

Prodigy Slut part 3

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Eleanor is feeling especially aroused today. Some days are simply hornier than others. With her glasses never leaving the bridge of her nose, the valedictorian bimbo reaches out and grabs a different dildo, a red, veiny 8-incher. Deep down she knows that this is not gonna be good for future Eleanor, since more gratification will equal more frustration. Toy is only allowed to come from Master's cock.

Nothing else.

But about a year of main-lining aphrodisiacs and another three years of pummeling mental rewiring have irreparably ruined the girl's nervous system, in regards to sexual fulfillment. A hand is only good for so long.

The girthy piece of phallic rubber, what the little slut truly craves at the moment, slides into her tight, glistening-wet cunt, surprisingly easily for its size. Even though her cunt was once virginal and stranger to sexual stimulation (Eleanor was never the masturbating kind of girl) when she first 'arrived' at his estate, it is now a snug, lustful little cave, a happy little cock-squeezer, dripping with sexual desire. Toy relishes being filled by Master's gift (or anything of substantial size, really) at any opportunity.

The man opens the door of his dungeon room. His toy is just where he'd left her, standing against a frame of the wall. Via pink, leather wrist and ankle bands, the girl is restrained on the frame, her legs parted enough to allow sight of the two rubber pumps that are dangling from under her crotch. The two tubes lead into two inflatable silicone dildos, each nesting firmly inside the girl's sex holes. The metal chastity belt locked on her contains the plugs from slipping out of her, only letting the tubes sneak out of the narrow slit.

The belt also conceals the vibrating egg, clipped onto the girl's clitoral piercing. Two more eggs are clipped on the piercings of the girl's hardened nipples in similar fashion. All three have been buzzing on a medium/low setting for the past 5 hours, with 15-minute 'windows' every hour for the girl to 'catch' an orgasm and end her training session. It is time for another one of these windows.

“MMMNNNG!” upon seeing her captor, Eleanor’s heavily ballgagged moan is not one of furious indignation or anger, like in the first couple of visits. But one of pure, pitiful pleading.

She’s drenched in sweat by this marathon of a sexual tease, her whole body flush and shaking. She cannot take any more. She reaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaally wants to come. But knows that doing so will result in a world of pain, far worse than what she’s going through now.

The man examines his suffering slave, gauging how long she has until she finally succumbs to her slutty nature. Just like he did each time prior, the man reached between the girl’s tethered-spread thighs and starts pumping the dildos, inflating them inside her. “NNGGGUuuu!” Eleanor’s eyebrows fur pathetically, feeling the once-again uncomfortable stretching sensation inside her holes. The dildos felt awkward before, when they were a ‘normal’ size. Now, she feels like she’ll burst.

Unbothered by her obvious torment, the man then squeezes them until a small click is heard and the vibrating eggs ramp up their vibration to the max. The implication is so obvious even Eleanor’s empty-headed, blonde classmate would put it together. Throughout the months they’ve been at this, Master has been conditioning his little project to mentally link sexual release with an overwhelming ‘fullness’ inside of her. To turn the virgin schoolgirl into a dirty size queen, craving to be stuffed like a thanksgiving turkey in order to climax.

It’s not easy to drastically rewire a person’s responses to sexual stimuli, but it’s going well enough. During the first couple of months, Eleanor wasn’t even keen on orgasming. And who would in her state? But a few hundred hours of manual and chemical enforced arousal later have really woken the young woman’s hibernating sex drive. Eleanor hates herself for not controlling these primal urges. Why does she so desperately want to come, when in her mind she knows she doesn’t?

It makes no sense!

“MMMMMMMMNNNGGHHH!” the girl moans as both a wave of pain and one of incredible pleasure hit her like a train. Her ass and pussy are filmed to a hurtful brim, the dildos poking at her cervix and the start of her lower intestine. Simultaneously, the vibrations on her erotic zones transmit a world of arousal to her whole, bound body. Eleanor cannot escape either ordeal.

Simply placing his hand on the suffering girl’s sternum, (a sign of comfort?) for a fleeting moment, Master leaves his toy and exits the room. She will stay like that for 15 minutes, during which she has the green light to climax. If she fails, the dildos get deflated and the eggs lowered back to their torturous hum for 45 more minutes where orgasms are forbidden.

The pressure sensors on the girl's dildos will notify Master if the girl has orgasmed, since they recognize the involuntary 'cunt-squeezing' pattern attributed to a climaxing woman.

Eleanor would not mind cheating her way out of this test, but there's no solution in sight.



