

Prodigy Slut part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Eleanor takes the throbbing, veiny member in both her delicate, slim hands. Both are covered by shiny, black latex gloves that end high above her elbows. Latex slides so gracefully across 'naturally lubricated' flesh, the sensation is truly amazing. These gloves, adored from wrist to arm with an elaborate, magenta-colored floral spiral pattern printed on them, have become like a second skin, since any changes to Toy's "outfit" are strictly forbidden. The double grip around his shaft is necessary, as Eleanor, now only responding to 'Toy', needs all ten of her little fingers to cover his 7-inch cock.

Eleanor knows his name, his actual birth name. It has been mentioned by his house staff, visitors and friends in her insignificant presence. But to her, he is simply 'Master', his status akin to God. It would be weird if God had a name, like Stephen or something. And like a faithful servant, Eleanor worships his earthly body with all her being.

The 22-year-old, 5'4", 90-pound girl is kneeling on Master's floor, with folded legs that are tightly embraced by a pair of black latex, thigh-high stockings, as shiny as her gloves. On the stockings' outer sides runs, printed embroidery of spiraling hot-pink flowers, same pattern as that on her gloves.

Matching the vibrant pink color of her gloves and stockings' esthetic embellishment, Eleanor is wearing, a pair of undeniably slutty, 5-inch tall platform heels, worn over her black-latex-encased, dainty feet with a cute pink strap going over the bridge of each latex-covered foot. Her waist was already pretty slim when she first 'arrived' at Master's home, but now it appears even skinnier, thanks to the black, PVC underbust corset that perpetually squeezes it snugly, whilst allowing her gorgeous C-cups to rest freely above it. Just like her delicate labia minora, the girl's nipples and oral lips have also been tattoo-painted a hot-pink, matching her outfit's dark/magenta palette. The same cute nipples have been pierced with silver bar piercings, another bar running through the girl's little sex nub, her clitoris. The girl's skillful tongue has a double-stud piercing, which has helped to 'elevate' the Toy's oral services. Despite their expensive material, all of Eleanor's piercings were actually a deep black color, to compliment her magenta-tattooed privates.

Her wavy hair has grown way longer than she ever had in her past life, now able to reach her skinny, corseted waist. But they do not, since they are caught in these comically large pigtails, tied with large, black ribbons, to contrast their cheeky, magenta dye. Permanent make-up and eye-shadow, along with irremovable, long eyelashes complete the Toy's over-feminine presentation.

Almost complete. He had grown an affinity for her cute, nerdy glasses, ever since he first laid eyes on the girl's photos, taken through illegal surveillance of his 'recruiting team'. The man clicked through the set of photos on his slim laptop. He was 'vetting' a handful of unaware 'applicants', though he appeared stuck on this particular geek. She was an outlier, since most other options were the more popular schoolgirl kind. The already hot, usually blonde, skimpy-dressed types that would either go straight to porn movies if they were dumb or straight to a barista job to gather easy tips for her college fees, if they were the smarter kind.

But this chick looked out of place with them. She did not radiate sexuality one bit, despite her body being very 'inviting' to sex, at least by its measurements and beauty.

Betraying their illegality, all photos showed the 18-year-old brunette completely unaware she was being photographed, and their zoomed-in angle hinted at the distance the photographer kept, usually inside some sort of surveillance vehicle.

Eleanor was scene in one photo chatting to a friend (a female one) at the school yard, holding three books up close to her chest, standing demurely, with a stiff body posture that screamed a lack of self-confidence and much introversion. She was wearing a black pleated skirt below her knees, black fully opaque tights that ended in some flat, uninspiring shoes. She wore a mustard open cardigan over a beige button down shirt that would make your grandma wanna buy it.

Her wavy brown hair would be left to drape unplanned on either side of her face and her favorite horn-rimmed glasses, rectangular glasses.

The man could not help but wonder how this girl's clearly inexperienced lips would feel wrapped around his shaft. He clicked the next one, which depicted Eleanor in class (taken through the classroom's window). She was standing up in front of her chair and was giving a long-winded answer to a teacher's question, with her hands demurely placed one over the other and in front of her pelvis. She appeared confident in her answer, like she was in her element. The learning part of school was very much that. The more social aspects of it were more difficult.

