

Cleo and Paolina part 7

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Mm” a literally bed-ridden Cleo lets an inquisitive, softly flinching moan, right at the cusp of her consciousness rising up to the surface from her dark-sea of sleep. Falling asleep in her tight bonds is tough, and even with her snug ‘sleep-mask’ enforcing complete darkness and her earplugs total silence, blonde often finds herself bobbing up and down the surface of her sleep’s waters. Going in and out of it, often without a perception of which is which.

But this time, Cleo is conscious because she felt something. Even in her sensory dubious state, she’s certain of it. A hand, a heavy hand, has moved around her back-pinned, box-tied left arm and is softly capping her ‘free’, left breast.

The hand can only belong to one person.

“Mmmhm” Cleo lets another moan paired with a soft shuffle of her upper body. Counter to the first, innocent one, this communicated not a formal, but an instinctive protest, as she senses Master’s hot breath, then his lips, kissing the side of her neck and his grasp on her ever-so-gropable titty becoming stricter, more rigid.

“Oh, no” Cleo thinks. She doesn’t want this. She’d much rather go back to sleep. She silently wishes he gets bored, but she knows by now that once Master gets going, he goes ‘all the way’.

Helpless to stop him, the blonde hottie squirms in her narrow confines, her feet (with even their big toes tied snugly together with more rope) sliding the few centimeters their leash allows, her legs unable to fold. Her body slithers against the sheets, like a cute snake that’s been caught and is being dangled in the air.

Cleo does not hear it, but she feels Master’s breathing on the nape of her neck get heavier. His huge hard-on, still in his boxers (but for how long) is rubbed against her ass-crack. A harsh pinch of her nipple causes a truly ‘I’m-properly-awake-now’ yelp from Cleo, her cry stuffed into quietness by the rubber penis of her gag, that fills her mouth.

It's happening. She just has to endure it.

Cleo feels Master's groping paws leave her only for a brief moment, and she knows the reason. It is so that the horny bastard can unclip the carabiner that sits on the end of the nylon rope on her ankles. Cleo doesn't quite hear the metallic click, but she feels her legs unfastened. Now, they are free to move, albeit still as one. Cleo nervously breathes through her nose, lying sideways in bed, waiting for Master's next action.

She is his to do as he feels like. And he feels like cumming, now.

Overcome by the animalistic urgency of his too-full balls, Sandro returns with his overshadowing body embracing the beautiful woman's serpentine-made body from behind. Cleo feels his pat the back of her all-but-sticking-together thighs, the signal to slide them towards her chest and expose her crotch, which was previously concealed between them. She obeys, helping him rape her. She doesn't wanna anger him.

Especially now, where Master's lust might hurt her more than he 'has to'.

She can now feel his pre-cum wet cockhead, 'sniffing around' her asshole. "Please, not there" she only thinks, expressing none of that outwardly, appearing like a rope-packaged, fleshy toy on the outside; with no will of its own. She at least hopes he provides her with some lubrication. Her pussy could have gotten the job easier for her. But again, it is not about what she wants.

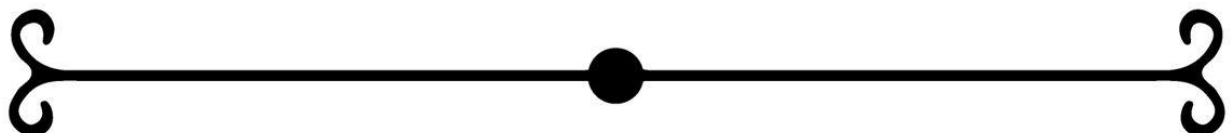
Sandro has only rubbed some spittle on the front half of his big pecker, before pushing it, squeezing it to break the 'barrier' of the girl's lighter brown, wrinkly entrance. "Gnnnnnnnnnnnnnn..." a droning whine of discomfort exits Cleo's face, the girl trying to deal with the painful pressure of Sandro's 'unstoppable force' meeting the far-from-unstretchable object that is her sphincter.

"Hussshhh" the man coos her, even though it's unclear whether she can hear him. With a harder shove, the swollen head of his cock gets swallowed by Cleo's asshole, which peeks open, presumably waiting for 'more'. From now on, it's only on the hips, as the man thrusts the rest of his long shaft inside, considerate of his toy only for the first 3 or 4 'pushes', before he starts pumping at his own pace.

With his right arm having slithered through the gap of the girl's neck and the pillow, and the left similarly around Cleo, Sandro is painfully squeezing his slave's fun bags, which themselves squeeze through the rope surrounding them. At the same time, he is ass-fucking his toy with closed, savoring eyes, enjoying the snug sensation her rectum is giving him.

