

a story by Denkira7

LINA'S TWIN KITTENS



SCOUNDREL SKULL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

A STORY BY DENKIRA7

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The way their delicate, dexterous fingers danced on those four strings. The graceful movements their wrists made to sustain that beautiful vibrato. The loving hold they had on their bows and how weightlessly they slid along the violin's strings.

Enchanting as they were, these sounds were taking a back seat to the musicians' appearance. Ears are useful and all, but they can only wander so far. The eyes are much better at that. Throughout the performance, a pair of almond shaped (and colored) eyes traced a youthful beauty, belonging to the two women violinists. This beauty was mirrored in their wrinkle-less faces, their waist-long, straight blonde hair, their sparkling gray-blue eyes and their glistening, white skin. Though hiding their form from the chest down, the violinists' classy, ankle-long dresses did allow sight of the outline their slim, womanly bodies formed. Their thin waists and B-cup breasts were nicely hugged by it. Their shoulders were bare to the eye via the strapless dresses.

The blonde girl on the left was wearing a black dress, while her sister was wearing an identical one in a full white. Besides that difference in color, everything else about the girls was matching.

It was expected. After all, they were identical twins. Both 19 years, 159 days old and 5 hours old. Nature needed two of these astounding female specimens in the world. The violin prodigies were of Eastern European origins, heavily reflected on their facial characteristics. The rest of the twin girls' stage appearance enhanced their sameness, rather than deny it. Their hair was caught in the same kind of long, formal ponytail, their faces powdered with the equal amounts of soft, flattering make-up. Same skin-toned lipstick, same modest eye-shadow.

“Aren’t they great?” Lina’s friend turned and whispered amidst the beautiful performance. She had already seen the show twice, but did not mind sharing the experience with Lina again. Lina had reserved the best seats the theatre had to offer, on a small, private opera box high above the stage. Her three girlfriends had recommended taking her to this music show and it was a good call.

“Uuuh... yes, they are very good” Lina nodded, snapped out her trance. She couldn’t stop nervously finger-curling her wavy, pitch-black hair, which draped ever so esthetically down her beautiful, C-cup size breasts.

Lina Chung, a 32-year-old, sexy, Asian brunette, never had issues about spending her money on her friends. Owner to an industrial empire, there was always more where that money came from. Besides, treating her girlfriends to a lavish living brought her joy. They had all picked their most dazzling dresses for this very high-brow night out. Of course, there was plenty of booze and clubbing to go along with the rest of the night and balance out all this “culture”.

Lina had gone for a fire-red, eye-popping dress which hugged the curves of her petite body in all the right ways. But at this moment, this dress, thin and light as it was, was suffocating her.

The two identical twin sisters had mesmerized her in all sorts of ways. Lina was never a huge music buff. Though she observed the occasional intellectual event, the young woman was more into partying, booze and drug-fuelled nights of the more... carnal variety. Funnily enough, her down-time in her spacious, luxurious home featured lots of book-reading and hanging out with her multiple cats. Lina was certainly challenging the definition of a “cat-lady”.

Lina could not turn away from this auditory and visual display. As soon as the piece finished and silence filled the mesmerized, packed auditorium of this central London theatre, the crowd burst into a thrilling ovation.

The Trejovic sisters took a synchronized bow with a big smile on their faces. The two girls appealed to something primal inside Lina. Looking so...innocent, with their big, gray-blue eyes, their long and straight blonde hair and their perfectly feminine bodies, their beauty had an angelic quality to it. But Lina was not an innocent person. Rather, demon than angel. Maybe it was this contrast that drew her to the sisters in the first place.

Both twins must have been taller than her. They had these slender arms and legs, and these long necks that a vampire would crave. Even from the height of her executive opera box, Lina was enthralled by them.

As they bowed once more, holding each other's hands, their sisterly bond appeared so powerful in Lina's eyes. She felt an unstoppable urge to corrupt that bond. To twist it and turn it into something obscene. More importantly, Lina wanted to own this bond. To own them.



“Who is that lady again? Where did you find her?” Ksenia asked her sister, as they were both making their way through the busy sidewalk, towards a foreign residence. “She said she was on our show last week, and just wanted to meet for some tea. More importantly, she donated a thousand dollars to our tour fundraiser! It’s the least we can do to thank her” Kalina informed her twin with a suggestive look.

Kalina and Ksenia Trejovic, otherwise known as the “Violin Twins” had been very stressful lately. Sure, success in your dream job was great, but that came with all of work, and too little time to rest. With most days spent on their road, and with the added pressure for new videos, recordings etc. the girls were feeling burned out. This small visit to their generous secret fan could not last longer than a couple of hours. They had to hit the road soon for their next gig tonight in Manchester.

Finally, they reached a small row of marble stairs, leading up the entrance of a 14-storey tall, gorgeous modern building, like a small skyscraper. Miss Chung’s home was in downtown London; she always wanted it all. Both the convenience of the big city, as well as the space and privacy of an estate that spanned many square miles. Being able to afford anything, combining the two wasn’t a problem. The girls rang the doorbell and were then escorted by Miss Chung’s butler, a young, perfectly groomed black man, to the floor where “Miss is waiting for them”. The twins exchanged a nervous look. This fan of theirs was living a different life than most people.

Moving through the lavish corridors of this house, the girls passed by a handful of house cats. All looked pristinely pampered and presentable. Whoever this generous fan was, she was definitely a cat-person.

Finally, they reached a giant living room, located on the 11th floor of the estate. Top shelf furniture and rugs, high art on the walls, a grand piano in the corner, a stunning fireplace on another wall. This place oozed wealth. On one side, was waiting seated a beautiful Asian woman. On her lap was curled a grey-cat with perfectly brushed fur. “Hello, I’m so glad you could make it” the girls were greeted by their host, who promptly rose from her seat to shake their hands.

“They do shed, but I can’t help it. I love them so much” she said, cleaning the few hairs on her short, black leather outfit with a sticky roller. A red satin blouse complemented her skirt, same color as her lips, along with a pair of red, sexy Jimmy Choos, perfectly matching her blouse. A pair of elegant glasses adored her face. The twins were feeling under-dressed.

“Thank you very much for your donation Miss Chung, your house looks... amazing” Kalina commented whilst shaking the Asian woman’s hand. She was always a bit more extroverted than her sister Ksenia.

“Thank you honey, call me Lina! Now please, while the tea is still hot” the Asian woman gestured at the round table, which was surrounded by soft, comfy sofa-chairs that each cost more than most people’s monthly salary.

Some small talk ensued, while the twins enjoyed their presentable host’s delicious green tea. While grateful for Miss Lina’s generosity, both girls could swear that the woman’s eyes were getting a little “side-tracked” at times, tracing the sisters from head to toe. It was apparent that a “male gaze” could come from a female, too. The sisters exchanged a couple of confused looks away from the Asian’s notice. Throughout the discussion, there was a slight predatory vibe to Miss Chung’s demeanor, despite the conversation’s focus staying mostly on the girls’ remarkable talents. While Miss Chung could not stop praising them, Ksenia and Kalina could not wait for this tea party to conclude.

“You really like cats, don’t you?” Ksenia tried shifting the focus away from themselves. “I do, I find them the most elegant of pets” Lina replied, making fierce eye-contact with the young musician. Ksenia lowered her gaze. It was as if this woman was burning her retinas with her stare.

A couple of silent beats followed, awkward for the young guests, but not so much for Lina. The two sisters tried feeling that gap with nervous tea sipping. “I...I’m not...feeling very well...could...could I use the restroom?” Ksenia asked their hostess with a labored voice, suddenly realizing that her head weighed a thousand pounds. Next to her, Kalina shared the same reaction to her tea, too weak to even speak.

“Oh don’t worry about that honey. There won’t be any need” the blurry image of a cross-legged, softly smiling Lina was the last thing the girls saw before passing out in their sofa seats.

The second the two girls lost consciousness, the young butler from earlier appeared with his own female assistant, wheeling in two gurneys with leather straps all around their edges. They strapped the girls’ limp bodies onto them, and off they went, as naturally as refilling their mistress’ cup. Lina sipped her tea, with accomplished satisfaction.



Kalina awoke as groggy as someone could be. A strong headache was the first feeling she acknowledged. The second was her complete nudity and the third her bondage. Thick, leather straps around her wrists and ankles kept her attached to her gurney. “Hnnngg” she moaned dazed, a strapless, metal dental gag wedging her mouth rather open and keeping her from properly speaking. Her equally weak struggling caused the straps chains to rattle against the metal base of the gurney.

The naked woman was inside a very sterile room, with white, tiled walls. Perhaps an operating room? Right beside her, Kalina saw her sister Ksenia, still unconscious, but bound and gagged just like her. “HLLLLLLEEEEEEEAAAAHhh!” the conscious sister let a stifled plead for help, much more urgent than her first moan.

“Someone must’ve woken up on the wrong side of the bed” Kalina recognized Lina’s voice, as she appeared in the room. The girl renewed her fruitless struggles and moans, now focused on the woman responsible for all this. “Hi, violin girl” Lina revealed a satisfied smile. “I’m afraid the rest of your tour has been cancelled. I have other plans for you, two” she caressed the strapped-down girl’s cheek, causing an angry look from Kalina and more muffled, incoherent curses.

Soon after, a female, redhead nurse entered the room, complete with medical mask and elbow-long, latex gloves, promptly followed by a middle-aged man. “Is everything set, doctor?” Lina asked the man, taking her attention away from the bed-ridden Kalina. “Yes, we can proceed” he nodded.

The nurse dubbed a cotton wad in alcohol and started rubbing Kalina’s agape lips with it. She traced the cotton all around the girl’s mouth and cheeks. The young Eastern-Block girl could only look up at the stranger with increasingly terrified eyes.

The doctor approached the gurney-bound woman, holding a syringe with a clear liquid. Kalina tried to turn away from him, but the nurse took one more leather strap attached to the gurney and pulled it over the girl’s forehead, tightly securing her head. “NNggg, NUUUUH, GHOOOOO!” ignoring the girl’s incoherent protests, the doctor started pricking various spots of Kalina’s mouth and the surrounding skin. Three pricks on each lip, then three more above the top lip and three below the bottom lip, each time injecting a few CCs of the strange drug. A few more followed on the helpless girl’s cheeks, the nurse dabbing away the tiny dots of blood that formed on the girl’s face with cotton pads. Lina watched intrigued from a step behind.

“GUUUUUUUUUhgg!” the young girl was now writhing in her bonds against this medical assault. Kalina felt like her mouth was being numbed, like she had forgotten about an urgent wisdom-teeth operation or something.

Her pretty blue eyes then widened when she saw the needle turn to point towards the bottom center of her neck! She rattled her cuffs’ chains some more, with no way to stop the doctor from piercing her lower neck with his needle.

“Alright, lots do the other now that she’s out. Then we can proceed with the rest of the procedures” the doctor informed his assistant. “HHhhh...hhhhh!” Kalina tried to scream, shifting her panicked eyes between the doctor, the nurse and Lina, looking for an explanation. As hard as she tried, no scream would be coming out of her ever again.



The medical duo's work proceeded with much rigor and focus. While Ksenia was the luckier of the two, remaining blissfully unaware of the "alterations" inflicted on her, Kalina was soon a sobbing mess. A silent sobbing mess, though. The drug had irreversibly damaged her vocal chords and it soon did the same to the muscles of her lower face and lips. The same procedure was performed on Ksenia, rendering the twin sisters essentially mute for life and also disabling them from mouthing anything that could be interpreted as human speech. Their jaw muscles were left intact so they could eat and lap water. Their tongues also remained fully competent. That meant the girls would express their motions primarily through their pretty eyes from now on, with their lower faces rendered stiff and hard to maneuver.

