

# Frail Beauty

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

## DIAGNOSIS

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"Ok, close him up" Elena addressed her assistant, her tired smile obscured by the medical mask. The surgery had proceeded without a hitch. Another job well done. At 37 years of age, Elena Struttman had risen through the demanding ranks of the medical field, now a well-respected surgeon, specializing in reconstructive plastic surgery. Burn victims, car accidents and the like. Fixing these deformities was as good as life-saving for these unlucky people.

Doctor Waltz was immensely respected by both patients and staff. In this male-dominated field, the woman's accomplishment was even more noteworthy. But Elena never focused on cheap excuses. The path to success was paved with hard work, which the woman definitely put many sleepless hours to.

Something she surely could not say about her younger sister, Lola. They both had beautiful, long, blonde hair, and green-brown eyes, but the similarities pretty much ended there. Lola, 10 years younger than Elena, almost to the date, always seemed to have the rabbit's foot, when it came to a lot of things. Genetics, for once, as her waist remained slim, no matter how much junk-food she poured down her gullet. Her slim figure, complimented by a pair of gorgeous breasts and a butt begging to be spanked, always captured the hearts - and other things - of men, from high-school till now, at the bars and clubs you'd usually find her at.

Elena, on the other hand, had always issues with her metabolism, never able to get rid of some tummy. Her face was also plain, not exactly ugly, but uninspiring. Her nose, for example, was kind of chubby, like a small potato. Elena certainly didn't have the cute button-nose that Lola possessed. Her sister seemed to have that beautiful symmetry in her features, a clear face and sparkly eyes. If making a

person was a trial and error type of work, the girls' parents had definitely nailed it the second time around. It didn't help that the marks of time were already starting to show on Elena. The wrinkles on her forehead and the corners of her lips, her slowly thinning hair, not to mention the sagging that some body parts were starting to experience. Carefree Lola had none of that to worry about.

"I just need like a couple of hundred bucks, i'll pay you back as soon as i can, i promiiiiise" Elena heard her despised sibling's voice from the other end of the phone-line. "No, Lola, i know you'll just spend it on booze or road-trips with your dumb friends" Elena replied. Whatever patience she might have with her sister in the past, was running very low at the moment.

"Come on, sis, we're family, we should be taking care of each other" Lola tried to appeal to a sensitive side, all while making pretty eyes to a man at the other side of the bar. She was the type of person who knew how to get on your good side, naturally charismatic. Her looks didn't hurt in that, too.

But she was always lazy, and the fact that their parents had focused all their attention on their first child, suited her just fine. It was always "Elena, clean your room" "Elena, come help me with the dishes" "Elena study more" "Elena don't be late". Lola got scot-free for most of her misdemeanor's, mainly because the kids' parents were older and less strict at that point. They had gotten tired of the parenting thing. Lola was being handed everything on a platter, in the buffet of life. She would be the target of jealousy, even without being arrogant, egotistical and self-centered.

Which she, more often than not, was.

As a result of all the above, Elena was arguably not very fond of her sister, interacting with her only when necessary. She was at the point of skipping the return to the family home for holidays and similar occasions, a home where Lola was still staying at, never having held on to a job for more than three months. Lola barely needed to do any sort of work to get by, sucking mom and dad's bank account dry whenever she was low, while eating and sleeping under their roof. Elena always pictured her sister as a social and economic parasite. And that last phone call was just another attempt to suck in some blood.

Elena had carved her own path, and while she was fine with it, the pathological jealousy towards her sister had not diminished. If nothing else, it was getting worse.

"Ok, listen, i'll be in town for the weekend, what do you say we go for a little drink or something? I haven't even met that girlfriend of yours!" Lola switched subject. She was always fascinated by her sister's sexuality, and the fact she was a lesbian, to an annoying extend. She was exclusively attracted to men, and always used her sister's sexuality as a sort of water-cooler conversation starter, which made Elena deeply uncomfortable and annoyed at her. "Hmmm" Elena paused on the other end of the line. Not that she was considering the offer. She knew she didn't want to meet her sister, but her parents often nagged her about spending at least some time with her. They hadn't seen each other for months, and she wouldn't hear the end of it, if she declined.

"Fiiiine, we'll go for a drink" she sighed. "Bring Nera with you? Ok?" Lola insisted. "It's Nerea...how many times do I need to say it?..." she was corrected on the end of the line, before the click was heard.

Elena was not much for establishments with loud music and large crowds, but her Ethiopian-descended, girlfriend loved nightclubs, so at least someone was enjoying themselves. "YOU NEED TO LOOSEN UP SIS. HERE, NEXT ROUND IS NOT ME!" Lola yelled towards her sister, in order to be heard among the noise of the club, with a smile eligible for toothpaste ads. She was wearing her usual, skimpy outfits, showing off her generous cleavage, and shapely legs, which were adored by 5-inch stilettos. And shiny earrings, she loved all kinds of shiny earrings. "I can't be 'loosening up' all night Lola, I got work early in the morning" Elena replied, dressed in a flattering dress, albeit covering much more skin.

"Do you guys want to dance?" Nerea asked the group, excited. She had 3 drinks already in her, and was killing her fourth. She had the kindest smile, and her dark-toned body looked amazing in a skin-tight, but low and elegant, colorful tube dress. Lola had already commented how pretty the African girl was, in Elena's ear. It was true. Elena was hitting above her league, at least in terms of looks. But not everyone was as shallow as Lola. Elena was closing 6 months with this girl, and things were going really well, for once.

"YEAAAAH, LET'S GO DANCE!" Lola cheered with enthusiasm, grabbing the black girl by the hand and leading her into the dance-floor. Elena waved the two off, electing to stay put at the bar.

Minutes passed, song, after song, beat after beat. About 25 minutes after, Elena had grown tired of looking at her phone. She was kind of tired anyway. It was time to call it a night. She got up and shifted through the dancing crowd, looking for Nerea. The few blue and purple lights that were moving all around, made it difficult to spot her. She thought she saw a black girl with the same puffy afro-hair Nerea had, but that must have been a mistake, as this girl was currently making out with someone. As she moved closer towards that direction though, Elena blinked a couple of times. It was actually Nerea! And to top this off, the person she was making out with was none other than her own sister!

The two young women pushed each other in shock. "I'm soooo sorry baby, i'm really drunk" Nerea put her hands on her head. She seemed disgusted with herself and very remorseful. Lola, on the other hand, was just focused on damage control. "I was just telling her that i'd never kissed a girl before. It was nothing but innocent" she tried calming her sister down, who was fuming, lost for words. The truth was, Lola always wanted to test her charms on a gay woman. She wanted to learn if she had the ability to "turn" a woman.

As it turned out, she could. It made little difference to her that this was her sister's girlfriend. "Elen' wait!" Nerea tried to catch up with her girlfriend, but she was already heading towards the exit at a fast pace with wet eyes. Lola just stood awkwardly in place, like a kid who had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

## ANESTHESIA

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Lola is relaxing on the couch, typing away at her phone with a calm face. She wears a t-shirt too big for her, left to her from an old boyfriend, and not much else besides a pair of panties and some warm socks. She was staying over at a friend's place, since her sis did not like hosting her, one bit. She'd definitely not have her over, after what occurred two nights ago.

Suddenly, the doorbell rings. Lola gets up to open the door. It's Elena. "Hey, how've you been?" the girl tries to seem more uplifting and casual. Elena has a cold, distant look on her face. "Is anyone inside?" Elena asks, almost mechanically. "No...Trisha is out with some friends" the girl replies. Elena walks inside without much chatter. She wears the white coat, underneath her pedestrian black one. She's come straight from work.

The woman drops her purse on the couch. She's still silent; she has an eery tone about her, which makes Lola uncomfortable. "Ehm, how's Nerea?" Lola tries to break the iceberg in the room. "We broke up" Elena says with the same monotone voice, keeping her eyes low, away from her sister's. "Oh...ehm...sorry to hear that" Lola comments, feeling a little bad. Even someone as inconsiderate and egotistical as Lola, can feel sorry in this case.

"Are you?..." Elena continues, in a clearly sarcastic tone. "Yes, yes i am!" Lola seems partially offended at her sister's remark, although she maintains a guilty demeanor. "Well, it makes little difference now..." her sister keeps a creepily somber tone, which however, hides an anxiousness that Lola can't pinpoint.

"Anyway..." Lola brushed off that weird remark. "Thanks for the visit sis, but i gotta go to bed, i have an early bus on the way home, tomorrow" Lola lies and turns towards the kitchen sink, to pour herself a glass of water. She wants little to do with her sister, at this awkward state.

Before she can take a couple of gulps, Lola feels her sister's arm swiftly around her, one locking her one arm behind her back, the other pressing a weird-smelling rag against her face. "What theMMmmmmggggfff" the girl panics, as the glass of water shatters loudly on the floor. Her sister might have been prettier, but Elena was always the stronger between them. Lola tries to elbow her sudden attacker in the face, or well, anywhere, but before she has much chance, she finds herself on the floor with Elena, the momentum of her struggling knocking them both down.

"GGggHEEEEEEEEEEMMMmmmm" Lola tries screaming for anyone that might help her, but Elena follows her head's erratic shaking to keep the rag securely over her mouth and nose, smothering her pleas.

Being a good doctor, she knows that the gas only needs just a few seconds of inhaling to work. It was not difficult to steal a small towel and a small bottle of ether from the operating room, undetected.

