

## Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

### Chapter 8 – The Lowest Depths

“One, two, three, four! Step up! Step down! One, two, three, four! Arms in! Arms out!”

Rebecca's tower of up-tied blonde hair bobbed behind her as she sweated lightly and powered through the workout routine. She stared at the big screen TV, matching the movements of the workout starlet and her two beefcake assistants on either side. Her mother had gotten her into workout videos at a very young age. Probably too young, but they'd served her well, keeping her trim and athletic through high school and her early college years.

For once, the feisty Domina wasn't wearing latex or leather. She was clad in sweats from head to toe, including a classic headband, wrist bands and ankle bands. When she was working out, Rebecca looked like a Gen X pop idol. It was as if she'd woken up this morning in the 80's and taken a trip to the future in Doc Brown's silver DeLorean.

In addition to the fuzzy comfort bands, her limbs were adorned with extra wrist and ankle weights. Not satisfied with such paltry resistance, Rebecca also held small dumbbells in both hands as she stepped up and down the aerobic exercise platform. She breathed deeply in between fast actions; stepping, pivoting and pumping her arms and legs in rhythm.

It was odd that she insisted on owning so much home workout gear when the community she lived in had its own gym, but that's just how Rebecca was. She had no desire to mingle with the peasants, deal with annoying *gym bros* or use the filthy, sweat drenched equipment left behind by other patrons. She'd only been to the gym in the community center once and that was when she was looking for her next kinky plaything. Once she found Zack at the club that fateful night, there was no reason to go back to the den of sweaty, horny normies.

For his part, Zack was enduring a very different kind of workout. He was still trapped in his brand new, extra-thick rubber gimp suit that Rebecca had gifted him. The same one he'd sweated in all night while being subjected to nonstop Femdom hypnosis recordings. Zack would have never believed something as simple as repeated words and trippy sound effects on a loop could break and mold the human psyche, but he was learning just how wrong that assumption was.

Upon being woken by his surly Mistress, Zack found himself surprisingly eager to follow her commands. She hadn't even removed his blindfold when she ordered him to open his mouth. Rebecca shoved the banana in, forcing him to deepthroat the fruit before he realized what was happening. She delighted in feeding the bound slut his only breakfast like it was another sex toy, laughing as he coughed and half-choked on the mouthful of sugary mush.

Next came three bottles of spring water, each dumped between his lips as quickly as he could swallow. Sometimes, the cold water came quicker than he could swallow. It served to hydrate him, but it was also a mild form of waterboarding that Rebecca enjoyed. There was no reason she shouldn't have a little fun while looking after her slutty property. After that, Zack was taken to the bathroom and his

hands were briefly unlocked so he could relieve himself and brush his teeth. Following this brief reprieve, it was right back to heavy bondage and stress positions.

As his Mistress worked out, Zack knelt in one corner of Rebecca's enormous bedroom. His head and hands stuck out from a set of stocks that were assembled close to the ground. He dripped with sweat in the thick second skin of latex. The zipper at his ass was the only part of the suit open, exposing his cheeks to the cool air. They were continually speared by the fucking machine setup behind him; the device cramming a fat length of silicone cock deep into his stretched boy pussy without end.

At his front, Zack had another thick rubber cock to contend with. This one was a gag, stuffed into his mouth and strapped behind his head. The tip of the long, jelly-like phallus tickled his uvula, keeping his lips and jaws stretched open wide and causing him to retch periodically as his lips dripped with foamy saliva.

With his arms locked in the stocks and his ankles secured in a spreader bar behind him, he could do nothing but suckle the dildo, take the cock thrusting into his ass without end and stare ahead at the monitor. A smaller TV was placed just ahead of Zack, showing a constant loops of Femdom, Futadom and Tranny Top porn.

It was a nonstop barrage of women fucking men with strapons, transsexuals face-fucking bound guys and animated Futanari with cocks too big to be real railing femboys and leather gimps alike. The headphones strapped to his rubber-wrapped head were delivering a different kind of hypnosis. Instead of the soft, trance-like whispers of a female dominant filling his mind with commands as he slept, he was subjected to the nonstop cooing of submissive males and aggressive demands of the well-hung Mistresses on screen.

**“YEAH! YOU LIKE THAT?!? SUCK THAT COCK YOU FUCKING FAGGOT!”**

**“Oh FUCK! I could pound your filthy ass all day, slave!”**

**“You think I'm done with you?!? I will drown you in semen, BITCH!”**

The sloppy sounds of Femdom gang bangs filled Zack's ears as he watched the nonstop stream of perversion. He wondered if this was a collection of Rebecca's favorite clips or if it was just some Femdom porn site on autoplay. More importantly, how long would this last? The fucking machine assaulting his pucker would never get tired, but his tortured ass was already growing brutally sore forty five minutes into the intense training.

