

Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

Chapter 9 – Prisoner Of Pride

Zack awoke to the feeling of tight bondage, a thick plug in his ass, the sound of Femdom hypnosis and no sight at all. He was locked in total darkness. Rebecca had put him to bed with one of those special hoods. The kind with zippers over the eye holes. Then she'd added a blindfold on top, just to make sure no light was leaking through. It ensured he had no sense of time or place, forcing his mind to focus on the words repeating through the headphones.

“A slave to women... slave to women... slave to women...”

“A slave to pain... slave to pain... slave to pain...”

“Trapped in bondage... trapped in bondage... trapped in bondage...”

“A strapon whore... strapon whore... strapon whore...”

“You enjoy the pain... enjoy the pain... enjoy the pain...”

“You love the bondage.... love the bondage... love the bondage...”

His limbs were brutally stiff from a total inability to shift in his sleep. He gave them a tug, finding his arms tied behind his back and his ankles locked to the corners of the bed with Shibari rope. At least the sadistic woman used a more gentle form of bondage for her overnight fun. Even Rebecca didn't want to risk cutting off his circulation and doing permanent damage. He was prized property, after all.

What day was it? Oh shit... Monday! What time?!? He couldn't see the bright sun, but he could feel it's warmth coming through the window. The morning rays bombarded his latex clad face and body, heating up his gimp-suited form the more he was exposed. Zack hadn't moved all night, but he was beginning to sweat. He squirmed against his bonds. At least she hadn't gagged him.

“Mistress? **Hello?!?**”

There was no answer, so Zack called out again. Eventually, he heard a pair of boots stalk toward the bed. The sound was faint, thanks to the droning female voice in his ears, but he could tell Rebecca was nearby. She pulled the large headphones from his sweaty ears and the the torturously long session of hypnosis ended. Zack sighed in relief.

“Thank you, Mistress...”

“What is it? Do you need the bathroom?”

“No, my Goddess... I-”

“Then what are you crying about?!? You better have a good reason for interrupting my breakfast!”

“I-I'm sorry...”

'Thank you? Goddess? I'm sorry? Is the hypnosis starting to work?'

“...It's Monday, isn't it?” he continued. “I was wondering about the time? I don't want to be late for-”

“You already missed your first class” she informed him. “And you'll be missing the rest of the day, too. In fact, you'll be skipping the whole week!”

“**What?!? Why?**”

SMACK

A heavy paddle blasted his plug-packed ass for daring to question her without permission. Zack grunted and flexed in the web of ropes and rubber.

“Because, you're going to be a guest at the *Sigma Phi Delta* sorority house. I've just joined and I want to make a good first impression. That means lending you to my new Sisters for a week of servitude. Remember when you went to Moxie's for the weekend? It'll be like that, except you'll have many women to please!”

A length of chain rattled as Rebecca picked up Zack's leash from the nightstand. She grabbed his collar and clipped the heavy restraint around one of its metal rings.

“Mistress, that's too many classes to skip in a row! What am I going to tell them? I can't-**ARGH!**”

Rebecca wrapped the leash around her hand and yanked it sternly. The leather and steel of his collar tightened around Zack's throat, pulling his head back. He still couldn't see a thing, grunting in the pitch black as his body writhed in sweaty, clinging latex.

“You'll make up the work when you get back. As for what to tell them, not my problem! Make something up. Tell them there was a death in the family or you were sick. I don't care!”

Rebecca tossed her paddle aside and unzipped Zack's bottom. She grabbed the shining steel base of the bulbous butt plug and pulled on it with firm, building pressure.

“Ahhhhhhhh! **ARRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!**”

pop

The massive toy slid out with a splatter of residual lubricant. Zack's pucker was forced to it's widest possible circumference before shriveling back to an almost normal-sized brown eye.

“**FUCK!!!**” he shouted through clenched teeth.

Rebecca ignored his discomfort. “Either way, you're going. You'll serve my new Sisters obediently for the next seven days. If you don't, you know what happens! Our arrangement hasn't changed. In fact, I'd say it's more set in stone than ever! Especially after the wonderful new footage I took the other night. You looked like you were having so much fun at Madam Penelope's!”

Zack swallowed. His body shivered in disgust. At some point in the filthy ass-to-ass Femdom orgy, one of the Sigma Phi Delta Sisters had unzipped his hood and removed it. Several women had recorded him sharing a massive double dildo with another slave while countless women forced him to suck their strap-ons. Rebecca had been among them, capturing it all for posterity. All it would take is one upload to the internet to immortalize his shame and potentially ruin his life.

“Yes, Mistress... I'll go. Please, don't show-”

“Relax, slave. As long as you're my compliant little bitch boy, no one has to know! Your friends, family, potential employers... They will remain blissfully ignorant of what an absolute filthy gimp slut you've become!”