Lola has little chance of getting away from her sister's grip. The way they have ended up on the floor, Elena has good leverage, as she now has used her legs to wrap around Lola's waist, and doesn't let go no matter how hard her sister twists and turns. With Lola's head pinned between her bountiful chest, Elena keeps the pressure of the rag, panting from the fight. "When will this bitch go down?" she thinks. Lola's moans are the only thing heard in the room now, the two siblings' clothes both partially soaked with the spilled water.

Finally, the girl has inhaled too much of the knock out gas to have any fighting chance. Her resistance becomes weak, labored. Elena keeps a good leg-lock of the girl's waist, and a firm pressing of the rag, just in case she's faking it to catch her by surprise. But she can look down at Lola's eyes, her pupils moving slowly up, her eyelids getting heavy. With a few last reflexive spasms of her limbs, she falls on her sister's embrace, unconscious.

Elena stands up, propping her sister's limp body out of her way. She's panting hard, both from the struggle but more so from all the adrenaline. She takes a broom and cleans the broken glass, then wipes the wet floor. Everything spotless like they were seconds ago. She then brings into the apartment a large, wheeled luggage bag, which was waiting by the apartment's door this whole time. She opens it and rolls her "sleepy" sister inside, folding her legs and tilting her head down for a snug, fetal position fit. Elena then zips it shut, lifts it vertically so the wheels touch the floor, and pulls it along, before closing the door behind her.

## GOING UNDER

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Lola finally raises her eyelids, which feel like they weigh a hundred pounds each. Her head is ringing like a knocked out boxer's. She is laying on a steel table. She can definitely feel the cold feeling of it against her skin, as her clothes have been carelessly tossed inside a nearby trash bin. The bright light above her makes everything around it harder to separate. The young girl goes to lift herself up, but she finds it impossible. Her wrists are each cuffed to metal bars on the edge of the metal frame, restrained at her sides. Her ankles share the same fate, slightly spread at the table's corners. Upon closer inspection, it's an autopsy table, one of these tables used in morgues. The wheels on the end of its legs have their brakes on. The room is well lit, although not much is around, except from old boxes and other medical equipment. Lola has never been in this place. It is Elena's basement.

"Hmngfffff" the blonde girl tries complaining, but a large, red ball-gag is strapped snugly behind her teeth. She whimpers at the realization of her distress. It is then that she spots her dear sister, standing a few feet away from her. She's not wearing her white doctor's coat anymore, but a comfier, warm sweater and some jeans. Definitely not a kidnapper's attire, except maybe from the suspicious items around the woman's belt. Some red kind of rope on one side and a scary, leather riding crop on the other. Though her gadgetry adds to her ominous look, Elena looks nothing like a composed, confident person. She's fidgety, trying to hide her nervousness, her doubts. Her hands are almost shaking, holding a phone. Lola's phone. Elena takes a deep sigh to calm down.

Without any verbal acknowledgement of the girl's muffled protests, Elena walks by the table's side. The expression the young sister sees is a frozen one. Distant. A chill goes up Lola's spine. Elena gets out a scalpel and puts it against the girl's neck. "Unlock it" she says with the same cold tone, putting the phone screen within the girl's confined reach. Lola's eyes widen as she sees the blade touch her vulnerable flesh. Could her sister really kill her like that? Had she completely lost her mind?

With not much ability to communicate these questions, she relents to swipe the correct password on her screen, granting her sister access. Elena quickly gets to typing, first to her sister's friend, Trisha:

Hey, change of plans, had to catch the last train, she ya and thanks for letting me crash xx

\*Boop\* The message is sent. Then Elena finds their mother's contact:

Mom, dad, I wanted to tell you i've decided to move on with my life. I've met this amazing Italian guy, and i will follow him back to Europe. He's very rich so he'll provide me with everything i'll ever need. I won't be coming for a while. Love you very much. Lola <3

Another “booping” sound later and Elena has cleared most of her tracks. Truth be told, she knows Lola is capable of ditching anyone if it favors her. She has always been unapologetically self-centered, waiving off any complaints she got for this with a “come oooooon, relax” attitude.

Lola was totally unaware of what her sister was typing, just laying there, bound, gagged and in disbelief about the whole situation. As soon as she was done, Elena removed the phone's battery, and without much care, took a hammer from the nearby desk, and smashed the phone to bits. She then took the remains, and threw them in the trash can, along with her sis' clothes. Lola “spewed” the occasional protesting moan, whilst watching everything with her head tilted sideways and her ball-gagged face resting on the cold surface of the autopsy table. She didn't stir any reaction from her sister. Elena's worries had nothing to do with her Lola's distress.

When Elena returned after a few minutes, she was holding a pair of thick, leather black ankle-cuffs, a pair of similarly inescapable, leather wrist-bands and a leather collar. They were all black in color.

First, she put the dark collar around the blonde girl's neck. It had no buckles or holes. It had an intricate feature. Operating like an unforgiving choke collar, the outside of the collar had a ratchet mechanism with teeth all around it, meaning that once constricted, the collar could not be loosened. The wearer would have to avoid pulling at the leash, to keep from irreversibly garroting themselves. Elena would take no chances of an escape.

The blonde surgeon proceeded to fasten each of the wrist-bands around the girl's - still cuffed - arms. Lola watched with increasing worry, occasionally spouting incoherent inquiries, which always went unanswered. She protested some more when her ankles were adored with the ankle bands, secured in place with tiny padlocks. This was not a good sign. “DON'T.....FIGHT...” Elena ordered with a stern, but at the same time weak voice, as she released first one hand, locking the two wristbands together with another small padlock, before releasing the second arm as well. Lola was now restrained with her hands in front of her, but free to get up from the metal bed.

Elena attached one end of a piece of 4mm, PVC-coated, steel wire rope, on the ring at the end of the collar's strap. She kept lots of it, nicely looped in nice, round coils, stashed neatly at the side of her belt. Holding the end of that red rope, she gave a small tug on her sister's collar. “Follow, and don't push



back, or the collar will choke you...and i'm not cutting it off you even if you plop dead..." she said in a shockingly ruthless manner. "MMmfffff!" Lola moaned, objecting, but not offering too much of a resistance to endanger her petite neck. Whatever was happening upstairs, she wanted no part in. "Don't give me any trouble", Elena said, and took a couple of steps towards the upstairs. As soon as Lola felt a couple of clicks on her zip-collar, which constricted her free "neck-space" she understood the gravity of the situation. She had no choice in the matter.

Elena let Lola walk up the steps, in front of her. No use risking a sudden assault from behind. They reached the living room of Elena's pretty luxurious condo. It had a more modern look, with some white leather sofas and a long, lavish white leather couch, around a metal-frame glass table, and a minimalistic fireplace in the middle of one wall.

"Kn...kneel" she commanded with an uncertain voice, sitting on the sofa-chair with her body forward and her elbows resting on her knees. Regardless if she was going for it, she did not have a dominatrix vibe about her, whatsoever. Reluctantly, Lola did as she was told, her knees making contact with Elena's gorgeous white-marble floors, with these intricate little black patterns, akin to veins. The surgeon might have issues in some areas, but money was not one of them.

The totally nude girl was now facing her dressed older sister, who took a big, nervous sip of a wine glass that had been refilled many times that day. Elena didn't wanna show it, but her nerves were all over the place. Kidnapping your own sister was not an easy decision for anybody.

"You...had... EVERYTHING! You... FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!" Elena could not hold it in anymore. Lola could not bear to look up Elena, just eyeing the floor with shame. "Everywhere you went, you were everyone's favorite. IT WAS ALWAYS LOLA THIS AND LOLA THAT" her words betrayed a deep jealousy. "Your tits and your little puppy eyes did all the fucking work for you. You never had to work for ANYTHING in your life! Just leech off mom and dad and every idiot you shook your ass to..." Elena was a torrent of emotion.

"And me..." she paused to catch her breath on that one. "All I was to you was a joke..." Lola tried to interject with an imploring moan, which was cut short before it even begun. "SHUT UP!..."

The silence was now echoing around the room. "You never showed me any respect! Well, that will change..." Elena took another gulp of her wine. Lola looked at her sister, weaving her fingers together into a praying gesture. She muffled something behind the ballgag, something that could be taken as "please sis, I'm sorry, don't do this".

"You had your chance to be a good sister, and you've wasted it. Now, i'm going to show you how it feels to be useful, for once in your life. You'll do exactly as i say, and one day, i might even forgive you". She lied about the last part, taking another sip of fine red. She had no idea where all this was gonna lead to, but at this point, she had no intention of ever releasing her captive sibling.

Then she took out the leather crop, stashed on the other side of her belt. Lola's eyes widened with fear.

## DOCTOR'S ORDERS

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Elena's captive would start with something simple. An introduction to a future life of servitude, so to speak. The living room floors were dirty and dusty. It was Lola's first job to scrub them clean. A bucket with soapy water and a sponge towel were already waiting for her on the floor. It took quite a few beatings from her sister's mean riding crop. After the first 4-5 cycles of objection and violent retaliation, the young woman got it through her head that doing nothing would not cut it this time. After a final wailing of strikes, she got to work with tears in her eyes and a body rendered full of red welts.

Elena sank deep in her leather chair, sipping more wine to calm her nerves, while Lola scrubbed her floors with her hands coupled together by her wrist-band restraints. The rope attached on Elena's belt was 25 feet long, so she could easily sit there while Lola crawled naked around her majestic, marble floor, occasionally shooting hateful looks at her sister. The couple of times she mumbled something assumingly offensive towards her new mistress, were dealt with plenty of lashes from the crop. Elena wanted to cut any bullshit regarding her slave's independence early on.

