

## Enslaved By Sorority Sluts

### Chapter 2 - Feminized & Pimped

**\*smack smack smack\***

The slaps to the face which awoke Zack were light ones only because Rebecca couldn't utilize her full strength. He was still trapped under the covers where he'd spent the entire night roasting in his sweaty latex prison. The hot and sticky gimp suit had become a second skin, glued to his entire body and immobilizing him just below Rebecca's pungent sex. She had woken several times and put his tongue to work; enjoying orgasms throughout the night before drifting off to sadistic dreams of even more kinky play.

The soreness pulsing in Zack's arms was brutal. They had been locked in the cruel leather arm binder all night and the spreader bar keeping his legs apart was no more comfortable. The stiffness in all four limbs was a nasty reality to wake up to; even more-so than the blows to his face.

Rebecca tore the covers off and Zack's lungs inhaled fresh, cool oxygen for the first time in hours. The invigorating air hardly offset his thorough bondage and gross predicament, though. Nor would the sense of relief last for long.

**\*SMACK\***

Now able to wind her hand back and clearly see her target, Rebecca delivered a much stronger, more painful swat to Zack's face.

“Wakey wakey! Eggs and bakey!”

Rebecca slid off the bed with mischief glowing in her hazel eyes. Her long, blonde hair was a mess and her room looked like a sex supply store had exploded. Dildos, floggers, fetish clothing and bottles of lubricant were strewn all over the place, but she was in no hurry to straighten up.

“Well, eggs and bakey **later** for you. **Cock** first!” she said with a grin.

Zack knew better than to speak up, but the stiffness in his arms overrode his better judgment.

“Please Mistress, at least take the binder off! I can barely feel my fingers!”

Rebecca, who had been on the way to the bathroom, stopped in her tracks and sighed. She quickly crossed to one of her dressers, extracted two pairs of her satin panties and walked back to the bed. She stood just to Zack's side and began wiping them all over pussy and then up and down her ass crack. She then wadded up one pair before grabbing Zack by the hair and shoving it in his mouth.

“HMMMPPPHHHAALLLLUMMMMMPPPHHHH!!!”

As he sputtered on them and her taste and smell began overwhelming his senses, she pulled the other pair over his head. She positioned the back of the purple satin garment over his face, trapping the first pair in his mouth snugly. Zack's nose filled with her ripe scent, a combination of sweat and musky sex that lingered after a long night of domination in her latex suit.

“You don't speak unless I tell you to! If you ever speak out of turn, you better have something really fucking important to tell me! If not, you'll be punished. That's how this relationship works! **Got it, bitch?!?**”

**\*SMACK\***

Another strong slap connected with his face. Zack could only gag on her soiled undergarments as his face turned crimson and his cheek radiated a sharp, searing ache.

He could hear footsteps as she walked to the bathroom and then a long stream of piss as Rebecca relieved herself. A few moments later she re-entered the room and Zack could feel cool air on his ass cheeks as she pulled down the zipper to his back passage. He moaned into the wet panties as she grabbed the giant, black dong by the balls and pulled it free from his tightly packed ass. The sense of sudden relief was overwhelming. His sphincter slowly shrunk back to something resembling a normal diameter.

Zack then heard the clanking of metal and the stretching sounds of rubber on leather as Rebecca inserted the massive cock into her strapon harness and buckled it around her waist. She took a few moments to make sure it was properly adjusted and then positioned herself behind Zack before grabbing his hips firmly.

His eyes flew open to their widest circumference and Zack howled into his gag as Rebecca drove the massive cock home in one hungry thrust. She wasted no time, her hips withdrawing the fat rubber tool almost all the way and then driving it balls deep in his ass. The girthy rubber schlong and his stretched pucker were still well lubed from the night before and Rebecca had no difficulty increasing her pace to a steady fucking rhythm.

“YEAH!!! Ten inches right up your slutty hole! You like that bitch?!? This is the perfect morning workout for me! Welcome to your new routine, **WHORE!** Daily anal training! Where the cocks just keep getting bigger and bigger...”

Rebecca increased her pace, fucking him more aggressively as she grunted, moaned and drove the impossibly thick cock deep into his bowels. After a few minutes she released his flanks and grabbed the straps of his arm-binder with one hand. Zack felt the binder pull his shoulders backward and his torso began to lift off the bed. As Rebecca leaned back, the thick leather of his bondage creaked and tightened around his body.

Zack was jolted forward with each thrust of her hips and pulled back by the harsh leather arm-binder each time. He was nothing but a latex fuck doll being yanked back and pounded forward. Rebecca held his bindings like water ski handles as she fucked him powerfully. She smacked his ass with her free hand, laughing cruelly as she plowed him long and hard, the enormous cock slurping in and out of his well stretched hole.

Zack lost track of time as his cruel Mistress pummeled his ass endlessly. All he could do was groan into

the soggy, satin gag and take her fat dick as wet slapping sounds filled the room. After a while the rubber base of the strapon began stroking Rebecca's engorged clit in just the right way. After many long minutes of rutting her slave, she wailed out her climax and released his arm binder. Zack's face and torso smacked into the mattress as his Domina pulled out of his savaged pucker with a wet slurch.

