

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 7 – A Woman Scorned

“Hey **collar boy!** Long time no see!”

Zack looked up from his lunch and saw Tom approaching. He smirked. It was Wednesday afternoon in the campus cafeteria and he'd been waiting for his buddies to arrive. He could see Marcus in the distance, paying for his meal at the register. The burly athlete raised his hand in greeting. Tom slid into the seat opposite Zack and set his tray on the table. The lean blonde in the button-down shirt and dockers eyed his Philly cheese steak hungrily.

“It hasn't been **that** long” Zack noted. “And *collar boy?* Is that my name now?”

“Pretty much. That's what they're calling you all over campus” Tom replied. “It's either that or *Becky's Bitch!*”

Zack grasped the spiked and studded leather collar around his neck. The thick leather and metal adornment was clearly labeled '**PROPERTY OF REBECCA C**' for all to behold. “Guess I shouldn't be surprised. I kinda asked for that one.”

“Indeed you did” Tom responded. He extended his index finger in a professorial manner. “The question is, was that pussy worth it?!?”

Before Zack could answer, Marcus joined them. The big guy took his seat and his heavy tray slapped onto the table. Tom glanced at his friend's meal of three cheeseburgers, three orders of fries, a fruit salad and a chocolate milk in a combination of awe and disgust.

“Dude, how can you eat that much in one sitting?”

“Hey, some of us got two hours of practice later. I'm just filling the hump” Marcus answered, already digging into his food. “But who cares about that? Bro, Rebecca's into some kinky shit, huh?” Marcus was staring at Zack, the smile on his face emphasizing his burning curiosity to know more.

Zack swiveled his head around in both directions, checking their surroundings. He wanted to be absolutely sure Mistress and her best friend weren't around to overhear them. “Yeah, she's a hardcore freak. So is Sasha. You didn't hear it from me though.”

“No shit” Tom stated through a bite of his sandwich. “Anyone who's spent time around *Ice Queen Becky* could guess she's as twisted in the sheets as she is in the head. But that doesn't answer my question. Did you actually **get some?** Or were those snobby bimbos just playing games with you?”

Zack wolfed down the last bite of his pizza before reaching for his cola. He took a big gulp and uttered a contented sigh before answering. “My v-card is long gone.” His reply was confident enough that his friends eyes went wide.

“With who? Rebecca or Sasha?” Tom inquired.

“Both???” Marcus chimed in, practically on the edge of his seat.

“Actually, neither...”

“What?!?”

“We fooled around and did some freaky shit, but I haven't gone all the way with either of them.”

“Then how are you **not** still a virgin?!?” Tom demanded.

Zack grinned and leaned back in his chair, his arms folded across his chest. “I hooked up with another girl. Someone I met on campus.”

“Who?”

“Ash.”

“The goth chick?!?” Marcus asked incredulously. “Daaammnnn, she's gorgeous!”

“Whoa whoa whoa” Tom interjected. “Are you telling me that in the last two weeks, you've been with three different women?”

“Four, as a matter of fact.”

Marcus' mouth hung open. Tom looked unconvinced. “Ok, now you're bullshitting.”

“I swear to you, I'm not. Rebecca had to fly home for a family emergency, so she lent me to one of her kinky friends.”

“Are you serious?”

“Who?!?”

“Moxie. The blonde who works at *The Sin Bin*.”

“Wait, the Moxie who used to go to school here? Who was a member of AOE?”

“Oh my fucking god...” Marcus exclaimed, his face falling into his open hands. “That woman is **SMOKE SHOW** hot!!!”

“That's the one” Zack said with a wide smile.

Tom shook his head. “Why are the beautiful ones always crazy?”

“**DUDE!**” Marcus extended his fist in congratulations. “Put er there!”

Zack reached out and bumped fists with him. Marcus leaned back in his seat and looked at Zack proudly. “I **KNEW** this guy was a player! He just needed a little push!”

Tom nodded, grudgingly. “I suppose congrats are in order.”

“Congrats? He's fuckin slaying the field! Better than either of us! Give this man a trophy!”

“Yeah, yeah.. let's not get carried away.”

Zack beamed as he watched his friends celebrate his “victory.” If only they knew what he'd really gone through. But it didn't matter. The warm glow of brotherly acceptance and macho camaraderie settled over him. In that moment, he finally felt like more than just an awkward nerd. For the first time in his life, Zack truly felt like *one of the guys*.

Tom studied him up and down and his expression turned quizzical. “Still, that begs the question... Why are you still wearing that thing?” He gestured at Zack's collar.

“Oh, this? Well, I thought I'd play along for a while. Wait until I put two more notches on my belt.”

Tom shook his head again. Marcus laughed and slapped the table. “**This fuckin guy!!!**”

“Hey Zack!”

