

Prodigy Slut part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"Leona, I'm going" Master informs loud enough so that his housekeeper/maid can hear him from across the long hall. He often attends these events, corporate parties, really. They provide an opportunity for the rich and powerful to flaunt their wealth and make the necessary connections to expand it. These frequent events are only one of the reasons Master is dressed so sleek. He adjusts his collar, tie and suit one last time as he walks towards the front door.

"Have a wonderful time, Sir" Leona appears from the kitchen to see him off, her hands demurely held in front of her. She is a beautiful black woman, in her mid-30s. Her long dark hair is caught modestly in an elaborate braided bun that rests behind her white-lace maid cap. Her curvy, hourglass-shaped, 5'10" tall body is complimented by a feminine, light-blue French-maid outfit.

It's only to be expected that the man of the house will have his female housekeeper dressed in such a titillating way. Leona's dress has the classic, puffy short sleeves and the cute, frilly white aprons. It is always paired with white thigh-high, lace stockings and color matching fingerless lace gloves. A pair of cyan tall heels matches her dress. Her look is exuding elegance, sexuality and femininity.

Master lends the occasional male-gaze towards his maid's alluring form. But that's about it. The man does not need to fuck his house-maid in order to feel a power rush. Master has his Toy for that. He just likes his female house-staff to appear presentable and attractive. And with her DDs struggling to be contained by her dress' cleavage and her rump accentuated by the puffiness of her outfit's short skirt, Leona sure is eye-candy.

Meanwhile, in one far away corner of his huge living room, Master's pet is caged inside a suspended, cylindrical silver bird cage, the top making a dome as it is hooked from the ceiling by a giant metal chain. The cage's diameter is about 4 feet long, not allowing the young slave-girl to fully lie down, but

giving her the chance to stretch inside her enclosure. The cage's floor is about 4 feet from the floor, accessible by any passing person. Its vertical bars are thick and impenetrable.

But the slave-girl does not have to feel the cold metal of those bars against her perfect, bare skin. The cage's floor is covered by a silver-grey, thick fur, taken from Chechenian wolves. It feels like sitting on a cloud. Furthermore, dozens of palette-matching, velvet pillows cover the caged area, for Toy to lie on or snuggle with. Definitely beats the feeling of the hard, marble floors.

Scattered around the cage's fur-carpet is a huge array of sex toys. Colorful dildos and anal trainers and plugs, all of a size fit for a veteran pornstar. Cordless vibrators, nipple clamps and vibrating eggs. Sexual aids to keep Master's little cock-sheath always 'warmed up' and ready for him. Though the experienced little whore doesn't really need any of these to get off nowadays, they provide the necessary 'umph'.

Eleanor is perched on her cage, like a tiger cub that was ripped away from its home for being too beautiful, too eye-catching. For the first couple of years of her captivity, she was also ballgagged with a padlocked buckle, since her silence was not yet guaranteed, not yet a lesson learned. But now, she knows to not speak, to never speak, without being addressed. Eleanor was rarely a girl of many words in her 'free' years, but she now uses her mouth waaaay more for taking Master's cock inside it than for any of the many, many words her rich vocabulary contains. All the English and literature classes seem wasted now. The girl had learned many tongue-twisters as a fun (god what a nerd) little brain activity.

Who knew all she'd need to do with her tongue for the rest of her life was whirl it around a cock, a pair of balls and an asshole?

Even though she cannot possibly escape her cage, an added layer of security, a silver chain, is clipped and padlocked on her collar's D-ring. It is used as an extra layer of security whenever the slave is in the process of being removed from her cage. Eleanor doesn't mind the chain; it doesn't reduce her already limited range of movement.

Master closes the door behind him, leaving his slave-girl without ever acknowledging her existence. Not a nod, farewell, nothing. After all, she's not reaaally a person. A sentient sex toy (as her name dictates) is perhaps a more apt description.

Eleanor's used to that treatment. Master only registers her presence when she's of use to him. She's more like a precious commodity, not unlike his art-gallery paintings, or his fine suits. Ok, maybe the most precious commodity.