Rebecca stood behind him for a time, groping her own body up and down and enjoying the pleasurable waves of female climax. A few moments later she let out a contented sigh and unbuckled her harness. Her strapon hit the floor with a dull thud and she approached her bound slut again, reaching into his suit and inspecting his equipment. His cock was semi-hard at best and only a small bit of pre-cum had leaked from the tip during her extended assault on his back passage.

“Hmmm... disappointing. I was hoping you'd cum by now. Not that you deserve an orgasm, but if you're ever allowed to cum again, it will be from getting fucked in the ass. It seems you're going to need some special training.”

Zack had no idea what that meant, but he already hated the sound of it. His panty filled mouth muttered an indecipherable protest; his eyes still blind to anything but purple satin. Rebecca ignored him.

“Alright slut, which do you want first, the good news or the bad news?”

“AAAGOOOOOommnuuuuuu.”

“The good news is you're finally getting out of that suit for a while. You get to clean yourself up and then we'll get some breakfast. What do you say to that?”

“THAAAANNNNYUUUUUUMMIITTHHHREEETHHH.”

“That's a good little bitch! Now for the bad news...” she continued as she began unbuckling the straps of his arm-binder “You won't be free for long and it's going to be a **very** long night for you. I've decided to bring you to the party. After we go on a little field trip that is...”

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It was an hour later and Zack found himself in the kitchen of the two crazy sorority chicks who had upended his life. Daylight was beaming through the windows on a beautiful Saturday morning and the lovely aroma of pancake batter hung in the air.

He almost felt normal again after a long shower, though the smell of rubber clung to his skin strongly even after all the soap and body wash. As Zack sniffed his arm, he wondered if his body would ever smell normal again. The strong aches in his ass and arms reminded him that he was a million miles from his old life. It was amazing how much could change in just over twelve hours.

Sasha was wearing a pale blue sundress with floral patterns that showed off her curves nicely. As she poured pancakes and flipped them over the griddle, Zack could hardly believe he was looking at the same woman who had been so crazed and demanding the night before. Rebecca, likewise, was across the kitchen table from him wearing a light pink blouse, jeans and leather boots.

For his part, Zack had been given the v-neck t-shirt and dark blue slacks he had worn to the club the night before. Anyone walking into the room would never have guessed the three of them had been involved in hardcore BDSM just hours ago.

“Are they almost ready?” Rebecca asked impatiently. “I’m starving!”

“Almost” Sasha answered as she flipped another pancake through the air.

“Thanks for doing this by the way..”

“No problem! I don’t have to meet Jen for another hour, so I don’t mind. You really should learn to cook though...”

“You know that’s not one of my skills!” Rebecca huffed.

“What exactly are your skills, again?” Sasha teased.

“Brilliance. Incredible fashion sense. Being a leader of women.”

“A leader of women? You’re not even leader of our sorority.”

“Yet” she responded dryly as she thumbed around on her phone.

A couple minutes later the first batch of pancakes was done. Sasha brought them to the table on a plate and motioned for them to dig in.

“Enjoy!”

Zack didn’t hesitate, gathering a few of the pancakes on his plate and drowning them in maple syrup before chowing down. He was at least as hungry as Rebecca, having eaten nothing since an early dinner the previous evening.

Rebecca was much more deliberate in her eating. She put only one pancake on her plate and cut off small pieces with her knife and fork. She chewed and enjoyed them slowly. Zack guessed this wasn’t unusual for her. She seemed like the type who would put her figure first. Her discipline was impressive.

“So, what’s on the agenda today?” Sasha asked as she began the second batch.

“I’m taking slut boy here to the Sin Bin. We’re going to get him outfitted for tonight.”

“Ooooooh, does that mean he’s coming to the party?”

“Yup. We’ll make this one to remember.”

“Awesome!” Sasha said cheerfully. “Oh, that reminds me, I wanted to ask you...”

“Yeah?”

“Could I maybe borrow him on Sunday afternoon?”

“Borrow him for what?”

“Well, Trevor is coming over and I just thought it might be fun to have my own little cleanup slave.”

“He's my slave. Let's get that straight” Rebecca shot back, looking up from her meal.

“Whatever! You don't have to be a bitch about it” Sasha retaliated.

“Don't call me a bitch, SKANK!”

“Don't call me a skank, HO! And don't forget that you wouldn't have a new slave without my help! No way you were seducing him by yourself, let alone carrying him up those stairs.”

“Pfffft, fuck you!”

“FUCK YOU!”

They sat in silence for a minute as the pancake batter sizzled away. Zack made sure not to make direct eye contact with either of them. His brain filed this event away as further evidence that bitches do, indeed, be crazy.

“Fine...” Rebecca broke the silence. “Sucks, since Sunday is my last chance to play with him before we let him go for the week, but whatever. I have a test I need to study for. You can have him.”

“Thank youuuuu” Sasha sang out as she flipped another pancake and caught it with her spatula. “This is gonna be so much fun!”

