Sorority Sex Slave

Gamma Phi was known unofficially as the Sisters of Sapho. I didn't know that, of course, not when I joined, nor did I have any idea how it would change my life. I had thought I was experienced sexually...open-minded. The Sisters of Sapho introduced me to whole new realms of sensory experience, and taught me the joys of complete submissivness.

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Part One

When I was younger, barely into adolescence, I did a little, well, sexual experimentation... with a girlfriend. You see I was, and still am, a very sexual person. That means I have a very high sex drive. Well, though that might be considered okay in a guy, in a girl its poison.

I mean, I had all these fantasies, and played them out as much as I could by myself, but I didn't dare try them with a boy, at least, not at first. Boys have such big mouths, you know, and the last thing I wanted was a reputation as a slut, a whore, a roundheels, or a pervert.

So, I pretty much made do, at first, with a lot of masturbation and fantasies, and, when I could, reading porno magazines and books and watching porno movies. I stole a porno magazine from a store, way too embarrassed to buy it, and devoured the obscene stories and pictures inside.

I posed in the mirror of my bedroom, just like the girls in the magazine, thinking about how turned on men would be if they saw me like this, thinking about posing for a magazine, for someone taking my picture like this. In the back of the magazine were a lot of ads for porno movies, books, and other magazines, some of them sounding really perverted. I got a postal box, and ordered a book called, Susie's hidden desires. It was all about this girl who was a nympho and did all kinds of sexual things, some of them kind of disgusting.

But I found many of the things she did tremendously exciting, and I jerked off like crazy. I jerked off every morning when I got up, often during the day, either in the shower or when I came home from school, at night before going to sleep, and whenever I woke in the middle of the night.

Rubbing my pussy was okay at first, but as I got more books and magazines and movies, I wanted more, I wanted to get fucked, to get ridden hard, to get pounded by a giant male organ. The only problem was I was too scared of a reputation and too embarrassed to be seen naked by a boy, let alone do the things in the books and movies.

I started finger fucking, then, I broke my own cherry with a round chair leg that had come off an old chesterfield. It was my first dildo, and I poked myself with it every day, until I got a real one. I got a real dildo, the first of several, by ordering it in the mail.

When it came I pounded it into my cunt and came like crazy, biting my lip to keep from screaming. It had straps on the base, either to strap on yourself to fuck another girl, or to strap around a chair and fuck yourself with. It also had a suction cup on the base.

I strapped it around a chair in my room and pretended it was

a guy's cock, then humped up and down on it to many orgasms. Sometimes I took it into the bathroom and fucked it up my pussy in the tub, in various positions.

I got a vibrator after that, and that really drove me insane with lust. It was during an orgasmic high that I wanted even more sex, and with the vibrator deep inside my cunt, oiled up the dildo and slowly eased it up my asshole. I loved the feel of being doubly penetrated, and fantasised they were both cocks, wishing for another cock for my mouth.

Anyway, I eventually fucked a boy, but it was a real disappointment. I mean, it only lasted about two minutes and then he was done. Shit. I tried another boy, but he wasn't much better. Then, by chance, I learned, and experimented in lady love.

I'd seen a lot of lesbo scenes in the porno movies, almost every movie had at least once such scene, and I'd found them kind of exciting and arousing. I'd even fantasised about fucking with a girl a few times, but never made any attempt. I mean, Jesus, you get a rep as a dyke and you're finished.

Well, anyway, one night my friend Karen slept over to keep me company when my parents were out late. We got to talking about boys, and then sex, and it got graphic and giggly and we wound up kissing, not as a sex thing, but as a kind of demonstration about how to french kiss.

Each of us thought we knew how to do it better, and kept trying to prove it. Of course we got all turned on, sitting there side by side in bed, me in a little nightshirt and her in her baby dolls, and the conversation turned to what guys liked best about girls. I said they liked blondes, which was what I was. Karen said they liked big redheads.

Anyway, we stripped and compared our bodies in the mirror, and, well, one thing led to another, and we were soon in each other's arms. Neither of us was gay, both liking boys, but we were incredibly curious about sex and eager to explore its boundaries, and we only had each other to do it with.

I knew more than her about lesbian sex, because of the books, magazines and movies, and I led the way. We did all the things two girls can do, almost, and enjoyed it a lot, even though we felt kind of guilty afterwards. Still, it was so much fun we did it a number of times over the next year, until she got a regular boyfriend and stopped.

It was never a loving thing, you know, just a fun sex thing, fun and games, see. I loved getting fucked and fucking her. Well, after she stopped I searched harder for a boyfriend. I fucked two more guys, but neither one was anywhere near as much fun as Karen.

It was mostly the same old thing, a couple of minutes of fucking and then they'd roll over and get dressed or go have a beer or something like that. Me and Karen had sex sessions lasting hours.

