

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 5 – Maid To Suffer

A neon sign buzzed near the booth where Zack and Moxie were enjoying a large cheese pizza. It was a quaint little shop not far from campus. The orange and red sign was compromised of a glowing pizza graphic and the name of the establishment: “Pizza Time.” Mazzy Star's “Fade Into You” played softly from a jukebox in the corner.

The unlikely couple had exchanged pleasantries and talked about school and work as they waited for their meal. Now the booth was quiet as they scarfed down hot slices; an indication they'd both been famished.

Moxie was slowly draining her wine cooler in small swigs while Zack downed a bottle of spring water and a half. He didn't know how much bondage or fetish attire Moxie would make him endure over the weekend, but he wanted to be well hydrated. He'd learned that lesson in his short time as a submissive.

Zack tried not to stare at Moxie, but it was difficult. She was gorgeous, intelligent, confident and sexually experienced. Even watching her eat pizza was charming in its own way. Zack had fallen for her, and that's why it was easy not to be fearful or even reluctant about a weekend as her slave.

“So!” she began after finishing her second slice. “How'd you like your weekend with Rebecca and Sasha?”

“It was... an interesting experience” he dodged, not wanting to start their evening on a negative note.

Moxie laughed. “That's putting it mildly, aint it? I mean, based on what we did last Saturday... I can only imagine what the rest of your weekend was like.”

“It was pretty intense. That's for sure.”

“Do you like 'intense', Zack?” she asked huskily before taking another sip of her drink.

“I think I might enjoy it more with you than any of the women I've submitted to thus far.”

Moxie gave a sinister chuckle before taking a longer swig of her wine cooler and setting it down. “Good answer” she said with a wink.

Zack polished off his third slice and second bottled water before breaking the silence again. “Can I ask you a personal question?”

“I don't see why not. We're about to get very personal, after all.”

“At the Sin Bin, you mentioned you liked being topped by strong men. I'm curious how often you do that, as opposed to being the Domme? Do you have a preference?”

“No preference at all. I enjoy the hell out of both!” she shot back immediately. “But, as time goes on, I find I dominate more because...” she trailed off for a moment, lost in thought.

“Well, it's just hard to find a guy I feel comfortable submitting to. A lot of the male doms I've met are creepy, rapey losers who just want a woman to give them sex on command. They don't see it as a relationship or actually care about their submissive. They just want to abuse someone and get their rocks off. If I'm going to submit to a guy, I need to know him **really** well first. I need to see that he's a genuine, caring human being and not just some pathetic, horny dude-bro looking for an ego boost.”

Zack nodded. He couldn't help but draw parallels from what she was saying to Rebecca and Sasha. He could definitely sympathize.

“Oh god, did I say too much? That was a lot for a first date, wasn't it?”

“No! Not at all” Zack insisted. “I appreciate you sharing.”

'She called it a date!' He couldn't help but swoon a bit.

“Awwww, aren't you a sweet one?” Moxie said with a smile. “Alright, my turn to get personal! At the risk of sounding like a hypocrite, since this is a very “dude-bro” question: How many girlfriends? And how many of them topped you?”

“Oh, ummm...”

“No judgments, Zack. I just want to know what I'm getting into.”

Zack blew air through his bottom lip before admitting the truth. “Three. If you count Rebecca and Sasha. All in the last week. And they all dominated me.”

Moxie balked in surprise, almost coughing on her drink. Her sip had turned into an unexpected glug.

“Wow! Your only girlfriends have been in the last week? And they all topped you?!? You're jumping in with both feet, aren't ya?”

“Feels more like I was pushed” Zack replied with a grin. “But at least I'm learning to swim.”

“I see. Well, I hope you can maintain that positive attitude over the weekend” she said, finishing her wine cooler and setting down the bottle with a gentle clink. “You're going to need it.”

* * * * *

The lights clicked on and Zack followed Moxie into her apartment carrying their box of leftovers. An initial appraisal revealed a spacious, if not terribly modern, two bedroom apartment. Moxie's place wasn't in the nicest neighborhood. It was located in one of the rundown sections of town where college kids could live off campus cheaply. Zack imagined she could afford to live somewhere better, but this probably allowed her to sock away money while she planned whatever the next move in her life was.

“You can put that on the counter by the fridge” Moxie said as she turned and began locking up. She turned the deadbolt, applied a chain-string lock and turned the normal lock on the door. Zack might have found that a little ominous, but it was pretty clear she was a single woman doing her best to stay safe in a college town.