“Just be done with him by six. I need to debrief this bitch boy before we release him into the wild. He needs to be properly marked as my property.”

Rebecca and Sasha both turned to him, their grins devilish and their eyes twinkling with mischief. Zack looked up from his pancakes feeling very much like a deer besieged by two cougars.

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It was approaching midday as Zack and Rebecca exited her lambo and started making their way across the parking lot of a seedy strip mall. Their destination was clear; a large store front with a flashing neon sign that read “The Sin Bin.” Rebecca grabbed the thick leather leash that led to the collar around his neck and tugged on it firmly. The heels of her leather boots clacked on the pavement as they walked in the cool breeze of a beautiful fall day.

Zack was too preoccupied to ponder the perversions Rebecca would inflict on him. He was just happy to be alive. Zack had learned two things about his crazy Dominatrix as they drove across town. One, her favorite types of music were techno and classic rock. Two, she drove like a fucking maniac. Perhaps she'd almost gotten them killed the previous night as well, but Zack had been too drugged out and distracted by Sasha to notice. Her reckless driving was a much greater threat to his life than her

kinky tendencies would ever be and he was already dreading the return trip.

As they entered the store, the smells of leather, metal and lubricants washed over him. Zack was instantly reminded of Rebecca's bedroom, but the store had that aesthetic multiplied a hundred-fold. Every sex toy, restraint and piece of bondage equipment you could imagine were stacked neatly on metal shelves. A large sign advertised the establishment as "The Super Store for all your Erotic Needs!" Zack was surprised not to see any fetish clothing, but then he noticed a hallway near the back of the store. A smaller sign above it read "FETISHWEAR" and pointed down a well lit corridor.

Rebecca marched down the center of the aisles with Zack in tow. They passed several patrons scattered around the store as they made their way to the counter. Some snickered at Zack and others simply raised an eyebrow. As they drew nearer to the counter, a barrel chested man with dark brown hair came into focus. He wore jeans and a red t-shirt featuring a bear with a leather cap on its head. He had a thick mustache and a beard to go with his gauged ears and cheerful disposition.

"Hello Miss Cunningham! Welcome back!"

"Hi Howard. Good to see you again! I got your text."

"Yes, your special order has arrived. I take it you're here for pick up?"

"That and a few other things..."

"Oh? Always happy to help a loyal customer!"

"That's good, because I'm prepared to spend a significant sum on some latex today."

"Excellent! What exactly are you looking for?"

Rebecca yanked on the leash, pulling Zack forward until he was just beside his feisty Femdom.

"I need this slut ready for a party tonight. Something thick and curvy. I want him unrecognizable."

Zack gulped. He didn't like the sound of that at all.

"Well, you've come to the right place. Moxie is in the back polishing up some suits. Go find her and she'll be happy to help you out."

"Perfect! Thanks Howard."

"Have fun!" he replied with a grin, trying not to laugh at Zack's discomfort.

Rebecca led him down the hall, deep into the back room of the store. The air grew cooler as they neared a series of folding double doors and proceeded through them. The powerful stench of rubber washed over Zack as they entered what could only be described as a small warehouse.

Rack after rack of shiny fetish clothing gleamed in the light of the ceiling lamps. The store was well stocked in latex, leather, PVC and everything else that was shiny and slick. Roughly half of the garments were jet black and the remainder were every other color you could think of. Rebecca spotted

what she was looking for and headed down one of the aisles, yanking Zack's neck in the process.

As they drew near the end of the aisle Zack was greeted by a vision of unmatched loveliness. A young woman was seated at a table applying rubber polish to a black cat suit. Her golden blonde hair was tied back in a well woven bun and her dark brown eyes were framed by black-rim librarian glasses. Her lips were the shade of deepest red and she wore a lacy black choker with a glimmering crystal that pointed down her chest.. Her ample breasts were hidden under a flowing, silky white top and her arms were covered with elbow length latex gloves. Black leather pants completed her ensemble, ending in calf-high leather boots.

“Hey Moxie! It's been a while” Rebecca exclaimed as they came to a stop by the table.

“Becky! Wow, look at you! You look great, girlfriend! I'd give you a hug but...” she gestured with her latex palms which were half soaked in greasy polish.

“That's alright. How you been?”

“Good! Haven't used my degree much since graduating, but you know what? I really like this job! Howie pays me good and I meet the most interesting folk here! Speaking of which, who is this fine young gentleman?” she asked, nodding to the young man at the end of the leash.

“Oh, this is Zack” she answered flatly, standing aside so Moxie could get a clear view of him. “He's my new bitch.”

“Mmmm, you need the hand of a strong woman to guide you, do ya Zack?”

“Ah... yeah!” Zack stammered; completely entranced by the gorgeous young belle.

“Well, you've certainly found one in Rebecca” she said with a wink.

“His training has just begun. He needs discipline. Lots of it” Rebecca stated matter-of-factly.

Moxie giggled. “Which brings you here! At least, I assume this is not a social call.”

“I want him rubberized, pronto” Rebecca answered as she stood back slightly. She then pointed at Zack's lower body. “He needs thigh and ass pads for starts...” Rebecca then trailed her hand upward to his chest “and silicone breasts, D-cups. Once you've fitted him with those, I want him in the thickest cat suit you have.”