All of this is to lead up to why I pledged to the Gamma Phi sorority when I went to College. Gamma Phi had a reputation as a really raunchy sorority. There were rumors of orgies and gang bangs, none confirmed, always related second or third or fourth hand.

Gamma Phi was also said, and this wasn't rumor, to be the wealthiest of all the campus sororities, with a fabulous house with big, luxurious rooms and the best stereo and video equipment around, including a big screen tv.

I never thought I'd get in. I mean, they were also supposed to be the most selective of all the sororities. Girls who'd failed to get in talked about being grilled for hours about every facet of their lives, including their histories, their fantasies, and ambitions, their likes and dislikes.

Of course it had initiation rites, just like the rest, and it,

like the others, was shrouded in mystery, but it was supposedly really tough and weird.

Anyway, I never thought I'd get in, but I applied, and like the rumors claimed, I found myself sitting in a chair, surrounded by a dozen girls, all asking me questions, some of them extraordinarily personal, like when I'd lost my cherry, and how often I masturbated, and what I thought about when I did, and did I ever use sex toys, and did I ever try this, or that, or this, or that. Wow, it was embarrassing.

Of course I didn't answer truthfully. I mean, like, I'm really going to admit how I pumped myself with dildos and vibrators every morning and night. I admitted that I'd once had a little lesbian fling, when I was a kid practically, and that I wasn't a virgin. I told them about when I lost my cherry, not the time with the chair leg but the first time I'd fucked a boy, and what I'd thought of it. That was embarrassing enough.

I passed that exam, apparently, and got called back for a second interview, this one in a dark room with three girls. They were in shadow while I was brightly lit up. I couldn't even make out their faces. The interview was all about sex, mostly, and what offended me or didn't.

"How do you feel about your body, Amber?" I was asked right off.

"Huh?"

"How do you feel about your body?"

"Uh, okay. I mean, let's face it, I'm pretty well built. The boys seem to think so anyway."

"Would you be ashamed to be seen naked by other women?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"We have common showers here."

"Oh, that doesn't bother me. I mean, we had to take showers together all through high school in gym class."

"So it doesn't embarrass you to be seen in the nude?"

"No," I shrugged.

"Would it offend you to find out that some of our sisters are gay?" I was asked.

"No."

"You said you'd had a lesbian affair?"

"When I was younger."

"You're defensive about that. Why?"

"I'm not defensive."

"Yes, you are. Are you ashamed of what you did?"

"No."

"Do you ever find yourself attracted to women?"

"Uh, the odd time. I'm mostly attracted to men, though."

"So you think you're bisexual."

"Uh, I wouldn't say that."

"You're defensive again. Does homosexual sex embarrass you?"

"No, I mean, I... no."

"You just don't want us to think you're a pervert."

"Yeah," I grinned, weakly, "That's about it."

"Does the idea of bondage bother or offend you?"

I went a little red. Me and Karen had played around a little with bondage, tying each other up. Even with Karen I'd hid how turned on that had made me.

"No."

"You wouldn't be bothered if you went to the kitchen and found one of our sisters there, nude, getting a drink say, and wearing handcuffs?"

"No."

"Have you ever experimented with bondage?"

"A little." I shrugged defensively, turning red.

"With a man, or with your girlfriend?"

"Both. A little. Do you guys need to know all this?"

"A portion of our sisterhood is lesbian and some are involved in submissive, dominance relationships. We don't want you judging them as perverts and denouncing them."

"I wouldn't do that."

"That's what we are trying to determine, Amber. We don't want any judgemental people here. If it seems we're focusing strictly on sex that's because we've already talked to you about politics and education and almost everything else. Also, if a person is going to be judgmental, or offended by anything, it will likely be about sex."

"Well, I suppose that's true," I said.

"I want you to do something for us, Amber."

"What?"

"Stand up and remove your clothing."

"What?"

"You did say that you weren't ashamed of your body, that being nude before other women didn't embarrass you."

"Well, yeah, but... "

"Were you lying?"

"No, but I mean... I mean, being naked like, while all of your are watching and staring, and you all wearing clothes... "

"If you aren't ashamed of your body it still shouldn't bother you."

"Do I have to?" I swallowed nervously, reddening a little.

"If you want to be admitted as a pledge."

I did. I'd gotten a tour of the building and it was something else again, wonderfully luxurious and gorgeous and beautiful, with terrific facilities, including its own computer system, well equipped gym, and library. I squinted against the bright lights on me, trying to see them.

"We're waiting, Amber," the voice said.

"How do I know you aren't just going to take my picture or something and sell it?"

"If you can't trust us then you shouldn't be trying to join us, Amber."