Moxie followed him into the kitchen and pointed to where he should leave the pizza. She waited for him to turn and flashed him a smile before making her pronouncements.

“Full disclosure: I own a handgun. I don't plan on pulling it out this weekend, but I just thought you should know, in case I need it for some reason.”

Zack's nerves spiked momentarily until he realized she was just being transparent and not making some weird threat.

“Ok. Good to know...”

Moxie placed her hands on her hips, not missing a beat. “Since this is our first time, we're going to keep the safe words simple. You say “Red” if I'm going too far. “Yellow” if you're approaching your limit and need me to slow down. Understand?”

“Yes... Mistress?”

“Ah, very good. You guessed the next topic. Throughout the weekend you will address me only as 'Mistress' or 'Mommy.' I like both, so mix it up.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

Moxie walked closer to him. She straightened his hair and ran a finger down Zack's chest. “Good boy. Rebecca has given me some rules to follow, but they're nothing major. Nothing I wouldn't have done myself, for that matter.”

Zack nodded. “If they're the three rules I'm thinking of, they're the same ones she gave to Sasha.”

“Oh, very good. No need to repeat them, then!”

Moxie turned, opened her cabinets below the sink and extracted a roll of duct tape. She popped back up, walked to the end of her counter and retrieved a magic marker from a container of pens and other writing implements. As she walked back to Zack she pulled a piece of duct tape free, the familiar unwinding sound tearing out before she ripped a piece off.

“As much as I appreciate Rebecca lending you to me, I don't want to look at her name all weekend. Kind of kills the dynamic, you know?”

She took the duct tape and began wrapping it around the left side of his collar carefully. She covered the “REBECCA C.” completely before taking up her pen and writing “MOXIE” across the gray tape.

“Better. Now, let's get a leash for that collar and put you in something shiny.”

She walked by Zack, giving the O-ring at his neck a tug with one finger before letting it go.

Zack followed her out of the kitchen and was given a more thorough view of the apartment. The first thing he noticed was the abundance of plants. Moxie had a green thumb and her place was adorned with dozens of different flowers, house plants and other potted greenery.

The second thing he observed was how messy the place was. Her sink was full of dishes. Her garbage was overflowing. There were items strewn all about the living room and hallway. Moxie's apartment was as cluttered and disorganized as Sasha's room but also less clean. Zack swiped his finger on a bookshelf as they passed and found dust immediately. He didn't know if Moxie was too busy between working and partying or if she simply hated cleaning, but either way, her dwelling needed attention.

They passed a bathroom and what must have been Moxie's bedroom, but he only got a brief peek at it. Even though it was dark inside, he could tell it was just as cluttered and messy as the rest of her apartment. Moxie unlocked the door to the second bedroom; the only room in the house for which the door had been shut. Zack discovered why immediately.

“This is my play room” Moxie said, gesturing to the racks of sex toys and several pieces of bondage equipment. “It also doubles as a guest room” she explained, indicating the leather futon in one corner. “But most of my company is of the kinky variety.”

She moved to the room's closet and opened it, revealing a long line of leather and latex outfits. Zack could only stare in bemusement at the bounty of kink around him.

“What, you thought I only worked at the Sin Bin for the money? The employee discount is the best part” she said with a devilish grin.

“It's just, to see you in public, no one would ever guess you were into S&M, let alone to this extent.”

“Awww, bless your heart...” she said as she walked back to him. Her wide smile and luscious blonde hair were disarming, but he could tell from her demeanor things were about to get serious. Her dark brown eyes stared into his intently.

“Remove your clothes and shoes. Leave them on the futon. You won't be needing them until Sunday. You have sixty seconds to complete this task or you will be spanked.”

As Zack rushed to comply, Moxie walked back to the closet, her heels clacking on the hardwood floor. She extracted a black, latex gimp suit and a thick rubber hood from the closet and laid them across the bondage horse in the middle of the room. Zack quickly removed what was left of his clothes and made a neat pile on the futon, his sneakers stored directly below.

“What's your shoe size?” she called from the closet. “Nine? Ten?”

“Nine” Zack confirmed, hoping she meant a men's size. The last time she'd fitted him for footwear, it had been women's.