After 40 minutes, Elena opened the T.V to phase out all the day's tension. Lola was only done with 1/3 of the whole floor, but she had already reverted back to pleading moans towards Elena's way, pleads the woman ignored. "Mmmm...ggmmmm?" her muffled inquiry caused Elena to dart her sister with a look of increasing annoyance. This time, she simply motioned her hand towards the crop, dangling from her belt as she remained sprawled on the couch.

Letting out a stifled, desperate sigh of disappointment, Lola moped yet another couple of drool drops, dripping from her ballgag, and continued scrubbing with fused, bound hands. She just hoped that tomorrow morning, Elena's rage would subside, and she'd let her go.

The next morning Elena awoke with a jolt from the pillow. Cold sweat dripped down her forehead. Had she actually done what she thought she did? And if so, was that a good thing? Dressed in her night-robe, she jumped skipped past half the steps on her way down the basement.

Opening the door, Elena saw Lola, restrained on the same metal autopsy table as the first time. She was sleeping from a tiring first day, cuffed and ballgagged. The faint light from the entrance made her open her eyes, which met her sister's shadow. Seeing her sibling, no, her captor, the young woman's peaceful look changed dramatically, and she erupted in muffled, desperate screams, pounding on the metal frame, with both arms and legs.

Elena watched her for a couple of seconds, standing still under the door-frame. It was an intense sight, to say the least. This was her very own sister, writhing in front of her. Normally, she should be feeling bad, terrible, certainly guilty for something! But that feeling was nowhere inside her, despite how much she searched. She closed the door, Lola's screams continuing. The basement was pretty sound-proof, but she could still faintly hear the woman from the other side of the door. She did a noise-test, moving up the basement stairs. When she reached the upper level, she could not hear anything, anymore.

Satisfied, she went to get dressed for work. She couldn't explain why, but she already couldn't wait to get back home. There were butterflies in her stomach. But not the colorful, jolly kind. These had black and red hues in their wings.

## REHABILITATION

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The next couple of days were a learning curve, both for the younger and the older sister. Their relationship would take a vastly different nature. Hadn't it already? Elena tasked Lola with a few more duties, like making her a good cup of coffee, cleaning the bathroom and making her bed.

She was still astonished at how inept her sister was. It was obvious that Lola had never made her own bed. As for the coffee, she was always the Starbucks kind of coffee-drinker. Always depending on someone else. That would change soon.

Throughout these chores, Elena was in the room, of course, with the added company of a -3 feet long-electric cattle prod, the surgeon had ordered online. The crop was satisfying enough, but the prod was idiot-proof. She didn't need to swing it or really connect much to inflict terrible pain. A simple contact point and Lola was on the floor, writhing. Certainly not refusing or talking back. Elena liked the cattle prod. It was very effective in stomping any rebellious thoughts down. Lola grew to fear it, hyperventilating wherever the thing was anywhere near her. She couldn't help though, but occasionally curse out her captor, through her -increasingly familiar- ball-gag. Nothing that couldn't be quickly reprimanded by Elena.

The blonde surgeon wasn't in a rush to leave the girl by herself, just yet. The dumb bimbo would try to use anything as a weapon, at this fragile stage. But it was ok. Rome was not built in a day.

Lola, of course, protested her cruel imprisonment. She alternated between moments of fear and surrender with those of anger and angst. Elena didn't care to hear what her sister had to say. No heartfelt, tearful apology would change her plans, though Lola hoped otherwise. Even when the gag was removed for her daily meal, Lola had about 30 seconds to make whatever was inside the plastic cereal bowl - usually leftovers, mixed with some canned dog food - disappear, or it was taken from her. The spoiled chick had never felt so genuinely hungry before in her life, so after the first time she wasted her 30 seconds cursing her sister out, she gave in to her rumbling tummy; always eating crawled at floor level.

Elena was awkward and hesitant at how she behaved in front of her sister. At times, the dominant air she was striving for slipped and gave way to indecisiveness and weakness. It was evident that Elena was always a timid, introverted individual, who rarely ever took charge. This new role was strange.

Elena installed some steel rings on various parts of the house, just so she can tether her new servant in any room or place of the house, without needing herself to be the anchor point. At these first stages, she wanted to be sure of her sister's whereabouts, at all times. The worker that installed didn't ask many questions, unable to hear Lola's frantic wailings, coming from the basement.

When he was done, Elena had a couple of wall-posts in the kitchen, one in her bedroom, one in the bathroom, one in the office and three in the living room, the two of them bolted on the wooden floor. It was very handy to have her slave's metal cord/leash to a designated spot, where she either awaited further orders, or actively served her new mistress.

At the end of the week, Lola still tried to reason with her sister during the two times of the day where her gag was removed, though her "propositions" always fell to deaf ears. Despite her sister not appearing particularly imposing, she did hold all the cards in her hands, those being tools of bondage and pain. Whatever this "psychotic episode" her sister was going through was, had not died down. Though the young woman deep down still hoped her sister will eventually come to her senses.

Until then, all Lola had to depend on was an escape opportunity. She discovered these were very rare, if existing at all, leaving her to basically chafe her fingers trying to pry that damn choker off her neck.

## FIRST INCISION

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Elena was enjoying a nice, Saturday morning shower. She had one of those pretty, glass-walled showers. Two weeks had passed since Lola's abduction. Things had reached a certain plateau. Elena's worries about getting caught and jailed for a long, long time had all but vanished. No word in the news about Lola's disappearance, and the couple of phone calls her parents made to inquire about these "weird" text messages her sister had sent, were met with puzzled indifference by Elena.

Whilst her sister was showering, Lola remained surprisingly docile, chained by her collar in the corner of the bathroom, on her sister's new ring-post. It was one of the rare occurrences where you could say Lola had more "clothing" on than Elena. She had a blank, tired look in her eyes, looking at nothing. Elena had been wearing her out recently.

The sound of the faucet closing made Lola shift her gaze to the shower. Elena walked out, water dripping from her naked body. She had an obvious muffin top, something was fully absent in Lola's body. Additionally, some visible cellulite that was nowhere around Lola's hips and ass. Elena's breasts bounced livelier than her sister's, gravity exerting more on them. Despite her DD cup, Elena always wished she had Lola's perkier C cups.

The woman grabbed a towel to wipe herself dry. Elena had always been shorter than Lola, ever since her younger sister reached 15. Her slave's usual kneeling position however, had lately shifted Elena's perspective on their relationship. Always looking down at someone might do that. She went to grab the towel, but then the sight of her restrained sister, at the corner of her eye, gave her an idea. It was not the manifestation of the idea, as that was brewing ever since Lola's abduction, but rather, the way to bring this idea to fruition. She unclipped Lola's collar.

"Since you got this long, beautiful hair, why don't you put them to good use, and dry me off?" she said with a rare clarity in her voice that surprised even her, tossing the towel on the floor. Lola looked up at her sister with a look of bemusement. "Really? You want me to do what?" was all her look conveyed. The thick, red ball gag did not allow words. "Do I look like I'm joking?" Elena kept looking down at her semi-restrained sibling with a look of hunger. She was enjoying this!

Lola cowardly shook her head, signaling "no". Her sister had proven she had no problem disciplining her - with either the crop or the cattle prod - for the slightest transgressions. Lola crawled closer to Elena and reluctantly started grabbing strands of her long, wavy hair, which reached down to her beautiful,

exposed breasts, and begun damping her hair with the water on Elena's body. She brushed them on her sides, her big breasts, her waist and the inside of her thighs. She felt increasingly embarrassed and humiliated, especially when she was drying off Elena's more... private parts. Her face was inches away from Elena's blonde "bush". Lola had not seen her older sister that naked since she was in elementary school.

Even with most of Lola's hair now soaking wet, Elena still acted dissatisfied. There were still parts of her body that had water drops, sliding down on the tiled floor. "Hmmm, i thought this might work, well, i guess if they are not useful to me, there's no point in them" Lola's eyes widened with fear and confusion, failing to grasp what her sister was insinuating.

Less than 30 minutes later, Lola was feeling the hair clipper work its way across her scalp. Elena had strapped her down in this wheelchair she had "borrowed" from the hospital's psych ward, which had leather straps on both the wrists and the ankles. The young girl couldn't contain her gagged sobbing, as she watched tuft after tuft of her beautiful sun-like hair fall all around her naked body to the floor. Elena worked silent and focused, with the diligence of an actual surgery.

But this was different. Whenever operating on someone, Elena was driven by the fulfilling sentiment of doing "good", of helping people's health. Now, this feeling she felt was that of power. Of control. It was intoxicating!

"There, all done" Elena said, right after the device's buzzing seized. Lola was now completely bald and a whipping mess. She loved her hair, and it was now all gone, before her eyes. Her sadness turned to more despair, when she saw Elena put on some latex gloves and slather some ominously strange ointment on them. "MMMMMMMMM! NNNNNGGGG! PPPPLllllhhh!" she screamed frantically and pulled at her tightly secured wrists straps, but both her arms remained pinned on the armrests. Elena looked completely absorbed; with tunnel-vision started applying the cream on Lola's bald head, covering it all over. The chemical solution promised permanent hair removal, evident by the slight heat Lola felt on her head, as her hair follicles were being killed all at once. She'd never grow her alluring "mane" again.