“GGmm...ggnnn....gmmm...ggghh...” Cleo grunts into her gag with each ass-probing, being spoon-fucked by Master in this impromptu, well-after-hours, semen-summoning. Her tits hurt from his rough-up, her arms are crushed between two bodies with how tightly he holds her up to him. Her asshole, trained as it might be, can only stretch so much to accommodate Master’s girth. She hurts, but he feels good, so it’s all ok. In her mind, it’s weirdly worth it.

Her asshole definitely appears to be summoning his semen though, because Cleo feels the man’s arms almost crush her in his bear-hug, taking her naSandro breath away as she’s ‘ass-pumped’ faster and faster, hurting more and more, before finally, the woman feels that unmistakable, hot spurt of cum coat her innards as Master creampie her asshole.



The animosity between Sandro's slaves had not subsided in the future months. Not even the warmth of the Christmas spirit (or their cozy spandex onesies) could melt away this blind resentment that was festering.

Master's affection and his (actually degrading) rewards mattered more than any sense of sisterhood between them. It all escalated during one of Master's favorite games: The gagging game!

This demeaning 'game' aimed at getting the girls' gears turning and testing their creativity, when it came to what Master liked to see. The rules were simple:

Leashed to the wall rings of Sandro's bedroom (since they were otherwise free), each slave took turns placing a piece of gagging paraphernalia on their opponent's face. The winner was decided, when a slave 'tapped out', or (most commonly nowadays, since his slaves were pretty determined) when the Master had seen enough and picked his favorite of the two gag-jobs, often electing to let his slaves torture each other for round after round.

It was a 'wholesome' holiday-season tradition at Sandro's household.

Matching the Christmas theme, each type of gagging equipment (the 'contaminating ones places inside their own Ziploc baggies) was tossed inside large, red-and-green Christmas socks that the girls would rummage through.

The first sock had a bunch of Ziploc bags inside it, each containing a different, abhorrent mouth-stuffing:

- **4 pairs of semen-drenched panties.** Sandro had made his slaves 'collect' a weeks' worth of his daily loads and deposit it inside a plastic squeeze bottle, to be stored. At the time of the 'event', Master's cum was heavily doused over them until every fiber was soaked with the sticky stuff.
- **3 pairs of Master's sweaty boxer-briefs.** It was the underwear Sandro was wearing during his workouts at Helix for the last 3 days. He sealed these in Ziplocs seconds after removing them to shower, retaining all of his ass-and-dick sweat until the moment the game began.
- **2 unrinsed, double-sided kitchen sponges.** The two medium-sized, but expanding sponges (one soft yellow side, one rough green side) were used for yesterday's entire dish-scrubbing and kitchen/surface cleaning (One sponge for each). Each gag-inducing stain, from black, caked stains scrubbed from the oven to leftovers scraped off Sandro's plate to every other filth nesting inside the porous fabric, was left on them.

- **4 pairs of piss-drenched panties.** Urinated on by Sandro that morning, these yellowed panties reeked of Master's first, long piss of the day.

The second Christmas sock contained the various gagging equipment and a few 'add-ons':

- A roll of duct tape
- A roll of black, electrical tape
- A 5-cm-thick, red ballgag
- A rubber panel penis gag
- A leather OTN mask-gag (tiny nostril holes)
- A plastic dental mouth-opener
- A 5-cm-thick, wooden bit-gag
- A 5-cm-thick, metal ring-gag
- 5 silk scarves
- A pair of metal nose-hooks
- A red lipstick (contestant can draw on opponent's face)

Lastly, there was the 'hidden treasure' category of gear. Sandro's two bins, from his kitchen and his office, were placed before his slaves to dig up something nice and juicy. What they could use was:

- **Everything inside Master's office bin.** Master rarely filled it, but its entire contents constituted one stuffing. Mainly lots of scrunched up piece of paper, tossed receipts and other similar trash, with a few pencil sharpening scraps to go along with.
- **One item from Master's kitchen bin.** Here, there was 'quality' over quantity. There were also options between the discarded biological wastes. A blackened banana peel. A balled-up piece of kitchen towel, soaked with yesterday's cranberry juice spillage. A very damp coffee filter with the used coffee powder stuck to its bottom.

The 'contestants' chose one item per round (one Ziploc baggy counted as one item), and they were free to use it however the saw fit. Both floor-kneeling girls were already sizing each other up with disdained looks, while Sandro was cheerful and excited, clad in his matching silk PJs, a cup of hot chocolate in hand. His slaves were about to be tasting less Christmassy things.