The glee in her voice was palpable. Rebecca loved the level of control she'd achieved over him. How easy it was to keep Zack in line with simple threats. The sadistic vixen knew she'd struck gold from the first time she laid eyes on him. Like a wolf scouting for the most vulnerable sheep, she'd sensed Zack's weakness; that he was desperate for female attention, would bend to her will and would take whatever abuse she dished out.

“Besides, I'm going to sweeten the pot for you” the feisty Femdom continued. She dropped the leash, it's shiny chain landing on his back with a ripple of metallic clinks.

Rebecca stalked to one of her toy racks and selected her favorite strapon harness. She slid it on and inserted a long, thick purple dong into the front-facing O-ring. She buckled and tightened the harness around her waist as she spoke. “If you're a good boy and I get a favorable report from Madam Penelope, I will give you two weeks off to rest and catch up on your studies.”

Zack nearly gasped. His mouth hung open in shock. “Two weeks? You mean, even the weekends?”

“That's right” Rebecca concurred. She grabbed the same fat, rubber ball gag she'd used on him several times before. The eager Domina turned and strode back to the bed. “Two full weeks with no naughty play of any kind! You can do anything you want. I'll be busy sampling the goods at the sorority house. So many new slaves to try!”

It would be a harsh week, no doubt. His trip to Penelope's manor had showcased the kind of women that joined Sigma Phi Delta. Still, the allure of freedom, even if only temporary, was a shining beacon of light at the end of a dark tunnel. Maybe, if he was really lucky, Rebecca would find a plaything she enjoyed more than him. Perhaps, with so many slaves at her fingertips, she would start to lose interest in Zack. It was a thin strand of hope to cling to, but better than nothing.

“Thank you, Mistress! I'll do my best to make the members of your new sorority happy!”

“I know you will, slut” she replied, while reaching over his head. The familiar ball of red rubber was lowered to his mouth and pulled harshly into his lips with both straps. “Now it's time for you to make **me** happy. Open up!”

Zack yielded, inviting the thick sphere of glossy latex into his mouth. It pried his jaw open wide and filled his cheeks with the taste of pungent rubber that had been doused in his phlegm repeatedly.

Rebecca buckled it behind his head, pulling the straps even tighter than usual. She chuckled to herself while gagging her already helpless slave. "I'm going to enjoy one last ride before handing you over this afternoon. And since I owe you some punishment for interrupting my meal, this will be a long, harsh fucking! A nice morning workout for me. A reminder for you of who owns your pathetic ass!"

Zack muttered gibberish into the spongy red ball as Rebecca secured the headphones back over his ears. The hypnosis audio resumed and moments later, Zack felt the sex-crazed vixen seize his hips. The tip of an especially thick strapon poised at the entrance to his well-loosened and still lubed asshole.

"NNNNGGGHHHMMMMMMMM!!!"

Rebecca rammed the silicone schlong deep in his pucker. Zack's back door expanded, welcoming the hefty toy into his soft depths. His mind was rendered as helpless as his body as Zack felt a foot of fat rubber cock burrow through his insides. His arms and legs flexed in the intricate web of ropes, barely allowing his latex layered form to squirm in Rebecca's grasp. The impassioned sadist let out a cruel laugh before blasting his right ass cheek with her open palm.

SMACK

The sound of flesh on rubber was so satisfying to her. Almost as pleasing as the desperate groans being stifled in Zack's packed mouth. She took a fresh grip of his sides and began sawing her strapon in and out of his bussy with no hesitation. Rebecca ramped up her ass-railing rhythm quickly. There was no need to wait with a slave who'd been stuffed all night. She pumped back and forth, slamming her hips into his bottom and feeding him the full, meaty missile with every powerful thrust.

The still-blind Zack lay below her; bound, mute and unable to hear anything but droning hypnosis audio and the occasional wail of lust from his Mistress. His ass was speared relentlessly. Zack writhed below her, his prostate tingling and his cock stirring deep in his gimp suit despite his best efforts to resist the pleasures of being fucked.

"You crave the cock... crave the cock... crave the cock..."

"All your holes... all your holes... all your holes..."

"Filled and fucked... filled and fucked... filled and fucked..."

"Fill my holes... fill my holes... fill my holes..."

"Please Mistress... Please Mistress... Please Mistress..."

"Fuck me hard... fuck me hard... fuck me hard..."

* * * * *

After a soothing shower, a bite of brunch and packing a suitcase full of fetishwear, Rebecca and Zack headed for the countryside. They drove twenty minutes east of their college town to a greener and more sparsely populated region. The Sigma Phi Delta sorority house was located just far enough to avoid prying eyes but close enough that it wasn't a long trip for most of its clients to visit.

The building itself was an old commercial property that had been retrofitted into a more posh and pleasant environment. The ground floor was inviting with its colorful drapes, lavish decor and sweet-smelling incense flowing through the halls.