“Perfect” she replied, grabbing up a pair of leather boots. She turned, walked back to her now naked slave and tossed them by the bondage horse. Moxie studied him up and down, stopping at his sadly limp penis.

“You don't look very happy to see me, Zack” she said in a cheeky tone.

“It's a little chilly in here” he quipped back.

Moxie giggled, then nodded toward his new attire. “Get dressed. I'll be back in ten minutes or so.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

* * * * *

Zack stood by the bondage horse, waiting for his Domina to return. His body was already starting to heat up in the tight, slick latex bodysuit and clingy hood, but at least his back was still cool. There was no way he could zip himself up, so until she returned, his skin was still getting some air. The boots she left him fit snugly, the thick leather rising to his ankles and ensuring his entire body would be covered once he was sealed up in the back.

He flexed his latex fingers in anticipation. He knew this weekend wouldn't be easy, but it had to be more enjoyable than the last. Besides, it would be worth it. To be with her...

The door creaked open and in stepped an incomparable Goddess. She wore a glossy black latex top that covered her shoulders and arms, but left her bosom and midriff exposed. At her waist she wore nothing but a leather thong with a zipper for easy removal.

The latex top had garters that extended down to her shiny leather boots; clipping to them at mid thigh. The glorious leather slid up from her stiletto heels, almost completely covering her amazing legs. To top it off, Moxie had let her hair down for the first time since he'd met her. Her wavy blonde locks cascaded around her angelic face, her lips now painted the deepest red.

Zack couldn't speak. He couldn't even think. All he could do was stare and try not to slobber all over himself.

“Cat got your tongue, slave?”

“You're the most beautiful woman I've ever met, Mistress!” Zack blurted out. He didn't care how corny or cliché it sounded. It was the truth.

Moxie blushed slightly. “Well, at least you know how to pay a woman a compliment.”

She walked to her rack of naughty implements, the leather of her boots creaking in between the slow, distinct knocks of her heels on the floor. She selected a crop and a tiny padlock from her impressive collection of toys before making her way back to Zack.

“Turn around.”

He obeyed and within seconds he felt the zipper flowing up his back. The thick latex formed a seal with his skin as the familiar rippling sound signaled the end of his freedom. Moxie unhinged the padlock

and worked its tiny metal rod through the bottom clasp of the rubber hood and through the clasp of the gimp suit's zipper before locking it firmly. Now the two pieces were locked together, and he wouldn't be able to remove either without her help.

Moxie tossed the key on the bondage horse before pressing herself on him. Her latex-clad breasts met his back as her hips found his ass. Her gloved hands slid up around his chest as Zack stood at attention. She felt him up and down for a while before bringing her fingers to his nipples and squeezing them. After a few pinches, she brought her mouth to his right ear.

“I'll give you this much, Zack. You're fit as a fiddle. You look damn good in rubber.”

Her right hand snaked down and began caressing his cock and balls through the thick latex.

“I'm going to enjoy making you my bitch this weekend. Think you'll enjoy that too?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Moxie closed her hands around his groin firmly, squeezing his cock and balls just enough to cause a little pain. Zack grunted involuntarily.

“That's three times in a row you've called me Mistress. Forgetting my instructions already?”

“No, Mommy!”

She released her grip on his package, sliding her hand back up and over his chest.

“Good boy. If you do everything Mommy says this weekend and serve your Goddess well, there will be a special surprise waiting for you at the end. You want that, don't you, Zack?”

“Yes, Mommy!”

“Mmmhmmm, I know you do. Now, it's time to begin your first task.”

Moxie released him before moving back to her toy rack and selecting several items. Zack turned and watched her retrieve a strapon harness, a sizable dildo and a long chain leash. She sauntered back to Zack, deftly snapped the end of the chain leash on the O-ring of his collar and flashed him an excited smile. She took up the end of the leash, giving it a firm tug as she led him away. The shiny, metal links rattled between them as they exited the play room.

Zack got an amazing, but sadly short, view of Moxie's strutting ass as they walked down the short hallway back to the kitchen. Her leather thong underwear covered very little; leaving almost nothing to the imagination. He was practically drooling and she hadn't even gagged his mouth.

His excitement was short lived as Moxie parked him in front of the kitchen sink. He stared at the sink full of dirty dishes as she bent down and rummaged below. Moxie popped back up with a pair of thick, yellow rubber gloves; the kind you wore to avoid burns and “dish pan hands.” She dropped them in front of Zack on the edge of the counter.