The third pic showed Eleanor exiting the school's gates, walking at a steady, brisk pace home, her eyes kind of stuck at the pavement. She was alone and appeared in thought, probably regarding the tasks she had to finish once she returned home. The camera had caught her the moment she was adjusting her cute glasses, a nervous tick she often did without thinking about it.

He found it adorable.

So throughout these 4 years, Master has kept the glasses as a signature accessory for his toy, being one of the things enamoring to her that faithful day he was introduced to her. He has changed their esthetic, swapping the boring black, rectangular shape for a very fem, cat-eye glasses, matching the hard-pink color of her attire and makeup. It made her look like his little sex scholar. And Eleanor has indeed been turned into one, through years of accumulated experience, despite her only 22 years of age.

As she is looking up at Master's seated figure through her sexy glasses, the young slave-girl sensually massages the erect penis she has pleased countless times now, with both vertical, as well as rotating motions. She works his aroused member like a pro. No, like a hand-job superstar!

Both hands must move in unison towards the same direction up and down the dick's length, while simultaneously twisting in opposite rotations. If hand-jobs can be broken down to a science, the girl has a PHD coming her way.

"Yes, Miss Burton" the middle-aged male physics teacher points to the raised hand of the girl, seated (always) at the front row. "The phase difference for the vertical oscillation is zero, because the two masses move in synch and the phase difference for the horizontal oscillation is pi, because they reach opposite ends at the same time" The girl answered the question flawlessly with a clear voice. "Very well, once again Miss Burton" the teacher nodded and Eleanor tried to contain a grin of inner satisfaction. The teacher's green board depicted two masses attached on springs that moved in two different axes.

Eleanor keeps milking Master's cock in a tight embrace of her delicate, small fingers, moving each hand up down with a phase difference of zero and twisting her two grasps in a phase difference of pi. It was how she was able to note this double-handed motion in her mind, at least in the early days. Now, it comes as naturally as a putting a glass of water to your lips.

Though her hands have learned to 'work' Master's member with prowess and care, the slavegirl does not lack skill in other departments of sexual gratification.

Though the 18-year-old could not even pop her hips as the other hot, popular girls had learned to do to allure themselves to the male population, now her alluring, petite frame, permanently devoid of any hair below the neck, has learned to move in all those titillating ways that drive a man crazy. She can bend her waist in that inward curve that tosses her ass out and makes her slim form extremely arousing. She knows how to lead with her chest to better flaunt her naked, pierced titties out to Master. Due to her swimming and music lessons that had already enforced some type of posture, the demure girl never hunched in the first place.

One thing less to learn in Master's care.

Although keeping meticulously clean and showering daily, Eleanor never found much use in 'woman-scapping' her private areas. She didn't see anything wrong with her cute, puffy, brown-haired bush, as much as she had heard of the fad of meticulous shaving girls her age were into. Her look was natural and perfect as is. Besides, no boys had laid eyes underneath her tidy-whitey, slip-panties and Eleanor didn't expect they would anytime soon.

Now, not only have her armpits, arms and legs been permanently lasered off any hair, but the same is true for her shiny-smooth, soft jewel of a pussy and her pornstar bleached asshole, both of which are piping hot and able to both accept and grip onto a penis like a vice, despite the daily use of the past four years.

Not an inkling of hair is anywhere on the girl besides her eyebrows and pigtailed hair.

With about three minutes having passed manually stimulating Master, Eleanor does not need his prompt to know it is time to get another fuck-hole involved. Namely, that heavenly moist, hot pocket of a mouth and her hot-pink lips to greet it.

Maintaining her latex-gloved hands to keep the same complicated stimulation on the lower half of the shaft, Eleanor gently engulfs the thick front half of the cock with her oral hole, moving her lips along its length in opposite rhythm (or as she might once say, phase difference of pi) with her busy hands. The little whore works like a well-oiled machine. A machine that's been engineered to milk semen.

