

A Piece of Art

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

They were sisters. They had to be sisters. That's what she wanted. And she was used to getting exactly what she wanted. Money was never an issue. Her agents had been trucking them for a few months and when the time was right they made sure no one would search for them. The two sisters, 20 and 22 years old, were traveling to their aunt's house in the countryside. Their car was found in a nearby lake, crashed. Car accident, drowned, no bodies found, was the official verdict after some financial "encouragement".

Miss Whitehall's mansion was unreachable to anyone within a mile radius. A few dozen guards and some pretty secure fencing made sure of that. The 41-year-old, petite woman always had some peculiar tastes, which she liked to keep away from prying eyes, including the law's. The two girls would learn firsthand about these tastes.

When they were first introduced to her, they were each seated on a psychiatric clinic wheelchair, in a small padded room, with two big, blue ball-gags in their mouths. Leather straps were wrapped around their wrists, ankles, neck and midribs, pinning them to their seats. They were naked under their medical patient gowns. The young women had been awake now for some time, time spent venting their frustration and terror. They were red-faced and teary-eyed when Miss Whitehall walked in dressed in a very expensive, executive pant-suit, indicating that this was just another thing she had to take care of. She was a very busy woman, after all. Her wealth didn't just drop out of the sky, though her inheritance sure had.

Upon seeing her, the two sisters started moaning pitifully, hoping that the woman would pity them. She wasn't surprised and put them in their place immediately. "Shut up, both of you! No one is coming to free you!" she cut straight to the point, snuffing any silly banter between them. The two girls froze in fear and kept their eyes fixed on the woman. She was shorter than both of them, but her imposing air was undeniable.

Miss Whitehall scanned the first girl on her right. Her long, straight black hair fell on either side of her shoulders. The size of her full breasts was visible even through the gown's cloth and her bare legs

looked tight and toned. Her younger sister next to her looked just as beautiful but had her hair short, dyed a playful pink color, giving her a more punk look. Miss Whitehall noticed they both had a small spot just above their right eye, a detail she found very cute.

"Alright..." the woman finally said, brushing her lob-cut, neck-length hair with her fingers. "They are good to go" she raised her voice, not addressing her captive's, but someone outside the room. A moment later two female nurses entered. The girls screamed into their gags and jerked with all their strength, as they were wheeled out of the room towards the operating room.

The installation of the piece was swift. In less than 24 hours, it was hanging from Miss Whitehall's tall ceiling, in one of the corners of her extravagantly luxurious living room, filled with all kinds of collectable art, sculptures and paintings. Because of the fragility of the piece, the girls had been initially heavily sedated, as to not harm themselves and ruin the ornament, two things synonymous and indistinguishable from one another.

The 41 year old woman giggled like a naughty schoolgirl, when the girls finally woke up. Her plan was to make the two sisters come close, as close as any two people can get.

Their naked bodies were dangling many feet off the floor, pressed firmly against each other, face to face. Their tongues had been pierced together, forcing them into a permanent "Frenching" session. The stud had been placed a little further down their tongues than a usual tongue piercing would be which forced them to deep-tongue each other without any consent.

From an outsider's point of view, it looked like a passionate, never-ending kiss. The girls' would tilt their heads to relieve some of the tension on their stretched tongues. The wet-smooching sounds they both produced were music to Miss Whitehall's ears.

That wasn't their only intimate point of contact, though. Their nipples had each been paired together with some carefully installed piercings, too. The one girl's right nipple was pierced with her sister's left nipple and vice versa. This meant that that slightest pulling from either girl would become painfully apparent to both. The sight of the brunette's C cups pressing against her sister's smaller B-cups put a smile to their captor's face.

Their hands had been forced behind their back, neatly placed in purple, latex mittens, which in turn were hooked to a purple leather belt that wrapped around their upper arms. This tie pulled the girls' elbows closer and was a lighter version of a reverse-prayer. A small, heart-rate monitor was medically

glued to one of their wrists; the two pulses monitored 24/7 by the device on the wall, next to their pulley switch. The purpose of this monitoring was the livelihood of the piece, but not just that.

