

## Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

### Chapter 4 - Chained & Drained

*'This is stupid!'*

*'No it's not! She's different! This could be fucking awesome!'*

The metaphorical angel and devil wrestled in Zack's mind as he made his way down the dimly lit hallway looking for Ash's apartment. The long walk across streets and parking lots had been chilly. It was just before eight o'clock and Zack had navigated the maze of student housing with time to spare.

As it turned out, one of the women who recently sodomized him lived in the same development, just two buildings down. He was surprised at first, but the more he thought about it, the more likely it seemed. After all, she was a member of AOE and that meant she went to his school and her parents had money. Just not 'living off campus in a swanky luxury condo' money like Rebecca and Sasha.

Zack was having difficulty reconciling Ash's participation in his sexual torment just a few nights ago with the personality he'd encountered earlier that day. Still, she seemed genuine and was surprisingly open for a severe looking goth girl. Ultimately, that unique combination of traits had won him over. Just thinking about their conversation and her lovely *goth lolita* features was causing the blood to rush to his cock.

*'You're thinking with your dick, moron! She could be another psycho!'*

*'Fuck off! I'm getting laid tonight.'*

The Smeagol vs. Gollum debate raging in his head terminated as his destination popped into view. Room 212. Zack could hear the steady thrumming and pounding of industrial rock through the door and walls.

He unzipped his jacket, did his best to hide the growing bulge in his slacks and ran a hand through his hair before knocking. He rapped the door hard with his knuckles to ensure she would hear him over the music. Within moments the wailing rock anthem died down. The door opened and Ash appeared.

“Zack! Glad you showed! Come in!”

Zack strolled in confidently, a growing smile on his face. “What, you thought I was gonna chicken out?”

“Well, I was hoping you wouldn't” Ash replied as she closed the door “but after what you said about Rebecca and Sasha, I was starting to wonder.”

“You're not like them, right?”

“No” she said, placing her hands on her hips. “I’m neither spoiled rotten nor a sociopath.”

She hadn't changed her clothes or hair since they'd met earlier that day; only freshened up. Still, she looked stunning. Her painted purple lips matched the stone in her choker necklace. The streaks of pink in her hair were the perfect highlight, calling attention to her silky black locks. Her dark eyes gleamed in the low light.

“That's very reassuring.”

Ash locked the deadbolt on her door and nodded down the short hallway that led into her apartment. “Come on in.”

As they proceeded, Zack took note of the surroundings and started to get a better sense of the mysterious young woman. Ash's apartment had the usual, slap-dash college furnishings that were purchased in big box stores, but her sense of style stood out. The art on the walls was a series of gothic fashion models and sci-fi movie posters. He couldn't help but notice she had a Nintendo console hooked up to her entertainment system as well. It seemed that Ash was both a goth girl and a geek girl.

“I didn't get the chance to ask you, before. Are you a science major?”

“Yeah, computer science” Ash answered, pointing over to the high powered desktop and several laptops setup in her corner office. “Going for my masters.”

Zack suddenly realized how much this apartment was just like his own, only flipped sideways. The floor plans were very similar, just oriented slightly different. Even her little kitchen had the same dimensions as his.

“Oh, that's awesome! I'm going for my MA too, in...”

“Electrical engineering” she interrupted. “Obvious from the class you were in. And you already told me on the way to the quad.”

Zack rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “Oh yeah... sorry. Guess I'm a little nervous.”

“Nervous?” Ash crossed her arms under her breasts and raised an eyebrow. “Zack, over the weekend you were dressed as a woman, locked in latex and being gang banged by dozens of women with strapon. What could possibly be making you nervous right now?”

“I don't know. It's a little weird meeting up with someone who's seen me like that. Especially when I barely know anything about you.”

“Well then” she started, unfolding her arms and closing the distance to him. “It's time you get to know me better.” She gave his jacket a tug. “Take that off.”

Zack's cock swelled. She had a commanding presence and clearly knew what she wanted, but she wasn't mean like the two harpies he'd spent the weekend with. This had real promise. He shrugged off his jacket and tossed it on the nearby couch.

Ash took hold of him gently. She reached up to the top of his shirt and slowly undid the buttons.

“Cmon Zack, don't you have anything to say to me? You haven't paid a single compliment, yet.”

Zack stammered, completely embarrassed by how right she was. What a fool, to be invited into a beautiful woman's home and to just ogle at her without a simple statement of praise. He summoned his composure and recovered, determined not to blow this. “You look fucking amazing” he said with full conviction, his eyes peering into hers.

Her smile lit up and her eyes beamed back warmly. She glanced back down and continued unbuttoning his shirt. “That's more like it. You'll get the hang of this yet...”

“Get the hang of this? What do you mean?”

“Zack, I'm going to make this easy on you” she replied as she undid the last few buttons. “I have a fantasy I've wanted to indulge for a long time, and once I realized who you were, I saw an opportunity to fulfill it. You're going to help me do that and along the way, I'm going to give you what you want the most.”

“And what's that?” he asked, eyebrows raised.

“To pop your cherry.”