While this modification wouldn't make much difference in the sense of alerting anyone to their peril, since the two girls would never run into someone willing to help them, it would provide a barrier of communication between the two girls and between them and Lina, something that would prove useful in their conditioning later on.

With some topical anesthetic, the "Tibialis Anterior" muscle, on the outer front of their shins, as well as the "Peroneus Longus and Brevis" muscles on their outer calves, were cut off, surgically preventing the young, previously able-bodied girls from ever standing on their own two legs. While they would be able to rise to their knees, their ruined muscular integrity below that point, would make supporting their weight impossible. As it became obvious later, this was only the first level of restraint in their lower half.

With the mainly "inhibiting" portions of Lina's modifications out of the way, it was time for the more fun, "transforming" ones. Lina was always into cats. She'd turn these sisters into her favorite pair of pet felines.

After hours, the Trejovic sisters came to the same chilly environment as before, still strapped down to their gurneys. Though they'd wished otherwise, lots of things had changed. For starters, all hair on their bodies had been permanently electrolyzed, except for their eyebrows and their pretty goldilocks. Miss Lina wanted to keep the former for their expressive qualities and the latter to fashion them into some cute pigtails with a couple of prettily tied ribbons. One thing was certain. No sticky rollers would be necessary with these kitties, no matter how long she petted them.

A pair of fluffy cat ears was clipped on each sister's blonde hair, the metal clips snap-locked securely to negate any attempts at pawing at them to dislodge. The triangular cat ears were located precisely in front of the girls' pigtails, making their caught locks of golden hair appear like an extension of their kitty-ears.

Kalina and Ksenia's faces had received some make-up, the kind that doesn't get wiped off with wet-wipes. The "nurse" that Kalina had seen earlier was also a tattoo artist specializing on permanent make-up and facial tattoos. She worked on their youthful faces with black, irremovable ink.

The bottom part of their noses, around the nostrils, was fully covered in black ink, turning them into cute little cat noses. From there, a straight downwards line connected the nose to the lips, which were also painted with the same deep black ever-present lipstick, that vertical line giving them that very distinct cat-face look. A few black dots were made on either side of that vertical line, above the girls' upper lip. Three straight lines across each cheek, blossoming from the center of the face like drawn sunrays, simulated some cute whiskers.

Finally, their pretty eyes were "beautified" with an exaggerated version of the, very aptly called, "cat-make up", with plenty of dark eyeliner and eye-shadow drawn around their blue-gray "marbles" into the signature shape.

Moving below the neck, their sisters' nipples were "decorated" with silver, heart-shaped piercings, held there with a horizontal bar going across the heart. In addition, these rigid nipple piercings served as another added layer of bondage. Thin, but surprisingly strong, metal chains, were connected to each piercing, then attached to the corresponding metal ring on the top, front, center of the girl's stockings. This created an unbroken link between a girl's right nipple and the front of her right thigh, and her left nipple with her left thigh, respectively.

The cruelty (and utility) of this trick lied on the chains' length, which was calculated so that each "catified" woman could only keep her thighs "raised" into a crawl position, since trying to straighten her legs simply caused the two chains to painfully tug at her sensitive nipples, waaay before she had a chance to stand straight. This kept the two sisters always at a humbling, crawling stance, with their "tit-to-thigh" jewellery swaying above the floor at the slightest curve, a reminder that any "naughty movement" could make them punishingly taut.

Moving on, their very virgin assholes were filled with generously sized, inflatable silicone butt-plugs, featuring pretty, fluffy cat tails at their exterior. Ksenia and Kalina would quickly come to quickly hate the "filling" sensation in their rectums.

To nullify the use of hands, a very human feature, cute cat-paw mittens were placed over the siblings' hands, secured snugly with around their wrists with a leather strap. It was punched in place with rivets instead of the more escapable buckles. While the exterior of the fabric was furry, soft and cuddly, complete with pink round paw-prints, the interior was industrially durable, made from a special

polyester fabric that could not be torn nor punctured by a simple scratch or bite. The mitten-gloves were attached to long latex sleeves that reached over the elbows. Medical-grade glued lining the inside of the latex sleeves ensured that no kitty would be removing her mittens anytime soon.

To further inhibit the girl's freedom, the mittens' wrist bands had metal D-rings which were connected via thin chains to a ring on the girl's collars. This shortened the range of movement their hands had to a 15-inch radius, with its center being the kittens' collars. It offered enough room so they could put one paw in front of the other to crawl, but kept them from extending their arms fully and as a result their crawling "gate" forced their elbows bend, their front more lowered and their asses forced to perk up higher than they'd like, offering a beautiful sight.

Additionally, this restraint method obstructed the two kitties from "swatting", pushing or blocking away anything that approached them from the belly-button and below. Something very handy for Lina's "disciplining" plans.

Similarly to their fluffy mittens, thigh-high latex stockings, ending in soft, foot-mitten paws encased the girls' legs. The endings of these new appendages gave the twins' hands and feet a very fuzzy, almost plush, appearance. Since each of the hand-mittens was visibly larger than a common glove, and their "hind-paws" larger than your average shoe, this look accentuated their feline limbs' cuteness.

Every individual accessory, namely the collar, the latex garments, the cat ears, the hair-ribbons and their furry hair was the same across each girl's body. A dark blue color for Ksenia, corresponding with the dark dress she had worn that night at the theatre, and respectively a light, cyan blue for Kalina, since she was wearing the lighter-colored, white dress. The latex fabric of their sleeves and stockings would shine brightly under Lina's house-lights. The two kitties' color palette matched nicely with their blue-gray eyes and sunny blonde hair.

It was in this state that Lina paid her two prepared kitty sisters a visit. She stood between their beds, eyeing them silently. It was funny how they both moved their mouths pointlessly, straining their irreversibly paralyzed lips to produce words, only to utter a soft hiss. They both looked terrified, rattling the chains of their straps. The silver cat-bells dangling from their necks, adored with dark and light blue leather collars respectively, ringed urgently with their struggling.

Needless to say, the twins were less than thrilled with this new arrangement. The Asian woman eyed them down with utter contempt, through her glasses, disregarding their angry, tear-filled eyes. She hoped that by the end of the week those annoying and frankly, self-centered protests would luckily have vanished. By the end of the month, they might have already turned into submissive pleas for their owner's attention. Affection, even.

Two of her servants joined Lina, undoing each girl's straps and helping them onto the floor. Their nipple-thigh chain-pairs were waiting for them, clipped onto them and "locking" their legs from straightening. The sudden realization that they could not get up, but only crawl, send them into another speechless hissy fit. Only difference from before was the lower level from which they expressed their misery.

Lina clipped two leashes, color-matching each pretty cat-girl, onto their collars' D-rings. Holding the two loops with one hand, she pulled at both Ksenia and Kalina's collars. "I know kitties are not usually leashed, but we'll have to until you're house-trained" Lina informed her two modified prisoners. The two violinists did not intend to join Lina, wherever she was taking them.

"Well, if you wanna be stubborn..." Lina rolled her eyes, taking out a long, but thin, wooden cane. She cut the air with it, the swishing sound momentarily stopping the girls' nervous pulling on its tracks. But Ksenia and Kalina still did not comply with their new mistress, so Lina wasted no time, swinging the long thing down their bare, tight asses. It stung like hell as it marked their tender ass-cheeks and the back and sides of their thighs multiple times. Both of the young girls gave pathetic attempts to avoid the ruthless caning, flailing their ineffective paws towards the "source" of the pain and trying to shuffle away from Lina, but both with no success. Their "outfits" had been designed to thwart such rebelliousness.

Conceding their helpless state, Ksenia and Kalina reluctantly began crawling alongside Lina, passing by a few corridors. It was night-time, judging by the darkness off the balconies' windows. An elevator ride took them to the living room where they had enjoyed their "sleepy tea" with Lina, no more than 12 hours ago. It was surreal how much things had changed since then. A large metal cage, 2.5mx1.5m wide and 1m tall, awaited them against one wall, with thin, mesh bars that formed small squares. That wasn't there before.

The two pigtailed, cat-eared, blonde beauties offered yet again resistance, refusing to enter the cage. No problem for Lina, who unleashed another storm of cane strikes onto their innocent flesh, coating their backs with red lines. Both Ksenia and Kalina yelped pathetically, no sound actually escaping their darkened lips. But their misery did not require volume to become apparent. That second beating was enough of a "motivation" for them to crawl inside the cage.

"Get some rest. We have plenty of time to get more acquainted..." Lina said with a soft smile as she closed the little cage door, locking them inside without any food. She knew that hunger would work on her side the next day.

Meanwhile, Miss Lina's "associates" arranged for any traces of the girls' whereabouts to be lost in the sands of time. That donation, while public, was only done under Miss Lina's cover-operation agency, the

girls only knowing about their “benefactor” via a private text message. The women would be reported missing within the next few days, and, if everything went according to plan, declared dead by the authorities some months after.



The first few days in Miss Chung's home were a living nightmare for the two sisters. They pulled on their permanent restraints and cried very visible tears, mutely pleading to this wicked woman to let them go. Of course, Lina would never do them the favor. These two white-skinned sweethearts were everything she could wish for.

Ksenia and Kalina had a tough time adjusting to the new restrictions on their own bodies. During their first week, countless were the times that the two girls would accidentally pull on their poor nipples, forgetting that upright postures were strictly for humans, not them. Their limited range of hand-movement would also send them into fits of frustration, as they hopelessly tried to "trouble-shoot" their bondage predicament to find a way out of it. It went without saying that, being unable to even control their own posture, made exerting any sort of physical retaliation against their captor impossible. Clawing with their fluffy paws was as laughable as it was useless and the girls' nipple-tethered legs had no way of kicking Lina or anyone else.

The girls tried chewing their way out of their furry mittens, but they only managed to choke on the fluff exterior of their paws, their teeth stopping on the impenetrable polyester that encased their hands (and feet).

But the Trejovic twins not only had to deal with the futility of their escape attempts, but also the repercussions that came with them. Besides her trusty cane, the Asian femme-fatale also started using a 25-inch-long, old-school steel ruler for her "disciplinary methods". Matching the aesthetic of her "hot-for-teacher" type, smarty-pants glasses, it provided a very fitting instrument to teach her new kitties a lesson in obedience. She got quite a lot of use out of it, beating the shit out of her riled-up kittens' bare tooshies until they looked red like two juicy cherries.

It really amused Lina, seeing the two girls strain to block the onslaught of strikes with their oversized, furry paws. Tethered to their collars, their hands were clearly out of reach of where Lina's ruler was making sharp contact. When that plan would obviously fail, they pointlessly tried to crawl away from the ruler's range. But Lina was holding them firmly by their leashes, so that was also an exercise in futility.

It was priceless how their pleading, desperate eyes would quickly shift to panicked and scared, all with the simple "brandishing" of the ruler. Their pretty blue eyes, matching the shades of their outfits and their quivering black lips made their terror look even cuter! Lina loved how much they were afraid of her. It was a necessary evil towards a healthy, pet-owner relationship.

