

Cleo and Paolina part 6

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

That whole Air-Conditioner excuse hinted at the way Cleo and Paolina's relationship with their strict but fair Master was developing. Despite going through hoops to earn that much needed 'luxury', the girls somehow felt that this was a kind concession by their Master. Maybe because he could have easily done nothing, after their 3-day trials were over. What were they gonna do? Whine about it?

But this sentiment of gratitude was an indication of just how deep the abducted women's Stockholm Syndrome was running. How extreme their neglect (not literal, but in humanitarian terms) was, so that instead of hating Sandro for that hell he had put them through, both girls were thanking him, for following through with his promise.

It was not really a conscious feeling, either. If you asked them individually, both damsels would declare that they despised this bastard and the humiliating torture he inflicted on them. And they would feel they believed it, too.

But something deeper inside them was just...content. Just having gotten the...thing (in this case, the climate control of their closet) was more than enough. Easing their suffering a bit, made all this worth it.

Master was...well Master. That's what he did. He bent their bodies and their actions to his will. It was only up to them whether they satisfied his criteria or not. Whether they failed him or not.

This fucked-up, nonsensical notion was being cemented throughout the slaves' long, long stay. Gradually, unperceptively, the girls were shifting the blame from their captor, to themselves (first and foremost) and to each other (at a lesser extend).

Instead of antagonizing Sandro, their troubled minds were moving to a space of acceptance of him. Like moving around the immovable object that was their almighty owner, the girls' priorities shifted not to what Sandro could change in his behavior (because he would not change anything) but instead to what could THEY do to appease him and get on his good side.

Ultimately, a process of acceptance of their roles and his, was starting to take place. And not the superficial kind; the *"OK, OK! Whatever you say, you're my Master! Just please stop hitting me!"* kind of submission. A truer acceptance, one that altered their worldview, was starting to sip into the two thoroughly trained slaves.

Sandro was pleased to notice that shift, which of course did not happen from one day to the next, but over the course of a long time. He encouraged and reinforced it. Treating them to a piece of caramel candy after lunch (if they had been docile and 'easy' the whole day until then), or caressing their cheek mid-blowjob and praising them on how 'good' they were being, how well they were doing.

Little inconsequential things, little hits of dopamine that deepened that perverse, but undoubtedly strong bond between them.

With time, Cleo and Paolina came to actually look forward to these comforting touches. Instead of fearing, they hoped that he softly caressed their asscheeks, when they were both kneeling on either side of his bed-lying body, graphically leaned over his standing cock and his balls. As they serviced him, both their tight, naked rumps were flaunted within reach of the man's resting hands.

During these relaxing 'oral' times, Sandro would make his slaves (whose arms were encased in their leather armbinders and whose hair was caught in back-ponytails in order to not constantly graze his pelvis and annoy him) take turns, going from sucking his cock to slurping on his ballsack. When one was on 'cock-duty' the other was busy a few centimeters below, 'treating' Master's balls with her lips, tongue and saliva.

With his back resting against the headboard on many pillows, Sandro would kick back, relax and even browse his phone at times, shifting his attention away from his two gorgeous, diligent cocksuckers.

Sandro had set an important caveat during this oral service, which was that his ceiling-pointing (though slightly curved up) boner was never allowed to touch anything but them. It basically meant that the two whores could not 'drop' his hard-on to plop on his pelvis or anywhere for that matter. Without their hands available, this forced them to be extra careful about keeping their lips nicely sealed around his cockhead, whenever doing an 'upstroke' across his drool-slimes shaft.

More amusingly, it made each switch between their duties (which was triggered by Sandro every couple of minutes or so) a sort of dangerous relay handoff (or more accurately, mouth-off), where one girl would wait with her lips pursed around Master's swollen cockhead until the ball-lapper would put her lips right next to it and only then would the first girl 'pass Master's erection on' to her slave-mate, to ensure a 'safe' transition from one servicing mouth to another.

It was as adorable as it was arousing.

~~It appears the victim knew~~
~~Alejandro Diaz.~~

~~Well, we better pay him a visit,~~
~~then.~~

The voices of the two overly serious TV detectives came only a little grainy from the laptop's mediocre, built-in speakers. Sandro could not care less, lying comfortably on his bed, with his head elevated by a double pillow and the laptop resting on his belly.