During the early days, Master was muzzle-training her, like an untamed bitch that might bite the hand that feeds it. He always kept the rowdy slut's jaws stuck open via a silicone ring-gag, preventing

her cute chompers from 'threatening' his manhood Eleanor hated not being able to close her mouth, and even more so being helpless to prevent the man's meaty sword from filling her throat up. The mean looks she was giving him as he 'plowed right ahead' fucking her mouth with ease, was priceless.

With her sore jaw killing her and her dignity equally bruised, it took Eleanor about two months to concede and start fellating her owner with free lips.

Expectedly, Eleanor hated the taste of his manhood. It tasted so salty and...musty. Greasy and sweaty and that was before all the other fluids made their appearance. Above it all, it tasted...dirty to the pure schoolgirl. Like she wasn't supposed to put things like that in her mouth. Even clean, the man's cock smelled so strongly to her, emanating a scent that the virginal damsel found repulsive. Just the sensation of putting it in her mouth made her retch.

"Easy Burton, you'll make it cum!" one of the snooty, popular girls yelled down the school's hallway at the unsuspecting Eleanor. The poor girl was just minding her own business, enjoying a nice, cold strawberry ice-pop under a June sun. But the girl's full lips, wrapped nicely around the frozen lolly appeared suggestive to even the most naïve teenager.

The stunned girl immediately took the sweet out of her mouth, blushing as the popular girl and her friends laughed at their immature joke. She wasn't THAT kind of girl and she sure as hell didn't wanna be pinned as one! Feeling self-conscious, the girl tossed the icy treat in the trash and walked away from the teasing group.

Toy is savoring Master's dick, taking every molecule of its taste as her lips slide across it. She cannot imagine craving something more to fill her mouth! Her favorite treat has become Master's treat. It has taken years of Master's patient conditioning, with the stubborn lass being disciplined with Master's trusty cane over and over, until she'd stop her useless whining and get to some (lackluster at first) dick-sucking. Then, that same cane would mark her ass, hips or tits in order to guide her to the expected performance.

There is so much stuff to remember, the harmonious stimulation appearing almost like a dexterity trick. But Eleanor is no dummy.

She has learned how to use her tongue pleasurably, effectively, dexterously weaving between the most sensitive and most private nooks and crevices of his body, from the underside of his swollen cockhead, to the wrinkles of his asshole and testicles.

She has learned to keep her soft lips always in contact with Master's shaft and slide along it ever so graceful and to circulate 'lubrication' from her saliva onto Master's member to keep it from unpleasant friction.

She has learned to apply intense suction around Master's gift to create that ever so delightful vacuum in her moist oral-hole that stimulates him greatly.

And, of course, she has learned how to effectively relax and open her throat so that she can accept Master fully and in all his glory and condition her gag-reflex to stop triggering, to allow Master to work his erection through her slutty face-hole as he pleases.

Though fully grimacing at the sight of it four years back, now Eleanor is putting all her post-school knowledge to slurp that tasty monster penis like her favorite ice-pop. And though it never melts, the girl is sucking it so hard and so passionately you'd think it just might melt.

None of these sexual skills came easy at the start. The 18-year-old senior high-schooler and honor student had no sexual experience, despite most of her classmates 'getting it on' and some of them even losing their virginity before the school year ended.

Eleanor did not care about such trivial and frankly silly things. Romance and everything that stemmed from it could wait for now. The surprisingly level-headed teen's mind was focused elsewhere. On her upcoming SAT's and her extra-curriculum activities, like her clarinet lessons where she was approaching a diploma or her swimming, something she tried to better herself at practice after practice.

While most girls her age had dilemmas between 'Brandon' or "Drake", Eleanor's dilemmas were mostly between going to Harvard or Stanford after graduation.

Despite blossoming into an attractive young woman, Eleanor was far from a sexual person, not really bothering with watching 'sexy movies' on the internet, or running around handsome boys (or girls). Though she had curves in all the right places (her tits had grown into some beautiful C-cups and her toosh was round, plump and firm) and despite being a little heavier than her current weight (then clocking at around 110 pounds), Eleanor was undeniably an underachiever when it came to her potential for romance and sexy fun. The preppy bookworm couldn't be bothered with that kind of stuff.