Elena did not know how she would actually feel doing this. All she knew what was she wanted to make that bitch pay. But the feeling of stripping away her sister's beauty excited her to new sadistic heights. She had tasted the forbidden fruit. And now she was hooked.

She took out a small Ziploc bag and scooped Lola's hair strands, currently on the floor, into it. Lola was too busy cursing her sister out and wailing in her chair to dwell on that last detail.



Sunday begun as great as Saturday had ended. She had spent the night on the cloud-like mattress of her queen-sized bed, while her hairless sister had spent the night on a small rug on the floor, her 1-foot-long leash tethered on one of the bedposts. She had remained ballgagged of course, but her arms had not only been cuffed behind her back, but also to the cuffs locking her ankles together, forming an uncomfortable - but failsafe - hogtie.

As Elena opened her eyes after the enjoyable sleep, she looked down the side of her bed at her hairless slave. She hadn't decided yet whether it'd be better for her to sleep in the bedroom, or in the basement. But she wouldn't trouble herself much over this. If she ever had visitors (something rare) she'd lock Lola in the basement. Putting on a fine satin robe, she led her rudely awakened slave to the kitchen, where she was tethered conveniently close to the coffee maker and the fridge. Making her dear sis' breakfast was the first of her duties.

Elena realized, she wanted some fresh orange juice to go with her bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. She went to the cupboard, outside of Lola's limited reach, and got 3 or 4 oranges. She then unlocked the knife drawer, and took a large, sharp one out. She eyed Lola, inquisitively, in silence. How long would it take for her to be able to hand her that knife? She wondered. How long would it be safe beyond any shadow of a doubt? To be bullet-proof certain, like a pilot flying a plane from one point to the next, confident.

She knew she wasn't anywhere near that. But she really wanted it. That total control. Where the person's mind does not even make a quick stop at the "risk attacking you to try and escape" thought, but rather rushes past that, straight to complete obedience. At this moment, Elena vowed to achieve that level of submission for her cunt slave. She smiled and sliced the oranges in half, before locking the knife back in the drawer. She placed them in the counter where Lola could get them. "Try to stab me with the hand-juicer..." she smirked, as she took a sit at the kitchen bar counter. Lola juiced her oranges while her sister jauntily browsed on her tablet, waiting for her breakfast.

Life was good.

## MINOR COMPLICATIONS

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Lola's abrupt hair loss was a real punch to the gut for the pretty, sexy girl. Apart from taking away much of her self-esteem, having a feature of hers irreversibly destroyed proved to her that her sister was clearly meaning business with this whole "captive slave" craziness. While the escape attempts and small fights that Lola would pick - despite their predetermined outcome, had been minimized up to that point, this violation of her appearance and identity had caused her to bounce back with more whining and stubbornness. This in turn, meant Elena had to be extra vigilant in disciplining the bald brat, but the storm would pass soon enough.

It was difficult for Elena, stressful at times. She thought she had somewhat tamed Lola's initial resistance, but there was still way to go. There was even an instance, where the girl tried to make a break for the door, while Elena was moving her slave's cord-leash to a different place. Much like during tree climbing, Elena always clipped the cord's end on her belt, every time she wanted to move it, to prevent "accidents".

Lola tried pulling her red cord/leash before Elena could attach it to her belt. But the woman realized it and grabbed the other end. With her hands bound together in front of her, Lola had little leverage to win this very crucial tug of war. Elena now held the rope firmly with both hands, but with her adrenaline rushing high, Lola tried to dislodge the cord by pulling her head away. This caused the cord to tighten around her neck and pull her backwards with a swift "zzzzzzzzzip" sound, simultaneously pulling her backwards and causing her to slam back-first onto the floor.

Elena looked down at the Lola was writhing helplessly on the floor, coughing into her ball-gag, red-faced with her windpipe being crushed, her arms aimlessly grasping for the inside of the collar that was squeezing the life out of her. The pressure around her neck lingered like a python's relentless grip.

Usually when they were still kids and Lola got hurt (which was often since she was reckless and careless) Elena would have to be the one to take care of her.

"Elena, your sister fell, go fix her up" was a usual call of their parents. Elena had subconsciously taken the role of the worrier, the carer and the problem-solver for anything dumb Lola was up too.

But at this moment, with her sister begging for her life in front of her, she felt no worry, or care. Without beating a single molecule of sweat, Elena walked slowly, nonchalantly, towards the writhing, naked woman, her heels clicking at a steady, calm pace. She rarely ever wore heels, but lately she enjoyed the feeling they gave her. They somehow instilled confidence in her.

She clipped the rope to the same hitching post as before, then in the same carefree tempo, walked over to her office drawer, retrieved a new choker collar, and only after returning to Lola just as slowly as before and securing the new collar around the dying girl's neck, did she cut out the old one with a pair of safety scissors. Lola gasped as precious oxygen filled her nostrils, looking up at Elena with sheer terror.

Not surprisingly, Lola did not pull much on her leash, after that incident. Elena learned her lesson too and always restrained her sister's arms behind her back whenever she was "relocating" her.

Elena had ultimately found a use for her sister's long lost hair, a pretty insulting one at that. With the help of an expert, she had a beach-blond colored, hairy coin purse. The actual strands of Lola's hair what been cut to lengths around one inch long and covered the entire exterior of the small leather purse, which had an arguably matching, thin, golden chain for a handle.

Elena loved twisting the knife even more. The look that Lola gave her when she saw the purse made with her own hair was one of shock and pure hatred. "Do you like it?" Elena asked with a devilish smile, knowing well that ball-gag was not going to help Lola with answering.

## COSMETIC

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Taking away her hair seemed to only be the start for Elena. That pretty slut only had her looks to show for in this world. It would be “interesting” to see what was left of her if you took that away. At least that’s what Elena told herself. The 37 year old woman failed to see how much her deep insecurities about her own beauty played a factor in this course of action.

The surgeon’s field of work would certainly come in handy with her plans. Plans she never shared with her slave-sibling. Elena wanted to hit 4 birds with 2 stones. In Elena’s eyes, Lola never had anything of merit to say. It was only mundane, shallow things: fashion or stupid gossip of friends and celebrities, rinse and repeat. As for her actual voice, it was feminine and seductive, just the right kind of high pitch, but not too high. It’d be a pity if she couldn’t lure men in with her flirtatious laughter or more importantly, with words that made their imagination run wild.

Even muffled and gagged, Elena was getting tired of her sister’s annoying yapping. It would have to go.

The second thing that would go was Lola’s feet. Well, not all of them; Elena needed the bitch to be able to stand and walk. But the pretty parts, the attractive parts. Unlike Elena’s chubby toes, Lola’s were perfectly pedicured, slim, delicate. Lola had even gotten some cash for her “admired” feet. Elena hadn’t forgotten how bad she felt when Lola boasted about selling photos of her sexy feet to about a dozen guys online.

If only to confirm her thought process, cutting off her toes would drastically hinder the girl’s attempts at running away, should an opportunity ever arise. She “needed” to do this, to ensure her own freedom. Lola was not gonna like these alterations one bit, but that paid no factor in Elena’s decision.

The young woman had gotten used to visiting the basement around night-time or whenever someone knocked on Elena’s door. This time nothing seemed to prompt her downstairs visit. Elena, with the cord/leash on one hand and the cattle prod on the other, guided the unclothed girl to the metal autopsy table. She secured each limb to the corners with handcuffs just like always. “MMmmmf?” Lola raised her head with furrowed brows, as soon as she saw her sister wheel a tank of sedative gas next to her table. “Hush, baldy” Elena said in the new derogative term she had for her sibling, whilst fixing an oxygen mask

over the ballgagged woman's face. She then turned the valve on the tank on and a hissing sound started coming from it. With Elena putting on her surgical coat, Lola only had a few seconds to search for her sister's eyes, with her own full of fear and questions, before darkness took over.

8 hours later, when the anesthetic wore off, Lola woke up to an unpleasant surprise. A 2-inch long scar run across the front of her neck, with plenty of stitches to show for. Her vocal chords had been snapped off with a few careful motions of Elena's scalpel. She still had the ball-gag on, but that was only because Elena had forgotten it behind her oxygen mask. It was only useful for aesthetic reasons from now on, or if Elena didn't like her loyal subject trying to mouth words.

As for her dainty little toes, all 10 of them were floating inside a jar of preservative goo, on Elena's basement counter. The ocean-blue polish on her toe-nails was visible through the glass. The front of each foot was now a smooth, albeit still bloody and bandaged, surface. It would look much better with time. Elena's medical saw had worked wonders.

Elena was very happy with the procedure's outcome. Her "improved" slave could now respect her peace while serving her, without silly notions of bolting towards escape. Upon coming to terms with her recent modifications, Lola let pathetic, mute whimpers, physically weak but emotionally wrecked. Looking inside her, Elena could not find any regret or compassion. Something scary to realize. Without saying a word, she got up and exited the room, leaving her deformed sister alone.

## NO TIME FOR HEALING

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"Not on 40 degrees, you dumb cow! I told you my underwear goes on 60 degrees" Elena was not happy with the setting Lola had chosen on the washing machine. Lola had really learned a lot, during her "stay" at Elena's. She certainly had never done laundry before, back when she was living with her parents. Mom always took care of that.

