

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 1 - Captured & Gimped

It was a cool autumn night and dance music was pumping in the stuffy nightclub “Euphoria.” It was a well known haunt for graduate students and other young professionals a few miles from campus. The pungent smells of alcohol, sweat and body spray assaulted Zack's nose as he sat at a table with his friends surveying the room. Flashing lights lit up the bar and ceiling periodically as techno beats blasted through the increasingly warm hall. Scores of people milled the busy club, passing between the dance floor and the outer edges where booths and tables were lined. Between the thunderous music and loud chatter, the place was deafening.

This wasn't how Zack typically spent his Friday nights. He would normally be back at his dorm reading a book, watching Netflix or adding to his vast collection of degenerate internet porn. His friends, however, were having none of it. Tom was a suave ladies man who Zack had known since high school and Marcus was a football player that Tom had introduced him to three years ago. They were good friends despite their vastly different experiences in life and over the summer Tom and Marcus had made it their personal mission to see that Zack finally lost his v-card.

They'd insisted he come to the club with them tonight and that's how Zack found himself in such a frenzied, foreign environment looking for love. Although he seemed out of place beside his taller, broader, more socially adept friends, he was glad to have two capable wingmen helping him.

“Not bad, huh?” Tom asked loudly, nodding toward the flashing, swirling mob of humanity that was the dance floor of “Euphoria.”

“Not really my thing!” Zack replied, practically yelling so they could hear him over the music “But I do like the women I'm seeing!”

“I bet you do!” Marcus retorted with a chuckle.

“You want anything to drink?” Tom inquired. “I'm buying.”

“I'll have a beer. Whatever's good” Marcus nodded.

“No thanks. I'm not really a drinker” Zack replied.

“Zack, social interaction goes best with a little lubrication” Tom shot back. “Even if you don't like the taste, it wouldn't hurt you to have a drink. If you want to get a little something-something tonight, that is!”

“I'll pass” Zack insisted.

Tom sighed. “Alright, suit yourself. Be right back.”

Tom walked to the bar as Zack and Marcus relaxed in their booth. They scanned the crowd together watching people come and go and occasionally making lewd comments when a woman caught their eye. It wasn't long until Tom was back, handing a beer to Marcus and cracking open his own. Marcus downed a third of his drink in one chug before setting it down and tapping Zack on the shoulder.

“Whoa, don't look now amigo, but I think someone has eyes for you.”

Zack's eyes opened wide. “Really?”

“Yup. Ok, now you can look. The blonde three tables down.”

Zack turned to look in the direction Marcus had indicated. He saw a gorgeous young blonde woman sitting at a booth a few tables down the aisle. Another woman was sitting with her, but her back was turned.

“You sure she was looking at Zack?” Tom asked.

“Directly at him. Three times.” Marcus replied.

“Woooooo! This might be your lucky night, buddy!” Tom said as he clapped Zack on the back.

“Either of you know who she is?” Zack quizzed.

“Yeah, that's Rebecca Cunningham.” Tom said with a sly expression “She was in one of my classes last year. Pretty smart. Rich bitch! Kind of an ice queen, but she's fuckin hot, I'll give her that much.”

“She just looked at you again” Marcus said before downing the rest of his beer. He then slammed the empty bottle on the table. “Fuck this, I'm hittin the floor.”

“No, wait!” Zack called out, imploring him to stay.

“You don't need my help, dude. She's staring right at you. Good luck!” Marcus patted him on the shoulder a couple times before slipping out of the booth and heading into the crowd.

“He's right Zack. It looks like you've stumbled into a jackpot. Don't get nervous now!”

“Alright, what do I do?”

“Don't overthink it.” Tom replied, taking another swig of his beer. “Just walk over there and strike up a conversation. Flirt a little. Don't try too hard to impress her. Trying too hard is what your type always do and if anything's gonna trip you up, it's that. Just be friendly and natural.”

“Alright, I think I can do that” Zack said, sounding anything but confident.

“You'll be fine” Tom said as he sat his empty bottle on the table. “Alright, I'm hitting the dance floor too. Gotta find a honey of my own. We can't all be lucky, like you!”

He flashed Zack a grin and a comical shrug as he backed away, finally turning and striding off.

Zack waited a few seconds before taking another glance over at the table where the two girls were sitting. Sure enough, Rebecca had been watching him. She flashed him a smile before turning her eyes back to the other person in her booth. She talked with the other woman briefly before nodding and laughing.

'Alright... be natural. Just get up and go introduce yourself. Don't blow this!'

Just as Zack was summoning the courage to stand and make his move, he saw the two women get up from their table.

'Shit! Did I miss my chance?!?'

To his surprise, they walked right down to his booth. His nerves shot through the roof as the two beautiful young women approached, their bags and drinks in hand.

Rebecca was tall and well toned. At least 5'10 or 5'11 with gorgeous blonde hair done up in a high ponytail. Wavy locks fell plentifully behind her head and trailed down the sides of her face. She looked like she could be on the cover of a fashion magazine. She wore a black lacy halter top that terminated just above her shiny leather skirt. A pair of black leather thigh highs completed her ensemble. Her gaze was cold and haughty, but her grin was nonetheless disarming.

The other woman was a real cutey with medium length red hair. She was about Zack's height of 5'7 or maybe an inch taller. She sported a white, spaghetti strap top that showed off her ample breasts and exposed her lovely midriff. Below that were jean shorts and white "fuck me" pumps. She had sparkling blue eyes and the warmest smile.

