

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 3 - Cucked & Collared

“You know how to make toast, right?”

SMACK

Rebecca followed up the rhetorical question with a firm slap to his ass as she walked by and sat down at the kitchen table.

“Make two pieces for me, lightly buttered. Do **not** burn them. If I see even a speck of black, you overcooked them. Make yourself something too. We have toast, cereal, fruit, oatmeal...”

Her voice trailed off and she was already lost in a text book; presumably studying for an exam. Rebecca's smack stung, but that level of discomfort was nothing compared to what he'd experienced the last two nights. It felt almost gentle by comparison.

Rebecca had kept Zack trapped in the thick, latex bimbo suit all night. His arms were still stiff from being locked behind his back. She had fucked his sore ass with several strapons and then drifted off to sleep, but not before abusing his already raw tongue to many blissful orgasms.

She seemed to enjoy that session even more than the previous night's, gleefully reminding him that he'd been gang-banged by her entire sorority. Rebecca had mocked him endlessly, telling him he would be AOE's designated party slave and his future would be a nonstop procession of bondage, getting fucked, sucking cock and eating pussy.

It had been a long night, but Zack was grateful to be free of his bondage and freshly showered. As he stood in his boxers and opened a bag of white sandwich bread, he was thankful for the reprieve; and for the fact that he would be cut loose later that day.

Zack placed four pieces of bread in the toaster and pushed down the lever. He turned, folded his arms over his chest and leaned against the kitchen counter. The lack of light from the windows revealed it was overcast and not nearly as nice as the previous day. Rebecca was dressed in a red, long sleeve top and black leather skirt in addition to her customary leather boots. Sasha was nowhere to be seen.

“I assume Sasha is preparing for your little play date” Rebecca said suddenly, as if reading his mind. “I'll be leaving you in her care this afternoon.”

“I don't have to dress like a woman again, do I?”

Rebecca set down her book, turning to him and raising an eyebrow. Her expression changed to devilish amusement as she noted Zack had a special distaste for feminization. “No, I think we'll spare you that today. The bimbo suit needs a chance to dry out anyway. You'll be wearing your regular gimp suit this afternoon.”

“Awesome” Zack replied in deadpan fashion, now looking at the floor.

“You really have no idea how many men would love to be in your shoes, do you Zack?”

“That doesn't really matter when **I** don't want to be in these shoes, does it, **Mistress** Rebecca?” He spat out the second to last word like it was poison.

Rebecca noted his insolence as she returned to her book. “I'll punish you for that later. Mind the toast.”

Zack turned and saw that the toast had already turned a nice, golden brown. Left any longer, they would've begun to burn. He flipped the handle up manually, collected the toast and set to buttering each slice. He then grabbed a bottled water from the refrigerator and moved to the table, setting the plate of toast down between himself and the blonde she-devil.

Rebecca set her book aside and immediately grabbed a piece, biting into it with a light crunch and drinking some of her orange juice. She offered Zack a pitying gaze as he bit into a slice as well.

“Sasha hasn't told me what she has planned for you, but knowing her it will involve at least one of her boyfriends.”

Zack stopped chewing immediately. He looked up and probed her to see if he was being trolled. Sadly, her demeanor was dead serious.

“I hope you're thirsty.”

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A few hours and many painful strikes with a leather riding crop later, Zack found himself in front of Sasha's door as Rebecca knocked on it repeatedly. He was sealed neck to toe in black latex once again. The rubber costume still felt gross to put on, but at least it had a chance to dry out since Friday night. She hadn't forced him to wear a hood this time, but he was confident there was one in the bag of items Rebecca was carrying.

“Hey! Are you in there?!?” Rebecca's knocks turned to pounding as the music emanating from behind the door clued them in to Sasha's obliviousness. “Cmon Sasha! I haven't got all day!”

Finally the volume of the music lowered and they heard footsteps approach.

“Hey!” Sasha exclaimed as the door swung open. “Sorry, I was getting my groove on!”

Sasha was wearing blue short-shorts, a pink sports jersey and her usual cheerful expression. She danced a bit back and forth, showing off her moves and failing to impress her roommate.

Rebecca yanked the leather leash connected to the O-ring on Zack's collar and held it out to Sasha. Sasha went to reach for it and Rebecca immediately pulled back.

“Ground rules.”

“Rules? Ughhh... seriously?” The red head pouted.

“Yes. Number one, he's to remain in his gimp suit. Number two, no permanent marks or scars. Only I'm allowed to do that.”

Sasha crossed her arms under her breasts, her eyes rolling up in annoyance.

“Number three, if you allow him to cum, he must be in a submissive position and his ass must be plugged. I don't care what you use, but I'm trying to re-wire him. That's crucial. Agreed?”

Sasha dropped her arms and then reached out for the leash. “Agreed!”

“Good. Here's the items you wanted along with a hood to complete his suit.” Rebecca held out the bag which Sasha took possession of along with Zack's leash.

“If you need anything, call me. I'm going out for a bit.”

“I thought you needed to study?”

“I do, but I need to chill first. I'm going for a walk. Maybe I'll catch a movie. If I hang around here, I'm just going to wonder what kind of pervy shit you're doing with him. I need to clear my head.”

Sasha chortled. “Feeling a little oversexed from the weekend are we?”

