

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 6 – Maid To Suffer More

The unmistakable sound of cereal pouring out of its crinkly plastic bag and rattling into a bowl filled the kitchen as Zack prepared breakfast for his Mistress. She had a cupboard dedicated exclusively to super-healthy breakfast cereals; the kind Zack would never have touched with a ten foot pole on his own. Upon waking up, Moxie had ordered him into the kitchen to begin another day of domestic servitude. Smooth jazz flowed from her living room stereo and seeped into every corner of the modest two bedroom apartment.

It was Saturday morning and day two of his weekend as slave to the stunningly beautiful southern belle. As best he could tell, Moxie went to no small effort to conceal her accent. Perhaps she was ashamed of where she grew up? Maybe she'd been teased about it in school? Whatever the case, her efforts were only half successful and her southern lilt slipped through intermittently. Zack was happy when it did. He absolutely adored it.

He wanted to tell her that. Wanted to say a lot of things. But what was appropriate conversation between Mistress and slave? That was a topic of some confusion to Zack, especially after being claimed by several women with distinctly different styles of domination.

The second skin of warm, clingy latex around his body was a constant reminder of the nature of their relationship. So were the wrist and ankle cuffs. Thankfully, she hadn't made him put his rubber hood on yet. His face could feel the cool morning air and his hair could breathe, for now.

The blonde Goddess had no kitchen table to speak of. She sat just outside the kitchen where a short counter, lined with bar stools, protruded from the wall. The space above the counter had been hollowed out, so the living room could be seen from the kitchen. These apartments were obviously designed for frat guys and low income folks.

Based on all the toys and clothing in her playroom, Moxie could do better if she wanted to, but she chose to stay here. It was becoming clear to Zack that this decision wasn't purely economical. Although her college years were over, the frisky Femdom wasn't ready to leave the collegiate atmosphere behind. It was probably some combination of nostalgia and easy access to young men willing to experiment sexually.

As he grabbed the milk from the fridge and brought Moxie her cereal, Zack decided to be bold. Speaking without being prompted garnered instant punishment from the likes of Rebecca and Sasha, but Moxie seemed more relaxed about that sort of thing; at least when they weren't in the middle of play time. Zack handed the bowl and half gallon of milk through the opening in the wall and set them on the counter before his Mistress. He remained in the kitchen as they chatted.

“Kashi, Special K, Quaker Oats... You're pretty serious about breakfast, aren't you?”

Moxie had been thumbing through a magazine. She set it aside and looked up before grabbing the milk

and pouring some over her cereal.

"I eat healthy in the morning so I can have what I like for dinner." She dug in and ate a few mouthfuls before addressing him again. "Help yourself to some cereal and toast. There's fresh fruit as well."

"I'm good, thanks. Not really a breakfast guy."

"You may regret that later. I have a lot planned for you today."

"Won't be the first bad decision I've ever made."

Moxie looked up from her meal and eyed him up and down. "I expect not. How did you sleep?"

"Was pretty warm in this thing" he answered, glancing down at his shiny, latex encasement. "But I slept ok."

She snickered. "I suppose you want a hot shower?"

"That'd be nice" he replied, relieved at the thought of freeing his body and cleansing it of the rubbery stench and sweat.

"Too bad" she shot back as she returned to her breakfast. "You can clean up when you go home tomorrow."

Zack grimaced. Even Rebecca had let him shower after their first night together. She may have been a sadist, but she liked her toys clean. Moxie, apparently, preferred them soiled. "You really enjoy all this latex and rubber stuff, huh?"

"If I didn't, I wouldn't still be working in the back room of the Sin Bin." She studied him again, tracing his gimp-suited body up and down as she ate a couple more spoonfuls. "I like men in gleaming leather and latex. Dom or sub. Although, I'm enjoying you slutty subs more the older I get."

Zack chuckled and folded his arms over his chest. "Glad to be of service."

Moxie's lips spread into a wide smile. It seemed his comment had reminded her the clock was ticking. "Good, because it's time you got back to work. On your hands and knees, slave. Crawl around to the base of my chair."

He smirked and nodded affirmatively. Zack lowered himself down and hobbled his way out of the kitchen. His rubber-clad palms and legs squelched across the tile floor. He exited the kitchen, turned the corner and was huddled below her tall seat in moments.

He peered up and saw her lovely legs extending down the length of the metal bar stool. She was still wearing the silky black nightie and panties from the night before, but the stockings were gone. Her lower body was creamy, white southern comfort crying out to be worshiped.

Moxie unhooked her left foot from the ringed footrest near the bottom. She extended it slightly in his direction and spoke without even looking at him. "Foot massage. Now."

As Femdom activities went, this one wasn't bad at all. Not compared to everything else Zack had done. He quickly rose to a kneeling position and took her dainty foot in his latex-clad hands. He began stroking it back and forth and kneading it directly. He worked his fingers around her toes in between each long sweep up and down her smooth foot. He gripped and rubbed it firmly as his hands made their way back and forth.

“Mmmmmmm...” Moxie moaned through a mouthful of Special K. Her eyes fluttered as Zack's efforts flooded her body with soothing relaxation. “You're pretty good at that, Zack. Have you rubbed a woman's feet before?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Guess you're just a natural then. How many women throughout history do you think have had their feet rubbed while they ate breakfast?”

