

Totally Breathless

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"Sssh, be quiet back there!" Samantha whispered to her fellow spies. Finding the notorious Geraldine Husk was no easy task. The villain's secret hideout, built on the side of a mountain, was hard to locate it. But Totally Spies had done it!

"We haven't spotted a single guard anywhere around" Alex whined, hunched behind a cover alongside her mates. She was alarmed by the eerie emptiness of the place's rocky exterior. "Stay vigilant. The place is crawled with security cameras" Samantha warned, scanning around with her pretty, green eyes. The girls had been looking for an opportunity to enter for some time now. A bored Clover was fixing her make-up, waiting for the real action to start.

Finally, after some time waiting, the girls got their chance. "It's about time someone came to say hi" Clover said cheekily, as the trio spotted the automatic sliding doors part open and two female guards appear through it. While their faces were concealed by helmet/masks, their gender was betrayed by their all-black, skin-tight uniforms. They held laser-blasters in their hands.

Alex created a diversion, causing the two unsuspecting guards to move closer to the source of the sound to take a look. Before the armed women could notice the trap.

Before their calls for help could leave their mouths, the guards were swiftly grabbed from behind and pulled behind the large rock by Clover and Sam. "Sorry gals, you should thing of changing employment" Alex tossed a line, while the struggling guards were being knocked out by the agents' skilled sleeper holds. Clover used her arms, tightly wrapped around the poor guard's neck, while Samantha was using her strong legs to knock the poor mercenary out.

"Looks like we got ourselves an invite to the party" Clover smirked, holding the card-key picked from the unconscious guard's body.

“Yes Prime Minister, I think it would be on your best interest to comply with our demands” Geraldine Husk said with a ruthless, smirking voice, hanging up the phone her assistant was holding on a tray, without waiting for a reply on the other side. Seating with her shapely legs crossed and resting on the long table of her command-center, the white-suited femme-fatale had a sardonic smile stuck to her pretty face. Things were going splendid with her criminal enterprise.

“Two guards request clearance, M’ lady” the secretarially-dressed assistant, a young Asian woman, addressed her boss, having received a message on her earpiece. The brown-haired British crime-lady, dressed in her favorite white bodysuit that was fused with the matching heels of her boots, waved whoever it was in, not bothering with speech.

The sliding doors opened on the other side of the long, but narrow room and two guards walked in, holding a grumpy, struggling Alexandra from each arm, on either side of hers.

“We caught her snooping around the exterior...M’lady” the distorted voice of the female guard came through her helmet’s speaker, sounding a bit hesitant towards the end.

“Well, well, look who what my little spider web caught!” Geraldine ‘welcomed’ Alex with her signature, posh British accent, taunting the young spy.

“You won’t get away with this, you pompous bitch!” Alex yelled angrily, her arm-pulling nullified by the armed guards that held her. “Yeah, yeah, we’ve heard that before” Geraldine mimed Alex’s annoying babbling by opening and closing her hand.

“Scan the perimeter, if she’s here, her buddies are bound to be around” Geraldine informed her secretary to send the order to all units.

“Spot on!” Samantha exclaimed as she and Clover’s helmets flew off their heads. In a flash, the spies were pointed their laser-guns at the villainess. Alex did, too, with her hands free the whole time.

“Ow, well... that’s a fun surprise” Geraldine didn’t even flinch or uncross her table-resting legs, simply raising her graceful, gloved hands up to head level. She looked cool and collected, even during a table-flipping like this. Her secretary did not share her M’lady’s cool; frozen with eye-wide fear.

“Well done, agents. I guess you got me cornered...” Geraldine’s arrogant smile never left her face, her hands tapping on the armrests of her elaborate, futuristic chair. “It’s over Husk” Samantha said with a serious, but still tense, tone. All they had to do was bring the bitch over to WOOHP headquarters and hand her over to justice.

“I guess it is, but before we go...think about THIS!” Geraldine’s calm demeanor was hiding her plan. At her last word, the sexy baddie pressed a button on the front of her armrest, and a burst of noxious dark gas exploded from all corners of the room. “*Cough* *cough* where is she?” Alex only saw foggy smoke all around her. “I can’t see anything!” Clover confirmed everyone’s status.

The girls did not want to fire the weapons and risk killing the unarmed secretary, but they had lost all signs of Miss Husk, who had meanwhile disappeared into a secret hatch on the floor.