The dance music blaring from the larger TV came to a stop and Rebecca's well toned body slowed to a halt. She set the dumbbells down and unstrapped the heavy, fabric-wrapped metal weights from her wrists and ankles before tossing them aside. She placed her hands on her hips, catching her breath for a few moments as she turned and looked at her bound slave.

Rebecca smiled wide as she watched the machine thrust twelve inches of fat dick into Zack's ass over and over. She chuckled while fetching the twin remotes that controlled his fate. She pressed a button on one of them and the ass fucking slowed, reaching an almost tolerable level as it slurped in and out of his man cunt gently. Zack sighed in relief around the phlegmy dildo packed into his face.

**\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT\***

His body seized and convulsed in bondage as Rebecca pressed a different button on the other remote. The *TENS unit* still strapped to his balls sent constricting zaps through his nether region. Zack's eyes flew open and watered profusely as his lower body swam in jolts of crippling pain. He watched the hardcore debauchery in front of him through tear-splattered eyes. His vision grew more blurry until the zapping sounds and the seizing of his muscles finally stopped.

He could barely hear Rebecca's laughs in the background over the shouting and moaning of porn stars in his ears. Then, with a third button press, the dildo rammed into his asshole even harder and faster than before. His ass cheeks were slapped repeatedly with the rubber scrotum at the bottom of the cruel toy. It fucked him at full power, a setting he hadn't experienced yet. Zack groaned around the spit-drenched rubber penis lodged in his mouth as his gaping hole was plowed mercilessly.

Rebecca set the remotes aside and sauntered to his front. It was unusual to see her wearing ordinary sneakers instead of the heeled boots and thigh highs she loved so much. The sweaty Domina in workout gear ducked down into his field of view. She pulled the headphones from his ears so the brutalized slave could hear her taunts.

“Hey, slut! How are you enjoying those cocks? Mmmmm, look at all that drool slipping from your mouth. You must find that dick awfully tasty! And your ass! Clearly you're enjoying that nonstop pounding! I've lost count of the times I saw you buck your hips back against it. I'm sure you didn't mean to, but the conditioning is starting to take hold, isn't it? That's good! You'll need it for the event we're going to tonight. You thought AOE was rough with you? Wait till you meet my new friends!”

Rebecca slid the headphones back over his head and clamped the heavy speakers over his ears. Zack's mind was immersed in groaning, wailing and the slippery sounds of constant deep-dicking yet again. The haughty co-ed rose to her feet and strode to the bathroom to fetch a towel. As she exited, drying herself off, she caught a glimpse of Sasha in the hallway. The bubbly redhead had just returned from a breakfast outing with her girlfriends.

“Hey! Sash! You got a minute?” Rebecca called down the hallway.

“Sure!” came the shouted reply. Sasha set her bag and keys aside before walking down the corridor to Rebecca's suite. Her combination of yellow sundress and gaudy, knee-high boots with too many straps and buckles practically made her look like an anime character. “What's up?”

“Big party tonight! You want in?”

“What kind of party?”

“The kind we can bring Zack to and have all kinds of naughty fun. There's going to be a ton of other subby boys to enjoy too!”

“No kidding? Who's hosting?”

“I haven't met her yet, but she's the leader of an off-campus sorority. Sigma Phi Delta. I'm looking into joining.”

“Oh... Well, that's cool, but just so you know, I'm planning to stick with AOE for now.”



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Moxie burned through her last cigarette as she lay in the lawn chair and looked up at a slowly darkening sky. The sun was setting in the west and the cool evening air nipped at her flesh. She could feel its chill touch on her thighs, forearms and midriff; all the parts of her body uncovered by her jean shorts and tight top.

She ran a hand through her hair and exhaled a wispy cloud of white exhaust anxiously. Moxie would run to the store soon. She couldn't decide what she wanted more: another pack of smokes, a stiff drink or a bag of Funyons. Chances are, she'd get all three.

*'Hell, might as well throw in a few lotto tickets so we cover all the vices.'*

Well, not **all** the vices. She hadn't experienced her favorite vice since the previous weekend when Zack had been her house guest and slave for three days. She'd enjoyed dominating him even more than she expected. The sexy fun had been thrilling and more than that, she missed having him around. Not only was he an obedient sub, he just had that lost puppy dog quality to him. She wanted to take him in and shower him with love; in between brutal spankings and peggings, of course.