If one were to enter and have a quick look at just the lobby, it had the appearance and vibe of a typical resort, but this was deceptive. Zack was confident the rooms in the establishment's basement looked a lot more like a typical S&M dungeon. In addition, there was a harness track built behind the sorority house complete with fenced in paddocks and barns with horse stalls. There was no smell of livestock or manure on the premises that Zack could detect from his brief exposure to the grounds. It wasn't difficult to guess what they were really for.

The offices of the three story compound had all been converted into rooms for guests and BDSM play. Some of the play rooms were specialty chambers while some were all purpose. Some of the guest rooms were luxurious suites for the sorority members and female clients who were booking an extended stay. Others were simple hotel-style rooms for house submissives to rest in between sessions.

After a brief sit-down with Madam Penelope and signing a contract he was confident wasn't legally enforceable, Zack was shown to his room. It was basic, but surprisingly cozy with a large bed and all the basic amenities one might expect in the average hotel room. It even had the complimentary toiletries and a mini fridge with snacks and bottled water.

“Alright, I'm off to get the full tour” Rebecca said shortly after they entered. She straightened her long, blonde hair and smoothed the shiny, black leather of her jacket and pants. Her fetish attire creaked as her body flexed. Satisfied, she placed one hand on her hip and pointed at Zack with the other. “Be on your best behavior for the next seven days. I'll be here, on and off, enjoying the house and mingling. When I am, I'll check in on you. If you need to get in touch, you can ask to use the phone in the lobby, but don't call unless it's urgent. I'm busy and so are the women who run this place.”

“Yes, Mistress” Zack replied. “I won't bother you unless it's important. But was it really necessary to take my phone?”

“You'll get it back when the week is over. And yes, it's necessary. You're here to serve your betters, not waste time on the internet. Stay focused on your task.”

“What about my down time? Madam Penelope said there would be some.”

Rebecca waved to the large flat screen hanging on the wall opposite the bed. “You've got cable. Probably even streaming apps. More than enough to keep you amused when you're free. Pretty generous for slaves, if you ask me!”

“Yes, Mistress” he repeated timidly.

The Zack of many months ago would've protested this. He would've scoffed at how ridiculous it all was and refused to go through with it. He was facing an entire week of servitude at the hands of women he didn't know. All to demonstrate Rebecca's prowess at training him and expedite her ascendance through the ranks of the sorority.

Now, his mental reflex was resignation. Somewhere deep down there was even eagerness. Eagerness to get it over with? Or eagerness to feel the lash of another cruel Domme? It was hard to say. Rebecca's hypnosis sessions had taken their toll. The mind can only hear the same refrain so many times before it starts to believe it.

The disdainful Domina stalked forward and grabbed his leash. She reached up and unhooked it from his collar; the spiky metal band that read '*PROPERTY OF REBECCA C.*' She grabbed his chin and made a brief inspection before releasing his face. Her leather glove patted his cheek three times until the final blow turned into an outright slap.

SMACK

“Get moving! You heard the Headmistress! You have twenty five minutes to get into your gimp suit and report to the waiting room. You don't want to be late on your first day, do you?”

“No, Mistress.”

“Good boy” she said with a mischievous grin. Rebecca turned on her heel and headed for the entrance, her boot heels clicking across the floor. “Later, **bitch!**”

The door swung closed behind her and Zack was left alone in his new home.

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“MPPPHHHH! GLLMMMPPPHHHH!!! GGWWLLLKKKKK!!!”

The sounds of mouths slurping on rubber cocks squelched and sputtered in between wet, phlegmy coughs and the occasional retch. Zack was locked in a kneeling position, his ankles bound to a spreader bar on the floor and his arms sealed behind him in a triangular leather binder. The room echoed with the depraved noises as he stared straight ahead at his shiny gimp reflection on the mirrored wall and sucked the silicone phallus dutifully. He'd been at this for a half hour and it didn't seem like the torment would end any time soon.

Zack's lips sailed back and forth on the thick, latex schlong as he performed endless fellatio. The gigantic dildo protruded from the wall, its base mounted firmly in front of him. The long, flesh-toned toy featured mouth-stretching girth and a large, plump set of rubber balls that taunted the slave servicing it. Zack's collar was chained to a D-ring on the wall, just below the monster dong. The chain's length was just short enough to prevent his mouth from pulling itself past the dildo's bulbous tip.

Just above the gleaming, spit-coated cock was an electronic dash featuring a four digit display and a downward-pointing sensor. Each time Zack thrust his mouth forward far enough to deepthroat the meaty shaft, his nose set off the sensor and the counter increased by one. If he failed to throat it to the

balls once every six seconds, he lost a point from his score. Zack tried, in vain, not to lose too many points, but every couple dozen deepthroats, his weary mouth and torso needed rest.