“Oh my god, yes! My libido won't shut off! It's only gotten worse since Friday night... Fuck! I don't even want to talk about it.” Rebecca turned to Zack and delivered several stinging pats to his face. They began mild but each got a little stronger until the last was a legitimate slap. “Play nice, slut. I'll be back for you later.”

She walked past him and delivered one more stinging swat to his ass with her open palm. Zack bit his tongue and winced. Rebecca's perfume swirled in and out of his nose one last time before she made her exit.

“Have fun you two!”

“Oh, we willlllllllllll” Sasha trilled as she stepped to the side and put her arms around his latex encased body. She gave his ass a firm squeeze and groped his flaccid cock through the front of his suit.

“Ow! Hey!” Zack squealed, his sore bottom still smarting from Rebecca's many harsh blows.

“Ah Ah Ah!” Sasha intoned as she slid around to his front. “No protesting! Be a good boy and I'll treat you much better than Queen Elsa does.”

Zack chuckled. Even he had to admit, the main character of “Frozen” was a perfect analogy for Rebecca. He wondered if she liked or hated being referred to as an “Ice Queen.” It certainly seemed to be the buzz about her on campus.

Looking around, it was striking, if not altogether surprising, how different Sasha's room was from Rebecca's. Rebecca had a much more minimalist style with sleek furniture and art deco pieces that gave her section of the condo a bit of class. The only mess in her living space was the collection of sex toys littered all over and Zack was confident that wasn't the case when she wasn't holding a submissive hostage for the weekend.

Sasha's room was much more like a typical college girl dorm; if significantly bigger. She had posters, makeshift wall art, stuffed animals, cute little mascot figurines and other assorted nonsense all over. Her room wasn't a total pig sty, but it wasn't particularly organized either. Clothes, books, arts and crafts materials, movies and other assorted junk was stacked and scattered all over.

The feisty red head turned, released his leash and strode to the Queen size bed backed up against the far wall. She dropped the bag of toys by the bedside before plopping down Indian style. She reached to one of the end tables and retrieved a large bong. Sasha ignited it with a lighter, lifted the mouthpiece to her lips and took a sizable rip. She held it in for five seconds before exhaling a cloud of wispy smoke and sighing contently.

"Ahhhh... good stuff! Want some?" she said holding the bong up.

"I'm good, thanks."

"Zack the party pooper! You know, you might enjoy yourself more if you let THC take the edge off?"

"I doubt that" he replied, crossing his latex clad arms over his gimp suited body.

"Suit yourself slut boy! Hmmm..." Sasha spread out on the bed, propping her head up with one hand while tracing her curves downward with the other. "Now what should we do?"

"You didn't plan anything?"

"Oh, I have plans, but it's not time yet. We got a half hour to kill."

Sasha thought for a few moments before her eyebrows arched upward. "I know..." She slipped off the bed and took up the bag of sex toys. After rustling through it briefly, she found the item she wanted, a pair of leather cuffs with metal buckles and a very short connecting chain and clasp.

She approached Zack with a sinister smile. "Turn around, arms behind your back."

Within moments she had each of his wrists tightly buckled into the cuffs and she connected the clasp from one cuff to the other. They were locked together behind his back and Zack could only move them apart by three or four inches.

Sasha then grabbed him by the bicep and started leading him backwards. "Walk with me."

He did as he was bade and eventually his legs reached the edge of the bed. Sasha released his arm, returned to his front and traced her finger up and down his latex suit for a good ten seconds, drinking in his bound form.

Then, very suddenly, she extended her hands and delivered a powerful shove to his shoulders. Zack

toppled backward onto the bed and the leather and metal of his cuffs bit into his lower back as he landed on the soft comforter.

“You've been a very good sport this weekend. I think you deserve a treat. Would you like a treat, Zack?”

“What kind of treat?”

“Oh, you'll like this one...” she responded with a chuckle.

Sasha dipped down and rummaged through the bag once again. She popped back up with a thick butt plug in her hands and nodded towards her headboard. “Shimmy up the bed some more.”

Zack began pushing himself up the soft, comforter laden surface with his legs. He rocked back and forth with his hips, dragging himself the best he could without the use of his arms.

“I thought you said I would like this?” he asked, eyeing the fat, black anal missile Sasha was holding.

“Oh ye of little faith...” Sasha chided, waiting for him to reach her pillows. “Stop!” she commanded when he'd gone far enough. She then slid onto the bed, setting the imposing sex toy aside and cozying up to Zack's lower body.

She pushed his legs back gently, unzipped his ass flap, grabbed the fat rubber invader and began pushing it directly into his pucker without hesitation.

“AHHH!! FUCK!!! At least use some lube!” His legs flailed to the sides but Sasha's body held them apart and they were completely useless with her weight on them.

“Pfffft” Sasha ignored his pleas, pushing it in steadily. “After last night? You're more than loose enough. I bet your ass doesn't even feel normal anymore without a big, fat cock in it, does it?”

“OWWWW! DAMN IT! Fuck you!”

“Now now, don't get testy” she admonished him as she pushed the plug home and his pucker constricted around the flared base. Only the wide end piece jutted from his rosebud, his ass fully packed with slick rubber cock. “That's no way to talk to someone who's about to do you a favor.”

Zack fought through the pain in his ass and lower back, sitting up slightly despite his cuffed state. “If you want to do me a favor, let me go and testify in a court of law that your roommate is a **PSYCHOTIC FUCKING BITCH** that likes to kidnap people and-MMMPPPHH!!!”