“Not many, Mommy.”

“Exactly. And yet here we are. Every woman could have this if she wanted. Putting you filthy perverts in your place is so easy.” She ate a few more spoonfuls before deciding her left foot was done. “Other foot. Now!”

Zack withdrew his hands and skittered around to the other side of the chair. Her right foot was presented and he began his work anew. He molded, rubbed and squeezed her elegant flesh tenderly. Moxie let out low moans of pleasure as she finished her cereal. Her spoon clattered into the bowl and she leaned back, looking down at her dutiful slave as he doted on her below.

“Enough rubbing. Use your lips! Kisses, up and down. Hands behind your back.”

Zack was somewhat grossed out by the idea, but he obeyed her without hesitation; if only to avoid another round of spankings. He removed his hands, puckered up his lips and began applying them all over her foot in slow, sucking kisses. He locked his hands behind his back as Moxie pressed her foot into his face and smiled down at him wickedly.

She smeared her soft sole all over him, feeling his soft lips wherever she guided her foot. Moxie giggled, enjoying his obvious discomfort. “I think you can do better than that. Extend your tongue, slave.”

Zack cringed inwardly, but acquiesced to her demands. He let his tongue hang out as far as it would go. Moxie smooshed her foot onto his wet flesh and began gliding it up and down. She giggled as his soft, warm appendage bathed her sensitive sole in tingly bliss.

“Show some enthusiasm, slut! Up and down! All the way!”

She held her foot in place and Zack began slurping up and down the full length of her foot. Moxie looked entranced as her rubber slave slobbered from ball to heel, obediently cleaning her bare, dirty sole.

“Awwww... Don't like the taste of my dirty feet? Tough shit! Lick it clean, bitch! If you won't eat breakfast, I'll find another use for your tongue.”

After several minutes of sloppy foot worship Moxie pressed her slimy sole into his face and pushed him away. She grabbed a napkin from the counter and wiped her foot clean of his glistening saliva. Zack leaned back, his hands still clasped behind him, waiting for her next cruel instruction.

Moxie stepped down from her perch and placed her hands on her hips. “Not bad, slut. I hope you're as good at cleaning bathrooms as you are at licking feet!”

* * * * *

SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB SCRUB

Zack worked the head of the brush around the inside of the toilet. He knelt before the disgusting bowl, sweating profusely in his suit. He'd already given the shower a good once-over, a job that had taken at least forty five minutes to remove all the encrusted grime. He was beginning to think the only time Moxie's apartment got cleaned was when she brought a submissive home for the weekend.

The thick rubber hood had been locked over his face and his hair was now a sweaty mass plastered against his neck and scalp. His entire body throbbed with trapped heat and musky sweat. The full latex encasement debased him further as he scrubbed her shitter clean.

Although the latex headpiece covered his ears, he could hear Moxie faintly as she walked into the bathroom. He turned and his eyes widened as Zack noticed she was almost entirely naked. A black, latex bra and the sizable strapon buckled around her waist were the only things covering her assets. The thick, black dong bobbed before her, a condom already rolled up its length as the shaft dripped lube on the floor. Moxie had come prepared.

She walked directly behind him and grabbed his leash, tugging it sternly. “As you were, slut, but stand up.”

Zack obeyed and he could feel her breasts press against him as she took hold of his hips. Her left hand pressed down on his back and he bent forward, struggling to hold onto his cleaning implement and not fall over. He grabbed the rim of the toilet to avoid a nasty fall.

“There we go! You keep right on cleaning. Don't mind me!”

Zack felt cool air hit his pucker as Moxie unzipped him below. He took a deep breath and stuck the toilet brush back in the bowl to resume his work. He braced himself, knowing what was coming next. Moxie pressed the cool tip of her latex wrapped strapon to his entrance and pushed it home firmly.

“AhhhhhHHHHHHH!!! Ohhhhfuucckk!!!”

She yanked on his hips as the long, fat cock tunneled into his ass. It was even bigger than the one she'd used on him yesterday and Zack was feeling every ass-filling inch. Moxie buried it two thirds of the way to the hilt before easing up and letting his ass become accustomed to her new toy. She stroked his back gently, a menacing, throaty laugh piercing through closed lips as she enjoyed the sight before her.

“You're not cleaning, slave.”

Zack gasped, realizing she was right. He returned to scrubbing and brushing below, his right hand directing the wand as his left gripped the toilet desperately. The sound of bristles swishing against grubby, filth-speckled porcelain stroked out as Moxie prepared for her fun.

“You know, there's just something about fucking a slutty little gimp as he does my housework that really does it for me! I wish every chore worked well with strapon play, but they don't. So I never miss out on the ones that do...”

Moxie flicked the 'on' button for the vibrator hidden under her strapon harness. A light moan exited her lips as her body buzzed with pleasure and excitement. She took a firm hold of Zack's hips and gave him one last command.

“Hold on tight, bitch.”

She withdrew her fat weapon until only the tip was lodged in Zack's pucker. Seconds later, she plunged it in to the hilt.

“RRRRGGGMMPPHHHH!!”