After the coin toss, Paolina moved first and went straight for the sock of zip-bags, pulling out the four cummed-on panties. From the comfort of his bedroom sofa-chair, Sandro enjoyed the sight of Paolina's delicate fingers as they pushed (one by one) the jizz-coated pairs of underwear through a brow-furring Cleo's lips. Any lack of accommodation by the gagged slave during their gagging process was prohibited, meaning that Cleo had no choice but to open nice and wide and let Paolina fill every nook of her mouth with those semen-syrup-ed panties.

Apart from the slight gagging that Cleo managed to keep under control, she accepted her mouth-stuffing stoically, though visibly not happy about it. It tasted horrible, with only palatable factor the fact that she tasted Master's semen on the regular these days.

Keeping the four pairs of cummed feminine underwear in her pried mouth (as per Sandro's rules), Cleo gave it a few seconds of consideration, before grabbing the kitchen sponges, which appeared particularly gnarly this day, with different colors of food parts on the yellow part that definitely did not belong there.

"A great choice" Sandro nodded appreciatively, pleased with the girl's sadism. "FFunk wuu, Muhku" Cleo accepted Master's praise with a mouthful of cum-cloth. Paolina had to fight her instincts to not turn her face away from the incoming sponges, dry-heaving as soon as they reached in front of her nostrils and before Cleo even had a chance to shove them in.

Not that secretly enjoying her misery, Cleo grabbed Paolina by the back of her hair to steady the shifty bitch and roughly shoved the two sponges in, ignoring the involuntary choking sounds that the brunette made due to her gagging. Paolina was getting teary-eyed by the gagging alone. The sponges tasted absolutely horrid! The kind of damp, textural feeling of her tongue was the worst and the fact that she wasn't sure what she was tasting made everything worse. Sandro had made chilly for lunch, though that's definitely not what the girl was suckling on. The only thing she could identify was the lingering soap on the sponges. Not the yummiest.

It was now Paolina's turn and she reached for the electrical tape, aiming to really seal those four bad boys in Cleo's mouth. The technique was left up to the gagger. All that the rules prohibited was the explicit blocking of the nose. Already annoyed by the unnecessary hair-pulling that Cleo had done on her, Paolina was especially mean as she wrapped the black tape with exquisite tension, squeezing the corners of the girl's lips as she wrapped the tape between her pried-open teeth, not caring about catching her lips, only how tight she could circle it around her head. After a thorough taping, Cleo could feel the lace of the panties scratching her uvula at the back of her throat, and the emanating

cum dripping down her esophagus. “KhKK!....kKUhh!” she coughed as some of that cum went down the wrong pipe.

It was eerie to just allow someone to do this to you, but here they were, with their hands dutifully placed on their laps as the other was gagging the ever-living shit out of them.

Instead of sealing her stuffing in like her opponent, Cleo elected to add to it. Noticing the girl’s great distress with her disgusting kitchen sponges, she went to the kitchen bin and pulled out that large, browned coffee filter, dangling it from the tip with most of its weight swaying from the solidified coffee on its bottom. Paolina’s afternoon snack was going to get bitter.

“Points for creativity” Sandro praised Cleo again, winding up Paolina more, as the blonde popped that gross, damp garbage in her mouth, mooshing it enough to make room in her now full mouth. “Hnn k Nkku” Cleo tried saying “Thank you Master” once more, now much more unrecognizably due to her heavy gag. It didn’t matter to her. Master’s praise going unregistered would be a great foul.

Paolina fought with all her willpower to not tilt her head forward and let the coffee pouch drop, instead forced to keep it in place with her teeth disturbingly sinking into it, choking back heaves.

Paolina had to act fast. If a slave discarded their gag, they automatically conceded the game. She didn’t know how long she could keep this vile thing in her mouth. She grabbed the nose hooks, certain that the bitch could not breathe through her cum-glued throat. Cleo proudly shook her face just enough to offer a resistance without being called out by Master, as a mean-eyeing Paolina yanked her pretty nose back into a little piggy one, attaching the leather strap of the hooks to the back of the girl’s collar.

For the end of Round 3, Cleo trapped her two disgusting pieces of mouth-stuffing by going for the wooden bit-gag, which she happily lodged between Paolina’s side teeth. The thing was uncomfortably thick, and it hurt Paolina’s jaw like hell, especially when Cleo buckled it to a strap-hole so tight it made Paolina yelp loudly as she did. “Nice work on that buckle, Cleo” by that point Sandro had decided he would ‘play’ the role of Cleo supporter, not for any reason but to wind Paolina up and blow air on the fire between the two slaves.