Before he could finish his screed, Sasha grabbed a pair of dirty panties from her hamper and shoved them in his mouth. She looked down at him with the same pitying expression Rebecca had at breakfast.

“That's not going to happen Zack, but I will do this for you...”

Her hand snaked up his left leg, moving slowly at first, but then sliding quickly to the crotch of his suit. She massaged his cock through the thick latex, working her hand up and down gently, her eyes laser focused below until she noticed a small bulge starting to form in his suit. She then turned her eyes

upward to meet his, her hand never stopping its slow strokes back and forth.

Zack eyes opened wide, the foul taste of her soiled panties all but forgotten as her gentle strokes continued and his member stiffened. She stopped only to grab the zipper at his pelvis and pulled it down gently. She made eyes at him as the soft rippling sound unfurled, his rapidly rising and warming member feeling a rush of cool air as it sprung above the tight confines of his bondage suit.

Without breaking eye contact she reached down and slid her hand over his fleshy scrotum, groping it gently. She then trailed her hand over his pulsing rod before seizing it and beginning to jerk it up and down smoothly. Zack's eyes darted upward. It was the best thing he'd felt since the two crazy bitches had taken him captive. Even better than Moxie's kiss!

So lost was he in Sasha's slow, sensual handjob that he wasn't prepared for what happened next. His eyes shot open again as he felt the soft, wet walls of Sasha's mouth slip over his cock. Her lips glided downward and took his full length into her throat in one slurp. Her head began bobbing up and down slowly as Zack gasped into her moist panties, his arms pulling at their cuffs behind his back in total futility.

His legs began moving involuntarily, his body seeking an outlet for the sudden burst of euphoria he was experiencing, but Sasha pushed his legs down with both hands; her mouth never leaving his now fully engorged rod. Zack moaned loudly into her increasingly phlegmy undergarments. Her ruby red lips continued traveling up and down his shaft, the walls of her mouth and skillful tongue sucked him exquisitely. The pleasure intensified, his entire body tensing up.

'OH MY GOD YES! FUCK YES! THIS WHOLE WEEKEND WAS WORTH IT!!!'

And then, her mouth was gone.

UUUMMMMPPPHHH

Zack's vision went red and horrendous pain shot through his body as Sasha's fist collided with his balls. He yelled into the disgusting gag and his body attempted to roll sideways, but Sasha stubbornly blocked him. She cackled in glee before reaching down and giving his cock three stinging swats.

“You thought I was going to let you cum? You stupid **FUCK!**”

She punctuated the last word with one more shot to his scrotum. Sasha then reached up to his chest and gave both of his nipples a stern pinch and twist through the latex of his suit. She laughed as Zack's eyes watered and he coughed into her panties. His body rocked from side to side, attempting to find an outlet for his sudden anguish, but finding nowhere to go while the cruel redhead remained fixed between his legs.

Sasha zipped up his crotch flap, sealing his bruised balls and aching member under the restrictive rubber. She began to play with his nipples some more, but the unmistakable sound of a doorbell echoed throughout the condo.

“Oh shit! Trevor's early!”

The pain was still ebbing through him, but the realization of the peril he was in brought Zack to reality.

“On your side!” she yelled impatiently, backing out from between his legs.

Zack rolled over gingerly. He felt Sasha at his leather cuffs, unlocking the clasp that held them together.

“Get up! Now!”

He half-fell off the bed, picking himself up slowly as Sasha grabbed the bag of sex toys and made her way back to him. She grabbed his leash and spoke hurriedly.

“Listen to me carefully. You're going to get in the closet, sit down, and be VERY QUIET until Trevor leaves. If you make any sound, there's a good chance he will beat the living shit out of you! GOT IT?!?”

Zack nodded, the edge of her panties still hanging from his mouth.

“Good! **MOVE!**”

She yanked on his leash, run-walking to the large closet opposite her bed. She opened the doors and kicked some boxes and luggage out of the way; creating a space big enough for him to sit in. Sasha pulled his leash again, guiding him into place and pushing his shoulders down.

Zack let out another grunt of pain as his ass hit the floor. It jolted the fat plug into his sphincter as far as it would possibly go. Sasha dropped his leash and placed the bag of toys beside him.

“Remember. Silence!” she reminded him as she began to close the doors. “Oh, and Zack... Enjoy the show!” She gave him a wink before sealing it shut and scampering off to answer the door.

Within moments Zack could hear the two chatting in the distance, but he was more focused on his pain. The throbbing ache in his now flaccid cock and beaten balls was starting to lessen, but at the moment it still racked him. After some effort, he managed to push her soaking wet panties out of his mouth as he coped with the discomfort in his lower body.

The sadistic bitch had come within moments of giving him **one** good experience this weekend and then yanked it away. Zack began to wonder if all spoiled rich girls turned out this bad or if his terrible luck had saddled him with the two most evil co-eds on the planet.

He didn't have long to ponder as the voices of Sasha and Trevor grew closer until the pair entered the room. Zack didn't have a perfect view through the slatted wooden panels that made up the closet doors, but he could see most of the room through the thin, dark layers of obstruction.

“Sorry for making you wait! I was picking up a little.”

“You were? This place is a mess.”

“Hey! Be nice!” Sasha chided him, giving his chest a little poke.

“Just teasing!” he replied, raising his arms in mock surrender. “I take it back. You're not messy, you're... chaotic. You have the soul of an artist!”