This demeanor was reflected in her appearance. Her brunette hair that reached below her shoulders was often left uncombed and messy, half of it hastily caught in a boring top-bun with a scrunchie, half

of it falling every-which way down the sides. Her reading glasses, whilst cute, were a bit chunky and out-of-fashion.

As was her clothing. She didn't wear cute miniskirts or shorts or tank tops to 'show off the goods', but rather modest, formal shirts or sweaters and long, loose skirts that someone's aunt was more likely to wear. She never wore heels but similarly beyond-her-age, comfy flats. She never put on makeup, thinking of it as too sexualizing. Something unproductive that simply wasted her time.

More than anything, the neurotic, nerdy girl had an obsession with planning ahead, making the best choice today, for the optimal future tomorrow. Optimize career opportunities, maximize learning efficiency. Eat healthy, drink soberly. And even though her family and few friends were periodically advising her to cut loose and enjoy things more, the determined multitasker usually waved them off, always looking ahead, rather than living in the moment.

She had her whole life planned.

Eleanor is walking home from school one afternoon. She is dressed in a long midi back skirt and a cozy, thick, dark green turtleneck jumper. She is looking down at her phone, texting to a group chat of all two of her close friends, when a black van with tinted windows speeds up behind her. Eleanor turns her head sharply to the direction of the screeching sound of harshly braking tires. She has about two seconds of stunned confusion until two strong, suited men with dark sunglasses, dressed like secret agents, jump out of the side door of the van and quickly put their strong hands on her with cold, calculated motions.

"MMMFFF! MNNGN!" the wide-eyed girl's screams are hand-gagged by firm, dark, leather gloves. The girl's furious struggling is a piece of cake to deal with, as the two men drag the schoolgirl inside the van with a weightless swoop and close the side-door, sealing her away from the outside world. As the van's tires screech back to rapid motion, the girl's cute near-sided glasses lay on the asphalt next to the girl's phone, their lenses broken from the fall.



Though male sexual gratification not being Eleanor's preferred 'major' after school, the girl had (whether she wanted to or not) put her high IQ and her sponge-like brain to work, absorbing all the information that would help her please her Master and most importantly (especially at the start where she was less than cooperative) save her from lots and lots of suffering.

Speaking of valuable life skills, Eleanor starts swirling her dexterous tongue around Master's cockhead. She is not neglecting to press the tip of her tongue against the little slit of his pee-hole. Toy has learned Master likes that. All this oral stimulation doesn't mean she has stopped her two-handed duties, though. On the contrary, they have increased, both in pressure and speed. The entire surface of Master's divine member is being pleased.

In a way, Eleanor's approach is not that different from her academic endeavors. Only except from solving a physics problem, it's the problem of optimally draining Master's balls. Instead of memorizing chapters upon chapters of historical events, the girl memorizes all of Master's particular preferences and follows them to a T.

Master currently sits on a leather sofa chair of his vast living room, dressed in a dark-blue, pinstriped suit-and-tie getup that's worth over 10 grand. His satisfied cock sticks through the golden zipper of his matching blue pants. The way the 40-year-old man and his surroundings look, you can guess he doesn't worry about the price of things. Everything is sparkly clean and oozing luxury.

As she fellates him like a good girl, Toy makes sure to never, EVER, take her big, sparkling eyes off his. Their beautiful hazel color can be seen through her sexy, pointy glasses, gazing up at her god with a worshipping kind of awe.

Geeky Eleanor was not good with eye contact. Like a lot of her less than sociable skills, maintaining eye contact with someone for a prolonged amount of time made her feel unease and anxious. It was outright weird. Especially when it had a flirty connotation, the innocent girl would immediately turn red and look anywhere else, when a young lad was making googly eyes at her at a party or other social gathering. She could not handle it.