“Oowwww” Toy lets a moan of pleasurable pressure; that ‘packed’ sensation she constantly yearns for. She starts fucking herself with the large sex-toy, lost in the elevated joy the ‘Master substitute’ gives her. She grabs another giant dildo, a black one and starts working it on her puckering, bleached asshole, prodding its cockhead into and around her anal entrance.

Eleanor is an anal whore. She loves the feeling of her ass fucked and often hopes Master will choose that hole to nest his beautiful cock. Her untouched asshole couldn't even take a pinky when she stepped foot in Master's quarters, but nowadays it can really squeeze his cock and milk every single drop of cum, like a skilled cow-farmer going to work.

After 4 years of increasingly debauched conditioning, the 22-year-old girl rarely comes without double penetration. A single hole stuffed simply will not cut it, especially if there's no vibration.

Or if it's not the meaty ‘real thing’.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMnnnnghhh!” Eleanor shuts her eyes hard, screaming into her ballgag. Master is holding the ropes from which the poor girl is suspended from the ceiling, as he violently thrusts inside her ass, pulling her balled-up body into his hard-on by the ropes, as he's sodomizing her standing up. The objectified girl is bound with a rope chest harness that links up to the ceiling. Her legs are frog-tied tightly with more rope and her knees are attached to her chest harness, folding her body in half. Her arms are bound behind her back into a ruthless reverse prayer. If the teen wasn't attending gymnastics in her earlier years, she wouldn't be able to bend this way. Unfortunately for her, she was very good in gymnastics.

The sensation in her rectum is so...violating...so crudely alien. And with such brute force! The pigtailed girl is crying into her gag, utterly suffering even as the vibrating egg is dangling from her pussy, safely clipped to her clitoral piercing, merrily buzzing away. It is such a mind-fucking ordeal, feeling pleasurable sensations amidst a horrible, traumatizing rape. The girl's brain cannot process it.

Every once in a while, the pleasurable tingling in her most sensitive sex button will cause her asshole to flex and grab tighter onto the man's moving cock. It feels so nice to him. To Eleanor it just adds more pain to her objectifying ass-fucking.

Without that much effort, Eleanor's hungry little sphincter opens up and ‘swallows’ the wide, black dildo. The pressure in her ass is so tense, so stretching. The slavegirl loves it! Each hand sloshes a monstrous dildo inside of her, the girl raising her spread legs, clad in their black latex thigh highs and their magenta slutty pumps, up in the air to have better access to her horny little asshole.

She's in heaven.

The living room is full of well-dressed socialites. The dinner party is commencing nicely, the busy chatter mixed nicely with some lounge-y jazz music, reflecting the decadence of this social gathering. While there are still lots of attendees conversing or sipping their drinks in more private manners, a large portion of the room has shifted its attention to a particular corner of it.

A corner where a kind of show is being put on, through the bars of a giant bird cage. The elite crowd watches a young woman, clad in black and pink, graphically masturbating and flaunting her naked goods in front of them, as she's kneeling with spread loins on her cage's floor. Toy is intently working two large dildos in her ass and pussy, with one hand working in front of her and the other reaching in from behind to fill up her slutty rim-hole.

Enamored by the alluring sight, a middle-aged woman with sort, platinum blonde hair, clad in a fancy gown and a shawl over her shoulders, has approached the silver bars and is sticking her free hand through them, the other holding her drink. To everyone's amazement, the slave willfully takes the woman's thumb in her pink lips, suckling on it intently as she stares at the woman submissively and keeps stuffing herself with the huge dildos.

"She is conditioned to crave human contact" Master notes to his closer company, as his slave does not appear fazed whatsoever by the incredibly public nature of her sexual acts. What the man doesn't relay to his guests is that Toy has been starved of orgasms in his care. Besides coming from him, she's also allowed to orgasm during his crowded parties.

It is an opportunity that the sluttified girl cannot afford to miss. Such is her longing for sexual release, in her years of copious conditioning. Though initially shy during the first couple of occasions, Toy has since pushed through the lingering, societal inhibitions of her past self and has fully embraced all the eyes stuck on her as another titillating aspect of her carnal indulgence. She now flaunts her body, her cunt, her everything at every stranger that watches her like a different caged 'bird'.

The more eyes on her, the hornier she gets.

"Who wants to do the condom demonstration with me?" the female Sex Ed teacher asks the class, casually tearing the packaging of a condom. A suggestive banana is sitting on her desk, playing the part

of the male sex organ. Some giggles are heard, but no one wants to come up, either. "Eleanor will do it, Miss! She's an expert handling cocks" the popular blonde girl sitting in the back row yells, throwing Eleanor under the bus.