Zack gritted his teeth as she dove into his fleshy walls, the fat rubber scrotum smacking into his sensitive sack and sending an arc of pain through his bent over body. Moxie wasted no time developing a rhythm, the lube-slick cock gliding in and out of his sucking pucker. Zack grunted as she stretched him out, her hips thrusting into his ass forcefully. She sighed in pleasure as the thrill of domination overtook her body and the pulsing toy sent blissful vibrations through her vulva.

The sloppy thwocking sound of a thick strapon penetrating lubricated boy pussy echoed through the bathroom as Moxie gave it to him **hard**. Zack's cleaning efforts became weak and uncoordinated as he was increasingly distracted by each lustful thrust and teasing withdrawal. The grinning Dominatrix tore a hand from his hips only to grab his leash and give his collar a hardy tug. The leather and metal restraints jingled as his head was pulled back in her grasp.

“You like this, slut? Being my anal whore and **RUBBER MAID**? Getting **FUCKED** while you scrub my toilet? Filthy fucking **bitch!**”

She released the leash and took a fresh, firm hold of his rubber-clad hips. Moxie increased the pace of her fucking, pounding his ass harshly. Ten inches of fat, latex-coated dick slurped in and out of his stretched-wide hole; her hips slapping into his ass each time. Zack abandoned his brush, seizing the toilet with both hands so he wouldn't topple over. His face grew bright red under the thick rubber hood. Zack bit into his lower lip as he tried desperately not to call out.

“Ahhhhhh! ARRRGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!”

SMACK

Moxie slowed her thrusts only to scorch his ass with her open palm. She re-established her death grip and returned to fucking him like the rubberized toilet slave he was. Her nostrils flared and the plodding sound of hips on ass came even faster as she filled him over and over.

“What's the matter, Zack? Can't **multi-task**? You enjoying this cock too much?”

“Ye-Yes Mistress...”

“Uh huh. That's what I thought.”

Her aggressive fucking pushed him forward and Zack found himself holding the top of the toilet tank. The porcelain cover rattled as she battered his body again and again. The fat strapon slurped in and out of his asshole as lube ran from his ass and dripped into the toilet. Moxie's breasts shook and her eyes rolled into the back of her head as the power rush and clitoral stimulation became too much.

“Ohhhhhh.... **OHHHHHHHHH! YESSS!! FUCK YEEEEEEESSSSSS!!!**”

Moxie hilted in his ass one last time and wailed in climax. She groaned repeatedly as she pressed Zack down into the stone-cold toilet and her fingers dug into his rubberized form. Her toes curled against the floor as her near-naked body convulsed in pleasure. Her juices flowed freely and her buildup of squirt began leaking from the sides of her strapon harness. Moxie's fluids drooled down to the floor and created another mess for her slave to clean.

“Ohhh... ohhhh god. Phew...” Even Moxie seemed surprised by the strength of her climax as she rested on her slave a few moments. Zack's heartbeat began to slow along with hers, but his body remained tense with the fearsome fuck-toy buried in his ass. He leaned his forehead against his resting arm and waited for her to withdraw.

SLLLORRRPP

Moxie backed out and looked down at her glistening rubber fuck-rod. She half-giggled, half-laughed a few times as she stood on shaky legs, the powerful orgasm still lingering in her. The blonde bombshell ran her hands through her hair as she composed herself.

SMACK

She delivered a swat to his other ass cheek for good measure and zipped up his bottom. It seemed their play was done, for now.

“Finish cleaning the toilet and mop the floor. We have a schedule to keep, so you have thirty minutes to complete these tasks. You know what happens if you don't.”

She strode out of the bathroom without another word and left Zack to his work.

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It was a fall afternoon, but the bright sun made it just warm enough to not need a jacket. Moxie lay in a folding chair catching some rays. She wore shades and a wide smile as she watched her gimp slave wax her car. Zack had already washed the white Honda Accord and waited twenty minutes for it to dry. Now he was applying a thorough coat to make her vehicle shine.

Moxie pulled out a pack of cigarettes from her purse and lit up. She took a long drag and exhaled, letting the breeze carry her smoke away. Zack had only seen Moxie smoke once so far. She'd done so right after their pizza date the night before. Every other time she needed a cig, she'd left the apartment for five minutes. Since Moxie wasn't big on tidiness, he had to assume the building had a 'no smoking indoors' policy.

Zack had never been fond of smokers, but he had to admit, she looked damn sexy with a burn between her lips. The blonde beauty had changed into a form-fitting, black and red checkered one piece dress before they headed outside. It was tied at the waist with a fashionable metal studded leather belt and her wrists were adorned with several fancy bracelets. Her hair was done up in a bun, like the day he met her, and black leather boots completed her look.

The rapidly tiring gimp wiped away at her car, rubbing the wax into the paint and giving it a nice sheen. He snuck a look at Moxie every now and then, admiring her poise and beauty as she soaked in the warmth of Indian summer. He was interrupted suddenly by the sound of approaching footsteps behind him.

“What the **fuck** is this perverted shit?”

Zack turned to see a half drunk, disheveled woman in her fifties. At least he hoped she was in her fifties. If she was any younger, she certainly didn't look it. Her clothes were dirty and thin, much like her stringy, graying hair. He was about to say hello when Moxie piped up.

“Why don't you mind your own business, Marla?”

“My own business? You got one of your **sex freaks** out in the fuckin parking lot! It's everybody's business now!”