He wasn't as well-trained as the guys to his right and left. They slurped away on either side of him, their scores increasing much faster than his own. The femme enforcer watching over them had set the other slaves cock-sucking timers to four seconds and five seconds, respectively. It seemed Zack was playing the game on *easy mode* since he was the newbie.

As it turned out, the waiting room wasn't where clients waited. It's where slaves who weren't already booked for appointments waited until a Sister or client decided to make use of them. Zack had already witnessed one such woman enter, select one of the cock-slurping slave boys and lead him off on a leash. Zack considered that man lucky, until his mind began to wander; imagining what new activities lay beyond the waiting room.

Zack's body grew increasingly fatigued and he leaned back to the full extent his chain leash allowed. His upper body hung in the open, his arms squirming in thick bondage as his collar tightened around his neck. The fat glans of the dildo remained lodged in his mouth as Zack huffed and puffed around it, trying to steady himself.

He watched several points tick off his score with dismay. After thirty seconds of inactivity, a loud beep blasted out and a red flashing light pulsed from the display. A chair scraped across the floor behind him as the Sister sitting at the desk rose from her seat. She lifted her short tailed whip and strutted directly to the struggling Zack.

“Hey! Who the fuck said you could stop?!? SUCK THAT COCK, SLAVE!!!”

WHAP WHAP WHAP

Her leather tendril flashed through the air and lashed into his bottom. The end of the arm-binder absorbed some of the sting, but the woman wielding it was divinely skilled. She adjusted her aim for the next strokes and sent the blistering tip of her weapon directly into his quivering, rubberized cheeks.

WHHHPPSSSHHHHHHHHH WHHHPPSSSHHHHHHHHH WHHHPPSSSHHHHHHHHH WHHHPPSSSHHHHHHHHH

“ARRRRGGGGGHHH!!! RRRRRRRMMMMPPHHH!!!”

Zack leaned forward and pressed his mouth onto the sloppy latex length with renewed vigor. His hooded head zoomed back and forth, devouring rubber dick like a starving man gifted a corn dog. Syrupy spit splashed below his nose and ran down his latex chin as he fucked his own face on the disgusting dong. The light in Zack's eyes seemed to fade away a bit more for every minute he was forced to watch himself gag on girthy schlong.

“That's it!” the harpy behind him called out. **“Show a little enthusiasm! I knew you liked *throating cock!*”** She emitted a long, cackling laugh before returning to her post.

The dildo slurping marathon continued for another twenty minutes as Zack grew increasingly dazed and drained. He shoved his face forward, deepthroating for all he was worth and making his pitiful score increase no matter how much he tired. Eventually, another woman entered the room and Zack

heard an unfamiliar voice speak up behind him. He hoped with every fiber of his being that the stranger with the surprisingly cheerful voice would choose him and take him from this cock-sucking purgatory.

“Hi, Lana.”

“Oh! Hey, Sister Miranda. Welcome back!”

“Thanks. I didn't book anyone today, so I thought I'd swing by and see what was on offer. Who we got available?”

Lana pointed to them each, in turn. “Lance. Ricky. And the new guy, Zack.”

Miranda's eyes widened in interest. “Oooh, a new recruit, huh? I do so enjoy fresh meat! I'll take Zack, then.”

“By all means” the hostess said while reaching for the keys that would end the poor man's misery. “Get this loser out of my hair and teach him a thing or two!”

“With pleasure” the eager Domme purred.

Zack's head slowed to a stop as Lana approached and took hold of his collar. As she unlocked his restraints, he leaned back and sighed in exhaustion. His neck, shoulders and torso were all on the verge of cramping up.

'Thank sweet, merciful God...'

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Moxie strolled up the path to the student housing complex where Zack lived. It wasn't that long ago she'd dropped him off here, following their weekend together. Since then, she'd reached out several times by call and text. At first, Zack replied promptly with equal enthusiasm to flirt and get to know each other more. Over time, his responses came slower and less frequent.

Part of her thought she was being silly. *'Maybe he's just not that into you!'* But Moxie was fairly sure that wasn't the issue. Zack had certainly been into her when they were together. The boy hardly took his eyes off her since the first time they met.

Then there was what she knew about Rebecca. Moxie and her had a few things in common and they'd gotten along, for the most part, but there were aspects of Rebecca that worried her, especially where it concerned Zack. That girl was petty, vindictive and her sadism wasn't yet checked by maturity or compassion. She had an empathy deficit and Moxie suspected she was the type who got jealous easily.

Could that be the reason Zack was out of contact? Had Rebecca ordered him to break off talking and texting with her? Perhaps she regretted handing him off to Moxie for that wonderful weekend. If that's the way she was behaving, was Zack really enjoying her company?

On top of that, Moxie heard through the grapevine that Rebecca had been kicked out of AOE.

Something was going on and she was determined to get to the bottom of it. Since she couldn't reach Zack over the phone, she decided to take a more direct approach. Thankfully, she still had a network of friends on campus and with a little online detective work, she'd found his apartment number.