Zack's cheeks flushed with fresh embarrassment. “Wha-what?!?”

“Oh, not your anal cherry! That's been taken many times over. But it's pretty clear you're inexperienced, despite what the psycho cunts put you through. In fact, I suspect that's how they lured you into their web... Am I right?”

Zack sank into the black pools of her eyes. They brimmed with intelligence, candor and seduction. She had him dead to rights. There was no point denying it.

“You got me” he admitted reluctantly as she grinned in victory. “What's this fantasy of yours?”

“Ah ah” she said, lifting a hand and waving her index finger gently. “That would be telling and the surprise is half the fun. However, since I know you've been through a lot, I'll lay out some ground rules to put your mind at ease.”

“Ok...” he said suspiciously, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

“First of all, no anal play” she said as she began disrobing. “Like I said before, I already got my fill. Your poor ass can rest tonight.”

“That's a good start” Zack agreed with a nod.

“Second, no CBT.”

“CBT?”

“Cock and ball torture” she answered as she pulled her top over her head, leaving only a lacy black bra and her choker necklace over her otherwise snow white body. “I assume Rebecca's into that?”

“Rebecca **and** Sasha” he confirmed, his voice pained from the memory.

“Well I'm not, so no worries there.” Ash pulled down her skirt and tossed it aside, leaving only a pair of black satin panties and her long, fish-netted legs.

Zack couldn't help but gawk at her. His erection stiffened. His saliva ran freely in his mouth and his mind churned with lust as the voluptuous co-ed undressed before him. Only her dark undergarments remained, highlighting her thick curves in the most suggestive ways. This was a torture all its own.

“There will be light bondage and some pain” she stated, her eyes locked on him “but nothing compared to what you endured last weekend, I'm sure.”

She stalked toward him again. Her heels struck the floor as her legs crisscrossed seductively and she stopped just before him.

“So, do we have a deal?”

Zack's mind raced in the moment of truth.

*'Ok... No butt stuff. No torturing my genitals. What could she really do? Slapping? Face sitting? Twisting my nipples? That would be worth it a million times over. Alright, fuck it!'*

“I'm all yours” he replied, holding his hands up in submission.

“Glad to hear it” she purred, her smile broadening into a wide grin. Ash nodded toward her bed on the other end of the studio. “Take off your clothes. Then get on your back and get comfy. I got a little prep work to do.”

Zack walked into the bedroom space and removed his shirt, shoes and pants. Ash rummaged in the background, collecting various items. Her bed was fairly large and it was covered with a shiny, black rubber blanket. Did Ash have a thing for latex as well?

He took the final step, committing to their unusual arrangement. Zack removed his boxers and tossed them aside with the rest of his clothes. His rock hard cock stuck out in the cool air, still teeming with hunger from Ash's little strip tease.

Zack began crawling onto the bed and his knee plunged down way further than expected. Sloshing sounds emanated from the bed as it rippled and bobbed around him.

“Whoa!!!”

“Oh yeah!” Ash called from the background. “I forgot to mention. Water bed!”

Zack continued onto the bed, his hands and knees sinking in deeply with each move forward. He'd heard about these before, but never sat or slept on one. The bed waved and bobbed as he crawled all the way to the headboard. He turned himself over and laid flat against the latex bedding. The bed rippled some more before finally calming back to stillness. He had to admit, it was damn comfy. The water mattress molded to the contours of his body perfectly.

Ash's heels clacked against the floor, announcing her return. The raven haired beauty gave him a cheeky smile, realizing he'd never been on a water bed before. She carried several lengths of chain, each with a thick leather cuff and a locking clasp on the opposite ends of the steely strands.

“Aren't water beds against the room regs?”

“Fuck the rules” she replied matter-of-factly. Ash noticed his cock, standing at full mast. Her left eyebrow raised as she spoke teasingly. “Oh! Why, hello there! I didn't realize you were **that** ready to party.”

“You're not going to disregard our rules, are you?”

“Relax Zack” she sighed, rolling her eyes. Her tone shifted to annoyed admonishment. “Unlike Rebecca, I'm not a liar and I respect boundaries. Honestly, I might be the **least** crazy girl at AOE.”

She took Zack's left hand and secured one leather cuff around it snugly. She looped the chain through one side of the headboard before pulling it taut and locking it securely. She offered Zack a wink before she moved to his left ankle and began the process anew.

“You seem to know Rebecca pretty well. Are you friends or just sorority sisters?”

“We're definitely not friends” she revealed with venom in her voice. “Let's just say we've had our run-ins and I won't be voting for her in the election.” Ash pulled the chain on his left leg taut. Half of his body was now secured to the frame of the water bed. “Not even after introducing me to you!”

She moved quickly to his other leg and slapped the cuff around his ankle. She pulled it tight and buckled it firmly. Ash looked up and noticed his erection was flagging fast.

“Uh oh!” she chided as she pulled the third chain taut and secured it snugly. “Getting anxious?”

Zack grimaced. “No! I mean... Sorry. Bondage does that to me. I guess it's not my thing.”