Moxie took another drag and blew a wispy cloud through her ruby-red lips. “You *wish* it was your business.”

The older woman rolled her eyes. “Ya'll need Jesus, is what it is.”

“You know what you need, Marla? More crack. You still have a few teeth left, doncha?”

“Fuck you, heathen skank!”

Moxie didn't bother with a verbal response. Her eyes remained hidden behind glossy shades as she held up a middle finger just for Marla. The woman sneered and lumbered off toward the apartment complex. Zack waited until she was out of earshot to say anything.

“A good friend, I take it?” he quipped.

“Neighbors. Gotta love em” Moxie answered. She finished her cig and stamped the remnants into the ground beside her. “Looks like you're almost done?”

“Yeah, just got one more section to coat.”

“Awesome!” she exclaimed. Moxie rose from her chair and grabbed her bag. She walked over to Zack and unclipped the leash from the front of his collar. “I’m gonna get ready for our next activity. Be right back, sugar.” She smiled, tapped his chin and headed off in the same direction Marla had gone.

Zack worked the wax into the final section of the car over the next few minutes. When it was done, he turned and leaned against one of the dry sections of the vehicle. His body ached all over and he was completely parched from the constant sweating in his skintight prison. He hoped whatever Moxie had planned next, it wasn't too strenuous. He was running out of gas, fast.

A minute later Moxie reappeared and her smile had grown wider. She was holding some kind of leather dog mask, a harness of leather straps and metal buckles, knee pads, some weird looking gloves and a retractable dog leash.

“I’m in the mood for some ice cream. Let’s go for a walk!”

* * * * *

WACK

Moxie's crop connected with Zack's ass and he yelped before picking up the pace. Crawling on hands and knees isn't a skill many people practice in adulthood. Moving in that fashion is much more laborious than one imagines when watching infants scoot across a carpet. It's certainly less fun when you're on pavement and expected to move at a constant walking speed.

Zack plodded ahead, his paw shaped leather mitts and footies scuffing on the stone as he huffed, puffed and cleared the way for his Domina. He now had a second layer of fetish material wrapped around his head. The leather dog mask had pointy ears that stuck up on either side of his face. The harness was secure around his torso with a tether that led back to Moxie's retractable leash. The mask had blinders attached, so Zack couldn't see to his left or right. He could only view what was directly in front of him as he slogged down the sidewalk.

He grunted and grumbled every time his hands or knees went over a pebble, stone or divot in the pavement. His body was overheating worse than ever in the latex prison. Zack was thankful for the knee-pads, at least. His knees would've be in rough shape by now without them. Moxie lashed out with her crop, periodically stinging his ass, silencing his complaints and keeping him focused.

“We're not going far. Just a few more blocks, slut! Keep going.”

“Yes, Mistress!” he replied through raspy breaths.

“Good doggie.”

Zack could only imagine what anyone witnessing this spectacle was thinking. If they were saying anything, he couldn't hear it thanks to the blood pounding in his ears and the layers of latex and leather covering them.

The minutes stretched on for what felt like hours, but mercifully they arrived at their destination. They

marched through a parking lot and onto the curb at a “Stanley's Shoppe.” The convenience store chain had started as an ice cream parlor decades ago and was well known in the region for their fresh ice cream, available year round.

Moxie led her submissive to a bike rack, wound the leash around the metal housing and turned to him. “I'll be right back. Take a breather.”

As soon she disappeared into the store Zack exhaled deeply, righted himself and leaned back against the rack. It felt so good just to get off his hands and knees. It almost made him forget how he was a giant latex dog-man sitting out in the open and stewing in his own slimy sweat.

As he rested and caught his breath, he was treated to an endless series of strange looks, glances of disgust and people cracking jokes he couldn't quite make out. Full sentences were difficult to decipher, but Zack was sure he heard the words 'Pulp Fiction' mentioned a couple times in between guffaws of laughter.

Every time an individual, couple or family exited a vehicle and walked into the shop, he got some kind of visceral reaction. Zack pleaded with the universe, earnestly wishing they'd fail to notice him. Each time that hope was dashed on the rocks of reality.

'Yup. I'm that guy. The weirdo gimp. Thanks for coming to my TED Talk.'

Moxie finally emerged from the store carrying an ice cream cone and an uncapped bottle of cold spring water. She leaned down and presented the latter to him. Zack took it between his ridiculous looking leather paws and brought it to his lips at once.

“Careful. Don't drop it...” she admonished as he gulped down the cool drink.

The bottle was drained in short order and he let it clatter to the ground beside him. Moxie snickered in between licks of her chocolate ice cream, gazing down at him with amusement. She hadn't given him permission to get off his hands and knees, but she'd let it go this time.

The gorgeous belle in shades sat on the bike rack and enjoyed her frozen treat. Even more, she basked in the parade of shaken and amused strangers; loving every gasp of bewilderment and sneer of annoyance. She played it cool, acting like taking your gimp slave out for a walk and an ice cream was the most natural thing in the world. Zack watched her, beginning to realize she was getting off on the exhibition.

Once her cone was half finished, she stood and collected his leash. “Alright, slut. Let's head back.”