“What color?” Moxie asked, a trace of excitement in her voice.

“Traditional black?” Rebecca wondered out loud. “Or is there something else you'd recommend?”

“Hmmm... we do have a shiny metallic gray that we're overstocked on right now. Could give you a good deal on it and he'd look super slutty!”

“Perfect!” Rebecca announced, placing her hands on her hips. “You want a hand, or can I go browse while you're working?”

“Oh, I can gussy him up just fine on my own, darlin. You go look around and when you see him next, he's gonna be one sexy rubber doll.”

“You're amazing, Moxie!” she said with a wide smile. She then turned and gave Zack's leash a final tug, her hazel eyes brimming with anticipation. “Do whatever Moxie says until I get back. If I get a bad report, you'll be punished harshly.”

“Yes, Mistress” Zack replied with a slight bow of his head.

“How long do you think?” Rebecca asked over her shoulder.

“Oh! Give us a half hour or so” Moxie replied, already eyeing Zack up and down.

“Alright. See you in a bit!” Rebecca walked off, already glancing at her phone as she made her way back to the front of the store.

“So...” Moxie began as she rose from her seat and pulled her latex gloves off; each sliding free of her hands with a loud snap. “Is this what you're into? Or is Becky making you try something new?”

Zack shrugged, his face blushing a light crimson. “This is all new to me.”

Moxie stalked toward him slowly. “Mmmmmhmmm... As I suspected! It wouldn't be as fun for Becky if you were into it. That woman has a cruel streak in her. Not like me. Still, we'll make the best of it...” she stopped just inches from his face, raising one hand and giving him a light tap on the lips. “Let's have some fun with this, sugar.”

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“OW! That's tight!”

“It's supposed to be tight.”

Zack clung to the metal work bench and gritted his teeth. He was bent over; his new, weighty silicone breasts dangling below him in the latex suit as Moxie slowly zippered him up in the back. With every bit of progress she made, the suit pulled around his body more tightly. The chest harness containing the fake double-D's and the leg and ass pads filled with cool, gel-like substance were being pressed into his skin more harshly with each tug Moxie made on the suits multiple zippers.

Zack grunted as she continued her work, his breaths becoming more labored the tighter the thick second skin surrounded him. Almost his entire body was now encased in the lush, shiny metallic rubber. She hadn't even finished zipping it up and it was already unbearably hot. The cat suit was considerably thicker than the gimp suit he'd worn earlier and it was flattening his penis and balls against his groin. Pretty soon there would be no hint that a male resided within it's curvy confines.

“THERE!” Moxie said victoriously as she pulled the final zipper all the way closed.

“Jesus, it stings! Since when does latex hurt?!?”



“You'll get used to it, hun” Moxie said as she gave him a playful slap on the ass. “Now for the final piece!”

She sauntered off and began rummaging through a bin of latex garments. Zack stood and pivoted just in time to see her returning with an elaborate latex hood in her hands. It was the same lush, silvery color as the rest of his suit and featured holes for the eyes, nose and mouth. Each hole was outlined with a thin strip of black rubber around the edges to highlight them. Most notably, a long stream of silvery tassels dangled from the back by a single jutting rubber handle.

“This should fit” Moxie noted as she began pulling the thick hood over his face.

Zack said a silent goodbye to the feeling of fresh air on his skin. He'd been enjoying it for the last few hours and now he was being banished into latex slavery once again. Who knew when Rebecca would let him out of his latest rubber prison? As the thick latex slipped down his face and sealed his neck below, the feeling of constant tightness and warmth began spreading from the rest of his body to his head.

He couldn't help but feel like some perverted Ken doll as Moxie tugged at the rubber hood, adjusting it as she had the rest of his bodysuit. Ken? Who was he kidding? Zack wasn't going to look anything like Ken. He was being turned into some slutty fetish-wear Barbie.

“It would probably be more comfortable if we shaved your head first, but Becky didn't say anything about that, so...”

Moxie grabbed the small rubber handle sticking from the back of his head and arranged all the latex tassels so they fell down around him neatly. She then stepped back, crossed one arm below her sizable breasts and studied her work.

“Damn, sugar! You lookin like one fine piece of ass!”

Normally, Zack would be mortified, but he couldn't help but be happy that Moxie liked what she saw. There was just something about her and he couldn't take his eyes off the deep, brown pools of mud that sparkled behind her black rimmed lenses.

“Want to know a secret?” she asked as she stalked closer to Zack and placed one hand on his hip.

“Sure...” he muttered in a pained voice, his body still combating the tightness of his new suit and the weight of his additional endowments.

“When there's a big, strong man in my life... someone like Howie, but straight... I very much enjoy being put in my place. I like it when strong men top me.”

Moxie slid her hand down and grabbed his right ass cheek. It was soon joined by other hand on his left flank; the beautiful belle grabbing his now expanded apple bottom from both sides and giving it a firm squeeze.

“But when I meet a cute young man like yourself... especially one who does what he's told.... Well, I enjoy a very different kind of excitement.”