Sasha rolled her eyes. “Just take your clothes off.”

Trevor didn't need to be told twice. He flashed her a knowing grin and started removing his jacket and pants.

He was pretty much exactly what Zack had guessed. Tall, dark, handsome and dumb as a brick. His jacket marked him as a member of the football team. Probably a quarterback or kicker. Zack didn't pay enough attention to college sports to know for sure.

“Just so you know, this is gonna be a quickie. Something came up and I have to leave here in like half an hour.”

“Oh?” Trevor responded as he kicked off his shoes and removed his socks.

“Nothing big, just need to help one of the girls with a project.”

“You're ditching me for school work?”

“Yeah, school! You know, the thing we're here for?”

“Pffft, speak for yourself. I'm here to play football and practice for my backup career.”

“Backup career? And what would that be?”

“Isn't it obvious? Porn!”

Sasha groaned, his combination of crudeness and simplicity being too much even for her. “You're lucky you're handsome, because you are SUCH a dork!”

Trevor pulled his shirt off and tossed it on the floor. “Yeah, yeah. Come here and kiss the dork, then.”

Sasha followed suit, pulling her pink jersey off and tossing it aside. She embraced him eagerly and they began kissing long and full as they helped each other remove what was left of their clothes. It didn't take long for Trevor's cock to respond. He wasn't gargantuan by any means but he had a solid seven inches of manhood standing at attention.

He gave Sasha a light push and she fell onto the bed; sitting at the very edge. Trevor closed in on her and brought his cock to her lips. She wasted no time taking it into her mouth and beginning to bob her head back and forth. Trevor let out a long sigh of contentment before placing his hands on the sides of her head. He began guiding her actions as he shoved his rock hard penis deeper, splitting her ruby lips wide open.

Zack had mixed emotions at this point. On the one hand, it was nice to see one of the girls getting topped for a change. On the other hand, Sasha seemed to be enjoying herself and she sure as hell wasn't going to punch Trevor in the balls before he blew his load. It just wasn't fair.

As the sounds of slurping, suction and face fucking grew louder, so did Trevor's responses. His moans started coming faster and more pronounced.

“FUCK! I'm close!!!”

He released her head and Sasha slid her mouth off his spit shined shaft. She gave his cock a few strokes before making a kissy face at Trevor and then rolling over on the bed. She got on all fours and put her ass high in the air. Zack had a perfect view of Sasha's naked body from the side, her tits hanging below her arched form.

Trevor stepped to the side, grabbed her hips and speared himself into her dripping cunt with practiced ease. He delivered a loud smack to her right ass cheek and then began shafting her quick and hard. Sasha cried out from his fast insertion and rough treatment, but quickly grew accustomed to it, pushing her body back into his hungry hips as her breasts jiggled below.

“Yeah... you like that you little slut? Not so prim and proper now, huh?”

“Fuck me Trevor! Harder!!!”

It was at this moment that Zack realized he was living in hell. He was watching a live porn take place right before his eyes and he couldn't take advantage of it. Even if he thought he could remain quiet enough while enjoying an orgasm, he was too scared to touch his still aching cock and balls.

The bitch currently getting her brains fucked out had not only ruined that orgasm for him, but was forcing him to watch her getting railed while being unable to pleasure himself. Zack started to wonder if Sasha wasn't even more cruel than Rebecca, in her own way.

Their fucking stretched on for long minutes. Trevor periodically pulled her hair and smacked her ass as the sound of their wet, slapping fucks slowly increased in pace. Finally, Trevor let out a long, guttural groan as he buried his cock home and his scrotum twitched. He shafted her several more times quickly as his jizzum fired into her love canal and Sasha wailed in climax.

They both collapsed on the bed and were silent for a few minutes, enjoying the afterglow as Zack sat in his hot, clammy gimp suit and was extra careful not to make any noise. He may have gotten away with a sneeze while they were in the throes of ecstasy, but now all was silent but their slowly steady breathing. You could almost hear a pin drop.

“Goddamn... that was great babe!”

Sasha turned and kissed him, placing her hand on the side of Trevor's face. “You don't mind that I have to go?”

“Not at all.” He kissed her back before rising off the bed and starting to put his clothes back on. “In fact, I skipped out on drinks with the guys to do this. I can probably still catch most of the game and enjoy a few cold ones.”

They chatted briefly as Trevor got dressed and then kissed goodbye before he saw himself out. Sasha lay on the bed, massaging herself down below and listening for her cue. Trevor's truck could be heard starting outside and then pulling out of the parking lot.

“You can come out now Zack!”

Zack didn't move. He knew what was coming next and he wasn't looking forward to it.

“GET OUT HERE! NOW!!!”

Zack stood, his limbs creaking after remaining still for so long. He fought his way up through Sasha's clothes and then steadied himself against the door, finally opening it. There was Sasha, laying on the bed spread eagle for him. Thick white jizzum oozed out of her well fucked pussy. She curled her finger back and forth, commanding him to come hither.

Zack sighed and shuffled forward, sliding up onto the bed and crawling to the diabolical red-headed Domina. She grabbed up his leash as he came into range and quickly pulled his face down into her steaming cunt. She grabbed the back of his head and pushed his face into her sloppy depths.

“THAT'S IT! Get to it slut! Be a good cleanup slave and suck out EVERY DROP OF CUM! LICK!!!”