Eleanor doesn't find the joke funny. Her cheeks turn ten different shades of red upon hearing that. "Shut up, Justine" the hip-acting, middle-aged woman teacher cuts off any attempts at turning this already juvenile atmosphere into chaos. "Do you wanna come help me out, Eleanor?" she then turns to the honor student, with a comforting, 'there's nothing to worry about' demeanor.

Utterly conflicted between not wanting to touch a banana-penis in front of her whole class and always being a teacher's pet, Eleanor reluctantly gets up, trying to compose herself. "If I hear the slightest giggle you'll be expelled for the day. This is important stuff you all need to learn" the teacher cut off any bullshit from the other students, as Eleanor takes her place next to her, behind the desk.

Eleanor feels like she's sweating from the embarrassment. Not knowing stuff always makes her feel insecure. The second thing is overtly sexual stuff. Both things are happening right now, since she definitely does not know how to put a condom on this banana.

As the teacher hands her the condom and instructs her on how to place it over banana's tip, the blonde bully from earlier is doing that thing of simulating a blowjob by pressing her tongue against the inside of her cheek and moving her hand. "So now just roll it down so that the latex unravels and covers it" the teacher says and Eleanor, barely holding the banana as if it is an actual human penis, tries to do it in one harsh, swift move. She really wants to be done with this charade.

In an utterly clumsy move, instead of rolling the condom down the banana's length, the jittery girl smooshes the banana against the desk, distorting it. The class erupts in laughter. "Eleanor, it's ok... it's ok" the teacher tries to restore order and comfort Eleanor, but she simply leaves and returns to her seat, mortified.

With the fond memories of Master's party running through the girl's mind, Eleanor has lost any handle on her self-restrain, working the two rubber cocks inside her relaxed cunt and ass with accelerated pace. No clitoral stimulation is required anymore. This was only the gateway to her transformation from a sexless honor student into a brainless bimbo.

"Yes, yes...NNNNNGGGAAAAAAAawwwww!" Eleanor's horny heavy-breathing whispers finally lead to an initially suppressed squeal that eventually can't help but burst out of the girl's doll-lips.

This... was... wonderful!!!

A few seconds are needed until the cum-drunk girl lazily sways her head over towards the kitchen door. What she sees snaps her back to an alert state. It is Leona, facing her with crossed arms and an expression of sheer delight. "You know you shouldn't be doing that, cutie pie" Leona addressed the slavegirl with their personal little nickname, not holding back a naughty smirk.

She had stumbled into the girl's climax, entering the living room at the worst possible moment.

"Uhhmm, please Miss. Don't tell Master!" the -still foggy- girl pleads, her glass-adorned eyes exhibiting genuine dependency. Master MUST NOT find out about this. It would mean a hell of a pain for Toy. "Sorry, don't see how it's my problem" Leona replies with a toying selfishness.

"OOoowwmmmmmm" the slave-girl starts anxiously shifting in her cage and whining with aimless, unintelligent moans that betray not only her utter helplessness in this moment, but also her vastly reduced ability to express herself, product of her IQ-lowering rehabilitation. Visibly panicking at the prospect of getting back up on Master's 'horse'.

Toy hates that horsey. She'd much rather 'ride' Master.

"Well, perhaps we can...strike a deal" Elena suggests, raising her pretty, dark brow. With a glimmer of hope appearing in Eleanor's eyes, the maid moves to the nearby wall and presses a switch that slowly lowers the cage, until its bottom is on the level of her juicy thighs, covered from the middle and below in the white lace of her sexy thigh-high stockings.

Eleanor can barely slither her head through the silver bars, but she does so as Leona beckons her over. Leona circles her finger, signaling to the slave to roll on her back. The pink-haired slut obeys, with her pigtails now dangling off the edge of the round cage-floor. Her head is also tilted over the edge.

"Be a good little girl down there, and I might just forget about what I saw" the black, 35-year-old beauty winks as she looks down at Eleanor, lifting the short skirt of her light blue maid outfit to reveal a pair of white lace panties, matching her gloves and stockings. The woman pulls the underwear down her beautiful legs and through her tall heels, revealing a damp, meaty pussy. She stores the underwear in the front pocket of her apron.

"Yes, Miss! Anything, Miss!" the caged girl very gratefully strains her neck to reach the woman's sex. She knows how to please her. She wants to please her.

Smiling, the maid moves half-a step closer so that Toy's face is now betwixt those juicy, milk-chocolatey thighs. Her twitching pussy is only an inch from Eleanor's nose. A second later, the slave zeros the short distance between her lips and the woman's dark-toned sex, starting to lick it sensually and hungrily from under the maid's skirt.