She pressed her breasts into his firmly, her lips sealing over his. Her sweet perfume flooded his nostrils as her tongue invaded his mouth. Moxie groped him up and down, grasping fistfuls of his flesh through the thick latex and pressing her body on him aggressively. She tongued him deeply for many long moments and Zack yielded to her advances, his tongue sliding back around hers hungrily. She finally broke the kiss and stepped back, adjusting her glasses and shooting him a dazzling smile.

“Mmmm! You and I could have loads of fun. You and Becky exclusive?”

Zack's brain short circuited. The weekend just kept getting crazier and his mind, so accustomed to his humdrum nerd existence, was having a hard time keeping up.

“Uhhh. I mean, I'm Rebecca's slave, but she's already shared me with Sasha.”

“Is that a fact? I think Miss Becky and I need to have a chat.”

The sound of double doors bursting open could be heard in the background followed by Rebecca's boots echoing on the stone floor.

“Speak of the devil” Moxie said with a chuckle. She grabbed some tissues from the table and quickly wiped the traces of her lipstick from Zack's mouth. She grinned playfully as she balled up the evidence and tossed it into a nearby garbage can.

Rebecca was checking her phone as she strolled into view, but soon put it away. She looked up and inspected Zack's shiny, latex clad form.

“Wow. I'm impressed!” she said in genuine surprise. Her eyebrows raised as she looked Zack up and down, inspecting his curves and the faux latex hair that drooped behind his head.

“I know, right?” Moxie said proudly. “Sugar tits here turned out pretty good.”

“His eyes kind of give it away though. Let's fix that.”

“Want me to grab a makeup kit?”

“Way ahead of you” Rebecca answered as she began pulling a few items from her handbag.

For the next ten minutes both women were in his face, poking and prodding at him as liner, shadow, mascara and eyelash curling were applied.

“Damn Zack, I never realized what girlish eyelashes you had! I'm kind of jealous” Rebecca admitted. Both women chortled as he became increasingly uncomfortable at the compliments to his forced femininity.

The final insult came when Rebecca produced a peach toned lipstick and applied it on his lips generously. “There we go. Let's make em nice and glossy. Now purse those lips together like you're about to kiss my ass... Perfect!”

Moxie held up a mirror and Zack was shocked by what he saw. He was staring at a hot latex bitch who

looked like she was about to be the star of a “gag factor” face fucking video.

“I don't know where you're taking him, but every man there is gonna want to fuck him” Moxie purred approvingly.

“There won't be any men there. The party's at AOE. He's definitely getting fucked though!” Rebecca replied with sinister glee in her voice.

“Oh my! That does sound like a good time. Shame that I'm on the clock.”

“Pffft, I've got a dozen items stacked up front waiting for checkout. With the order I'm putting in Howard could close the shop for the day. He won't, but he could. Bet I could talk him into letting you out early though...”

“Would ya? I'd love to get in on this!” Moxie said enthusiastically, her eyes hungrily fixed on Zack.

“Sure, why not?” Rebecca answered, her frosty gaze settling on her dolled up bitch boy. “The more the merrier.”

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It had been two hours since they arrived at the sorority house and Zack couldn't decide what he hated more, his bound state or the waiting. They had met up with Sasha just outside the large Victorian residence a few blocks from the university campus and Zack had been very grateful, if only for a moment, to be locked in latex from head to toe.

He'd seen several students walking down the street that might have recognized him had he not been completely transformed into a curvy rubber whore. The long stares he'd received and lewd comments in the distance made him anxious, but he just kept reminding himself he was anonymous.

They had entered the building and advanced to the main hall where the party was going to be held. Rebecca had discussed her plans with Sasha and Moxie who were only too glad to help out. He'd been allowed, at first, to relax on one of the luxurious couches the hall had to offer, but that boon was tragically short lived. Sasha had gone home to retrieve some of Rebecca's toys and the other two women went to work preparing Zack for the festivities.

Zack now found himself bound over a small, sturdy table in the middle of the resplendent room. His mouth was stuffed with a thick rubber ball gag and around his neck was a leather collar that simply read “WHORE.” It was chained to the end of the table so he couldn't move his head very far in any direction. Normally his chest would've been flat against the surface, but his fake breasts caused his upper torso to raise slightly, propping his face and mouth into the perfect position for whatever was coming. This also served to display his new silicone honkers through the straining silvery latex of his suit.

His now large, round ass hung off the back of the table where his legs trailed straight down into a pair of silvery high heel boots that Moxie had brought along. Mercifully, they hadn't made him walk in the heels, but Rebecca promised he'd receive that training later.

Zack's arms were sealed behind him in yet another type of arm-binder. This device wasn't the harsh triangular leather pocket that Rebecca had used the night before, but a series of thick leather straps that locked his forearms together and turned his arms into a neat, bound square behind his back. It was at least as tight and uncomfortable as his overnight predicament had been.

Once his bindings were secure, Rebecca had carefully placed some kind of latex stickers on both his forehead and ass cheeks. Zack had no idea what they read, but he had plenty of time to contemplate the lewd things they might say.