She dropped the leash and grabbed his head just like Trevor had grabbed hers. She pulled his gaping mouth into her sludge filled slit and started making slow circles with his face. The pungent, hot paste oozed into Zack's mouth as he began slopping his tongue into her depths. The taste and texture was beyond gross and Zack sputtered and gagged as she pulled on his head roughly.

“Hands behind your back! NOW!”

Zack obeyed her command. He felt her sit forward just far enough so she could hook the clasp back on his leather cuffs. His hands were now locked behind his back once again.

“Fucking gimp slut! That's all you're good for... Tonguing my pussy, licking my ass and sucking the filth of a REAL MAN out of my cunt! MORE TONGUE!!!”

Sasha pulled his face into her hot, fleshy jungle repeatedly and roughly, fucking his tongue with her hips as more sticky gunk continued oozing out of her wet depths into his retching mouth. She mashed his face across her sex in wide swaths, making sure that cum and pussy juice were slathered all over. For once, Zack wished he was wearing the rubber gimp mask.

Even once he vacuumed up most of the heinous, creamy baby batter, Sasha continued abusing his lips and tongue. She demanded more oral attention as she writhed on the bed, holding his face to her pussy with a death grip.

“Deeper! TONGUE ME BITCH! Tongue fuck my pussy you filthy gimp slut!”

Zack thrust his tongue into her wet folds as deep as possible; circling the inside of her pussy generously. His nose was buried in the soft flesh just above her clitoris, his hot breath blowing bubbles with her juices as he struggled to breathe. He tongued, licked and sucked away, hoping to get the cruel co-ed off quickly so he could breathe freely again.

Sasha's back arched, her grip on his head became more painful and she wailed like a banshee. Her climax hit her with hurricane force. What Zack hadn't expected was the tropical drenching that followed. A forceful stream of leftover cum and vaginal fluids gushed from Sasha's hole as she screamed and thrashed around. Her squirt hosed into his mouth rapidly. Trickle escaped all around his

face as the heady mixture of juices poured down his throat. The river of fem-spray soon joined Trevor's cum in his sewer of a stomach.

“YESSSSSSS! FUCK YES!!! DRINK IT ALLLLLLLLLLL!!!!”

Zack obeyed. half out of fear and half because he didn't want to drown. He drank out of necessity, inhaling her voluminous fluids as her powerful cunt streamed into him for what felt like an eternity. Her hips bucked against him, making sure to keep her sopping hole fixed over his open mouth. Zack's arms pulled on his cuffs reflexively, but the strong leather and heavy chain made the effort fruitless as she gushed into his face.

At last, her wailing stopped and her arched body dropped back into relaxation. Sasha sucked in air through ragged breaths, her heart pounding as sheer pleasure coursed through her body. His head finally free, Zack gasped for breath. He coughed and retched between each inhale, the combination of squirt and cum settling into his stomach and producing significant nausea.

They lay there for a while; Sasha practically speaking in tongues as she slowly came down from her immense high. When she regained her senses, she sat up and looked down at her bound and drenched gimp; his latex gleaming with her juices.

“Holy fuck! That was one hell of a climax... You were born to be an oral slave, Zack.” She grabbed him by the shoulder, helping to roll him over. Zack used his legs to aid the motion, his body flopping over onto his back. “I know that's probably not what you wanted from this weekend, but it's a compliment nonetheless.”

“Thanks” he offered, not caring for her compliment in the slightest but not wishing to offend her either. “Are we done yet?”

Sasha leered at him with a giddy expression; her blue eyes beaming and her fiery hair cascading down in a silky wave. “Oh, not just yet my dear. I'm afraid this play has one more act.”

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Zack sweltered and ached in his now complete bondage. Sasha had stuck him back in the closet, but this time on his knees. The thick hood was now snug over his head and a ball gag was strapped securely in his mouth. His hands remained cuffed and chained behind his back. She had even tightened one of her belts around his legs for good measure and the fat rubber plug remained stuffed in his ass. His asshole had been dilated for so much of the weekend that he wondered if it would ever shrink back to its normal size.

He tried to imagine what the harpy had planned as he sat in his sticky latex prison straining against his bonds. The many tribulations of the weekend had turned his brain to mush. All he could think about was escaping this place and achieving some sense of normalcy again. The more he thought about it, the further away it felt.

Sasha's bathroom door opened and she stepped back into the room, freshly cleaned. Through the wooden slats he could see her, naked as the day she was born. She made her way to the dresser and

begin fishing around. Within seconds she retrieved some lingerie and began dressing herself. First she strapped a lacy, see-through bra into place. Then a pair of silken, crotch-less panties. Red fishnet stockings completed the look and soon she was a Goddess in red from head to toe.

Zack was already drooling all over himself thanks to the thick rubber ball in his mouth, but his liquid secretions seemed to multiply as he watched the young woman strut around in her “fuck me” ensemble. It just wasn't right. Why did such a beautiful woman have to be a manipulative psycho cunt?

Sasha was applying fresh eye liner and mascara when the doorbell rang for the second time that afternoon. She finished up quickly, wrapped a bathrobe around her body and hustled to the door. It didn't take long for Zack to piece together what was happening next. The deep voice emanating from down the hallway was a dead giveaway that Sasha had another horny suitor.

“Thanks for dropping by on short notice.”

“My pleasure baby. I'm at your service!”