“Put those on.”

Zack began pulling the tough, rubbery gloves over his latex encased hands and forearms. Rubber on latex was somehow even more difficult than rubber on skin. As he struggled with them, he could hear Moxie strapping and buckling her harness into place behind him. Once her strapon was securely in place and Zack had managed to pull the stretchy gloves over the arms of his gimp suit, she looked up at the clock on the wall.

“You will now do the dishes. **ALL** the dishes. They will be immaculately clean by the time you are done. You have twenty minutes to complete this task. If you do not finish the task in time, you will be punished.” She closed in on Zack from behind, the fat head of her strapon poking at his ass. “If you drop any dishes, you will be punished for that as well. And if you **break** anything, you will be **severely punished**. Understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. You may begin.”

Zack turned on the “hot” tap and studied the task before him as he waited for the stream of water to warm up. Not only was the sink full of dirty dishes, but there was a small mountain of dirty plates, cups and cooking utensils beside him. He didn't know if twenty minutes would be enough even if he didn't have other distractions to contend with, and he had a good idea what was coming.

Right on cue, Moxie unzipped his ass flap. Thankfully, she didn't proceed to directly fuck his ass like Rebecca would've. He felt two of Moxie's fingers slip into his pucker and start circling around. He let out a light moan as her rubbery digits began working back and forth. With how gentle she was being, the intrusion didn't feel so bad. As her latex fingers slipped in and out, it almost felt pleasant. Zack closed his eyes.

'Shit! I'm not washing!'

He tried to focus on the task, grabbing the dish soap and squirting some all over the mountain of filthy objects in the sink. He grunted as Moxie dug her fingers in deeper and then added a third.

“Mmmm... such a nice little boy pussy you have! So eager to let me in. Almost like you've had something up here recently? Been playing with your ass at home, have we?”

“Rebecca made me, Mistress.”

“Oh? Is that so? Did you enjoy it?”

“No, Mistress.”

“That's a shame. Let's see if we can make anal play a bit more enjoyable for you.”

She withdrew her fingers and Zack tried to concentrate on washing. He'd only cleaned two plates so far and he had so many to go. He wasn't sure how he'd cope once she shoved that monster toy inside him. He was getting warm and sweaty inside the gimp suit already. The hot water and extra layer of rubber on his arms weren't helping.

Moxie inserted her middle finger into his rectum and began gently stroking it up and down as she pressed inward. He could feel it running back and forth along his anal walls as she poked and prodded deeper. Up and down, up and down, **UP AND DOWN!**

Zack gasped, his entire body shuddering. The plate he'd been holding clattered into the sink. It hit the bottom loudly, but thankfully it didn't shatter. He held the edge of the counter firmly as his entire body quivered. Moxie zeroed in on the area that caused his reaction, stroking it up and down smoothly.

“Ohhhh.... **fuck!**”

Moxie chuckled. “That's your prostate, Zack. The male g-spot. Feels nice, doesn't it?”

Zack was beginning to lose his mind. Every gentle stroke with her latex finger was sending pleasure wracked shocks from his groin to the rest of his body.

“Ahhhummm... it feels...”

“Don't lie, slut. Say it.”

“It feels good, Mistress!”

He hated admitting it, but it was true. Zack's breathing was ragged as she continued.

“That's right. The male g-spot is in the ass. That suggests that your ass should be played with, doesn't it Zack?”

“I... ummmm...”

SMACK

Moxie cracked the open palm of her free hand across his ass cheek. “The correct answer is **YES!**”

“Yes, Mommy!”

“Your cock could be soft as cookie dough and you'd still cum if I did this long enough. But we can't have that, can we...”

Moxie withdrew her finger. Zack sighed, his pleasure nerves finally given a break. Control over his body slowly returned. His cheeks were flush red below the gimp mask and his body was completely overwhelmed. Nevertheless, he returned to his task, picking up the dish he'd dropped and washing it as quickly as he could.

Moxie rustled with something in the background before stepping in closer behind him. He felt three of her fingers slide into his ass again, this time covered in slimy lube. She began working them in and out at a steady pace, a moist **thwocking** sound emerging as she lubed his sphincter up liberally.

When she was satisfied he was ready, she pulled her fingers free and grabbed his hips. Moxie pulled his body back just slightly and used her other hand to press his back down.