Rebecca's voice pierced the air behind him and a bolt of terror shot down Zack's spine.

'Oh fuck! Oh fuck!!! Please tell me she didn't hear that last part...'

Zack turned, gingerly, and smiled at the stern, statuesque Domme. “...Hi, Mistress.”

She closed the distance until she was standing just beside Zack. “Hello, boys” she said, giving Tom and Marcus a brief, side-eye glance. Rebecca was decked out in heeled leather boots, black leather pants that molded to her curves wonderfully and a white frock top that left her flawless shoulders and arms bare. A black leather hand bag was slung over her shoulder and her golden hair flowed down on all sides, framing her pretty face nicely.

“Having a bite of lunch, are we?”

“Yeah, we were just catching up” Zack answered with a nod. “Haven't had a chance to since that night at the club.”

“Ah, yes” Rebecca grinned, turning to the other two. “You were there that night at *Euphoria* weren't you? I suppose I should thank you for bringing Zack into my orbit.” Unsurprisingly, she never actually thanked them.

Tom coughed. “Don't mention it.”

“Our pleasure” Marcus added, trying desperately not to make eye contact with the Femdom hellion.

Zack studied her up and down. Rebecca had been oddly quiet and cordial since getting back from her

trip. She'd messaged him a couple times, but wasn't nearly as demanding or demeaning as she'd been before handing him off for the weekend. Could it be she was feeling a little self-conscious after sharing him with a woman as beautiful and experienced as Moxie?

Rebecca turned back to Zack and ran a hand through his hair. "I'll text you tonight about our plans for the weekend. I'm very much looking forward to Friday night. Aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress. Very much" he lied.

"What a good slave, addressing me properly in public." She released his hair and took hold of the O-ring on the front of his collar. She gave it a few gentle tugs before letting it go. "See you soon, slut."

Rebecca shouldered her bag and turned. Her hips pumped as she stalked off in the direction she'd come from. "Later, boys" she called over her shoulder without so much as a glance back at Tom and Marcus.

"See ya" Marcus offered. Tom just rolled his eyes.

The guys eyed other across the table as they waited for her to get out of earshot. Tom's expression clearly read *'You really going through with this?'* while Marcus' was a combination of fear, awe and arousal.

"**Wooooooooooooooooo!**" the football player exhaled once the coast was clear.

"She's hot, but not worth playing games for" Tom stated emphatically.

"You know what, I'll say this much" the dark-haired tight end piped up. "A certain amount of *psycho* is very attractive in a woman."

"You've taken too many blows to the head."

"I have to agree with Marcus" Zack jumped in. "I've noticed the same thing lately."

"Or maybe you're just saying that because all the women you've been with are out of their minds" Tom shot back. "Marcus, what are you saying? You ready to join **team collared?**"

The big guy downed his chocolate milk in one long gulp and slammed the empty container on the table. "Fuck it! Why not?!?" He leaned back, threw his arms open wide and raised his voice. "**LADIES! IF ANY OF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A SLAVE BOY, I BESEECH YOU! MARCUS GRADY IS YOUR HUCKLEBERRY!!!**"

Zack belted out a hearty string of laughs as people from all around the cafeteria looked at their table with confused expressions.

"Oh my god..." Tom groaned before taking another bite of his sandwich. He wiped his hands on a napkin, crumpled it up and tossed it on his tray as Zack and Marcus chuckled and grinned. "You guys are messed up."

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It was early Friday evening as Zack made his way up the long, stone stairway to Rebecca and Sasha's condo complex. He'd had his moment in the sun a couple days ago and now it was time to pay the piper. His price for admission in the boys club was another weekend with the terrible twosome. He could only hope that time and his acceptance of his new role had cooled Rebecca's temper and she'd go easier this weekend.

Surely, Moxie had given him a good report. That should work in his favor, plus Rebecca seemed downright excited and happy about tonight. It was the most amiable she'd been since they met two weeks ago. Zack had opted for a simple t-shirt and cargo shorts. He knew he wouldn't be wearing them long, so might as well make his outfit easy to slip in and out of.

As he reached the top of the staircase, the paths branched off, each to a different unit. These type of buildings were fashionably referred to as *detached* condos. That translated to swanky, massive apartments for wealthy people who didn't want to put up with neighbors above, below or on the other side of their walls. Even calling it an apartment was silly. It was really a small house.

Developments like these were a bastardization of the very concept of the condominium, which had originally been about efficient, friendly community living. It did have a residents-only common area comprised of a luxurious swimming pool, a "dining hall" that was really just a bunch of tables and a long row of vending machines and a well-equipped gym. The housing units were completely isolated, which is undoubtedly how Rebecca and Sasha preferred it for their little games.