“*Cough* cough* cough* I can’t...breath!” Samantha grabbed her neck, the fog taking away her air. The sightless spy-group tried to keep calm and not panic, but as the asphyxiating gas entered their lungs, they started hyperventilating and body-slammng against the walls, desperate for a way out - with the doors auto-locked by the smoke-bomb trigger.

In the end, one by one (including the innocent secretary that Geraldine had simply used as a pawn), each girl dropped unconscious on the floor, the sleeping gas mixed into the stealthy smoke serving its purpose.



Clover felt the strong scent of ammonia on her nostrils. She opened her eyes at once, blinking a few times to adjust her vision. She quickly discovered her eye-lids were two of the few things she could still move.

Her whole body was suspended in the air, bound by leather straps of adjustable tension, secured with metal clip-locks. Her ankles were locked together and so were her wrists and elbows, ruthlessly strapped behind the girl's back, with a couple of more straps running over and under the girl's exposed, perky breasts, further squeezing Clover's arms to her torso and pressing her naked titties outward. Both Her legs were folded in order for her ankle-straps to join the back of her chest harness, frogtying the suspended spy.

Finally, a seemingly insignificant round sticker-pad had been placed right above the girl's exposed, left breast.

"MMNGgh!" the indignant spy moaned and pulled at her restraints, but her words were rendered incomprehensible by the harness panel gag tightly strapped over her pretty face. It contained a rubber bulb in its inside, currently filling the girl's mouth and soundproofing her annoying whines. Her furious struggling only caused her bound body to slightly sway in mid-air, kept there by a chain hooked above her and linked to her chest's strap/harness.

While the young spy still wore her signature red cat-suit, its zipper was open all the way from her neck down to the girl's privates, baring her youthful chest for anyone to see! Her light-blue spy belt, with the ever-present heart logo in the front, was now used to securely keep a Hitachi-style vibrator firmly pressing against the blonde's naked pussy. The vibrator's white head was trapped in a hook of the leather belt that was running between Clover's thighs, rubbing against Clover's labia with the slightest struggle.

As she darted her eyes down, the distressed spy saw a cylindrical tank full to the brim with water, located inches underneath her. It was not very wide, but tall enough to fit the bound and gagged spy's form.

On Clover's right, her spy-mates were in a very similar predicament; all lined up and facing the same direction, in some sort of small, elevated stage, three feet away from each other.

Alexandra, the black, short-haired tomboy, was bound standing on a short, round stool, her pretty neck around an already fastened, roped noose. Her arms were as stringently bound behind her back as Clover's, though her legs were fused together at the ankles, knees and thighs by the same strict leather straps. The same duo of straps went over and under the girl's similarly naked breasts, further binding her. The same bulbous-headed, cordless vibrator was attached right up her unzipped cunt by her belt, spreading her labia lips with its insistent pressure, just waiting to be turned on. The girl's yellow spy-suit did not do much to cover the 'essentials' anymore, fully unzipped.

Alex's angry, curse-filled protests didn't bother Geraldine, due to the huge, red ball-gag snugly strapped behind the girl's teeth and buckled to the tightest notch. Finally, a heavy iron ball was attached to the woman's ankle-straps, constantly trying to pull her off the stool, as it dangled a couple of inches over its edge.

On Alex's right, the noosed girl could see Samantha. The smart redhead, still in her fully open green suit, displaying her tits, bellybutton and pubic mount, was strapped against a flat, standing panel, her body spread in a vague X-shape, by the transparent, thin sheet of latex that was pressing against every mount and crevice of her luscious body. The woman was sealed inside a vacuum bed, immobilized from the vacuum alone. She was only able to achieve the slightest shifts and squirms along the surface of the panel, the vacuum holding her body stiff like few restraints could.

A small, inch-wide hole, right where the girl's gaping mouth was, allowed her to greedily and anxiously suck in oxygen. The plastic was pressing against the features of her pretty face, heaving up and down along with her nude chest. Outlining her wide hips, her slim waist, everything. An identical vibrator was firmly pressing against her uncovered sex, held there through a small hole in the clear latex that let the sex-toy's handle dangle out of it between the girl's spread thighs.

Both Samantha and Alex had the same round pads stuck over their left breasts as Clover. Their utility equally mysterious.