Even though significant progress had been made in breaking the woman's spirit and gaining some utility out of her mute, hairless servant, the former blonde occasionally forgot about little details like these. Despite how sincerely she had apologized with expressive lips and even more expressive hand gestures, Elena zapped the shit out of her, especially targeting her sensitive nipples and pussy. Quiet yelps escaped the naked girl, who vainly tried to cover herself with her wrist-bound arms.

A few weeks ago she'd let her frustration out through some muffled whining and drooling on her ball-gag, something which in turn would earn her more punishment. Now she couldn't even vocalize her distress.

There were plenty of things that were a first for Lola, like making the bed, scrubbing a toilet bowl or doing the dishes. Elena was not comfortable handing her unwilling captive chlorine just yet, so Lola simply had to scrub extra hard, using the less harmful detergent.

"If i get an infection from my panties, you'll not here the end of it" Elena scolded her slave with a look of a thousand daggers, before storming off the house to work.

As she paced on the sidewalk, Elena could feel a spring in her step. She wasn't really mad for that underwear incident. She just liked terrorizing the living hell out of Lola. A smirk was stuck on her face.

She couldn't believe it herself, how much she had fallen into this new role. Her self-esteem and confidence had sky-rocketed to heights never before reached. The woman had gained an assertive, go-getter attitude in many aspects of her life. And it showed, not just in her professional endeavors. For the first time since she could remember, she was taking care of herself, had fun, treated herself to all kinds of spas, shopping and drinks with new friends. She hadn't made new friends in years!

Her recent spike in confidence, translated in the romance department, too. She started going to clubs and putting herself out there, dressing stylishly but also sexy. She remembered how fun flirting felt like. Elena had even brought a couple of dates home, loosening up her worries of her very illegal secret being revealed. Both instances, she banged them (one female tinder date, one male acquaintance from work), safe in the knowledge that her sister was strapped down on her cold, hard basement “bed”, locked away less than 100 feet from where she was being amorous. She had some of the best orgasms in her life during these two nights. The fact that her sister’s distress might have played some role in her “enjoyment” never occurred to her.

A small, 4x4 inch arts-and-crafts piece decorated Elena’s home desk. The piece depicted a peaceful countryside setting, greenery and trees under a sunny sky, with a river going through them in an S-shape. While everything in the image was painted, the river was made out of some sort of mosaic collage, with little pieces of blue were glued and arranged together to form the river. Each piece of the mosaic river was just slightly bent, but this only gave a 3-D element to the artwork, amplifying the piece.

Elena was never a good artist per se, but this particular creation had a special significance to her, as this river was comprised out of her “dear” sister’s toenails, each being plucked one by one out of her severed toes. That blue of the nail polish worked perfectly for the river’s peaceful, but lively waters. Lola was not such a big fan.

During more relaxing hours, Elena developed a habit of TV and movie binging, relaxing on her living room couch, with her younger servant kneeling just outside her field of vision. Lola would be made to hold her wine glass with one hand, and the wine bottle with the other. Excluding the first time - where Lola had angrily tossed the wine on her sister's face, in a rare fit of rebelliousness, and spent the rest of the afternoon getting cattle-prodded, it was a fun activity, for Elena that is.

But, the older sister wanted her wine cool and her glass spotless, and her sister's warm, dirty hands provided heat to the bottle and smudges on her nice glass. It was also distracting her from her show, seeing the girl's arms trembling after a while, trying to keep her hands still, from the constant weights on them. Lola was never much for physical strength, with her arms being always so thin and dainty.

So, her older sister decided to order one of these fetish-y serving trays, which could be mounted around a person midriff. Supported by two shoulder-straps, they could allow someone to serve hands-

free, like sayyyyy with their arms bound behind their back. She was excited to try it out on her slave-maid as soon as the package arrived. The silver tray looked great; the black leather straps matched Lola's already present "attire".

But, when she fixed it on Lola, she realized that her sister's generous bust was literally in the way of whatever she would be serving her dear sister. Her boobs filled most of the space above the tray. "Guess you'll have to do without them" Elena mumbled under her breath. The surgery was scheduled for Lola the same day.

Elena's second operation on her lovely sis might have been more straightforward than the last one, but that didn't mean it was easier. A double mastectomy would take its toll on anyone's vitals. Elena tracked her drugged out sister's heartbeat at all times, thanks to a cheap heart monitor. When the surgery was over, Lola's perky moneymakers were completely gone. Elena smiled with a bit of cruel satisfaction. Her tits were big, too, but more on the meaty side, rather than the pornstar-stereotype "i have to motorboat these" style.

But now Lola could not compete at any level with her sister's cleavage. She was as flat chested as a skinny, teenage boy. If she was balling out tears after her last surgery, now she was simply hysterical, sobbing uncontrollably, too weak from the mutilation to thrash on the autopsy/surgery table. Elena knocked her out with another dose of the sedative gas, since in her panicked state, her heart-rate was dangerously spiking.

Lola did not leave the basement for a full week. The recovery time after such an operation was necessary; Elena wanted nothing to do with her toy, for a little while. When her tears had covered her whole body, and her eyes had dried out, Elena finally released the traumatized girl from the basement. She didn't want to seem sympathetic towards her, and lose all the good domestication work she'd been up to all this time, so she immediately tasked her with some house chores. Lola was slow but effective, going through the motions mechanically. Her eyes had lost most of their sparkle. She went through life putting her chips on of her looks and her sex appeal, and now that vile woman had taken it all away from her.

As Elena was shooting the occasional "checking-in" glances towards her servant, she had to admit, she liked Lola's new look. With her bald head, at first, and now, with her upper curves disappearing, the 27-year-old's feminine beauty was getting hacked down, piece by piece. Elena could not lie to herself. She liked being the prettier sibling, for a change.



At night, Elena relaxed on her favorite couch, to watch another episode of her latest show. The lights in the living room are dim, but it still reflects against the sparkling clean floors of the house. The condo is large, but Lola “goes through” it every day. Especially today, with the place waiting for her for a whole week.

Her cleaning duties might be done for the day, but her role is a 24/7 commitment. Currently she’s serving her sister/mistress as a foot stool, curled with elbows and knees on the cold floor, as Elena rests her stocking-covered feet on the girl’s bare back. Lola is voiceless (duh) but also motionless, as Elena doesn’t like her relaxing position disturbed. Whilst watching her show, Elena is mindlessly squeezing something like a rubber ball, about 4 inches in diameter. It is very bouncy and squishy, so it works great as a stress reliever. Upon closer inspection, someone can see that the exterior of this elastic rubber ball is flesh-colored, a tone identical to Lola’s. The girl’s actual breast tissue has been stitched all around this small ball, complete with the areola and nipple. A preservative has been injected in the epidermis, to keep it from drying up and losing its elasticity. A second “stress-ball” lies tossed on the other end of the couch.

It was all a mockery of Lola’s butchered anatomy. Elena would come to call these her “titty-balls”.

## SCARRING

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"Hmm" Elena nodded surprised, tasting the nicely cooked chicken with baked potatoes, Lola had made. After the first couple of months in captivity, she was training her in more advanced servant duties. Cooking should be one of these talents. After a lot of "corrective punishment" Lola had managed to actually make it taste alright. More than alright, considering her past lousy cooking skills. Elena had started incorporating a new tool for her discipline application. A 3-feet long, flexible cane, that made a very satisfying WOO-TCHH sound every time Elena would swish it and cut through the air, in order to land on Lola's poor butt-cheeks.

As the naked maid was standing at the edge of the dining table, waiting for her mistress to finish her meal, Elena noticed something, a weird smell. \*Sniff, sniff\*, "what is that?" she inquired, to herself, presumably. Even if she was allowed to, Lola couldn't talk. The female surgeon turned her head towards her bald, flat-chested, toeless, mute slave, particularly her pubic area. Lola was cleanly shaved when she had arrived, no hair down there, but now, she had grown a nice little bush, relieved from luxuries such as shaving foam or razors. Elena pinched with her thumb and index finger 4 or 5 pubic hairs of the girl. She pulled them towards her, pulling the girl along with them.

"How long has it been since you last cleaned yourself?" Elena asked, sensing something was wrong. The smell violating her nostrils was indeed, her sister's filth. Elena had specifically ordered her toy to wash her body every-day, whenever she was hitched on the bathroom's wall ring. There was a soapy bucket available to her, which was also swapped with clean water each day.

Lola hesitantly raised her hand showing two fingers. She was scared; she knew she was in deep trouble. The real answer was four days, but she didn't dare admit it. Why go through the trouble of self-care when nothing matters in your life anymore? To say that Lola was depressed would be an understatement.

"That is unacceptable..." Elena lectured her, fuming. Had she, herself, forgotten to hitch the girl in the bathroom to clean herself up, or had the slave-girl just given up on her personal hygiene. She wasn't sure, but she didn't want to risk it.

"Bend over" she commanded her sister/slave, pulling a stool from the kitchen bar and pointing at the seat. Lola, with her head held low, placed both her hands—which were as always linked with her wristbands - on the stool. "Lower" Elena corrected the girl's posture with a flick of the cane on her back. Lola straightened her back, so that her upper body made a right angle with her legs.

\*SWOOOOSH\*

The cane bent as it travelled with speed through the air to meet the young woman's presented asscheeks. Lola squinted her eyes hard; her yelp was there, even if no one could hear it. The second strike came soon after. A second red line was visible on the lower half of Lola's tight ass, almost horizontal. The third line was not as parallel, intersecting with the previous welt. The fourth one almost caused the girl to fall off the stool. Lola took her sister's violence with as much grace as possible. Pain was as normal of a feature in her daily life as eating. Though that never made it easier to cope.