The young woman feels bored, but it's not the same kind of boredom as when say... her parents were late to pick her up from swimming practice. Boredom derives from doing nothing, and the bigger part of Eleanor's day is uneventful. Her days are similar to a pet's. This boredom is integrated, internalized.

Normal.

Like countless times before, without even being conscious of her decision, the girl's fingers travel south towards her perpetually presented, clit-pierced pussy. Master won't be home for a good three hours, but it doesn't even matter to the young woman, conditioned into a perpetual state of horniness.

A nymphomaniac limbo.

You never know when Master will require her services. Even in his absence, Toy needs to keep her pussy hot and ready to 'welcome' him. As per Master's strict instructions, Toy's sex-hole is to be kept perpetually moist for him, like a good little slut ought to do. There are grave consequences for a pussy that is found drier than it should be, or an asshole that lacks 'accommodation' with awkward stiffness. Like a car with the engine always running, Toy is keeping her holes loose and juicy at all times.

"MMMnngg! MMNNNNG! NNNNNNuuggg!" an 18-year-old Eleanor cries into her 2-inch-thick, shiny black ballgag as she's being pounded from behind by her owner/rapist. Her moans are in rhythmic synch with the (much larger) man's violent, hard thrusts. She's tethered onto his huge bed, her face down on the mattress, her arms stretched towards the bedpost via ropes on her wrists. Her tight, round ass is forced to present itself to him via another piece of rope attached to a metal anal hook currently filling her poor, novice ass and connected to the middle of the bedpost. Her ankles are also tied to bottom corners of the bed, forcing her kneeling legs spread.

As if Eleanor's painful discomfort isn't enough of a giveaway, her tight sex hole appears very strained to 'accept' Master's 2-inch-thick shaft, very chaffed from the rough friction and at the brim of tearing. The girl is NOT enjoying this sexual encounter and her biology betrays that.

The man feels that discomfort in his cock too. Toy's pussy is nice, but too tight on his monster cock and he can't slide in and out of her as effortlessly as he might have liked.

The bitch is giving his cock blisters with her dryness.

“This is a disgrace” he says as he plops his dick out of the tormented girl, who groans again into her gag. “How many times do I have to teach you to be wet?” he sounds annoyed at his slave’s insulting lack of arousal, getting up and reaching for a mean-looking leather flogger hanging from the wall.

Eleanor has been in his residence for over 6 months, but still she has trouble masturbating for her captor’s sake.

“UHMM HHYYY! UMMM HHYYY!” (*I’M SORRY! I’M SORRY!*) the girl pleads desperately, having seen this all play out before. It’s not her fault she’s not aroused by this rape! It can’t be! Eleanor has never masturbated before and getting started inside a cold cage that provides no privacy whatsoever isn’t the best way. Her sexual awakening happened not under the safe comfort of a duvet or during a long, hot shower, but in Master’s dungeon.

Furthermore, the girl’s daily dosage of heavy aphrodisiacs is slowly being cut off. They were used in the early stages of her training to bend the girl’s stubborn libido. To redirect it towards the path that Master expects. One of a deranged sex junkie. Now she’s only being drugged about once every three or four days.

Without them, the girl has to ‘pedal’ without the training wheels that the biology-altering drugs constituted. She has to dig deep inside her pure, princessy psyche and come up with something that will arouse her.

Undoubtedly, Eleanor’s having a hard time.

“Oh, you will be sorry” the determined man starts swinging the flogger’s many leather, long hairs around its handle, getting ready for another punishment. His lousy slave chafed his dick. She can’t just get away with it. The slave nervously shifts in her bonds, trying to turn her head behind her shoulder towards the incoming strike. She doesn’t like Master’s flogger. It hurts like a motherfucker.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMN!” Eleanor moans as the heavy multi-headed whip slams onto both her asscheeks with a leathery slapping sound. It quickly leaves a faint shade of pink on her previously fair bum. The taut metal hook in her asshole makes sure the bitch doesn’t fidget away from her lesson.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMHHHHMMMMHHMMMMMM!” tears start building up in the vulnerable girl’s eyes, (her glasses momentarily removed for the face-to-mattress mooshing commencing earlier) as another full-force strike reddens her ass more.