Zack returned to his hands and knees and began the arduous crawl home. Moxie followed a short distance behind, letting a fair amount of slack out of the leash's housing so he could trundle ahead a good ten feet in front of her. She wanted as many people to notice them as possible. Moxie grinned wickedly in between licks of her cone.

As Zack plodded on, he began to feel lightheaded. The water had quenched his thirst, but he was starving. He hadn't yet eaten and his body was completely out of glycogen. His stomach growled and pangs of hunger assailed him.

“Mistress?!?”

“Yes, dog?”

“I need to eat something soon. I'm not feeling great.”

“**HALT!**”

Zack came to an immediate stop and Moxie caught up with him. She walked around to his front, her heels clacking on the pavement. Zack was treated to a vision of her shiny boots. He looked up and saw a mildly annoyed Femdom.

“This is my fault, I suppose. I should've ordered you to eat breakfast earlier. A slave can hardly be expected to look after himself.”

She reached down and smeared the end of the ice cream cone all over her right boot.

“Lick it up! Quickly!”

He didn't need to be told twice. Zack ducked in and began lapping the rapidly melting chocolate from her shiny footwear. He was so hungry, he didn't even mind the leather aftertaste. Zack slobbered all over her boot until not a speck of chocolate brown was left.

“Sit up. On your haunches, like an obedient dog.”

Zack leaned back and straightened his spine. He even held up his 'paws' in rank submission. He knew it was what she wanted.

Moxie smiled. “Open your mouth, doggie. All the way.”

He obeyed and Moxie shoved the last few inches of the ice cream cone into his waiting mouth. Zack couldn't remember the last time ice cream tasted that good. The cool sludge slid over his tongue and siphoned down into his gullet as he crunched on what was left of the cone. He started to feel better almost instantly.

“Dogs aren't supposed to have chocolate, but I guess we can make an exception this time.”

Moxie wiped her hand on the sides of his mask, cleaning herself of the sugary residue and further debasing Zack. She waited for him to finish before snapping his leash firmly and pointing down the sidewalk.

“No more delays! Let's go!”

Her treat gone, Moxie pulled the crop from her handbag and quickly put it back to use. Zack felt a scorching sting on each ass cheek. It was more than enough incentive to get him crawling at a brisk pace.

THWACK THWACK

“MOVE, BITCH!”

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Once Moxie had led him back into the kitchen, she still didn't give Zack permission to get off his hands and knees. She grabbed one of the many takeout flyers adorning her refrigerator and perused it. Half an ice cream cone had failed to sate the hungry Domme.

“Do you like Chinese food?”

“Not particularly, Mistress.”

“Oh, that's a shame.”

She set the flyer down on the counter, opened the refrigerator and pulled out a ziplock bag with the leftover pizza from the night before. Moxie reached up and grabbed a large bowl from one of her cupboards and unceremoniously dumped a few of the slices into the large dish. She set the bowl on the floor directly in front of Zack.

“Eat. No hands allowed.”

As if he needed to be told. His hands remained stuffed in the big leather 'paw' mitts.

“Yes, Mommy.”

The still famished Zack dove in instantly, his face pressing down into the bowl. He chomped on the pile of cold cheese, marinara and bread. He didn't mind cold pizza, but eating it without hands was a chore. Regardless, after all the exertions of the day, he was happy just to have delicious carbohydrates flowing into his system again.

“Once you're done, we'll remove your doggie gear. You can get to work dusting and vacuuming the living room and hallway. After I eat, you'll report to the playroom. Picky eaters get forty strokes with the paddle.”

Zack raised his head from the bowl of pizza mush just long enough to respond. “Yes, Mommy!”

Moxie chuckled as she watched him inhale his increasingly sloppy meal on hands and knees. She pulled out her phone, took another look at the flyer and dialed the number for her favorite Chinese place.

“Hello! I'd like a delivery.”

* * * * *

It had been a long night, but it wasn't over yet. After more chores and more spankings they had a

second “Netflix and chill” session. As she watched a movie, he spent the rest of the night under Moxie's ass. Two hours of ass worship later, he found himself chained to the top and bottom of her bed yet again.

“Ohhhhhh... Yes! **THAT'S GOOD!** Just like that!!!”

It was some time after eleven o'clock. Maybe midnight by now? Zack had no way to gauge time in his current predicament. His view of the digital clock radio was obstructed by one of Moxie's ample milkers. He slurped away on her nipple, his tongue bathing her pink aerola in wide swaths in between firm suction. In between Moxie's moans he could hear her Hitachi wand spinning away on her pussy below.

“Oh fuck! **MORE!!!** Make Mommy feel good!”

Zack circled her engorged nipple with his tongue and sucked on it repeatedly. Suddenly, the breast was ripped away. Moxie shifted slightly and thrust her other breast at his mouth. He resumed his duties as his Domina groaned in pleasure.

She'd already switched breasts several times and had at least one orgasm. Half of Moxie's body was draped over his, her right leg inserted between his chained legs. Her naked curves writhed on his latex-clad form and Moxie's juices leaked all over Zack and the bed sheets. She didn't care. Moxie was lost in a world of pleasure as she demanded worship of her milky white mounds.

“Suck harder you **fucking slut!!!** More tongue! AhhhhhhhhHHHHH!!!”