“Bend over hun... just a little bit.”

Zack complied, his ass extending back as his torso dipped down. Now washing dishes would be even more difficult with his core strength taken away. He was leaning against the counter as his hands frantically worked. He felt Moxie kick his legs apart below.

The cold, imposing end of her thick strapon met his lube slick pucker and he tried his best to relax. Moxie grabbed his hip firmly and thrust forward, two thirds of her rubbery length gliding in with ease. Zack let out some combination of a grunt and moan, his domestic duties halting as he became accustomed to her deep insertion.

Moxie let out a throaty chuckle as she ran her hands up and down his shiny, jet-black form. She stroked her rubber whore lovingly as she continued the forward pressure and her cock sank all the way in to the hilt.

“You're not working very fast, slave. You must really want some punishment...”

Zack attempted to get back into a dish-washing rhythm, but it was broken immediately as Moxie seized his hips aggressively and began withdrawing her rubber monster and thrusting it home. He grunted and almost dropped another dish, his body shaking each time her hips met his and her fat phallus speared into his fleshy pucker. She reached up to his neck, grabbing the chain leash and winding it around her hand as she established a steady fucking pace. Zack's attempts to focus on his task were increasingly futile.

The slurping of her well lubed strapon and the fapping sound of her hips against his ass could be heard over the running water as her fucks became more forceful.

“How does it feel, Zack?”

“It feels so full, Mommy!”

“I'm not talking about your ass! I'm talking about **YOU**. How does it feel being fucked over a sink by a woman while you do her dishes?”

“I...”

“**ANSWER!**”

“It's embarrassing, Mistress!”

“**What?** Are you saying you're embarrassed to be my slave?!?”

“No Mommy! I'm sorry!!!”

“Not half as sorry as you're going to be!”

Moxie tugged on his leash harshly as she began fucking him like a woman possessed. His body jerked back and forth harshly as she pummeled his ass with every ounce of her strength. Her cock plowed into his depths powerfully, the rubber ball-sack blistering his buttocks with each thrust.

Zack abandoned any pretense of trying to finish his work, hanging onto the counter as best he could as she yanked his body and fucked him with vigor. Moxie began belting out moans and groping his body all over as her libido shot through the roof. The sound of her lube slick cock rutting into his waiting asshole filled the room, broken only by her wails of pleasure and Zack's grunts.

The minutes flew by as Moxie displayed an impressive stamina for ass fucking. The long, fat, greasy strapon teased Zack's prostate and made it impossible for him to do anything but gasp, moan and hang on for the ride. It wasn't as intense as Moxie's direct stimulation had been, but her pounding still humbled him into a weird combination of compliance, soreness and giddiness. Zack hated that being fucked in the ass had this effect on him, but he could do nothing until the sex crazed Domina had her fill.

After what felt like an entire evening of being reamed, Moxie cried out in climax and her thrusts slowly came to a stop. She leaned against his back, breathing deeply. Zack leaned on the sink and tried to get his bearings. A few moments later he felt her strapon slurch out of his ass, lube dripping all over the floor as his well-abused hole shrunk back to something approaching its normal size.

“Mmmm... that was nice” Moxie exclaimed, running her hands up her body and giving her breasts a light squeeze. She zipped up his ass flap before looking at the kitchen clock. “But it's been twenty five minutes. You failed. Finish up the dishes and report to the play room for punishment.”

Moxie's boots clacked into the distance as Zack returned to his work. As he soaked, scrubbed and rinsed, he began to wonder if he'd ever learn his lesson. Hell, he **knew** what to expect this time, but his hormones and a pretty face had enslaved him once again.

* * * * *

WAP

“Sixteen!”

WAP

“Seventeen!”

Zack laid over the leather bondage horse counting the strokes as Moxie flayed his exposed ass. She was using a flogger that was made up of glossy leather tassels. It had looked intimidating when she first picked it up, but Zack was surprised to discover her blows weren't nearly as harsh as the ones Rebecca dealt out.

WAP

“Eighteen!”

Maybe she was starting him off easy? Would there be many more punishments throughout the weekend? It seemed likely if his colossal failure in the first task was any indication. The blows had

only just begun to sting. His ass started to sizzle and redden as the golden haired beauty continued.

WAP

“Nineteen!”

WAP

“Twenty!”

Her whippings came to a stop and he heard Moxie stalk around behind him. Her boot heels struck the floor with authority several times before she spoke.