“NNNNUUUGGGGGGHMMMMMMMMMM!!” the thick ballgag drowns the girl’s crying protests, causing more saliva to dribble from Eleanor’s pink lips onto the bedsheets. Master rarely stops before her asscheeks have a nice, deep purple color to them.

Why couldn’t see just be wet?

A deeper flashback takes us to a 6-months-younger Eleanor, defiantly testing her tight restraints, which hold her shapely, corseted and latex-clad body in a tight strappado, her wrists pulled behind her back by rope attached to the ceiling, straining her fragile arms about as far as they can go without her shoulders popping off. Her delicate ankles, adored by her slutty magenta ‘fuck me pumps’ with their little strap - locked with a tiny padlock - going over a skin-tight layer of dark latex, are synched with more hemp rope to metal floor rings, forced obscenely apart.

Eleanor has been placed into this cruel bondage by a cruel, African maid, before left alone in the room for the past half an hour or so. As if her new attire isn’t restricting enough, with these impossible-to-walk-on, tall heels (the girl never wore such uncomfortable things) and this constricting corset. She now has to endure painful bondage.

What do these demented people want from her?

The young student is still new to this environment; Master’s dungeon. Well, he’s not Master yet. Only a sick fuck with some shady plans for her. Everything around her, even the giant bed, with rings and strap-points all over its frame, appears ominous.

“GNff!” the girl makes the mistake of trying to form words through the giant black ballgag that’s stuffed behind her teeth, as soon as she sees the 40-year-old, tall, handsome man enter the dungeon. Eleanor isn’t used to being unable to speak her mind. Both in her household and in school, her affinity for expressing herself was always viewed positive by her parents and teachers.

This is different.

The man walks around her with a controlled satisfaction, dressed in expensive suit, looking straight out of the tailor’s. He did well to acquire this one. The girl, not the suit.

“I understand this must be a challenging time for you. So I won’t ask much of you during your first days. An adjustment period is understandable” the man speaks, without expecting a reply from his bound, gagged captive. “FFF...ffff...” Eleanor’s simply puffs in her gag, fuming with her inability to comeback with anything. She tries her bonds again, but only hurts her arms in the process.

“But there is nothing wrong with a bit of posture training. Your back is very displeasing to me eyes” the man said, wincing softly as if looking at a low-brow piece of art. True, Eleanor’s back was slouching, making a slight hump. In her defense, she was in severe discomfort from her strappado bondage.

To nullify this esthetic faux pas, the man produces an inch-thick metal bar with a U-shaped hook at its bottom end, a bit thinner with a little ball in its end. This is destined for the unsuspecting girl’s virginal rectum. “NUUGG! DDDNNTT! MMFF! (*NO! DON’T!*) the bookworm slave adorably wiggles her tight ass trying to avoid the incoming penetration, but the man is unobstructed as he spreads her perky asscheeks apart and nuzzles the lubricated hook inside the girl’s inexperienced rectum, causing an adorable gagged whimper to leave Eleanor. But the rookie anal trainer is not the device’s purpose. This is just the cherry on top.

Attaching the bar first on the girl’s tightly laced corset (through some D-rings featured on it) and then on her leather collar (on the nape of the girl’s neck) the man can now turn-on her ‘back trainer’. The bar currently lines the girl’s spine and makes good contact with the contorted damsel, unable to leave her anal cavity due to its locked state at the corset and collar.

The man presses a little switch on the bar’s length. “NNGG!” suddenly, Eleanor feels a jolt of electricity come from the metal bar to ‘grace’ her bare, slender back. She instinctively bends her back away from the electrifying rod, thus fixing her less-than-sexy posture. Now her back is nice and curving, accentuating her ass further and inadvertently pushing her nipple-pierced titties further out.

“MMMNNNGGN! PLLHHEEEHH!” Eleanor begs the man to undo this, being zapped with the slightest relaxation she offers her arcing back. “Quiet” the man pays no attention to the girl’s whining, putting his hand softly on a different arc, the one of her wonderful, tight ass.

