

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Being kidnapped, captured, and brought to some place far away where no one could find him... Being kept restrained and gagged like an animal, a meaningless plaything... Being sexually tormented, teased and denied by beautiful, sexy and merciless women... These had been Frank's dreams since he had first encountered the world of BDSM. Only when he was in his thirties and had made a considerable fortune for himself, he was able and confident enough to pursue them. He had been looking for SM-studios and freelancing dominatrixes but never been able to find anything appealing to his very extreme fantasies. Also, he was not going to settle for anything less but the perfect session. At one point of his search, he had started to dive into the *darknet* and leave the websites of US-based dommes behind. Eventually, he had found a set of pictures showing in explicit detail all the procedures he had imagined being performed by two super-hot girls with Asian features on a helpless, tied up man in chastity. He could not read the strange-looking symbols in the pictures' captions and even an online translator was of little help. In the end, he had ordered an actual dictionary and did the translating all by himself, symbol by symbol, one word at a time.

It had taken days for him to learn that the site was advertising real-life bondage sessions for anyone to book. The site's owners had apparently specialized in arranging kidnappings for the super-wealthy persons with extravagant tastes. The treatments listed made Frank's cock swell on the instant. In one long night, he worked through all the passages online and found out how to apply for the women's services. It was expensive and required a lot of paperwork. The clever thing about the whole arrangement was that Frank would never get to know when exactly his abduction would take place. The thrill of that detail alone made him shiver in anticipation. He could, however, set a time limit for the fantasy. He had struggled with the decision on whether he wanted to spend hours or days at the hands of his captors. After he had fought back another rush of arousal, he decided to only go for 48 hours, knowing he could always book another session if he liked it. And just like that, he filled out the necessary papers and asked his bank to transfer the amount of money requested by his soon-to-be mistresses from the website to their account, whenever it was billed until Frank instructed them otherwise. From that on, all he had to do was wait for his kidnappers to strike. And he waited. And waited.

Quite some time later, when Frank was all stressed out from his demanding job, he had all but forgotten about the arrangement he had made. For a few weeks, months even, he had still been fantasizing about his session and wondered when the sexy assassins would come to get him. But after a while, he just concluded it would never happen and the whole offer had been a hoax. Since his account had also never been charged, he didn't bother thinking about it anymore. As with any good plot twist, it happened when he least expected it, at one morning in the dark of his company's underground parking lot. He caught the glimpse of a seductive, Asian-looking woman and when he turned his head to further inspect her, a cloth drenched in chloroform was pressed all over his mouth and nose from behind. In his shock, he instinctively took a deep breath – and instantly went out cold.



When he awoke, Frank found he could not move, nor see or speak. His limbs were tied, folded tightly to his torso and his whole body was further confined by what he supposed to be a box of some sort. There was a large gag stuffed into his mouth, firmly held in place by a leather harness strapped around his head. Frank moaned into the darkness and tried to remember anything. Then, with a screech from above him, he felt a rush of fresh air and heard talking. It was the voices of two females speaking a language he was not familiar with. They seemed like they were chatting rather casually, without any further notice to the man trussed up in the box beneath them. "Welcome!", one of them said eventually in a surprisingly accent-free English. "I hope your flight was pleasant. If the dose was correct, you should not have even noticed you were shipped on a plane anyway. Now, relax, take a few deep breaths and stop struggling. You have been kidnapped as by your own request. You might have forgotten about the contract you signed with us, but we have not. Everything from now on will go down exactly like you have agreed upon by signing the contract. This will be the last time anyone speaks English to you for the rest of your stay, meaning you will have to learn our language on your own if you want to understand our orders. If you don't follow every instruction we give you, you will be harshly punished, so you better pay attention. Also,

this is your only opportunity to back out of this contract. By confirming your order now, you completely submit yourself to our mercy, with no way out for the remainder of the time booked. Okay. Do you confirm that your name is Frank Abernathy and that you willingly signed a slave contract, authorizing us to enforce your expressed fantasies on you? Moan twice if you do." Frank's trapped cock already tried to grow, he gasped for air. After a moment of silence during which thousands of naughty thoughts went through his head, he moaned two times. There was no confirmation, just the sound of the lid above him being closed again. Frank remained in darkness as he heard two pairs of clicking high heels slowly faint in the distance.