It was a peaceful, lazy Saturday noon in September, the time of day that you consider morning since you had no reason to wake up early. The bright sunrays were dampened by the curtains on the windows, bringing in a nice, warm orange/yellow light. Even for a very 'efficiency-obsessed' person like Sandro, the day's pace slowed down during the weekends, when he wasn't working. With the more...social activities usually omitted from his schedule, he used weekends to charge his batteries and have some fun with his two 'bondage girlfriends'. He often dedicated his most time-consuming, elaborate bondage concepts to these more generous hours.

But now, now it was just time to lay back and do nothing. Self-care, if you will.

"Mmm" Paolina let out a pleased moan, not looking, but sensing Master's hand absentmindedly feel the soft, smooth surface of her readily-presented ass, as she bobbed her dick-stuffed face up and down his 'inflated' member. With her neck awkwardly turned so that she could also keep her ass 'available', Cleo had her face buried over her man's moderately hairy balls, suckling them tenderly and licking them all over.

Besides that mindless ass-caress that the man kept giving Paolina (not because of any conscious or rewarding reasons, just what his hand happened to run onto), Sandro wasn't even registering the two

fellating women, rather enjoying his brain-rottingly silly cop show. His slaves' busy faces were obscured behind the laptop screen. Just like the occasional slurp-noises and lip-smacks mixed in with the chill-volume sound from the show, their 'work' was currently more of a soothing background to the audiovisual stimulation on the screen.

Both slaves kept at their oral duties with a continuous care, an experienced one. Break initiatives were strictly forbidden. Unless Master ordered them to do something else, Paolina would keep nursing his penis with her mouth and Cleo would keep stimulating his sweaty sack like two delicious lollipops indefinitely.

His slaves were indeed very satisfactory as of late. Sandro was pleased to see them not only stop causing trouble whenever he'd 'tether' them on their closet seats, but be rather accommodating during this nightly ritual (especially when no punishment was in order). Though the red zapper remained hanging in a wall-hook, it had become more a reminder of consequences than an administrator of them.

Especially the traditionally bigger ass-pain, Paolina, had gotten from having to be zap-lead up her seat to practically jumping onto it herself, as soon as Sandro said the word for 'lights out'. In general, the two missing Helix employees (their commemorative photos hanging on the reception's bulletin board) were registering their daily bondage as their own dressing-up for the day. They willingly offered their side-by-side wrists to be tied, opened their lips to be gagged with their rubber cock-gags and essentially stopped fighting Sandro however you wanted to restrain them.

These meaningless, stubborn, dignity-seeking jerks and shakes and pulls was a product of a bygone time, when the girls truthfully believed they would eventually find a way out of this whole...abducted, sex-slave pickle. This habit to push-back on their captor mid-tying up had gotten them so many shocks with the zapper in the past year and a half that it had finally been eradicated as a reaction.

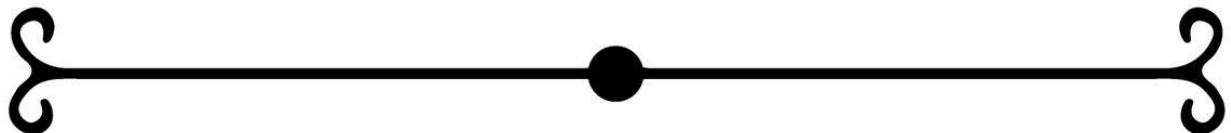
It was natural to happen at first; when someone is binding you they're taking away your movement, your speech, your freedom, instilling powerlessness in you. It's instinctive to fight back.

But just like with other inherent attributes he was still working on tearing down, attributes like their individuality, or other self-preserving ones like their aversion to pain, discomfort and disgust, Master had mostly wiped that part clean from them.

Despite the positives, Sandro was not taking his project's success for granted. His slaves' progress was undeniable and he was really pleased with that, but he was not gonna make any rushed moves,

regarding the next step of his girls' lives. Overconfidence was where everyone (meaning every sociopathic kidnapper who kept his victims for prolonged periods of time) screwed up.