The sports jacket implied he was another member of the football team. He was a young black man even taller and broader than Trevor.

“Don't you and Trevor have something going on right now?”

Sasha ran a hand through her scarlet tresses. “Let's just say we're in an open relationship. You ok with that?”

“Baby, I'm ok with any arrangement. Just like to know what I'm getting into!”

“Good, because I put these on just for you.”

Sasha unfolded the bathrobe and flipped it off her body. The young man's mouth fell open as he got his first look at Sasha's flawless curves framed in red lace and silk.

“Goddamn Sasha! You lookin fine!” he exclaimed as he started removing his jacket.

Sasha closed in on him and started running a finger down his chest as he disrobed.

“Let me be blunt. I want you to be my daddy. I want you to breed me and make me scream. I want you to fill my cunt and my ass with your thick seed. Can you do that for me, Reggie?”

Reggie kicked off his shoes and pulled down his pants and boxers, his rapidly hardening python swinging into view. “Bitch, you have no idea how much trouble you in!”

As Sasha sunk to her knees and started sucking Reggie's massive, uncut prick, Zack began to realize how much trouble **HE** was in. He would have two more disgusting, viscous loads to suck out of Sasha's holes before this nightmare would end.

Sasha sucked the big black cock before her with abandon and Reggie began to moan. Zack flexed uselessly in his bondage, watching yet another live porn unfold before his eyes. His cock and balls had recovered from their beating, but now he was immobilized. His penis started to stiffen, forming a bulge

in the front of his bondage suit. He watched the debauchery helplessly, straining to touch himself as rubber flavored spittle trickled down his throat endlessly.

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Zack grunted and groaned with each deep thrust as Rebecca gave him a lengthy “goodbye” pounding with her thick rubber 10-incher. Upon his return, she'd immediately bent Zack over the side of her bed and secured the giant strap-on around her naked body.

'So much for studying' had been Zack's final thought before her aggressive sodomy began in earnest. Now his body jolted back and forth on the bed, his hands clutching the blankets in tight fists as the insatiable Dominatrix gripped his hips and railed his ass into utter submission.

“Next week it's going to be twelve inches, Zack!”

“Fuck you!!!”

SMACK

“That's no way to talk to your owner and master! Now THANK ME for this fucking, or the next spank will be to your balls!”

“Thank you, Mistress!” he choked out between rough thrusts, his face growing red in the thick rubber mask.

“THANK YOU FOR WHAT?!?”

“Thank you for fucking this slave's hungry ass!”

The words were like ashes in Zack's mouth, but he couldn't take another swat to the nuts. Besides, if he could get the cunt sadist to climax, perhaps this would end sooner.

As if on cue, Rebecca began to moan and she increased the pace of her deep dicking. Her hold on his flanks became tighter and more needy.

Zack hated himself for doing it, but he played along.

“Yes! **FUCK ME MISTRESS!** I need your big cock!!!”

Rebecca yanked on his leash harshly, her moans turning into wails of pleasure as she thrust into his well-greased ass with incredible speed.

“AAHHHHHHHHHYEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!”

Her last few fucks were especially harsh, beating his ass and his bruised ball sack with her pounding hips and the fat rubber scrotum of her ample appendage.

Rebecca slowed to a stop and pulled the massive schlong from his well abused pucker. She put her hands on her hips and caught her breath as Zack released his grip on the bedding. His reprieve didn't last long as she yanked on his leash again.

“Roll over, whore!”

Zack complied and she quickly crawled onto the bed, working her way up his body until she hovered over his chest. Rebecca knelt down, her knees on either side of his torso and her bare ass planting itself on his latex covered chest. She seized the shaft of her fat strapon and gave it a few waves in front of his face before bringing the tip to his lips.

“Clean your anal filth off my cock, you disgusting pig!”

Zack allowed the length into his mouth without resistance. The pungent combination of rubber and his own anal juices was familiar at this point. She wasn't doing anything that half a dozen women hadn't done to him the night before. He just wanted to hurry the process along so he could finally be free of these crazy Femdom nymphos.

Rebecca stared down at him hauntingly, maintaining eye contact as she fed the cock into his mouth and worked it back and forth with her hips.

“More suction, bitch! You're barely even trying. Do I need to keep you here till midnight?”

Zack sucked, slurped and pushed his face back on the rubbery length; her threat more than enough to garner his enthusiasm. His lungs burned as her body pressed down on his chest, his nostrils wheezing in between long slurps of her thick rubber cock.

After a good ten minutes of oral servitude, Rebecca was satisfied with her spit shined strapon and Zack's humbled expression. She pulled the length from his mouth and rolled off his body. As she got off the bed, she unbuckled her strapon harness, stepped out of it and tossed the weighty toy aside. She began dressing in casual clothes, slipping on a t-shirt and some shorts while speaking to him over her shoulder.

“Get up and start undressing. Leave your gimp suit over the shower curtain. Put your collar, restraints and hood on the edge of the tub. Your clothes are in a bag by the sink. I'll be back in a bit.”

Zack waited until the bedroom door shut behind her before bounding off the bed with newfound energy. His freedom was only minutes away and he couldn't wait to get back to his cozy studio apartment. He trotted into the bathroom and unbuckled his leather wrist cuffs. He removed the hood from his sweaty, flustered face and began the long task of unpeeling himself from the tight, slimy confines of the thick rubber suit.