Yuna and Miko were cheering after they had closed the door, leaving the box containing their customer behind. "Oh god, this is just the greatest thing ever!" Miko said and jumped up and down. Her twin sister held back her emotions a bit better but was not any less euphoric. "I can't believe he just agreed to all of this! Honestly, up until now, I thought this was a joke of his! Those Americans sure are a bunch of perverts..." The sisters took off their matching latex-outfits and changed into something more revealing. As Mr. Abernathy had wished, they covered their legs in layers of nylon, a shiny pantyhose underneath a pair of silky fully fashioned stockings. "Okay, are you ready?", Miko asked. "I don't think so", Yuna replied, "I'd like him to simmer a little more in his box!" Both laughed, thrilled by the new power they suddenly had. After they had spent a few more minutes chatting about what they wanted to do with all the money coming in from their client, they finally returned to him. When they opened the shipping box,

they were greeted by a rather furious man covered in sweat who was also clearly in pain from the tight predicament he had been in for too long. It was obvious he had imagined his kidnapping a bit different, but to Yuna, that kind of unpredictability was part of their valued service. They never were involved in the actual kidnappings but had a few very trusted freelancers over in the U.S. providing the “snatch and delivery” for an adequate fee. Yuna was always positively surprised by how well they handled their requests. She pointed at Mr. Abernathy’s steel-encased penis and laughed. “Wow, they really outdid themselves by adding this thing here! Look how blue his balls are already!” Together, they guided the grunting man out of the box. Blindfolded, tied and muzzled as he was, he was understandably confused and probably a little exhausted after the flight, so he did not even fight them when they quickly adjusted his restraints and positioned him in the middle of the room. The man seemed to calm down for a bit, relieved from being crammed up inside that box and clearly anticipating whatever erotic tortures were coming for him next.



“To Mr. Abernathy!”, Yuna said, and the sisters raised their little cups of fresh Sake in a toast. Miko did not drink often, but this was certainly a very special occasion, so she had accepted. “To our helpless little paypig! I still cannot believe how lucky we were with this whole idea of yours!” They both took their time to enjoy their drinks while their paying customer was grunting in the background, fastened to the floor, his hands tied tightly to his waistbelt behind his back, and his elbows pulled up. After they had finished their drinks, the dommes took their positions on the client’s sides and removed his blindfold. He

really liked what he saw, as was proved by his breathing getting heavier and his cock trying to get erect inside the chastity device. Looking back and forth between them, he was clearly confused by the women's likeness.

Little did he know that behind their sweet smiles, these women were pure, vengeful sadists. In their country, women were not usually treated equally to men. After having lived a life in submission, Yuna had wanted to take her future into her own hands. She had convinced her sister to partake in an adventurous idea: setting up a femdom-site for the super-extreme tastes of the rich around the world. That way, they would be able to use those privileged men as a vent for their suppressed hatred and still make a decent amount of money to buy themselves the freedom of not having to marry a man and serve him for the rest of their lives, as their family insisted. Their first few clients brought in enough money to buy themselves an apartment in the city and a lot more equipment to use for their sessions. Mr. Abernathy, however, made all those men seem like small fish in comparison. He was the reason Yuna and Miko would never need another client again...



Frank Abernathy had never had a BDSM-session before. When his blindfold had been lifted, he had seen the first mistresses he ever had, the first females in general to ever be in a position above him. He had always wanted his ultimate fantasy to be fulfilled and had therefore avoided any less intriguing offers. All the read-ups on fetish blogs, all the pictures and videos from the countless porn sites he visited

would be enough for him to be prepared, he had thought. Three hours into his first actual session at the hands of Yuna and Miko, he realized just how wrong he had been...

They had strung him up in the middle of the room, with all his weight being carried by the elbows. The pain in his shoulders was only bearable when he stood on his toes, as far as the ankle straps bolted to the floor allowed him to. Miko had been thrilled as she had fastened cruel, spiky clamps on his nipples and hung heavy steel weights onto his balls. She liked to give the 'parachute' between his legs a slight push with her heeled foot and enjoyed his desperate growling as it swung. They spoke to him with very soft voices in an almost casual tone. Whenever he dared to move or not follow their instructions – which, of course, he could not understand – Miko smashed her crop on his exposed chest, causing him to shake even more. All that time, they were flaunting around him in their super sexy nylons, showing off their bodies to their helplessly aroused prisoner. His cock was still tightly encased in its steel chastity device and its futile attempts to grow at the sight of the mistresses made them laugh. As if the beatings and cock and ball torture weren't enough, Yuna had put on a pair of latex gloves and was just lubing up a steel bulb that looked an awful lot like a butt plug. The cables dangling from its end probably meant nothing good, too.