*'Dammit Moxie! You're doing it again! Letting yourself get attached. Stop it! He's not even yours!'*

The southern belle sighed. She resisted checking her phone for another minute before giving up and pulling it from her pocket. Moxie was disheartened to see there were still no notifications. No replies to her call or text. She opened her phone app and scrolled to Zack's name in her contact list.

*'Are you really going to call him **again**?!'*

She'd first called to check up on Zack Friday night, but chances are he was back under Rebecca's tight control by then. Knowing the feisty debutante, Zack's phone had probably been confiscated for the weekend while the haughty blonde and her devious roommate had their kinky fun.

Still, it was Sunday **night**. That meant Zack should've been back at his apartment by now. Why hadn't he replied? Moxie didn't understand. Had he enjoyed being her sub as much as he led on, or was he just putting on a show to make her happy? Was his lack of response over the weekend worth worrying about? Or was she drifting into obsessive territory?

“God dammit...”

She pressed his name in her digital rolodex and the phone number dialed. Moxie brought the phone to her ear. Predictably, it rang a few times before going to Zack's voicemail.

“Hey Zack, it's me again. I promise, I'm not stalking you. Just wondering why I haven't heard back? I know Rebecca owns your ass on the weekends, so maybe she's still got you tied up? If her play is hurting your studies, don't be afraid to draw some boundaries. I know she can be a bit... overzealous. If I don't hear from you in the next couple days I suppose I'll be calling her next. What can I say? It's the overprotective Mommy Domme in me. Hope to hear from you soon. Take care, hun.”

Moxie ended the call and pocketed her phone. She watched the sun dip further into the horizon as purple and deep blue crept down from the all-consuming void. The first visible stars of the night blinked into existence. Moxie took the remnant of her cigarette and twisted the fiery nub into the ground, extinguishing it.

“Fuck. Now I really want that drink!”

She pushed herself up from the lawn chair and headed for the parking lot. Her keys jingled as she walked to her car and tried not to think about her favorite new toy.

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*HONK HONK\***

Zack sat in the back of Rebecca's darkened Lamborghini. The top was up, protecting them from the chill of early evening. His hands were locked in thick leather mitts and his leash dangled from the expensive, nigh un-removable collar secured around his neck.

Industrial rock pumped from the car's speakers as they sat in the darkness, idling outside what could only be described as a college town tenement slum. Rebecca tapped the steering wheel and grooved to the music as they waited. She wouldn't have been caught dead in this part of town unless she was here to pick up a friend.

A blur of movement out of the corner of his eye and a slamming door caught Zack's attention and he looked out the passenger window to see a familiar figure approaching. Even in the darkness, the outline of her body and hair style made it clear who it was. He'd only seen her once before, at the sorority house party where he'd been gang-banged by members of AOE.

How could he forget Stephanie? The first and, hopefully, only woman to force feed him hot urine. Not to mention the brutal flogging and punch to the balls that accompanied her devious water sports. Of all the women he'd encountered since falling into Rebecca's clutches, Stephanie had the most in common with his owner and Mistress.

Moxie loved hardcore Femdom, but she was sweet and caring. Ash had a fetish for knife and blood play, but he could overlook that for the woman who'd taken his virginity. Sasha was a low key sadist and apparent switch who ultimately just wanted her box munched and to enjoy a variety of kinky thrills. But Stephanie? She was a hardcore sadist and man-eater, just like Rebecca. That much was obvious from their thankfully brief play.

The car door opened and Stephanie slid into the passenger seat. A cloud of sweet perfume entered with her, in stark contrast to her metal goth image. Her face was powder pale and she'd dyed her hair white almost all the way down to the roots where just a little of her natural black still showed. Her lips were shaded purple and her body was wrapped in leather, lace and a fishnet top. Her tight, shiny pants meshed noisily with the leather seat as she settled in.

“Heya! Thanks for the lift.”

“Don't mention it” Rebecca answered before putting the car in drive and pulling onto the street. “I should head for the freeway, right?”

“Yeah, we're going just a couple exits north” she said with a nod. “Hey, bitch” Stephanie added with a disdainful glance over her shoulder to the slave in the back.

“Hi” he answered simply before zipping his lips. Zack decided the best course of action was to treat this like a police encounter. He would remain silent and draw as little attention to himself as possible as long as she was around.

“So, are you excited?” the eager goth asked.

“That would be an understatement. If this group is half as cool as you led on, I can't wait to join.”

“Oh, they definitely are! Wait till you see the sorority house. It's awesome! Makes AOE's place look like a fuckin kindergarten.”

“Is that where we're going?”