Zack couldn't help but see them as the proverbial devil and angel combo. They looked like they could be your worst nightmare or the time of your life, depending on the mood they were in. He sat back in his seat and kept his arms spread at his sides, resting them on the back of the circular booth and trying his best to play it cool.

"Hey there. I'm Rebecca and this is my friend and roomie, Sasha."

"Hello!" the redhead waved innocently.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Zack" he replied, giving them a slight nod.

"Mind if we join you?" Rebecca asked.

"Not at all."

The two women set their drinks and bags down on the table before sliding into either side of the circular booth. They shimmied along the seat, closing in on him from both sides but maintaining a respectable distance at first.

"Looks like your friends ditched you!" Sasha said bluntly.

"Well, they were in a hurry to dance, but I was enjoying the view. Still am."

“Ooooooh... aren't you a regular Romeo! What do you think Becky?”

Rebecca seemed less impressed. “Quite the charmer” she replied dryly, staring at him as she took a sip of her long island iced tea.

“Do you ladies come here a lot?”

Zack immediately cursed himself for asking the most typical, stupid, cliché question you can ask someone when trying to flirt.

“Only when we're looking for someone to have a good time with” Sasha answered playfully before taking a sip of her Shirley Temple. “You like to have a good time, don't you Zack?”

“Oh, yeah, most definitely!” Zack swallowed. He had no idea what to say next.

“We're members of AOE,” Sasha intoned “but you won't hold that against us, will you?”

“AOE?”

“Alpha Omega Epsilon” Rebecca stated matter of factly “You haven't heard of us?”

“I don't really follow the frat and sorority stuff on campus” Zack replied.

Rebecca's eyebrows rose, seemingly encouraged.

“Let me make this easy on you” she said as the tall blonde shifted a little closer, her perfume descending on him like an intoxicating cloud. “Sasha and I need to unwind after a busy week. We just want to have a few drinks and fool around. No strings. We do this together so we don't have to worry about some guy taking advantage of us. So... since you're our lucky winner tonight, why don't you have a drink with us and then come back to our place?”

Zack's brain short fused. Tom had been right. This was his lucky night and he could hardly believe it.

“Uhhh, yes! That sounds excellent.”

“Good boy” Rebecca said with a seductive smile. “I'm going to get you something at the bar. Any preference? Or can I pick?”

“Go right ahead. Are you sure though? I don't mind paying...”

Rebecca waved him off.

“No need. I know the bartender. It's on the house. Don't let him go anywhere, Sasha. I'll be right back.”

She winked at Zack before sliding out of the booth and sauntering off.

“She's going to get you something strong” Sasha said with a giggle. “You don't look like you've had anything yet.”

"I don't drink a lot," Zack replied "but I won't say no when two lovely ladies insist."

"That's very wise of you. What's your study, Zack?" asked the bubbly red head.

"Oh, I'm finishing up a master's in electrical engineering."

"Ooooh... I had a feeling you were a smart one. You look like the type. I love smart men! They tend to be on the kinkier side."

"Is that right?"

"Studies confirm it!" she remarked, holding up a single finger authoritatively.

"Studies confirm what?" inquired Rebecca, returning to the table and setting an open bottle in front of Zack. It was labeled "Dogfish Head IPA."

"That smart men like Zack tend to be kinksters!"

"Oh, we got a brainy one?" Rebecca asked as she slid back into the booth.

"Electrical engineering" Sasha responded before downing the rest of her drink.

"Mmmmm, I like that. That means you'll probably be working for some big defense contractor in a few years, making a lot of money." Rebecca shimmied closer to Zack this time, brushing up against his side as he took up the brown bottle she'd brought him. "Definitely my kind of guy. Bottoms up sailor!"

"What is this? IPA?"

"India Pale Ale" Rebecca replied.

"It's something that's going to loosen you up reeeaaaalllll quick!" Sasha chortled.

Rebecca brought a finger to his chin, pulling his face to the side until his eyes met hers. "Drink up so we can get out of here."

That was all the convincing Zack needed. He brought the bottle to his lips and imbibed deeply. He tried to ignore the hoppy taste as it poured along his tongue and down his throat. Zack chugged a good half of the beverage before coughing and gasping for breath. Sasha had a good laugh and Rebecca chuckled as they watched him take on his first really strong drink.

"Cmon, you can handle it Mr. Smarty pants!" Sasha exclaimed, sliding closer to him until her generous cleavage was pressed against his side.

Already feeling slightly woozy but not wanting to disappoint, Zack brought the bottle back to his lips and poured the second half into his reluctant mouth. By the time the rest of the liquid had passed his lips his body was already buzzing.

"Wow... what the fuck is in that?"

“Sugar, spice and everything nice” Rebecca answered as she grabbed her bag and began exiting the booth. “Alright, time to go!”

“Yeah, let's ditch this joint” Sasha said, slipping out quickly as well.

Zack followed suit and soon they were headed for the exit. He exchanged glances with Tom at the bar, his friend giving him two thumbs up before returning his attention to the woman he was chatting with.

Zack couldn't help but stare at Rebecca's leather covered ass and the jean shorts that barely contained Sasha's ample apple bottom as they made their way outside. His buzz continued to grow as they walked to Rebecca's car and Zack was left to ponder just how high the alcohol content had been in that drink.