Soon, Frank was not sure anymore if he could stand the full 48 hours. He screamed into his gag as Yuna turned the TENS-unit on and electrified his prostate. The intense tingling made him involuntarily thrust his hips into the air as much as he could, spilling precum all over the floorboards. All his thrashing brought him nothing but a few more red stripes across his chest. Frank stared at his tormentor, begging for mercy with his eyes. Yuna and Miko briefly exchanged a look. Then she smiled and slowly shook her head, a universal sign to make him understand his pleas had fallen on deaf ears. After years of fantasizing, Frank eventually came to the conclusion that he really just preferred to keep it a fantasy from now on. Being helpless was a nice thought every now and then, but at the end of the day, Frank wanted to sleep in his spacious comfortable bed, jerk off to internet porn or hire sexy prostitutes to blow him off. He had never been without an orgasm for more than a week, not to speak of being locked into chastity! Now, he just wanted to fuck these sexy mistresses rather than being teased and tormented by them. As soon as his 48 hours were up, he thought, he would make them another offer, one they could not refuse. He would hire them, make them his whores for another week or two, until they were sorry for even offering their services. A thick stream of precum slowly dribbled out of his chastity cage as he imagined all the ways he would make them pay. He would be the one with the crop, and they would be at the end of his cock!



However, to Frank's ultimate horror, his release day had come and gone with him still remaining securely bound gagged and chastised. The girls had just put him through his usual day of teasing and torment, fully ignoring his struggling and moaning. At first, Frank had thought he had simply lost all track of time, something that easily happened under circumstances such as being bound and dominated 24/7. So, on day three, he still was not worried too much. But his ordeal continued even after that, and the girls had never shown any intention of preparing for his release or at least going easier on him. Quite the opposite was the case: it seemed that with each passing day, they got meaner and crueler in treating him. His cock had only ever been free for them to install a newer, smaller cage. While he had grown more and more desperate to finally cum, his manhood was forced to almost the size of a swollen clit! Day after day, the girls had also added more rings to the base of his scrotum, further stretching his already sore balls. Little spiky bolts that were screwed right into the head of his chastity device ensured every attempt of getting hard would send Frank into excruciating pain. So, despite his endless arousal, he was forced to stay soft by all means. They had transformed him into a dickless, blue-balled prisoner, and he had been absolutely powerless to do anything to stop them!

As a punishment, for him still not understanding their instructions, they made him sleep in a small hole in the ground, secured with a heavy lid made of steel bars. Before long, Frank was dirty with mud and dust from his hellhole, his skin red and sore from the frequent beatings while his entire crotch-region was pulsating with unfulfilled desire. After what had felt like a week, they even started forcing him to drink their piss from a funnel connected to his gag! He had mentioned on his application form that he wanted to try forced feeding to some degree, but this was not what he had in mind... He spent most nights wondering what the hell was going on here. Were they holding him for ransom, trying to press money from his family or the government? Had someone set this up? He could not think of any enemies he had made that could execute such a horrible plan. He hoped all of this was just a mistake, to be revealed and corrected anytime soon...



"You know, I was wondering... why are we still doing this?", Miko asked while pulling the weight on Mr. Abernathy's nipples further down. "I mean, we got a never-ending stream of money flowing directly from

this piggie's account for the remaining time of his session. Couldn't we just truss him up, put him in the hole and be done with it? Why do we have to torture him?" Yuna smiled down to her twin sister. "Because we're not some ordinary frauds from the internet. Even if he is our only customer – and he'll certainly never write a bad review – I think he deserved to get exactly what he paid for! Keeps paying us, to be precise. Besides, I just love hearing him whimper as he's gulping down our piss!" They both started laughing. "Okay, true!", Miko agreed, "It's quite hilarious I can't even remember the last time I've used the actual toilet! Must have been at least a month ago!" As they continued to care for their customer, Frank gulped down the salty liquid streaming down the tube. Miko pulled on the weight some more, making the clamp tighten and sink its teeth deeper into the prisoner's tender flesh. He flinched in pain and pulled on the tube, causing Yuna to spill a few drops of their piss from the funnel. Her reaction was a mild smile before she said one of the few words in her language their little piggie understood very well: "Punishment". After finishing their feeding session, she would gently rub a thick layer of chili oil onto his balls before Miko would add the tiny sharp-teethed steel clamps to his scrotum. She always liked to see how much she could fit!

While the piece of meat kneeling in front of her sobbed and cried streams of tears, a thought came to Miko's mind. It had come up a few times before, but she had always pushed it back. Now, she eventually asked her sister: "You know what I thought the other day?" Yuna did not turn her head away from their whimpering toilet while it did its best to swallow all the precious liquid as fast as it could to maybe avoid the torture afterwards. "What?", she asked. "Well, I never really noticed it, but our alphabet's symbol for 'hours' is pretty damn similar to the symbol for 'years'." There was a brief moment of silence. Then, Yuna chuckled. "You mean", she said, "Mr. Abernathy here did mean to write '48 hours' into his application form and that he not actually wanted to spend 48 years as an orgasm-free pain slut, bound and tortured at our hands and those of the dommes coming after us? Well, that occurred to me as well... But does it really matter as long as we're getting paid? Also, he signed the contract. And a contract must be fulfilled, by both sides. Too bad for him he chose the wrong side!"