Rebecca had been sure to text him the apartment number, since he only vaguely remembered being brought here the first time. Anxiety fluttered through his body as Zack marched the final length to their door. Was he really going back to the women who'd drugged and kidnapped him? Held him prisoner for an entire weekend! Was he out of his mind?!?

Maybe, but he was in too deep. He had a girlfriend now, and not just any girlfriend. A gorgeous one that tons of guys on campus would die to be with, despite her frigid personality. A woman who shared him with other women; another fantasy that countless men could only dream of. More importantly, he didn't want the truth of his relationship with Rebecca and Sasha to ever see the light of day.

Sure, they knew Rebecca *owned* him. That was made clear by the collar around his neck, but they could only imagine the details. They'd never know he'd been spit-roasted with strapon, pissed on, beaten, feminized, spit on and a dozen other degradations. Not unless he walked away and the girls leaked horrible photos of him.

Then there was the consent form he'd signed. That would make it all but impossible to ever accuse them of wrong doing. Who would believe that a couple pretty college girls somehow coerced him into signing it? Could he endure and keep the harpies happy until graduation? Only time would tell.

Zack pressed the doorbell ringer and waited nervously. Ten seconds later the door opened and he was presented with a vision of curvy perfection.

"Hey" said Rebecca, standing just inside the foyer. She took a drag from her blunt and blew marijuana smoke out the doorway into the cool, evening air. The leggy co-ed looked absolutely stunning. She was dressed from neck to calves in shiny, form-fitting red latex. Her ruby red lips, light blue eye shadow

and gleaming gold hoop earrings drew you, like magnets, to her smoldering eyes. Red latex arm-gloves covered her hands and added a second, glossy layer all the way past her elbows. Her matching red leather boots crept up to mid-thigh; the finishing touches on her scandalous outfit.

Zack was immediately reminded of the *Oops, I Did It Again* music video. Someone his age couldn't help but think of Britney Spears when they saw a woman in red rubber. The fact that Rebecca was a blonde only made the parallel more stark. Zack was no fetishist, but he'd gotten more than one erection watching Britney dance around and twirl in that gleaming red suit.

Rebecca chuckled as she watched him gawk at her shiny form. "Finally getting into the fetish-wear, hmmm?"

"I wouldn't go that far" Zack said as he walked into her lair. "But it looks fantastic on **you**."

She ignored his compliment and closed the door. Rebecca somehow kept the massive cigarette fixed between her lips as she strolled to a nearby counter and took up a thick leather leash. Her heels struck the floor loudly as she walked back. Rebecca clipped the leash on Zack's collar and gave it firm tug. She took another drag of ganja before pulling the spliff from her mouth and blowing a pungent cannabis cloud directly in his face.

"Welcome back, slut. Follow me."

Zack had a minor coughing fit as she yanked his leash and pulled him down the series of hallways that lead to the master bedroom. At one point they passed Sasha's room and he heard her voice over the sound of dance pop pumping from her speakers.

"HI ZACK!!!"

"Hi, Sasha!" he answered, fairly certain she couldn't hear him despite raising his voice.

He was dragged into Rebecca's giant chamber of a bedroom and the smells of rubber, lube and leather smacked him the face. Zack noticed a couple new pieces of bondage furniture in addition to anchor points that had been setup in the ceiling. He'd seen some pretty crazy porn on the internet, but still couldn't imagine what those would be used for.

Rebecca let go of his leash and Zack stopped in his tracks. She sauntered to one of her chairs where another latex suit was waiting. It was glossy black, a male suit that looked significantly thicker and stronger than the one she was wearing. She picked it up and held the shiny, full-body garment in front of her as she approached him.

"It's too bad you don't enjoy wearing these, Zack, because I just got you a new one. Custom made, point eight millimeter thickness! I almost went for a full millimeter but I don't think you're ready for that yet. I enjoy your discomfort, but I don't want you to die of heatstroke."

"How considerate" he sneered. "What was wrong with the old suit?"

"After you wore it most of the weekend, it got weak in spots. You sweated so much that even re-conditioning wouldn't have helped. Eventually it would start to split and pull apart. I can't have my slave wearing a suit he can escape from."

“Yeah, that'd be a real shame” Zack replied with a smirk.

The red temptress smiled wickedly as she grew closer. “With this suit, it won't matter how much you sweat. You could wear it for a month straight and it won't fray. This is a proper suit for a proper slave.” She thrust it at him, plastering the gripping bodysuit flat against his chest. Rebecca nodded toward the bathroom. “Get in there and put it on.”

“You really get off on this, don't you?”

SMACK

She blistered his ass cheek with her open palm. The thick fabric of his shorts cushioned the blow, but he knew that layer of protection was about to be stripped. Rebecca's wild, lust-filled eyes locked on his. She pressed the gimp suit against him insistently.