"Come on, sluts! I cannot wait all day" the compromised spies heard their nemesis' upbeat voice. "I know you expected this would end with me handcuffed on the way to WOOHP HQ, justice prevailing and all that dilly dally, but I think this will be more fun" the British woman couldn't hold her grin.

"MMNGHGHFF!" Clover and Alex moaned groggily and struggled in their inescapable bonds, not accepting this horrible turn of events. Even Samantha, who was not technically gagged, could mostly utter wide-mouthed moans, with the plastic sticking to her pretty lips and even teeth when she was inhaling, making an inflating and deflating indent at the gap of her mouth with each breath. The sweet spy looked as pathetic as her drooling, incomprehensible friends. "You...you won't get away with this..." Samantha mustered a defiant statement, despite being sealed in the clear plastic.

"I'm pretty sure I will sweetheart..." the 10-year-older woman replied extremely condescendingly to her younger captive.

"I suppose I could have lined you all up, planted three bullets in the back of your heads and be done with it..." the villainess continued her monologue, the heels of her white catsuit clicking as she slowly circled around her victims like a shark, taking its sweet time to strike.

"But then I came up with a better idea" the femme fatale eyed the ball-gagged Alex as she spoke vitriolically. "Why don't we..." she kept pacing between the spies... "...play a little game of endurance. Last spy-girl standing gets to be my permanent slave, instead of perishing. Pretty good deal, right?" she asked her gagged audience, receiving three pairs of hateful eyes as response. "I've always wanted a little slave-pig. But keeping all three of you might be too high maintenance. Too much of a hustle" Geraldine explained her reasoning for murdering two of the three spy-girls, not finding much sympathy in their fuming looks.

As she spoke, Geraldine made her way towards the vacuum-pinned Samantha. "I have a hunch it'll be you, Red" she said to the mean-eyeing girl, nervously shuffling millimeters inside her clear, plastic 'webbing'. "Since you're the so-called 'brains' of the group. "Mind over matter, don't they say?" she smiled sardonically at the patronized girl's lack of response.

"Or maybe it will be you, tomboy" she moved on to Alexandra, whose yellow-suited feet were already uncomfortably tittering on the stool, without the help of her arms to balance. "Is your tough chick persona for real, or is it just an act, and you'll buckle under...pressure?" she teasingly pushed the noose-tethered, not enough to topple her, only scare her. "YYu FKKkNn BBBhh!" Alexandra shifted her bound, curvy body in a desperate act of defiance, making her beautiful dark-skinned jugs jiggle in the process, with the help of her 'wardrobe malfunction'.

"Aaaawww, she's still trying to break free, this'll be precious!" Geraldine commented, as if Alex could not hear her. "Lastly, we got the bimbo blondie" Geraldine mocked Clover's femininity, as if it were a hindrance to her spy duties. Another pathetic moan came out of the well-gagged spy-girl, drool inadvertently dripping from Clover's pried-wide lips. "Tsk, ts, show some manners, you whore" Geraldine further debased the woman. Clover tried to muster up some courage, but it was difficult in her humiliating, perilous situation.

Even Lady Husk's guards had gathered round the large room's live security footage, having their own little side bets on which bitch would last longer, or kick the bucket first.



"Now, let's get things started, shall we?" the British villain didn't wait for any response, before pressing a button on a remote controller in her hand. A huge screen monitor up on the wall behind the three damsels flashed. It was split into three sections, a green, a yellow and a red, each corresponding to a captured spy. The classic line of a cardiograph, with the rhythmic spike of a beating heart, could be seen on all three sections, the data transmitted through the chest patch. They were alive, for now.

"The challenge is simple, child's play really..." Miss Husk explained. "I don't think I need to explain much, except maybe to the dumb bimbo over there" Geraldine made fun of Clover's affinity for feminine things. "MNNGGHhgffffh!" the blonde's angry Gaggish was not understood, but she did sway her shapely, folded legs in an adorable fashion as she struggled in the air.

"It's a breath-holding contest. I figured since the winner would find herself often smothered by my cunt or ass, some lung capacity ought to help her" Geraldine let a glimpse into the lone survivor's grim future.

"Each of your devices is linked wirelessly to your friends' heart-monitors. When the other two flat-line, your release mechanism gets triggered. "Last spy standing wins....well, my congratulations...i don't know, there's really not much in it for you!" Geraldine surmised. None of the horrified spies shared their captor's excitement.

