phallic-gag half-way into the other's pussy-hole before tying her hair securely off to the ring. With only a short distance separating the start of the ponytail (the top of the girl's hooded head) and the armbinder ring, it meant that no girl could remove her 'face-dick' from the other's cunt. While they had some space to move their faces back and forth and get some friction going, the furthest back they could go before their own hair stopped them was equivalent to the veiny dildos nesting about 6-7 cm deep inside their friend's pussy.

What all this came down to was no breaks in their penetration, no lovey-dovey labia kissing or sensual hole licking or gentle clit sucking. No that Sandro had any political connotations behind his thought process (he actually loved women, just not the ...conventional way) but his slaves would have to find a way to climax the 'conservative', 'anti-feminist' way. By sheer, blunt penetration.

Furthermore, blinded by their hoods, the sensory deprived gals had no visual information to go off of, regarding their 69 partner's state of arousal. All they could really rely on was the intensity and cadence of each other's pump-stuffed moans and whatever they could possibly extrapolate from their limited environment. Maybe if they sensed the other bitch was especially squirmy, then she was close? Maybe if she clinched her thighs over their face she was approaching orgasm? Maybe they could sense their wetness by how wet their own nose was getting as it slammed into the taint?

Who could tell? Sandro had not allowed any strategizing talk before the challenge begun. But he was sure the girls would make him proud. Or at least, offer a fun sight while trying.

Sandro had not set a precise time limit for this. He had set them up at 6 in the afternoon, and around 11 when he'd call it a night, the test would end. But monitoring this tricky requirement was actually easy. With each slave having a heart rate monitor clipped onto her binder-encased index finger, Sandro had a graph of their heart rates updated in real time and wirelessly fed into his laptop via a neat program. Each girl's pulse was presented in this BPM - time graph, with the two lines, one pink, one purple, moving slightly up and down, together above their common timeline. If an orgasm occurred, their heart rate would spike significantly, unmistakably proving the sexual climax.

So all Sandro was looking for was a simultaneous spike of both girls' pulses, for the 10-15 seconds that a female orgasm reportedly lasted for. He notified them there could be a difference of 2 (yes, only two) single seconds between each pulse 'plateau' (each orgasm), but no more, or the challenge would be deemed a failure. So Cleo and Paolina had to be impeccably precise about stepping on that 'mountain top' of their libido together.

With this scientific method of monitoring their arousal, no cheating with dramatic writhing and moaning was possible. Sandro did not even have to be present, occasionally glancing at his laptop screen from the comfort of his living room couch.

Whenever bored, he'd check in on them, finding their desperate efforts at getting something going amusing every time he opened the bedroom door. Things started about slowly for them, reluctantly moving the well-hung dildos inside the other's cunt. Each hooded bitch had to keep her frogtied leg up in the air to allow her 69-ing partner 'access' to her crotch, which after a while became its own, tiring endeavor. Their necks quickly got sore too, not only from having to maneuver the face-lodged sex toy into their friend, but also from simply having to hold it suspended in that sideways position.

Whenever a girl would get tired and stop face-thrusting, the other stopped, too, since there was no point in trying to ramp up a girl's arousal when the other's was back to square one. They'd rest their heads on the other's lying thigh, catching their breath and giving their hurting necks some relief, before one would let out a soft moan and start prodding her friend again, suggesting they should try again.

During the first fruitless hour, each slave was feeling a pulsing heat on their face, not just from their latex hooding, but from the natural heat emanating from their partner's half-horny loins. Maybe one of them was getting into a nice rhythm every 5th or 6th try, but that made it harder for her to focus on her own pleasing duties and so there was this constant doubt that their libidos were not aligned, which ultimately dragged them both back to the starting line.

Getting turned on from penetration alone was something none of the two 21st century women had achieved before coming across Sandro. As most inexperienced teenage women, their first sexual encounters mostly featured some awkward thrusting and a premature ejaculation, rather than any nuanced approach to their own genitals.

As the years went by, the two women discovered their own bodies and became pretty good students of it, knowing what they liked and how they liked it. How necessary is foreplay, how sensitive and vital their clits are. When they want one finger inside, and when two, where their G-spot is.

Being in Sandro's 'care' had forced them to throw out a lot of that accumulated wisdom. Master had started them with the more effective sybians and vibrators, gateways to their transition into a new sexual identity, centered exclusively around Master. Soon, all these trusted ways of sexual stimulation gave way to Master's lone, girthy cock.

The 'necessity' to reach a state of arousal and (even more improbably) climax under very different circumstances re-conditioned them over time. It was very hard, seemingly impossible at first, but with each painful lesson came a willingness to be 'open-minded' and search for these titbits of sexual stimulation, when previously they were deemed unfulfilling;

A nice dee-dicking at the right pace. A tingling brush against their G-spot. The way their pussy-lips were grazed by his cock as it moved between them. The stimulating suction their holes created whenever Master momentarily removed his cock.