“Really? But it seems to find you so easily!” Ash chuckled as she moved to his right hand. She grabbed it up and attached the final cuff. “How'd you end up as Rebecca's submissive?”

“That's an embarrassing story I'd rather not kill the mood with.”

Ash belted out a throaty laugh. Her amusement faded into giggles as she pulled on the final chain. She wrapped the metal links between the bed post and headboard until there was no slack and attached the final clasp.

The gorgeous goth stepped back, put her hands on her hips and admired her work. Zack was spread eagle on the latex topped water bed and able to move nothing but his neck and hips. His collar gleamed in the light of the room, a hollow reminder of who “owned” him. Meaningless, given that he was about to be taken by another woman. Ash grabbed her phone from a nearby table and opened her camera. She flashed Zack a devious smile as she took pictures of his bound body.

“You're lucky I'm an honest woman, Zack. If I was into fisting, you'd be getting an arm up your ass all

night! You're a little too easy.”

“Tell me about it” he sighed. “I guess I’m just a sucker for a beautiful face.”

Ash blushed as she set her phone back down. She clearly appreciated the compliment, especially since this one hadn't been prompted. “Don't go anywhere” she quipped before walking off.

The eager Domme moved to her computer and clicked the mouse a few times. Within seconds her music jolted back to life throughout the apartment. The thrashing guitars and pounding rock beats seemed to be Ash's idea of setting the mood. She made her way back to the helpless Zack, carrying a small leather bag with her.

Ash removed her boots and stood by the bed, rustling through the bag for a moment before finding what she wanted. She extracted a prescription bottle, popped its top and dumped two pills into her hand. She brought her palm to Zack's face, showing him what she had. They were two pink, circular tabs with the words “Star Dust” on them and a little star icon in the middle. No doubt the branding of a local dealer.

“Ever tried X?”

“Ecstasy?” Zack asked, his eyes opening wide.

“Yup. Molly. MDMA. It makes **everything** feel more intense. It'll sharpen your pain a bit too, but I promise it's worth it.”

“No thanks... Maybe next time” Zack insisted.

“Suit yourself” she said with a shrug. Ash brought both pills to her mouth and sucked them in before reaching to her end table for a bottled water and swigging them down. She tossed her leather bag onto the bed and crawled onto the rippling latex surface. Zack bobbed up and down on the liquid mattress as the chains on his arms and legs rattled.

She placed one hand on his chest and inched it down to his flaccid unit.

“Alright, let's get your soldier standing at attention again...”

Her hand smoothed over his cock and balls. Ash's leaned down and they entered a deep kiss. Her tongue entered his mouth aggressively as her perfume washed over him. Her supple curves pressed on on his body sensually as she stroked him with gentle lust.

Zack didn't have much experience kissing, but he let Ash guide him and learned quickly. Their tongues danced around one another, passing back and forth between each others mouths as she stroked him up and down. The metal clangs, guitar wails and pounding drums echoed around them as they made out on the undulating rubber bedding. Zack's cock responded rapidly, despite his bound state.

“Mmmmm... There we go. Almost time! Bet you can't wait for me to ride that hard pecker of yours, eh Zack?” She gripped it firmly and began stroking him up and down.

“Ahhhh! ...yes!” His eyes closed as she pleased him directly.

Ash's throaty chuckle conveyed just how much she enjoyed manipulating a bound male. She continued masturbating him smoothly, her pace increasing as his cock grew back to its full, warm hardness. Just as pre-cum oozed from his bulging glans, she released his cock to the cool air. Before he knew it Ash was pressing something against his lips. The familiar smell and taste of rubber entered his nostrils.

“Open up.”

Zack's eyes opened to one of his least favorite sights. A rubber ball gag. It had an elaborate leather head harness with many straps and buckles. It wasn't as big as the ones Rebecca and Sasha had forced him to endure and probably wouldn't be as uncomfortable, but still, he hadn't imagined himself losing his virginity while slobbering on a black rubber ball.

He opened his mouth to protest and Ash shoved it in. Zack pulled on his bonds as she forced the slick, rubbery ball into his mouth. She cackled with glee as she went to work securing the gag. The rattling of chains and his helplessness were obvious turn-ons for Ash.

“I don't want to hear anything but moans while I'm having my fun” she spoke into his ear. Her hands wrapped the harness around his head and tightened the straps as quickly as she could.

Her work done, Ash released his face and quickly moved her hand back to his cock. She stroked him up and down skillfully as Zack sputtered and groaned around the thick rubber invader. She jerked him smoothly, ensuring he didn't lose his erection as Zack grew accustomed to the new gag.

Once he was leaking pre-cum anew and making slobbery, pleasurable moans around the shiny rubber ball, Ash reached for her bag once more. She retrieved a condom with lustful haste, unwrapped it and rolled the cool latex down his hot, throbbing shaft. Ash then grabbed a second condom and repeated the feat. Zack's straining member was soon sealed in two layers of clingy latex.

“This is to be on the safe side” Ash explained as she pulled her panties off and tossed them aside. The sexy stunner took hold of his torso and steadied herself. She draped her legs over his body, oozing downward as she prepared to mount him. “Cowgirl can be a little rough on condoms.”