“**Now.**”

* * * * *

Zack exited the bathroom and laboriously trudged back into Rebecca's makeshift dungeon. Every step was an effort in the double thick, ultra tight rubber that his entire body was now surrounded in. Every part of him but his upper back, that was. He'd spent a good fifteen minutes struggling to pull the clingy garment up his limbs, legs and torso, but the one thing he couldn't do was seal himself in.

Rebecca approached and her grin betrayed the perverse pleasure she took in his predicament. Zack knew the drill by this point. He walked to within a couple feet of her and dutifully turned around in submission. Rebecca seized the small metal clasp at his lower back and pulled it upward with lustful urgency. The slow rippling sound of a zipper flowing between thick layers of latex gently whirred to a close. Within moments, his body was sealed away completely.

The tiny clicking sounds that followed marked Rebecca locking him in for the weekend with one of her tiny padlocks. She disappeared briefly to retrieve his collar and quickly re-locked it around his latex-clad neck. Zack stood quietly with his hands behind his back during all of this. He hoped obedience would earn him some leniency over the next forty eight hours.

Hungry to have him helpless, Rebecca grabbed him by the back of his collar and guided him to the back of her room. There, setup neatly in the corner, was one of her new toys. Zack had no idea what you would even call it. It was essentially a big steel stand in the shape of a door frame. Both sides ended in wide triangular supports beams, the metal rods lending it great stability. As they grew closer, his nerves shot through the roof.

Sensing his worry and hesitation, Rebecca spoke up. “This is a bondage rack that can also be used for suspension. Don't worry, I'm not suspending you... Not tonight, anyway. Stand right there and hold your arms out, straight at your sides.”

Her words calmed Zack ever so slightly. He did as she asked and stared at the wall as she applied his

second layer of bondage. With practiced ease she slid a hefty leather harness onto his torso. It's thick loops wound around his every limb and connected to a steel O-ring at his back. The usual leather cuffs were wrapped around his wrists and ankles before he received his next instruction.

“Step into the frame and spread your legs apart. Feet to the sides, hands to the top corners.”

Rebecca proceeded to secure the metal rings in his cuffs to each corner of the frame. Zack's legs were held wide apart and his arms had almost no give. She'd stretched his limbs as far as she could on the sturdy apparatus and locked them tight.

The curvy vixen pressed her body to his back and wrapped her hands around his chest. She traced his latex and leather bound form up and down, teasing him with her mounds and causing his manhood to swell. She said nothing for a while, content to trace her fingers over her slick, rubberized slave. After a few minutes she reached below and ran her gloved hand across his package. She groped him gently, confirming that her teasing had made him rock hard.

Rebecca spoke into his ear. “Normally, this is where I'd gag you, but there's something I'd really like to know first...”

She released him and took a few steps back. The tension in the room mounted as Zack suddenly realized something was wrong.

POOMMMMFFF

Rebecca's boot rocketed up into his crotch. The bridge of her foot blasted his vulnerable scrotum and straining member with all the force her powerful leg could generate. Thick as it was, the new suit still offered little protection. A pain Zack never imagined possible arced through his entire body. It even put Sasha's point blank nut shot to shame.

“AAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

WHAM WHAM WHAM

Three more swift kicks blasted between his held-open legs and crushed his manhood. His balls felt like they were going to burst. His mouth gaped open, sucking at air that somehow wasn't there. His eyes watered and his vocal cords strained, trying to form sounds that he could no longer summon. His body rattled in the metal frame as he retched, almost vomiting up the small dinner he'd eaten earlier.

POOMMMFFF

Rebecca added one more brutal boot for good measure. It slammed into his crotch and Zack's vision swam. Stabbing, strangulating agony flowed through his entire nervous system. He stared at the wall and tried to endure, the edges of his vision cracking red as he yanked at his metal bindings uselessly. As he coughed, struggled and gasped out whimpering half-yells, she picked up her smart phone and casually strolled around the bondage rack.

She watched him suffer a few moments before grabbing the top of his latex hood and shoving her phone in his face. “Had a little fun on the side, did you? What, my friend Moxie wasn't enough?!? Who did this, Zack?”

The picture showed Zack, sprawled out and bound to Ash's bed. He was bleeding from her many lust-fueled scrapes and his cock was at full mast. A condom filled with cum drooped from his tip, the evidence of his most serious offense. Zack's eyes went wide in disbelief. He slowly realized just how pissed Rebecca had been this entire time. To her credit she'd hid it well, until now.

Unsatisfied with his bewildered silence, she yanked on his hood and raised her voice. “**WHO THE FUCK DID THIS?!?**”

“Ash...” he choked out, finally finding his voice. “It was... Ash. Dark-haired girl... on campus.”