Moxie waited by the front entrance of the building until someone with a student ID showed up. She slipped in behind them, pretending to still be a student. She marched directly to Zack's door and knocked on it several times. There was no answer, but she persisted, continuing to knock and eventually raising her voice.

“ZACK?!? Hey, Zack! ARE YOU IN THERE?!?”

No reply was forthcoming, but she got the next best thing; a friendly neighbor. The door across the hall opened and a dark-skinned young man in a baseball cap exited. He took note of Moxie's commotion and stopped to introduce himself.

“Hey there. I'm Reggie. You lookin for Zack?”

“Hi! I'm Moxie.” She waved to him cheerfully. “Yeah, I'm trying to track him down. Do you know where he is?”

Reggie shrugged. “Not specifically. I know he hasn't been around much lately. He asked me to feed his fish for the next week, so I'm pretty sure he won't be back till then.”

“Oh. He didn't say where he was going?”

“Nope. Just said he was taking a trip. Whatever he's doing, it probably involves Rebecca Cunningham. You know he wears her...” Reggie pointed to his neck.

“Yeah” Moxie answered with a nod. “I know all about it. I was in the same sorority as Rebecca, for a while.”

“No kidding?” Reggie looked surprised. “I've heard some crazy rumors about AOE.”

“I assure you, they're all true” Moxie quipped with a toothy smile.

“Damn...” he replied with a chuckle. “Anyway, wish I could be more helpful, but that's all I know.”

“I appreciate it. Thanks, Reggie.”

“Peace” the man said before shouldering his backpack and walking off.

Moxie took one last look at Zack's door. She sighed and headed for the exit. This was a dead end. If she wanted to know where Zack was, she was gonna have to get it from his owner and Mistress. There was no avoiding it.

* * * * *

Zack was given a swift introduction, both to his new life and the first member of SPD to take advantage of his servitude. He'd overheard in the waiting room that her real name was Miranda, but he soon learned all members of the sorority used a stage name. In her case, it was Mistress Harmony.

The pretty, middle-aged brunette yanked him through the halls of the sorority house by his leash. Zack stumbled forth, trying not to fall as he contended with the lack of balance and coordination that comes with having one's arms sealed behind their back. The arm-binder he'd been fitted with earlier remained on at Mistress Harmony's request.

As he followed her to his doom, Zack studied his mysterious Domina from behind. She was in commendable shape for a woman in her late forties. Her fetish attire flexed and creaked around her curves sensually. Except for a single, large opening at her bust, her body was covered in shiny gray rubber with royal blue accents. A single, strong zipper led from her cleavage down to where her top met a matching latex skirt and boots. Her brunette hair flowed down in waves from the bangs at her front to the shoulder-length locks behind.

Zack had always assumed that men had to pay a Dominatrix to dress in this fashion, but after visiting *The Sin Bin* and meeting members of AOE and SPD, it was clear there were plenty of women who were fetishists in their own right. They dressed this way because it made them feel sexy and powerful, not just because others found it appealing.

He couldn't help but wonder why a woman of her age and experience was a member of a group like this. What compelled her to seek out her kinky thrills in such a bizarre arrangement? Zack made one attempt to engage in idle chit-chat and probe his new Mistress. Despite his respectful approach, he was quickly admonished into silence. It seemed they took the master / slave dynamic very seriously at SPD, or at least Mistress Harmony did.

They stopped at a supply room where she procured some other toys and equipment, loading them into sleek leather bag. Their next destination was a changing room where she unzipped him below and locked a chastity cage around his flaccid cock.

"I never play with an unlocked slave" she stated plainly before leading him off again.

They exited the sorority house from the back and headed for the stables. The paddocks and training yard Zack had gotten a preview of earlier came into sharper focus. The closer they got, the more powerful a sense of anxiety and dread descended on him. He watched one man, dressed in full leather horse kit, running around the track while pulling a woman in a cart behind him. She cracked her whip across his back and buttocks several times, yelling at him to go faster. To say there were butterflies in Zack's stomach was an understatement.

True alarm gripped his psyche when they entered one of the barns and passed what looked like a branding station. There was a fire pit, a series of blow torches and a long rack of metal branding implements. The brands featured a wide variety of shapes and words from a heart emblem to the sorority's letters, including the English **SPD** and one with its Greek symbols.

*'Jesus Christ!!! They wouldn't brand someone unless they consented to it? **Right?!?**'*

Suddenly, Zack wished he'd taken more time to read his contract. Thankfully, Mistress Harmony led him past the horrific scene to where a long series of horse stalls began. They entered the first

unoccupied unit and the unassuming Domina led him to a large bondage table that doubled as a fitting bench. She helped Zack onto its surface and tied his leash to one of the table's D-rings before excusing herself.