At some point during that first week, Lina decided on her human kitties' new pet names, both inspired by the shade of blue on their respective appearances. Ksenia was now called "Berry", since her dark blue

palette reminded Lina of blueberries, and Kalina was renamed to “Sunny”, for the sunny, clear sky that her cyan-colored attire brought to mind. The next day after she came up with them, both sisters had a round, silver little name-tag that dangled from their collars, right alongside their jingling cat-bell.

During the first couple of weeks, the two abducted women were rarely let out of the cages, only about 3-4 times a day, to stretch their muscles and spend some “bonding time” with their lovely owner. The former mostly featured Lina training them in obedience, stoicism and displays of affection, like licking her palms, nuzzling their pigtailed heads against her or simply staying submissively by her side for prolonged periods of time. Ksenia and Kalina wanted to do none of above, which was where the ruler or cane entered the frame. After enough pain and marks, the two were usually more eager to please their mistress.

Twice a day, they would be fed dry or wet cat food from a shared plastic bowl (until the custom names Lina had ordered with their new names arrived). Both twins had gotten accustomed to the “luxury” of human food. Getting used to their new, barely palatable meals was a big step down, but their hunger could maintain their pride for so long. With their hands uselessly “stored” inside their mittens, they could only dig their faces over the bowl to shamefully gnaw on their cat food. Similarly with their water bowl, which they lapped at, humiliated.

Eventually, their bowels and bladder would need emptying. This was what their large litter-box was for, sadistically placed not inside their cage, but outside, a few yards away, against the wall. With Lina having very adamantly forbid any “littering” anywhere else, the two blonde kittens had to practice great self-restraint and patience, until they were let outside their cage. No amount of pawing against the cage’s mesh bars was enough for anyone, Lina or her house-servants, to let them out anytime sooner. So when the time finally came, both girls were too desperate to relieve themselves, to offer much of a fight, both against their captors, or their own sense of pride and dignity. For “no.2s” their cat-tail butt-plugs would be temporarily deflated and removed, only to be re-inserted and pumped back to irremovable pressure, after Berry or Sunny were “done”.

At which point, the kitties should have adequately covered their “filth” by shoveling sand over it with their paws. The maids and butlers of the kitten’s floor carried leather crops to subdue any possible resistance. Even though Ksenia and Kalina attempted at finding a caring soul amongst them with more pathetic pleadings for their rescue, they failed. In this place, no one was on their side.

The entire experience was mortifying, not only having to beg another person to take a plug out of your asshole, but then have them watch as you defecate! There were no words to describe the heinous shame the twins felt every time, but they had no choice. It was either that, or stay with an increasingly

aching belly till they burst. The hypothetical third option, soiling their cage's puffy pillows, was a non-option. Both sisters had learned that painfully well, after a yellow stain caused by Kalina had been discovered, leading to an ass-whooping harsher than any of them ever had ever received. Even though it was only Kalina who had been a "bad kitty", both cat-girls received the discipline equally, since Miss Chung was adamant about "sharing responsibility" between her kittens.

Their overall hygiene was addressed every 3-4 days, with some maid or butler scrubbing their naked bodies clean with a soapy sponge and washing their chest-long blonde hair with a nice-smelling shampoo. It was the only time their cute pigtailed ribbons were removed, only to be tied neatly back, once their hair had been blow-dried.

Despite the softness and pain-free nature of this particular procedure, Ksenia and Kalina still despised these moments. The feeling of having a complete stranger trace every curve and corner of your naked body was terribly invasive. But Lina's servants were thorough. The Asian woman would not accept filthy pets. Human or otherwise.

Around afternoon, when Lina would usually be around and relaxing, was when their "intimacy training sessions" would take place. The sexy Asian, usually clad in one of her favorite leather skirts and satin blouses, would take a cross-legged, comfortable sit on her couch and instruct her pets to gather around her. The sisters' latex-covered knees and their furry front paws had become somewhat acquainted with the woman's expensive Turkish carpet. Getting up or pawing the couch was out of bounds, unless Lina wanted so.

Miss Chung would offer her palms to the worried, apprehensive twins, the insinuation always being that they had to lick them to show their affection towards their mistress. Of course, the two sisters had nothing but hatred in their hearts for the woman that had kidnapped them, assaulted their bodies and degraded them to animals. Lina knew it, too, but she wanted to see none of it. All she wanted to see from them was undying devotion, gratitude and submissiveness.

So after the first few rejections Lina received, resulting every time in either a hard slap across their perky, small titties or a thorough ruler-beating on their (already reddened) ass-cheeks, the sisters got the memo and begun, reluctantly at first, to lap at the woman's hand. Lina loved this display of affection. She usually offered them only the one hand, which both Sunny and Berry licked together, keeping their blue eyes locked towards Lina's, as the woman had strictly ordered. It didn't matter whether Lina was making eye-contact them or not. Ksenia and Kalina HAD to keep their eyes on her, on her eyes.

After the first month of painfully (both figuratively and literally) repeating that pattern, the girls had learned very well that while in their company, if their mistress brought her hand ever so slightly forward

and suspended it in the air, they were to immediately “flock” towards it and worship it. Worship her. Symbolic or not, this gesture was a clear indication that this woman meant the whole world to them.

Whenever not requiring their full attention, Lina liked to relax with her newest pair of kitties, either on the couch with a good book or chilling in front of the TV, in both cases accompanied with a glass of the finest Brandy. Berry and Sunny could only “relax” by assuming a curled up, fetal position, usually around her feet, on the carpet. At any point, Lina could decide to pet her smooth-skinned kittens, running her hand alongside their bare back, down their waist and even their round buttocks.

Despite the harmless nature of her touch, the girls often flinched at the stranger’s privacy-invading touch. But they had also learned that moving away from their owner’s caress was a huge insult. Their bodies, as well as their minds, were Lina’s. If the woman wanted to grope their ass, playfully twist their nipple or stroke any inch of their naked body, she had the RIGHT to.

When she was pleased with them, or just felt like it, Lina would pet them by rubbing the top of their heads, in that spot between their cat ears, between their pigtails. This gesture felt weirdly dehumanizing to the two women. No one rubs or pets someone on the head. They might caress their hair or give a head massage. But this was humiliating. Uncanny.

At least when Lina did that, Ksenia and Kalina knew they were in the clear. No beating was coming their way any time soon. That alone gave them a sense of relief.

The hours spent while caged together, Ksenia and Kalina used mainly to silently comfort each other. The latex cover of their limbs provided a small compensation from their exposed bodies. A couple of old pillow and an old quilt gave the girls some semblance of comfort, inside the cold, rough cage.

The two twins would often snuggle together and try to mentally escape this hell. They’d often burst into mutual, silent cries or fall into a depressed sleep, usually Kalina big-spooning the more fragile Ksenia. The familiar warmth of their naked bodies was all they could offer each other at this point, apart from the knowing looks of their shared predicament.

When awake, they’d try and pace in the minimum space given to them from their cage. Looking through the mesh bars at a working maid, a passing butler, or rarer, at Lina herself. Though when she was around the house, Sunny and Berry were usually taken out to “play”.

Overall, it was a dull, degrading existence for the violin prodigies. Humans were not meant to lead such plain, stimulus-scarce lives. This idleness was almost as torturous as Lina's steel ruler. Almost. Lina's 11th floor also had 3 other cats, real ones, this time. Ironically enough, these were freer than Ksenia or Kalina, able to roam around the house at all times. The animals would sometimes sit and give curious glances towards the two newest arrivals, examining them through the mesh bars of their cage, before darting off. It made the twins feel that much more demeaned.

Arguably, it was a rather difficult transition to cope with. From dignified, talented, celebrated people to helpless, degraded, dependent pets. With no way out, the two twin sisters had no options but to follow where this humiliating rabbit-hole led. Any other path ended in instructing pain, and lots of it. The welts, cane and ruler-marks on their asses, back thighs and tits told the whole story of their inability to fall in line during their first weeks at Lina's estate.



After a full month in captivity Ksenia and Kalina Trejovic, famous violin virtuosos and twin sisters, had mostly gotten it through their heads that help was not arriving any time soon. As much as they hoped that the police would soon burst through the door, rescue them and lock Lina up for a long-long time, it never happened. Likewise, they had accepted that escaping from their captive's lavish place on their own, was impossible. Thusly, their new reality had started to sip into their minds. Their newly assigned roles seemed unavoidable, and hence, they were beginning to comply more with Lina's wishes, without an alternative in sight. Their depressed, helpless state pushed them faster towards submissiveness.

Reflecting on that, their Asian, leather-skirt-loving mistress had upped the ante, regarding her kittens' conditioning and discipline. With the introductory stage of their new lives in the rear-view mirror, Lina didn't want to give the girls even the slightest opportunity to fall into a comfort zone. She did not want them bargaining for any freedom or improvement in their lives. Anything of that sort would only be generously handed by Lina's initiative. Therefore, any pesky whine or begging eyes that signified such an attempt was punished thoroughly. And once the leather-clad woman started swinging, it mattered little which ass got the crueler end of it.

With that being said, Berry and Sunny were granted a bit more freedom to roam around; more hours outside their cage. It was fun for Lina to watch them aimlessly crawl around the 11th floor of her estate – the only floor they had access to.

There was no need for any kind of bodyguard on the door that led to the building's staircase and elevator. Rising on their "hind-legs" was out of limits for the two kittens, they adorably enough, they still gave it their best shot, trying to reach and paw uselessly at the locked door's round handle with their ineffective mittens. They had no way of turning it, never mind turning a key. Due to their linked thighs and nipples, if they wanted to kneel with folded legs, the only way they could achieve that was with a bowing posture, to keep them from tearing their nipples off. So they could not really launch themselves or attack anyone.

The floor's balconies were off-limits, but also mostly for precaution, since no building reached that height in the vicinity. The two girls watched through the windows at a life that was no longer available. Roads, cars and people leading independent, dignified lives. It seemed like that last one was not on the menu for them, anymore.

Lina had plenty of visitors on all the other floors of her tower. Lots and lots of friends coming over, business associates arriving on the lower, office-like floors. Ksenia and Kalina had become aware of that, whenever Lina would leave them to attend to her new guests. But with their voices taken away from them, there were no screams to be heard and no rescue ever arriving. Stomping at the floor with their sound-absorbing paws or their weak knees, yielded no results but making the kitty-girls look even sillier.

Despite two clearly unwilling guests inhabiting it, Lina's house remained in pristinely luxurious condition. Whenever out of their cage, Ksenia and Kalina usually wondered around on all fours, helplessly scanning for anything they could use to escape. But even if they came across, say... a knife, their mitten-paws were largely useless to even grab it, let alone free themselves. Only thing they could probably do with it was fall on it and prematurely end their misery. The few tantrums Lina's human cats had expressed, mostly via stubborn paw-stomping, angry eyes, teeth-bearing and the rare, small property damage were dealt swiftly with Lina's favorite ruler. Lina would not allow feral, wild cats around.

There was an incident were the rowdy pair had tripped a vase off a coffee-table, causing it to shatter to pieces. Lina was so mad she made the two sisters clean the shards off the floor with their mouths. Ksenia and Kalina never forgot that day, as the small scars they received on their lips and tongues from lapping at broken porcelain stung painfully for a few days. They never made any "mischief" after that instance, at least when it came to breaking things.