Each sibling had her clitoris pierced and connected to the other with a millimeter-thin, 3-inch long little silver chain. A cute purple ribbon was tied into a charming bow on the middle of the taut, metal thread. It drew the attention there. Just like with their tongue and nipples, this forced in very small proximity, every shuffle or shift causing them distress.

Their legs didn't have any freedom of movement either, Miss Whitehall didn't want them floating aimlessly around. She had all four of them tucked in a beautiful, latex leg-sheath of –also- purple color. The snug binder kept all four legs nicely pressed against each other, forcing their toes to point downwards in a ballet stance. Their toes were suspended about 3 feet above Miss Whitehall's head. The latex garment went up to, and around their pretty bums, exposing and highlighting them. It was attached by metal rings on four points to a thick, silver waist belt, which was seamlessly installed around both their waists, nudging their hips and pelvises snugly together. The belt hung from the ceiling by four chains attached to it in a rectangular fashion.

But to their major disdain, this belt wasn't what was keeping the two sisters suspended in the air. In this moment, the girls' whole weight was concentrated on a steel, round-profiled, line-bar that run between both their legs. With gravity's help, it painfully split their tender labia-lips, digging into their most private body parts. The bar was hanging from the ceiling by two separate chains on either side. It also featured some intricate design details, on these two ends.

As soon as they awoke to their predicament, both women tried to vocalize their objection, but found that their voices were gone, their vocal chords chemically destroyed. After all, they were meant to be seen, not heard.

It was a magnificent sight and Miss was very pleased with her creation. Sure, a project such as this took some necessary maintenance, but at the end of the day it was worth it.

The preservation of this living artifact would be taken care by her house-staff. Two butterfly needles on the girls' upper arms were a handy way to take care of their sustenance, Miss Whitehall's staff injecting through them a nutritious, life-preserving serum every-day. The two certainly wouldn't eat anything again. Their liquid-only wastes run through catheters installed inside their urethra, which were fed into the hollow bar they sat on. For the preservation of the piece's esthetic appearance, this tiny tube was coated with silver paint and went coiled up one of the bar's chains, into a waste-disposal box hidden inside the ceiling. A chemical coating ensured that their teeth would not rot and fall off, maintaining their white beauty.

The maids also kept the artifact's cleanliness intact, by rubbing the two helpless women all over with moderately wet, soapy sponges every day.

The girls were in deep trouble, this suspended metal version of a wooden horse was too much for anyone to handle! At least if they kept still and didn't squirm, they wouldn't cause each other any additional discomfort.

Sadly for them, they would move a lot. The reason was the bar's additional features. Operated by a small control-frame on the living-room's wall, the bar could give the sisters either a hefty electric shock or vibrate. It was really up to Miss Whitehall to choose when and how she wanted to torment them.

Of course, the artful piece could not be hanging in the air indefinitely. The girls' poor pussies were not built to carry 125 pounds, at least for more than a couple of hours at a time. More than that risked "ruining" the piece, meaning the girl's bodies. So the piece's six chains could be adjusted through an electric pulley system. It was operated through a wall-switch, next to ones for the lights. Whenever the piece was not being displayed in its full glory, the bar was lowered just enough for the girls to be able to support their weight on their tippy-toes. It was still awkward, but a thousand times more preferred than the other option.

The piece quickly became the Miss' greatest and most noteworthy possession, a true pole of attraction for her guests. In every cocktail party Miss Whitehall threw, everyone's eyes were drawn up towards this particular corner of the living room. The girls' beautiful bodies glistened under the living room's grand lights, every hair having been electrolyzed, except from their heads and eyebrows.

Just like a chandelier, someone could easily walk under the piece. But the piece was sometimes "leaky", whether by fluids of a sexual nature or more often, saliva, that dripped from the girl's mouths down their breasts, and somewhere along the line, Miss Whitehall's marble floors. For reasons of common decency and esthetics, the small, square area right underneath the piece was fenced off with two beautiful fireplace-type fences. Regardless, the floor was wiped floor clean everyday by the housemaids.