“NNgg MMngghu” Cleo thanked him with another servile moan and a slight nod. Her face looked a bit distorted, with her nose pulled up as it was, and her mouth crudely pried open by the squeezing electrical tape. She looked her part; a degraded whore.

Paolina then draped all 4 pairs of piss-dripping panties over Cleo's face, hooding her with them and making her stretched-wide nostrils breathe all that piss in. She was planning on securing them with some tape on the next round for good measure. Cleo was fuming, having to mentally slap her hands, which were demurely placed over themselves, to not manually remove this humiliating 'mask'. Her angry eyes were visible from either side of the slim crotch portion of the sexy panties. With four piss-damp layers of lace resting over her nose, she had difficulty breathing.

"Good job on that panty-hooding, Paolina" Sandro finally tossed his brunette bitch a bone. "Ffnkk wuuu Mmwuu" Paolina took the praise as graciously as her stuffed, bit-gagged mouth could allow, her eyes beaming proudly from her owner's approval, pointing right at Sandro. Cleo noticed the 'fuck-me-eyes' that little slut was doing to him, again, trying to steal her victory with other means.

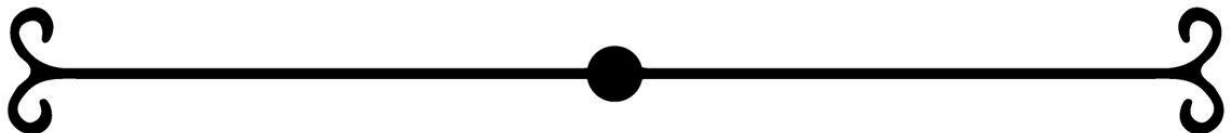
"Now it's Cleo's turn" Sandro added. Driven by a hard-to-conceal rage that's been seething for a couple of rounds now, Cleo grabbed the red lipstick, aiming to do some 'art' on Paolina's face. Paolina mean-eyed the blonde slavegirl back as she saw her approach the lipstick on her forehead. Paolina did a small shift back, this time not from any fear or disgust, but of sheer stubbornness, not wanting to give Cleo her borderline sadistic satisfaction.

As a response, Cleo put her free hand again on the girl's dark hair, locking Paolina's head in her grasp as she wrote the word 'DUMPSTER' across her forehead, a reference to the items she was 'gnawing on'. "Gmff" Paolina's nostrils flared as she groaned and lightly tried to shake her head free, but Cleo held it so tight that her grasp was painfully yanking at the girl's hair. Sandro did nothing but observe.

Cleo felt she wasn't done, and keeping that painful fist-clamp on Paolina's hair, lowered the lipstick to the girl's cylindrical bit, aiming to write the word WHORE on the wood. Dumpster Whore seemed like a fitting name for that cock-teasing bitch.

But this was when Paolina had enough of blondie's boundary-crossing. Her frustration reaching its peak, Paolina head-butted the gagged, nose-hooked girl, whose face was close to hers, in the middle of drawing the H on her bit! Cleo's face snapped back by the hit. She hadn't even registered the drops of blood flowing from her piggified-nose before she handslapped Paolina across the face with all her strength!

"Hey, HEY!" Sandro found his words weirdly not freezing his slaves, who for the first time in ages disregarded him, catfighting and clawing and hair-pulling, before he went over and separated them.



Sandro was profoundly upset with his slaves' behavior. This was the furthest away from how he pictured his ideal slaves conducting themselves. In his 2.5 years with them, he had not seen such a level of chaotic insubordination, even in their early months. The difference was, while then the girls were fighting against him, for their own dignity and pride, now it seemed like the opposite had happened.

It was their overt dedication to him that had turned them so violently against each other.

It went without saying that both Cleo and Paolina spent the night in the closet, being zapped for the duration of the night in their nipples, clits, asses, bellies and of course, their cunts, which were filled by their electrifying copper lovers.

When morning came, they both appeared extra timid and docile, as if coming out of the trance of last night's mayhem. They knew that had done something pretty bad for Master's standards.

Still, they were shocked to see that Sandro had not finished with their punishment. After exiting the bathroom from their morning ritual, they found many rolls of medical gauze lying on the bed, along with gathered lines of elastic, surgical tube and some more rolls of white microfoam tape. Their worries intensified when they saw Master screw the metal ring on the ceiling's placeholder, in front of the bed.

"Gmmfff" a muffled moan of pained frustration left Paolina. She had given her poor toes a few moments of reprieve, but now the balls of her dainty feet were also killing her. As soon as she lowered her heels to give them some rest, she felt the unquestionable, strangling sensation of the elastic noose around her neck.