Rebecca had thrown a large blanket over him in order to maintain the surprise until the time was right. Zack had been sweltering in his sticky latex suit ever since, mumbling into his gag and listening to the growing symphony of sounds around him. Having no ear holes, the hood made his hearing less than perfect, but he could still make out fresh footsteps and distinctly new voices each time one of the sorority sisters arrived.

Many had attempted to take a peek below the tent and had been chastised by Rebecca; told that the wait would be worth it. Now the background chatter was building to a critical mass and Zack could smell alcohol as drinks and refreshments were being set out. It seemed the “fun” was about to begin.

“Is this thing on?” Rebecca asked, her voice suddenly amplified as a set of speakers went live and the volume was raised.

**\*Tap tap tap\***

“Good evening sisters! Most of you already know me, but for any of you I haven't met, my name is Rebecca Cunningham. I've been an enthusiastic member of AOE for two years and, come this spring, I hope to earn your vote for president of this sorority.”

There was round of applause through the hall and a few enthusiastic whoops and yells of support, including one from Sasha.

“Thank you! Each candidate is expected to have a theme and a vision for our chapter of Alpha Omega Epsilon. Mine is simple. Let's make sororities FUN AGAIN!”

Another round of applause began and a couple more shouts of enthusiasm echoed throughout the hall.

“We already study a ton! We work more than we should. The charity efforts of AOE are legendary! So my pledge to you is not more of the same. I will not add another library or start some boring new community uplift program. My pledge is to raise the funding to add a full REC HALL to this fine sorority house.”

Dozens of enthusiastic female cheers went up and the clapping grew more intense. Rebecca started making her way to the center of the room as she continued.

“And in the interest of **FUN**, I have a very special surprise for you tonight. A gift that each sister can enjoy to whatever degree she chooses. Ladies, I bring you, on bended knee, our arch rival, the president of Alpha Gamma Delta: **MIRANDA POWERS!!!**”

Rebecca ripped the blanket off Zack and a series of gasps arose. The gaze of dozens of women was suddenly on his shiny, curvy, latex and leather bound form. A giant “M” sticker was fixed to his left ass cheek and a “P”, likewise, adorned his right. On his forehead was an “AGD” sorority decal and just below, saliva dribbled from his puffy pink lips; stretched as they were around the red rubber ball.

“Oh my god...”

“Holy shit!”

“Is that really her? It can't be, right...”

The chatter intensified as the initial shock wore off. Rebecca gave them a few moments before speaking up again.

“You have no doubt heard the less than kind things Miranda has said about our organization. You probably also know that Miranda is the biggest skank to ever walk our campus! What you might not know is that Miranda is such a perverted, submissive slut that she's willing to be gang banged by a rival sorority.”

Rebecca then motioned to Sasha who was standing by another cloth covered table near the wall.  
“Sasha, if you please.”

Sasha pulled the cloth off to reveal a huge collection of strapons, harnesses, crops, floggers and other assorted toys. Another series of hushed gasps went up along with more than a few giggles.

Rebecca lifted the mic back to her lips, a wicked grin spreading across her face. “My sisters, Miranda has come to us tonight to atone for her sins! Let's not deny her the penance she craves. Enjoy!”

As she clicked the microphone off, a few of the sisters rushed over to Rebecca with visible concern on their faces. Zack couldn't hear what they were saying, but from what he could tell, Rebecca was assuring them that yes, of course it wasn't **really** Miranda and the person in the suit was a friend who was there of their own volition.

Zack couldn't help but be impressed by how devious Rebecca truly was. The other girls looked relieved. They would probably never even question the lie that was hiding behind that initial truth.

“Hello again sugar!”

Zack turned the short distance his chain allowed him to see Moxie securing the harness of a massive flesh colored strapon around her waist. Many of the women were inspecting him from afar and still deciding if they wanted to jump in, but Moxie had no such reservations. She stepped closer to Zack's face, reached around his head and started undoing the strap that held his ball gag in place. As she unbuckled it, she spoke close to his ear.

“No worries hun, I'm gonna break you in nice and easy. Just breathe and try to relax.”

“Thanks” he offered quietly once she had pulled the phlegmy rubber gag from his mouth. He watched the golden haired beauty walk to the table of sex toys and trade the gag for a bottle of lube. Even though she clearly enjoyed a bit of Femdom, Moxie didn't possess the cruelty of Rebecca or the

indifference of Sasha. He was grateful.

Even with a large dong strapped to her pelvis, Zack couldn't deny that she was scorching hot. There was a spring in her step and a twinkle in her eyes as she strode back to the bound slut boy, beaming at him with a sultry smile the whole way. The festivities had barely begun and it was obvious she was enjoying herself.

Moxie trailed her hand down his latex clad form as she walked past his field of vision and made her way to his backside. She seized the zipper that had been so difficult to seal just hours ago and pulled it down, revealing his waiting pucker. She applied a liberal dose of lube to her weapon, brought the tip of the fat, white strapon to his rosebud and pushed it in gently. Zack grunted as his anal walls felt the slick pressure of invading cock once again; the dildo gliding in easily as Moxie seized his fleshy, rubbery ass.