Slave Eleanor seems much more able to handle Master's eyes now. They appear calming, almost affectionate in their general disregard of her. Staring into them in a weird way reassures the deeply broken girl that everything is fine. Master is here, with her, so she's in good hands. Servicing him is

always good. Not servicing him on the other hand, is dreadful. Like a Pavlovian bitch, Toy craves to be useful and provide pleasure, since the connection of uselessness to suffering has been cemented over the past 4 years.

“MMmm!!!...” the 18-year-old, newbie slave-girl vocalizes her urgent distress, the sentiment seconded with her widening, gorgeous brown eyes. She doesn’t stop fellating her captor though, kneeling on the floor with her arms obediently tucked behind her back in a square shape, her legs folded formally over each other. In the past 6 months she’s been in his care, she has at least learned this major faux pas. Never rise above your Master’s level and never expose your hands to him if they’re not being used.

The clever slut has ‘graduated’ past the point of requiring the ring-gag for pleasing him orally, her cane-marked ass and boobs carrying the weight of these painful lessons.

But his recent training regime has found her struggling. It is as much a physical challenge, as a mental one. All it takes is a discreet swimmer’s nose clip and the increasingly familiar repercussions of her failure:

Lots and lots of pain.

The red-faced girl keeps sucking Master’s cock, bobbing her head all along the 7-incher, from the base to the tip. She has become accustomed to allowing Master’s ‘gift’ to bruise the soft palate of her throat upon each re-entry. After 6 months of copious oral training, her gag reflex has all but vanished.

Furthermore, Toy keeps an air-tight seal of her pretty, wet, pink-painted lips around the cock. Her cheeks dent from the suction, even though her lungs are very much burning for some oxygen.

The standing man looks down at her, not acknowledging her vital need at all. Only he can say when Toy can breathe. In any other case, the slave-girl has to keep suffocating herself with his cock, whilst at the same time pleasuring it immensely.

“Gm....gm.....gm.....gm” her humiliating loud lip-smacking can be heard as Eleanor is getting redder and redder in the face, but not stopping her airless fellatio. She has vowed to not return to that dreaded dungeon and be punished once more, like all the other times she couldn’t keep her lips wrapped around Master’s gift. She sucks and sucks and sucks, keeping her lips tight over him, slurping all of his manhood, ignoring her screaming lungs, going against her intelligent design.

Essentially killing herself to please his cock.

The man grins satisfied with his slave's dedication, then glances at his expensive wrist-watch. He doesn't tell her how many seconds she has until she can stop.

"Huuuuuuuh...huuuuuuuuh...huuuuuuh..." Eleanor resurfaces out of the far end of the public swimming pool's water. She knows she should be getting out of the water for a breath no more than 8 times, or else her record won't improve. But she probably came out 9 times. She's not sure.

The panting high schooler, dressed in her tight, dark-blue one piece swimsuit, puts her arms over the tiled edge of the pool, checking her waterproof watch. "Dammit! Still three seconds away. I'll never get to Regionals in that pace" Eleanor curses herself, with no one to listen to but herself.

If only she could hold her breath for longer.

Back to a similarly lung-demanding task, Toy wants to 'show off' to her Master how useful and good she can be. She momentarily stashes her latex-gloved arms stoically behind her back, grabbing her forearms in a box shape. They're not part of this little trick and therefore are as good as useless appendages. Any freedom of movement Toy has must be catered to pleasing Master. Eleanor is well trained to obey that sacred rule.

With an eager, even loving motion, the young woman swallows Master's entire 7-inch gift, letting the cockhead prod and bruise her esophagus. The bulge in the girl's dainty, short neck is visible as Toy presses her magenta-painted lips to the very base of Master's shaft, the lipstick's permanent nature making sure to leave no pink stains on the man's pubic skin. At the same time, her pretty button nose presses against the stubble of the man's pelvis, her pink glasses all but touching it.

As she strains to keep her watering eyes up at him, even via that awkward angle of zero distance with his crotch, and with her windpipe fully plugged with his meat, Eleanor reaches her pierced tongue at the man's undercarriage and swirls it seductively across his balls. She knows Master loves that, and she wants to please him. She wants to be a good Toy for him. Since her voice is clearly compromised right now, her blood-shot, moist eyes project only that. "Am I a good toy, Master?"