“No, you can't go to the house until you're a member or at least a pledge. I got to see it the other day when I attended my first rush.”

“Ugh... Don't tell me they do the typical shit most sororities do?”

“No, no! Nothing like that. There's no history lessons, memorizing names of past leaders or stupid hazing stuff. SPD only cares about what you bring to the group. What you can do with a whip, a paddle and other toys. What men you can bring to their little harem. To the extent a new pledge needs training, they're happy to provide it.”

Zack's eyes were wide as saucers as he listened to Stephanie gush about her new Sisterhood.

*'Harem?!? A harem of men? What kind of sorority is this???'*

“Sounds pretty sweet. Think they'll admit me?”

“Oh, I know they will. I hope you don't mind, but I already told the president about you. She can't wait to meet you.”

“Madam Penelope?” Rebecca asked, referring to their previous conversation.

“Yup, and she's the one hosting the party tonight. Should be interesting to see how the president of an upscale sorority lives. Especially one with our interests.”

Rebecca grinned. “Hell yeah!”

The lambo swerved, barely slowing down as it turned onto the entry ramp leading to the highway. As the car rocketed forward, Zack gritted his teeth and reached for the safety handle just over his head.

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Twenty minutes of Rebecca's reckless driving felt like a lifetime all its own. After surviving another tumultuous ride with her at the wheel, Zack was happy to have his feet touching ground again. His rubber gimp boots tread over intricate stonework. He followed Mistress and Stephanie up a long, lighted walkway to a large, two story estate. Rebecca tugged at his leash as the two woman chatted and led him to his doom.

Zack wasn't sure whether to call it a mansion, but from the amount of outside lighting and the sheer number of windows, it was no ordinary home. It was obvious *Madam Penelope* was doing well for herself. Zack had counted twenty eight cars parked along the road in addition to Rebecca's, so the party was likely in full swing.

Mistress had opted for a light blue latex bodysuit this evening. It gleamed in the light of the small lampposts dotting the path. Her shiny curves ended halfway down her thighs where long, black leather boots took over. Truly, she'd dressed to kill for the first meeting with her prospective new Sisters.

For once, Zack was thankful for his thick gimp suit, the restrictive mitts and the tight leather hood wrapped around his head. They were the only things protecting him from the frosty night air. He was sure he'd be less thankful, later. Things were bound to heat up with whatever activities these harpies had planned. Still, it wouldn't be the first time he suffered in hot, rubbery sweat.

“Anything I should know?” Rebecca inquired.

“Yeah. Show the Madam and the other senior Dommies proper respect” Stephanie answered, knowing her well enough to advise caution. “They aren't too cuntly about the hierarchy, but until you're a member, know your place or you might piss them off.”

“Got it” the blonde answered with a nod. “And you!” she exclaimed, turning and looking back at Zack. “You do what you're told by every woman in there! Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress” he responded with a slight bow and a reassuring tone.

Rebecca eyed him sternly before turning back and resuming her stride. Her high ponytail of luscious blonde hair swished from side to side as they advanced. Her heels clicked off the pristine stone path as Stephanie's platform boots clomped with louder, more dull footfalls.

They arrived at the entrance and Stephanie rang the bell. Ten seconds later the door opened and Zack was treated to the sight of another hellion in leather. After a round of enthusiastic greetings, they were ushered in and the brunette in full officer regalia introduced herself.

“I'm Ivanna, the Mistress of Ceremonies, tonight. And you must be Rebecca?”

“Yes. Pleased to meet you” she said with a respectful nod.

“Stephanie put in a good word for you. Madam Penelope is looking forward to making your acquaintance. I'll make sure she knows you're here.”



“Thank you. It's an honor to be here.”

“And who is this?” Ivanna asked, her eyebrows raised as her gaze shifted to the gimp on a leash.

“This is my whipping boy, slave and fuck toy, Zack. You'll find he's well trained. He's at the disposal of your entire order tonight. Enjoy him how you see fit.” Rebecca offered her the leash freely.

Stephanie grinned at Zack, knowing just how much trouble he was in.

Ivanna's eyes opened wide in surprise. “Is that so? You certainly know how to make a good first impression. I heard what you said, but I still have to ask. Any restrictions with Zack?”

“Tattoo the sorority letters on him if you want. If my membership is denied, I'll have them removed later.”

Fresh anxiety surged through Zack as he looked from his Mistress to the fearsome woman in fetish SS gear. He could hear dance music pumping in the background mingled with the occasional grunts and yells of men. Several Dommies wielding various implements of pain and discipline walked through the hallway behind Ivanna. They stopped for a moment, having a peak at the new arrivals before continuing on their way.