The little cat bells hanging from their necks swayed and ringed with each crawling step, alerting anyone to the two cats' whereabouts. This was especially problematic whenever a kitty was caught red-handed (or rather, red-pawed) trying to grasp at a phone, left on a table to call for help, or toss a glass on the floor and use its shard to free herself. These "naughty" antics always earned them the harshest of punishments. Her staff always informed Lina of their kitties "infractions" so that she delivered their punishment first hand. No less than 30 minutes could be spent "reminding" the naughty kittens that these things were "bad", always ending with peachy-red bottoms and red-stripped hips and titties.

Lina had "invented" a position for her two kitties so that their B-cup titties and their pretty, hairless little cunts could also experience the "kisses" of the woman's mean, stinging ruler. With a snap of her fingers, each pet had to roll on their backs and spread their thighs wide apart, their arms raised above the head and forming a square shape. This was a true test of nerves and submission in itself, as both girls knew as soon as they heard the snap, that things weren't looking good for them. As much as they tried pouting their black lips and furring their eyebrows, frightened, they never got off the "reddening" of their tender parts.

All in all, their desperation to somehow free themselves still got them in trouble. Ksenia and Kalina truly wanted the earth to open up and swallow them in these moments, when their cat-bells tipped them off. After a while, their crawling "trips" around the house were mainly focused on making "kitty-eyes" to a maid in the kitchen, or a butler moving from floor to floor. Though the prospect of pleading for release was now in the far back of their minds, and the initial excuse for such "socializing", the catgirls also enjoyed the staff's presence around them. It offered the faintest company to them. At the very least, watching the woman move from bench to bench, preparing food, provided them with something to look at. Smart-phones were not part of a kitten's daily life.

If the initial stubbornness and protests of the first few weeks of the Trejovic sisters “stay” were an indication of a power struggle between captor and captives, the power (im)balance had now become very clear to both Ksenia and Kalina, overwhelmingly tipped towards Lina’s side.

Their hearts immediately skipped a bit whenever she entered the frame and worry flooded their minds. It was very immediate how much control this 32-year-old Asian woman exuded over them. The two young girls were violinists in their “previous” lives. Not boxers or mine-workers. The repeated pain this woman had inflicted upon them was more than enough of a motivating force in shaping their behavior.

Soon enough, both Berry and Sunny only had room in their heads for how to properly please their mistress. No room for whining, or begging, or any other expression of humanity and individuality.

On that note, Lina had started advancing her “intimacy-building” sessions with her two blue kitties. From the moment she got them, she hadn’t stopped imagining how great it would be to have the two pleasure her, in a more...direct, less platonic way.

The two sister-kittens had exchanged a worried look, the first time they saw “Miss Lina” zip down her leather skirt, then pull down her dark-colored lace panties. She spread her legs comfortably, then curled her index finger, beckoning both between her thighs, towards a wet cunt, waiting on the edge of the couch. Berry and Sunny obeyed, not wanting to be punished for disobedience. Two little pussies approaching a third.

“Show it the same love you show my hand” she said with a clear connotation, her left hand still holding the long, shiny, metal ruler. She hadn’t removed her glasses from the reading she was doing earlier. Teach’ was gonna tutor the young siblings with something new...

Reluctant, but too scared to delay the inevitable for too long and get fresh whip-marks on their tooshies, the two blue catgirls closed the last few inches separating their darkened lips and Lina’s own, moist pair. The sisters’ cheeks touched (both the ones on the front and the ones on the back) as they crammed their tongues on Lina’s craving pussy and begun lively lapping at it.

“Yes...kiss it, too, lick it and kiss it all over” Lina said with closed eyes, instinctively grabbing the first pigtail she blindly found with the other and pulling it deeper onto her cunt. It was Kalina’s. The light-blue colored kitty kept licking her mistress’ sex with superficial enthusiasm. Even though their paralyzed lip muscles were not very good at kissing anymore, their tongues worked overtime to cover up the loss. Lina was too distracted in the pleasure between her thighs to notice the futility of half her order.

Neither she nor her sister had ever pleased a woman before. The circumstances, under which they would do such a thing, could never be guessed in a million years. But here they were, both slurping at a pretty vagina, 13 years older than theirs, under very clear threat of violence. With a lot of their facial elasticity destroyed, it was difficult to have much skill for sucking Lina's clit or kissing her labia lips, but their tongues still did wonders for Lina's enjoyment.

"Yes...yes...YES....YESSSS!" Lina felt amazing, closing her eyes and savoring her joy. Unlike their usual rough and coarse texture, these kitties' tongues were perfectly smooth, soft and moist. The two twin tongues inadvertently danced with each other, constantly in contact, since they were both targeting the same "receiver". Ksenia and Kalina tried ignoring that detail, since the thought of being amorous with each other was repulsive. Not that they wanted to lap at this stranger's cunt, but at least that was under force.

While being pleased, the Asian woman slowly, sensually, rubbed the flat side of the ruler back and forth against Ksenia's soft rump, peeking next to her sister's. At one point, she gave each girl a couple of ass-whacks with her ruler, in order to intensify their cunt-lapping. It was funny how their asses flinched and made a little twerk upon being ruler-smacked, but none of the girls dared to remove their buried faces from Lina's pussy, never mind growling back at their horny mistress. Lina found priceless how there were no verbal responses to her steel spankings, either. Another gal would moan or yelp into her cunt, but her little kitties did not possess the vocal chords to do such thing, so their responses remained strictly physical.

Ksenia and Kalina might have been inexperienced lesbians, but their desire to avoid pain, along with an instilled sense of duty towards their owner, baked into their minds from day one, helped the twins to do a good job on Lina's cunt. Their young tongues slid all over the woman's labia, her clitoris and everywhere in between, with a zeal that largely contradicted their own wishes. The above, mixed with the arousing anticipation built up in Lina's body worked like a charm.

Finally, the woman moaned ecstatically, as she reached a wonderful orgasm. In order to bring herself slowly down from this cum-drunk cloud, the woman made Berry slow-lick her pussy, as a gentle wind-down, cleaning it from any residual "girl-cum", while Sunny used her tongue to clean any dust that might have stuck to her stilettos. When she was done, Lina's heels were glistening more than ever.

From this day on, the Trejovic sisters became increasingly familiarized with Miss Lina's private parts. Few days passed without the woman ending her day with a nice, warm duo of identical, eager tongues worshipping her divine pussy. Ksenia and Kalina's faces found themselves so buried in the woman's loins, the two were practically french-kissing every night, just facing the same direction. Although they

had never set paw on it during their first days, their mistress' bedroom had now become a familiar sight, albeit only for a short while. While Mistress' silk covers and marshmallow-soft mattress were a great improvement to the hard floors or their scratchy "bedspread", Lina's pets never shared her bed at night, nor did they sleep outside of their cage. Despite the consolation of momentarily resting their knees on the Miss' soft bed, the Eastern-European cats never actually wanted to be there. But once Lina motioned them over, each was too terrified to disobey, crawling towards her in an instant.

Often times, Lina would "assign" the stimulation of her pussy to one sister, while she toyed with the other one, groping her breasts and ass or sticking her fingers inside her pussy's pussy. Ksenia and Kalina would have loved to be able to object to their participation in the woman's sex-games, but alas they could not. They felt utterly violated each time the woman assaulted their bodies, but like good little pets they stoically took it.

Lina LOOOOOVED standing up or kneeling on her bed and having her two pets eat her crotch out, one kitty on the front, one in the back, lapping at her asshole. Only thing Ksenia and Kalina could anticipate was which hole they would be tasked with stimulating, both dreading the woman's "back-door". Slurping and tonguing their mistress' asshole was an... interesting experience for both young women.

The Asian women would make her two kitties experts on the art of pleasuring Lina Chung. She was a ruthless instructor and with the help of her long, ruler or equally mean cane, tutored the young twins in the ways she liked to be stimulated.

At the start, she wanted slooow and looong strides of the tongue across the whole pussy. Then as things got more heated, she wanted more erratic laps at her clit, interchanged with her lower inner labia, close to her sex-hole, but NEVER penetrating. Then, as her body prepared for an upcoming orgasm, she wanted all these sensations to intensify, and a good, deep tongue penetrating her pussy, licking the walls all around the "entrance".

For her rimhole, Lina liked circular steady motions of the tongue around her brown little rose, tracing the wrinkles again and again, intersected with sensual wet laps across the whole the ass-crack, up and down. Then when she got too hot and bothered, she wanted to feel that soft wet tongue penetrate her sphincter, tasting her insides.

The sensation of both these things happening simultaneously was...magnificent! Couple that with the tremendous feeling of dominance that was coursing through her veins and you could guess that Lina did not need a boyfriend, while in the company of her two cat-girls.

After being blissfully “drained” of her sexual energy, she’d call up a servant to take her pets to their cage and call it a night, leaving the two sisters with her sex juices coating their cat-painted faces and with only reward a small pet on their blonde heads, if that. Ksenia and Kalina could not be feeling more used and degraded.

Of course, Rome was not built in a day, and her two clueless cat-slaves had to be indoctrinated into the religion that was Lina’s body. In order to worship at that temple, they had to learn to “chant its hymns”. That translated to lots of whip-marks on their cat-tailed asses and their heart-pierced titties. How else were they going to learn!? While Sunny and Berry honest-to-god were doing their absolute best, Lina always saw room for improvement. Room that would be covered with her “correcting” strikes.

The two unwilling captives constantly pondered the idea of attacking their jailer in their vulnerable moment of arousal. Why not catch her by surprise, two (albeit half-bound) people against one? But they were too scared, too over-analyzing to ever do it. What would happen if they actually attacked her? Would they kill her? Hold her hostage? It was impossible to do anything other than take a good hard bite off the woman’s labia. The girls already knew where that “choose-your-own-adventure” path led. It led to a little, 1.5-inch-wide, oval mark of a Kitty-face, branded on the back of their right thigh, right above where the latex stocking ended.

It was one of the first times the cat-girls were “servicing” their mistress orally. Kalina had just received the 3rd strikes for being a lousy pussy-licker. In a lapse of judgment, the young woman did not pull back the leash of her own pride and dig her chompers into Lina’s pussy-lips. True to the dogma of “mistakes are shared” Lina immediately got up. “SIT...HERE” she ordered with a voice that left no room for any more bullshit, and without even dressing her naked crotch, left the room and returned with a metal rod with a thick, plastic handle. A minimalistic logo of a faceless cat with pointy ears was protruding from the rod’s edge. She plugged the device in a socket, and soon, the iron got hotter and hotter, until the outline of this kitty-brand was red-hot and fully visible.

“Kiss the floor” was Lina’s code for the kitties to assume a face-down, ass-up position. While Ksenia obliged, Kalina stood still, in for a penny, in for a pound, bearing her human teeth with hatred up at the Asian woman, clad in only a cotton-top. “You better wipe that look, or your sis will get two of these” Lina wagged the sizzling hot iron in front Kalina’s face. Not wanting to cause her sister more pain, the girl bowed defeated and joined her sister in the exposing, humiliating position. She was fuming inside.

Lina placed her knee on poor Ksenia’s back, eliciting a mute yelp from the girl. Berry/Ksenia had done nothing wrong, but she would be the one to pay first for her sister’s transgression. Lina could feel the slim woman tremble terrified, under her weight but she approached the glowing iron to back of the

girl's right thigh, then pressed it firmly, causing a horrible sizzling sound. Tears immediately flowed from Ksenia's eyes, as the poor girl bucked under Lina's pinning body, the woman keeping the iron for 3 seconds before removing it, leaving a clear mark of her cat-logo on the girl's white flesh. "Now to mark our teething kitty..." Lina turned her attention to Sunny.