Indeed, Clover's water tank had a quick-drain hole at the bottom, which would fully empty the tank in 0.2 seconds upon triggering. Alex's noose had two strong magnets connecting its two pieces above the girl's head. A trigger would simply change their polarity and essentially cut the rope, causing the black agent to drop onto the floor, with all the air in the world available. Lastly, Sam's vacuum bed had a similar air-flooding mechanism, which would fill the girl's encasement with a blast of precious air virtually instantaneously.

"There is a catch, though, a fun one..." Miss Husk licked her lips, pressing a second button on that same remote. All three of the spy-girls' loin-tethered vibrators started buzzing with great intensity, bringing waves upon waves of unwanted sexual stimulation to their helpless nether regions.

The previous moans of angst and anger, sounded much different than the current ones. These were feral, feminine squeals and unstructured grunts, all brought upon by sheer arousal that none of the spies asked for. Their cries also contained much desperation, from their inability to handle or lessen this sudden violation.

To Geraldine's ears, it was a beautiful choir of agony. She could listen to it all day. There was no romantic foreplay to this blast of carnal pleasure, no warm up. Only distilled, unwavering stimulation. "Consider it my parting gift, well, at least to two of you" the criminal mastermind added cheekily.

"I really am curious what you want to say. I explained the rules pretty thoroughly" Geraldine mocked Clover's persistent moaning yet again. Moving up a small step-stool - since Clover was dangling a few feet above the rest's level, with the water tank being on the same level as Sam and Alex - she unstrapped Clover's panel penis-gag.

"Listen, we...we can make a deal" Clover implored, her voice betraying her raising panic and strain to cope with her genitals being buzzed to ecstasy. She was adorably blushing. "If you let us go, we can forget your past crimes, and you'll walk away a free woman" the bound blonde tried to bargain. "Hahahahaha, you really think I will do that?! God, I'm so glad I ungagged you!"

Geraldine cackled aristocratically. "If you kill us, you'll have the entire WOOHP organization coming after you. Be smartMMNNGGHHfff!" Clover tried to reason with her captive, though it was pretty clear who held all the cards. And it wasn't the bound girl about to take a dive in a water tank.

"Blah...blah...blah" Geraldine re-gagged the annoying blondie mid-sentence, filling her chatterbox with the rubber phallus. The leather panel pressed firmly against Clover's red lips when Geraldine buckled the gag in place.

"You're boring. I should have ungagged the black one, she has some feistiness in her, maybe I would learn some new swear words or something?" she taunted will gazing at Alex's non-stop battle with her leather straps. They seemed to still be winning, as was the 2-inch-wide ballgag shoved in her mouth, making her drool all over her nude breasts and her sexy yellow skinsuit. Her buzzing sex-toy was making her even more furious at her inability to exert any will over her predicament. It was fun watching her try not to struggle too hard and trip off the stool to her death.

Samantha could utter some words, but they would only hurt her pride. Besides, her breathing had intensified, due to the added feeling of arousal she could not escape. The vacuum kept the vibrator's round head pressing against her sex as much as it pressed against her entire body.

With her spy bitches all restrained, hot and bothered, Geraldine moved towards her vacuum-packaged redhead, grabbing a strip of red tape, just like the damsel's hair, that was waiting stuck to the corner of the girl's frame. It matched Sam's pulled-open bodysuit.

"I want to be fair to all of you, so I'll try to time this right" the cat-suited woman walked as gracefully as always to an eye-wide Samantha, wiggling inside her latex encasement. The green-suited spy could only slightly shake her hard-pressed face from left to right by a few degrees on each side, her movements subtle, but emotionally frantic. "No...no..." her anxious breaths could be seen exiting the small mouth-hole.

Sam's protests were fully ignored by Miss Husk, who groped the woman's latex-sealed B-cup-sized boob with her gloved hand, eliciting a small squeal from Sam, then the very next moment she pressed

the piece of tape over Samantha's mouth, locking her pretty lips together as well as blocking her air-hole and cutting off the only access to oxygen the girl had.

As soon as she pressed the tape, the British villainess pressed a third button on her remote, triggering Alex's stool to be sharply yanked off her feet, by a chain that was hitched to it, causing the black beauty to lose her 'flooring' and sink a couple of inches, hanging with the added 20-pound weight tied to her ankles making sure the air-dancing bitch wasn't sneaking any air down her windpipe.