Zack could see a well trimmed strip of dark hair around her vulva as she lowered herself slowly. Her pussy lips were already moist, his bound state providing all the lubrication Ash needed to begin her conquest. Zack's eyes bulged as her amazing curves descended on him. The moment he'd waited for his entire life was upon him.

“But that's not the only reason” she admitted with a wicked grin. “I also want you to last longer.”

He felt her warm, wet curtains at the tip of his shaft. Ash circled around the head of his cock and teased him for a spell. He yanked on his cuffs helplessly and groaned into his gag. Zack wanted so badly to grab the gorgeous young woman and thrust into her, but he was powerless.

Was this how Ash was going to torture him? Teasing? Was she going to keep him on edge for hours? That might be worse than being sealed in a gimp suit and pegged.

The thought was obliterated as Ash brought her warm, dripping pussy onto the head of his cock and eased herself down. Zack's latex wrapped member was ensconced, inch by inch, into her soft, slick

cunt. Her warm love lips parted further as more and more of his shaft slid home in her body.

Ash groaned and Zack muttered nonsense into his gag as she glided all the way down. Her ass met his hips and his full erection hilted in her velvety depths. Zack tried to gasp but only emitted more saliva over the increasingly sloppy ball gag. He grunted as Ash wiggled her body, growing used to his full penetration and preparing for her wild ride. She unhooked the clasp on her bra and tossed it aside, her full, beautiful, pale white breasts free of their lacy prison at last.

Nine Inch Nail's "*Closer*" blared over the speakers as Ash placed her hands on his sides. She began a slow rhythm, pushing herself up his shaft and lowering herself back down in carnal bliss. Her breasts swelled and bounced as she slid up and down his hot, throbbing erection.

Zack was overwhelmed. He squirmed in pure euphoria as the bindings held him fast. The words of the industrial fuck anthem thundered through the room as the gorgeous goth girl rode his cock hungrily.

*"I WANT TO FUCK YOU LIKE AN ANIMAL!"*

The latex surface of the water bed rippled as Ash's humping caused the waves below them to crest and dip. She slowly increased her pace, gliding up and down his slick member. Her honeyed lava coated the outer condom as Ash moaned and rode her bound slave.

**\*SCCCRRRRRRRAAAAPPPPEEEEEEEEE\***

Zack's pleasure, once steadily increasing, took a considerable dip as he felt Ash's fingernails dig into his flesh and rip down his chest. He yelled into the gag, the unexpected jolt of pain sending a shock through his body. It forced his heart to pound even faster than the warm, wet vice of her pussy was already inflicting on his racing veins.

**\*SCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPEEEEEEEEE\***

The ripping sensation across his chest came again and this time it hurt worse. Longer, harder and deeper. Her fingers dug into his flesh harshly. Zack could feel the damage to his body as he looked up at the glassy eyed woman. She was drunk with pleasure, her eyes half open as she rode his steely fuck stick. Ash raked her hands down his chest repeatedly as ecstasy coursed through her curvy body.

**\*SSSSSCCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAPPPPPPPPEEEEEEEEE\***

Zack felt skin pull loose and blood spatter on his chest. He thrashed against his bonds in terror and futility, the chains rattling just loud enough to be heard over the thundering sex song. Ash gazed down at his wounded flesh and gasped, redoubling her efforts and riding his cock with vigor. She moaned loud as her quivering mass mashed down into his body repeatedly. Her silky sex enveloped his cock over and over. Her aggressive fucking kept him hard despite the growing agony in his torso.

**\*plap plap plap plap plap plap plap plap\***

**\*SSSSCCRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPEEEEEEEEE\***

This time her clawing came over already wounded and bloody flesh and the pain was too much. Zack sputtered on his gag, choking on his own spittle as his eyes watered profusely. He could feel warm



blood in small rivulets on his chest and abs. His nervous system lit up in painful waves. The burning sensation grew by the second, matched only by the hot, tight, gripping pleasure of Ash's all-consuming cunt as she humped him into oblivion.

Ash's tongue hung from her mouth as she approached her zenith. Her gasping grew giddy as she reached over to her bag yet again. She let her fucking slow to a pause before drawing a long, sharp knife from the bag. She held it in the air for a few seconds for Zack to see before pushing it towards his throat.

Pure fear surged through Zack as he pulled on his chains violently. The blade gleamed in the dim light as it grew ever closer to his neck. Ash seemed to soak it in, her expression growing wild and her pleasure increasing as she saw the panic in her fuck toy's eyes.

She pulled the blade back just as quickly, bringing the edge to the top of her left forearm and opening a considerable cut on her own flesh. She tossed the knife over the edge of the bed, the blade clattering to the floor as Ash pressed her lips over the cut and began sucking her own blood.

She moaned again as the coppery, metallic taste entered her mouth. Ash slid her right hand over the open cut, getting her own blood all over her hands. She placed her bloodied digits down on Zack's wounded torso and pushed them all over his scraped flesh, mingling their blood together as Zack screamed into his gag.