The branding was a nice reminder that things could always get worse if Lina's kittens ever "fell behind" on their mistress' expectations of them. The woman often hovered the potential of a 2nd kitty-mark joining the 1st, when her kitties appeared particularly unruly. But the twins were traumatized by the 1st branding enough to make a point of not decorating their scarred thighs with another "stamp of shame".

And so, Lina's sexy little pussycats were conditioned into being hungry for Miss' cunt, as much as their dry cat-food. And how could they not? Being proficient in pleasuring their mistress and displaying affection towards her in any way, shape or form, played a huge factor in how peaceful Ksenia and Kalina's day would pan out.

After many months of oral dyke-training, Ksenia and Kalina might as well have forgotten what a penis looked like. They had no eyes (or tongues) for anything else, other than Lina's body. No boyfriends (or girlfriends) would be in their future.

Lina was their only lover; the only person that mattered in their lives.



6 months had passed since the day the Trejovic twins had visited Miss Lina for a quick cup of tea, before continuing their tour of Great Britain. A lot had changed for the two young women. They had never uttered another word since then, for starters. That took some getting used to. Being transformed into a voiceless animal with no ability to even mouth words, caused each girl to depend a lot on her body language and her expressive eyes and eyebrows to convey their wants and needs. For example, if they needed to go potty, or wanted a refill of their water bowl. Miss Chung's staff responded the same way someone would respond to a real cat's attention-seeking. Either with indifference, or with a brief petting, none of which catered to the pigtailed blondes' needs.

Same was the case with communicating displeasure, either through venting out frustration for their overall life, or cowering beneath their Mistress feet, usually after an order they'd much rather not comply with. Again, their protests or tantrums were at best ignored, more usually disciplined. A pet does not have a say in how she'll be "cared for". Only the owner decides that.

Their muted nature altered their communication between Ksenia and Kalina, as well, though in a different manner. Being able to verbally share their frustrations with each other would help them cope better. At first, when that option was taken away, the two young girls found a communication barrier, an invisible wall lifted between them. Though they shared a tiny cage for most of the day, this linguistic castration confined the two in some regards. They each felt more alone and therefore were more susceptible to Lina's training.

But with each passing month, a simple glance or a touch spoke many more words than it could at the start. It was as if the girls were developing a feral vocabulary, without any fancy speaking or hand-gestures. A nestling of one's head into the crevice of the other's neck came to mean tenderness. A mutual nuzzling of their cheeks signaled a need for closeness, a nudge with a large furry paw translated into playfulness.

Their discarded speech was complimented by their physical restrictions. Having their limbs' range of movement drastically narrowed down by their bondage and other "accessories" was something Ksenia and Kalina took a long of time and effort to adjust. But even those limitations were accepted with time, any enforced "disability" turned from frustrating bondage to a mundane nuisance. Being unable to kneel upright or keep their heads higher than their asscheeks became as natural as say... not being able to do that yoga pose where you toss your leg behind your head. The two chains clipped on their collar and restraining their arms and the other two connecting their pierced nipples to their stocking-rings were now as much part of their body as anything else. Sure, these things could still prove frustrating. Itching anywhere from their belly-button and below was impossible to scratch without rubbing against some furniture, a wall, or her sister. Never being able to fully spread your legs sometimes felt like a similar itch the cat-girls couldn't scratch.

But at the end of the day, Sunny and Berry had bigger things to worry about.

More tedious and damaging than the physical alterations on them were the psychological ones, since they were ever-expanding and ongoing. A conditioning based on relentless repetition and faking it till making it. The status quo in Lina's luxurious household had been set, if not in stone, certainly somewhere very rigid. Miss Lina expected only the absolute best of behaviors from her little kitties. If they saw her enter their "designated" floor, they would rush to "greet" her with some hand-licking and affectionate nuzzling of their cat-eared, pigtailed heads against her (usually exposed) calves. Lina would then give their pigtails a little tussle, pet their heads, or simply ignore them altogether. Regardless, this didn't change what they had to do.

Even if they were caged when she arrived, Berry and Sunny had to show their love and desire to get up, by pawing on the mesh of their cage.

Lina had also introduced a few very fitting cat toys for her two hairless, pale-skinned, blue-pawed kitties. One was the boring red laser pointer, which both kitties were "heavily encouraged" to chase around. Ksenia and Kalina silently expressed the notion that they were actual fucking humans and this was just a stupid laser pointer, but Lina did not seem to mind whether they actually enjoyed this or not. Making them chase the red dot wherever she pointed it was simply another boost to the megalomaniac's ego and her sense of power over them.

But besides the silly pointer, the Asian woman had created a much more "compelling" toy-experience. After some research she discovered a drug she could easily spike her kittens' water bowl with on a regular basis. This drug made them attracted to a specific hormone's scent. While a sober person would be completely unaware of the hormone's presence, the two drugged girls could sniff the odorless hormone out instantly and become extremely drawn to it. Lina then sprayed this hormone on all their toys, their little jingling balls or plush dolls or fake rubber mice and of course, the human-scale scratching post she had gotten for them.

Ksenia and Kalina hated to admit it, but whenever Lina brought their toys out from their drawer, they were on them like bees on nectar. They could not exactly describe the feeling, but it was a strong, general euphoria, a soft non-narcotic high, brought by the close proximity with these objects. And while they had the intellect to understand that some foul-play was involved in this new, strange affliction, they couldn't do much to avoid it. In that way, Lina had created her kitties' very own cat-nip.

The two Slavic kitty-girls developed more self-loathing from feeling such powerlessness over these spiked toys. Their humanity was taking another stab, and with that came more shame. But like with many things in their new altered lives, pride was gradually taking a back seat, since it always caused

them either trouble or sorrow. Subsequently, whether subconsciously or not, Ksenia and Kalina were starting to leave behind such problematic, “human” emotions as shame and guilt.

Lina kept her hormone-dependent kitties’ toys out of their reach, bringing them out only when they were “good girls” and reinforcing their submissive behavior with that small reward. If they were exceptionally good at working their tongues on her pussy, or acted extra enthusiastically around her the whole day, she might even toss a toy in their cage for the night. But that was very rare.

After so much time imprisoned in Miss Lina’s household, the blonde twins had mostly given up on their freedom. They were rather timid and extremely obedient, more so than the rest of Miss Lina’s furry felines. Their constant nakedness wasn’t an issue anymore, nor was the dull cat food, or their permanently cat-painted faces, or sleeping crammed inside their small pet cage.

The constant looming threat of displeasing their mistress and “getting the ruler” had morphed the girls’ attitude towards their roles as good pets. While that had lessened the frequency of the cane or ruler marks “decorating” their poor, slim bodies, their disciplining and “improvement” was an ongoing exercise, rather than a set period of time. Berry and Sunny could always behave JUST a little better, in Lina’s eyes.

Their whole existence as Miss Lina’s pet kitties was demeaning and at times unbearable. It was taking a real toll on their psyche. But, at least Kalina and Ksenia had each other. A note of comfort, of sympathy, could be shared between them, just like the old days of sharing notes from their violin strings. Even if their black-colored lips could not mouth the words “I’m here for you”, their eyes and tender touches did.

Lina had observed the tenderness and warmth with which the two identical sisters comforted each other. Like with their beauty and elegance, she wanted to transform that bond into a more...carnal, erotic one. Would that ruin the pure relationship these two siblings had? Who was to say? Lina certainly didn’t care.



Lina started slow. If a pet likes someone, it licks them, after all. Just a lick on sis' cheek, over her painted whisker. Simple enough. Sunny and Berry eyed their owner puzzled, frozen by the strange new command. They deeply cared for each other, but they never expressed it like that! But Lina was serious. These weren't requests. Ksenia would lick Kalina's cheek, or get a firm ass-whooping with the ruler, then lick Kalina's cheek.

And it was a good thing she had that ruler available, since both Berry and Sunny were very apprehensive about this new display of affection. After 4-5 good, long red marks across her asscheeks and 4-5 silent yelps, the dark-blue mittened cat gave her twin sister a single, adequate lick on her right cheek. The pigtailed, cat-eared girl then turned to cowardly face her mistress, hoping this would be enough to satisfy her. "Go on, don't look at me" Lina waived the ruler at her. She expected many more licks to follow.

Soon enough, with the proper "guidance", both Berry and Sunny were sticking their tongues out, slurping at each other's feline-painted faces, with a disturbed expression and closed eyes, signaling their revulsion. This felt wrong, really wrong! Being forced to orally pleasure their female captor was one thing, but now, Miss Lina was turning her twisted urges between the two!

Their dismay was palpable when the following days they realized that this was only the warm-up! Lina forced them to lap at each other's dark lips, coating them nice and wet with their slobber. It took quite the beating to teach these sad, whimpering blue eyes a lesson, but in the end, Ksenia and Kalina were simultaneously going at each other's mouths like their dark lips were coated in peanut-butter.

It was as if they were sharing a very feral, animalistic version of a french, slobbery kiss, their tongues intertwined and slapping together as they lapped humiliated at each other's mouths. Lina did not pull on her punches. Even if the two girls could not really purse their lips to kiss, she wanted to see their black lips passionately touch and their tongues to go deep and explore each other's mouths. Gums, teeth, inside of cheeks. Nothing should be off limits.

Even though their eyes were about an inch apart, the sisters could not bear to look at each other. They were absolutely miserable. But the tears that were streaming down both Ksenia and Kalina's eyes during these "kisses" did not make Lina doubt herself one bit. On the contrary.

After spending a good, productive week showing her kittens how to say "I love you" to each other in "animal speak", Lina made her intentions clear to them. Whether free or caged (but especially then), she wanted to see them display this newfound expression of love AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE. In her mind, if

they were doing it every waking moment it would be great. But alas, she wanted Berry and Sunny to “cat-kiss” each other, as she called it, at every opportunity.

For that exact purpose, she installed a small camera at the corner roof of their cage, documenting their stay there 24/7. Lina informed her two pets that at ANY POINT, she could decide check the footage. She was a busy woman, of course. She wouldn’t bother to waste her whole day on her dumb pets! But she would stick around to watch 10, maybe 12 minutes of the recording. If her two blue-shade kitties were not engaging in some tender, lasting, sisterly face-lapping at any point during these few minutes, their ass was on the line!

It was very apparent that Lina wasn’t screwing around with them, as the first day of this new rule she gave the cage-footage a little peek. She found her two sibling kittens to be very “cold and distant” towards each other, during the 15 minutes of the video.

So she grabbed her two most recently acquired gadgets and walked towards her cats’ kennel. Ksenia and Kalina heard the woman’s clicking heels approaching and began licking each other’s faces as soon as they saw Lina’s displeased expression. “Too late, pussies” Lina said with a malicious, scolding tone and unlocked their cage.

Berry and Sunny crawled out worried, the cat-bells dangling from their collars jingling nervously. If their plug-tails were more maneuverable, they would be tacked between their legs now. “On your backs” Lina barked (no pun intended) and her two kitties swiftly assumed the desired posture, getting on the floor with their thighs spread and their arms out of the way. This could not be good.