He was not going to have any doubts before moving forward.



“Fleeah, Muhku” (*Please, Master*) a trembling, flush, sweaty Cleo shyly lifted her head and reached out to Sandro, as he entered the room. Her pitiful puppy eyes were doubling down on expressing her dire need. The thick, red ballgag, strapped into her mouth with the same strictness as always, without a single strap hole ‘gifted’ to her, made words come out labored and weird, but Sandro did not have any difficulty understanding what the little slut wanted.

Today was Orgasm Control Day, as it was every other day of the week, weekends excluded.

Frogtied onto their individual, powerfully buzzing sybians, Cleo and Paolina were being edged for the past three hours and Master had not said the magic words yet. They were losing their minds with sexual frustration, trying to picture their grandmas, some dull yardwork like mowing the lawn, random objects, anything devoid of sexuality, to get their minds to hoist their bodies out of the proverbial ‘gutter’ that Master had tossed them into.

“Not yet” Sandro casually mumbled, not even glancing at his suffering slave as he faced the bedroom mirror. He was fixing his tie, before realizing it didn’t pair that well with his suit and removing it. He had been invited to a company dinner event, and though he wasn’t thrilled about socializing outside his workplace, he would of course attend. His slaves would have to be stored a bit earlier tonight. But not before their training had concluded for the day.

Cleo let a saddened whimper escape her gag, trying really hard not to make it sound like a whine and attract Master’s wrath. Near her, Paolina was trying something different, having her head slumped down and her eyes shut tightly hard, as she tried to will her impending orgasm away.

It was like the petite brunette was putting her back against her tiny wooden door of her little cottage, and a giant, frenzied monster was banging away at it, again and again and again, trying to enter, each bang jolting Little Red Riding Ballgag forward. At least, that’s what it felt like at times.

Both ladies’ arms were sheathed in their armbinders (Sandro had gotten used to their handiness) and the rope that linked their frogtied ankles had been passed through the binders’ rings, ensuring the girls could not lift their folded legs forwards and thus alter the angle that their naked crotch met the vibrating ‘element’ of the machine.

To doubly ensure that, their collars were chained to a ring at the front end of the sybian, making it impossible for them to tilt their bodies (and therefore, their pussies) away from the relentless stimulation. No matter how they shifted their weight, Cleo and Paolina’s drenched, sore pussy-lips

were spread over the flatter vibrating part, which reverberated right on their exposed fuck-hole, and the little nub part a few centimeters forward pressed right on their unhooded clits.

The two slaves were approaching an Olympic level mastery of their libidos. They weren't quite there yet, but they were exhibiting impressive resilience and control of biological responses that to others were practically automatic. With thousands of hours of grueling training behind them, the two slaves were capable of molding their sexual energy to their Master's desire. To control it.

If Sandro wanted them turned on and coming, they dove into their subspace, that dark lake where you could find all sorts of 'hot', 'arousing' things if you searched the lake enough, where consent was a bizarre concept they could never wrap their heads around and lust was the ultimate goal, the best thing they could gain in their new, strange lives.

If again, he wanted them docile, reserved, in command of their bodies (the irony) then the girls had gotten quite good at shutting that part of their brains down; Disassociating their minds from their bodies. Paolina had tried a bit of meditative yoga in her past, free life, but it was nothing compared to the 'nirvana' she had to reach to fend off her own arousal.

These control training sessions took anything between two to five hours. When a girl climaxed she had failed the session and was due for an 'encouraging' punishment; as good a motivator as Master could offer.

Sandro had substituted their finger-clip heart monitors with one attached to the inside of their collars. He had found a 'smart' pet collar in the market that featured a heart rate monitor and it was easy to remove them and reattach them to his slaves' much more elegant, black leather collars.

Naturally, there was a second element to their orgasm control training. The 'orgasm' part. At any point Sandro could decide to order his bound sluts to come. They then had 3 seconds to get that orgasm, 3 seconds for Master's phone to start beeping with two notifications of a 'heart rate spike'. Any longer than that and they had failed to 'come on command', meaning another punishment.

This duality of their assignment forced the two women to really surf the wave of their arousal, never moving away from it for too long and risk being unprepared for a sudden order, never let it crash before instructed, either.