Miranda was back in minutes with more horrors in hand. She carried some kind of head harness, a pair of odd-looking boots and a long, fat butt plug with a horse hair tail at the end. In the next few minutes, Zack learned of all their features intimately.

Mistress Harmony applied the head harness first, wrapping the web of leather around his face and sliding the thick leather bit gag into his mouth. She tightened it fiercely until the harness gripped his skull painfully and the spongy, tube-like bit was pulled roughly against his teeth. Soon, his face was locked as harshly as his arms and Zack could do nothing but grunt and stammer into his gag.

Next, she ordered him to lay down and helped spread him out on the table. Mistress untied his standard issue rubber boots and pulled them off. They were replaced by thicker, more constraining leather that crept up his rubberized legs all the way to the knee. At the bottom, his feet were crammed into compartments that felt much too small, but he knew it was intentional. The unusual fetish boots raised his heels up like a ballerina's. Both featured a heavy iron horseshoe on their platform tips.

Last, but not least, came the toy Zack was at least somewhat used to. Miranda doused his ass with lube and shoved the long, ribbed, anal plug into his fleshy depths. By the time she'd packed the entire gross series of rubbery cones into his intestines, nothing but a bundle of thick horse hair exited the small crack left in his suit's back-flap.

Mistress Harmony untied his leash and gave it a stern pull, ordering him to his feet. With her help, Zack shimmied off the table and stood on the balls of his feet for the first time. It wasn't immediately brutal, but the stress on his feet was like nothing he'd ever felt before. He suspected it would grow intolerably painful before long.

“Hhhmmppggllmmpphh!” he muttered, communicating the discomfort of multiple layers of bondage, horse hoof boots, a tight gag and his tightly caged dicklet.

Miranda drank in the full sight of him and sighed in content. Her face lit up with a devious smile. “Wonderful! Now we can have some fun!”

* * * * *

WHAP

“I said, **keep moving!**”

Zack staggered across the muddy paddocks, straining to stay upright. The hot sun beat down on his leather and latex bound form. Sweat swam around every part of his fetish prison, but being lubricated in his own filth did nothing to aid his struggles. His arms remained locked in the tight, glossy triangle and his legs quivered painfully as his toes and the balls of his feet cried out for mercy. His hoof boots plunged into the increasingly sticky muck, making it even harder to advance and keep his balance.

WHAP WHAP WHAP

Mistress Harmony's bison-hide flogger lashed out, battering his flanks, crotch, ass and thighs. Its many strands ripped into the struggling pony boy. He was an easy target and her weapon made such a pleasing sound each time she struck him. To Miranda, there was nothing finer than the sound of leather on leather, except maybe leather on flesh, or the anguished cries of a slave trying to scream through his gag. The giddy Domme would enjoy all three before this session was over.

She'd already led Zack on a full tour of the grounds and made him trot two laps around the track at the best speed he could manage. Even without pulling a cart, it was a grueling feat for the newbie house slave. Needless to say, Miranda wasn't impressed with Zack's performance. She'd mocked him endlessly and promised thorough training until he was a pony boy that Sigma Phi Delta could be proud to house in its stables.

Zack's next step sank his leg deep in the sludge. He went halfway to the knee and almost fell over in the glistening mud. His vision swam. The heat, fatigue and pressure of bondage gear wrapped around his body was too much. He felt like he was going to faint.

“What's the matter, slave?” she taunted him from behind. “Getting tired? Why don't you **HAVE A SEAT!**” She raised one muddy boot and shoved it into his bottom harshly.

Zack toppled face first into the muck. He landed with a splatter in the thick, brown filth. With no ability to right himself, his head and torso floundered in the mire while his legs flailed helplessly. His already mud-caked hoof boots got even dirtier as they coasted back and forth in the pudding-like earth.

“Oh my! There's a *Kodak moment* if I've ever seen one!” Miranda pulled her smart phone from a leather pouch at her side and took several pictures of Zack struggling in the muck. “I bet your owner will **love** these! I can't wait to meet her!”

Satisfied, she put the phone away and closed the distance to her distressed slave. Miranda crouched down near his head, seized his hair and pulled his face from the brown tar. Zack coughed around his sloppy gag and blew air from his nose before sucking in fresh oxygen desperately. He gasped and wheezed as thick mud trailed down his face.

“And now for the part I've been waiting for! Before we begin, let's make sure you don't drown...”

Mistress Harmony tucked her flogger under her arm and unclipped the leash from Zack's collar. Instead, she clasped its metal fastener around his head harness and ran its leather length down to the tip of his arm-binder. She looped it through the restraint's D-ring and pulled it tight before tying it off. Zack's head now bobbed in the air, pulled just above the surface of the mire by his own restrained limbs. The pressure on his arms and shoulders increased as he murmured into the stifling bit.

“There! All nice and secure.”