Lina approached Ksenia/Berry first, holding a U-shaped device, about an inch wide and 4 inches long. While the exterior was made out of soft silicone that matched Berry’s dark blue hue, the inner side was lined with shiny metal. Ksenia bit her lip in deep fear of what was to come, but did not dare to break her posture, as she saw Lina insert one end of the device in her hairless pussy, the other snugly copping her clit and her lower pubic mount. Lina turned a small screw on the vice that made sure the thing would not fall out of the girl’s already tight sex-hole. After a couple of turns, it was firmly wedged there, lightly squeezing the “front” side of Ksenia’s inner- pussy and her labia.

Lina inserted the second, cyan-colored gadget inside Kalina, who was “presenting” herself right next to her sister, who had already gotten a glimpse of her future. Besides the color, the insertable was identical to Ksenia’s. After securing it on the girl’s cunt with the handy little screwing dial, Lina pressed a small button, located on the front of each device, turning them both on.

Nothing happened during the first few seconds, which made the two kittens more anxious as to what their punishment entailed. But then, a warm sensation came to their privates, from the metal pressing on their sensitive skin. The metal in contact with them was becoming hotter and hotter, the devices

being battery-operated. The initial warm feeling gave place to an uncomfortable amount of heat and soon enough, a burning sensation, both inside their pussy-walls and out on their clit and labia!

“Up” Lina ordered them to break the “presenting” position and as soon as they were up, her two human-cats crawled towards her legs, nuzzling and lapping at her hands looking up at her with the most pathetic looks, pleading for her to remove these dreaded things. Their foreheads were already starting to beat sweat from the unwanted heat generated “down-stairs”.

“Nice try, but these will stay on for the next hour” Lina pulled her hand away from two eager tongues. “If I see you slouch again, I’ll also throw in another kitty-stamp on your asses” she threatened to use the branding iron on them, in addition with this new torture. Lina then locked the two restless, hot-and-bothered pets back in their cage. Kalina and Ksenia ever started passionately “cat-kissing” inside their cage, in order to show Lina that they would be good from now on, but she simply tossed them an evil glance and left the room.

Their cunts took a nice slow-roasting during the next hour. Nothing that would cause an actual tissue or nerve damage, but enough to cause a constant amount of pain and keep their kitties’ cunts overly sensitive and a bit sore even a few hour after removal. As much as the two sisters tried to paw at each other’s punishment tools (since they had no way of reaching their own), they were stuck firmly in place, cooking their poor genitals.

It was almost comical to see how much more “loving” the two twins were towards each other for the rest of that day.

With that very instructive experience behind them, Kalina and Ksenia knew they had to be alert of their new “intimacy” assignment. Their days of idly “hanging out” inside their cages were unfortunately over. None of them wanted another cat-logo carved onto their skin, nor did they like their pussies microwaved for an hour. With sleep only allowed during night-time, there was no loophole around it. None of them wanted to have their genitals stir-fried again, so little time would pass inside that cage, without the two siblings exchanging that knowing look of “I guess it’s time again”. As much as they despised these very incestual “advances”, the cat-girls tried to at least be tender about their approach; to “make it their own” if that was even possible. But also, to comply with their mistress’ graphic wishes. During their first couple of weeks, simply committing to this new “affection ritual” was difficult. Slurping at your twin sister and not flinching away was maybe easier said than done. People might say that some instincts are there for a reason, but Lina was bulldozing these taboos down.

Ksenia closed her eyes, as did her sister. The feeling of her sister's tongue, her lips, her mouth. Exchanging plenty of saliva, in this artificially feral state. Feeling Kalina's breath enter her mouth. These things, or rather, a more romantic, human version of them, should have been saved for a make-out session with her boyfriend, Ksenia thought. Not with her sister.

After the 1000th or so beastly make-out session, which only amounted to a couple of weeks after that first one, the two girls found a more comfortable, fitting groove for them. Embracing each other (more with their bodies than their ineffective paws), with their backs propped on a big, stuffed animal toy they used as a pillow, Ksenia nested her head on her sister's breasts, both closing their eyes, resting. Every so often, those blue-gray eyes would open to meet each other and the girls would exchange in some sisterly face-licking. Then back to nuzzling; and repeat.

Lina was impressed at how quickly her human kitties got on. Of course, it was still very tedious and difficult for her two kitties to keep this new habit up as often as she liked, and this resulted in a fair share of punishments with Lina's dreaded "pussy-fryers" as she called them.

But the ultimate goal of this "exercise" was to get the two identical twins tremendously familiar and comfortable with each other's bodies. To pass the hurdle of disgust and disdain for things normally associated with sex and romance, things that were extreme taboos in a platonic, sibling relationship. Graphic nudity was already a big check-mark from their first few months. Now this next stage in their alternated relationship was taking shape.

Lina was pleased. Berry and Sunny were doing just fine. For now.



“Yes...yes, I’ll have them sent to you. I KNOW it is urgent Phillip...” *click*

It was a nerve-racking morning for Lina. Running a well-oiled, profitable corporation was sometimes a real chore. It was now noon and she needed to let loose, if only for a short while. From her offices on the 4th floor, she got in the elevator and pressed the number 11. Occupied with important meeting all morning, she was wearing a gorgeous dark grey open suit jacket and a matching thigh-high skirt. A pair of dark, tall stiletto heels matched her black, wavy hair.

“Hi Kitties!” she greeted Berry and Sunny with a big smile, petting both between their cat-ears and cute pigtails, then squatted down closer to their level and gave their bare titties a quick, petting rub. As always, Sunny and Berry were immediately swarming her, expressing nothing but joy in seeing her. Though they didn’t let any of this show, Ksenia and Kalina were driven by sheer fear of displeasing their captor/owner and getting ruthlessly reprimanded. Developing acting chops had become another essential survival mechanism. Lina always wanted to be convinced of her two human pets’ adoration and love.

“Come on” she gave Kalina a small slap on her ass, getting up and moving towards her bedroom. She could really use a good orgasm right now. Her two pets followed suit, crawling behind her.

On her bed, Lina was not in the mood for much fanciness. Only thing removed was her zipped down skirt and her pair of dark-red panties. As she tossed them on the floor, the Asian woman’s pretty eyes fell on the small bottle of hormone spray, the one she sprayed her cats’ toys with. A “stimulating” thought crossed her mind. Her panties must have been well-soaked with her scent, from a morning of running around.

Lina got comfy with plenty of huge pillows on her back. With that, she gave her mattress a double-tap and immediately both her pets climbed on it, albeit with some degree of difficulty. She spread her legs and had each pet position themselves over each of her thighs, facing away from her but towards her moist pussy from an opposite, diagonal angle. The Trejovic sisters began tongue-pleasing their mistress with little prompt needed, like they had done so many times before.

“AAaaawwww” Lina let a long sigh of pure enjoyment. They might have sucked when it came to most things, but her pets had become excellent cunt-lappers, at least when it came to her own pussy. With their drum-tight little asses sticking up near her face and their fluffy tails softly swaying with their slightest movement, Lina could not resist giving each kitty a few nice ass-spanks, since they were well within arm’s reach. Nothing too mean, just to remind who’s in charge. No squeals or moans came out their dark lips, but they most certainly would if they had a working voice-box. In any case, they never stopped stimulating Lina down there, whatever she was doing to their back-sides.

“Berry, come here” Lina said and the darker-blue kitty lifted its head from her snatch to approach her. Lina stuck two fingers inside Sunny’s pussy, while the cyan-colored kitty was still “working” her cunt like the tastiest ice-cream cone. She moved them inside, rubbing and scrapping any sexual moisture with the soft ends of her fingers. Getting them well coated with Kalina’s cunt.

The blonde pale girl could not help but get something out of this soft fingering. No one was touching the two young, sexually-active women for some time down there but Lina; they could not stimulate themselves either, due to their bondage. As much as Ksenia and Kalina despised Lina’s wondering fingers, the woman’s touch was the only thing they experienced down there. It was starting to become, if not appreciated, a bit of a guilty pleasure.

Kalina softly panted through her cute, dark lips and black button nose. Lina was hitting her G-spot just right. When her owner finally removed her “advances” from the girl’s cunt, she stuck the two fingers in front of her other pet’s face. Ksenia eyed Lina, understanding that it would be “best for her” if she did what the woman had in her mind, without actually saying it out loud. Reluctantly, she stuck her pink tongue out and licked Lina’s middle and index fingers, wet with her twin sister’s sex. Ksenia fought to hold back any gagging. Tasting her own sister like that was as surreal as it was revolting. But in the end, she slurped everything clean of mistress’ fingers.

Lina repeated the “experiment”, all while waves of pleasure washed over her own fuck-hole, this time with Ksenia not focused on her cunnilingus. She fingered the dark blue latex cat, this time more aggressively, possibly hurting her. Then it was up to Kalina to clean her sister’s sexual “filth” from her owner’s fingers. “Look at me” she warned the distressed cat-girl, who wanted to close her eyes and mentally escape this predicament. She licked off her sister’s sex juices, with her cat-eyes locked with Lina’s.

The sight of a distressed Sunny, looking up at her with those sad blue eyes, while slurping her sister’s sex-juice from her fingers, was more than enough for Lina to climax, her orgasm supported and improved by Berry’s eager pussy-licking.

Before locking them in their cage, sexually satisfied and renewed, Lina cleaned her own sopping cunt with her dirty panties, before giving them a couple of good sprays with the “irresistible” hormone. She then tossed the pair of lacy underwear through the cage’s bars.

Despite being greatly appalled by the sweat, the sexual moisture and all-around feminine musk that had accumulated over hours on their mistress’ underwear, their repeated chemical conditioning to crave the hormone that was now coating it drew them to it regardless; like a powerful magnet they could not run away from.

As late as the next morning, Lina would find the two cat-girls playing with the small piece of fabric, shoving their cute dark “nuzzles” in it or rubbing their furry paws and hairless bodies on it. It was a

loss/loss situation, like a junkie that knew it was wrong but still stuck the needle in their arm. It gave Lina a good chuckle, seeing the embarrassment that coated their faces, as soon as they were spotted being this debauched and shameless.



It was close to a year since the pretty violin-players' little visit to Miss Chung's estate, a visit which had been lengthened indefinitely since. The sadistic Asian business-woman always found new, creative ways to keep her two blonde cat-girls on their toes, or rather, paws.

Though for most of their initial stay, her maids or butlers were taking care of her human pets pristine cleanliness, Lina had deemed time for her two kitties to wash themselves like any other feline. By licking themselves. Or more accurately, licking each other, since their human anatomy, as well as their bondage, prevented them from reaching most "filthy" places.

In other words, this meant that Ksenia and Kalina tongues would become rather intimate with much more surface area of their sister's naked flesh. While their arms from the upper arm and below and their legs from the thighs down were air-tightly sealed off in latex, this still left the rest of their bodies susceptible to collecting filth and sweat.

Lina used the threat of the terrifying pussy-irons to inform her pets that if at any point she deemed either of them to be a stinky little kitty, they would both be in for a "hot-ride". "Checking up" on their hygienic state required much less than a Go-Pro and a monitor feed. Berry and Sunny spent their time with Miss Lina in close proximity, so the Asian girl's trusty nose was all she needed.

It went without saying, that the two sisters did not need any added salt in their cat-food, after lapping it all up from the other's body. While Ksenia could reach enough to do her shoulders and upper arms, having to trace every inch of her sister's breasts, her flat belly, her juicy thighs or the round peaches of her asscheeks with her tongue to clean her, made Kalina miserable with humiliation. Same went for her twin. With no soap ever permitted to touch their skin again, their little mutual cat-showers were necessary quite often, at least as often as their previous sponge-baths.