“AAwww” a moan of sudden pleasure escapes the maid, who clutches with both hands the cage’s bars, as her thighs at the same time also clutch the little white whore’s face tightly. Eleanor does not appear hindered by Leona’s rough thigh-smother, working her skilled tongue along every surface, every nook and cranny of the woman’s cunt. And it is a woman’s cunt, not a girl’s like Eleanor’s. Though pristinely shaven, it has that complex flavor and textile variety, with her mature, horny, swollen cunt-lips being truly worshipped by the little slave.

Eleanor doesn’t really serve women. Masters’ male anatomy is what her training and accumulated experience is based on. But she proves an excellent pussy-pleaser, given the frequent knee-buckles that the standing Leona experiences. The white bitch is licking her well. Very well.

Toy is putting to work all her experiences with licking Master’s taint and asshole. Gentle but chaotic and saliva-coated tongue movements. They are doing the trick.

A product of her thorough training with Master, Eleanor instinctively does not place her hands on the maid, keeping them timidly in front of her naked chest. But being pussy-smothered by Leona’s wet cunt as she’s servicing it is getting her horny again. “Gmmmf!” the girl lets a lustful, pussy-drowned moan while flicking her tongue all over Miss’s cunt, her heeled, latexed feet restlessly sliding across the furry carpet. Asphyxiating on the woman’s divine pussy, ass and thighs feels truly wonderful and the perverted association makes Eleanor’s pussy all moist and ready again. Her glistening latex-dressed fingers slither back between her thighs...

“Oh... yes Pinkie...” a closed-eyed Leona is savoring this standing ride of the girl’s face. If she wasn’t holding onto the cage bars, she might have toppled over in her ecstasy. Eleanor’s cheekbones feel like they will be crushed by the woman’s strong, reflexively clenching thighs. With her nose involuntarily prodding against the woman’s wrinkly asshole, the girl is more deliberately prodding her pierced tongue inside the woman’s sex-hole, tickling the thousands of nerves of her inner flesh.

“Yyyyes...” the woman lets out a trembling moan, seeing the last turn before the finish line and immediately shoves the girl’s face deeper into her crotch with her hand pushing the back of the girl’s head. The motion is such so that Leona is pressing the girl’s mouth over her clit. Toy might be a depraved bimbo that only needs a ‘pussyful’ and an ‘assful’ of cock to come, but Leona is a normal girl, requiring some clit action to reach the goal.

“GM....!” The oxygen-starved slave lest a drowning yelp but does not dare seize her oral stimulation. The woman’s sex juices and ass oiliness are running inside her nostrils from the woman’s taint, as her

upside-down tongue is pleasuring the maid's erect sex-button. At the same time she's flicking her own bean, enthralled to be eating the maid out.

"MMM....gffffff!" Eleanor moans into the woman's sex while still utterly worshipping it, fully head-locked in the woman's thighs. A moan that this time contains lots of fear. It is promptly followed by the girl exhaling the tiniest bit of oxygen she has been saving in her burning lungs. She's fully out of air, her nose bent by the pressure with which she's pressed onto Leona's crotch, her lips fully stuck over her clitoral hood like a plunger.

If she's to go like that, it's probably the best way. Either that or choking on Master's cock.

"AAAAAAAwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!" Leona finally climaxes with a strong, feminine yelp, her whole legs shaking enough that they release their grip on the poor girl's head. She's still pressing Eleanor's head into her cunt, though with much less pressure. The fully drenched-face girl is finding air again, filtered through the woman's pussy-musk by the still intimate proximity.

"Aaaaaaaaaa....Aaaaaaaaaa...aaaaa..." as she's panting intensely, the open-mouthed slave is still softly lapping at the woman's pussy, a sign of her endless devotion to her. To anyone really. She hasn't found a person that's not of an overwhelmingly higher status to hers.

Leona takes a much needed moment to gather herself, shocked and dazed by the unbelievable orgasm her oral toy gave her. She takes a step back from her Caucasian 'seat', clumsily putting her panties back on. "Good job, Pinkie" she pats the girl's pussy-juice-coated cheek, then turns around and heads back to her house chores.

Toy's little 'treat' is safe with her.



Eleanor hears keys jingling, echoing by the tall ceilings of the living area. Her head softly turns to the face the front door. It opens and Master steps inside. He looks happy, if somewhat buzzed from a bit more alcohol than usual. But he also has a jitteriness to him. That must be the coke.

It's about 3 A.M. Leona has retired to her quarters hours ago. The man throws the keys on the couch. Another indication he's a bit loopy. He usually places them perfectly on the key-hanger.

The caged slave simply watches him intently, hanging from every possible word that might come out of him. Master disappears from her field of vision and when he returns, he's wearing nothing but his boxer-briefs. Eleanor knows what's up. It's not the first time he has returned home from a party in a particularly "cheerful" mood.