During the first months of that training, the two girls were trying to game the system, since Sandro was rarely present in the room for this dull, action-less 'drill'. Avoiding arousal as much as possible in his absence, they'd then try to reach that edge right before orgasm every time they saw him enter the room, since they correctly assumed that his presence there also meant a high chance of him ordering them to come.

Though they were plenty of amusing 'screw-ups' this way, with a girl 'overshooting' and accidentally climaxing even though Sandro had ordered nothing, Sandro did not like this 'cheating'. He first tried to fix it by blindfolding his trainees, but they were still finding a way to listen to his entering footsteps.

The solution was ultimately given by a small piece of technology; a little square monitor that was placed on each sybian, in front of the cunt-rattled slaves. Whether he was downstairs in the living room relaxing in front of the TV, or in the kitchen preparing his meal for next day, all it took from Sandro was a press of a button on his phone and a message was displayed on their cute, old-timey monitors, with a little beep noise and a flash of a tiny green light:

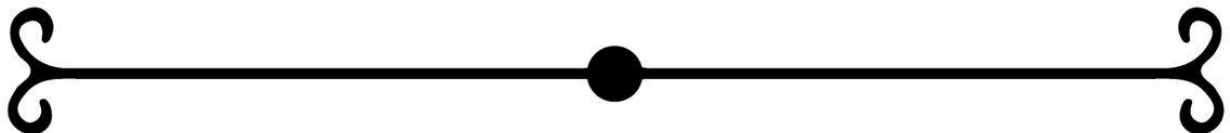
ORGASM

With this workaround, the poor damsels had to be on constant, high-orgasm-alert for the entire duration of their session. Perpetually 'edging' themselves, fearing that the little green light could turn on at ANY moment.

Out in the 'real' world (since their lives with Sandro often seemed too surreal to be true), outside the walls of Master's home, sexual pleasure was a tricky, more complicated thing. Every day, men ejaculated prematurely, having trouble containing their lust for more than seconds. Women had to resort to especially designed gadgets to find the orgasm that their stress, their ignorance of their own bodies, or their failing partners kept them from having.

But for Cleo and Paolina, Sex, with a capital 's', was their whole life; an abstraction that meant so much more than normal folks' time of spontaneous fun. Their sexual energy was in overabundance, like a giant stack of casino chips that they could not cash out.

They could only hand them to Master, one chip at a time.



“And what is this here for?” the freshly recruited receptionist of the Helix Clinic (a cute, redhaired young thing) asked, pointing to the lone photograph that was clipped on the brown cork board, looking out of place amongst much more practical notes and sticky-note reminders. It showed two women, one blonde one dark-haired, dressed in company’s blue t-shirts, smiling widely with one of their arm wrapped around each other’s shoulders, a drink in the other. It appeared to have been taken at a Helix breakroom party.

“You never heard of this? It was all over the news. We had two employees gone missing a couple of years ago. Very sad” the 30-something-year-old male supervisor made a quick frown. “Oh, that’s terrible” the girl said with a voice that sounded sadder than what she was actually feeling. “I know” the guy nodded, and an awkward beat of silence followed.

“Anyway, let me show you where we keep the locker keys” the man moved on from the heavy subject, returning his cadence back to a more lively, relaxed tone. The skinny, perfectly made-up girl gave one last look at those merry, half-drunk chicks in the photo and followed her new boss.

About 20 kilometers away, the two missing girls were embracing even ‘friendlier’ than on that old photograph. Sandro had caught the two on the verge of cat-fighting over who deserved to have ‘won’ yesterday’s challenge, so another teamwork-building ‘date’ was in order.

Standing beside Master’s bed, facing each other, the two women were passionately (albeit mandatorily) making out. Their ‘tender’ proximity was ensured by their collars linked together with a 5-cm chain, basically leaving their faces no personal space, always within ‘smooching’ distance.

Paolina was ‘wearing’ a neat ass-harness that Master had ‘fitted’ her, his own creation out of hemp rope. It was basically a garter-and-belt combo, going around the top of the thighs and around their waists and connected with vertical ropes to the front and back (going across their asscheeks). It was on these rear-lining ropes that each of the other girl’s wrists had been rope-fastened. So Cleo’s arms went around Paolina’s skinny sides, with her left hand stuck on the brunette’s right, bubbly asscheek and the right hand located over the left ‘curve’ of meat.