Satisfied that their crimson fluids had merged, she raised her hands to smear her breasts with streaks and splotches of bloody red. She began riding his cock again, full force, her moans growing louder as the pungent smell of blood filled both their nostrils.

**“Yes! YES!!! COME WITH ME ZACK!!!!”**

She placed her gruesome, blood caked hands on his lower torso and began sliding up and down his engorged fuck rod like a mad woman. Zack sweated profusely as fresh pain and pleasure surged through his body simultaneously. Ash's core kink had been revealed and her libido was in the stratosphere. With the wet warmth and smell of blood all over her, she was going to fuck his brains out until she came.

The pain in his torso became more bearable as she rode his cock at a steadily increasing speed. His dick felt like it was about to explode as it slopped in and out of her tight, warm pussy. Zack grunted and pulled on his bonds, not out of pain, but pure sexual frustration as Ash's silken insides squeezed his shaft with every slick impalement. Her up and down motions came faster as her orgasm approached.

**“Mmmmm... MMMMMM!!!! YEESSSSSSSSSS!!! FUCK YESSSSSS!!!!!!”**

Ash screamed in climax as Zack grunted hard around the phlegmy, rubber gag. His nut erupted into the goth girl's depths as her bucking continued. Her bloody breasts jiggled as her nonstop milking of his pulsing phallus sent waves of bliss through his entire body. Ash wailed like a banshee as they both came, her voice piercing through the goth rock soundtrack and echoing through the apartment.

Zack's brain flooded with endorphins as her fucking came to a slow stop. His cock continued shooting hot filth into the double layered condom buried in her warm, clutching depths. Ash sat still for a while, her mind spinning from the best orgasm of her life as she played with her blood splattered breasts. Her

rapid breathing gently slowed as they both enjoyed the afterglow, his cock holstered deep inside her.

Eventually, Ash rose on weary legs. She wanted badly to collapse into sleep beside him, but she knew she couldn't yet. She reached down into her bag one last time and withdrew a brand new bottle of hydrogen peroxide. Zack's eyes went wide as he watched her break the seal and remove the cap.

“This is going to sting, but I need to disinfect you.”

Zack's head shook back and forth as she got on her knees and held the bottle over his body. Her hands and tits were caked in smeared, drying blood. The prospect of more pain and her vampire-like appearance were overwhelming him with a new kind of fear.

“**NGGGHHHHHH! WAHHHHUMMPPHHHH! WHHHMMMUIHHHHH!!!**”

She poured little trickles of the odorless liquid all over his torso. Fresh, searing pain boiled over his chest and abs. He choked and coughed on the sloppy gag as he yanked on the bindings harshly. The tight cuffs caused his wrists and ankles to chafe in the course of his fearful struggling.

The sizzling liquid pooled in all the places she'd scraped him. His flesh screamed as the liquid bubbled into an active froth and burned away any germs that could cause a serious infection. He shook his head back and forth and yelled garbled nonsense as he waited for the pain to die down.

Ash put on a sad frown in mock pity. “Awwww! I know. It hurts. But now you have some idea of what women go through every month! And you didn't just **take** pleasure like some selfish prick. You earned it, Zack.”

She re-capped the bottle and set it on her end table before flashing him a toothy grin and giving his cheek a little pat. Ash got up, grabbed her phone and took some fresh pics of his abused body and spent cock. Satisfied, she strode from the open ended room, her shapely ass bouncing in her wake. Zack noticed the music dying down to a faint whisper and then heard Ash fishing around for something in her kitchen.

The pain was finally beginning to ebb as the blood princess returned. Zack looked up to see she was holding... an ice cube tray? She tossed it on the bed before moving to his now deflated cock and carefully slipping the condoms off the end of his dick. She weighed the latex bulge gingerly, nodding in approval.

“Hmmm, not bad! You were blue-balled as fuck, weren't you?”

Ash carefully poured the contents into the small plastic indentations of the tray. As the condom ran dry, she pinched the top of it and squeezed her fingers down, milking every drop of semen she could into her unconventional trophy case.

She got up and tossed the condom in her waste basket before grabbing the ice cube tray and walking back to the kitchen. Zack could hear the freezer door being opened and closed in the distance.

*'Well, that settles it! Women are completely out-of-their-skull fucking crazy! Or is it just the ones I keep running into? I suppose I'll never know...'*

A few minutes passed and Ash returned to the bedside wearing a silky, black nightgown. She carried medical tape, a pack of bandages and topical ointment. She knelt down on the bed and smeared bacitracin over his scrapes, sealing each with an appropriate length of bandage and taping them down neatly.

“Even after these heal up, you'll probably have something to remember me by” she said with a note of pride.

Finished, she set the supplies aside and gazed down at her sore captive.

“You can leave now or we can cuddle for a bit. Your call, lover boy.”

Zack muttered into his gag, implying as best he could that he'd prefer the rubber ball be removed. Ash shook her head.

“Blink twice if you want to chill.”