Zack re-doubled his efforts. He sucked her cone of silky flesh into his mouth like a starving man. He swirled his tongue around her jutting nipple, following Moxie's reactions and repeating what she seemed to like best. He focused on pleasuring her as her body rocked against his. Before long her gyrations went from steady to random and her moans and squeals became frenzied.

“Ahhhhhhh!!! **OHHHH FUCK!!!!** UHHHHHHHHHHHHNNNNGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Warm squirt gushed from Moxie's pussy lips as the toy spun away on her clitoris and Zack dutifully slurped on her breast. She grunted and screamed, her body losing all control as she spasmed in another wave of climax. Her breast exited his mouth and she gripped the headboard with her free hand, steadying herself as bliss racked her curvy frame and pleasure overwhelmed her.

After a spell of slowing moans and guttural yells, she released the wand and rolled over on her back. She lay next to Zack for a while with closed eyes, her hands pawing her naked body and gliding across the bedding as her climax ebbed. With her body no longer in the way, Zack could see it was quarter after midnight. He should've known by the rawness of his tongue. He'd been sucking on her tits for quite a while.

As her faculties returned, Moxie rolled back towards him and giggled. She reached out and traced his latex bound form up and down with a single finger. Even in the darkness, Zack could see her eyes shimmering in the pale light cast from the bedroom window. They reflected inner peace and immense satisfaction.

“That was **very** nice. Thank you, slave.”

“I didn't know slaves ever got a thank you.”

Moxie snickered. “They do when they make me feel **that** good.”

“You're welcome, Mistress.”

Moxie said nothing for a while. She just smiled and stroked his body up and down. Zack shifted slightly and his chains rattled. He tried to get comfortable, but it was difficult when you were stewing in two days worth of sticky filth. At least his body was starting to cool down now that their play was over.

As she watched Zack, her expression shifted from pure happiness to curiosity and concern. Moxie's massage came to an end as she propped her head up on one elbow.

“What's your deal, Zack?”

“What do you mean?”

“You're going through the motions, but I'm still not getting the sense you're enjoying this. Is it because I don't go as hard as Rebecca? You like it more cruel? More painful?”

“Oh, hell no! Believe me, I prefer your style to Rebecca's...”

“Then what is it? If you don't enjoy being topped, what are you getting out of this?”

Zack sighed and pondered what he should say. He could lie and insist she was reading him wrong, but he didn't want to. He liked Moxie too much for that.

“What can I say? I enjoy the company of beautiful women. And so far, you're the most stunning woman I've met, on or off campus.”

Moxie blushed and her eyes shifted down for a moment. “Hmph. Your flattery is appreciated, but I'm trying to figure you out.” Her gaze returned to Zack. She stared into his eyes as they peered out of his tight gimp hood. “Let me get this straight. You're willing to submit to women even though you don't get off on it? Just because you're sweet on them?”

“So it seems.”

“Maybe you're in denial of how much you enjoy being dominated. Seems to me only a natural bitch-boy would be willing to endure Femdom just for attention from the fairer sex.”

Zack shrugged. “Who can say? You dominant women sure don't strike me as fair, though.”

She arched an eyebrow. “You're an odd one, Zack. And I have a feeling there's more going on up here..” she reached out and tapped his forehead. “Than either of us understands right now.”

The hedonistic blonde sat up, grabbed her bra from the headboard and wrapped it back around her bust. She took hold of the covers and pulled them up over her body. “Well, don't worry, because unless you

safe-word out, I'm gonna get to the bottom of this. Even if I have to beat and fuck it out of you. And I'm going to enjoy every second of it.”

“I expect nothing less.”

Moxie murmured devilish, throaty laughs as she wrapped herself in the duvet and got comfortable.

“Goodnight, slave.”

“Goodnight, Mistress.”

* * * * *

Hot. Clammy. Tight. Bound. Gagged. Zack should be used to this by now, but it never seemed to grow easier. Not for the vanilla bottom. The non-submissive that submits.

Sunday was a whirlwind of housework and pain. Zack's admissions the night before seemed only to embolden Moxie. She reveled even more in his abuse. She'd slapped his face a dozen times and spit on him. Forced him to empty the refrigerator, clean it from top to bottom and put her groceries back neatly.

Moxie took him to the bathroom, pulled his face down by the leash and commanded him to lick the rim of the toilet bowl he'd cleaned the day before. He obeyed, of course. Before he was given the honor of polishing her boots, she called him into the playroom to feel the lash of her whip.

“These aren't a punishment” she explained before beginning thirty brutal lashes. “I'm just in the mood.”

Zack cried “yellow” after the nineteenth slash whipped across his exposed ass. It was the first time he'd used either of his safe words and Moxie smiled when he did. She gave him a brief reprieve before finishing the most agonizing feat yet. She took her time with the remaining lashes.

Now Zack was tied up tightly in the playroom. Latex enclosure, the armbinder and a ball-gag were all things he'd experienced before, but being suspended in a sex swing was new. He hung in midair, hovering above the floor in the complex harness of leather straps. He slobbered on his gag and his arms grew ever more tense and achy in the thick leather binder behind him as he anticipated Moxie's return.

He waited for what felt like ages, helpless in mid air. At last, the authoritative striking of boot heels on hard wood announced her entrance. Zack looked up and was dumbfounded by a vision of peerless beauty. Every curvy inch of Moxie was clad in red latex aside from her shiny black arm gloves and black thigh-high boots. Her silky blonde hair was done up in a high ponytail.