The man unlocks the trapdoor on the cage's floor and reaches into from below. Toy is waiting for him much more appropriately now, waiting kneeling with spread legs and her hands stoically resting on each thigh. Eleanor makes no movements as he clips a black leather leash onto her matching collar, then detaches the metal chain keeping her tethered to the cage. She's finally led out of the cage.

Without a word, but only eyeing him with an expression of utter devotion and submission, the slave follows Master on all fours, crawling like a good sex-pet, as he leads her down a flight of stairs. No words are needed to communicate.

Upon reaching the basement dungeon (though more lavish and large than most people's full houses) Master unclips Toy's leash and she merrily hops onto the bed. "Which hole do you prefer, Master?" the girl lies on her back and fully lifts her legs open, her heels pointing at the ceiling. As she eyes her beloved Master inquisitively, she wraps her gloved arms around her latex-covered legs, displaying her two cock-sheaths of choice to her owner. As if remembering her third one, the slavegirl then opens her lips wide and sticks her tongue seductively out, in case Master wants to start with that one.

After so many years in his care, Toy is allowed to take some initiatives like that. She's a better slave for it and it would be exhausting if Master had to order out every single little thing.

Knowing very well that in a few moments her holes' lubrication will be put into question, she plops her dark, latex fingers in her mouth and wets them well to place them on her clit, which she starts warming up with soft, circular movement. The vicious pounding she gave her holes with her own toys a few hours ago, threatens to make them a bit less than optimal hosts for Master's 'gift'. Passing it off as a seductive, whorish tease, the girl is secretly trying to circumvent that issue with this last minute 'diddling'.

“So why does this mass not move, while the other does?” the male physics teacher, a chubby, mustaches man in his late 50s, asks the dumbfounded class. “We are applying the same forces on them, they have the same mass, but yet one remains still” he repeats the brain-teaser. “Miss Burton” he points to the raised hand of the geeky girl in the front row.

“It’s because of friction, Sir” Eleanor answers confidently. “The coefficient of static friction is different on each surface. So while one object can slide across the surface, the other remains immobile due to the rougher surface it rests on” the valedictorian puts out a flawless explanation.

“Exactly. Well done Miss Burton” the teacher’s mustache smiles along with him.

Master doesn’t reply to his slave’s rare words as much as he climbs on the bed and leans his 6 feet-tall, 180-pound body over her 5’4” 90-pound one, pulling out his already erect cock. He doesn’t check in with the girl’s sexual mood. It is a given that she’s always wet and ready for him.

“AAaah” the little slut squeals more joyfully than uncomfortably as Master’s sword stabs not her pussy, but just below, on her puckering asshole. With her calves resting on the man’s broad shoulders, the man starts thrusting in his slave’s ass, silently enjoying himself with subtle groans. Meanwhile, with her heels up in the air above even the man’s head, Eleanor keeps her arms nestled in front of her chest, taking her anal deep-dicking like a good girl.

Each thrust of the overwhelmingly larger man rattles the small girl’s whole body, folded as it is, with her knees touching her collar bone. Her bondage and posture training have helped with these strenuous positions being no issue for the flexible little whore.

Looking straight into his determined, albeit a bit inebriated, green eyes, the girl softly squeals from her ass-pounding. She’s truly in her comfort zone; in her happy place. Keeping Master’s cock inside her is the most natural state for her.

What happens next makes her pretty, glass-covered eyes spark with excitement. Master momentarily pulls his cock out of toy’s bleached little pocket and goes over to a small bedside drawer. He takes out a weird mask. Its outer side is a magenta layer of latex, the edges lined with harder, PVC plastic along the bridge of the nose, the cheeks and around and under the chin. Even more peculiar is the inner side of the mask, which houses a large pink dildo over the mouth area, as well as two, inch-long nostril plugs, located where the nose would be.

During older, more difficult times, this mask was an item of sheer dread for the brainwashed slavegirl. Now, it is a symbol of pleasure, a reason to cheer (always inwardly).

This is the girl's aptly named 'orgasm mask'. It is the mask the girl is required to be wearing if she is to climax in Master's intimate company.

Eleanor tries to contain her excitement, not wanting to speak out of turn and cause Master to take back this unexpected generosity. She hasn't seen the mask in about 4 months. It's a good thing Master doesn't know about her sneaky orgasm earlier this afternoon.

Ever since her training has concluded, Toy has never orgasmed twice in the same day. She would happily take 10 orgasms, never mind two.