Normally Zack would be experiencing a powerful flight or fight instinct, but the Femdom hypnosis training was working its magic. However crazy the night might get, he was resigned to his fate. At least he could tell that whatever cruelty he suffered, he would do so in the company of some truly stunning women.

The tall brunette in the officer's cap cackled and took the leash from Rebecca. “Excellent. Follow me. We'll get Zack situated and you can have a look around.”

“That sounds wonderful” Rebecca said with a beaming smile.

“Party time!” Stephanie belted out.

Walking down the corridor felt like venturing into the first circle of Femdom hell. All the lighting was either soft light from the ceiling or candles that had been strategically placed to give the manor a renaissance aesthetic. They passed many rooms bathed in red, orange and darker shades of mood lighting. The trio of newcomers peered into each one as they proceeded.

Just past the entrance, there were two large parlor rooms on either side of the foyer. In one, a man was hanging from the ceiling by hooks sunk into his skin. A number of chatting Dommies dripped hot candle wax on his back and cracked him with whips and floggers as they sipped drinks and laughed.

In the other, two men were bent over in a full stockade and a padded spanking bench. Both were being fucked with strap-ons as one was slapped, spit on and taunted. The other performed oral sex on one moaning Domina while the woman behind him sodomized him nonstop.

The sounds of raucous Femdom play and club music grew louder until they arrived at the main hall where two large staircases led up to the second floor on either side. In the middle was an array of men in bondage being similarly violated. An equal number of women were drinking, smoking, laughing and

enjoying themselves.

“Pearl!” the leather Domme leading Zack shouted to one of the Sisters in the crowd.

A skinny woman with glasses and short black hair turned and took notice. She wore little but a black latex bra and matching thong. To Zack, it was almost refreshing to see a Domme showing so much skin. In his experience, most of the dominant women he'd spent time with enjoyed covering their bodies in glossy attire. Sasha had been the only exception until now.

The chipper Domina abandoned the strapped down slave she'd been spanking and skipped over to the party of newcomers. “What's up?”

“Go tell Madam Penelope that our special guest has arrived. I'll send Miss Rebecca up to her study shortly.”

“Sure. Right away!”

The young woman scampered off and Ivanna led them further into the main hall. There was leather furniture all over, gleaming in the soft light projected from the high ceiling. Some of the sorority Sisters lounged about, drinking and chatting with each other. Presumably they were taking a break between bouts of freaky fun.

Where the wide staircases curved up to the second story balcony were placed three St. Andrew's crosses on both sides of the hall. Of the six in total, all were empty but one. A gagged and blindfolded man was strapped to one cross on the right side, squirming in his bondage as a anal plug vibrated in his ass.

Ivanna led them to the left and pulled Zack to the middle of the three empty crosses there. With surprising strength, she grabbed him, turned him around and pushed him up against the imposing structure of wood and metal restraints. Before he knew it, Ivanna had his mitts locked into the high metal cuffs. As she bent down to lock his ankles into the bottom half of the large wooden X, she explained his new predicament.

“This is our staging area. It's where we present slaves who are available for all the Sisters to play with.” Having secured his feet, she raised back to her full height and smiled at Zack. “Don't worry, you won't have to wait long.”

Stephanie laughed.

Rebecca chuckled before reaching into her bag and handing Ivanna a remote control. “Almost forgot! This controls the TENS unit strapped around his balls. Go crazy.”

“Ooooh!” the leather Domme chirped excitedly as she took the device. She set the dial to five out of ten and pressed the zapper to test it out.

Zack grunted in pain and his body rattled against the thick wooden cross. His metal bindings clinked as he pulled against them involuntarily. His latex locked body writhed until the painful constrictions of his groin muscles mercifully came to a stop.

“Hahahaha! Oh, we're going to have some fun with this tonight!” Ivanna exclaimed with a devious grin.

“Please do” Rebecca encouraged.

“I'm gonna get something to drink before I hop into the fun. Good luck with your meeting!” Stephanie waved at her before sauntering off.

“Hey, don't ditch me already!” Rebecca called after her, the blonde's brow furrowing.

“It's alright, I'll give you the full tour before I take you to see the Madam” Ivanna assured her. “But first...”

The athletic brunette in gleaming leather stepped to the center of the hall and cupped a gloved hand to the side of her mouth. “Hey Sisters! We got **FRESH MEAT** in the main hall!”

A number of women who hadn't been paying attention looked up and over, seeing the newly delivered slave strapped to the medieval bondage rack. Several more Dommies stepped out of the rooms they'd been playing or lounging in. Women in every imaginable ensemble of fetish attire headed to the hall to observe the latest catch.