The smaller Cleo could not reach to have both her lips on Cleo’s and her hands on the taller girl’s booty, but she could have them on Cleo’s handful-large titties. Sandro had fashioned a shibari chest harness for Cleo’s heavy jugs, and with two 10-cm-long piece of rope attached the sides of the harness (under Cleo’s armpits) Paolina could fondle her blonde friend all she liked.

And although they currently wanted nothing to do with each other, both girls were groping and squeezing each other’s meaty parts like horny teenagers at prom night.

And kissing just as sloppily.

The reason for all this was simple. As any familial figure of authority would do, Sandro had forced his two girls to 'kiss and make up'. And more. Cleo and Paolina had been assigned to climax simultaneously, to prevent further discipline on them, bringing back memories from that long 69-ing day (and other instances).

Instead of two face-wielded dildos though, this time their only sexual aid was only a T-shaped perch for them to grind on. A metal pole with a square base had been set between them and the parallel, cylindrical bar at the top (only about 50 cm long so that both girls had to really 'scooch' their pelvises together to fit) had been covered by a thick silicone tape wrapped meticulously around it. The most softness the girls would receive for their pussies was from the centimeter-thick, smooth, clear tape.

With their hair ponytailed and with Paolina's lips helped to reach the level of Cleo's by a pair of 12-cm-tall, slutty heels, the two collared slaves had no other choice but to kiss, fondle and dry-hump their way towards an orgasm.

Cleo did not want to make-out with this despicable suck-up (quite literally, since it was Paolina's sucking that had 'earned' her the victory and the punishment-free sleep) but was now finding herself kissing and grabbing her juicy ass with an open palm, sinking her fingers into the bouncy flesh and occasionally spreading them apart (she knew by now that Paolina really liked that).

Coming by herself would mean nothing, so she had to help the girl reach climax, too.

Similarly, Paolina did not want to speak or even look at the pissy loser, but contrary to her feelings, she was twirling her tongue around Cleo's, squeezing and lightly twisting the blonde's nipple (she knew by now that Cleo really liked that) and bumping her clitoral mount onto Cleo's, as both girls grinded along their side of their shared fuck-stick; arguably a tough maneuver to pull off while standing.

Summer had come and gone and though Sandro enjoyed the beautiful Mediterranean beaches, Cleo and Paolina had to settle for their daily cold showers in Master's bathroom. Autumn was almost gone, too, and the first chilly November nights had called for the return of the girls' pink-and-purple leotard bodysuits.

Sandro felt ready to finally loosen his grip on his bondage girlfriends' shared leash, just a tad. It was a bit like flying a kite; you sometimes have to let go of the rope if you want to see it fly higher. And there was definitely wind on Sandro's sails. His girls looked more eager and obedient than ever before.

And so, Sandro had started rewarding the day's 'better' slave (whether in some head-to-head challenge or just performing her slave duties admirably) by granting her the honor of sharing his bed at night. Yes, the actual bed that he slept in.

Just the mention of this news had sparked light in Cleo and Paolina's eyes. They knew nothing else but their painfully uncomfortable, inhumanely immobilizing 'beddings' for the past two, whole years. With the soft, air-pumped stocks trapping their necks from tilting and their backs forced straight by the measured distance between that and their seat, the two damsels had become accustomed to sleeping suspended and straight as a dry spaghetti.

Just the concept of lying down on something soft and supporting was thrilling by itself!

Of course, a prepared man such as Sandro would not simply let his captives (willing as they seemed) to just sprawl themselves on his bed. Nor would he risk the slightest chance of them getting the upper hand, while he vulnerably snoozed.

A few more 'handyman' chores needed to be done for this, namely drilling the four large metal rings onto his wooden bedframe. Sandro made two hitching spots, one on the left side and one on the right. Besides wanting the option to choose which side of the bed he would sleep on, the measures were also made with an eye to the future of his perverse throuple.