Even the monster rubber dong jutting from her strapon harness couldn't stop the blood rushing to Zack's penis. She walked to within striking distance of her slave and stopped, placing her hands on her hips. Moxie dripped confidence and oozed sex. Zack was in love.

“Do you like it? This is my absolute favorite strapon. The *Dark Crystal Tongue Biter*. Eleven inches long and **ribbed!**”

Zack's eyes bulged. Now that she was closer, he could see that the thick, jet-black cock was covered in little rubber orbs that stuck out from the shaft. The latex bubbles lined the entire girthy schlong from base to glans.

“MPPPHHHGGLLLRRPPPHHH!!!”

“Oh right, you're gagged! I'll just assume that was an enthusiastic **yes**.”

She stalked forward, grabbed his bottom zipper and pulled it up. Zack's welted ass and rapidly hardening cock were set free from their latex confinement.

“Oh, look at that! Your clitty is getting hard! Is it my body? Or all that yummy bondage?!? We'll never know since you don't get one without the other!”

Moxie withdrew a condom from the sleeve of her left arm-glove. She quickly tore it open and rolled the latex sleeve over Zack's erect penis. He moaned into his gag as she gave him a few strokes up and down. His swing-harnessed form pulled on the restraints and his glossy, sealed body rocked scant millimeters back and forth.

The smug Domina grinned fiendishly. “Since you can't make up your mind how much you enjoy this, I'm going to decide for you! I'm going to **make you enjoy it**, whether you want to or not.”

“NNNGGHHLLMMMMPPHH!”

She released his cock and his condom-wrapped anatomy remained pointed at the ceiling. Moxie applied lube to her weapon, then lined up the tip of her unusual strapon with his defenseless pucker. His ass was reddened on either side, a testament to her harsh treatment just hours ago.

“I guarantee you've never felt anything like this before. Prepare yourself, slave.”

Moxie pushed the cock-head in firmly, seized his hips and kept pressing forward. The shaft plowed through his anus and the pliable latex bubbles started pushing and stroking their way through his silky anal walls.

“MMMMGGGPPPHHH!!! MMMMMPPPGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Zack lost his mind. His brain blinked with static and shorted out. As she dove into his ass with the Tongue Biter, it was like the sensation of her prostate massage on the first night only magnified several times. His bound body went flush with a giddiness and a loss of control he didn't know was possible. Then she pulled it out halfway.

“RRGHGHGFMMMAAPPGHHH!!!! MMRRRRRHHHPPHHHHH!!!”

She yanked on his leash and stared him directly in the eyes as she began sawing the perverse strapon in and out of his accommodating ass. It was pleasure mixed with the brutal pain as his punished ass cheeks relived every stroke of the whip. He stared back at his latex Goddess, still in disbelief at the symphony of sensations she was subjecting him to.

“You're never going to be *the guy who fucks*, Zack! You're the guy who **GETS FUCKED!** And you wouldn't be a **bitch-made gimp** cleaning my house and **getting fucked** in my dungeon if you didn't want it!”

Moxie's libido surged and she accelerated her thrusting to a furious pace. She was too excited to build things slowly and her slave's ass had already been loosened from a weekend of taking latex cock. Zack's tied, rubberized body went slack as the fat, ribbed Tongue Biter began slurping in and out of his asshole at astonishing speed. With every plunge forward, Moxie came closer to burying all eleven pimped inches in his slutty gimp ass.

“**Deep dicking.** That's what a filthy fucking man-whore like you wants! Deep down...”

Zack's eyes rolled upward as he muttered gibberish into his gag and took her frenzied pounding. The leather straps, metal bindings and latex of their suits slapped, jingled and creaked as she fucked him like a demon possessed. His own cock was spurting pre-cum, bulging against the confines of the condom as his prostate lit up like a Christmas tree. It was too much. He was going to blow any second.

Moxie reached down, grasped his cock and began stroking it again. Her skillful latex digits turned the inevitable into the immediate.

“**MMMMMMRRRRPGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!**”

Three days of pent up semen blasted from his glans and created a balloon of thick sludge at his tip. Moxie cackled and kept milking him, her hand flying up and down even as her hips thrust the ribbed monster in and out of his sucking anus. Zack's cock spat several times as the most powerful orgasm of his life shattered his psyche. In years of jerking off he had never shot anywhere close to as much semen as Moxie's final ass-fucking of the weekend was coaxing from his balls.

When his cock was done firing gobs of cream into the sticky prophylactic, Moxie brought her pounding to a stop. Her ribbed strapon slurped out of his packed ass and she walked around the harness to his front. She unbuckled his gag and pulled the slimy rubber ball from his mouth. Zack gasped, his breathing ragged as he continued to recover from the overwhelming climax.

Moxie shoved two latex fingers in and out of his mouth as she looked down at him sternly. She reached down with her other hand and took hold of the condom, yanking it free from his slowly shrinking unit.

“Do you remember Zack? I promised a surprise if you served me well this weekend. Well, here you go!” She shoved her fingers in and out of his mouth a few more times, making sure he got a good taste of her glove. The bulging sleeve of cum was brought to his lips. “Open wide and stick out that tongue!”