Almost as if reading her sentiment, the satisfied Master softly pets his toy's hard-pink hair, proud of her skill level. Not only does his cock fill wonderful squeezed snugly in the girl's throat, but his balls are receiving a great licking, too, her stud-piercing adding some nice texture. Toy is such a good cock-gobbler.

Eleanor keeps her 'party-trick' going for a good 15-20 seconds, before finally going to 'back out of' Master's sausage. 'Playfully' the man decides to take the little whore up on her self-appointed challenge and before she can slide more than a couple of inches from her sword-swallowing, he sharply grabs each of her large pink pigtails and holds the little whore in place, trapping her from reversing out of this 'dead end road'.

"GMMM....HKkkkk!....!" Master enjoys his toy's cute, surprised, choked reaction, the little whore uttering a needy, cock-smothered moan, since she has already used up all of her remaining air. Even in these dire moments, her moan is not one of disrespect or insult though. Even her arms, which are not bound, remain behind her back, albeit straining to hold each other from disobeying the protocol and rush to push the man away. Her moan and pitiful, pleading teary eyes, seen through her glasses resembling a secretary character from a porn flick, are only used to signal to her Master that she can't hold her throat plugged any longer.

Still, Eleanor does not make any action that can be perceived as aggressive or even self-preserving. She doesn't pull away more than the softest tug of her head, something that Master easily 'deals with' with his firm grasp on her slutty pigtails. Despite fully asphyxiating, she doesn't put her perfectly straight teeth anywhere near Master's soft cock-flesh, keeping her soft pink lips over Master's cock as an enjoyable barrier.

It was only about a year before her abduction that she had removed her braces. Now only Master enjoys that beautiful smile.

But more interestingly, this complete oxygen deprivation from a hard cock has made the little whore extremely wet, to the point where a droplet of her sexual discharge dangles from her hot-pink, hot pussy lips, threatening to stain Master's pristine floors.

Choking on his divine rod has become almost a ritual, the clearest symbol of her dedication and worship towards him. It is the result of copious conditioning and slave training. But now, whether she really intends to or not, his little pink slut gets tremendously horny from feeling him controlling her life with that ease. Deciding when she breathes or not. This twisted relationship has become the pinnacle of arousal for the young woman.

"Hmhm" Master utters the lightest, muted chuckle, watching his red-faced Toy's eyebrows lift adorably, indicative of his breathless slave's distress. Distress smeared with lust, is distress nonetheless. He holds the little bitch on his cock long enough to see those pretty eyelids start to droop as the girl begins to move into unconsciousness, before finally letting go of her pigtails.

“Hmmmfff....hnnffff...mmfffff....” Eleanor remains graceful even while recuperating from this utterly hot near-death experience, only smoothly retrieving her face enough to be able to breathe long, hard breathes through her nose mixed with some relieved moaning, as she returns to sensually stroking Master’s member with her lips. There’s no time for breaks for the slave-slut.

“Need anything else, sweetie?” Eleanor’s mother comes in the girl’s room, holding a tray of coffee and some biscuits, the third of the day. She finds the girl fully absorbed over her books and notebooks, laser-focused on her studying. “Thanks, mom” the geeky schoolgirl turns momentarily with a grateful smile toward the woman, before plunging her eyes right back to the subject of her study.

“You’ve been working yourself too hard, lately. Why don’t you give Sabrina a call? Step outside for a while?” the mother chipped in. As proud of Eleanor as she was, she was starting to worry about her daughter’s over-exertion and perfectionism in her curriculum. Eleanor was always that kind of high-octane kid, but it didn’t stop her mom from trying to make her stop and smell the flowers once in a while.

“I can’t take breaks, mom. I have two whole chapters left and I wanna finish them today” the 18-year-old girl replied with a serious determined look, consumed by her self-imposed need to be flawless in her academic goals. Her mom silently shook her head and left Eleanor, who was already slumped over her desk.

Eleanor can tell Master is close to climaxing, so she has returned to her double-handed stimulation, now at a lively, intense pace, churning Master’s butter like the best farmer girl ever.