With only two exceptions their tail-plugged assholes, which were cleaned by a maid with a wet-wipe, whenever their plug was removed, and their straight, blonde hair, which was shampooed to a glistening spark once a week or so, the two kittens had to "mop up" everywhere else by themselves.

The two kitty-sisters were (as with everything else) responsible with cleaning their filthy slits after peeing in their sand. That meant that if a kitty had just urinated and gotten her little pussy-lips stained with piss, her sister had to stick her face under the dirty crotch and lick and slurp clean any residual filth. It was by far the most mortifying of the kitty's new bathing routine, one that they tried to avoid at any cost.

Sunny and Berry would never forget the time when Lina discovering a pee-droplet stain on her pricy Turkish carpet. She didn't know to whom it belonged, but it made little difference. She was so mad at them, that she immediately gave their silently crying and pleading cat-girls their 2nd thigh branding, right over the first one. Neither of them ever dared to neglect licking each other's cunts perfectly clean.

This new ordeal brought the twins closer in an even more graphic, obscene manner. Few people could say they had licked the entirety of their lover's body, never mind their sibling's! Their whole everyday life was now centering around their increasingly carnal relationship. The amount of physical contact between the two twin girls had sky-rocketed from the casual, clothed hug to a debauched, explicit mockery of their sisterly status. Of their humanity itself.

Lina did not take lightly to the expectations she had of her two cat-girls. They were not doing much throughout the day, anyway; the least they could do was be good little kitties and obey their mistress. Be esthetically presentable, undeniably loyal and expressively grateful to their owner.

To a greater extend, Sunny and Berry were all those things. As much as they hated themselves for the despicable acts they were forced on, they kept each other's Eastern-European, pale, slim bodies clean like any other cat in the house. They never skipped a beat on any of their mistress' orders, no matter how debasing or cruel it rang to their ears. And they never missed an opportunity to show their gratitude and unconditional love towards Miss Lina. In their own, dumb, animalistic ways.

What were they grateful for? Well, Lina was taking care of them, wasn't she? After all, she was the one that fed and watered them, kept a roof over their empty heads and more importantly, gave their life a clear purpose.

Things might not be easy, but they are certainly not complicated, when you are a brainless pet.



The extent of the comfort between Ksenia and Kalina and between their identical, white, skinny bodies, had reached depraved levels. At least from the viewpoint of an unaware observer, oblivious to the context of all their troubles.

For the two twin sisters, now approaching the 21st year of their lives, the initial waves of deep, seeded shame had crushed onto their damaged psyche again and again; so many times that it essentially did not have any real effect on them, anymore. The first time you enter a convenient store to buy a porno mag your face might be blushing like an eggplant. But if you visit that store every day to get your pervy fix time after time, repeating a frowned-upon act a thousand, or ten thousand times, it doesn't even register what other people might think of you, anymore! The societal guilt had mostly washed away from Ksenia and Kalina. What society was there to speak of, anyway? Miss Chung and her staff were the only people who the two sisters were "socializing" with.

In this setting of unadulterated physicality, Lina started "grooming" her kittens for their final stage of "intimacy". The summit of this perverse expedition she had begun over a year ago.

It was a seemingly ordinary Sunday morning. It was raining outside, but Miss Chung had nowhere to be, which usually meant more time spent with her two adorable twin kittens. For Berry and Sunny, this only meant that more vigilance and effort was required on their part; to give their "caretaker" a good, relaxing time, whatever she might deem as such.

Lina was wearing a pretty, champagne-colored, pair of matching satin pyjamas, consisting of a buttoned blouse and comfy pants. It made her gorgeous, long wavy dark hair stick out. Though Lina rarely missed a chance to dress alluringly, this was her time to lay back and chill.

The Asian girl grabbed her huge coffee mug and sat on a big round table, facing the big, window-wall of the living room. On the opposite side of that huge room, was the smaller little tea-table she had greeted the Trejovic sisters around. "This weather is great for staying in" she thought, bringing the hot beverage to her lips with both hands. Through the spotless glass window, a storm was brewing.

Lina shifted her gaze to her side. Her two pets were toying around with their little catnip-infused toys and occasionally rubbing their naked bodies sweetly against each other, only a few feet from where the woman was sitting. They looked as naïve and innocent as two actual cats. Their movements were also playful and weirdly elegant like the small, furry animal. They both were waaay past the adapting stage, in regards to their limitations and bondage. Their latex cat-suits, ass-lodged tails and disabling paws had all become second nature to them, as were the lack of a human voice and the feeling of seeing the world from only a few inches off the floor.

After a few peaceful minutes, Lina placed down her coffee mug on the table, eyeing her two kitties. Two pairs of blue-grey eyes turned their attention towards her. "Berry, bent over and show mommy your little slit" Lina cooed and Ksenia obeyed without any contemplation, folding her elbows and with her black little nose almost touching the carpet, raising her behind towards her mistress. While the girl's dark-blue, soft and fluffy tail cascaded from her asshole downwards, her naked fuck-hole was still somewhat visible, only partially obscured.

"What a nice, tight booty!" Lina complimented, while also demeaning the young woman. "Say I had a handsome male cat around the house. How would you get him to mate with you?" Lina added, enjoying this little game she conjured up. She turned her whole body to face her pets, flipping her metal-framed, leather-seated chair front-to-back and seating back on it with spread legs, grabbing the chair's back with both hands while letting her arms dangle from either side.

Ksenia shared a fleeting, humiliated look with Kalina, who was perched nearby, not able to offer much help. Hesitant whether this was the "correct answer", the young girl started wagging her tail, shaking her perky "booty" left and right. "Yes, excellent..." Lina nodded. "Unfortunately, I don't own any cat hunks. But your sister could help you out, since you are in such heat..." the Asian woman said with a suggestive smirk, turning the spotlight on Kalina.

Both girls' eyes popped open. The cyan latex kitty-girl looked up at her mistress, frozen. The cooing bitch had flipped the tables on them. "Did I stutter?" Lina raised her voice by a hair. No more sweet-talking. Knowing this was the last ultimatum before a punishment was due, Kalina crawled over behind her still "presenting" sister, who was facing down the floor. If her vocal chords worked, Ksenia would now utter small, high-pitched whimpers. And while that was out of stock, her worried eyes and her top front teeth nervously biting down her bottom, black-tattooed lip were a good window to her emotional state.

Kalina crawled behind her twin sister's crack. Her eyes darted back and forth between Miss Lina and her sister's crotch, as if this was a mean prank that the woman would reveal, any time now. Lina did not even have to speak; simply squinting her eyes at Sunny sent the message that this was the last straw.

The blonde-pigtailed woman moved her face towards her sister's perked-up ass. Moving Ksenia's tail aside with her cheek, she now had full view of her sister's cunt. Despite all the humiliating, physical acts they had been conditioned into, this still felt like too much. Kalina took a deep breath and reluctantly stuck her tongue out, inching it millimeter by millimeter forward until it met the thin folds of Ksenia's cute labia. "Good kitty..." Lina purred enough for both of them.

Ksenia let out a muted gasp, as soon as she felt her pussy tickled by her sister's tongue. Though the feeling of that same tongue had become moderately accepted on her skin and face, it felt so alien on her naked sex. Kalina was skillful and tender, through the many cunnilingus "lessons" Miss Lina had

generously offered both sisters. She used the same “techniques” and “wisdom” the cruel Asian had painfully instilled in them. Regardless, Ksenia could see no way this experience could become enjoyable.

Lina watched her pet-girls’ little show, her chin resting on her hands on the top of the chair’s back. Even in her sleep-time socks, she exuded femininity. She could have just sprayed each girl’s twat with the debilitatingly alluring kitty-hormone, to egg them on. But she didn’t want any shortcuts. This had to be done right. For real.

Kalina fought the urge to back her “snout” away from her twin sister’s cunt multiple times. Though their repeated “cat-kisses” and “showers” had developed an oral fixation on both women, this felt too surreal. Improper. “Put your heart into it, Sunny. Make your sis’ come” Lina gave some generic feedback and Kalina moved her tongue more sensually, more adventurously around Ksenia’s cock-sheath. The cat-girl instinctively moved her hips forward and away from Kalina’s tongue, but a simple reminder from Lina of who was in charge made her reconsider and maintain a stiff posture.

Kalina spent a good 10 minutes eating her sister out from behind. Ksenia did not orgasm, of course. The degrading nature of this forced, incestuous sex act was hard to ignore. But there were moments of physiological “response”. Hints at what could one day even be a pleasurable experience. Ksenia buried these thoughts deep in her subconscious, too vile to even consider.

Lina wanted to be encouraging, so she stroked both her kitties’ backs for being “good girls”. She pulled off her grey cotton socks and after spraying them with some hormone/catnip tossed them towards her pet-girls. Ksenia and Kalina wished they weren’t tempted by Lina’s feet-smelling, floor-crossing socks. As much as they hated themselves for this, they both found themselves sniffing, chewing and rubbing Lina’s socks all over their kitty-painted faces.

A weird way to reward someone, indeed.



Lina's persistence with the sexual conditioning of her human sibling pets was progressing nicely. The ultimate goal; Disregarding their basic, sociobiological urges and give in to their most primal, sexual instincts. The "stick" was still much more useful than the "carrot" in achieving this, as the two girls, broken and house-trained as they might be, were not yet sold on the idea of fucking each other.

But what was working on Lina's favor, was the pleasurable feeling of escapism that came with such a degrading act. The Trejovic sisters might have been young, but they still could remember a time where the build-up of erotic stimulation and the following climax, negated every other problem in their lives. Even for just these few minutes, they were riding on clouds, without any of life's stressful worries bothering their minds.

Lina tried to have the two trainee "lovebirds" practice sexual affection every day. Even if some days were missed due to a busy schedule, or just plain boredom to "facilitate" a "date" on the cat-lady's part, Lina was adamant that her two kittens become more romantically involved. Their cat-kissing (and self-showering) quotas were still very much in effect, and filled with more regularity than ever. Partly because of the power of habit and partly because of the electric power their two feared "pussy-friers" gave out in the form of heat (and the dreading implication of a 3rd "kitty-mark"), Sunny and Berry had been shaped into a pair of very "good", very "loving" little cat-girls.

Though their cage's camera was used to keep them in line for these things, sexual escapade was not one of them. Lina concluded that it would not aid her cause, and only drive a wedge in her plans of bringing these two twins "closer". Lina was content with taking her time.

However, proper "guidance" was still implemented. Miss Chung's favorite metal ruler was used thoroughly on the sisters' perky bums and pierced tits, whenever they appeared too hesitant or calculating about their approach to sisterly love-making. With reddened asscheeks and tits, throbbing from the pain, they'd eventually "get to it", but that was the hurdle Lina wanted to overcome, not the end product. She wanted her two pussycats to actually crave each-other's touch and to be aroused by said touch.

If instilling this new sexuality into them took 3 or 6 or 12 or 24 months, it was still worth the effort. Lina was a young woman, with a fun, full life. Training her pets was not a chore. In fact, it usually brought her great joy. It was a relaxing, fun home activity. Other people watched Netflix or played videogames to dose off. Lina had her latex-clad, blue-eyed kittens to play with...