After receiving ten devastating rows of welts on her ass, Lola was sent to wash up. "And clean up the mess you make...i don't wanna see any puddles of water around" she said. Lola was never allowed inside mistress' shower. That same day, after "setting her up" to sleep in the basement, Elena rubbed the depilatory cream she'd once used on her sister's head, all over her pubic mount. Lola might have missed a whole night's sleep due to the burning her genitals got from the cream, but at least in the morning all the curly hairs in her crotch had once and for all fall off.

It's Friday night. Late hours. The jingling of keys is heard, right before Elena's front door opens. She is wearing a beautiful purple dress. Her make-up is on point, her earrings, her hair. She got pretty for the night-out. But, she has returned home alone. The date didn't go as well as expected.

She didn't know what she had done wrong, dinner was nice, conversation never really staled, but at the end of the night, she got the "it was nice, we should do it again sometime" farewell. Groggy and more than a little drunk, she stumbled towards the basement. She knew where to express all this pent-up anger. Lola is where Elena left her, sleeping on her metal bed in the basement. "Up...UP" Elena wakes her up in haste. "Go clean the floors" she says, absent-minded. Lola had already cleaned the living-room floors this morning, but going against any of Elena's wishes was a mistake, let alone now that she was bad-tempered.

Elena lied on the couch, opening up a new bottle of wine, as Lola, still dazed from her sleep, with half-closed eyes, gets to work scrubbing, bent on all fours. As Elena is laying, her head sideways, she has a nice view of the bent-over girl's juicy rear.

It's a few feet from where she is, but she can practically see her sister's asshole. At this moment, she knew exactly, what she wanted to do. It was such a clear moment, no question about it. Drunk or not, it didn't matter. That butthole had just winked at her!

She left the room for a minute. Lola didn't pay much attention to that. Her sister often didn't bother leaving her alone in a room. It's not like she could escape, with her collar clipped somewhere and no tools at her disposal. She just had to continue her work, and not cause any reason for discipline. Scrubbing, scrubbing and more scrubbing.

Suddenly, Lola feels a weight fall on her back. She turns and sees her sister, clumsily mounting her from behind, with a pink thick, rubber dildo strapped on her waist!

The sex toy was one of these things she had tried out once with Nerea, but was never thrilled with, even though the inside of the strap-in featured an insertable vibrating egg.

The drunken woman was still wearing her evening dress, which was simply propped out of the way. Just the faintest hissing sound was all the oral vocabulary the girl had left, as she felt the tip of this giant thing poke around, between her ass-cheeks. She tried fighting her stronger sister off, but Elena not only had the leverage, she also had her hands more free. Furthermore, she was determined to get that ass! Elena was driven by the barest of instincts. Somebody was gonna get fucked, and if it wasn't her, it might as well be Lola.

The fancily dressed woman ruined her high-status look by spitting in her palm and rubbing the saliva on the head of her artificial cock. She was gonna take her younger sister then and there.

With her wrists stuck together from her leather bands, Lola could do little to dislodge her assaulter. Elena pushed her sister's hairless head further against the floor she was just cleaning, pinning it down roughly. "Oh..." Elena let a staccato moan when she finally found her sister's back hole, and the fake cock started sliding in, inch by inch. Lola could only writhe in excruciating pain, mouthing the word "please" over and over again, begging her sibling for mercy as her asshole was being viciously stretched. But Elena had just started thrusting in and out, having too much fun to care about anything else.

Lola's ass was receiving a brutal fucking. She had tried it a couple of times with guys, but it never fitted. She was always too tight. It turns out, the secret was not enough willpower, as Elena was riding her senseless. It was like a little girl's first time on the carousel. Lola's whole body was being lunged forward rhythmically with each thrust Elena gave her. She was in too much pain to put up more of a fight. Elena smacked and dug her nails into the tender flesh of Lola's asscheek. This was HER toy, HER time to have fun!

Finally, with some help from buzzing of the egg, and the friction created on her pubis from all the fucking, Elena reached a strong climax, burying the shaft's entire length in the final, hard pushes. Lola's asshole felt like being sucked out of her body, while the dick was being removed from inside her. With a violated Lola trying to process her rape, lying on the floor, a panting, but utterly satisfied Elena, plopped on the couch, and was immediately out like a candle.

## MUTATION

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After that first encounter, Elena and Lola's already fractured relationship, took a whole different meaning. Any violent urge or stress, the woman would direct it towards her poor sister's holes. Her strap-on had rarely ever been used in her previous romantic relationships, but now it was working overtime, on Lola's mouth, pussy and especially, her asshole. Was this a sick, twisted, morally inexcusable act? Elena had no doubts about it. But so where everything she had put Lola through, ever since that first night in her basement. No need to split hairs now.

If Lola felt abused and degraded before, she now had a new appreciation for the simpler days of the past, when she "just" had to perform various household tasks, and otherwise be docile and obedient. She often tried to meet Elena's gaze, since her eyes could speak much louder than her voice, but Elena had little patience for such silly things.

Having drastically improved in this whole "dominating" thing ever since the first faithful night, Elena ruled over her sister's existence with an iron fist. Nowhere was this more apparent than the blowjobs she forced Lola to give to her 7-incher of a strap-on.

To start, she liked cuffing Lola's arms behind her back, "out of her way" as she liked thinking about it. For the more stubborn, pursed-lips reactions, the treatment was simple. A simple pinch of the nose with a curled index and middle finger. Anyone could be stubborn with plenty of oxygen around. It was only a matter until Lola would open her mouth to receive her sister's "gift". Elena liked grabbing her sister's bald head for more leverage. She felt truly powerful during these moments. Especially, when she heard those choking, gagging sounds coming from down there, as Lola was struggling to handle 7 thick inches down her throat. It was like music to her ears.

It didn't take long for Elena to need to try her sister's tongue on her. The stimulation from the strap-on was fine, more than fine, but it paled in comparison the fun Elena could be having.

Elena still remembers that first time. She had propped lots and lots of pillows against the bedframe, behind her backside. Lola watched from the bottom side of the bed. Elena wanted everything to be perfect. Others would definitely follow, but this was special. Lola had been good lately, very good.

Despite that, Elena would take some safety precautions. She didn't want her clit chewed off by her toy. A silicone ring-gag, wedged behind Lola's teeth, would do the trick. She also wanted Lola's hands out of the way. That was easy, just padlock them behind her back. She'd have to find a way to balance on her own. She needed one last touch. Something to "motivate" her beginner pussy-slurper, without inconveniencing her comfort.

She figured the best (and most fun way), was to use a steel, anal hook. The one she went with had a 5cm diameter ball at the tip, something to make Lola really "feel" her sister's love. Once that was inserted, Elena passed the attached rope over the girl's back and twirled it around 3 or 4 times around her palm. She wanted a good, strong grip.

Her jeans were down on the bedroom floor. So were her panties. Her unbuttoned shirt and bra were still on, but who cared? It wasn't but 30 minutes since she had returned home from work. She couldn't stop thinking how she'd treat herself when she returned. Today was rounds day, so her loins had gotten some nice stewing, from all the walking around patient rooms and testing the interns. Lola would taste her essence with a high concentration, something that got Elena moister.

She spread her nude legs in front of Lola. The young, nude woman saw a spark on Elena's eyes, she had never seen before. She didn't recognize her sister, in them". She sometimes got that look from men, right after they'd grab her in their firm arms and make love to her. She didn't think Elena had "love" in her mind, though.

"Stick your face in there" Elena ordered, pulling the girl closer to her, via the rope and subsequently, the hook digging itself further within her ass. The girl obeyed with an uncomfortable mute yelp, shuffling closer in her bound state. There were still a couple of inches, separating Elena's wet, steamy cunt, and Lola's nose. Elena "helped" her sister cover that distance, with a not so gentle shove of her once-blonde head. Lola could only take a quick inhale, before being smothered by Elena's pussy. With her hands bound behind her and her knees on the bed, only way for Lola to balance her head and maintain her "attention" towards Elena's cunt was to have her face awkwardly mashed against it. Something that Elena rather enjoyed.

The next minutes passed by with Lola trying not to think where her tongue - poking through the ring-gag- was flapping against. Even more surreal was to actually hear her sister's voice, coming from above her head, micromanaging her cunnilingus technique:

"Around my clit, not ON it...!"

"Move your tongue faster..."

"More on the sides...yes...yes...."

Even an obedient slave-toy is useless without adhering to its owner's specifications. This step was necessary for Elena's pleasure. But half of it was already in the doctor's head, imagining and looking at who, rather than what, was between her thighs. This weird karma payback that begun 4 months ago had evolved into a rollercoaster power trip which had again spiraled into a sexual perversion.

Elena breathed heavily, sinking her head on her cloud of pillows with closed eyes. Her one hand remained wrapped around the back of Lola's hairless head, the other was fondling her own breasts. Depending on where the "ride" was taking her, the hand would sometimes caress Lola's scalp, others it was rougher, shoving her deeper between her legs. When her nostrils weren't getting plugged by her sister's labia, Lola's nose took in all the mustiness of Elena's busy work day. The smell of a cunt was something new to her, but getting acquainted with it under these circumstances, was certainly not a pleasant start.