The same trigger caused Clover's chest-harness to release the dangling damsel, letting her freefall one meter into the open tank. As soon as the blonde splashed inside the water, the heavy metal lid automatically closed over her, sealing the little bound and gagged mermaid inside her new aquarium, not letting her 'cheat' by stealing breaths. Clover's tank was completely full with water. Even if she somehow managed to reach the surface in her heavy bondage, she'd just bump her head against the heavy, locked lid, finding no air.

"And we're off!" Geraldine exclaimed with a sickening pleasure dripping from her words. The three spies' heart monitors were beeping, albeit at an increased tempo, probably due to Sam, Alex and Clover's elevated fear for the lives and subsequent high adrenaline.

"I'm kind of rooting for you, tomboy. It'll be fun beating your bratty ass to submission" Geraldine said to Alex, as she tenderly wrapped her arm around the hanging girl's fused, toned thighs, over her form-complimenting catsuit. With all the straps running along her legs and the added weight pulling them taut, they could not kick nor flail, only softly sway from side to side, as an already-red-faced Alexandra grunted into her huge ballgag, saliva flying from the edges of her round gag with her extreme stain. She found it difficult to mean-eye her tormentor, with her beautiful dark neck forced to tilt sideways by the weight of her own, luscious body, exerted on it.

What the girl had only slightly more freedom to flail were her back-pinned, fused arms, which she hopelessly strained, as if they could ever reach the 15-20 inches separating her wiggling fingers and Alex's noose. The pain on her throat was already tremendous. Her moistening pussy was not helping take much of that pain away. Only draining her life-force faster.

"Hey lil' fishy!" Geraldine tapped on the tank's thick glass, before waving at the sunken heroine. While she was trapped, Clover's hateful look did travel through the water and the glass to meet Miss

Husk's devilish, brown eyes. The frog-tied, arm-bound lass struggled in place and in the slow-motion of the water's viscosity, suspended in her watery grave. A couple of small air bubbles involuntary left her nostrils, in her attempts to free herself. "I wouldn't do that if I were you. Best save your strength" Geraldine advised her toy. She was not wrong. It was the only way Clover could make it out alive from this.

Samantha was in a similar shock, fighting her latex 'casing' instead of welcoming it and sinking inside it. The terrifying sensation of being unable to draw-in a breath was causing even the level-headed Samantha to go against her unyielding latex enclosure, breathlessly moaning. Her vac bed had no problems subduing her struggles.

"MMMMMMMMNNG!" the asphyxiating redhead moaned loudly as Geraldine pressed the already snugly hooked head of the buzzing vibrator firmer onto her naked sex. "Just making sure you're enjoying yourself, sweetheart" the wondering henchwoman enjoyed the girl's erotically-induced squirming. Samantha looked at her pathetically, pleadingly through the thin veil of taut plastic. There was no tough-acting or dignity on those green eyes anymore.

Only helplessness.

With the first minute of the spies' breathless race gone, the three girls got a bit smarter in regards to their predicament, holding back on their struggles to conserve energy and therefore, the precious air stored in their lungs.

But it was easier said than done, both from the panic-inducing peril they were in, but even more so from the frustrating arousal, which kept building up thanks to their ever-buzzing vibrators. "Someone must really enjoy being choked in the bedroom. You're dribbling down your thigh, you shameless slut" Geraldine noticed some sex-juice slowly making its way down the hanging damsel's yellow suit.

"Gnff....*cough*..." the short-haired spy jerked her slim strapped body in the air, utterly humiliated while fighting for her life. She was biting down hard on that red ballgag, her air agonizingly running out.

Next to her, Clover had stopped squirming so much. Though her heightened arousal was causing her to twitch and shake her frog-tied legs instinctively, trying to get rid of that sexual torment. The vibrator was not being shaken off her crotch, no matter how much blonde wanted it. In her momentary struggles, her unveiled C-cups jiggled wonderfully underwater, propped nicely by the water's buoyancy. These struggles stole a few air bubbles each time, causing a gagged, water-drowned whimper. Hey, at least her sexual secretions were being diluted in her water tank.