Tom's claim that Rebecca came from significant wealth seemed to bear out as they loaded into her yellow Lamborghini convertible. Sasha took Zack's hand and pulled him into the back seat as Rebecca started the powerful engine and peeled out of the parking lot.

Before he knew what was happening, the wind was in their hair and Sasha was kissing him deeply with much tongue, the taste of booze thick on her lips. She groped him all over, pressing him into the plush leather seats as the engine ripped and Rebecca drove them to wherever her and Sasha lived. Zack couldn't help but notice that his buzz was fading into brutal fatigue. He was growing more tired by the minute and the world seemed to be slowing to a crawl as Sasha lavished him with attention.

Fifteen minutes later they pulled into a complex of swanky apartments. Sasha helped Zack out of the car as Rebecca extended the roof over the convertible and locked it up. The two women lent Zack their shoulders as they made their way slowly up to the girls loft.

“I'm sorry. Not sure why... so tired” Zack stammered out as he limped along with their help.

“It's alright.” Rebecca replied “You've never had a drink like that before.”

Sasha laughed devilishly and Zack was too tired to question what was so funny.

Zack was clinging to consciousness as they made their way into the apartment, the girls eventually dropping him on a leather sofa. He tried to sit up but was completely unable, merely rocking from side to side in futility. He was left alone for a few minutes, but then he could make out the figure of Rebecca standing over him again.

“Rebecca.... you're so beautiful.”

She raised her boot and brought it down on his groin swiftly, pain shooting through his body like lightning. He yelped in agony as she straddled his body, locking him down. Her larger frame and his incapacitated state made the feat easy. The next thing he felt was a cloth being pushed over his face.

“Nighty night Zack. See you soon...”

In a few breaths, all was darkness.

* * * * *

Tightness. Tight slickness, warmth and a substantial ache in his mouth, ass and balls. These were the things Zack noticed as he began to awaken. He could hear two familiar voices as his vision began to clear. He made a weak attempt to speak, but that proved impossible. There was something rubbery lodged in his mouth and his own saliva had coated it completely. The fixture caused him to drool endlessly down his throat and out the front of his pried open lips.

“How did you have a suit in his size?” asked Sasha.

“I bought three of them ahead of time, all different sizes. I just picked the one that looked closest to him. We knew we weren't bringing back some huge guy, so I bought one 5'6, one 5'8 and one 5'10. The 5'8 suit was perfect.” Rebecca answered, obviously pleased with herself.

“You bought three gimp suits in advance? That must have been expensive.”

“It wasn't that bad, actually! You can get them at a good price if you order from China.”

“Aren't your parents going to be mad if they see you buying sex stuff with your credit card?”

“My parents don't care what I do as long as I keep my grades up and I don't spend more than 15k a month.”

“\$15,000 A MONTH?!? That's your allowance?!? My father would have a COW if I spent more than five thousand!”

“Yeah, well.. get richer parents, I guess.”

“Oh, look, I think he's starting to wake up!”

“So he is... let the fun begin.”

The sounds of stiletto boots echoed on the floor as they moved around him. Zack slowly started to get a grip on his surroundings. He realized he was lying face down on a huge queen sized bed with his ass hanging off the end. He tried to move his arms and legs but was denied in both cases. He heard the metal clink of handcuffs behind his back and a similar noise, more distant, prevented his legs from escaping their spread eagle position.

His entire body was gripped in thick, wet, rubbery tightness and he realized he was sealed in the gimp suit the two women had just been talking about. It was a clammy warm feeling all around his body as his own perspiration was sealed in by the thick material. Zack had no way of knowing how long ago they'd put him in the slimy, tight confines; only that it was gross and he had no way to extract himself. He attempted to speak once more, but his words came out as muffled nonsense. The thick rubber ball in his mouth made talking completely impossible.

Rebecca and Sasha slid into view, hopping on the bed from either side. Rebecca was dressed neck to toe in a shiny, black cat suit of her own. She wore thick rubber gloves and her black thigh high boots over the suit, a pretty good indication that she was a rubber fetishist. She carried a black leather crop in her hands and wore an excited, mischievous grin on her face. It was the most emotion Zack had seen

her convey thus far.

Sasha, on the other hand, was dressed in a leather corset, silky black garters and nothing else but strips of black tape X-ing over her nipples. She reached down and began rubbing herself between her legs shamelessly. She gazed at Zack with an expression of total amusement.

The windows behind the two were pitch black, implying that it was still Friday night. Other than that, Zack had no idea how late it was or how long he was going to be stuck like this. Rebecca flexed and snapped her crop in her hands a few times before she spoke.

“Needless to say, you're our guest for the weekend. And by “guest”, I of course mean **BITCH**. You will obey every command given to you and you will not hesitate. Disobedience will be punished. If you do not please us, that first kick to your groin will be your most pleasant memory of the weekend. Do you understand Zack? Nod if you understand.”

Zack nodded up and down, his hood creaking audibly and the motion taking much more effort than he imagined it would. He didn't know much about latex but the suit they sealed him in must have been especially thick to restrict his movement that harshly.

Sasha stopped masturbating suddenly, raising her hands to her breasts and giving them some gentle squeezes. It was clear she enjoyed teasing Zack with her playful motions. She chuckled a bit, watching him squirm uselessly against his bonds. Then it was her turn to speak.

“Over the course of the next two days we'll be taking pictures of you doing all kinds of fun activities. Should you divulge our little games to anyone in the future... well, I'll leave it to your imagination what we're going to do with those pics.”