By the time he had his clothes and shoes back on and exited the bathroom, Rebecca was standing there waiting for him. Ominously, her hands were behind her back. She bore a thin smile, but Zack could tell she was annoyed that the weekend was over so “soon.” Her eyes shimmered wistfully.

“This concludes our first weekend together. I would ask if you enjoyed it, but that's not really the point, now, is it?”

“Yeah, whatever. Can I go?”

“I've already called you an uber and you'll be leaving shortly. But first, a parting gift.”

“Gift? What kind of gift?”

“The gift of being marked as my property.”

Zack began backing up slowly. “Whoa... wait a minute.” A series of horrible possibilities entered his mind as Rebecca slowly stalked toward him. “What kind of mark?!?”

As quickly as the tension built, it diffused as Rebecca's hands shot forward holding another collar.

Zack exhaled. He'd been expecting a knife, a branding iron or something even crazier. This woman was gonna give him PTSD, if she hadn't already. His relief was sadly short lived. As she drew closer he could make out the words engraved on the collar. “PROPERTY OF” followed by a big O-ring in the center and “REBECCA C.” to the right of it.

It was a thick, studded leather collar with small metal spikes and a metal lining on both the top and bottom. This must have been the “special item” Rebecca picked up when they were at The Sin Bin. It looked completely indestructible.

Rebecca slid by him, bringing the collar up to his neck and pulling the ends behind him. He heard some ratcheting sounds as she clicked it into place and made some adjustments so that it fit on his neck snugly, but not too tight. The metal and leather felt cool on his skin.

“It's very important to me that others know you're mine. That's why you're going to wear this at all times.”

“Yes Mistress” he lied, knowing full well he'd remove it as soon as he got home.

She returned to his front, a hand on her chin as she evaluated her work. She examined the collar from both sides of his body before a beaming smile spread over her lips.

“Perfect!” she announced before walking behind him again.

Zack felt her fidget with the back of the device one more time.

CLICK

The sound of a lock grinding shut was unmistakable. When Rebecca reappeared, she was wearing a necklace with a key on the end of it.

“Wait... this thing has an internal lock?”

“That's right. And only I have the key” she responded coolly.

Her grin was smug and her gaze haughty. She looked him up and down like a piece of meat; like he was a cow waiting to be slaughtered. Rebecca glided one finger up his chest and seized the O-ring of

his collar. She gave it a hearty tug and brought his face closer to hers.

“Your phone is on the kitchen table on top of a consent form. You will sign that form before you leave. If you do not, you know what happens tomorrow. If I text you at any time during the week, you will respond in a timely manner. That's all. You're dismissed, slave.”

She released his collar, her hazel eyes gleaming with obsession.

“See you next Friday.”

* * * * *

Zack limped into his dark studio apartment in the same clothes he'd worn two nights ago. His body was bruised, beaten and exhausted beyond measure. He could barely focus as he closed the door behind him. He flicked on the lights and assessed his situation.

He was starving and falling-down tired. He hadn't gotten any project work or studying done all weekend. It was a given that he was completely screwed for his classes tomorrow. He needed to get in touch with Tom and let him know he was ok.

Zack was still undecided on how much he wanted to tell anyone about the weekend. He knew he was going to get teased once his friends saw the collar, but he didn't want them to know the extent to which he'd been dominated. It was probably best to tell Tom and Marcus that it had been a “wild” weekend of partying and he was just experimenting. He would keep things intentionally vague, for now.

As he turned the corner to his tiny kitchen, he glimpsed the fish tank out of the corner of his eye.

'Oh, shit!'

He hurried over to the fish tank and spread some flakes over the surface. His poor pets hadn't eaten since Friday morning. The biggest of his goldfish swam to the top of the tank and began feeding immediately.

“Sorry Goliath” he said while tapping the glass gently.

Moving to the kitchen, Zack grabbed a box of granola bars and some potato chips from his sparse cupboards and a bottled water from the fridge. He trudged to his desktop and started shoveling the snacks into his mouth as he checked his email and notifications. He downed the large bottle of spring water in record time, his thirst insatiable after sweating in various rubber attire for two days straight.

A few minutes later he opened an IM window to message Tom, but was overcome with drowsiness. He had planned to write something longer but settled for *“Home safe. Crazy weekend. Talk to ya later.”*

He rose, switched the lights off, stumbled to his bed and face planted on the mattress. His last thought as he drew the covers around him was pondering whether or not his alarm was set. He cast that worry aside. Zack didn't have the energy to care anymore. He needed rest and the darkness was closing in.

* * * * *

It was Tuesday afternoon and Zack's electromagnetics lecture was wrapping up. He couldn't wait to get out of class and get something to eat. His body was still recovering from the lengthy weekend of Femdom abuse and it seemed like no matter how much he ate, his stomach kept growling.

His first day back in classes had been filled with shocked stares and snickers as his fellow students got their first glimpse of Rebecca's mark. Zack had toyed with various ideas on Monday, trying to hide the the symbol of his enslavement with popped collars and turtle necks, but nothing really worked. All it did was call more attention to the fact that he was, in fact, wearing a BDSM collar.

Not to mention that he would be in deep shit if he ever came across Rebecca and she saw him trying to hide it. They didn't have any classes together and spent most of their time on different parts of the campus, but he couldn't discount the possibility of running into her. Coming to the engineering wing to check up on him sounded exactly like something the psycho bitch would do.