Zack groaned, annoyed that he couldn't even enjoy cuddling with the woman he'd just lost his virginity to without being thoroughly bound. Still, he didn't want to leave just yet. He relented and blinked twice.

“That's more like it” she purred. Ash scooted in, pushing her satin hugged curves into his body. She pulled one of her spare blankets up around their sprawled out forms and very gently placed her arm across his bruised chest. The tired temptress shifted a bit before settling into much needed rest. She inhaled and exhaled deeply as her chest rose and fell.

The mild burning sensation in Zack's torso kept him awake a little longer, but his body was just as spent. It wasn't long before his lungs joined hers in steady rhythm and he drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hey, wake up!”

**\*slap slap\***

“It's almost midnight. Time to get going!”

Zack awoke to find Ash fumbling with his head harness. She finally pulled the phlegm soaked rubber ball free from his sore jaw. He moved his tongue freely for the first time in hours, the taste of rubber still raw on its surface.

“Finally!”

Ash snickered as she moved around the bed, unbuckling his cuffs one by one. Within minutes Zack was sitting up; free at last and a new man... Or, at the very least, a much less horny one. He dressed himself swiftly, made a brief pit stop and then joined Ash at the entrance.

“I had a really good time tonight” she said earnestly. “I hope you did too.”

“I think I had about half as good a time as you did, but I can't say there weren't highlights.”

“Fair enough” she said with a knowing smile. “I'm not in the market for a boyfriend, but maybe we can party again some time... If you're not too scared, that is.”

She winked at him, baiting the hook for her next catch. Zack honestly couldn't say if he'd fall for it again or not. His mind shouted 'NO', but he suspected his libido would make him reconsider later.

“I guess we'll just wait and see” he replied, humoring her with a little mystery.

Ash giggled, then leaned in for a kiss on his cheek. She left a faint purple lip print on his face.

“See you around, Zack.”

She opened the door and he stepped out into the cool hallway.

As he walked off, Zack noted that the door didn't close right away. Ash was having a look at him as he strode off. He chuckled to himself. Ash might have acted like it was only about sex, but even Zack, oblivious as he was to the feminine mystique, could tell that something more was at play.

As he made his way to the building's exit, he couldn't help but ruminate on how much his life had changed in just one week. Hell, it hadn't even been a week yet. He was only five days removed from his first encounter with Rebecca and Sasha.

Strolling into the cold night air, he remembered that he only had two more days before Rebecca would expect him back in her Femdom lair. A chill went up his spine as he made his way home and he knew that shiver had nothing to do with the weather.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zack was enjoying a late Thursday lunch in the campus cafeteria when his phone buzzed. He picked it up and saw he had an email from Rebecca. Dread seeped into him as he tapped on the notification and the message opened.

*Hey Bitch,*

*I'm not thrilled about it, but something came up and I have to fly home tomorrow. I won't be back until Monday or Tuesday. I was **very** much looking forward to our second weekend together, but that will have to wait. This does NOT mean your training is postponed.*

*Moxie wanted some time with you and now she's going to get it. She's already agreed to my rules. You will be her live-in slave for the weekend. Your slutty ass will receive further submissive training and earn me a nice store discount in the process!*

*I'd love to give you a proper goodbye tonight, but I've barely begun packing and my flight leaves early*

*tomorrow. Since I can't be there in person to give you what you deserve, you will send me a selfie showing me that your collar is still proudly displayed on your neck. Then you will send me a second picture of a foreign object jammed up your ass. I will let you choose what that object is, but it must be at least eight inches long and one inch wide. Impress me, slut!*

*Send me the pictures by no later than ten o'clock tonight. Moxie will be in the quad tomorrow at five o'clock to pick you up. Don't be late. You are to do everything she says until Moxie releases you on Sunday night.*

*That's all, slave. See you next week, you pathetic worm!*

*Your Goddess and Owner,*

*Rebecca C.*

Zack set his phone down, beset by mixed emotions. One the one hand, he'd dodged a bullet for sure. Another weekend with the sado Dommies from hell was what he'd feared most and that had been avoided. On top of that he got to spend a weekend with the beautiful belle he'd met at The Sin Bin!

But submissive training? He didn't like the sound of that. Would she dress him as a woman again? She seemed to enjoy that last time. Whatever the case, he didn't think Moxie would be nearly as cruel or crazy as Rebecca and Sasha. Although, Ash had seemed normal at first too and that hadn't held up to scrutiny.

The worst part of this new arrangement was that he had to go home and stick something up his butt. Zack had one elective course left for the day but he decided to skip it and get the feat over with. If he stayed for class, all he would think about is what item he could slide up his ass that would be least painful and degrading.

Zack rose from his seat, slid his phone into his pocket, dumped his tray into the trash and deposited it on the rack above. He collected his backpack and headed out in a hurry. As he exited the commissary into the cool autumn air, he began to ponder what the email revealed about Rebecca.

It sounded like she was being called home for some kind of family event. Death of a relative perhaps? Some kind of party or important social function her parents wanted her at? That kind of thing happens when a family has big money.