Zack was way ahead of her. He was already imagining the horror of his friends, family or the whole fucking campus seeing him in a gimp suit doing who knows what.

“If you have any questions, keep them to your fucking self! You do not speak unless I give you permission. Now then, it's time to begin your training!” Rebecca exclaimed, her voice tinged with arousal. It was amazing how much happier she seemed now that she had a man completely helpless before her.

“Thank god!” Sasha said, shimmying down the bed closer to his face “I'm dying to come!”

“Wait!” Rebecca shouted as she stood and began walking to Zack's rear. “Take his gag off, but don't do anything else yet. There's something I want to know.”

Sasha began unhooking the thick strap around his head. Eventually the tightness gave way to welcome slack and the thick rubber ball, coated in his syrupy phlegm, slid out of his mouth. Zack coughed and hacked as Sasha gripped his face through the latex hood.

“AHHHH!”

His first words were a cry of pain as Rebecca's crop whipped into his ass cheeks with a loud snap.

“How many women have you been with?!?” Rebecca questioned loudly.

“Zero! None. I've been with none!”

WHAP

“ AHHH!!!”

“How many men???”

“None!”

WHAP WHAP

“AHHHHHH!!! PLEASE!”

“You're telling me you're a pathetic virgin loser at your age?!?”

“Yes! I'm a virgin and I was at the club trying to score!”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Zack bit his lip and grunted in agony, his ass becoming reddened and inflamed below the thick latex. His rubber prison was doing sadly little to cushion Rebecca's blows.

“Awwww” said Sasha, smoothing her hands over his shiny, hooded head “That sounds like it hurts. You better convince us that you're telling the truth, or it's not going to stop....”

“I am! I'm a virgin!!!”

“Say I'm a pathetic little virgin fuck boy that needs his ass beat!” Rebecca called out from behind him.

“I'M A PATHETIC LITTLE VIRGIN FUCK BOY THAT NEEDS HIS ASS BEAT!!!” he repeated immediately.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

“AHHHHHH!!! FUCK!!!!!!”

“What do you think Sasha? Is he telling the truth?”

Sasha lifted his face with one hand, staring into eyes that were beginning to tear up.

“Yeah, I think I believe him.”

“Pfft, I knew this little shit was a virgin from the moment I laid eyes on him. I just wanted to hear him say it.”

Rebecca tossed her crop on the bed and made her way back to Zack's front. She budged in, grabbing his face from Sasha and staring deep into his eyes.

“It's good that you're a virgin, because I want a slave that's never gotten his dick wet. As long as you wear my collar, your cock will never know the inside of a woman and you will never cum unless it's from getting fucked in the ass! Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what? You know how to address me! Don't act like you don't.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Uh huh. I bet you've been wanking to Femdom porn for years, you perverted little shit!”

SMACK

Rebecca slapped him across the face hard and Zack saw stars. She grabbed him by the collar and pulled him even closer.

“It's time for your first sexual experience Zack! Fitting that it's going to be eating a woman out. Your dick will never know pussy, but your tongue is going to know lots!”

Rebecca shoved his face away before sliding off the bed again.

“His mouth is all yours” she commented to Sasha, standing and feeling herself through the lovely latex cat suit. “And his ass is all mine.”

Sasha didn't need any more encouragement. She slid down closer to Zack's face and brought her eager beaver directly to his mouth. She was shaved. No traces of her fiery red hair below and Zack was already getting a strong sense of her scent. Sasha had a slightly sweet odor arising from her already moist sex. She must have been big on pineapple and other tropical fruits and melons. Zack counted his lucky stars.

“Alright lover gimp, get to it! I know you're new at this, so I'll instruct you. You start from the outside, then lick and kiss your way around until you get to the middle. Don't worry, I'll guide your slutty mouth...”

She reached down and gripped his hooded head with both hands, bringing his lips to her vulva needily and getting him started around the outside of her labia. Zack extended his tongue and began licking in broad swaths, kissing periodically as she'd instructed. It tasted like nothing Zack had ever experienced before. Mostly neutral, but with just the lightest touch of musky sweetness. Sasha let out a pleasurable sigh as she guided his face around the outer edges of her hungry sex.

“Ohhhhhh! Good boy.... just like that.”

Zack felt a zipper unfurl around his ass and a wave of fresh air met his flesh for the first time since waking up. He quickly realized what the ache in his ass had been as Rebecca grasped the thick butt plug that was lodged up his bum and began pushing and pulling it back and forth. Zack let out a groan into Sasha's moist sex as his asshole was stretched wide over and over.

“This was just to loosen you up a little. Six inches is nothing compared to what you're going to be taking. You'd better thank me properly for prepping you!”

She grabbed her crop and whipped it fiercely across his ass once more.

WHAP

“Thank you!” Zack managed before Sasha pulled his face down into her increasingly moist pussy lips, forcing him to lick harder.

“THANK YOU **WHAT?!?**”

WHAP WHAP

Zack strained his neck upward so he could speak again.

“Thank you Mistress! MMMGUUUHHHHMPPPHHH!”

Sasha would have none of it, pulling his face deeper into her wet, fleshy canal. As she demanded more licking and tonguing, Zack felt the fat plug being pulled out of his ass and heard it drop to the floor. His asshole relaxed fully for the first time in what felt like hours. The painful stretching sensation remained despite the removal of the cruel device.