She could sense behind her that Cleo was not having an easier time, breathing heavily, tired through her nose.

The two nude women were mummified together back-to-back, standing upright with only their feet from of the gauze. Countless meters of elastic medical gauze had been used by Sandro to wrap his two shapely mummies up in the (mostly) uninterrupted gauze, the few ends linked together with these metal bandage clips. The resolute man ignored their barely-audible puppy whimpers throughout the binding (he cut that shit to the core after a couple of minutes), making sure to keep the strictest,

tightest of tensions on the very stretchy material, as he wrapped it around the two damsels bodies simultaneously.

Sandro had put a rather thick Lexicon book under the shorter Paolina's feet, in order for their bodies to 'line up'. Then, starting from their ankles and working his way up, he began to envelope their legs, stopping at the middle of their thighs to reach between their tightly bound loins and insert a vibrating egg through each girl's snug cunt-lips, before continuing his packaging work. Before leaving them, the eggs would be set to a low setting, aiming to torment them with unfulfilling stimulation, making any actual orgasming impossible.

Involuntarily and inescapably closed as their thighs were, the girls would be unable to wiggle them 'out of them', either.

Master's wrapping had a relentless nature to it. Each part of the girl's backsides that was previously simply in contact with the other slave, was brought snugly, firmly close when the gauzes were done with it. Their opposite-facing bodies would almost resemble a single person by the sheer strictness of their mummification.

Their curvy asscheeks where squeezed further against each other when he rolled the gauze around that height, then their hips were also tightly encased, following by their slim waists, which appeared to shrink a couple of inches by the sheer pressure of the corseting gauze.

A particularly stern Sandro (Master's pleasant side had not been seen since last night's incident) had then ordered them to cross their arms over their chest (proper 'mummy style') as he encased all four limbs in that 'self-hugging' way, making Cleo and Paolina tightly press them against their own bosoms.

It was when Sandro got above their shoulders and was wrapping their necks that the suffocating, claustrophobic sensation started setting in. The girls were starting to feel like a couple of cute flies bundled in the same spider web. To be devoured later?

Sandro reached the gauze up to their chins, then stuffed their mouths with some more, loosely balled-up piece of gauze, before making wrap after wrap after wrap after wrap of the mummifying one over their lips. He then kept moving it over the bridge of their noses (leaving their nostrils untouched) and placed two round cotton pads on each of their eyes before tightly wrapping more gauze over his blinded, mischievous girls. Finally, he completed the 'wrap job' on the top of the girl's heads, rendering them a white, gauze-covered, bald shape, their pretty hair unseen under the wraps.

To reinforce his already constricting, cocooning bondage, Sandro wrapped some white microfoam tape on some crucial 'checkpoints'. Namely, the girls' ankles, their juicy thighs, that skinniest part of their waists, as well as their necks (not enough to further choke them, but snug enough for them to 'feel it') and over their mouths. The tape blended right in with the white of the gauze.

But how would his mummified-together duo be able to stand, restrained this way? The question was answered by the yellow, elastic medical tube, which had been tied off to the ceiling ring above them. Its other end was looped a good 3-4 times around the rowdy slaves' necks, creating a stretchy, but strong noose, similar to their 'resistance band' training. Both eyeless girls whined in their gags and squirmed as one, when they sensed that Master was fastening their noose at a height which forced them both to lift onto the pretty tips of their toes.

If they did not, then the rubber noose's upwards-pulling would strangle the air out of them. Hey, at least it was impossible for them to fall over.

It was around 12 at noon. Master had left the house about 4 hours ago, going straight to work. Needing to setup their rare morning punishment, his lousy slaves had made him miss his workout appointment at Helix. But it would be worth it if the lesson sunk in.

The blinds on the windows were mostly closed letting some strong, mid-day sunlight go under the end and through the cracks. Not that it ever reached Cleo or Paolina's eyes.

The soft hum of their vibrating eggs filled the otherwise empty bedroom, mixing in with the frequent moans or groans of desperation, of fatigue, of both. On top of the claustrophobic mummification and their strain on their poor feet and necks, they added a layer of sexual torment, teasing both misbehaving sluts with a promise that would never come true. Even the most brainwashed bimbo could not possibly come from that faint tickling going on inside their pussies.

"Gmmmmmmnggg!" Cleo let a panicked moan right after Paolina's, sensing her neck sinking onto the noose without her wish! Precariously balancing on that dictionary, which Paolina prayed was wide enough to not let her topple over to her death, Paolina went to lower her feet, bringing Cleo down with her!