“Very good, slave. You didn't cry out once. Don't worry, I'll discover your pain threshold eventually. Do you have anything you'd like to say?”

“Thank you, Mistress!”

“You're welcome, slut, but we're not done yet. Those were just for failing the task. You also dropped one dish. How many strokes do you think that's worth?”

“F-five, Mistress?”

“Alright. **Ten** it is then. Start the count over when I begin.”

Zack took a deep breath and bit his tongue. He didn't know if he could get through ten more without yelling. Would there be a punishment for that too?

WAP

“One!”

WAP

“Two!”

* * * * *

It was ironic, really. Moxie hadn't bound him at all when he was taking her flogger, but now that he was kneeling on her living room floor he was almost completely immobilized. She had applied leather cuffs to his ankles and locked them together with a very short chain. After that, a thick leather arm-binder was applied to his limbs and pulled fiercely tight before she clipped its end to the ankle chain. He could sort of move his thighs and knees if he wanted to, but in the kneeling position, no forward momentum was possible, let alone the ability to stand up.

The room was dark aside from the glow of her widescreen TV. It cast an eerie light on the leather couch in front of him, highlighting its shine except for the portion covered by Zack's gimp-shaped shadow. He

was beginning to ponder what Moxie had planned when her stiletto heels announced her return.

She dropped a bag of items on the couch before sliding into the short space between Zack and the leather sofa. She sat down just in front of him, a smile on her face and a remote in her hand. She looked past Zack at the screen and began playing with the remote, navigating to whatever it was she wanted to watch.

“You've heard of 'Netflix and chill', right Zack?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“That's what we're going to do, only it works a little differently in our relationship. I choose what to watch. I relax. And you kneel there; sweating, aching and giving me pleasure. Doesn't that sound nice?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I'm glad you think so.”

Moxie pressed a couple more buttons and her program began. Zack couldn't make out exactly what it was, but from the bits of the intro he was hearing, it sounded like some popular drama. The rubber hood had no ear holes, so unless someone was speaking relatively close to his head or shouting, words were nothing but garbled murmurs.

Zack's eyes lit up and he straightened his back in attention as he saw Moxie open her legs, slide her hand down and unzip her leather thong. She tossed the shiny garment aside and slid her body down into a comfortable position; settling into the rippling leather with a sigh of contentment.

Although his shadow was cast over her lower body, Zack could still make out the details of her lovely sex. She was mostly shaved; her pussy a soft oval of inviting flesh with just a bit of trimmed blonde hair above her vulva.

“Alright sugar... .”

Moxie grabbed the sides of his hood and pulled his face down unceremoniously. Zack was immediately immersed in the smell, taste and slick smoothness of her warm, wet flesh. He extended his tongue and began lapping away, his arm-binder creaking as the leather stretched from his exertion. The chain connecting the rubber prison to his ankle cuffs rattled behind him as he leaned down to comply with her oral demands.

Moxie had a light, musky taste with just a hint of saltiness that flooded Zack's mouth and nose as she pressed him into her depths. He painted the outside of her lips with an eager tongue, the blonde belle letting out a light moan as he followed her lead. Long minutes flew by as Zack bathed her outer sex with loving attention.

Soon, she pulled at his head more greedily, directing his tongue over her hungry vaginal opening and imploring him to dig deeper. Zack slipped his tongue into her waiting canal, slowly at first; being careful not to go too fast or too deep without Moxie's urging. He needn't have worried.

“That's it! Right there... Deeper slut!”

She mashed his face into her depths, her left hand maintaining a firm grip on the back of his head. Her other hand found her clitoral hood and began rubbing around it softly. Moxie kept his mouth pressed to her velvety entrance, his tongue sliding into her increasingly moist depths and slurping across the top of her vaginal wall with each extraction.

“**YES...** just like that!”

Zack tongued her deep and powerfully. Her juices slid into his mouth and her taste bathed his tongue with each wet insertion and withdrawal. His arms ached in the rubber restraints behind him. His knees bit into the floor harshly, growing more raw with each passing minute. Moxie moaned and began bucking slightly. Her knees swept inward and clamped to Zack's body, her powerful thighs latching on to him.