Physically, the young women's torment was horrific. The harsh metal dug deep into their delicate crotches, keeping them "afloat" in the air, whenever Mistress wanted to relax in the living room, or present them during a dinner party. But, even when the merciful motor lowered the contraption to the ground, the two bound sisters still had to constantly stand on their tippy-toes, in order to alleviate the soreness on their poor pussies. They ultimately exchanged one pain for another, but they didn't have any alternative.

On a psychological level, their predicament was also taxing. Their humiliating, objectifying display caused them sheer misery, only magnified by the effect their strictly platonic relationship. Sure, they had seen each other naked sometimes, by that was natural for two sisters.

What they were now forced into was disgusting. Their tongues permanently connected, they exchanged as much saliva during their first weeks as a couple would in a lifetime. No matter how much they tried to avoid this very erotic, intimate thing, the single stud punched through their tongues held them together. Same was true for their squeezed together tits and hips. These were sexual body parts, which none of them wanted anything to do with.

During the first two weeks they hadn't gotten it through their heads yet, that begging their mistress was not only pointless, but also annoying. Whenever she would sit in the living room to relax with a drink or a nice book, or simply walk by them, her mute tongue-glued slaves would start nervously shifting and begging with puppy eyes. A few zaps on their pussies put their anxiousness at ease, letting Miss Whitehall enjoy her afternoon coffee without distracting shuffling.

The voiceless siblings used their eyes to seek help from the cleaning lady or the butler, but they soon realized that they too, were a lost cause. They rarely even glanced at them. These people were in no position to judge, let alone be an obstacle to their employer's "quirky", morally ambiguous wishes.

After some time, with the first few stages of grief for their past lives running their course, the sisters became a little more docile and object-like, better fulfilling their assigned roles. The taste of the other's lips and the feeling of their bodies, pressed up-close had become second nature to the dark-and-pink haired sisters, almost as much as the soreness in their pussies.

That was all well and good for Miss Whitehall, but that was only half of their purpose.

She wanted the two sisters to be more... "engaged" with each other. The bar's vibration function came in handy. After the first couple of introductory weeks, she always made sure that the bar's buzzing function was turned on before she went to bed. The sisters had to spend the whole night on their toes, both fighting an intense, tormenting stimulation between their thighs. Early mornings found them in bad shape; a sweaty, miserable mess, after 8 to 9 hours of cruel teasing.

That was around when Miss Whitehall would wake up. With her morning coffee in hand, she'd check last night's heart-rate stats on a small screen monitor installed on the wall next to her beloved piece. Any spike to their heart rate was a clear indication of an orgasm, something which the program would indicate.

But the bar was always dry, well figuratively. It was pretty moist in many regards, but no orgasms were being recorded. This was bad news for them, as it signified a day of electrocuting pain for their “useless cunts”, as punishment for their failure. The shocks were assigned on the device’s touch screen. Miss Whitehall always set them on random intervals, random duration. Only constant was the total amount of current administered in one day’s cycle, or about 16 hours.

Working much like Chinese droplet torture, this setting was her favorite, as it caused the most dread to her toys, who were constantly anticipating the next zap, which could come in the next second, or the next few minutes. Likewise, each zap could last anywhere between a moment and 20 consecutive seconds, another thing for the girls to discover in real time. No matter when or how the shocks came, they always hurt way too much, sending both con-joined sisters to writhe in unison. Their whole day was an anxious, jumpy zap-fest.

So, despite the arrival of their mistress signaling the end of their buzzing bar-ride, it was one their most feared parts of the day. Whatever moisture their cunts had managed to accumulate, would quickly dry by the frying they received throughout the day.

Day after day, after day, after day, after day. Failure after failure after failure. They really wanted to do it. As degrading as it sounded. They both wanted it. It would save them from a lot of pain. The shocks were not getting easier to deal with. And the stimulation just egged them on. Sometimes they were close, sometimes there was potential! A little sensual kissing, some rhythmic rubbing against each other’s naked bodies. It was indeed...pleasurable.