Lola was a lousy cunt-licker, but it was only natural, being her first time. Elena made her compensate for her lack of experience with rigorous effort, translating in numerous steel "wedgies". Despite licking with the determination of a dog on a peanut butter-covered finger, Lola could not shake this lingering thought:

This was her own blood, her own sister, for Christ's sake! She should be taking care of her, protecting her! Instead, she had mutilated her, hurt her and humiliated her. Lola instinctively tried to bite down at her, as some form of retort, just to make her feel the slightest fraction of the pain she had caused her. Her attempt stopped at the obstacle of the silicone ring. "Don't get lazy..." Elena pulled the rope, shoving the anal hook deeper into Lola's rectum. She hadn't even registered the rebellious act. Such was Lola's helplessness.

"Put it inside..." she heard Elena's voice, after a few moments. The young girl obeyed silently this time, lowering her tongue a few millimeters south of her focus point, until she reached a small, sopping wet hole. She could literally taste her own sister's juices, and judging by the amount of the slightly creamy and white, sex discharge, her sister was having the time of her life. As soon as she felt Lola's tongue penetrate her, Elena saw the tip of the mountain. "Yes...yes.....YE SYESYESYES!!!" she exhaled, now grabbing her slave's head so hard she might rip it off. Lola continued what she was doing. Despite completely hating it, her sister was close to climaxing, and that meant her torment could be over soon.

A few seconds later, Elena shook in ecstasy, and with a faint, but long moan, orgasmed harder than probably ever before, squeezing Lola's head with her thighs and nearly suffocating the poor girl in the process.

## RELAPSE

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Time flies when you're having fun. And what a year it has been! Lola is 28 now, though there was no birthday party, or cake. Only thing Lola can recall from that day was getting jackhammered by Elena's rubber cock for quite a while, before being whipped across her back for good measure. Elena didn't necessarily need physical stimulation to get off and torturing her servant ragdoll offered nice variety.

It's a quiet afternoon. Elena is watching some funny videos on her favorite tablet, lying on her comfy queen-size bed. Despite the size, she's the only one who ever sleeps on it. The woman barely raises her eyes off the screen when the bedroom door slowly opens, and Lola enters followed suit by the red line of her unbreakable leash.

Elena has been experimenting with granting her toy some more freedom, which translated in a longer leash. It has worked splendidly so far. During the first times, her nude servant looked perplexed, as if her owner had spread a mean trap, maybe awaiting an escape attempt, so that she could punish her slave harsher. She did not dare try escaping. The doors were locked anyway.

Lola is naked, as always, the wrist and ankle bands doing little to cover her or warm her up. She was always skinny, but the lack of quality nutrition has made her loose a few pounds more. Her missing tits don't help the cause. The scars have mostly faded; the one around her neck is still visible, albeit mostly covered by the leather choker collar. Her feet have healed perfectly long ago, and she has learned to walk on them without a hitch. Lola is holding a sponge-towel and a bucket with soapy water. She just finished scrubbing the living room and kitchen floors and is ready to move on to the bedroom and the neighboring bathroom.

Her green eyes, the same ones that once seduced that cure Nerea girl, have lost that shine. Now there's mostly fear in them. Not unjustly. On top of the actual corporal discipline, there are a lot of threats coming her way. Terrible, unspeakable, creative threats.

Each time she is left to work in solitude, Elena will periodically pass by, to check on her toy's progress. She has made it quite clear that merely the suspicion, that her toy is slacking off during her absence, will earn her a lobotomy, "so that she never again questions her purpose" as Elena put it. The woman of course would never attempt to "ruin" her toy like that, but Lola didn't know that.



As Lola gets down on the bedroom floor, her pretty, green eyes look tired. She hasn't been getting much good sleep, lately. Usually she'd have to get all her work done by the time Elena starts yawning and calls it a day. But lately, this deadline had been moved at least a couple of hours earlier, around the time Elena starts experiencing a warm, fuzzy feeling between her thighs. A simple "Loooooaaa" and in seconds, the girl is expected to drop everything and offer her services, wherever Elena is.

Elena knows her "maid's" sleep schedule has been reduced, but that's not out of the ordinary. As she takes a few glances at her servant, though, she notices there's something off about her today. Her stare seems too far gone, in comparison to other rough days. Her mind doesn't appear entirely there, despite the precision and success with which she completes each task. That has been engrained in her muscle memory.

Not thinking much of it, Elena darts her eyes back to her cute, dog videos. The bald girl works silently like a good servant, a few feet away. Elena is adamant about forbidding the young woman to mouth words. No reason in trying to communicate anything to her. If she ever wants to ask Lola something, she will, though that hasn't occurred yet. To that effect, any attempts at forming words with those alluring lips of hers, results in multiple strikes of the cane, crop or cattle prod. Elena even pondered of cutting the girl's lips off, but was ultimately put off by the idea, since it didn't guarantee she would be unable to form words, and also because she liked the feeling of them kissing her pussy-lips.

Watching the cane-marks on the front of her juicy thighs, Elena leaves the tablet aside. The itch is back, and it needs scratching. "Kneel" she orders in a simple, almost mundane tone. No need to yell or even sound intimidating. She has made this command hundreds of times already. Still, her voice sounds nothing like that very first night she had ordered it. She was meek, spineless person then. Not anymore.

Lola raises her eyes towards her mistress for the first time, and immediately crawls to the edge of the bed, kneeling still with her arms on her thighs. Elena walks up to her. She only needs to loosen the laces of her pyjama bottom for what she has in mind.

She lowers them to a height a little above her knees. She is not wearing any underwear underneath. Unlike the first 10, 15 times, Lola goes straight into it, shoving her face deep into her sister's crack and starts licking away. No ring-gag or other safety measures needed. With only the top half of her face visible, she keeps her eyes locked on her sister's. She has learned many things about her sexual preferences, and this is one of the important "notes":

"She likes clockwise motions around her inner lips"

"She likes my tongue inside, but only when she is close to orgasm"

"She likes it when i keep eye-contact"

If Lola got an evaluation for every activity she had learned throughout her stay here, pleasing her sister's pussy would probably get the highest score, despite aching all the house-chores as well. Her physical well-being literally depended on Lola keeping her ears open to Elena's instructions, as well as keeping shut the part of her brain responsible for shame and disgust.

Elena feels good, Lola knows it by the type of pleasurable moans she lets, and the way she unconsciously caresses her bald head. Normally a display of affection, now twisted into something unrecognizable. Lola keeps her arms folded behind her back. They are not bound, but that does not mean Mistress needs them, not yet at least.

The 38 year old woman starts really smothering the girl with her pussy, a sign that she is close to climaxing. Lola "receives the signal" and starts prodding her tongue, as far as it can stretch, inside Elena's sex. She sometimes fingers her sister too, but she is not gonna take any initiative by herself. If Elena wants her fingers, she'll definitely not shy away from telling her. 20, 25, 30 seconds pass, without any air for Lola. She keeps moving her tongue in and out of her sister's twat, hoping she cums soon. Otherwise, she might try to pull herself away, and then she'll be the one getting blamed and disciplined for ruining her fun time.

Thankfully, after ten more difficult seconds, Elena moans loudly "AAaaahhh, aAAAAAAHhhh, ooooooooooh..." gradually easing the pressure on her sister's head, before plopping back on the bed, blissfully drained.

Lola looks up at Elena with an eerily happy face. Her nose feels broken from all the "mushing", but after so many times, she knows it'll be fine in a few minutes. Her sister's sexual moisture is dripping down her chin. Still cum-drunk and turned to lay on her side, Elena doesn't notice her clothless servant pull a small pencil from her vagina, and promptly start writing on her own body! The graphite traces on the girl's flat chest and her equally flat belly, painfully so. But Lola keeps pressing the pencil against her tender flesh, the only canvas she has. She had grabbed the pencil while cleaning Elena's desk, and had broken it in half so that could "store" it inside herself ever since. Who knows how many hours she waited like this?

"What the...?" Elena finally gets a glimpse of what's going on. Lola is almost finished writing. On her upper body, from her collar bone across her flattened chest and down to her belly button, is hastily, clumsily written one phrase:

## HAVEN'T I BEEN

### GOOD, SIS?

Elena sits on her bed, watching in shock as the girl finishes her writing, without uttering a word. The sight is really off-putting. There's no anger or sadness, or even a diplomatic plead portrayed in Lola's face. The bald girl is...is smiling! Her eyes are locked towards Elena. Even more strangely, they appear full of hope, child-like hope.

"What...does this all mean?" Elena contemplates. She hated to admit it, but at this moment, she was feeling sad. Not remorseful, mind you. That was a different feeling. Sadness, that her joyful sexual release was being overshadowed by this girl's nagging hope of release. All this time, it must have been lurking in the back of her mind, and then maybe deeper hidden, but still there. Like an inevitable ending to her long ordeal. Elena needed to stomp down those last thread-dangling hopes. To wipe them for good, so that her sister could finally find some peace of mind. It must have been weighing horribly on her, Elena thought. So much stress, so much anticipation. It must have been killing her.

The pyjama-wearing woman sat in thought for a few seconds, now sitting on the foot of the bed, as her sister continued staring at her, mumbling like a crazy person, with her lips, nose, cheeks and chin still wet with Elena's sex fluids. Her lips were moving, but Elena couldn't decipher anything intelligible.