Zack breathed deep and calmed himself as hungry eyes beset him from every direction.

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“Welcome to my home” a honeyed voice spoke as Rebecca entered the posh office.

Madam Penelope's back was turned as she fixed a drink, but Rebecca could see her long red hair and the shiny, leather trench coat that covered her shoulders, wrapped her arms and flowed all the way down to the stiletto heels of her boots.

“Thank you for having me, Madam Penelope. Your place is amazing!”

The woman turned and Rebecca got her first full look at her. She appeared to be in her mid to late forties. She was a true beauty who'd stayed in remarkably good shape into middle age. Her fiery red bangs matched the color of her thin eyebrows and the thick color painted across her lips.

Other than her luxurious leather coat, she was clad in a black satin corset and a mere triangle of silky fabric covered her sex. The gleaming leather coat rippled down the entire length of body, adorning her like the cloak of a powerful fetish Queen. The rest of her was all fair white skin. Her tall leather thigh-highs were almost identical to the ones Rebecca was wearing.

“You're most welcome, dear. And thank you. Would you like a drink?”

The blonde gazed at her in awe and swallowed. She liked Madam Penelope instantly. No, it went further than that. She was envious. Although they'd exchanged only a few words, she knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that this was the woman she wanted to be in twenty years. Between her elegant

home, impeccable fashion sense and her command of such an enthusiastic coven of sadistic women, Rebecca had found her new role model in the leader of Sigma Phi Delta.

“I'll have whatever you're having!” she blurted out.

Penelope grinned. “Right. *A Dark & Stormy*, then. Have a seat, Rebecca.”

She settled into one of the armchairs while the Madam fixed their drinks. Her latex curves sank into the plush leather, meshing audibly as she got comfortable. Rebecca looked around at the massive shelves with countless books, Penelope's huge private bar and all the fancy pieces of art and sculpture that adorned her den. The room was magnificent.

Before long, the Madam turned and strolled back to the desk, carrying their drinks. She set one on a coaster just in front of Rebecca. Penelope took a sip of her own and sighed merrily before settling into her seat and leaning back in the tall executive chair.

“So, I'm told you're interested in joining our little group. You like dominating men, do you?”

Rebecca took a sip from her tumbler and almost coughed when the strength of the beverage hit her. “I'd major in Femdom if the school would let me.”

Penelope laughed. “Sadly, we're a long way from that world. If we want it, it's up to women like us to build it. Don't you think?”

“I couldn't agree more.”

“We're a fairly new organization. In fact, I'm the one who founded it. Do you know why I chose the letters Sigma Phi Delta?”

“Stephanie didn't fill me in on that.”

“Its initials correspond to our real name. The *Sisterhood of Female Domination*.” she stated with a smile. “Well, there's no 'F' in the Greek alphabet” she admitted. “But Phi was the closest thing.”

“I like it” Rebecca said before taking another sip of the rum and ginger beer. “Simple, yet elegant.”

“Good. I heard about the little bash you organized at AOE. Quite impressive, feminizing your slave and smuggling him into a sorority house for a gang bang.”

“It was the most fun I've had all year. Unfortunately, it disqualified me running for sorority president and I'm not interested in sticking around after how they treated me. Since I'm leaving AOE anyway, I jumped at the chance when Steph told me about your group.”

Penelope took a big swig of her drink. “Perhaps it was for the best, then. You'll find way more opportunities to indulge your impulses here.”

“I can't wait. So, how do admissions work for Sigma Phi Delta?”

The Madam chuckled again. “I can see you're a direct woman, so I'll be direct with you. You can enroll

in our pledge program like a normal candidate if you wish. However, we have an accelerated program for women of **means**, which I understand you are. Does that interest you?"

"Absolutely" Rebecca replied with wide eyed curiosity. "Tell me more."

"While less formal than NPC sororities, we do have a pledge, sponsorship and approval process like any other. We also train women in the Femdom arts where they may be lacking, during that trial period. Stephanie has just begun this process. Furthermore, all Sisters pay dues of five thousand dollars per year or render that same amount in service to the sorority house."

"Render... service?"

"The fun kind" Penelope answered, grabbing a leather riding crop from her desk and holding it up.

"Oh! I see."

"However, for women who'd prefer to invest money rather than time and wish to bypass the pledge process, we offer another package. You can pay twenty five thousand up front with no need to pledge or be sponsored."

Rebecca didn't flinch at the amount. "I didn't bring my check book with me today, but the money isn't a an issue. I'd be granted Sisterhood immediately?"