“Alright slut! Up and down the center with your tongue, and every once in a while you're going to come up here....” Sasha said, pulling his lips to her clitoral hood “...and give a nice lick and suck. Got it? GOOD!”

Sasha guided his face up and down her eager sex, his tongue diving into her silky curtains with ease. He slurped at her sex obediently, sucking in her potent juices along with occasional air. His latex hood became increasingly slick as Sasha moved his face up and down, the smooth rubbery feeling combined with his slick tongue driving her wild. With each upward stroke, Zack licked and sucked on her increasingly engorged clit.

“Oh fuck... Yes! **MORE!!!**”

Zack felt several thick streams of cool, wet lube flow into his back passage as Rebecca inserted the tip of a spray bottle into his sphincter and pulled the trigger several times. He then received a loud, harsh spank to one of his ass cheeks. Rebecca reached back with her latex gloved hand and blistered the other one with equal enthusiasm.

SMACK SMACK

“Alright bitch boy! You wanted to lose your virginity and now it's time! You can thank me later by eating me out.”

He felt Rebecca step in close behind him and grab some kind of harness that was strapped around his bondage suit. This was followed by thick, cold rubber pressing against his pucker. It felt considerably wider than the plug she had just removed and as Rebecca began pushing it in, all doubt was removed. He cried out in pain; his words lost in the wet, warm clamminess of Sasha's hungry pussy.

Rebecca watched the thick, black eight inch strap-on glide into his ass with a wicked smile on her face. She gave his ass another crack with her right hand and then began bucking in and out of him as she encountered her first resistance.

“OH NO! Your ass never says no to me, slut! This is one of my smallest cocks and you **WILL** take all of it **right now!**”

She began thrusting in and out aggressively, her powerful legs and hips illuminated in shiny, black latex. The combination of the thick, clinging suit, the rubbing sensations of the strapon against her sex and the total control over a helpless slave sent Rebecca's libido into orbit. She had been waiting for this moment for weeks and it had finally arrived. Her long blonde ponytail bobbed behind her as she fucked his ass smoothly; gliding in deeper with every stroke until her hips met his reddened ass cheeks.

Zack grunted and groaned into Sasha's wet depths as he felt the massive rubber cock plunge and withdraw from his defenseless rear. His well beaten ass lit up with fresh pain every time Rebecca rammed her hungry hips into his posterior, her hands sporadically delivering fresh spanks to his flanks and ass.

His arms and legs pulled on their restraints in desperation; an act of complete futility as the handcuffs rattled uselessly and his leg cuffs offered no give from the iron spreader bar. Zack's limbs were becoming more sore by the minute and his body was increasingly hot and sticky in the thick latex confines of his gimp suit.

Rebecca fucked him into utter submission, moaning and clawing at him like an animal as Sasha kept his face mashed in her moist, quivering cunt. He was having trouble getting air the closer Sasha got to orgasm, her strong grip keeping him plunged in her wet flesh for ever longer periods as he tongued and licked away.

“What's the matter **SLUT?**” Rebecca yelled from behind, completely drunk on power “A bit much? A little too intense? You wanted to **HAVE SEX, DIDN'T YOU?!?**” She punctuated the question with two especially hard thrusts.

“Yes Mistress!” he called out in the brief time Sasha allowed him air. His entire face was smeared with her thick juices and she pressed him back down, gliding his gimp tongue along her needy pussy.

Suddenly, the sound of a doorbell rang out, halting the frenzied fucking and slurping sounds that had filled the room. Rebecca looked at Sasha quizzically.

“Oh, that must be Trevor!” The excited red head released Zack's mouth and quickly slid off the bed. She straightened her lingerie and flashed Rebecca a sly grin. “He said he might stop over after the game!”

Rebecca rolled her eyes. “Whatever, go satisfy your prince.”

“Relax! Trevor's a minute man. Be back in a bit!”

Zack could hear her skip out of the room. His head rested on the bed, now moist with Sasha's juices. He breathed deeply, relieved to have a break from lengthy oral servitude. He let out a deep groan as

Rebecca speared him with her long, fat strap-on once more, reminding him that he was far from done.

She plowed him nonstop for the next 10 minutes, wrapping the chain leash from his collar around her arm and giving his neck aggressive tugs as she drilled him deep and hard. The wet slurping sounds of Rebecca's steady fucking filled the room. Zack's well lubed boy pussy learned to accommodate more of her abuse with each stroke. The harmony was broken only by Zack's occasional grunts and Rebecca's moans of pleasure.

Finally, she pulled out of his well fucked ass, her legs and hips needing a break. She crossed to a table on the other side of the room and lit up a fat spliff of marijuana, bringing it to her lips and taking a long drag. She exhaled and looked back at Zack's gaping man hole, admiring her work as a light buzz took hold of her.

Sasha's cries of ecstasy erupted from down the hall, an occasional “**Fuck me!**” and wail of pleasure singing out as the red head was railed by her football player boyfriend. Rebecca walked back to the bed, her stiletto heels clacking on the floor until she entered Zack's view once more. She took another drag from her joint, held the air in her lungs a few moments and then blew the smoke directly into his face. She placed a leather lined calf in front of his mouth and nodded at the boot.

“Lick.”

Zack's tongue extended immediately and he began coating the shiny leather up and down with his saliva. Rebecca smiled, gazing at him with a haughty expression as she watched him slobber all over her gleaming, leathery boot.

“You haven't said one word in protest. Not one complaint or refusal so far. I'm starting to think you're enjoying yourself, Zack.”