“Ash? The goth whore? I knew it had to be someone who hated me. It's not like she picked you for your charming personality.” She shoved his face away.

“I-I'm sorry.”

“Not half as sorry as you're going to be! You think you can just sleep with any hussy on campus? While you wear **MY COLLAR?!?** YOU PIECE OF SHIT!!!”

WHAM

Her knee blasted into his already wounded genitals and Zack bawled in fresh anguish. Rebecca took the opportunity to set her phone aside and grabbed one of her many gags from the nearest box of toys. She pushed the fat, black rubber ball into Zack's already drooling mouth and quickly strapped it around his rubberized face.

The cruel Domina disappeared from his field of vision, but she wasn't gone long. Within a minute she was back and held up a new toy for Zack to see. It was a box labeled ***BDSM Electro Stim - TENS unit.*** Zack's eyes went wide in panic. He grunted a protest into his gag. Rebecca ignored him as she unboxed the device and began connecting all its pieces.

Once the zapper was ready to go, she seized the crotch zipper on Zack's suit and pulled it down. His shriveled cock and sore, reddened scrotum dangled from his suit. Rebecca bent down and went to work. She seized and handled his aching manhood roughly. The eager Domme looped the thick leather straps around the base of his scrotum.

“I've never actually played with one of these before, but I've been **dying** to. You needn't worry, it's perfectly safe! TENS units provide the sensation of being shocked without directly applying electric current. It stimulates your muscles and tissues, forcing them to convulse. All the pain with none of the risk! Isn't that great???”

Zack knew that mocking tone only too well. She wasn't asking in earnest. It was purely to fuck with him. He stood stoically, refusing to give her the satisfaction of a whimpering or pleading response. There was no point in begging. He knew she wouldn't show mercy.

Rebecca adjusted the straps, ensuring both metal electrodes were pressed firmly against his fleshy orbs. She stuffed the small, black box that provided electro-stimulation into the bottom of his suit before grabbing the zipper and re-sealing his anatomy. Rebecca grabbed the remote control and got to her feet hurriedly. There was a wild grin on her face and a glint of excitement in her eyes as she stared at him

His arms were brutally tight behind him in the thick, leather arm binder. His ankle cuffs were locked together tight, keeping his legs bound together. His collar was chained to the headboard, a completely unnecessary measure, but one that aroused Mistress. He could scarcely squirm, a latex worm wriggling on the shiny, black vinyl blanket that covered Rebecca's queen sized bed.

At least she'd allowed him to pee before laying him down and binding him up for the night. She'd removed the electro-stimulator as well, though he suspected that would return first thing in the morning. He breathed deeply through his mouth, grateful to be free of the fat rubber ball he'd groaned and slobbered around through the long play session.

Once Rebecca had her fill of pain and domination, she became a different woman. After railing his ass to multiple thunderous orgasms, her demeanor mellowed. This was how Mistress got her kicks and dealt with stress. Zack was her chosen whipping boy.

As he lay there, waiting for her to return, he couldn't help but wonder if he was the first. Had Rebecca had a full time slave before? Or had she merely messed around with various boyfriends before realizing that hardcore Femdom was her thing? It was a safe bet many of those boyfriends had rejected her experimentation beyond a point. A woman as beautiful as Rebecca was likely unused to rejection. She must have snapped at some point and decided her Nietzschean *will to power* overrode all other considerations.

It was just after midnight. The room was dark aside from the light coming from the bathroom and the faint glow of the clock radio on Rebecca's nightstand. Zack could hear her showering in the distance. A hot shower... What he'd give for that right now!

His body was coated in sweaty slime; a thin layer of warm ooze lubricating him in the gripping latex body suit. It was so much thicker and less flexible than any of the suits Rebecca and Moxie had outfitted him in before. It pulled around his skin even more tightly than the silver bimbo suit he'd worn to the sorority party.

His arms had it the worst, extra warm and trapped behind him in the stiff layer of double bondage. Sleeping on his back would crush his poor limbs and cut off their blood supply. Unless she removed the cruel restraint, he would have to sleep on his side, as he was right now.

The sound of streaming and trickling water in the background came to a stop. It was soon replaced by Rebecca's contented sighs followed by the shrill howl of a blow dryer. A short while later, the naked Goddess returned and slipped into bed. She shimmied under the rubbery duvet, the slippery fetish bedding feeling immaculate on her bare skin.

Rebecca inched closer to her chained gimp property and propped up her head on one hand. Her bare breasts pressed against his arm binder. She trailed her other hand up and down his bound form, soothing him gently.