As for Samantha, her ribs could be seen, poking through both her green catsuit and her clear latex 'wrap', from her chest being froze in suspended strain, savoring every last second of the air it possessed. The sexy redhead only shifted softly in her enclosure, letting out the occasional moans of lust and worry.

Who could truly now if she could outlast the others? She would only find out one of two ways.

"I assume there might be some brain damage due to this extreme asphyxiation. Though I wouldn't worry about it. The winner's duties won't require many 'brainy' things, hehe!" Geraldine's British accent filled the vast room once more, as she addressed the 'crowd'. She took a glance at the heart monitors in the huge screen. They all beat faster than before.

"Let's finish you sluts off" Lady Husk uttered in a double entendre, pressing the final button on her remote, and activating the three vibrator's full 'potential'. If Sam, Alex and Clover felt these things were relentless, they were in for a whole new world of sensations.

"GGNNFFF!" Miss Husk's suffocating, hanging and drowning whores all let out a loud, muffled squeal as their pussies were blasted with a much more powerful stream of vibrations on their exposed clit, their inner labia and their actual sex-hole, all in intimate contact with the strapped Hitachis' heads.

Clover let a huge row of bubbles from the sudden assault, Alexandra twisted and turned from her noose like a dangling fisher's catch, and Sam made the latex squeak with her desperate squirming inside it, like a framed butterfly that was accidentally left alive in her frame. The spy-group's leader tried in vain to suck any molecules of air that might have 'stayed with her' inside the vac bed, but the sucking hose had done an excellent job, leaving no creases anywhere.

We were past the 2-minute mark and all three degraded spies were running on fumes, their oxygen tanks pretty much empty. "Gmh...gmh...gmh...!" Alex could not believe this was impossible, but as she writhed from her noose, her eyes bloodshot and tearful from the suffocation, she was feeling her dying body betray her, as the overwhelming genital stimulation was leading her like a surfer's wave to an orgasmic shore, with the same unstoppable force.

She REALLY DID NOT WANT THIS. But she wasn't calling the shots anymore. Geraldine was.

Or perhaps her own libido.

On either side of hers, Clover and Samantha were also battling two losing battles. One with their needy pussies, screaming for 'release' without a care for the rest of their body's 'troubles', and another with their screaming lungs; that release looking much more difficult at this moment.

"NNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNN!" Samantha suddenly let out a completely feral, unhinged groan, the forced stimulation paired with her alarm-firing body driving her crazy! With her eyes rolling to the back of her head, the poor redhead strained her hands and knees so hard at her latex encasement that she managed to push the tight sheet by an impressive two inches, before the sheer force of the vacuum snapped her limbs back to the frame.

"Funny how dying motivates, right?" Geraldine asked the frenzied, suffocating girl, who was barely listening to her executioner, writhing wildly inside her 'packaging'. "Or is it your need to orgasm that's driving you?" she smirked at the corner of her lips, enjoying the sight of the smothered girl sucking in nothing but clear plastic with her cute nose.

"M.....m....." Samantha eyed the woman with a true NEED for oxygen, not even having reserves to moan. At the same time, she was in the brink of orgasmic ecstasy, but fighting it bravely, silently. "I bet it'll feel nice if you just...let go" Miss Husk spoke sensually; putting her white-gloved palm almost affectionately on the tape-gagged girl's cocooned face.

It was the hidden trigger Sam did not know she needed. With that simply human touch, her titting libido overflowed with climactic bliss, and her whole body started convulsing inside its latex cocoon. Her pulse on the screen was beeping like crazy, as the green-suited slut was reaching both enlightenment and complete darkness. Ecstasy and death, all at once.

Soundlessly, but shaking and twitching in her plastic prison, the young spy reached the loudest, brightest orgasm she'd ever achieved and a second later, she sunk inanimately, limply, in her plastic butterfly frame, with a pair of blankly staring, green eyes. Lifeless.

Dead.

"Well, one more to go" Miss Husk exclaimed, as the left, green section of Samantha's cardiograph was greyed out, a steady, straight line indicating her non-existent heartbeat. She then turned her attention to Clover and Alex, who were breathlessly writhing in similar agony and sexual torture. A great show all around.

Clover had squinched her eyes shut, fighting the huge urge to inhale pure water, pulling at her inescapable bonds and making the water growl with them. Alex had started panicking again, with no air left. Her purple-red face was a mask of sheer agony. Her fingers were once again searching for a lifeline, only able to grasp her own fine booty. Her fused legs were swaying with the energy of a dying girl, having run out of options.