Four years ago, Eleanor would not be able to tell when someone (girl or boy) was actually orgasming, never mind when they were approaching orgasm. A lot has changed since these ignorant times.

Now, she doesn’t even need to visually register the signs, as much as feel them. She feels the reflexive tensing of Master’s hairless ball-sack against her jacking hand. Thanks to her high experience of her Master’s body, Toy is on a constant lookout for such subtle bodily signals, since they let her know Master’s state of arousal and therefore how she must proceed. Having a sense of how fast Master’s breathing is, his muscle tensing, things that only someone who has literally studied a certain person’s body for years would know that precisely. There are of course, the easier clues, too, like grabbing her tuft of pink hair harsher than he was before and bringing her ‘deeper’ onto his pelvis.

Eleanor feels the near-orgasmic throbbing in her latex-gloved fingers, whose glisten has gotten extra crisp due to the film or precum and saliva that have transferred over from Master’s well-sucked dick.

She senses the strong pulsing at the center-lining of Master's throbbing erection. Like an expert whore, she increases the intensity of her manual labor, keeping her submissive, slightly bloodshot, glasses-adorned eyes locked up to him.

The accumulation of Toy's alluring sight, her horny, submissive eyes and her brilliant 'work' on Master's penis amount to the man pleasantly ejaculating with a discreet, deep groan, as Toy is ready with a waiting, welcoming mouth right in front of Master's 'shooting range', catching every bit of creamy white goodies that fly out of Master's dick-hole and into her accepting little fuck cave. Semen splashes on Eleanor's tongue, another splurt reaches deeper on the roof of her mouth, another on the inside of her cheek. As she takes Master's jizz, Toy knows to not completely stop her stroking, but to make these squeezing, slowing down hard and slow hand-strokes, to make sure that no drop has been left on Master's balls and that everything has landed in her mouth.

Toy keeps the intimate, grateful eye-contact with Master, as she swallows her creamy, sour "present" to the last drop. As soon as she gulps everything down, she opens her mouth reaaally wide and sticks her tongue out like a kid on the doctor's bench. Showing Master she has welcomed his delicious semen inside her tummy.

As she always does.

After so many loads 'dispensed' in down the girl's gullet, Master rarely takes the time to actually check his Toy's semen-cleaned opening, though the slavegirl abides by her presenting protocol regardless. This time, he does give a quick glance inside the small girl's mouth, confirming that indeed, nothing is left of his semen. Like he's occasionally known to do, he affectionately pets Eleanor between her giant pig tails for a job well done.

Completely unprompted, since she has learned very well what must follow Master's 'release', Eleanor reaches for the side of her tight corset, where a square, satin, magenta-colored handkerchief (with Master's initials embroidered on one corner with dark calligraphic letters) is neatly and esthetically knotted around a small black chain, linking two parts of the girl's corset in a small arc, operating like a little chain-hanger on the slave's body.

Eleanor takes the handkerchief with her dark, tightly rubbered hands and starts gently cleaning the man's slowly deflating penis from its lubricant, her own, sloppy saliva and its discharge, though most of that is now in the girl's stomach.

As she does so, the man remains seated, leaning back on the comfy sofa chair's back, relaxed and happily drained, while his Toy works meticulously, leaning over his crotch, in order to turn his cock as dry as it was before he unzipped his trousers. She traces the satin tenderly over his sensitive, climaxed flesh; with purpose, knowing exactly what to do and how to do it. Apply just enough pressure to effectively wipe the man's sex but not discomfort it. Throughout this, she remains with her legs folded on the floor, parallel to each other, as her slave protocol demands. And smiling, softly but warmly. Protocol dictates a pouting slave is a bad slave.

And Eleanor is not a bad slave. No! She loves pleasing Master! After all, it is her one and true purpose. Her only purpose. As the black leather choker collar around her neck indicates, with her appointed name sculpted in magenta-colored, metal letters inside a matching round ring, Eleanor loves being His 'TOY'.