“You did well tonight. It seems my lessons are starting to take.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“But I still sense resistance. Mentally, you're still obstinate. We need to work on that.”

He said nothing, realizing that any protest he offered would sound as insincere as it was.

“I understand, you know. Why you hate me.”

“I don't hate you, Mistress.”

“Don't lie. I'm in a good mood, but I won't be for long if you insult my intelligence. I'm getting what I want out of this relationship. You're not. Isn't that right?”

Zack let out a frustrated sigh. “It's more complicated than that.”

“Is it? Oh, I know we put on a nice show for your little friends the other day. Maybe, for a brief moment, you found yourself enjoying this arrangement. But in the end, I'm having a great time and you're not. That's **WHY** I'm having a great time, by the way.”

“Yes...” he acknowledged.

Her hand probed lower, rubbing over his savaged crotch. She traced the contours of his beaten ass and sore thighs. “And it all could've been avoided if you were a well adjusted human being. Someone who got to know and understand women instead of fishing for one night stands. That's why you took the bait so easily. That's why your gender is doomed. You think with your dick and it's going to be the end of you.”

Zack couldn't handle the hypocrisy anymore. His nostrils flared and he spoke words that he'd surely regret tomorrow. “That's rich, coming from you. A woman who drugs, kidnaps and enslaves. Don't act like what you're doing is righteous. In the end, this is still about you satisfying your sick sexual kinks!”

Rebecca clamped her palm around his still-recovering scrotum and squeezed it tight. Her right hand found his collar and yanked on it harshly.

“**ARRRGGGGHHHHH!!!!**”

Her mouth hung over his ear as she responded. “The difference, **shit-for-brains**, is that I wasn't so desperate for **DICK** that I walked into some guy's ridiculous honey trap. I don't even care about your stupid cock. You could be a eunuch and I'd still enjoy watching you squirm!”

She released him and gave his body a shove. “Yes, much too obstinate. We need to fix that.”

Zack grunted and took several deep breaths. He fought through the flare up of shooting pain she'd delivered his groin. “There's no fixing it, Rebecca! **You can't make me like this!**”

“Oh, but you're wrong! You need to learn how to think outside of the box, Zack.”

Rebecca sat up and turned on the lamp at her side of the bed. She reached over and retrieved some items from one of the drawers in her nightstand. Within seconds, Zack felt a latex penis gag being pulled into his mouth and strapped behind his head. This was followed by a leather blindfold wrapped around his eyes, casting him into even deeper darkness.

“You'll be punished tomorrow for addressing me improperly.”

He muttered gibberish around the spongy phallus as Rebecca reached for something else. Soon, another item was being pulled over his hooded head. Once his ears were covered, he realized it was a heavy set of headphones.

Their weight would've made them difficult to dislodge, but Rebecca wasn't taking any chances. The sound of unwinding duct tape ripped out and she tore off several pieces, using each sticky length to secure the headphones firmly to his hood. With the task complete, she tossed the tape off the bed and picked up the mp3 player at the end of the headphone's audio cord.

“Alright, let's make sure it's loud enough for you to hear through that hood... perfect. Goodnight, bitch! Enjoy your new programming.”

There was a few seconds of silence and then a sensual female voice spoke deeply through the walls of latex plastered to Zack's ears.

“Listen to the sound of my voice... the sound of my voice... the sound of my voice....”

“Sissy slave... sissy slave... sissy slave...”

“That's what you are... what you are... what you are...”

“A slut slave... slut slave... slut slave...”

“A willing slave.... willing slave... willing slave...”

The feminine voice lilted up and down, seeming to come from all directions. Each phrase echoed into the distance, repeating several times. The voice sometimes emanated only through the left audio channel and other times only through the right. Then the voices would merge, as if meeting in the center of his mind.

The words flowed. Lilted. Echoing. Repeating. Soothing. Implanting.

“A slave to women... slave to women... slave to women...”

“A slave to pain... slave to pain... slave to pain...”

“Trapped in bondage... trapped in bondage... trapped in bondage...”

“A strapon whore... strapon whore... strapon whore...”

“You enjoy the pain... enjoy the pain... enjoy the pain...”

“You love the bondage.... love the bondage... love the bondage...”

“You crave the cock... crave the cock... crave the cock...”

“All your holes... all your holes... all your holes...”

“Filled and fucked... filled and fucked... filled and fucked...”

“Fill my holes... fill my holes... fill my holes...”

“Please Mistress... Please Mistress... Please Mistress...”

“Fuck me hard... fuck me hard... fuck me hard...”

“Beat my ass... beat my ass... beat my ass...”

“I can only achieve an erection in bondage... only achieve an erection in bondage... only achieve an erection in bondage...”

“I only get hard when being fucked... only get hard when being fucked... only get hard when being fucked...”