Whatever the case, she clearly felt obligated to attend even though she didn't want to. That meant she had to keep daddy happy if she wanted her flow of funds to continue uninterrupted. Something he could potentially use against her? Zack mentally filed it away.

As he got closer to the grad student apartments, his mind turned to the inevitable. What did he have at home that he could sodomize himself with? What did he own that was the right shape and wouldn't hurt **too** much? Or did he need to bite the bullet and go buy a dildo?

No. Fuck that. He wouldn't give Rebecca that kind of glee. He would never hear the end of it if he bought a dildo of his own accord to comply with her demand. He would just make do with... whatever.

Some common household item.

Zack entered his apartment and tossed his jacket and backpack on the couch. He fed his fishes and began looking around. What did he have that might work? It's got to be long and thin... but not too long or too thin. He put his hands on his head and chewed on his tongue as he looked about.

His eureka moment arrived as his eyes scanned through the kitchen. There, on the counter, next to his stove was his jar of cooking implements. He didn't have many, but he did make pasta, soup and various meat dishes for himself on occasion.

Zack crossed to the counter and retrieved his large, plain wooden spoon. It would have worked, but the handle wasn't even close to an inch thick. If he used that, the cruel cunt would no doubt tell him to do the whole thing over. He dropped it and rooted around in his collection of utensils.

After checking a couple more, he found what he needed in his sturdy soup ladle. It met the requirements perfectly. The plastic handle was just over an inch in diameter and ran down half the tool's length. It then narrowed into metal where the rest of the handle plunged down to the wide open soup collector. He certainly wouldn't have to worry about losing the thing up his ass.

Zack crossed to his desk, opened one of the drawers and collected his Durex *intimate gel*. It had been handy for many a stroke session in the past, but today it had a whole other purpose. He didn't even know if it was "toy safe", but it really didn't matter since this wasn't a typical sex toy and the gel was all he had to work with. He walked to the bathroom, telling himself to hurry up and get it over with.

He set the items down on the sink counter, pulled out his phone and took a quick selfie displaying Rebecca's collar. Step one complete. Now for the regrettable step two...

Zack pulled out his wallet and removed the condom he'd brought with him to Ash's place. He didn't end up needing it then, but it would certainly come in handy now. He tore it open and placed the open end over the handle of the ladle before slowly rolling it down. The silky latex unfurled almost all the way down the "shaft" of his make-shift anal toy.

He took a deep breath, grabbed the lube and walked the short distance to his shower. Zack set the items down on the toilet before undoing his pants and pulling them down along with his boxers. He then knelt before the tub, his knees smarting slightly as they pressed into the cold, hard tile of the bathroom floor.

Zack reached over to retrieve the items, uncapped the lube and began dousing the condom-wrapped handle in the lubricating gel. He ran his hand up and down it a few times, making sure the entire length was well greased. He took another deep breath before pushing his ass back slightly and lowering his torso down to the edge of the tub.

*'God dammit! I can't believe I'm doing this. Here goes...'*

Holding onto the metal portion of the handle tightly, he brought the ladle around his body and placed the the thick tip to his back passage. It felt cold and completely gross. The silky lube moistened his pucker in the cool air of the bathroom.

*'It feels wide but it's not that bad. Rebecca has already fucked you with bigger toys. Just fucking do it*

*already!*

Zack pressed the latex sheathed handle into his rosebud and it slowly yielded to the pressure.

“AGGGGHHHH! **FUCK!!!**”

He stopped after the first few inches. When someone else did it, you couldn't do anything but react to the pain and discomfort. In a way, it was harder to do it to yourself because you had to both deal with the pain and try to remain coordinated enough to feed it in deeper. Zack took a few more breaths before continuing.

He crammed it in hard this time, wanting to press it in to the hilt and get the disgusting stunt over with. He yelped in pain several times as he forced the condom wrapped utensil deep into his ass. His anal walls were split wide for the first time in many days. Maintaining his grip on the well lubed handle was difficult, but once he got it in halfway, Zack was able to grab the metal cup at the bottom and firmly press the rest home.

“**ARRGGGHHH!** FUUGHGHG!”

His back passage was stuffed and there was a shiny metal cup sticking out where his pucker sucked on the end of the handle. It felt horribly uncomfortable and gross, but at least the worst part was over. Now to take a...

*'Oh no... Fuck! **FUCK FUCK FUCK!***

Zack cursed himself a hundred times as he realized he'd left the phone on top of the sink. How could he be so fucking stupid?!? Now he either had to remove the ladle or... back up really slowly? Yeah, that would have to work. There was no way he was doing that again.

He picked his knees up one at a time and started inching his way back across the cold, tile floor. Occasionally, his movements would cause the handle buried in his ass to jab into his anal walls and Zack yelped in pain. He could feel lube leaking out of his asshole and dripping on the floor as he slowly made his way to the sink. The torturously slow retreat felt like it stretched on forever.

Finally, he got to within range of the counter top and leaned up the bare minimum height he needed for his fingers to reach the surface.