Two rings were placed on the king-sized bed's headboard and two on the footboard, facing the mattress, of course. Each ring was 50 cm from the sides of the bed, to ensure no slave would topple off the bed during the course of the night.

Cleo and Paolina's collars would be snapped onto the headboard rings, not by a noisy, sleep-disturbing chain, but by a short piece of strong, mountain-climbing nylon rope, erasing any notions the girls might have of possibly cutting it off. The same moderate length of nylon rope was used to hitch their tightly hemp-roped-together ankles to the footboard ring.

The two slaves would have to learn to fall asleep tightly 'embraced' not only by Master, but by an array of ropes that comprised their very own, revealing 'nightgown'. The ropes crisscrossed from their fused ankles to their fused calves, then knees and thighs, harnessing their legs as one. Their arms were box-tied behind their backs and attached to the chest harness that circled their breasts. Their rope-attire took a few more minutes to prepare, but Sandro loved who the girls looked in it, and it squeezed their bodies tighter and more completely than any other restraints he could use. Finally, their panel dick-gags, blindfolds and earplugs completed their cozy, bedtime look.

The two girls appeared much more eager to get some quality sleep (despite their gruelingly tight bondage, it was still an update) rather than plot or scheme any breakout attempts. The 'most' a slavegirl could achieve was head-butt Sandro, and that was far from ensuring any chance of escape. If anything it was idiotic, since it would only take back privileges the women had fought very hard for.

If their inescapable sleep-bondage was not enough of a deterrent, Master had made it abundantly clear that if any slave woke him in the middle of the night with their shifting or grunting, accidentally or not, they would return to their closet that very instant. Never mind the additional punishment they had racked up for tomorrow.

So even when Sandro's sluts woke up in the middle of the night from their sore, roped bodies (it was frequent, but still less than their closet's counter) they kept themselves rather demure and...calm, fearing their shifting attempts at stretching inside their rope encasement would disturb Master's slumber. It's not like they could actually stretch anything, really. Mostly forced to sleep on their sides (since putting their whole weight on their 'squared' arms did not cut it), Cleo and Paolina could not even fold their bodies into a fetal position, forced rather straight by their two tether-points. Not stretched by any means, but any leg-lifting motions stopped way too soon, finding the resistance of the nylon rope.

Still, with all these difficulties, the girls strived for getting that 'bed spot' for the night. Far from 'showering' them with comforts, their new sleeping arrangements rather shined a light on just how terrible sleeping in the closet was and how dedicated the damsels were to avoid it.

As for Sandro, he loved having a shapely, soft teddy-bear to hug at night. The 1.92-cm-tall man would happily big-spoon his bound, gagged, blinded and deafened girlfriend, often falling asleep with his big, masculine arms wrapped around his naked slave, who quietly accepted his embrace, with no vote on the matter.

Whether it be his pelvis poking a slavegirl's naked 'cheeks' mid-spooning or the subconscious knowledge that his girl was readily 'available' next to him, this new novelty often translated in Sandro involuntarily waking up in the dead of night, with a rock-hard boner and a pretty damsel that could 'help him' get rid of it.

Despite these occasional 'rude awakenings', Cleo and Paolina were 'gunning' for that privileged position with all their being. After all, the runner-up slave was still the 'losing' slave, and would spend the night slowly 'frying' inside Master's closet, disciplined for not being the very best a slave could be that day. It might have seemed unfair, since often the two gals did their very best and still one of them

would be punished for 'trivial differences', especially when there was no discernable or numerical way to judge them; a sexier fuck-me stare that lingered on Master's mind a tad longer, a sluttier posture, or simply being the one to 'catch' Master's incredibly coveted semen during alternating blowjobs. With the competition mounting to a high level between the two slaves, these details played a role in who came out on top on any regular day.

Cleo and Paolina had no time, nor authority to question the system they lived in. Scrabbling on their constantly spinning, hamster wheels of servitude, they could only strive to be on Master's good side, if only for that day.

Indeed, Sandro's method was pushing his slaves to their limits, and steadily raised the floor of their performance with impressive speed. A more lenient, happy-go-lucky Master or Mistress might have kicked back and enjoyed their spoils, but it would have taken them twice or thrice as long to get their slaves to the point of submission and dedication that Cleo and Paolina had reached.