“I may only cum when Mistress allows... only cum when Mistress allows... only cum when Mistress allows...”

“Cock in your ass... cock in your ass... cock in your ass...”

“Love that cock... love that cock... love that cock...”

“The lash of the whip... lash of the whip.... lash of the whip...”

“Feels so good... feels so good... feels so good...”

“Cock in your mouth... cock in your mouth... cock in your mouth...”

“Love the taste... love the taste... love the taste...”

Settling into the fetish bedding a mere two feet away, Rebecca could hear the faint mutters of the words flowing into her slave's ears. She knew it would take many nights of play and the use of additional tracks to manifest its full effects, but she hoped by morning Zack would be slurping away on his cock gag enthusiastically. Perhaps he'd awaken to find he'd been doing it in his sleep. The thought made her dripping wet.

She gripped the rubbery bedding lustfully. Rebecca's tongue curled in her mouth as she stroked her pussy with nimble fingers. Soon her moans filled the room, but Zack couldn't hear them. He was falling deeper into the grip of Femdom hypnosis by the minute. The thirty minute track, titled *BDSM Male Slave Brainwashing 101*, would loop all night long.

* * * * *

“DEEPER!” Sasha screamed as she shoved her bare ass back into Zack's face. **“GET YOUR FAGGOT TONGUE ALL THE WAY UP MY ASSHOLE, SLUT!!!”**

Zack slurped her sweaty, saliva-caked crack up and down. He buried his tired tongue in her soft, pungent pucker repeatedly. The nose hook yanking his nostrils upward gave him an even more intense smell of the red-head's ripe back door. She'd been enjoying his ministrations for over forty five minutes as she watched a movie on her smart phone. The decadent ditz had enjoyed two orgasms from his diligent oral servitude, but she was still hungry for more.

Every now and then, Sasha decided his face wasn't deep enough in her ass and would yank on his leash harshly. It lay below her body, stretched across the bed and ready to pull him further into her fleshy darkness at any time. If rubber encasement and lengthy anilingus were the only indignities he was suffering, the afternoon would be tolerable, but Zack's circumstances were far more extreme.

Replacing the arm binder were thick shibari ropes wrapped around his arms, wrists and shoulders. The cruel Dominas had looped the ties around his collar and pulled them high and tight. Not only were his arms stretched up behind his back painfully, but any small motion of his body caused the ropes to pull on his collar, choking him mildly.

His ass was planted at the end of the bed, his lower body bound into a forced kneel. Thick leather straps around his rubberized thighs were chained tightly to the cuffs around his ankles, preventing him from moving his legs at all. He couldn't stand, sit up or manage any motion but the most mild of wiggles.

Then there was Rebecca... His haughty Mistress, now adorned in full-body, gleaming black, was having a field day with his ass.

SHHLLORRRPP SHLLLOOOPP GLOOORRRRP GLLUURRRP SHLLORRRP

Her shiny latex fingers, dripping with ample lube, dove in and out of his brutally stretched asshole. She glided back and forth in his blown out pucker with all five digits. Each thrust drove her arm to the wrist and beyond before ripping her hand free and repeating the sloppy motion again.

Rebecca cackled as she watched his abused anus expand and contract around her hand. She adored the sensation of burying her arm in the warm, gripping anatomy of a slave's brutalized anal cavity. Feeding one of your limbs into a bound male's ass was even more intimate and primal than strapon fucking. Watching him eat her best friend's asshole while she sodomized him made it that much more intense.

She'd never tried foot-fucking before, but Rebecca had seen it done on the internet. In one video, a domme managed to get her leg in the gimp slave's asshole almost up to the knee. That was one more “relationship goal” to check off her list, eventually.

Having warmed him up with a lengthy ass beating and fifteen minutes of smooth, thrusting rubber fingers, she sensed Zack was ready for the big one. Rebecca balled her dripping hand into a solid latex fist and plunged it into his quivering anal lips.

“GGGGMMMMRRRRRPPPPPPPHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Zack groaned into Sasha's ass as the burrowing fist plunged deep into his rectum. Rebecca sank all the

way to the halfway point of her forearm before slurping it out and thrusting it back in.

GLOORRRP GLOPPP GLOORRRP GLOPPPP SCHHLLLOORRRP

“You **WILL** take my arm to the elbow, slave!”

Rebecca laughed and fisted him like a woman possessed. She leaned over his body, gripping his leather harness for leverage as she fed her small fist and slim arm in and out of ass like a piston rod. Her hand and forearm were far from huge, but her arm was still bigger than any strapon he'd taken thus far.