He then takes out a small syringe, filled with a mysterious substance and, without much warning, pricks the girl on the soft, smooth surface of her asscheek. “MMnnnnn?” Eleanor whimpers in the form of a frightened question, as the man gives her dotted rump a quick rub to ‘spread’ the sting.

“I have very ambitious plans for you. Transformative plans. For now, I suggest you let this experience inform you of your future” the man lets the meaning of his words linger, as he gently fondles the bound girl’s thighs, ass then the wonderful inner curve of her petite, strained back. Eleanor can barely keep up the bratty act, in serious pain that’s been compounded by her posture trainer.

She can already feel a slight elevation in her temperature. She doesn’t know why that is, but she will find out very soon.

Before leaving her to this introductory yoga meditation (of sorts), the man produces a final piece of gadgetry. It's a small, a bit larger than a bean, pink vibrating egg. On its top it has two hooking point; flat surfaces with little round holes in their center. Their distance between them (about a centimeter) is the perfect amount for the two parallel flaps to clip onto the two balls at the ends of the bar piercing that's going through the young woman's clit.

"NNG!" Eleanor fights this application like anything else, only managing to shift her attention away from her back and touch her posture-bar, shocking herself again. The leaning man simply presses the egg's center for a second and it starts to vibrate with a steady, mechanical buzz. "NNUUHHGG! NNNMM! TTTTKKK UUHT UFFF!" (*No! No! Take it off!*) Eleanor yells, but her shiny black ballgag shuts her up. This part of hers is so...private. So sensitive. Too sensitive for these kinds of games! She does not like this invading feeling that starts at this tiny piece of flesh and reverberates on her entire naked crotch. It...it feels good...bad... weird. The girl cannot pinpoint. One thing is certain.

It is too much! Other girls might, be Eleanor never touches or rubs this spot of her body. As much as she sways and shakes her pelvis, the egg follows her clit, firmly locked onto it.

"See you in 8 hours" The man smiles softly at his distressed captive and exits the room, leaving the strappado-ed damsel in a predicament that she doesn't yet know will get much, much worse.

Her introduction to a life of arousal is shaping up to be a memorable one.



“Mmmmmm” the girl lets out an utterly feminine moan of arousal escape her glossy lips, biting her bottom one as she starts twirling her index finger softly on her pink-painted, pierced sex nubbin, relishing in the weirdly calming, mind-numbing waves of sexual pleasure. These waves are received diametrically different than during her first fearful, ignorant encounters with them.

Eleanor really likes feeling this way. Besides their primary purpose of keeping herself moist and lubricated for Master, these ‘tingling’ waves also keep her mind blissfully occupied, away from distressing thoughts like her past, lost life.

These thoughts used to bring her great stress and as Master put it, ‘prevent her from reaching her potential’, meaning being a high-performing slave slut. With much time and much training behind her, Eleanor has pushed these memories to the far reaches of her mind, stored them away forever. It’s more peaceful that way.

Shamelessly spreading her slim, latex-wrapped thighs and moving her other hand to spread her labia lips just enough to slip a latex-gloved finger inside herself, Eleanor closes her eyes, diving deeper into the slightly stronger lust-waves. This pleasurable sensation between her legs has been second nature to her, when once it was foreign and alien. Her hands always wander towards her graphic holes without conscious thought, like someone running their hands through their hair or restlessly bouncing their leg fully preoccupied. Something you don’t think about, but you just do.

About 5 minutes are left before the end of the test. Pens are moving frantically all around the class. With her eyes scanning her test sheet, Eleanor is mindlessly picking the skin around her fingernails, a nervous tick she has had ever since she remembers herself. A self-soothing act the girl often can’t help but go back to. The valedictorian has naturally filled all answers, though she’s meticulously combing through it again for any possible mistakes.

She’s finding none so far.

Absorbed in this different kind of self-soothing habit, the cute chronic masturbator brings images, or rather memories of her Master in her mind’s eye. They get her hornier and hornier. He is looking down at her satisfied as she fellates him, or he is filling her needy pussy with his magnificent cock or he roughly manhandling her bound body. All these recollections make for a nice backdrop to the girl’s soft diddling.