“Well damn! Look at that... Seems Becky loosened you up pretty good.”

As Moxie began sliding the fat dick in and out of his defenseless hole, Zack opened his eyes just in time to see a Latina woman in a blue dress approaching him.

“Hey Miranda!”

**\*SMACK\***

The young woman struck his face full force with her open palm, his vision rattling as his arms pulled uselessly in their restraints.

“Hope tonight is everything you hoped for, **bitch!**”

She was followed by an Asian woman in blue jean shorts and a tied off t-shirt who grabbed his bundle of latex “hair”, lifted his face slightly and spit directly onto his forehead. Unsatisfied with her initial effort, she drew up phlegm twice more and spat thick loogies onto his rubber hood.

“Have fun you **stuck up whore!**”

Her thick spittle began running from the Alpha Gamma Delta logo down onto his face; smearing his makeup and running all over his latex covered cheeks.

Next up was Sasha who had already donned a purple strapon and was sliding her hand up and down the long rubbery shaft. “Love the lipstick!” she said with a wink. “Those lips look hungry for **dick** and I wouldn't want to disappoint them.”

She seized the rubber handle that the Asian woman had just released, giving his latex tassels a playful shake as she brought the tip of the fat dildo to his lips. She looked down and watched the thick purple missile enter his mouth, his glossy, peach colored lips stretching wide and smearing some of the lipstick on her cock as she pushed it in firmly with her hips.

“Yeah, suck it good baby. Show all the ladies how bad you want it!”

He felt a sudden smack on his ass from Moxie as she began thrusting into his anal walls more quickly.

Her voice purred and cooed in pleasure as she began happily settling into “domme space.” Her spansks came periodically after that, but they were more playful than painful. Zack knew he wouldn't be so lucky if and when Rebecca took a turn; not to mention some of the other women who seemed happy to take out their hatred of Miranda on him.

“Deeper, slut!” Sasha yelled, grabbing the back of his head with both hands and pushing her purple monster deeper down his throat.

Zack sputtered and gagged on the fat rubber phallus, wet glomming sounds escaping from his stretched lips as Sasha began fucking his face steadily. His arms pulled uselessly on their bindings, his legs locked behind him as Moxie thrust into his ass with ever increasing vigor. Sasha laughed menacingly as she watched his hands open and close behind his back and his silvery, rubber tits jiggle below.

Some of the sisters had left the hall by now, taking their conversation elsewhere, but most of the women had stayed. Many of them were getting over their initial hesitation as they watched Moxie and Sasha spit-roast the rubberized stand-in for their hated rival. Several of them were examining the table of sex toys and making their own selections.

Zack looked to the right and left of the fat purple cock that was slamming into his slobbery maw. At the edges of his vision, he could see ever more strapon clad women watching with excitement and fascination. They stroked their latex cocks and chatted with each other as they waited their turn.

Moxie began moaning loudly and spearing her fat missile into his boy pussy rapidly. Her strong hips smacked into his body loudly with each lustful stroke; his ass starting to take a beating despite her initial gentleness. Sasha bottomed out in this throat and held his face to her pubis demandingly. She gazed down at him with casual disdain as gagging sounds bubbled from his gullet and spittle slobbered out around his puffy, pink lips.

It was then that he heard Rebecca, who had apparently snuck to his side. Her words dripped with depravity. It was the most aroused Zack had seen the cruel Dominatrix since meeting her.

“This is just the beginning you filthy bitch.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Zack gasped for air as a busty brunette pulled the musty black strapon from his mouth. Phlegm ran from his lips to the ground in a long trail as he gasped following a lengthy face fucking. The woman smacked his face with the dildo several times before dropping it and delivering another blow with her open palm.

“Fucking cunt!” she shouted before stalking off.

“AARRRGHHH!”

Zack bit his tongue as he felt the sting of the leather crop on his ass for the umpteenth time. The dark skinned woman behind him had fucked his ass for a good fifteen minutes, left the cock lodged in his blown out hole and had been whipping his ass ever since. Tears ran from his eyes, making an even

bigger mess of his running make up.

Rebecca was watching the proceedings with a satisfied grin as a tough looking woman walked up beside her. The left side of her head was completely shaved and her long black hair drooped over the right side of her face. She wore a black tank top and a leather skirt, which combined with her tattoos gave her a decidedly punk rock look. She folded her arms below her B-cup breasts as she observed the scene.

“Who is that in the suit?”

“Oh, hey Steph!” Rebecca responded. “That's my new submissive, Zack.”

Stephanie's eyes narrowed. “So it **is** a guy in there.”

“Sure is” the blonde haired Domina answered proudly.

“I had a feeling.” Stephanie watched Zack take a few more blows to the ass, a smile spreading across her face. “You mind if I give him something warm to drink?”

“Not at all” Rebecca answered casually while shooting her a knowing glance. “Just try not to make a mess. I just bought that suit.”

“Not a problem” Stephanie answered coldly. Her hands dropped to her sides as she made her way to the overheated, drooling, fucked out rubber doll that was Rebecca's slave.