Both girls' buzzed pussies were driving them insane. A surreal way to die, if there ever was one.

"You can do it, hussie" Geraldine gave a hard spank to the hanging damsel's yellow-covered, juicy buttocks, pushing her over the orgasmic cliff she was balancing on.

"NGh!!!....." instead of a lustful scream, the noose-strangled girl let a small burst of drool fly from the corners of her red ballgag, with her windpipe fully crushed by the noose. As her brain was shutting down, her gorgeous, bound body shuddered in an earth-shattering orgasm. She didn't need a functioning brain to feel every last tingle of that climax in her sopping-wet cunt.

'Happily drained' or simply 'drained' the black girl stopped squirming in her bonds, and was left to softly sway from her noose.

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

As Alex's pulse went straight as an arrow, the drowning Clover, having already inhaled her first gulp of water, suddenly felt a huge rush of water drop down and bring her with it, as it flashed out of the tank, her release mechanism activated by the death of her peers.

"Guess you're such an air-headed whore that you had reserve" Geraldine cracked wise, looking at the coughing, panting Clover lying on the empty tank's bottom.



2 YEARS LATER

With the totally troublesome spies out of her way, Geraldine Husk had no obstacles towards her way to the top. Bribing, stealing, even making the necessary people "disappear", nothing was beyond her limits. Using those means, she gained legitimate power and unstoppable wealth.

Life was good, but there were lots of added worries when you're at the top of the world. It could stress out even the most energetic and positive of people.

Geraldine's keys unlocked the door of her huge mansion, thousands of square-meters wide. She dropped them on the couch along with her giant and so soft to the touch, fur coat. Letting out a tired sigh, the woman rubbed her forehead with closed eyes.

Today was a tough day. All day she was being interviewed on T.V about some fucking bumner of a school shooting, and to top it all off, her trophy-husband had forgotten to make the restaurant reservation, causing them to wait for 20 whole minutes. It was fair to say, the woman was in a bad mood.

Luckily, there was a way for Geraldine to externalize her anger. Let off some steam.

Geraldine put on something more comfortable, a sexy black baby doll and some sensual thigh-high stockings and made her way down a stairway, that led to the a narrow, barely lit hallway. In the basement's hall there were many rooms, mostly storage units or undetermined spaces.

Except for one room; at the end of the hallway and to the left. It appeared just as blunt as the rest, at least from the look of its door. Geraldine produced a key and unlocked it. She turned on the lights to find what was always there, 'waiting' for her.

Clover was standing in the middle of the otherwise empty room. She was completely naked, and restrained in a strict, inhumane manner. Her ankles were shackled with metal and bolted to the

ground, a good distance between them forcing her legs widely spread. A tight strappado chain going up to the ceiling forced her wrist-cuffed arms painfully raised behind her back, in a perfect right angle.

The young woman's blonde hair had been left to grown, now sloppily caught in a ponytail, which was sticking out the back of a steel hood/mask that obscured the girl's entire face. It had been welded in place a long time ago, ending around the poor girl's neck.

The outline of Clover's nose, with two small nostril holes, was the only visible characteristic of the mask, apart from the wide ring-gag, that was attached to it, and held the dark-haired girl's jaw gaping open at all times.

Currently, a metal phallic plug was screwed all the way through the ring, since the girl's constant drooling annoyed Lady Geraldine. On the room's walls were hung various instruments of torture and pain, all used numerous times on Clover's flesh.

The brown haired, negligee-d woman walked towards her captive, who possessed deep lines of bullwhip marks all along her thighs, ass, waist and back, not yet healed from last's night's "session". This one was going to be worse for her, judging by Geraldine's temper now.

She was actually chipper yesterday.

Her pathetic slave didn't flinch from the opening of the door, nor the lights, as the mask took all light away from her eyes. Rather, she felt the presence of her...Her, with a capital H. She feared Her so much, like a faithful servant fears a God.

She wasn't far off. Lady Geraldine had full control over her pitiful life and Clover could do nothing but to accept whatever her goddess had in store for her. Geraldine took the woman's masked face in her hands, a gently tussle of the chains followed, as the girl softly flinched at this contact. Her touch was to be feared, not welcomed. She had learned that very well.