"You become an honorary member, with full privileges. After being active for a year and paying your second round of dues, you become a full member. You're still subject to our rules, but you don't have to jump through any hoops to join."

"What privileges do members enjoy, exactly?"

"Full use of the house, including any slaves we have on hand to entertain you. We encourage our Sisters to lend their submissives to the house. The service of their slaves is also credited to them for the purpose of paying dues. Also, the more a Sister contributes, the more she's considered for leadership."

It sounded fantastic, but something didn't add up. The finances of such an operation seemed questionable at best.

"Forgive me for prying, but in a system where members can offer service instead of paying dues, the money has to come from somewhere. I assume there aren't a lot of young women who can just cut a check for twenty five thousand, or even five. What am I missing?"

Madam Penelope raised her index finger and smiled. "Smart girl. You've figured it out before even visiting the house. We're more than just a sorority. We're a business."

"And who are the clients?"

"We cater to men looking for kinky fun, of course, but often men purchasing our services become house slaves themselves before long. In truth, our best repeat clients are wealthy and middle class women. Mature women in loveless marriages, divorcees and widows. Women of all ages whose partners never let them indulge their fantasies."

Rebecca nodded. It was all starting to make sense. Madam Penelope had quite the racket going. No wonder she was living in a palace.

On top of her growing respect for the Femdom hustler across the desk, Rebecca felt warm below. She tingled with giddy glee just thinking about sending Zack to the Sigma Phi Delta house for an extended stay. It would be worth every penny. Rebecca only hoped she could get away from school often enough to enjoy Zack's torment in person.

“And those women's favorite playthings tend to be...”

“Cute young submissives. Handsome, college-age men at their beck and call. Preferably a little gullible and out of their league, but eager to please.”

Rebecca snickered. “Madam Penelope, have I got the slave for you!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Open your mouth you filthy bitch!”

Zack's body jostled against the bondage bench as he was fucked powerfully from behind. The half-naked Pearl was plowing him with a massive strapon. The blonde at his front gripped his rubber hood and slapped him fiercely.

**\*SMACK\***

“I said open! **NOW!**”

His face was already covered in her juices, but he opened his mouth for her a third time. Zack's rubber-wrapped face was a mess, dripping with vaginal fluids and frothy spittle.

**\*PPPHHHTHHHHIIPPPHHH\***

She spat another thick wad of warm saliva into his mouth.

“Swallow it, **whore!**”

Zack downed the fat loogie with visible distaste. Before he could cough or groan in disgust, the woman mashed her dripping jungle of wet hair and flesh back into his face. She dug her fingers into his hood, grasping his rubberized skull tightly as she sealed his mouth to her pussy. Zack was immersed in her pungent smell and taste, his tongue extending reflexively and dipping into her tangy hole.

“That's it! **Lick it slave!** Lick me while your asshole gets wrecked!”

His red and beaten ass, already the receptacle of several strapons and one fist, jiggled as Pearl fucked him with gusto. She moaned as the harness stroked her sex just right, dialing up her pleasure as she pounded the new slave relentlessly. He thighs flexed as her body slapped into Zack's bottom, sending

the rubber cock balls deep in the crack of his latex suit.

Zack's hands pulled against their bindings but found no give. He groaned as he drowned in sopping wet quim and felt ten inches of silicone cock drill his depths. His abused pucker ached and his cheeks were red with a hundred spanks. Even as he suffered in bondage, the thrust of slick rubber over his prostate teased him with hints of divine pleasure. The conditioning echoed in his mind; female whispers reinforcing that he was born to be used like this. He burned with shame that Rebecca had asserted such full control over his thoughts as well as his body.

No sooner had he thought her name, than the blonde Domina appeared on the balcony with Madam Penelope. The two of them looked down at the crowd in the main hall, observing the spectacle of writhing bodies. There were half a dozen bound men and three times as many women enjoying their helpless forms. It was an impressive display, yet only a small fraction of the total debauchery currently taking place throughout the Madam's home.

Rebecca pointed to her personal slave, identifying Zack for her new idol. The Madam nodded and watched briefly as the young man was pounded fiercely and lapped away at a Sister's snatch.

At Penelope's instruction, the pumping music faded to a dull hum. She raised her arms and drew all attention to herself and her new acolyte. The Femdom orgy came to a halt as all eyes turned upward to the Goddess in black leather and clingy satin.

**“LADIES!** I interrupt your fun only to bring good news! As of tomorrow, we have a new Sister! Tonight, we welcome Mistress Rebecca and her slave into the fold of Sigma Phi Delta! I have no doubt they'll serve us well, especially her little bitch boy down there! It looks like he's off to a fine start!”