So despite its own shortcomings, gaining access to Master's bed for the night was seen as a special treat for both women. This 'there-can-only-be-one' type of rewarding reinforced their opposition and created a new, stronger kind of animosity between them. This was nothing like last year's passive aggressive bursts.

Each girl was starting to notice the sly 'plays' the other was making, even in times when they were not explicitly servicing Master, but rather, trying to get a head start on being his 'favorite' for the day:

- From the second their day begun, both girls were putting on their most submissive, seductive and girly voices while bidding 'good morning' to Master, still perched on their closet seats. In general, addressing Master alluringly had become a must for a girl to get on his good side. At every opportunity, Paolina would try to flaunt her juicy ass up towards Master and splay her legs to show off those wide hips. Whenever she was being led to the bathroom, she'd purposely delay her steps so that her round ass would rub against Master's lap behind her. Cleo would be scoffing at her slave-mate's actions, but she did the same thing, pushing her larger titty-assets forwards, even doing that thing of mooshing them together with her arms.
- Slurping Master's cum through their pouting lips was a big goal for them. Both girls had developed into impeccable cocksuckers, so the devil was in the details. So during Sandro's alternating BJs, a girl would try to sneak every extra second of suction she could get away with, in the slight chance she could 'finish him off' before she had to 'hand' Master's meat over.

Being the one to swallow Master's 'cream' after he had been thoroughly 'fluffed' and brought to the edge always drew the ire of the previous slave.

- If there was a sneaky way to sabotage the other slave's efforts during a more competitive slave-game, the back-stabbing traitors would take it. Even in bondage, stealthily shoving or tripping a slave that was trying to focus on getting an orgasm, or some other physically demanding task, had become almost the norm. If Sandro could not see it, it was fair play between the two brainwashed women.

All in all, Cleo and Paolina appeared to have forgotten their common origins as victims. What was once an alliance against their monstrous captor had inexplicably shifted into a deep rivalry. When Cleo and Paolina's eyes met, it was as if they did not see another poor woman that was going through the same torment they were, but a sneaky bitch that was out to mess with their precious moments of peace, to take them away.

Sandro selfishly ripped the fruits of their efforts, pleased with how mind-fucked (or more formally, trained) the two captives appeared. If there was ever a slave-union between Cleo and Paolina, the boss had dismantled it.

At the same time, the man liked his order. He wasn't gonna let the two lost souls wreak havoc over his household. As little as he cared whether the two women actually liked each other at this point, he cared a lot about their slave presence being one perfectly unified, well-oiled machine. His girls should appear as pleasant towards each other as they were to him and cooperate with absolute precision and wholesomeness.

Of course, Sandro was well aware that he was fostering this pettiness between them. It didn't change his expectations of them to keep that divisive negativity and that vitriol under control.

Just like they did with their orgasms, their demeanor, or their shame.

Back to the girls' 'warm' embrace and that increasingly wetter bird-perch (or was it a kitty-perch, given it had two pussies on it?), things were getting heated. Both whores were vigorously rubbed their slits against the T-shaped bar, which they had to stretch their tired legs to straddle. Their chests

(Paolina's smaller, B-sized one, and Cleo's larger C) were heaving up and down with the exertion and horniness of a proper edge-slut.

With her hands tethered on the two cushions of Paolina's ass, Cleo dug her short (Master made them keep them nice and tidy) nails into Paolina's rump-meat, eliciting a horny, mid-kiss moan from the brunette woman. Sensing both of them are quite close, Paolina tilted her face towards the side of blondie's neck, right underneath her earlobes and started kissing and lightly biting that tender flesh. She had noticed from experience it drove Cleo wild. Her small hands kept capping the large breasts, in that comforting, non-distracting way someone would want when they're trying to get their partner off.

-Aaaww....aaawww....yes.....yees....

-MMmm....mmm....mm...mmmmm...

With Cleo vocally encouraging whatever was happening on and Paolina doing the same with her lips wrapped over the woman's neck, both shut-eyed, shamelessly pole-grinding girls reached a simultaneous climax, confirmed by their collar's pulse-meters. They panted heavily, exhausted but relieved.

At least Master would be happy with them.