Toy obediently, almost impatiently, opens her mouth, as Master takes her glasses out. She takes a deep inhale as her owner guides the large phallus deep past her lips. He keeps pushing until the outlining of the mask presses against every part of the girl's face. This is how he knows that her throat is utterly full and her nostrils are properly plugged. Not caring much that his slave's 'air-timer' is already ticking, the man clips the mask's single release buckle. Its custom fit makes it snap snugly behind her head, not budging at all. Toy's adorable puppy-eyes peek over the pink mask, eyeing him with a neediness that hides her stressful breath-holding.

Without wasting much time, the laconic man manhandles the featherweight slut, turning her over and plopping her face-down, ass-up on the bed. He promptly then squeezes his cockhead back inside the girl's already half-agape asshole and continues plowing it from where he left off.

Without fidgeting with her smothering mask one bit, the small woman 'sinks in' to her ass-filling, metaphorically and literally. "M.....m.....m.....m...." her petite body moves with the rapidly crushing 'waves' of her Master's movements over it. As she lets these cute, feminine plugged moans with each anal penetration, her eyes are getting glossy, stuck towards the top of her head, as she's getting her wish fulfilled.

Lost in her twisted wet, breathless dream, the girl would not ask for anything else.

Eleanor is forced to straddle the Sybian. That fucking seat from hell. The girl used to be glued to her home's desk chair, since this is where she'd do her all her curriculum activities and kill some time on the computer. But now, she must have sat on that buzzing seat for longer in total.

Frogtied, noosed and ballgagged with a huge red ball, the girl is trying in vain to shift her crotch in an angle that the Sybian's vibrating protrusion 'misses' her sex. Like any other time, she doesn't succeed. She's been holding off an orgasm for the past 4 hours. Despite having read most of their bibliography, Shakespeare, Tolstoy and Dickens together could not put to words how much she needs this orgasm.

Still, the censor on the Sybian hasn't registered any orgasm. She's been good. Very good. But to what end? Suffering to avoid more suffering sounds like a vicious cycle.

Still, it's better than the alternative.

Master enters the dungeon room and the girl eyes him like a potential savor, even though he's the one that puts her through these daily ordeals. She eyes him pitifully, half-moaning since she's too tired, too drained for some proper volume.

The man nonchalantly walks over to a bench of his dungeon and shifts through, until he brings out a clear, thick plastic bag, its surface glistening under the room's lights. Eleanor's panting into her jaw-spreading ballgag intensifies, a mixture of bad anticipation and attempt at courage. She knows what this sicko's means are.

But she can't help but be utterly terrified of what will happen. Passing out is too scary, too horrible. She never gets used to it, no matter how many times it has happened before. Fear always takes over and panic sets in, making her lose her concentration.

She fears it will happen again. Chances are she's not going to make it.

"MNnn!... Nnn!"(No!...no!) the girl valiantly protests the inevitable, her cute, bound body writhing and shaking on her 'seat', as Master places the plastic bag over her pink-haired head and ties it with a small cord around her pretty neck, not letting any air leave or enter. He doesn't need to explain the drill after some many repeats.

Toy either orgasms or it faints.

Instinctively shaking her head, as if that would dislodge the bag tied around her neck, Eleanor looks up at her tormentor with angry eyes, the clear plastic expanding and contracting against her pretty face with each exhale and inhale.

With her available air quickly becoming pretty stale inside that bag, its thin fabric sticking to her facial features (and the red ball jutting through her lips) tighter and tighter with each spent breath, Eleanor tries to contain her asphyxiating panic and focuses on the nice feeling that's been blasting her genitals for the past hour. What was a torment all this time, could now be an aid.

Easier said than done.

“OH my god, I hate this! Can’t take a normal breath! I can’t breathe! I CAN’T BREATHE! Focus Eleanor, Oh god, I can’t breathe! It’s so claustrophobic! So tight! There’s no air! Focus on your sex! Please...time is running out! I don’t wanna pass out again! Please!”

Eleanor’s inner monologue perfectly reflects her state. The plastic is now trapping her nostrils with each inhale. The bag tied over her head is practically empty. Well, the nerdy girl would tell you it’s full of CO₂ gas.

But extra credit won’t help her much in this moment.

With desperation firing on all cylinders, Eleanor finds how to think of her ordeal. She closes her eyes.

When she opens them again, she’s suddenly in a full exam room. The clock on the wall shows only two more minutes until ‘all pencils are down’. About as much time as her lungs have.

Finding this familiar head-space, the brainy girl finds a sliver of concentration, of calm, to ‘catch’ one of the many incoming orgasm rides her Sybian offers and with her lungs stuck, burning for oxygen, Eleanor has no breath to squeal as she reaches an utterly relieving, but simultaneously painful, fully breathless orgasm.