The man is comfortable sitting on that same sofa chair, one leg resting on his knee in a right angle. The sun hasn't set already, but that doesn't mean that a glass of the finest scotch cannot be resting on the man's palm. He swirls it with a bit more nerve than usual, scratching the purposeful shade/scruff of his strong chin. Anticipation is a more correct word.

Finally, his maid opens the front door and two dark-suited men walk in, bringing in the man's 'delivery'. The squirming girl in their grasp is bound and gagged with plenty of duct tape. It goes around her face multiple times, muffling the girl's indignant groans and moans. Though the tears are still visible in the girl's eyes, they currently are beaming with anger, as the little brat is still trying to fight her way out of this predicament, despite her clear inability.

The presumption of a kidnapping for ransom, the girl's initial thoughts amidst these panicking few minutes since her abduction, is quickly tossed out the window when Eleanor spots the ridiculous wealth, concentrated in this stranger's large hall and living room.

The writhing prize is deposited by the goons on the spotless, dark marble floor. The duct tape is tightly restricting her limbs, forcing her wrist behind her back, the more tape coils press under and over her pretty, youthful, sweater-covered breasts, trapping them between the two layers. More tape is wrapped over her black skirt, pinning her knees together and wound around her cute ankle-high, brown boots, locking her ankles in place.

"Hi, Eleanor" the always groomed, always well-dressed man speaks with a kind, but insidious smile, looking down at the floored girl in bondage. She is surprised, widening her eyes at the mention of her name. "Yeah, i know all sorts of things about you" he nods, expecting the reaction. Eleanor keeps her eyes stuck at him, frozen with fear and apprehension. She isn't moaning in her tape-gag anymore.

"Straight As student, class valedictorian, musical talent, excellent swimmer. Impressive resume" the man says, taking another sip of his whiskey.

"I'm afraid you'll have to put all those things behind you, Ellie. Today you start a new life, a different one... with me" he announced to his bound kidnapped victim with a calm, collected voice. "I'll teach you new things, things you haven't been taught at school..." he continues; the face of the tape-gagged girl exhibiting more and more fear.

"...Things that you haven't dedicated any time or effort on...but are nonetheless, vital for your stay here" the man references Eleanor's documented lack of sexual experience. He isn't wrong. Despite being over 18, the girl hasn't kissed a boy (or girl) yet.

"There will be times where I may be hard on you, but if you do as I say, I think you'll find a peaceful life here" he concludes with a weirdly sincere tone, though none of that sound reassuring to Eleanor's ears.

"NNNGFFFHH! LLLL MMM' GGGNGGMm!" (*Let me go!*) The girl takes the opportunity of the man's pause to throw some angry, but incoherent curses at him. She thrashes around, but her ruthless tape bondage, around her ankles, knees, wrists, elbows and chest, made her look pretty pathetic in trying to exert any sort of control as she simply flails on the floor. Her dark-brown hair is falling over her face, messier with her intense struggling.

"I got a present for you" the man is handed something from his maid, resting on a silver tray. It is a black choker necklace. On the front it has a round metal ring and inside the word "TOY". "GNnmff!" the scared, but momentarily defiant schoolgirl tries to slither away, seeing the man get up and approach her.

Her nervousness increases and translates to her more animated struggling when she sees him take out a switchblade from his pocket. It is a very ornate one, with the man's initials carved on its handle.

"MMMMMNNGGG! NNN!" the terrified girl has no idea what the implication of the blade is, but she doesn't want to wait to find out, desperately flailing her fused legs and twisting her body trying to move away from the calm man. He kneels next to her, putting his blade towards the girl's neck!

"MMMFfF! NNNNNF!" the girl is fearing for her life.

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The small, but sharp blade runs through the puffy collar of the girl's turtleneck like butter, the man running the blade down to the girl's chest. Not bothering to reassure his scared captive that he means no real harm, he places the choker necklace on the girl's now exposed neck. The metal tag with the word 'toy' is now dangling off the floored girl's neck.

"You're going to make an excellent toy for me" the man pats Eleanor's tape-covered cheek and gets up, leaving his staff to take care of 'the rest'.