This was their predicament for the past 4 hours, (well, one of them). Their shared mummification meant that no movement (of which the options were too few) could be made by one slavegirl only. Each squirm and jerk and shake was transferred to the other through their shared, unyielding gauze cocoon, so if one girl was choosing some seconds of 'hanging' to get some blood back on her feet, she was bringing the other with her.

"Gmmfffghhgfff" Paolina attempted a poorly expressed, pained apology, citing something about her feet hurting through her heavy gag, before picking them back up to a nice, en-pointe state. Master had left them without water or breakfast. It wasn't like him to mistreat them. Correction; mistreat

them in that way. He really seemed disappointed in them, like a paternal figure, or an invested teacher.

His actions definitely showed that.

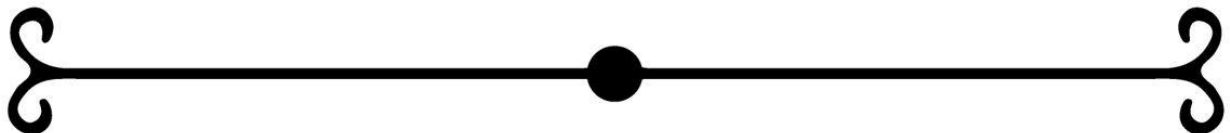
30 minutes later, it was Cleo's turn to take an emergency 'break'. Her toes were on fire.

"MNNngffhfff" the blinded, gagged, and cocooned lass tried alerting her brunette co-slave about her need, and both panting slaves took a big hit of air through their nostrils, before slowly, carefully, placing their feet down on the floor (Paolina's on the book). The elastic tubing did not appear to care about their need for some pain relief, cruelly digging itself around their throats.

In their dark, breathless, sex-teasing, shared immobility, at least the two girls were trying to help each other out. It had been a while since the last time they could remember doing that. Since they could remember their sisterhood.

After about 10 difficult seconds of silent, volunteered hanging, both mummies perched their slender, fused bodies back up, 6-7 cm taller than before. They had no concept of time, but hoped Master would come back home shortly.

They had about five hours left before he'd return.



Sandro released his slaves from their 'healing lesson' at 19:30, even though he got home at about 18:30. None dared to question him, only thanking him when the taut gauzes were finally unwound from their gorgeous bodies. They were fed, watered and made to wash up, with that awkward tension that a family has after a fight. Their "thank you, Master" were soft and meek, like two puppies who knew they had wet their doggy-bed.

At around 22:00, Sandro beckoned them over, from the comfort of his sofa. Seated far from his opposite bedroom wall, he clipped the slavegirls' collars to each other with a short chain, instead of that opposite wall. Some advanced freedom granted.

Not that Master did not keep safety measures, like the locked door's key, or his favorite zapper in hand. It would be really foolish of them to try anything, in their almost-collapsed state.

"Position" he simply uttered, and both scaredy cats did not skip a beat before assuming it, presenting their sex and themselves to Master, squatting side-by-side and trying to ignore the pain of on their still sore feet-balls. Sandro saw them trying to hide the grimaces of pain behind a façade of wholesome servitude and failing. They were on the ends of their feet the whole day. Their eyes were also tired, fighting to stay open from having gotten no sleep the prior, electrocuting night.

For a moment he pondered sparing them this additional pain, but quickly decided against it. It would undercut his authority in this vital moment.

"Do you know why you were punished so harshly, today?" Sandro addressed his slaves with a perfectly calm voice. Not like a sadistic Master, but more like a concerned principal, who has two rowdy kids in his office.

Cleo and Paolina, with their hands not leaving the back of their heads, turned to glance at each other, not really knowing who should speak and what she should say. "Paolina, what do you think?" Sandro helped the dewy eyed girls out.

Paolina had to take a second to compose herself. Even the way he addressed her was odd. Master never asked his slaves their thoughts on anything. It was not part of their role to think, really. Mostly do.

"We... failed you, Master" Paolina stumbled through what she hoped was a correct answer. Her eyes twitched worried, when she saw Sandro tilt his head with pursed lips, not really satisfied. "Well, yes Paolina, but not really digging into the important thing, there" the man replied to her, not angry or aggressive, but almost as if an actual conversation was taking place. Another oddity for both captured women.

“Cleo?” Sandro turned to his other slave, now leaning closer to them, with his forearms resting on his thighs. “W...well...” Cleo already felt she was screwing up, getting more nervous, which translated in her shaky squat. Master hated when they addressed him poorly and unclearly. “It’s alright, I won’t zap you” Sandro reassured her, putting the zapper on the sofa’s armrest. His slaves were more than ‘jumping’ range away.