“Ow! **OW OW!!!** **FUCK!!!!**”

He grabbed the phone angrily and immediately hunched back down. The awkward twisting of his body had caused significant ache deep in his bowels. Unlike a real sex toy, the kitchen utensil had no give. It didn't bend or yield to any degree like a quality dildo would. This was the price of Zack's pride, apparently.

Holding onto his phone firmly, Zack started forward again across his now lube smeared floor. He bit his tongue as he crawled. The thick implement lodged in his rectum caused the same intermittent pain as when he was backing up.

He let out a long sigh of relief as he reached the tub and pushed his torso up onto the edge once again.

Zack put his phone in camera mode and set it to take ten pictures in a row after a five second countdown. He held the phone behind him at the best angle he could, pointing down at his plastic and latex packed bottom.

**\*snap snap snap snap snap snap snap snap snap\***

When the snapshots were finished, he brought his quickly-tiring arm forward and scanned through the pictures. Yes, at least one or two of these would do! There was the metal ladle sticking out of his stuffed and lube smeared ass. He was finally done!

Zack set the phone on the tub and didn't wait another instant to begin pulling the slick invader from his uncomfortably stuffed cheeks. The withdrawal was easier than the insertion, at least. The thick end of the handle glided out with nothing but a light pop thanks to all the lube and latex. It dropped to the floor with a half-clang, half-thud. Zack turned over and leaned back against the toilet. He sighed deeply as he grabbed his phone and sent the pictures to his demonic dominatrix.

\* \* \* \* \*

Zack was on the couch browsing Netflix a half hour later when his phone buzzed. He picked it up, unlocked the home screen and saw another notification from Rebecca. She'd chosen to text this time.

**“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Look at you on the bathroom floor with a fucking soup ladle up your ass! Holy shit! You're pathetic!!! Did you enjoy that? I bet you did you **SISSY BITCH!** Cuck faggot! **LOL!**”**

Zack felt anger well up inside him and he almost threw his phone against the wall, but he realized that would only be another victory for Rebecca. As the moments dragged on, he took a deep breath and let it go. He closed his phone and set it aside. At least he wouldn't have to deal with *Bitchzilla* for a while.

Rebecca really was a raging cunt. She was a true sadist whose pleasure fed directly off Zack's pain and degradation. Now the cruel woman had even more blackmail bait. The worst part was, she was probably stroking her sopping wet pussy to a thunderous orgasm right now. There was little doubt she would enjoy the pictures multiple times while away for the weekend.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Hey sugah!”

Zack was sitting in the quad scrolling through his news feeds when he heard the familiar voice. He looked up and the most beautiful woman he'd met in all his days at college was closing in on him. It was still ten minutes to five.

Moxie was stunning; perhaps even more beautiful than in their first encounter. The only real difference was that she wasn't wearing any fetish attire this time. Her luscious blonde hair was pulled back and done up in a well crafted bun. Her lovely brown eyes were highlighted with dark mascara and framed



by her thin, black rim glasses. Her lips were glossy scarlet red.

She wore a cute, frilly white top and a short, low cut black skirt. Her long legs were accentuated by silky nylons that slid down into shiny, black high heels. She looked like a cross between the girl next door and the naughty librarian archetypes. No one would've guessed she worked in a sex supply shop.

“Hey there!” Zack replied, standing and putting away his phone. “You're early.”

Moxie closed to within a foot of him, her heels clacking to a stop as she shouldered her bag and put her hands on her hips. “So are you. Eager to submit, hmmm?”

“You don't get punished if you're late” Zack countered with a smile.

Moxie chuckled. “Touche! But you didn't answer my question. Looking forward to a weekend with yours truly?”

“Absolutely” Zack answered smoothly, and he meant it. He had no idea what to expect from the dominatrix side of Moxie, but whatever happened, it would be worth it. He was irresistibly attracted to the curvy blonde bombshell and her southern drawl.

There wasn't a trace of hostility or snootiness in her, so she was nothing like Rebecca. He didn't sense any of the selfishness or malignant indifference of Sasha. She was friendly like Ash, but Ash had a dark side to her. No, Moxie was different, or at least that's what he desperately wanted to believe. Zack would find out this weekend, and he would take her beatings, suck her strapon, kiss her feet and do whatever kinky shit she was into for the chance to know her better.

Moxie blushed slightly and her smile expanded. “I'm glad to hear that. Truth be told, I've been looking forward to this a lot, but that's not the only reason I'm early. I'm DYING of hunger. Wanna grab some dinner before we head to my lair? It's my treat.”

“Hell yes!” Zack agreed. He walked up beside the sweet siren and offered her his arm.

Moxie raised her eyebrows and looked him up and down, responding to his old fashion gesture with a look of *'Really?'* But then she acquiesced, laughing and putting her arm around his as they began walking out of the large common area together.

For the moment, Zack felt like a king among men. Anyone who might be watching was seeing him stride out of school with an absolutely gorgeous woman on his arm. Even Rebecca's collar, gleaming in the waning daylight, couldn't dull his pride in that moment. A beautiful belle was about to buy him dinner and take him home for a wild weekend of kink. Even if that wasn't his cup of tea, right now he felt pretty damn good.