She had to do something drastic. Something that no one could recover from. Her sister was arguably a vain person. Lola would never go out in public, without figuring out what to wear, and making sure her hair and her make-up were flawless. All these things were not apparent, looking at the present version of this girl. Her face looked rapidly aged from hardship, and her skin lacked that radiant glow it once possessed.

Maybe the girl subconsciously thought she might get her life back someday. Get some nice breast implants, start wearing lots of head-scarfs and closed heels. The situation called for something radical. Something truly unrecoverable. Elena always joked that Lola's queefs sounded more intelligent than her actual words. An idea sparked in the surgeon's head.

"You know what, Lola? I forgive you. In fact, i've decided to let you go" Elena said to her, still kneeling, sister. Lola widened her eyes in disbelief, her mind too far gone to notice much subtext. Her soundless lips repeated the words "thank you" over and over and over again.

"Yes, Lola" Elena nodded. "I will need to drug you though. Because i'll be leaving this place, to escape from the police, i can't have you turning me in. You'll wake up somewhere safe, with me far gone".

Lola just kept thanking in lip-synch and nodding her head ad nauseam, as if everything her sister was telling her made absolute sense. She didn't even get off her knees when Elena left the bedroom and went down the basement to bring the bottle of ether. Lola was in the same spot Elena had left her. The older woman was holding an old-hand towel.

She walked and gently knelt behind her naked sister. She could feel Lola's heart, pumping fast, through her butchered chest.

"Ok, deep breath out..." Elena instructed and her sister obeyed immediately. As soon as Lola exhaled, Elena placed the towel softly over her face. It was very different than the first time she had done that. Lola breathed in the fumes without any resistance, with deep breaths. Meanwhile, her older sister held her stoically, with her other hand resting on her chest, and her face resting on her bald head.

Seconds later, Lola fell limp in her arms.

## BREAKING SOMETHING SO IT GROWS BACK STRONGER

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Elena was nervous for this. It went without saying that she had never done this before. This was off-the-books medicine. There were a lot of moving parts that could go wrong and ruin the whole thing. First, there were a lot of things that needed to be removed. The girl's nose, for a start, but also all her teeth, her pouty lips and her tongue. Elena was a bit bummed out about that last one; sis had gotten quite skillful with it lately. But the risk of a complication was larger with the appendage staying, so she had to kiss it goodbye. Figuratively.

The experienced surgeon worked carefully and patiently, so the girl would not bleed out on her. After she tossed all the aforementioned "discards" on a medical bin, except for the two pink mouth-lips, which she tossed in a preservative jar, she installed two metal pins, on each side of the girl's gums, where her molars used to be. These would help secure her mouth to a stable position, not closed, not fully open either. These were screwed inside the gums, like dental implants, so there was no possibility of dislodging them.

Then, Elena moved on between the drugged woman's legs. She made the incisions across either side of Lola's labia majora. Very careful not to hit an artery, she cut around the tender piece of flesh, until she could detach the external part of the woman's pussy off her body. She had taken about 2 inches worth of vaginal canal, which would be stitched on the inside of the mouth. She needed enough skin to skin contact, so that the flesh didn't atrophy and died.

After bandaging the girl's crotch area with plenty of gauze, she carefully placed the woman's sex organ over her face, so that the clitoris was positioned about where her nose used to be, the pussy lips on either side of the mouth, on the cheeks and the actual hole where the mouth-hole already was. Then, she started stitching. There were lots of stitches to be placed, both on the inside of the mouth, as well as around the face. But Elena didn't have anywhere to be. She had called in sick to work.

Elena slept through most of her phone's alarms, waking up at 1:00 P.M. She was exhausted from last day's operation, which must have taken close to 7 hours. She woke up, groggy but nervous, whether her experiment had worked. She went to the kitchen to make herself a cup of coffee. It was awfully peaceful around the house, almost too peaceful. Elena placed the warm cup on her lips. The hot liquid felt so good, giving her an instant buzz of energy. Time to check the basement.

She opened the door and walked towards the metal table, holding the coffee mug in both her hands. Her plaything was very bruised, very swollen and in great pain. But the important thing was, there was blood circulation. The color of the skin was lively and vibrant. All was good.

Lola was drifting in and out of it, probably due to the morphine coursing through her veins. Two thirds of her face was bandaged, as well as her crotch, the second making it look like she was wearing a makeshift diaper. Lola turned her face, just a few degrees towards her visitor. Her arms and legs were too weak to even raise the cuffs on her wrists and ankles off the metal table. But her bruised, red eyes told Elena the whole story. They were looking at her with this pitiful and also empty look. Elena had won. There didn't seem to be any fight left in this person. Elena took another satisfied sip of her coffee and turned around, sealing her sister back into the basement's darkness.

"Hmmm, the elections are up soon. Why bother voting for any of these crooks?..." Elena mumbled as she swiped through the news on her tablet, sitting on the kitchen table, waiting for her breakfast. She didn't expect any response. Elena had gotten into the habit of talking to herself. Not that she was antisocial; on the contrary, she was getting her fair share of dates. She'd even made a new group of friends with some girls from her gym, and she had invited them a few times over, for drinks, laughs and silly board games. While the group of girlfriends had to get their own snacks and refills, when she was by herself, Elena was receiving royal treatment.

Elena had her back turned on her sister, who was preparing her morning orange juice. She was slicing the oranges with a toothed butter-knife. Her mistress had zero worries of getting back-stabbed, but why overdo it? The bitch would need to use some muscle, but she'd get the job done. Lola's face was covered below her eyes with a red, velvet scarf, tied with a neat bow behind her hairless head. The scarf's corner ended right below the girl's chin. Matching, Brazilian panties covered the woman's mangled crotch. There was little use for Lola's downstairs nowadays.

These items were there to keep mistress' eyes safe from any disturbing sights, and to not offend her tasteful aesthetic. Elena didn't need to witness Miss pussy-face, especially first thing in the morning. So, Lola's latest accessories stayed on for most of the day.

When her mistress was feeling frisky though, Lola knew to immediately remove her face-scarf and expose her fuck hole. Elena had bought a new strap-on dildo, too, one that was insertable both ways, the "internal" part vibrating according to the friction caused on the "external" part. It simply felt amazing, whenever Elena face-fucked her docile servant. The added tracheostomy she had performed on her loyal subject meant Elena could go to town on that cunt-face with no worries of her toy's "battery" dying. Whatever the occasion, Lola obeyed stoically, taking her face-pounding with the grace of a princess.

Elena also enjoyed using the toy differently; scraping the strap and having Lola make love to her with her face/cunt full of the rubber cock. Elena of course kept the fun, vibrating half for herself.

The surgeon sometimes wondered whether her slave was getting any pleasure from her 'love-making'. The sensitive nerves were still there after all, as was the clitoris and the so-called g-spot, the later now positioned somewhere on the roof of her mouth, where the hard palate used to be. Sometimes she

thought Lola's silent eyes might be expressing something that could be perceived as lust, but Elena wasn't sure. Maybe it was just her default sad look. Regardless, she never bothered asking.

The girl's lips, painted a bright magenta color, were dangling separately, but next to each other, from Elena's key-chain, like two little pillowy shapes. They still had some satisfying bounce to them, thanks to the preservative injected inside them.

Elena did not really miss these lips on her "cooch". Sure they were fun, but with the new-found confidence she had acquired over the past year, she had more than her fair share of booty-calls, male and female, waiting to queue up down there. At the end of the day, your sex toy cannot be as gratifying as the "real thing". Elena used hers whenever she wanted a quickie and didn't want to bother with human interaction.

Lola elegantly approached her mistress, putting a tray in front of her, with a coffee mug, a glass of orange juice, some buttered toast with strawberry jam, and a couple pieces of vanilla cake. She'd probably love to have some of that, or any food, for that matter. Letting her slave intake into that new cavity was a danger for all sorts of infections, so Lola's arm was now filled with pricks from butterfly needles, transporting intravenously her "delicious" serum. Her "meal" times occurred when she was strapped down on her metal bed for the night, or just stashed away there by her mistress, when she didn't want her to be a social nuisance.

The older sister enjoyed her breakfast, with her menial waiting a few feet by her side, for any new instructions. Lola had a new collar around her neck, a regular leather one, since her choker was rendered obsolete by the hole in her neck. Her leash was still clipped on the kitchen's wall, though Elena was not particularly worried about her wandering around the house anymore. Lola stood there, looking straight ahead, past her mistress.

"Hey, these look nice!" she heard her sister. Elena was browsing through an online sex-shop's catalogue. "You might look good in these" Elena kept mumbling to herself, even though the person she was referring to stood right next to her. Her eyes were stuck on a black skin-tight, latex outfit. The fetishistic garment consisted of a pair of long, latex gloves that went up over the elbow. Some thigh-high, sheath-like, latex stockings and a swimsuit-like one-piece which left the asscheeks exposed.



The endings of the gloves and the stockings, as well as around the waist of the one-piece and its shoulders, were decorated with wide, blood-red latex frills, giving the outfit a bit more volume. The set came with all sorts of possible add-ons, like a black-and-red latex french-maid apron, a black latex garter belt and a matching latex hood, with zippers where the eyes and mouth was.

"I'm sure they'll have it in A cup" Elena mused. "Maybe I can have them make the mouth-zipper on the hood vertical instead of horizontal, too", she commented, before clicking the "add to cart" button. It might be a pain to clean, but Lola wasn't busy. Elena was sure she could fit powdering, lubing and cleaning her outfit into her daily routine.

After all, she was a responsible adult, now.