"I had a really rough day, Pin-Doll, she mentioned casually to the imprisoned girl she had named after something you prick needles into over and over again. A fitting name.

Geraldine rarely chatted with her sentient sex toy. She was more or less informing and preparing Clover than anything else. She reached over and unscrewed the plug of the girl's ring-gag. It was vital for her to hear her pain-toy's screams, in order to get this sweet release. A dildo covered in sharp spikes, was revealed leaving Clover's mouth, coated with the poor girl's saliva. Clover did not make a peep like a good toy, only cherished the easier breathing through her steel-spread mouth.

Not addressing her slave further, the lady took a metal collar from the wall, one with a pretty cruel attachment, a row of sharp spikes, pointing straight upwards towards the wearer's head. Once snapped around Clover's neck, the chained girl was forced to raise her head flat with the ground otherwise she would stab her own neck and chin.

The second attachment Geraldine Husk grabbed was a metal hook (question mark shaped) attached to a chain, which she pushed into the girl's anus with little tenderness or regard for her comfort. "AAawwww" Clover let a weak, open-mouthed yelp as her sphincter was stretched and her rectum filled by this new invader.

Geraldine then connected the hook's chain to Clover's strappado chain until the naked blonde was forced on the balls of her dirty feet, with her ass raised seductively in the air by its hook. The girl whined about her increased discomfort, but it wasn't the first time. It wasn't even the 500th time.

Geraldine grabbed a waist-belt, with a nice, thick, purple dildo attached to it and put it on. Lastly, she picked up her favorite cane, one out of many. There were thick and heavy ones, others were long and stinging, but today she went for the one covered in thorns. Although artificial, they looked just like the thorns of a rose. Her pain-slut was trembling (as much as her bondage allowed), anticipating what she was sure would be a horrible couple of hours. Her ring-gagged sobs were quiet, but audible in the ominously silent room.

Geraldine didn't waste any more time prepping her little pain-toy. She brought her cane down on the girl's rear with full force, channeling all her frustration and stress. Stress coming from the most mundane things, things Clover would pray she could experience now.

"Aaaaaawww....AAAAAAHH....AAaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh" the masked slave's cries filled the soundproofed room. Geraldine bit her bottom lip, not from sexual pleasure, but more with enjoyable focus, venting off. It was so liberating, beating all her troubles away on this human pillow, this human pin doll. It just felt great. In this room, her mind was free of everything, thinking nothing but how to inflict more misery on her toy.

Of course, the sight of her young, attractive little plaything, writhing in agony, got the 34-year-old's juices flowing as well. She walked over to the opposite end of her crudely bent-over slave. With Clover's head-hole directed to no other place than her huge rubber dick, thanks to her collar's spikes, Geraldine shoved the thing straight through the ring-gag and down Clover's throat. The girl instinctively tried to pull back away from this invasion, which of course failed due to her unyielding

restraints. A rough throat-fucking was added to the lists of torments she was going through at the moment.

Lady Husk kept at it, increasing the pace of her wide hips' thrusting, whilst smacking the thorn-covered cane on her toy's bare, marked back and her elevated ass-cheeks. "Glag...glag...glag..." Clover let out involuntary choking gulps, swallowing Mistress' strap-on like a good whore.

Geraldine enjoyed the vibrations of the girl's agonizing screaming travel through the dildo and on to her clitoral mount after each cane strike. She was grabbing the sides of Clover's steel head, working her plastic dick with ease down the poor girl's throat, throwing harsh ass canes in-between. Clover could only try to find a way to endure this, her soft struggles and shakes in her bonds adding to Geraldine's enjoyment.

"Yes...yes..." the negligee-clad woman whispered with closed eyes and a quivering lip. After a few more face-fucking dick-shoves, Geraldine orgasmed right then and there, 'throwing' one more cane-strike on the dildo-choked girl's delicate back for good measure.

Still cum-drunk, and way too tired to deal with anything besides going to bed, Geraldine closed the lights and exited the room, leaving her fuck-toy 'set-up' in this impossibly strict predicament. Clover tested her added limitations, leaving a whimper of desperation. Her head was forced tilted and her asshole was left not only stretched, but the hook's chain forced her on her toes, in order to avoid prolapsing her own asshole.

It would probably be around 12 hours, before She entered the room again.