After countless sexual encounters with Master (her first and only 'lover') the slave-girl has no other frame of reference for what 'sexy' can even mean. There was a time when she didn't even register the concept of 'sexy' much.

Happily diddling herself inside her cage, Eleanor grabs the nearest dildo resting on the furry carpet of her cage, a giant pink one (what a shock). It even has some balls attached on its base. The young woman inserts the pink rubber cock in her mouth, softly sucking on it and moving it in and out as she touches herself. It takes care of the young woman's immense oral fixation, something Master has conditioned her into. Eleanor can't help but absentmindedly run her tongue around the rubber erection's surface and softly prod her throat with it. All these oral reflexes also activate whenever Master 'enters' her pretty little face-hole.

"Mmm" the girl lets out another soft, pleasurable moan onto her rubber lover, as she flicks her cute, pink-tattooed cunt-lips.

The sound of dishes being cleaned along with music from Leona's favorite radio channel can be heard from the kitchen, far away on the opposite side of the vast living room space. Eleanor doesn't know what time her captor left, but she can see through the windows of the huge mansion's first floor that the sun has completely set now. She knows that Leona usually washes the dishes during the latter part of the evening.

Like more and more often lately, Eleanor's mind is zoning out, as the young, latex-clad, corseted woman keeps running her gloved fingers across her bare pussy, now sensually grazing it rather than purposefully stimulating it. Arousal comes with valleys and peaks and so does the girl's stimulation mimic that pattern, putting a few brakes now.

Even the sound of Leona's 'Mary Jane style' tall black heels, clicking closer and closer as the maid has entered the living room, is not enough to suade the shameless little skank from concealing her masturbatory past-time.

Leona approaches the cage, placing a little silver bowl with the name 'TOY' on it through the thick bars. It has the slave's dinner, some beef stew and mashed potatoes, leftovers of yesterday's meal, with a small plastic fork in it. You might think that with such a lowly social status, Eleanor would be fed like a

dog, hinted at by her silver doggie bowl. But Master does not care for a malnourished slave. More importantly, he wants to exhibit his wealth in every aspect of his daily life.

And if his slave feasts on dog pebbles, it only reflects badly on him.

“Enjoying ourselves?” the black maid utters with a cheeky smirk. “Mm-hmm” the shameless girl nods all coy, with a mouthful of the pink dildo satisfying her need for something fucking her face. She’s far less vocal, far less eloquent than she used to be. Her once lucid, fast-spinning brain has been reduced to the bare necessities for her current life. Her slave protocol and Master’s pleasing techniques, the rest of it fogged by the constant arousal she finds herself in.

She doesn’t pause her masturbation, leaving her meal for later.

Eleanor has a weirdly intimate relationship with that woman. Leona serves as the girl’s caretaker during her daily needs. She feeds and waters her. She takes her to her bathroom breaks. She bathes her and gives her her daily enemas (her ass is always spotless and ready for Master). She dresses her back to new clean clothing, identical to the previous getup. She treats the girl when she falls ill.

Though operating completely under her employer’s instructions, the sultry woman ends up spending lots of intimate time with his Toy.

“Come, Pinkie” with a more wholesome smile, Leona pats the furry floor on the edge of the cage, a well-knock sign for the head-rubs she will occasionally give the younger slavegirl.

Plop

“Yeeyy!” the bimbofied woman cheers like an innocent little girl, right as she pops the dildo out of her lips with an audible vacuum-popping sound and crawls over to Leona’s side. She lies on her back with her head resting on the carpet-covered edge of the barred cage, so that the woman can easily reach her black hands, adored with some white, lace fingerless gloves, towards the girl’s head. She loves Miss’s head-rubs.

With Eleanor lying with her legs still graphically open and her crotch displayed, nothing like the ladylike body language she once possessed, the maid takes her slutty glasses off and starts gently rubbing the sides of her head, above the girl’s temples and around her large pigtails. The smooth circular motion is very pleasant. Eleanor always cherishes the maid’s soothing touch.