But it wasn’t enough. Maybe if they were lesbians? Would it be easier then? None of them had been with a woman before. But still, their task seemed impossible. How on earth could they climax? They were sisters! They could never really communicate verbally, but their eyes told everything. This was too hard to pull off, their shared genes too hard to ignore. They had grown up together, played together, learn life together. This was too twisted of a turn to make. Too sacred of a bond to desecrate.

And so their fate would be sealed every morning, the same outcome. They could see it in Miss Whitehall’s face, too. She was getting less and less patient. The total amount of current passing through their bar/seat was increasing, lately.

They had to find a way. Somehow.

It had been about three weeks since they were proclaimed dead, police recovering no bodies. It was a Saturday morning and Miss Whitehall had overslept, since she had no business meeting or social event to attend. She walked down the stairs from her bedroom to the kitchen. She put on a pot of coffee. She always liked to make it herself, although she could very well not. She walked in the living room holding the hot mug in both hands.

It was quite and rather dark, serene even. A faint sunlight made its way through the curtains. A soft buzzing sound permeated through the vast room. The two beautiful girls, standing on the tips of their joined toes, were only half-asleep, as most nights. Twitchy by the constant buzz between their loins, but too exhausted to be conscious, as well. Their pussies were always much more numb after the first 2-3 hours every time, but it still made its presence thoroughly known.

A click from the woman's finger making contact with the screen ended the vibration. The sudden change of stimulation actually jolted the girls awake. The woman eye's fell on the small, touch-screen on her wall. There were two pulsating lines parallel on the screen, one on the top, the other on the bottom. To her surprise, the woman saw that the top line had an exclamation mark on it. She pressed it with her finger. There was a huge spike in the pink-haired girl's heart-rate; the program had clocked the time at 2:56 A.M.

"You did it, you little brat! Finally!" Miss Whitehall exclaimed happy. What was a few months ago unthinkable, was now real. Pink-head had orgasmed from frenching and dry-humping her dear sister! The girl turned her tired, sleepless eyes away from the woman in shame and defeat. "Oooh, don't fret sweetie! I'm really proud of you, you know" the 41-year-old woman said.

"Your sister though still needs some encouragement. So you'll get half the shocks this time", the woman said pressing a couple of buttons on the touch-screen. The two sisters whimpered at the sound of this. Raven-head had to step up her game, too.

After knowing it was possible, both girls tried harder to reach the goal that they had been given. Miss Whitehall would "turn them on" at day-time too, regardless if their disciplining "zapping" was also in effect. She often liked "lifting them up the rafters" and watching them make out and rub their nipples and clits together, trying to orgasm for her, with pained pussies.

They didn't look like siblings anymore. Much more familiar with each other's sexual needs, the girls knew the right pace to start humping to start things off, then how to increase with the wave of pleasure, working together for a common goal.

Luckily for their petite owner, she was there when the two siblings achieved a shared orgasm! She could tell the two girls would moan their hearts out, if they didn't have their vocal chords ruined. They both breathed sharply and deeply, their hornyness taking over, drool dripping down a shared cleavage.

Even the chains that kept them suspended were slightly rattling as they desperately tried to get some momentum, to not let this opportunity go!

The sly cougar watched them putting on a show. In the end, both girls shattered into a silent, but powerful orgasm at the same time. It was so long overdue, the feeling was heavenly! Miss Whitehall walked towards them, with an utterly satisfied expression. “Good job girls, no shocks for you tomorrow” she said to them, awarding the black-haired toy with a good ass-slap.

With that checkpoint cleared, it was to raise the (metaphorical) bar just a bit higher...

Three months have passed in Miss Whitehall's mansion. Pink-head is wobbling in her uncomfortable, adjusting her weight to the balls of her feet. They are sore, but at least her pussy gets a break. Her latex-covered heels of her feet can never reach the floor. It is winter season, but the room's temperature is being monitored. Plus, she always has a warm body to cuddle.