“Only trying to help you understand” he added. Cleo took a big, relaxing breath that helped clear her clouded mind. “We were not appropriate slaves, Master” she responded, half-confidently. Both slaves simply eyes Sandro, whose eyes tilted to the ceiling for a moment, as he examined the answer he was given.

“That’s closer, but still doesn’t say much about what your ideology, your mindset, should be” he spoke to his two slaves, who were hanging from his every word, whilst never stopping flashing their pussies at him and holding that straining squat.

“What I wish for you, what I believe and hope you can become, is one singular...entity, bent on serving me” Sandro expressed his vision with patience and clarity. “I want you to be a perfect duo, of two bodies and one mind. To work seamlessly together, for my benefit”.

Sandro paused briefly to gather his thoughts, but Cleo and Paolina felt too self-conscious to not fill the small silence with a unified “Yes, Master”.

“Your actions must not be counter-acting, but reinforcing, collaborating and enhancing your abilities” Sandro was getting into his speech. “The various tests I put you on, are not mean to separate you, but to inspire and push you both to become better”.

Cleo and Paolina listening intently, sincerely taking in Sandro’s words. The fact that he was ALSO forcing them to indirectly affect pain to the other via their competition was carefully omitted. The poor, mind-beaten women had been gaslit for so long it was tough to see through Master’s contrivances. Their way of conditioning and training was an oxymoron to what Sandro was preaching here. It basically mindfucked them into choosing him over the other girl.

But with constantly tired minds and tired bodies, the jailed women ate it all up.

“I want you both to tell me what you will strive for from now on” Sandro said, gesturing to Paolina first. “I will strive...to be one half of a perfect slave...unit” Paolina chose that last word carefully. “...and to always put your needs first, Master” the brunette let a brief smile of ‘I think I did it’ form on her lips as she finished her sentence.

“Beautiful” Sandro then turned to Cleo. “I will strive...to work with Paolina as one in order to fulfil our common duties...of pleasing you” Cleo adorably added one last ego-caressing bit for her Master at the end, just like Paolina had done. Sandro seemed quite pleased with both.

“So let’s see you do just that, with an exercise” Sandro said, waving to his leg-trembling slaves to assume an easier, kneeling position with pressed together, folded legs, as a small reward for their good answers. He did hobble both of their ankles with some chain-linked ankle bands, though.

“I want you to figure a way to please me, right now” he said, and his two slaves took a few seconds to understand the assignment. “And justify each action as you’re doing it” he added, not wanting his slaves to do random shit for no rhyme or reason.

Please Master. That was the task, though the ‘what’ portion was usually taken care of by Sandro. It was ‘easier’ (in many, many quotes) for Cleo and Paolina to at least not have to worry about the kinds of services they provided, leaving them to focus on providing them with the utmost perfection. These were new responsibilities.

“May we move, Master?” a hesitant Paolina wanted to be sure she didn’t violate any boundaries, asking in her dutiful kneel. “Yes, you may approach me” the overpowering man did not seem threatened by the danger of that sentence. His slaves’ hands were completely free, which posed a risk. But if he was to realize their full potential, Sandro would have to put some of his faith in them. More accurately, his faith lied in himself and his training.

Both hobbled slaves crawled towards their Master’s feet, their 30-cm-long collar chain keeping their necks closely linked. “First we will make out to get you in the mood, Master” Cleo suggested something her owner traditionally enjoyed, eyeing Paolina with an ‘I guess we’re doing this’ way.

Sandro did not confirm nor reject his slave’s proposal, letting them go on their instincts. The two girls then turned to face each other and before Master’s watchful eyes, started softly kissing and touching each other, like the start of softcore lesbian porno.

Sandro enjoyed the sight, more cute than hot. The girls closed their eyes and tried to get into it, smacking their lips together and French-kissing passionately. Paolina squeezed Cleo’s tit while she held her from the hips, caressing her waist. It was actually comforting, their feminine touches were tender and... understanding, a rarity for Master’s.

“Then...” Paolina sensed Master needed things moving, “we will crawl over to your feet, seductively, like sexy kitties” it felt so weird saying all these degrading words, but even weirder was when Cleo and

Paolina then did just that, swaying and flaunting their curves as they sexily crawled over to Sandro, fucking him with their pretty eyes and swaying their tongues from one corner of their lips to the other.

It felt like an out-of-body-experience, being so vocal and expressive about what they were doing to Master (not the other way around). Amidst their boner-inducing roles, Paolina and Cleo kept exchanging these unsure affirmation-seeking glances with each other. Wanting to confirm, not with Master, but with each other that they were doing the 'right' thing.