'Yeah, like I'm going to give you an excuse to beat my ass harder. Fuck you, you crazy bitch!' Zack thought to himself, but said nothing.

Rebecca set her joint on the side table and began stroking her thick strap-on up and down. She emitted a throaty chuckle as Zack licked away at her thigh highs. Her latex covered hand slid back and forth across her well lubed shaft.

“You think getting fucked in the ass was something? Wait till I cram this in your mouth. You'll gag on my cock until you learn to take eight inches down your faggot throat! And then I'll use a bigger one!”

She reached down and grabbed his leash, tugging it until his head lifted and she was satisfied he was watching her stroke the fat, rubbery dong.

“Yeah, take a good look at your future, slut. What's the old saying? 'Be careful what you wish for?' You're going to be having lots of sex, Zack! More than you ever imagined.”

Rebecca stopped and turned as she heard chatter from down the hall. The front door opened and closed in the distance and a giddy Sasha re-entered the room a few moments later. She had put on panties to avoid making a mess, but a sizable wet spot could be seen in the front of her underwear.

She slipped back onto the bed as Rebecca hopped off, the duo preparing for round two with their

immobilized gimp. Sasha pulled the silky, purple panties off, shimmying them down her legs and tossing them to the side. She parked her lower body in front of Zack again, his mouth gaping in horror as her cum caked pussy continued to ooze thick jizz.

“Cleanup duty for you, slave!” Sasha exclaimed, grabbing his hooded head without delay and pressing him down.

“WAIT! NUGHPHMLGH!!!”

His face was plunged into her cum gunked slit, Sasha's iron grip moving his lips up and down.

“Tongue! Now!” she demanded, then shot Rebecca a glance confirming that he wasn't obeying.

“She said **TONGUE!!!**”

WHAP

The thick leather paddle collided with his nether region like a baseball bat clobbering two home runs in one swing. Zack's vision cracked red as pain arced through his body, his devastated nuts having only recently begun to recover from their first smashing.

He sucked air involuntarily and with it came a torrent of milky white paste and pussy juice. He gagged on the viscous combination as Sasha kept his lips sealed over her vagina, effectively using him to vacuum out a seemingly endless stream of foul white sludge.

“**LICK!!!**” Sasha demanded, and this time Zack obeyed.

He began to tongue her jizz coated canal, getting a strong taste of Trevor's cock along with his pungent baby batter. Sasha threw her head back and moaned as her oral slave slobbered away, sucking cum out of her freshly fucked pussy.

Zack felt the rubber strapon re-enter his well beaten ass, the fat length sliding in easily now that he'd been broken in with Rebecca's thick eight incher. She grasped the leather reigns around his gimp suit and began fucking him harder than ever, her hips slamming into his cheeks contemptuously as the slick, girthy phallus speared him over and over. Every hard thrust renewed the burning ache in his ass, his entire body being jolted in its bonds.

Rebecca's face lit up with pleasure as she built a loud, moist rhythm with her fucking. The fat cock slurped loudly in and out of Zack's asshole as she held onto his harness with a death grip. She watched her friend climax as their slave inhaled the river of filth flowing from Sasha's cunt.

“**YESSSSS! OHHHH GODDDDDDDDD!!!!**”

Sasha sealed his mouth over her pussy lips, squirting into his gaping maw as his tongue glided in and out of her wet depths. Zack could do nothing but drink Sasha's essence as Rebecca relentlessly fucked his ass into a new state of elasticity; preparing him for bigger cocks to come.

Sasha collapsed onto the bed, resting for a few minutes as Rebecca sodomized Zack endlessly. Zack's entire hooded face shined with pussy juice, his lips and cheeks covered with sticky cum. His body

bucked forward slightly with each powerful thrust, Rebecca putting every ounce of her strength into punishing his slutty ass. Finally, the base of the strapon had rubbed against Rebecca's engorged clitoris enough times and she wailed out her own climax, keeping the fat cock buried in him as she grunted and moaned in orgasm.

A few moments passed as both girls gasped and caught their breath, their bodies awash in the pleasure they had taken from their new fuck toy. Zack's reprieve was brief.

“Hey, get up and take some pictures! Come around here to the back” Rebecca implored.

Sasha tumbled off the bed and grabbed her phone from the side table. She strode around the perimeter to where Rebecca still had Zack impaled on her cock. Rebecca slowly pulled it out three quarters of the way, keeping two inches lodged in his pucker as she stood slightly to the side.

“There, get some good shots.”

Sasha clicked away, taking numerous shots of Zack's well fucked bottom from various angles. The long, thick, rubbery cock extended from his wrecked asshole, the wet length revealing just how deep the fat strapon had gone inside him.

“Perfect, now get some of his face!”

Rebecca pulled her strapon out of him and began unbuckling it as Sasha got back on the bed. The red haired vixen sat her phone down and began unstrapping and untying the hood from Zack's face.

“Don't you think the room would give us away?”

“I wouldn't worry about it” Rebecca answered, her strapon harness slipping down her latex covered legs. The fat rubber cock hit the ground with a wet slap. “If we need to, we can always crop them later. But it won't be necessary. This bitch boy isn't telling anyone shit.”

Sasha slid the hood off his sweaty, cum glazed face. The air felt cool and fresh on his skin. It was almost pleasant until she turned the hood around and wiped the front all over him, getting cum and pussy juice even more gunked all over his face and hair. Sasha then tossed the hood aside and reached for her phone.