From secondary, irrelevant 'fillers' in their 'normal', past lives, these moments came to be all the women had at their disposal to reach sexual bliss. With lots of time and even more suffering behind them, they became truly valuable to the two young women, who feasted on them like two boney, starved people munching on crumbs.

During the second hour, a pessimistic desperation set in. Long periods of defeated inactivity killed their time, with the two hooded, cock-gagged slaves not seeing any light (pun intended) at the end of their tunnel. "Guess you don't want that AC, after all" a stopping-by Sandro teased them, before returning to his movie downstairs. The two girls, pussy-stabbed for almost 2 hours, sighed hopelessly through their noses, the next intake of air getting the all-too-familiar scent of their slave-mate's ass through their nostrils.

It was during their third hour that a more coordinated, determined effort was being made. Both arm-bound, hair-tied sluts had realized that they needed to split their mind, to both work hard and stay concentrated on the 'good vibes' the other was giving. They needed to work together and be alert. Any more time-wasting made their dildo-split cunts more sore, and their chances smaller.

Sandro enjoyed their dedication from up close, and though he had made a point of not touching them in any way (he wanted their orgasms to be explicitly brought between them) he wouldn't suppress his own bodily needs for them. His two whores were getting him really hard!

So at about the 2.30 hour mark, with the blindfolded Paolina and Cleo were hard at work, diligently pushing their prodding faces onto each other's holes, they felt the presence of a bed-kneeling Sandro jerk his meat over them and soon, the man shot his load over their ying-yanging bodies, his far-from-friendly 'fire' getting mostly Paolina's right, elevated thigh and her hip, though some of his cum landed on Cleo's neck and collar bone, which were also in the 'blast zone'.

The man did not bother with cleaning anything up, leaving his two cummed-on whores to their thing. He technically never touched them.

With Sandro's cum having gone cold on their skin and drying up for a while now, Cleo and Paolina were actually making some progress. They both had mentally zeroed in on the mid-tempo sloshing of the rubber cocks inside them, and have discovered that softly shaking their cock-bearing faces left and right every so often made for a pleasant sensation.

Though there were the few moments of defeatism, with an especially spent Paolina moaning incomprehensibly muffled phrases that translated to "I can't do this" and "It's too hard", the two were getting quickly back on the proverbial horse (or rather, horse cock). The hindrance of their prolonged darkness was now used as a way to keep their other senses alert and open.

Crucially, the 69-bound girls utilized any physical contact they could find between them. From the feeling of their bare breasts rubbing against the other's lower abdomen, to the one of their latex-covered face as it grazed along their inner thigh. The two face-to-cunt linked slaves huddled up as closely together as it was possible; to really 'soak up' each other's bodily essence. Meanwhile, they tried to keep their sheathed arms' involuntary wiggling to a minimum, as to not hinder the face-ramming work of their counterpart and give her as much slack as possible.

Without any way to verbally organize, it was really hard to get a system going. But after the 3-hour-mark, they started to fuck themselves in sync, so that (hopefully) that would get them aroused in unison. It was kind of working and instinctively, each girl begun communicating her level of arousal to the other by the volume of her moans, which were also timed to their face-fucking.

A relaxing Sandro observed them from under the bedroom's doorframe, with a Tupperware of tonight's dinner in hand. Regardless of the 'semi' the two whores were causing him, he was actually impressed with their dedication and ingenuity. They must have reaaaally hated being locked in that closet during the summer. The bedsheets were soaked with the sweat and crotch-juices of their marathon-long effort. He'd make them change them afterwards.

With his laptop resting on his lap and his feet comfortably resting on a footstool that matched his bedroom sofa, Sandro relaxed and browsed the web, as his two playthings fought their bonds and the limits of their own biology. One of his tabs was the heart monitor app, documenting their heart rate for this past 4 hours.

The sky was pitch-black outside the window; it was pretty blue when they last saw it, before the hoods went on. The girls had a few close calls, but with only one girl reaaally close to the end, she had been forced to edge herself and dial back her own pleasure, usually by clamping her thighs hard over the face of the poor, clueless slave that was pleasing her.

This ordeal had become like a meditative journey for both Cleo and Paolina. A blind journey of exploration to the edges of their sexual and physical selves. And like any long journey, it required an undying amount of faith.

Finally, at 4 hours, 12 minutes and 36 seconds, Sandro's eyes glanced over from his laptop screen to his bondage gfs, who caught his attention with their increasing, unified moan. It came out loud and urgent from both of them as they were both smashing their hooded faces (and the long rubber cocks at the end of them) onto each other's crotch with a newfound energy. This was it!

Enthralled, Sandro watched once at his slaves, then at the monitor, then back and forth, as Cleo, and two face-thrusts later, Paolina, both squirmed their beautiful, bound bodies against one another, convulsing and groaning into a looong, edge-surfed, mutual orgasm. It was all there in the graph, the two heart-rates spiking together, as the girls' body and mind was too overwhelmed to act with purpose. Instead, it was tossed around by its own orgasmic overload, its stretching and bending only stopping at its bonds.