The Asian femme-fatale started noticing difference in the girls' body language after the first couple of months of this rigorous sex-training program. Some more "voluntary" movements, less fear or disgust in

their faces. Lina could have sworn she saw Sunny subconsciously gyrate her hips on a couple of occasions, while Berry was going down on her! It was a real breakthrough. It was funny to see the “receiving” kitty get momentarily lost in erotic bliss, before catching herself and blushing with deep shame for enjoying her sister’s tongue. In time, that cycle of hornyness and guilt could repeat 2 or 3 times in a single “encounter”.

Never nearing an orgasm meant that Kalina and Ksenia’s titillating, daily “sexy-time” instilled a certain level of frustration and moodiness. Despite the crude, unwanted source of their pleasure, there WAS some pleasure. Therefore, there was also a need for sexual release. This could not be denied. The experience planted a “longing” seed and left something to be desired inside Lina’s cats for the rest of the day. Ksenia and Kalina were in very real terms, in heat.

Furthermore, their dull, eventless, pet lives left no particular stimuli for the two captive young women. In any other case, Ksenia and Kalina would be living life to the fullest, travelling, meeting new people, trying new things, creating art. But with their days and nights centered around satisfying Miss Lina’s cruel whims, their neglected psyche’s craved any alternative. Cuddling, snuggling and sleeping were not exactly thrilling activities. But an orgasm, that would mean the world to them, at this moment! Their collar-tethered mittens kept them from touching themselves, leaving only way for them to fulfill their need.

Each other.

It had been 5 months since Kalina had first set her alluring, painted lips up against a different set of lips belonging to Ksenia, when finally, the Asian woman witnessed their cat-girls’ first orgasm! Funny enough, it was Ksenia, the “shy” one of the two, that proved to be the sluttier pussycat, “getting it” for herself before Kalina.

During the much anticipated climax, Berry was a lustful, horny mess, voicelessly writhing on Lina’s living room floor, kneeling face-down with drool escaping her half-gaping kitty-lips. There were plenty of “close calls” on previous occasions, but something always threw the girls off; mostly their own rooted fear of what it would mean if they orgasmed by their sister. In their minds, it would forever pin them as these brainless, bestial whores, horny junkies that could be satisfied by anything. Even their own sibling’s tongue. The weight that this notion carried for their egos was huge. Practically, it meant that Lina Chung had succeeded in completely breaking them.

The gleeful Asian woman squatted over her Slavic pet, who had just climaxed against all odds. Ksenia remained still with her butt as high as it was before, more so because of her cum-drunk, dazed state

than any actual order. Her brain was still processing everything, as the girl stayed there, her whiskered cheek in full contact with the cold floors, panting. Kalina was also tired, having worked her tongue off on her sister's upside-down clit and delicate cunt-lips. Her sister's crotch-fluids were almost dripping from her face.

"Good giiiiiiiiirls! I'm so proud of you!" Lina stroked Kalina/Berry's back, then did the same to her half-floored kitty. Apart from caressing and petting her kitties smooth skin all day long, she gave them the "good" kind of cat food and even filled their kennel with more soft blankets and catnip-sprayed toys.

The positive reinforcement did not go unnoticed by the two women. Maybe something could be gained from this indulgence, after all.



During the following weeks, the two sisters were steadily becoming less demure regarding their sexual needs. It went with saying, that Miss Lina's own sexual gratification was still, a priority, more important than her pets by a landslide. Berry and Sunny were still treating her royal cunt like the fountain of youth on a regular basis. But their mistress never gave out sexual rewards for her pets' servitude in that department. In layman's terms, the twin kittens would either get each other off, or not get off at all.

But their inhibitions were crumbling, like a tower under siege for too long. In the past, whenever Ksenia and Kalina looked at each other's face, they would see themselves, their features mirrored in their sibling. Now, only thing that looked back at them was a broken, weird hybrid of person and beast. And while the appearance and anatomy of their features were not that different than before, something was missing. Something that Lina had taken from them.

As a result, it didn't take much effort from Lina's part to "move" their sensual cat-kisses from each other's mouths to their sex. And while she was still "kick-starting" these erotic games between them, the two sisters seemed to fall right in line, without any back-talk. The few times they appeared lethargic, Madam's cane was there to "wake them up".

That did not mean this was not an emotionally perplexing ordeal for the two cat-girls. Lots of contradicting feelings were bouncing around inside them. Their rational brains were telling them to stop this offensive indecency, but their moist pussies were egging them to move on. In a peculiar, weird way, licking their twin sibling's vagina didn't feel as odd as it should have. At least not anymore. After all, Ksenia was the only familiar thing to Kalina in this hellish modern tower, and the same went for Kalina.

Did they not know the twisted nature of their actions? Of course they did, and this was a great source of shame and self-loathing. But there was also pleasure, very real, very tangible pleasure. With joyful moments being as scarce in their daily lives as a golden coin buried in a sandy beach, the pair was desperate for some.

After all, living as a human pet to a sadistic mistress needed its fair share of distractions. How else would someone cope with such a belittling fate?

The young business-woman found herself having to search for "violations" to punish. This was unprecedented, since her two stubborn little kitties always had skewed views on their own freedom and place in the world and went through frequent "rebellious phases". Grueling pain and the fear of such pain had worked wonders in reshaping them to docile pets. There was still the odd misdemeanor, which earned a careless kitty a reddened bum or a "sizzling" fuck-hole, but the notion of these punishments had changed since the beginning.

During their early days at Miss Chung's estate, Ksenia and Kalina's beatings would feel like an extension of this twisted stranger's sadistic imprisonment. For example, having to endure an hour-long scorching of their poor genitals would only fuel their rage and hatred towards Lina and accentuate their helpless nature. Being cane-spanked only reminded them of their helplessness to protect their nude bodies. As for the rare branding, they were a symbol of inhumanity, of hopelessness, more than anything else. Each time a girl got a glimpse of her crawling sis' behind, she was reminded of Lina's true power over them, by seeing these two cat-shaped marks.

A lot had changed since then. Now, a kitten would feel genuine guilt whenever disciplined. She'd use the same aforementioned torture as a reminder to be more vigilant and provide a better pet for her owner and prove her worth to her. It wasn't Miss Lina's fault for hurting her. It was her fault, for failing to comply with her mistress' standards. Her unquestionably fair standards.

Ksenia and Kalina's "platonic" affections had also sipped into their personalities. If you could call a drool-dripping face-licking platonic, that is. While at first the sisters partook in this degrading charade out of the fear of painful retribution, now the reasons were more selfish. With no words to voice or even lip-synch to each other, touch had become their primary form of communication. Whether play-biting each other's nape or belly, rubbing their cat-tattooed faces against each other or snuggling cozily inside their small cage, Ksenia and Kalina were still exhibiting companionship. Just, in a different way than before. They were the most submissive, cute little pair of cat-girls any owner could hope for.

This tenderness translated into the two sisters' newfound sex-life. There were mainly two sex-positions Lina's blue kitties acquired. Either they would be laying on her backs, with thighs spread wide and high (as to avoid pulling at their sensitive nipple's chains) or with their face down on the floor and their asses high up. In any case, the other kitty would lap at her sister's pussy like it was the freshest plate of salmon.

Lina never used any sex-toys on them, nor did she manually stimulate her kitties herself. Same way for her maids and butlers, whom the kitty-girls were starting to ogle throughout the day, whenever their cunts "itched" with sexual desire. Of course, no one offered them anything more than a petting on their heads or backs. Ksenia and Kalina had to discover each other's bodies naturally, instinctively. With no verbal feedback, they had to be extra aware of the slightest indication that they were "headed" the right way.

An accelerated breathing, involuntary grinding, or an increase in moisture "down there". Sometimes, a cat-girl would suddenly stay completely stiff, as if her body screaming to her love to keep hitting that same spot. Facing each other using the 1st position made this communication easier, but it also psyched

them out often. Looking at their sister's face during this degrading act, could cut their arousal at its track, reminding them the grim reality of their actions, while all they were trying to do was forget.



Their friends have moved on, past their grief, advancing their careers, making new friends, some even starting families of their own. Their lives have taken a drastically different path to theirs. Their family, too, had written their loss off as a mysterious tragedy. One of these soul-crushing cases, where no bodies are ever found, and the hope lingers, making coping more difficult.

Two beautiful, smart young women. Two talented musicians and performers. Two loving sisters.

Lina had enjoyed a great night-out with her girlfriends. Lots of drinks and lots of dancing, with some fun flirting to go along. It was quite a while since the last time Lina and her gang had been to an intellectually challenging play or a high-brow classical music concert. Lina did not mind at all. She had way less fun in those and could not see what else they could offer her. The key word being “else”.

Rather tipsy, she had gone straight to bed, barely managing to change into her PJs, before plopping onto her cloud-like mattress.

Lina awoke a couple of hours later. Her lips were feeling completely dry. She was so thirsty! With half-closed eyes, she slid through the hall, moving towards the kitchen. “Wateeeeer” she mumbled groggily, not in the mood to walk so many steps. The problems of having too big of a house.

As she reached the end of the hall and went to make a right towards the kitchen sink, the woman’s sleepy eyes caught movement coming from the living room, to her left. Though it was still far from dawn, the lights from the night, London skyline weakly illuminated the kennel up against a wall of the room. What she saw next made Lina’s eyes blink right open.

Her two cat-girls, Berry and Sunny did not appear to be sleeping, as the late hour would suggest. Instead, they were very amorously engaging with each other, simultaneously pleasuring each other in a laying 69! Each girl was lying on her side, with her face buried between her sister’s spread legs, which due to their limited, chained range, were lifted above their hips. No kitty could stretch her tall body straight.

Lina hid behind one of the walls of the hall, not wanting to alert her pets to her presence. This was wonderful! She didn’t want them to stop on her behalf, be it self-consciousness or shame. What was happening inside that cage had nothing to do with her. It wasn’t a requirement, an order, or a wish of hers. Her two kittens were eating each other out of their own free will. No one would discipline them if

they simply slept through the night. But they wanted this. They wanted to fuck each other. This was so precious! Lina stood and watched, so proud of herself.

Though no moans could ever be heard from the two women, their body language spoke plenty of their enjoyment. Their “cellmate’s” tongue felt amazing! They both instinctively knew what to do, hitting all the checkpoints on each-other’s bodily needs. They had learned each other almost as much as their mistress.

Lina’s eyes fell on Ksenia, her dark-blue ribboned, blonde pigtails draping down her sister’s resting thigh. The girl was moving her tongue fully up and down her sister’s inner labia, then making a small stop at her love-button, then back out on the “road”. Kalina was in heaven! Lina enjoyed the spectacle, marveling at her creation. A few moments later, Kalina’s body visibly tensed up as the cyan-colored kitten silently twitched into an awesome orgasm! She instinctively almost pulled at her pierced nipples, trying to stretch her chain-linked legs in the process.

Ksenia kept tenderly licking her sister’s wet cunt, bringing her “down” softly, before climbing on top of her and starting to grind her needy little pussy on her sister’s upper thigh. The two got into their favorite “cat-kissing”, with passionate “Frenching” and face-licking, their tongues locking as one, their slobbering tongues all over each other’s faces, with little regard for their own sex juices coating their faces.

At that very moment, there was nothing in Ksenia and Kalina’s mind. No social etiquettes, no money worries, no stressful touring, no complicated relationships to manage. A blissful moment, without past or future.

Lina smiled content, grateful for witnessing this, before heading for the kitchen to get her water. Her two slim, Eastern-European kitty-girls better replicate that enthusiasm tomorrow on their mistress’ cunt, for their own sake.