Leona sometimes speaks to the slavegirl, vending her mundane thoughts and troubles. Well, mundane to her. Eleanor doesn’t have the luxury of choices in her life. Even though she rarely replies

back, the caged girl likes the sound of Leona's voice and treats it as a nice stimulus for her otherwise starved mind. All these harrowing years have reverted her wittiness and sociability back to that of a prepubescent child. Her previously highly developed brain has been starved of anything other than the teachings of her slave duties. Leona's words are a little more than verbal white noise, like talking to your cat.

The maid's tender caress of the girl's hot-pink hair continues as Eleanor's hands once again travel to her sex, her eyes blissfully closed. "Here's something to suck on" Leona says both caringly and perversely as she puts her middle and ring fingers inside the girl's perpetually inviting lips. Without even flinching, the girl takes them in, softly sucking and licking the dark-toned fingers.

Leona caringly holds the side of the girl's face as she prods it with her other hand, killing a few minutes with her employer's pet-whore. The poor thing leads a difficult life. Why not hand it a moment it'll cherish?

Eleanor nuzzles into the lace-covered palm, whilst occupying her pouting lips with the woman's perfectly manicured fingers. Having physical contact different than her own body is the easiest way to get her horny motor running again.

Leona has become the closest thing Eleanor can have to a friend, even though that connection isn't mutual. The gorgeous maid might be kind, helpful and rarely ever raise her hand on the young slave-girl, but her current affection is no different than petting a cute puppy or kitty. It doesn't mean much, but it's fun. Taking care of her employer's mind-broken sex-slave is no different from watering his plants.

Just another one of her duties in this household.

"Ok, pinkie. Don't have all day" Leona softly retrieves her saliva-coated fingers from the girl's mouth. "Please, Miss, little longer" Eleanor makes a small pout at the maid, saddened to see 'Miss' go. She never refers to her with her real name, as this constitutes an insult. Toy is far below the maid's station.

"Maybe later" Leona says without much thought, as she returns to the kitchen, ending this little visit.



Solitary time passes by. Eleanor is still softly massaging the entrance of her sex-hole, just the first centimeter, while running her other hand alongside her naked breasts. She momentarily feels a little 'too well' and eases on the clit-rubbing and fingering, taking a step back.

While Master wants Toy to be 'ready' and wet for him at all times, under no circumstances can Toy climax without his permission. It's an endless rope-balancing act, one that Eleanor has managed almost with a trapeze artist's competence, despite how frustrating it often is.

She doesn't want this 'rollercoaster' to get too high and tempt herself with something she knows she cannot have. Even during her relative privacy, caged in Master's living room, Eleanor is scared to go against her absent Master's wishes. Leona would snitch her in a second, if she ever saw her climax alone.

It took 4 years of slavery and relentless conditioning to get to this level of mind-over-matter discipline. Pulling the reins on your own pleasure, especially when this pleasure is the only real joy remaining in your demeaning, degrading life, is not an easy thing to do.

But Eleanor has absorbed this piece of wisdom too. Her pleasure does not belong to her. Only to Master.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMFFFF! PLLLLEHHHHHH!" with truly desperate eyes, a sweating, flush Eleanor pleads through her large red ballgag, looking up at Master, who's standing right next to her with folded arms. The Sybian machine buzzes unwavering, with the same loud, mechanical drive, as a clear liquid (the girl's hour-long sexual discharges) can be seen coating the machine's sides.

The poor, wrung-out girl has been forced to seat on it for the past two hours, with her thighs tightly strapped on either side with leather belts, her legs frogged at the ankles. Her arms are tightly restrained behind her back with more leather straps going around her wrists and elbows, pushing her chest further outwards. Her neck collar has been hitched to an overhead ceiling chain, keeping her torso taut and straight.

"You still have 30 minutes, left. It'd be a pity to toss the past two hours down the drain" the man advises his 19-year-old slave. "MMMMMMMMNNN!" the girl lets a pathetic whimper, not dealing with her current challenge very well. She's been on the brink of an orgasm for the past hour, trying desperately to fend it off and avoid Master's punishment.

That vibrating rubber thing, inserted 3 inches inside her and also buzzing on her cunt's exterior (including her exposed clitoris) has been the bane of her existence lately. Achieving Master's 150-minute mandate of orgasm denial has proven a huge obstacle. Eventually, that devilish machine always coaxes forced orgasms out of the unwilling girl.