“Don't stop! **DON'T STOP!!!**”

Moxie screamed in climax, her body shaking on the plush leather as he inhaled her copious fluids. Her fingers dug into his rubbery hood fiercely, sealing his face in her fleshy depths. Zack's attempts to breathe resulted in vaginal juices seeping down his nose and into his lungs as he sputtered and slurped away. His Domina shook and sprayed into his face as tidal waves of pleasure crashed through her body. Her vaginal gushing synced with her guttural shrieks of bliss.

After a while Moxie's quivering ceased and she released his head; her one hand still making small circles around her clitoris. She leaned back, panting and staring at the ceiling as Zack sat up. The muscles in his back were beginning to ache, but he was glad to have some control over his posture again; not to mention the ability to breathe.

Moxie's face was completely placid as she ended her rubbing and her hands dropped to her sides.

“Not bad, slave. Your technique needs work, but you get points for enthusiasm.”

Moxie picked up her remote and reversed the show to the last part she remembered.

“I'll be happy to train you. In that and many other things.”

She winked at him and then looked beyond, getting reabsorbed in her TV show.

Minutes passed and Zack continued kneeling before her, his sweat oozing between his body and the hot, clammy latex of his second skin. His stiff arms and increasingly tired knees begged for relief. He wondered how long he had before his legs began to cramp.

“Mistress?”

“Yes, slave?”

“It's just, if we're done for now, maybe you could...”

“Don't presume, Zack” she cut him off. An annoyed look spread over her face as she reached over to

her bag and pulled out a new toy.

Zack's eyes went wide as he caught his first glimpse of a double-ended dildo gag. It appeared to be three inches on one side and five inches on the other with a thick flap of leather separating them. Moxie wasted no time bringing the three inch side to his mouth.

“Open.”

He complied and she shoved it in firmly, the leather flap meeting the outside of his mouth. Moxie leaned forward and buckled the cruel device around his rubber clad head with practiced ease. The five inch cock on the other end now jutted from Zack's packed face.

“If you're going to speak out of turn, make sure it's for a good reason. You'll be punished for that later.”

The haughty Dominatrix settled back into the sofa and watched her show as Zack grew accustomed to the cock gag. He grunted and blew air through his nostrils as his saliva began seeping all around it. Her eyes darted back to Zack periodically, observing his suffering with increasing amusement.

Moxie began stroking her sex and it wasn't long before she wanted something more in her well lubed cunny. She reached forward and grabbed Zack's head, pulling his face into her steamy, wet pussy. She eased the rubber cock into her waiting hole; her mouth emitting a low pitched moan.

Once the dildo sank to the hilt, she released his head and resumed watching her program.

“In and out, slut boy. Slow to start.”

Zack pulled the dildo free of her glistening lips and pushed it back into her eager hole. His chains rattled with each Herculean effort in his bent over position; pleasuring his Goddess with the cock protruding from his face. His throat trickled with rubber flavored spittle and his nostrils flooded with Moxie's scent. All he could do was stare at her sex and breathe desperately through his nose as his rapidly tiring neck muscles slurped the shiny black dildo in and out of her hot, hungry cunt.

* * * * *

Zack leaned against the wall in Moxie's hallway, completely exhausted. He had given his Domina several orgasms as she enjoyed her premium TV time and after that, the trials of the night had continued. She had allowed him to re-hydrate, given him another round of spanking and then put him to work vacuuming the entire apartment. Once that was done, she ordered him to put away all the dishes and take out the garbage and recycling.

He must have been adequate at these tasks, since Moxie had announced no new punishments. Or perhaps she had simply saved the easy chores for the end of the night, knowing he'd be drained by then. Zack was brutally tired and his body was warmer and stickier than ever in the clingy latex bodysuit.

He didn't know if it was a reward for good service or if Moxie was simply in a good mood, but she'd unlocked and removed his hood for the night. After relieving himself, Zack now stood against the wall, his damp hair drying as he tried not to fall asleep on his feet.

Moxie had said she would only be a few minutes, but she was taking significantly longer to get ready for bed. Zack wondered if he'd be sleeping in a doggy bed at the foot of her mattress. Or perhaps there was a special cage the gimp went in for the night? It didn't matter. He would welcome either at this point. Zack's eyelids started to droop.

“Alright! You can come in!”

Zack righted himself and shuffled to Moxie's room. He opened the door and got a full, well-lit view of her quarters for the first time. It was remarkably normal compared to her play room. A desk with a laptop. A couple dressers, one sporting a small TV. A bookshelf packed with fantasy and mystery novels. Sure, there was the odd sex toy or piece of fetish clothing laying about, but it was a perfectly ordinary bedroom for the most part.