“No, wait. We can do better than that!” Rebecca said, stopping her.

Rebecca made a loud hocking sound as she drew up all the phlegm she could muster. She grabbed Zack by the hair, brought her face to his and spit directly on his forehead. The thick loogie began drizzling down his eyebrows as Sasha took a turn, hocking loudly and spitting all over his eyes and cheeks.

The two laughed and began taking turns, competing to see who could make the crudest sounds and spit the fattest wad of phlegm into the bound slut boy's face. By the time they were done, his face was covered with running, goeey rivulets that looked a lot like cum and created a disgusting mixture with the juices already smeared all over him.

“There. Now take **all** the pictures!”

Sasha went to work, snapping his face from many different positions. She made sure to get some shots where his bound hands and legs weren't in the frame.

“Smile for the camera **fuck boy**, or your nuts are getting the paddle again!”

Zack obeyed as Sasha continued clicking away. His shame was already absolute. There was no pride left for him to swallow.

“Now stick your tongue out and make eyes at the camera. Convince us you want more!”

Zack obliged, extending his tongue as the goo ran all over his face, some of it even seeping down onto his tongue as Sasha took the last few pictures.

“Fucking beautiful!” Sasha exclaimed as she slid through the album on her phone, admiring her own handiwork and making sure they had what they needed. She then stepped off the bed and began picking up her things.

“You turning in?” Rebecca asked.

“Yeah, I gotta help Jennifer with a project tomorrow morning. Oh, that reminds me! The party tomorrow night!”

“At AOE? What about it?”

“Well... do you think we should bring him? We could really whore him out there! The girls would love it.”

“I suppose I'll need to bring him if I want to go. It's either that or stay here and train him some more.”

“You should come!” Sasha insisted with a cheerful smile “We could turn a typical sorority bash into something way more fun!”

“We'll see” Rebecca replied with a teasing smile. “Goodnight Sash.”

“Goodnight!”

Sasha turned and started walking out, then suddenly stopped and made her way back. She crossed to Zack's rear and brought a strong, stinging swat down on his wounded ass.

SMACK

“Goodnight Zack!”

Zack let out a fresh wail of anguish followed by a groan and a pained grimace. Rebecca and Sasha shared a laugh before the red head saw herself out.

“Well, looks like it's just you and me” Rebecca said, stalking around her bound gimp. “As it should be for our first night together. I'm your Mistress after all.”

She lowered her weight onto his back, sitting her cat-suited form atop him. She then stretched out so her body was flush on top of his, her latex clad breasts pressed into his back. Rebecca grabbed his hair forcefully and spoke into his right ear.

“Sasha is my friend, so I'm happy to let her in on the fun, but never forget, from this day forward, I'm the one who owns your ass! Now say it! WHO OWNS YOUR ASS?”

“You do Mistress Rebecca!”

“Good. Now, I'm going to unlock your restraints and while I'm doing so, I want you to think about three things. One, Sasha has those pictures and they're already being uploaded to my private server. There's nothing you can do about that now. Two, only I have the key to your gimp suit and it's hidden somewhere you'll never find it. Three, I'm bigger than you and I know self defense.”

She let go of his hair and lifted herself off him.

“In other words, don't try anything fucking stupid!”

Zack could hear the jangling of keys and then felt her hands on his cuffs. They clicked open and finally his hands were free. His incredibly sore arms slid forward reflexively. Zack was so happy to let the tension ease and start getting normal blood flow to his arms again.

He heard the clank of chains as Rebecca unhooked his leg cuffs from the spreader bar. She then zipped up his ass flap, sealing his sore cheeks in the latex prison once again.

“Get up.”

Zack slowly and stiffly backed off the bed, taking his time as his sore body made him pay for every small action. He turned and looked up at his beautiful captor. Rebecca was already stripping off her latex gloves and starting to unzip the tight, shiny black bodysuit.

“Get in there” Rebecca nodded toward her private bath. “Use the bathroom if you need to. Wash your face. Gargle and rinse with the mouthwash for at least one minute.”

Zack started moving but was stopped as she grabbed his leash and gave it a strong tug. Her hazel eyes were daggers, stabbing into his and pulsing with command.

“Don't keep me waiting. You're not done tonight.”

Zack stumbled into the bathroom and began following her directions immediately. Part of him still couldn't accept what was happening. That an evening which had begun with such promise had turned into some twisted S&M nightmare. He relieved himself and washed the disgusting grime off his face, the whole time trying to think of a way that he could escape this situation.

He was drawing a blank because the latex clad bitch had thought of everything. Even if he managed to flee, no one would believe his story. Then, at some point in the future those pics would get leaked anonymously and ruin his life. Zack was fucked, literally and figuratively.

As he swished and gargled with the mouthwash, he resigned himself. He was just going to have to do

what Rebecca said. Maybe if he made her happy she wouldn't be so harsh on him. Perhaps she'd eventually get bored and find a new toy to play with. These thoughts were small consolation, but at least the tastes of Sasha, Trevor and phlegm were finally out of his mouth.

As Zack exited the bathroom he was met immediately by a naked Rebecca with her hands on her hips. In her left hand hung some kind of thick leather device with numerous straps and ties. Zack drank in her full, naked form in awe. Her breasts were full and perky and her peach toned skin shined with health and vibrancy. The blonde hair that ringed her sex was short and neatly trimmed. She was a gorgeous physical specimen and any guy would have been lucky to call her their girlfriend, as long as they were into being completely dominated.