Zack could do nothing but gaze at the filthy barnyard and with half open eyes and hazy vision. He heard Miranda's boots squelch in the muck as she stood up and circled around him. Moments later, he felt his legs being kicked apart and her hands on his bruised bottom. The excited Domina pulled the joint zippers at his ass away and seized the pony tail stemming from his pucker. She tugged it with all her might and, one by one, the slimy rubber cones were ripped from his asshole like anal beads. Each

one gaped his sphincter to a brutal width before his starfish shrank and began sliding down the next tree-shaped mass of silicone.

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP

His restraints rattled and creaked as Zack endured the overwhelming rush of stretching pain and delicious strokes of his prostate. Once the torturously long toy was free, the cruel woman laughed and tossed it aside. She reached back to her pouch and pulled an elbow-length arm condom free. Zack could hear the snapping and tug of latex as she pulled it over her hand and forearm, but couldn't see what she was preparing to do.

“Alright Zacky-poo! Now that you're warmed up it's time for the main event. I don't like getting down and dirty with the slaves, but for this, I'll make an exception!”

True to her word, she knelt down in the heavy mud and took up position beside him. She ran her double-gloved hand over his beaten ass cheeks a few times before digging all but her thumb into his loosened anus. She entered a steady pistoning motion with all four fingers as Zack's eyes opened wide and his groans deepened. Soon, she slipped in the thumb as well, coming dangerously close to sinking her entire fist as she gripped his torso with her free hand.

The moist, thwacking sounds grew in volume and frequency as Zack writhed in the brown custard and accepted his barnyard fisting. His sore legs struggled, leaving hoof prints in the sludge as he flailed helplessly. Miranda's wrist disappeared into Zack's asshole and her eyes lit up as she fisted the bound gimp. She murmured pleurably as the giddy high of total domination set her body and mind aglow. It was times like this Miranda wished she had more than two hands so she could play with her breasts or stroke her clit while tormenting her victim.

“My god, Zack! You took my **whole fucking fist** so fast! What a good anal slut you are! Born to be a pony boy! The girls are gonna have so much fun with you... **And so am I.**”

The pace of her fist fucking increased as her arm sank deeper and stretched his rim to the breaking point. The full length arm condom squelched in and out of his protracted pucker, prompting whimpers from his gagged face. She fucked his hole as harshly as Rebecca ever had with her biggest strap-ons. Zack could feel her fingers gliding in and out of his warm, spongy depths with each stroke.

The fisting dragged on for what felt like forever. At some point, Mistress Harmony untied the leash from his arm-binder. Zack's face dropped into the muck once again, his vision going dark as his eyes, nose and forced-open mouth were immersed in the brown gruel. Zack tried to lift his head, but his body was so tired and the grip of the arm-binder practically forced his front half down. He coughed and bubbled in the morass until Miranda yanked on the leash and pulled his head above the filth.

“Did you come yet, **slave**?! Did your little caged clitty leak your disgusting mess all over the inside of your suit? Did it feel good for a few seconds?!? Oh wait, I just remembered! **I DON'T GIVE A SHIT!**”

Mistress Harmony released the leash and Zack's head splattered back into the mud. She gripped his flank fiercely with her free hand while pumping her lube-slick arm in and out of his savaged back passage. Zack shook his head in the muck and kicked with his legs as he felt Miranda sink all the way to the elbow for the first time. She shafted him with her forearm, gliding her fist through his hot, wet

flesh and laughing wickedly.

* * * * *

His session with Mistress Harmony was the first of three that day. He was assigned to two other women and learned quickly that he existed only for their amusement and gratification.

When Zack was finally allowed to retire for the night, he found he was too tired to even watch TV. He passed out in seconds, drifting into one of the deepest sleeps of his young life. The next day was his first full day of service to Sigma Phi Delta. Zack discovered that house slaves were expected to serve up to five clients and/or members per day, if demand was high.

Thankfully, not all of them were brutal, unhinged sadists like Rebecca and Miranda. There were a wide variety of women who'd joined the sorority as permanent members or guests who came, on occasion, to purchase and enjoy its services. Many were happy inflicting light bondage, engaging in restrained impact play and getting their pussy or ass licked for a luxuriously long stretch.

One vixen tied up Zack on the bed of her own suite and spent the entire session milking his cock. Zack grunted, moaned and shot his load everywhere. The woman, who chose to remain anonymous, would give him a paltry five to ten minute break before returning and beginning the whole process over again.

She had a shy, awkward way about her and said very little, but Zack found himself enjoying the experience, until his fourth orgasm. At that point, his cock became beet red and the chafing grew increasingly painful. That's when a cock gag was strapped into his mouth. Zack watched the woman's face light up with depraved excitement as she continued milking him with agonizing strokes. She summoned forth his tortured emissions for another forty five minutes as they steadily shrank in volume. He could only whimper into his gag as she belittled him and demanded more seed.