His gaze found Moxie perched atop her queen size bed. She had traded in her Dominatrix gear for a silky black nightie, black panties and long, dark stockings. Her new attire stood out nicely against the crimson red floral pattern of the blanket she sat upon. Both the headboard and footboard were lined with black leather and had D-rings embedded at strategic locations.

*'Ok, not a **completely** normal bedroom.'*

Moxie gave him a wink before pulling back the covers and patting the bed beside her. The satin sheets matched the blood red color of the blanket. Zack was pleasantly surprised that they were going to share a bed tonight. Still, he knew better than to get his hopes up.

He moved to the bed, turned, and sat down gratefully. Zack grunted softly as his still aching ass, back and midsection barked at him. She giggled, extending an arm and guiding him into a comfortable position on his back.

“You've certainly earned your rest tonight.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Still...” she said, reaching over the bedside to retrieve something. “I will be exercising a Domina's prerogative.” She held up two lengths of chain. The ends of each implement had sturdy locking clips on them.

“Hands above your head.”

She worked the first chain through the D-ring above him, running it through both of his wrist cuffs and clipping the loop closed. Thankfully, she left him a little slack so he could relax his arms. Moxie then moved to his feet and repeated the effort with his ankle cuffs. Zack could still pivot his body if he chose, but he wouldn't be moving his hands or feet very far.

Moxie got back in position beside him, wiggling closer to her bound slut. She began running her right hand up and down his glossy, gimp-suited body; watching him relax.

“So sugar, is it everything you imagined so far?”

“I tried my best not to imagine it. I just wanted to know you better.”

Moxie let out a sinister chuckle. “Well, you're certainly getting that, aren't you?”

“I suppose I am.”

They sat in silence for a while as Moxie massaged him up and down.

“You're not bad at this, you know. If the whole 'electrical engineer' thing doesn't work out, you could always become a male escort for well-heeled women.”

“There's a market for professional male submissives?”

“Oh, you better believe it, hun. They're harder to find, even, than female pro subs. The young, fit, attractive ones who will do whatever you want, that is. Someone your size could probably make a mint as a professional sissy boy.”

“It's good to have options, I guess.”

Moxie laughed and gestured to the bedside. “On your side, slave. Facing out.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

As Zack turned, Moxie reached over and turned off the light. The unfamiliar room was cast into darkness and he found Moxie pressing her breasts to his back; her hips meeting his sore ass gently. She pulled the blanket over them and got comfortable at his back, her arm extending over his side and stroking his chest some more.

Of all the ways he thought the day would end, being the little spoon in a beautiful Femdom's bed wasn't one he'd considered. As her perfume wafted over him, Zack couldn't deny how soothed he felt despite his shackled state.

“You ever feel lonely, Zack?”

“All the time.”

“Yeah... me too. I'm really glad you're here.”

“It's my pleasure, Mistress.”

“Hah! Now you're lying. I'm good at reading body language, Zack. You haven't enjoyed a single thing we've done yet.”

Her hand moved down to his groin and gripped his package through the thick latex. She stroked her hand up and down smoothly until his cock started to stir.

“But who knows... If you keep doing a good job, maybe that will change?”

Zack's eyes were heavy, but her sudden stimulation was too much to ignore. He pressed himself against

her hand, begging her to go further. She obliged, stroking him back and forth a little faster and more firmly. Moxie worked him up and down as his penis began to bulge and form an outline in his tight bodysuit. It was the best feeling in the world, especially after a night filled with endless sexual frustration...

And then she let go.

Zack bit his cheek and blew an exasperated breath through his nose. His manhood had filled with blood just as her teasing came to an end.

“Sleep tight, slave. Tomorrow will be a very busy day for you.”

“Yes, Mommy.”

Moxie's breathing grew deeper as she held onto his side and nodded off to sleep. Zack peered into the darkness, trying to make out the details of her room as he waited for his erection to subside.

It had been the craziest week of Zack's life and the immediate future looked no less interesting. He'd met and been collared by four dominant women in that short time. Each had been beautiful, powerful, mysterious and devious in their own way.

As he waited for dreams of a normal sex life to overtake him, Zack was left to wonder if Moxie's sweet touch wasn't the cruelest of them all.

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