“Back on the bed, face down” she said, nodding to the area where she'd pulled the covers off.

Zack's fight-or-flight response buzzed momentarily, but he knew both were pointless. He shambled to the bed and laid down as instructed. His gimp suit stretched and creaked as he crawled to the center of the large mattress.

“Good. Now hands behind your back.”

Zack pushed his arms back and up, clasping his hands together. He grumbled internally at the thought of having handcuffs back on his sore wrists, but made no audible complaints. He felt the weight of the bed shift as Rebecca climbed on, straddling his ass from behind. As he felt her start sliding the thick leather accessory up his arms, he realized that he was in for a different kind of bondage.

“Ever seen an arm binder used before?”

“No Mistress...”

“This is what a proper submissive wears when serving his Goddess.”

The leather slowly crept all the way past his elbows, sealing away his arms to the biceps. She then looped the leather straps around each of his shoulders and buckled them in place, completely immobilizing his arms behind him. It was tight, warm and snug, much like his gimp suit, but now his arms had a second layer to contend with.

The mattress shifted again as Rebecca slid off the back. She lifted the spreader bar up and dropped it just behind Zack before pulling his legs to each side and reconnecting his ankle cuffs to the iron device. Finally, she crossed the room to one of her toy chests to retrieve the final piece she needed. It wasn't long before she was back on the bed, kneeling at his side and unzipping his ass flap once more.

“You took eight inches fairly well today, but anyone can do that. I expect more from my slave. **MUCH** more! And this little beauty is going to prepare you.”

He felt the tip of the spray bottle plunge into his sphincter for the second time and another torrent of gross lubricant flood his ass as she pulled the lever for several squirts. Then an even wider phallus was brought to his newly stretched starfish and Rebecca shoved it in with all her might. Zack groaned as the first eight inches sank home without too much trouble, the extra girth slowing its advance only mildly. His asshole sizzled with fresh ache as the fat cock seemed to stretch him wider the farther she pushed it in.

“Mmmmm, yeah... take it bitch!”

She pressed on the massive dildo even harder, pushing the last two inches home. Rebecca smiled wickedly and let out a cruel cackle, deliriously happy to see her new slave stuffed with 10 inches of thick, black cock. A heavy set of rubber balls rested against his ass, completing his degradation. She pressed on the base firmly as she grabbed the zipper with her other hand and began pulling it down, sealing the giant phallus inside of him for the night.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

A fresh rounds of spanks sang out as the palm of her hand connected with Zack's bottom repeatedly. She made sure to hit the center several times, jolting the firmly packed cock into his ass even deeper and more painfully. The sensation of fullness and stretching in his pucker was almost enough to make Zack forget the burning around the outside of his buttocks.

“AHHHHHHHHH!!!! **FUCK!!!**”

“Yes, fuck!” Rebecca said as she rose and collected a few things from around the bed. Within moments she popped into view again, taking her place at the head. She had retrieved her cruel leather crop and one of the blankets which she dropped at her side. “That's what you exist for. Pleasuring me and **getting fucked!** Don't forget it.”

Rebecca shimmied down until her increasingly moist pussy was just above his lips. Her sinister smile, haughty demeanor and aroused state said it all. She was a sadist to her core and it was doubtful that she could orgasm without enjoying the suffering of a submissive.

“It's bed time Zack, but I'm not going to sleep until I cum at least three times. If I feel like you're not doing your absolute best...”

WHAP

Rebecca found the perfect angle between the end of the armbinder and his waiting ass, stinging his already wounded cheek with the tip of her harsh riding crop. Zack bit his tongue and grunted in anguish, barely preventing another wail.

“...then I will provide motivation. Goodnight **SLUT**. Now get to work!”

Rebecca grabbed his hair and pressed her sopping cunt to his face, immersing him in her pungent sex in an instant. Her legs slipped over his shoulders and she began feeling the way down the length of his armbinder, the thick leather and the latex of his gimp suit feeling wonderful on her legs and feet.

Zack began licking and tonguing dutifully right away, his goal now to feel the sting of Rebecca's crop as few times as possible before the cruel Domina finally drifted off to orgasm induced slumber. Her taste was very different from Sasha's; much stronger and more acrid. Zack guessed that she ate a lot of meat and dairy. He couldn't help but think that it was fitting; such a man-eater being a carnivore.

Rebecca tugged on his hair, moving his slutty lips and eager tongue exactly where she wanted them. She moved his face in small circles around her labia, his tongue bathing her flesh in wide swaths. She

stopped him over her warm, fleshy hole and demanded his tongue plunge in deeply.

“Right there. Deeper! In and out... Yes! Don't stop!!!”

WHAP

Zack groaned into her wet, fleshy jungle, trying not to gag on her strong taste and odor. That blow hadn't been due to any lack of effort. She wanted him to hurt. Each sting got Rebecca closer to her climax.

WHAP WHAP

Zack redoubled his efforts, his tongue spearing into her needy sex with a burst of energy. His desire to avoid pain drove him on and yet he knew it was pointless to expect mercy. This was his life now. Trapped neck to toe in a tight, clammy latex gimp suit and leather restraints. Offering endless oral tribute to his insatiable Domina as she whipped him continuously.

As he tongued Rebecca and she wailed in pleasure, Zack suffered in thick, sticky bondage. It felt like his servitude would never end and this was only the first night.

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