Despite the copious chapters of biology and anatomy, the girl could not anticipate how incapable she would be to control her sexual urges, in the face of such precise and relentless stimulation. In the past year of her captivity, she has gone from zero orgasms, to more than a sexually active woman in her thirties would tally.

“It appears you’re not going to make it, again” the man in a roll-sleeved shirt utters with a ‘not mad, just disappointed’ tone, as the heavily panted, drooling girl tried her absolute best to keep any semblance of composure on her torturously stimulating ‘ride’. “MM-Mmmm, NNng! UU WWHHU! UU WWHHU! (*No! I will! I will!*)” the slave-girl tries to speak through her 2-inch-thick ballgag, sounding utterly incomprehensible. She’s trying to let him know that she CAN make it. She really doesn’t want to be punished again!

Her beautiful, free C-cup breasts are heaving rapidly up and down with her high pulse. How can something that seem so trivial be so necessary for her? Why does she HAVE to come so much!?! Even though answering questions used to be here bread and butter, Eleanor’s still stumped on this one.

As if to prove her wrong, the man leans over the bound girl and presses her cute, hairless pubic mount further down on the buzzing component of the Sybian. Her pink-painted cunt-lips are now in firm contact with the vibrating device. “MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNGGG!!!” Eleanor’s head flicks up, this added wave of pleasure too much to keep at bay. With her writhing only contained by her noosed collar and her bondage, the girl climaxed with a loud, ballgagged squeal.

“Tsk, tsk, still not ready” Master shakes his head, turning off the Sybian, the drained (by all accounts) girl unable to slump over due to her collar/noose.

Another painful punishment is in store.

Eleanor is laying on her side in an innocent, but at the same time graphic fetal position, since her legs never really close to allow her latex-gloved hands ‘access’ to herself. The tranquility is broken by the living room’s landline that starts ringing. She has heard that ringing hundreds of times. It stops after about 20 seconds, Leona being too busy to get it.

Whenever a call is left unanswered like that, Eleanor’s mind used to toy with her, telling her it was her parents, or the police finally closing on the culprit of her abduction. These worries have long since left her. She doesn’t need parents or friends. She has Master as her caretaker, her mentor, her lover. He is her god. The young, broken woman doesn’t know anything else.

Still lying on her side on the soft fur, the girl takes a hold of her silver chain/leash and runs it between her warm, latex-dressed thighs, gently running it across her crotch. "MMmmm" she lets another pleased moan escape her, enjoying that different, cold, rigid sensation of the smooth metal 'caressing' her cunt.

She didn't always "play" with her chain as quietly or as calmly.

CLANK* ... *CLANK* ... *CLANK* ... *CLANK

"HMMMMMMMMFFFF!" Eleanor pulls the chain with both hands and all her -limited- strength, the metal slamming against the cage's floor-ring every time the chain becomes taut. The petite, skinny-armed girl would have a tough time escaping ropes, never mind thick steel. Her padlocked leather collar, though not metal, is also impossible to tear with the woman's meek little hands.

Despite that, the 18-year-old girl keeps pulling and pulling and pulling in a frenzy, all while screaming her lungs out into a black, jaw-hurting ball-gag, similarly padlocked behind her head. Eleanor usually needed help carrying the groceries. The steel restraints will manage to "hold her off".

Her enraged state might have something to do with her very recent 'transformation', i.e. the new latex 'clothing' she was fitted in (perfectly matching her measurements), her strict corset which she had difficulty breathing with, and the tall heels she could barely stand on. Even worse, her tattooed nether regions, nipples, and made-up face, along with the humiliating piercings, make the demure girl want to tear at her own, modified body. She has used the grey fur underneath her to cover her nudity thus far, but it has caused her 'disciplining actions' each time. As terrified as she is, the proud, young woman tries to put up a brave face and not give in to her sick captor.