Laughs reverberated through the hall as the women's gazes all switched to Zack before returning to their leader above.

“What say you, Mistress of Ceremonies?” Penelope called to Ivanna. “Shall we do something special to welcome Mistress Rebecca and her collared slut?”

The leather enforcer stood at attention below, smiling broadly with her crop tucked behind her back in both hands. “I know what I'd like to see, Madam.” She released her weapon and raised it in her right hand before yelling the answer. **“ASS TO ASS!!!”**

Every other woman in the hall started echoing her words and the chant grew steadily until it filled the cavernous room.

**“ASS TO ASS! ASS TO ASS! ASS TO ASS!”**

Before he knew what was happening, Zack was unlocked from the bondage bench and pulled to his feet by the leash. Three women led him to a bondage table in the center of the hall. He and another slave in full rubber were propped up on the surface and turned opposite each other.

“Oh shit! Is this gonna be like that movie?!?” Pearl shouted above the excited chanting.

“Yeah, but even better! These sluts won't have it so easy.” Ivanna answered as she helped with the preparation.

A truly colossal double dildo was brought to bear, walked onto the scene by two leather vixens. It was a two foot length of fat rubber cockmeat that was thicker than Zack's forearm. His eyes bulged as it passed by his field of vision and disappeared behind him.

He heard the slave behind him yelp as it was fed into the young man's ass. Zack was next to cry out as the massive toy plowed into his stretched rectum. It slid in slowly with help from all the residual lube collected in his ravaged depths.

Several Sisters grabbed Zack and the other submissive, guiding them closer together as their asses worked down the giant length between them. After several minutes of arduous pushing and grunting, Zack felt his bruised ass cheeks brush up against the other slave's. He gasped on hands and knees as he was continuously grabbed and prodded by the Dommies around him.

In case that indignity wasn't enough, predicament bondage was introduced next. With a few lengths of chain and some snap hook fasteners, Zack's wrist cuffs were chained tightly to the other man's ankle cuffs. This was followed by the reverse, tightening the second slave's wrist cuffs to Zack's ankle cuffs. Their bodies were locked together, pulling against each other as the fat invader between them speared deep into both their anal cavities.

“Alright sluts! **Move it!** I want to see those asses **CLAP!**” Ivanna shouted over the raucous cheering.

She smacked her crop against the table, making it clear there would be consequences if they didn't perform. Even more Sisters gathered in the hall thanks to the commotion. The chant went up again as all eyes fell on Zack and his new butt buddy.

“**ASS TO ASS! ASS TO ASS! ASS TO ASS!**”

The mystery slave pushed back against the gigantic rubber cock and Zack followed suit. His face registered a mixture of pain, pleasure and pure shame as he looked out and saw a crowd of screaming, delirious Dommies egging them on. Zack's ass cheeks slapped against the other slave's as he edged himself back and forth on the monster toy. He grimaced, gritting his teeth as the behemoth dildo sank deeper and stretched him beyond what should've been possible.

**\*SMACK\***

Another woman's palm streaked across his cheek. Fresh volleys of warm, syrupy phlegm decorated his face as several Sisters spat on him. Camera flashes blinked off one by one, capturing his degradation forever on their phones. His chains jingled as he fucked himself for their amusement, his ass cheeks burning with every bounce.

The spectacle grew as Madam Penelope and Rebecca looked upon the circus of filth with wide grins and thunderous applause. When the women below grew tired of watching and cheering, the Sisters donned their strapons and lined up at either end of the perverse display.

Zack's head was grabbed and a rubber cock was shoved into his mouth without ceremony. The unidentified woman seized the back of his head and fucked his face with sadistic glee. He felt the chains on his wrists and ankles pulled as the man behind him struggled. Zack could do nothing as he was jerked back and forth, repeatedly filled and tormented at both ends.



At some point in the brutal BDSM orgy, Ivanna remembered she still had the remote that controlled Zack's TENS unit. She turned the dial to eight, pressed the zapper again and laughed like a maniac as she watched him contend with the additional suffering. Zack groaned around thrusting silicone cock as pain flooded his lower body. His convulsions did nothing to slow the merciless spit-roast.

If he could've looked up, Zack would've seen the most serene smile on Rebecca's face. An unusual softness had entered her hazel eyes as she beheld the carnival of female fury and lust. Absent all the latex clinging to her body, she might have looked like a normal, cheerful, college co-ed in that moment. For the first time, Rebecca felt like she belonged somewhere. It was the happiest day of her young life.

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