The moist, gloppy sounds of rough anal stretching and insistent ass fucking filled the room as she used her limb like a horse-cock. Her body buzzed with delightful Domme-space giddiness as she reveled in his warm, wet depths and total subjugation. The grunts, groans and yells coming from Sasha's ass cheeks were music to her ears.

“Getting him ready for something special?” the cheerful red-head asked over her shoulder.

“Yeah” Rebecca replied between her fisting exertions. “He's taking my fourteen incher tonight, come hell or high water!”

“Ooooooh, did you hear that Zack? Lucky you!!!”

Sasha gripped his leash and pulled it tight as the helpless gimp pleaded for air and mercy. He was given no reprieve, finding only a hungry asshole tightening around his tongue and a furious fist gliding back and forth across his prostate. His body convulsed as his penis shot its load all over the inside of his sticky, latex prison.

DING DONG

Rebecca's thrusting and Sasha's squeals of pleasure came to an abrupt stop. They both looked in the direction of the hallway.

“You expecting anyone?” Rebecca asked.

“No, you?”

“Nope.”

They waited a few moments and the sound repeated.

DING DONG

“Fuck...” Rebecca cursed as she pulled her hand free from Zack's ass. She grabbed a nearby towel and quickly dried off her filth covered arm. “I'll be right back.” Her latex curves bounced as she headed for the hallway. Whoever was at the door was either going to have a heart attack or fall in love.

Sasha pulled her ass from Zack's face and rolled over. The bitch boy sighed and sucked in fresh air as the horny skank took a few hits from her vape.

Moments later, Rebecca returned. Her boot heels clacked to a stop as she re-entered the room, carrying a letter. She'd already torn open the envelope and begun reading it. Sasha looked at her quizzically.

“What's that?”

“I got a certified letter... from AOE.”

“Oh, for real? What's it say?!?”

As Rebecca continued to read, her face grew red. Her eyes went wild, her teeth gritted and her arms began to shake. Finally, she crunched the letter in her fist. “Those fucking cunts...”

Sasha sat up, watching her with growing concern. “What... what is it?”

Rebecca reached for a nearby lamp, grabbed it by the neck and threw it full force into the wall. The porcelain, glass and metal shattered into pieces and the debris rained down noisily as the Domina's body shook with rage. “**THOOOSSSEEEE FUUUUCCCKKKING CUUNNNNNTTSSS!!!!**”

“Rebecca?!?”

The blonde turned, her body heaving. “I'VE BEEN **DISQUALIFIED** FROM THE ELECTION!”

“What??? Why?!?”

“For breaking their **stupid rules**! Taking him to the party” she gestured at Zack. “Some tattle tale bitch decided to make a big deal out of it. Now I have to pay a huge fine and issue **a fucking apology** if I want to stay a member!”

Rebecca stalked to the far wall. Her eyes were slivers of cold steel as she surveyed her toys. She selected a heavy bull whip from it's wall-mounted display before turning and marching back to the bed.

Sasha grabbed up her phone and clothes, evacuating the premises as quickly as possible. “Ummm, I'll come back later! Remember, it's not his fault!” The red-head hurried out of the room and Rebecca was left alone with her slave. She stared down at her bound and helpless target with mounting fury.

No, it wasn't his fault, but that didn't matter. Zack's screams were the only thing that would soothe her. She uncurled the thick leather whip and prepared to unleash hell.

* * * * *

Rebecca sat on the patio, cooling off from her exertions and enjoying a smoke. The breeze played with her hair as she watched the sunset and contemplated how to respond to AOE's decree. Her phone buzzed on the table and she picked it up. The incoming call was from Stephanie.

Did she really want to talk to anyone from AOE right now? Not really. She hit the *end call* button and sent it to voicemail before setting the device back down.

A minute later the phone buzzed again. Rebecca sighed. She grabbed it and hit *accept*.

“What?!?”

“Hey. I heard about what happened. Sorry someone ratted on you. I swear it wasn't me. The whole thing is fucking bullshit.”

“Tell me something I don't know.”

“Who do you think did it?”

“Might have been Ash. She went after my sub recently. But it could've been any number of whores that don't like me. They wanted any excuse to bounce me out of the election. I was stupid to give them one.”

“Fuck that! If we can't have a little fun, what's the point of being in a sorority?”

“Prestige. Networking. Resume building” Rebecca answered curtly.

“Sure, but you don't need AOE for that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Here's something you may not know. I didn't know about it myself, until recently. There's a very exclusive off-campus sorority that not only approves of, but revels in the kind of fun we enjoy.”

Rebecca's eyebrows raised as she considered the prospect. She perked up for the first time since reading the letter. “Is that so?”

“Yes. Now, what if I told you they're having a play party tomorrow night where they'll be considering new members and I can get you in?”

The feisty Femdom's lips curled in delight. “Well then, I would have to say... tell me more.”

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