“Good girl” Master pokes a hole in the bag with his favorite switchblade, the one with his initials engraved on it. “FFFFFFFFfffffffff...fffffffffffffffff...fffffffffffffffff...” Eleanor hungrily snorts oxygen through the gaps between her huge ballgag and her pried lips, fully spent.



Toy is finding a bit harder to get that rollercoaster up to the peak. Despite the wonderful sensation of her ass 'obliterated' by Master's giant slong, her earlier unscheduled orgasm has made the girl a bit rusty. "Mmmnng....mmmngg....mmmngg..." Eleanor lets these rhythmic, slutty moans which barely reach her Master's ears, as her throat and nose are plugged to the brim by her pink 'orgasm mask'. With her face is sliding across the bed-sheets with each hard pound Master's giving her tight asshole, Toy keeps her arms folded to her sides like a good little sex pet.

"MGG!" her plugged squeal becomes more distressed, as the girl sees her air tank is almost empty and though feeling nice, she's not close to an orgasm. She really wants to sneak her hand under her body and towards her clit to get some extra boost or arousal, but Master is very opposed to such notions.

Either she comes from his cock, or not at all, is the rule.

The pink slut closes her eyes and brings forth the recent memory of drowning in Leona's cunt and its juices. Fantasizing about this new, fresh (ab)use, gives Eleanor's lust-fueled brain the spark it is searching for. She focuses on it, equating her current asphyxia to the one the black maid enforced on her. She pictures the pretty woman winking down at her with a cheeky mischief, as she straddles her face and Eleanor is savoring the taste of her cunt.

Orgasm seems closer now, but Eleanor's brain soon becomes foggy with the imminent danger of suffocation, bringing her back to the present. The pink slut doesn't look like she'll climax after all. Death is closer than orgasmic bliss.

Suddenly, a saving grace arrives, as her Master fucks her ass harder and harder until Eleanor feels a creamy, wet explosion take place deep inside her rectum, as Master comes inside her ass. That wonderful, hot, thick coating of her colon is what the young slave needed more than anything!

"GMMMM!!!" With her airway and her asshole plugged with cock and filled with cum, the little anal whore twitches her petite, ass-perked body beneath Master's into a gorgeous orgasm, her ecstatic squeal plugged by the rubber cock nesting in her throat and the small ones sealing her nostrils.

In her silent, fainting orgasm, Master's slave writhes ferally, still ass-roasted by his cock in an amalgamation of life (the orgasmic bliss of sex) and death (her lack of air). These twitches are enough for him to register that she has gotten her 'fill' of fun. Feeling his fuck-toy start to go lifeless under his body, he quickly snaps the release buckle of her mask (the reason this mask doesn't have a fancy strap-buckle system) and it pops out of Eleanor's face, the rubber cock slides out of her happily sore throat by itself, untethered by the straps.

Master's toy can only there, panting heavily with her whole body. Her creamed asshole is still gaping, her tight ass, with red hand-marks of Master's rough groping, still presented up towards him.

Usually that would be enough. Bust a cool nut and hit the bed. But in his alcohol/cocaine high, Master feels like going on. His cock craves another bust. After a brief respite, during which Eleanor cleans her filthy ass and puts her sexy glasses back on, the man lies comfortably against the many pillows on the headboard of the bed, on his back. He won't be doing much moving, now. Not in the moment for vocal orders, he grabs the girl's pigtails and guides her face towards his balls and his taint. Eleanor has learned very well how much he enjoys 'attention' in that region.

With her glasses on, peeking over his semi-hard cock, Toy gives the man's ballsack and taint tender, loving kisses. As she buries her face down there, her ass is seductively sticking up, in view of her Master, softly swaying as a nice visual to her ass eating.

She is sensual, methodical, knowing how to build her owner arousal back up. This is a sensitive area. Too much stimulation that early can be a dangerous thing. Dangerous in the sense that dissatisfaction can lead to horrible punishment.

The four-eyed whore does not let a fraction of a second go by without kissing a different inch of Master's body, down there. Especially now that his balls and taint are not hairy, that's a paradise of musk for the horny slut.

His taint and balls have been covered with the girl's soft kisses. Even his inner thighs get some tender 'love'. The man has fully lied back, enjoying his slave's work. He knows his little girl will get the job done.

For her sake.

Eleanor feels her head being mashed harder against sweaty, crotch flesh. It's her cue to increase stimulation. The kisses become wetter and her tongue enters the mix, tracing the salty skin with enthusiasm. Though buried between his thighs, Eleanor can faintly hear him breathe deeper. She is doing a good job. She keeps licking and when he notices him lifting his legs slightly upwards, she knows what to do. She puts that tongue right on his man-hole, circling it around that wrinkly, brown ring, and poking it slightly inside, just enough for him to feel her there.