Zack had resigned himself to his fate and now everyone he walked by in school had some inkling that he was into S&M. Nobody would ever think to ask him if he actually **liked it**. They would just assume that he did.

Zack had hated almost every minute of his weekend of slavery, but he was less sure how he felt about his newfound notoriety. The collar was a symbol of something sexual, taboo and mysterious. It made him stand out from the crowd, which is something he'd never really done before. Not all of the glances and comments he evoked were expressing mockery or shock. Some were full of curiosity and intrigue, especially those from women.

The lecture ended and Zack was snapped from his reverie. He gathered up his books and backpack, filing out of class behind his fellow students. He hadn't taken ten steps out of the classroom when he heard a female voice call out to his right.

“Hey! Collar boy!”

Zack stopped in his tracks and turned to see who'd flagged him so blatantly. It was the first time anyone had pointed out his status in anything more than a whisper.

A beauty in black from head to toe slid into view. She was leaned up against the wall, her goth look challenged only by the streak of pink dyed into her otherwise jet black locks. Her hair was luscious and long, tumbling down from all sides to halfway down her arms.

She wore a lacy black top, a black skirt and black stockings that extended down into her leather platform boots. Around her neck was a very different kind of collar; a silky choker that extended into frilly bits and ended in black beads that pointed down to her ample, snow-white cleavage. In the center of the choker was a large, purple stone. It glimmered in the light of the hallway.

The gorgeous young woman pushed herself off the wall with one of her boots and made her way to Zack. Her strong perfume and scented hair assailed his nostrils immediately. They were nice scents, but boy were they overpowering.

“Hi there. I'm Ash.”

“...Ash?” Zack asked, working to untie his tongue.

“Short for Ashley” she said, rolling her eyes “but I prefer Ash. And you are?”

“Zack” he answered, offering his hand.

She clasped it gently and shook. Despite her fingerless gloves, he could feel how cold her hands were.

“Do you have a few minutes, Zack? I was wondering if we could talk?”

“Sure...” he answered, intrigued by the newest beauty in his life and hoping against hope that she wasn't another cruel Femdom.

“Cool. Let's go out to the quad.”

After a short walk they found themselves in the large park at the center of the University campus. Ash picked a bench and Zack followed her to it. They made small talk about school along the way. It was a beautiful autumn day and Ash's dark appearance was a stark contrast to the streaks of orange and yellow that filled the background.

“Alright Zack, truth or dare?”

“What?”

“Truth or dare! Best way to get to know someone.”

“Ok... truth, I guess.”

Ash grinned. “Was that you in the silvery latex suit on Saturday night?”

Zack's face went red as a spanked monkey ass. “Uhhh, well...”

“Hahaha! I knew it!!!”

Zack looked around, making sure that no one was in range of their conversation.

“I thought I recognized your eyes. And despite the curves, I had a feeling it wasn't a woman in there.”

“So you were there? You're a member of AOE?”

“Yep. Took a pretty long turn with your ass, too. Hope you don't mind!”

“That's what I was there for...”

“So, do you and Rebecca have an actual **thing** going on? Or is she just training you?”

“Wait a minute! Isn't it my turn?” Zack countered.

“Oh, fair enough. Truth!” Ash replied confidently, leaning back against the bench.

“Is Femdom one of your kinks?”

Ash chuckled, looking up at the clouds as she answered. “I suppose so, but it's one of many. The idea of tying a guy up does appeal to me, but do I consider myself a hardcore Dominatrix? Nah. Like, I'm glad I got to try a little strapon action. It was a fun new experience. But something I'd want to do regularly? Not really.”

Zack was floored by her openness. Ash seemed much more genuine than Rebecca and Sasha. She was more like Moxie in that regard. Maybe all the members of AOE weren't batshit crazy sadists after all?

“So, what's the deal with you and Rebecca?” she asked, gazing back over at Zack. Her intrigue was evident by her return to the same question.

“We're definitely not a thing romantically” he insisted, grabbing the O-ring of his collar with his index finger “But as you can see, she's very possessive regardless.”

“Mmmm, how interesting” Ash purred. “Ok, now it's time to take a dare!”

“What? Don't I get to pick?”

Ash sighed. “Just say dare, silly.”

Zack shrugged. “Fine. Dare!”

“Alright Mr. Kinky. I dare you to come to my place tonight at 8 o'clock. I'd like to get to know you a little better. And maybe...” she scooted closer to him on the bench, putting one half-gloved hand on his left thigh. “We'll have a really good time.”

He was captivated by her glossy black eyes. They were dark holes that a man could be sucked into forever. The blood pounded in Zack's veins and his face went flush. He felt overwhelmed, but did his best to play it cool.

“I'll take that dare.”

“Good” she replied, flashing him a dazzling smile. “I'm in room 212 in the grad student apartments. You know where that is?”

“It's not far from mine” Zack answered, a genuine smile forming on his face for the first time in days.

Ash got up and prepared to depart. “Awesome! I'll see you tonight then. Eight sharp!” She waved before strutting off, her leather boots clacking on the pavement. Zack got a nice view of her ass through the thin black skirt as she sauntered off.

“Promise you're not a crazy sadist?” he called after her.

Ash laughed and turned around, her eyes incredulous. “Oh my god! What did those girls do to you?!?” She smiled and waved again before turning and walking off.

Zack stood and shouldered his bag before heading in the direction of the cafeteria.

“You have no idea.”

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