Sometimes Zack was only an accessory to other people's play. A couple of younger, Asian women booked a session with him and he spent the entire session gagged and chained to a wooden pillory. The slim, naked beauties would slap him in the face, blister his body with crop and paddle and occasionally surprise him with a swift kick to the balls. After each torrent of abuse, they would circle around to the front of the stockade and resume making out. They kissed, groped and fingered each other, putting on a show for Zack as he contended with his raw, burning buttocks and aching scrotum.

In the final act of their play, one of the girls donned a ten inch strapon while the other lounged on the sofa and got comfortable. The first woman railed his ass so hard he was sure the pillory would break. Its wooden slats shuddered as the tiny Sigma Phi Sister slammed him with her hips and fed him every inch of fat, black phallus. The second woman moaned and fingered herself, crying out in climax several times before their business was concluded.

In the midst of all this raucous hedonism, Rebecca would stop by to check on her property. If Zack was with a client, she would wait until the session was over. If he was with a Sister, she would pop up in the middle of a session and join in the fun. To call it overstimulation, especially when two Dommies of Rebecca and Miranda's caliber had him in their clutches, would be an understatement.

So it went for three days that felt like three decades to Zack. Most of the women he was assigned to

sensed he was getting little or no pleasure from these activities. For many, that only made his submission more attractive.

Zack went to bed the third night wondering how much deeper into this life of depravity he would sink for his pride. There were two prideful components at play. The first was his desire to keep all the BDSM insanity he'd been involved with a secret. The second was the looming specter that this was the only way he'd ever successfully engaged with women. He was now an object of desire. A toy to be used and cast aside, but a prize nonetheless. That was his value to the 'fairer sex.'

Even if he were to bite the bullet on the first one and accept that knowledge of his kinky exploits would be made public, he didn't know if he could ever let go of the second. He couldn't go back to being a lonely, single dork again. That was a fate worse than fisting.

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Moxie was in bed, watching TV with drooping eyelids when her ringtone called out. She reached to her nightstand and grabbed the chiming, rattling device. A quick look at the screen identified the caller as Rebecca Cunningham. Her adrenaline surged and she sat up, instantly alert. Moxie muted her TV, accepted the call and brought the phone to her ear.

“Hi! Rebecca?”

“Hey there, stalker! I see you called me a bunch of times these last few days. Sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I've been crazy busy!”

“Oh, no worries. I just wanted to touch base. I heard what happened with AOE. That really sucks.”

“Pffft, I am **so** over that. Like Stephanie said, if you can't have fun, what's the point? Anyway, she clued me into a great new house and I'm already signed up.”

“A new sorority?” Moxie asked with a puzzled expression. “But there's no other group on campus that would let you get away with half of what AOE did...”

“True. The key words being **on campus**. I'm a member of Sigma Phi Delta now and having the time of my life!”

Moxie's eyes went wide with alarm. This is exactly what she'd feared. Working at The Sin Bin, she'd gleaned rumors of a shady underground BDSM group in the area calling themselves a sorority. From the stories she'd heard, their practices were one step removed from human trafficking.

“Rebecca, where is Zack? I've been trying to get a hold of him for days and he's not answering his phone.”

“Oh, is that what this call is really about?” Her voiced shifted from amicable to suspicious in a flash. “You're not trying to steal my slave, are you Mox? Getting a little jealous, are we?”

Moxie bit her lip. It was clear she couldn't be earnest with Rebecca any longer. Rebecca wasn't a friend.

Not to her and certainly not to Zack. For now, she had to play it cool. It would be best to act like their goals were the same.

“What? No! He's yours and I'm fine with that! I don't have time for a full time sub. I don't know how you do it, honestly.”

The irritation drained from Rebecca's voice. “Good. Just so we're clear on that.”

“That doesn't mean I'm not interested in playing with him again. I was hoping to do that some time soon. With your permission, of course.”

“He's got his hands full right now. Could be that way for a long time. I told the poor fool he was only going there for a week, but he signed up for a much longer term of service than he knows. So you're out of luck, I'm afraid. Unless...”

“Unless?”

“Unless you were interested in joining Sigma Phi Delta with me and Steph. I bet the Headmistress would love to connect with you! Especially when I tell her you work in fetish apparel.”

“That does sound interesting. I'm guessing this off campus sorority is where Zack has disappeared to? Am I right?”

“Good guess, Latex Queen!”

“Awesome. If you'd put in a word for me, I'll stop by to meet this-”

“Madam Penelope.”

“Right. And while I'm there, perhaps she'll be kind enough to lend me Zack for a while. He could use a good thrashing and fucking. On top of the ones he's already getting, I'm sure.”

“You know, Mox... I was being silly. I forgot how cool you are! I should've known you'd be down to join! You're off tomorrow, right? I'll text the Headmistress and have her reserve a spot for you on Zack's schedule, if it's still available.”

“Oh, absolutely! I can't wait to get in on this. The sooner the better.”