The taste of her sister's lips is second nature now. Her tongue endlessly resting inside her sister's mouth, another tongue inside hers. It used to make her gag constantly, especially during the first days of their new life. A lot of ever-present things are mundane now. The painful pressure of the bar on her vagina. The inability to move her bound hands. But this is just daily routine now.

Their captor has taken more of her freedom since that day. Now, she misses the noises coming from the kitchen or the chatter from the living room. A pair of earmuffs has taken away any sound from her. Most of all, she misses seeing her sister's face. She was used to seeing from really close distance, with the sisters' noses always touching. Those brown eyes, same color as hers, that birthmark on her forehead. A pair of opaque contact lenses, matching her bonds' purple color, has taken her sight as well.

But at least she's with her. Whatever new twisted thing their captor finds to torment them, whatever horrible fate awaits, they're in this together. She feels her sister's breathing on her upper lip. The touch of her skin, from the tip of her toes to her chest. She feels the heat of her body, embracing her without stopping, as if to comfort her from this suffering. At least she's there with her.

The last words they heard from their mistress before silence took over for good, still ring in their ears. "Haha, you both look so cute with these contacts on. Now listen, cause when i put these on you'll be as good as deaf. The bar won't vibrate, ever again. But you now have to cum for me three times each, every day. The penalty for failing will be double the regular amount of shocks, so keep that in mind". She then plugged their ears with special earplugs, coated with medical glue, deeming them irremovable.

The punishment seemed excessive for such a difficult task, but Miss Whitehall was adamant about her toys' "improvement". The pain was too frequent, too persistent and it sure as hell motivated the two joined girls to do their best.

The loss of most their external senses caused disorientation. The concept was lost on them, the only reference they had was their zap-less night-time. They were in their own kind of limbo, between orgasms, fading old memories, and dreading anticipation from the “lightning rod”, as Miss liked to call their bar/seat.

Their owner rarely touched them, but lately she had found a fun game to dull her boredom. It involved a long cane and the two sisters’ exposed buttocks, the one making swift contact with the others, coloring them with red, parallel welts.

It was another reason for them to fear the woman, which meant that when she did touch them, be it a simple caress on an asscheek or face-cheek, they’d nervously shift in place, panicking of the impending pain. The woman liked to watch them beat off sweat, terrified, sometimes for minutes before starting “playing”. It was amazing to her what a simple touch meant for them.

It's weird how time flies by, especially when you're having fun. Weeks have turned to months, eventually years. Miss Whitehall is sitting comfortably in her arm chair, reading a novel. Her two decorative slaves are engaging in some sisterly love, making out and rubbing their pressed bodies together, like two crude Aphrodite's. Their exposed asses were already marked with a few red lines.

Another jolt sends both flinching in unison. This lasted for only a couple of seconds, but another one is on the way. They both had only orgasmed once the previous day, so it was only expected they needed some motivation.

The woman put down her book and stared at her creation for some time. The two girls were as pretty as the day she was first introduced to them. Maybe even more so now, because they belonged to her.

She got up and walked towards the piece. On the wall near them, was a small, single-step ladder. Miss Whitehall was a small woman, but only in the eyes. She placed the step next to her creation got on, reaching eye-level with her slaves. The two young women remained blissfully unaware of her, their purple eyes staring blankly into space, their forced French kissing producing tender, mouth and tongue sounds.

"If only you could see how beautiful you are right now", she said to them, to herself, really. She reached her hands, one in each girl's direction, and gently caressed their hair.

The girls flinched, turning to the direction the touch came from. Miss Whitehall could see they were scared of being punished, as they struggled reflexively against their bonds. "It's ok..." she calmed them down by caressing their cheeks with the outside of her palm. The tension in their bodies released. They turned their faces, as much as they could, towards the hands that touched them and rubbed their faces against the woman's touch.

It was a gesture of affection, but essentially, one of submission. The two sisters were dependent on this woman for their misery, or lessening of it. She was the one who had taken everything from them and could take even more at a moment's notice.

Miss Whitehall smiled, stepped down the ladder and returned to reading her book. Another electric jolt shook the two sisters, who renewed their love-making attempts.