She has given him countless rim-jobs before. It's one of Master's favorite ways to orgasm. Especially with a few drinks in him, he often goes for them. And she obliges, as if she has any other choice. As she keeps the pressure of her delicate, pierced tongue, against and around his anus, passing it over that spot again and again, Eleanor moves both her hands upwards, grabbing a hold of the man's now re-erected dick and starts to massage it, to jerk it.

With her lips working the rusty 'blowhole' with pristine technique and her dexterous, latex-clad fingers moving ever-so-gracefully along the length of Master's 'pipe', it really feels like the girl is playing a wind instrument with immeasurable talent.

The beautiful sounds of a clarinet fill the small practice room. Eleanor's teacher, a grey-haired, lanky woman with long, elegant fingers, stoically watches her student perform the piece, nodding every now and then in satisfaction. Eleanor is laser-focused, her eyes tracing the notes on the pages in front of her, as her fingers move so effortlessly along the long, black instrument. She's really making it sing.

"Bravooo, Eleanor!" the teacher gives a small clap as soon as the girl finishes the song. "Even the tricky parts you've tackled great. I think you'll do just splendidly in the finals" the classy woman praises her young student. "Thank you Miss Waltz. I was worried I might botch that last part" Eleanor says with a relieved sigh. She has put a lot of hours into practicing.

She's glad to see them pay off.

Expertly playing her new favorite instrument, Master's body, Eleanor can hear her beloved breath more heavily. He is close. She ought to finish him soon. With her glasses-clad face buried between the man's asscheeks, the slave moves her small, but tight, double-handed grip faster up and down, focusing more on the, more sensitive, upper half of the penis, all while eagerly tonguing the man's wrinkly 'mouthpiece' and slurping it real nice. Toy loves eating Master's ass. It tastes so... pungent, so... manly. She has learned to love the smell and taste of her God's asshole. Worshipping it, like any other part of his body, is all Toy ever wants to do.

Despite getting horny again from how much she enjoys burying her face in Master's asshole, Eleanor's getting tired. Her stamina is low from her recent orgasm and almost collapse, but also her tongue is cramping from the prolonged intensity of its lapping.

But there's no way in fucking hell she'll slow down, now. Master would all but crucify her.

Banging on all cylinders of her giving pleasure, it only takes a few more intense moments for her beloved Master to climax for a second time. With his bursting cock being vertical, his seed shoots up like

the most beautiful fountain Eleanor could ever hope to see. After its short airborne state, the semen falls right on the lenses of her pink glasses. A smaller chunk plops onto the hard-working slut's pink-head, sticking in-between her pigtails.

Master lies still, dead-weight on the mattress, nicely recovering from the fun 'trip'. Even though she did well, his toy cannot rest yet. Eleanor follows the well-known steps following Master's ejaculation. First, she dutifully lifts her head and places the cockhead in her mouth, slurping any cum residue that might be left on Master's foreskin or the undercarriage of her cockhead.

Throughout this, she DOES NOT touch any jizz that rests on her person. She does not touch the small milky loogie on her head, and lets her vision-impairing, cum-stained glasses as they are, with the thick liquid slowly dripping from them, as she checks to clean any semen that mind require cleaning from Master's body. Funny enough, he caught none of that spillage.

Second order of proceedings, Toy grabs the little satin handkerchief attached on her corset (it has been swapped with a fresh one from earlier, of course) and carefully, softly dries the still sensitive piece of flesh, as well as Master's thoroughly licked crack.

Only after all this is done, does Toy retrieve, getting up from the bed (Master's bed) and standing in attention on his bed-side, waiting for further instruction with her arms clasped behind her back and her legs slightly spread. Tits, back straight, ass flaunted.

A good whore.

At this point, the man, Eleanor's man, her *only* man, would usually lead her back up to her cage and lock her for the night, before heading for bed to his actual Master bedroom (pun intended).

But now, exhausted by both his fun, alcohol-infused night out and the sleep-inducing joy of his orgasm, the man appears passed out in front of his standing slave. And he doesn't look like he's waking up.

It's not the first time he's done this, but the unlucky slavegirl cannot do much about it. She can't possible leave, or even move. That would directly go against Master's orders, since he never told her to break her waiting posture.

And so, the 5'4" girl, now reaching 5'9" due to her tall, slutty-pink heels can only stand there in attention, hoping that Master's eyes will open and he'll go store her for the night. As she does, a drop of semen drips from her dirtied glasses onto her proudly presented titty, right on her pink-tattooed areola.

"Dammit" the girl thinks, feeling Master's now room-temperature sperm on her breast.

"I'm getting horny again".