"What is the problem?" the man walks in the living room, clearly annoyed by the fuss his caged slave is making. His post-lunch nap has been rudely interrupted, evident by his designer, silk pajamas. "LL' MMM GHHH WW HHHHKKK FUKKK!" (*Let me go you sick fuck!*) Eleanor curses him out in the most predictable way, eyeing him with deadly 'daggers'. If only she had a literal one handy right now, to plunge into his chest. The pointy pink glasses Master has bought for her appear smashed on the floor.

"Third pair is three days" the man sighs, seeing her pathetic attempts at freedom. "Don't make me discipline you for such stupid things again" he adds, now standing right outside the dazzling human cage, suspended from his ceiling, about 4 feet off the floor. "LLl Mmmm Gggg HHHWW NNNg!" (Let

me go Right NOW!) the girl insists; though her strapped ballgag and flying spittle makes her defiant stand a little less imposing.

“Alright, you wanna act tough. Fair enough” the man says in a tone translating to ‘I’m not responsible for this’. As he speaks, he puts his hand on his silver wrist watch and presses a little nob on the side. “GNNn.....!” the furious girl freezes momentarily and then drop to the cage’s bottom, losing all mobility of her muscles, as a powerful electric shock is triggered from the watch to the shocking mechanism of her leather collar.

The latex-clad beauty writhes, her whole body twitching with paralyzed, burning muscles. Not affected by this sight, the man unlocks the hutch door of the cage and pulls the incapacitated girl out, before tossing her limb body over his shoulder.

With her arms and freshly magenta-dyed hair dangling off the man’s back and her legs draped in front of his chest, Eleanor is carried over to her abductor’s dungeon, for a valuable lesson in obedience.

The girl wakes up to an incredibly strong, almost dizzying pain on her bare genitals. Opening her pretty eyes, she realizes she is restrained onto the sharp ‘back’ of a mean, wooden horse! Her collar’s D-ring has been clipped (with no chain to provide any slack) to a ring on the top of a pole that’s sticking vertically from the contraption in front of her. Her wrists have been cuffed together, on a similar ring at the base of that pole, on the wooden ‘saddle’s’ level.

"NNNNNNGGH! PLLLLLLEAAAAGGGMMM!" (*NOOO! PLEASEEE!*) The pain is instant on the poor girl's pussy-lips, bringing tears into her eyes within seconds. Her legs have been frogged with leather bands connecting her ankles to her thighs. Her folded knees are connected underneath the triangular ‘seat’ with short, chain-shackles, to eliminate the little ‘bird’s’ chances of finding a more ‘forgiving’ angle on her sharp wooden ‘perch’. She’s securely seating on that sharp angle, with no wiggle room.

As Eleanor is doing quick, shallow breaths into her large ballgag, to deal with the overwhelming pain in her pussy, the man produces a black, leather flogger, long and sturdy with a nice, leather woven handle. He cuts the air with a couple of test swings, the loud "woosh" sound it produces making Eleanor flinch immediately, even though she has a tough time turning behind her to see it.

"MMMMMMMMhhhhmmmmhhhhmmmmmmhmmmm...." the schoolgirl has lost whatever composure she was holding onto, fully sobbing with drool dripping down her chin, unable to cope with this increasingly worse scenario. The flogger hasn't even made contact with her young flesh, yet.

"Don't give me anymore trouble and I won't have to hurt you" the man announces the cruel, difficult mantra the girl is far from integrating into her soul. The girl can barely wiggle without further hurting her already agonizing pussy, straining to meet the man's eyes and plead for forgiveness.

Untouched by her sentiment, he brings the flogger down on the girl's petite back with force, leaving a wide red mark upon impact. "NNNNNNNGG!" the pain causes the bound girl to twist her body reacting to the hit and hurt her pussy even more against the hard wood. She has to stay as immobile as possible, if she doesn't want to inflict any more pain on her soft, sensitive 'lady parts'. Easier said than done. The second strike comes, then the third, then more. Each one is followed by a girly, innocent moan of agony.

Eleanor is not exactly pampered, but she comes from a good family, and has been raised in relative comforts of a middle/upper class household. She hasn't gone through many hardships, being rather fragile and delicate, at least physically.

What could prepare her for this kind of suffering?