Zack extended his tongue weakly, knowing what to expect. Moxie slid the end of the condom over his fleshy appendage and pushed the rest of it into his face. His own hot jizz began flowing into the sides of his cheeks. Moxie closed his mouth for him, and the pressure caused the thick, warm baby batter to bulge and ripple out even faster.

Moxie sighed in contentment, then circled back to his ass. “Keep sucking until that condom is **bone dry**. If I find a spot of cum left, you'll be punished.”

“Yeph Mipthreth...”

Zack wasn't surprised when he felt the Tongue Biter plunge back into his ass. He couldn't feel his leather locked arms anymore. Semen was drizzling down his throat. His body dangled in the air, awash in rubbery sweat and grime as she began a second pounding of her helpless gimp.

Moxie was far from done.

* * * * *

It was just after five o'clock when Moxie's freshly waxed Accord pulled up to the curb near the student housing complex. She put the car in park, turned off the radio and looked at Zack with a wide smile.

He was still wearing his bodysuit, sans hood. That was in a bag at his feet, along with the rest of his clothes. Zack was considering a plan to duck into some bushes and change before heading back to his room. Then again, he couldn't remove his collar and many of his fellow students had already seen that, so what was the point? Might as well let his freak flag fly.

Moxie had changed into jeans and a t-shirt before they left her apartment. She looked remarkably normal for a woman who'd just been wearing full fetish-wear and dominating him harder than he'd imagined possible.

“Well, that was certainly a weekend to remember! Hope you agree” She added with a wink.

“I won't be forgetting it any time soon” Zack assured her. He offered his own smile, but it faded into a grimace as searing pain manifested across his ass.

“Oooh, yeah, sorry if I went a little hard with the whip! I was amped up and you were taking it well.”

“Thanks. I think?”

Moxie chortled. “Before you go... I told you there was a surprise, but there's actually three.”

“Oh?” Zack replied, genuinely curious.

“You're wearing the second one. It's yours to keep. If we play again, I'll expect you to bring it. Also, you'll need to treat it right to keep it in good condition. Look up “latex maintenance” on the internet. You'll just need some basic supplies. Talcum powder, rubber polish, etc.”

“Alright. And the third?”

Moxie reached out and grabbed the O-ring hanging from his collar. She pulled Zack's face into hers slowly.

“I reckon you're gonna like this one.”

Her lips met Zack's for the first time since their flirtation at the Sin Bin. Moxie's tongue dove into his mouth and he met her advances eagerly. She tasted like cigarettes and latex, but Zack didn't care. He

loved each precious moment of it.

Even with their kissing, it felt like she was trying to dominate him. Her tongue batted his down and thrust in aggressively. He pushed back with equal enthusiasm, his tongue flowing around hers. Their lips smacked wetly in between luscious murmurs and long, affectionate sucks.

She let go of his collar reluctantly and their lips parted. Moxie leaned back and flashed him a self-satisfied grin.

“Until next time, sugah.”

* * * * *

Rebecca descended the thick cement stairs into the parking garage and headed for the nearest exit. Although she'd only been gone for a few days, she'd had to park in the “long term parking” section which was far away from the main building.

She pulled her leather coat tight around her body and zipped it up as she walked into the cool night. The parking lot stretched on endlessly. Each lettered and numbered section featured several large lampposts that lit a path through the darkness. Her boot heels struck the wet pavement, announcing her stride through the quiet maze of cars. A brief shower had passed through recently causing the temperature to plummet.

The fiesty Femdom hated wasting a weekend away, especially for something as boring as a family funeral. It wasn't even a relative she knew particularly well, but Rebecca had to keep her parents happy. Her lifestyle depended on it.

At least she'd gotten back a day earlier than expected. She had school work to catch up on, but she was even more eager to check in on her collared pet. Rebecca could only imagine the ringer Moxie put him through over the last few days. They very thought brought a smile to her lips.

Eager for an update, she pulled her phone from her pocket and started scrolling through her notifications. There was new email waiting for her. She opened her mail app to see if it was anything but spam. One correspondance caught her eye. The subject read: “**Does this belong to you?!?**”

She opened the encrypted email from eatadick@FUcunt.lol with mild annoyance. It was probably a waste of her time.

“Hey Skank!

*Think I found something that belongs to you! Well, **sort of** belongs to you... Is it really yours if someone else takes it whenever they want?*

Hope you don't mind, but I left a few marks on him. Rode him like a pony and drained him dry!

He said it was the best night of his life. Certainly better than any night with the control freak, frigid

blonde bitch who collared him!

Eat all the dicks, you stuck up cunt!

Sincerely,

Hotter Than You”

Attached to the email was a picture of Zack. His collar said “Rebecca C” but he was sprawled out on someone else's bed, tied to all four corners. He had a ball-gag in his mouth, lacerations all over his chest and a condom filled with cum sprouting from his rigid cock.

Rebecca's eyes went wide and her face turned a furious red as she read the email again. Her teeth gritted as her anger steadily built. There was no way this was Moxie. This was most likely some other bitch on campus. Maybe even one of her “sisters” at AOE. Someone who had a beef with her.

The enraged blonde's scream pierced the parking lot for hundreds of yards in every direction.

“MOTHER FUCKER!!!!”

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