Being proactive and taking initiative was uncharted territory for Cleo and Paolina. But that was exactly what Master wanted from them. As self-conscious as it made them (which was a hell of a lot), speaking their shameful actions out loud also served to take some of the sting out of them. To demystify them, in a weird way; to normalize them.

The girls carefully, lovingly removed their shared man's pants and underwear, each graciously sliding down on pant-sleeve, working as one.

Paolina spoke: "I will pleasure your balls, Master. I will softly kiss them and breathe onto them like you enjoy. I will then start circling my tongue over one ball, then I will make long laps with my tongue across your beautiful sack. I will then do the same to your other ball" the petite brunette could not be more descriptive about how Master enjoyed having his balls pleased. She felt so...dirty, speaking these words out loud. Who has ever described a man's ballsack as beautiful? Who says things like that? A good slave, that is who.

After the slightest nod from the overlooking Master, the girl shyly got her face underneath Master's nuts, which hanged just off the edge of the sofa seat, and got to work, taking them in her mouth with care. At the same time, she tried to keep eyes affixed up on Master, even if his semi-limp dick was in her eye line's way.

"Then I will suck you cock, my Master" Cleo chimed in, wanting nothing less than to be left out. "I will make a tight seal with my lips around your shaft and will provide great suction. As I slide my lips across your magnificent penis, I will lube everything with my wet tongue, so that you enjoy my mouth the best way" she praised Master's hog amidst her description. She then scooped her face right above the ball-lapping Paolina's (both girls now crammed between Master's spread thighs) and swallowed Sandro's semi-hard cock. It got stiffer and stiffer with each down-stroke of her skilled lips.

Each girl made sure to leave enough room for the other to 'operate'. Both had their dewy eyes locked up at Master, as they slurped his manhood. They 'seconded' the other's suggestion, like a smooth-running machine.

Amidst their 'slave work', Sandro occasionally asked them questions, not meaning to trick them, but to make them put into words what they were already doing subconsciously.

“Why are you standing like this, Paolina?” he asked his ball-licking slut, who was on all-fours on the floor, with her ass perked up as high as it could go. “To give you a view of my pretty ass, Master” Paolina popped his sack out of her mouth to respond, then dove face-first back onto it.

-Why do you keep your hands behind your back, Cleo?

-To not clutter your crotch-space, Master. And to not obstruct my titties from you” Cleo answered right before sticking the sword-hard cock back in her mouth, making it poke her inner cheek.

In the end, both girls kept slurping Master’s cock and balls as one perfect cum-milking unit, their submissive eyes stuck on Sandro, until Cleo felt that hot splurge coat her tongue. Without any hesitation, unprompted to do so, both slaves started making out, exchanging Master’s cum back and forth in their mouths, until they had both swallowed it.

Sandro could not be more pleased.

Than night, Sandro rounded up his two slaves before him. He placed blindfolds over their eyes and brought out a pair of noise-canceling headphones, with ambient noise to fully cut out any external sound. He first placed it over Paolina’s ears and addressed Cleo. Both girls were dutifully kneeling side-by-side, with a straight back, tits out, thighs spread and their arms held in a box shape behind their backs.

“I want an honest answer, Cleo. Who do you think performed better today?” he asked the blindfolded blonde. The girl bit her lower lip, put in a horrible position. “Paolina did, Master” she replied after a sigh of conviction. She couldn’t let the girl be punished again. She had started the aggression. She should take the extra hit.

“You do understand that means you’d be punished in the closet for the night” Sandro confirmed. “Yes, Master, I understand” Cleo tried to hide her frown and appear brave. “Very well” Sandro then removed the headphones from Paolina and placed them on Cleo’s head.

He asked the brunette the same question. “Cleo, Master. I should be the one to be punished” the brunette courteously accepted the ‘L’. She was the one that attacked her first; she shouldn’t suffer again for that. “I see” Sandro nodded.

That night, Sandro slept as peacefully as he ever had, stuck in the middle of a marvelous, three-way spoon. Caught in tight rope, Paolina was backing her ass up against his lap as his arm was limply around her ‘packaged’ torso. Behind him, Cleo was nuzzling close to him, her body doing the same

reverse S-shape that Paolina's was. Her big boobies were pressing against the man's back and her roped thighs were stashed underneath his.

Both slavegirls were fiercely bound and panel-gagged, blindfolded and ear-plugged. But even though it was hard to discern with her hidden features, both were as serene as they'd ever been, asleep in their Master's large, cozy bed.

Maybe one day, it could be called 'their' bed.