The woman behind Zack gave his ass one last stinging blow before tossing the crop on his back. She winked at Rebecca before exiting the hall and going off to find her friends.

Stephanie stalked around Zack, coming to his back end and feeling below in his latex suit. She pressed her palm all over his crotch, finally finding the outline of his cock and balls hidden below the surface. For a moment Zack could only wonder what the hell she was doing...

**\*OOOOOF\***

The full force of her first slammed into his balls and pain radiated through his entire body as Zack wretched, coughed and exhaled loudly. His body jerked with agony as his high heeled feet pulled up into the air, flailing around in futility. If his arms hadn't been so tightly bound, he would've rolled off the table and landed on the floor in a heap. As things stood, Zack could only squirm and take it.

Stephanie walked to his front, grabbed his hood handle and pulled his face up to meet her gaze.

“Hey bitch. I'm going to give you something to drink now and you're going to savor every drop. If you don't, I'll punch your balls till they burst. Understand?”

Zack couldn't answer. He still had no breath in his lungs.

Moxie joined Rebecca on the sidelines, a fresh cup of punch in her hands.

“Sweet baby Jesus... what's her deal?”



“Stephanie?” Rebecca asked. “I don't know much about her, but one thing's for sure. She hates men.”

“Poor Zack...” Moxie intoned.

Stephanie slid down her leather skirt and her panties followed quickly. She stood in the sorority hall with her bottom half as naked as the day she was born. Only Rebecca, Moxie, Sasha and a couple other girls remained in the hall to witness the spectacle, but Stephanie wouldn't have cared if the place was full.

She brought her pungent sex to Zack's abused lips and looked down at him scornfully. “Open wide slut.” She took hold his head with a vice grip, keeping his mouth locked just below her moist lips.

Zack did as he was told, holding his mouth open wide and cringing internally more than he ever had in his life. He knew what was coming. It would be any second now...

A gusher of warm, salty, acrid piss began flowing into his mouth. Stephanie pulled on his face forcefully, reaching below and grabbing his chin with her other hand, making sure his lips remained sealed around her meat curtains.

Stephanie let out a contented sigh as she let it all go, followed by a throaty laugh as the room fell silent and all that could be heard was a trickling sound as Zack drank a continuous stream of wretched urine.

“Yeah, drink it! Every last bit you disgusting worm!” Stephanie demanded.

Moxie turned away, unable to watch anymore. Sasha clapped and let out a playful cheer. Rebecca just watched and smiled.

Zack swallowed continuously as ounce after liquid ounce of hot filth streamed into his throat. He wretched and gagged several times, but Stephanie kept him locked and chugging, the threat of another assault on his nether region more than enough to keep him in line.

Her bladder finally emptied, but Stephanie wasn't quite done with her fun. She ran his face up and down her stank, piss splattered sex aggressively.

“Lick me clean slut. You don't deserve the honor, but you're going to anyway.”

Zack tongued her up and down, coating her slimy flesh generously with his already raw tongue. He had sucked a dozen rubber cocks that night, so what was a little pussy licking at this point? He slobbered enthusiastically, if only to bring the awful incident to a close as soon as possible.

**\*WHAP!\***

“AAARRGGGHHMMMMM!”

Zack felt the sting of the crop once more. Stephanie had retrieved the implement from his back and picked up the harsh beating where the dark skinned domina had left off.

**\*WHAP WHAP\***

“**MORE!**” Stephanie shouted as she lashed the cruel leather into his ass cheeks again. “**LICK!!!**”

\* \* \* \* \*

Zack stretched out on the back seat of Rebecca's lambo. He was still locked in the hot, sweaty, disgusting suit, but at least he was free of the bondage table and his limbs weren't in painful stress positions anymore. He breathed deeply, wondering how long it would be before he could taste anything but rubber and piss.

Sasha slammed her door shut as Rebecca started up the engine. Moxie was leaning against the driver side window as they said their goodbyes in the parking lot.

“Thanks again Becky. This was fun!”

“It was! You sure you don't want a ride home”? Rebecca asked.

“Thank ya hun, but I'm on the other side of town and I already called an Uber.”

Zack wondered if that was the real reason or if Moxie simply knew what a terrible driver Rebecca was.

“It's good to see you again Mox.”

“Let's do it again some time!” Sasha chirped.

“Oh, on that subject...” Moxie began. “I've not found a nice subby to play with in quite a while. Is there any chance I could get some alone time with Zack? I could make it worth your while at the Bin... big discounts.”

“I think we might be able to arrange something” Rebecca said with a knowing smile.

“Awesome!” Moxie exclaimed cheerfully before ducking her head into the car and blowing Zack a kiss. “See ya soon, sugar!”

Within moments Moxie had walked off and the car pulled away from the sorority house. Rebecca clicked on the radio and Van Halen began blaring through the speakers as she turned onto the street and they sped into the night.

Cold evening air flowed into the car and filled Zack's lungs, slowly cooling him despite the thick latex catsuit. He gazed into the darkness as lamp posts sped by and wondered if this nightmare of a weekend was ever going to end.