I hesitated, but could tell they were growing impatient. Finally I stood up, and reached behind me, undoing my dress. I unzipped it and let it come down to my legs, then stepped out of it. I put it on the chair, then took off my shoes, then, hesitated again.

"All of it, Amber."

I undid my bra and took it off, then skimmed out of my panties, then stood there naked, facing them.

"Hands at your side, Amber. Don't try and cover yourself."

"Don't cower," A second voice said.

I stood up straight, and heard and saw movement in the shadows.

Then the three women stepped forward. All were a few years older than me, being seniors, and all wore sweat suits with the sorority's emblem on it. One, a very beautiful brunette with long hair, smiled and held out her hand. I took it, uncertainly.

"Welcome to Delta Phi, Pledge," she said.

"If you survive the initiation, you will be one of our sisters," A cute blonde said.

A week later I arrived at the front door. I had followed their instructions, sending my gear on ahead, and arriving alone. I knocked on the door, a little worried because of all the tails I'd heard about initiations at sororities and fraternities.

The door opened on its own and I stepped in. It was dark inside. I blinked, trying to get my eyes adjusted from the light outside. The door closed behind me all on its on, then a spotlight was trained on me from ahead.

"Welcome, Pledge, to Delta Phi sorority," A woman's voice said, all deep and mysterious.

"Remove your clothing, signifying your break with the past, and step forward," another voice said.

Oh God, I thought, blinking my eyes. I unbuttoned my shirt and dropped it on the floor, then took off my shoes and socks, pulled down my jeans, and stood there in my bra and panties. I sighed a little, reddening as I undid my bra and took off my panties. I stood there naked, straight like I had at the last interview.

"Step forward and pledge your obedience, your respect, your friendship and loyalty."

I walked forward into the dark, but the light moved with me lighting up the floor at my feet. I stopped before a collar. It was black leather and covered with metal studs.

"Don the collar of servitude, pledge, and become a non-human, without rights, without dignity, without thought of self, bound to the service of the sisters of Delta Phi."

I was kind of embarrassed, but also turned on. This was really kinky. I bent and picked it up.

"Place it around your throat and lock it in place, you who would belong to us."

I saw that the collar had an actual lock that locked with a key. Once it was on I wouldn't be able to get it off. I put it around my throat and stuck the ends together. The sound of the lock clicking was loud in the dark room.

"Step forward, Pledge."

I shuffled forward, stopping again before a garment lying on the floor.

"Don the pledge's shift, a badge of your lowly existence."

I picked it up and looked at it. It was white and made of soft, silk. It looked like nothing but a nightshirt at first, but it had a kind of elasticised waist. I pulled it over my head and pulled it down. It was very tight across my chest and I realized that my nipples were erect as they pushed against it. The thing also clung to my waist, with a tiny skirt dropping below the waist that barely descended below my crotch.

"Stand straight!" A voice ordered. "From now on you will maintain perfect posture at all times or be punished."

"You are only a filthy little pledge, the lowest form of life on earth," another voice said. "But you are our pledge. You may take pride in that."

The hallway lit up in front of me but I still didn't see anyone. I walked forward and found an open door leading to the basement stairs. I went down, again in darkness. At the bottom I found myself in a large room, candles flickering everywhere.

With all the candles it was bright enough to see by at least. Two or three dozen women stood around the walls, all wearing red hooded robes, the hoods shadowing their faces. In the center of the room were four girls dressed like me, all were on their knees, side by side.

"Take your place, Pledge," They all said in unison, except for the other pledges of course.

I knelt in line and waited.

"You here are bound to us, body and soul," one of the hooded sisters said. "From henceforth you have no will, but our will, no wish but to serve us, no desire but to please us."

"Allison Sims."

"Yes?" One of the pledges answered.

"Rise and remove your shift."

The girl rose, looking nervous. Like me she was a blonde, but her hair was curly, where mine was straight, and a little longer than shoulder length, parted in the middle. She removed her shift and stood there naked. She was a slender girl, but with good

breasts, I thought. She was very pretty, with bright blue eyes.

"Allison, you will crawl forward and take this in your teeth," the woman said, holding out what looked like a medal of some sort. Allison looked around, a little frightened, then dropped to her knees and self consciously crawled across the rug towards the woman. The woman bent and placed the medal between Allison's teeth.

Now you will circle the room, holding the emblem of servitude before you and displaying it to all the assembled sisters."

Allison turned to her left and began crawling along the line of watching, robed women. She made the full circle, returning to the first woman, who took the thing from her mouth and placed it over her head and on her throat, so it dangled below her.

"Turn towards the center of the room and stop.

She did so and I saw the woman take what looked like one of those cricket paddles the fraternities liked to use on their pledges.

"Are you prepared to obey?" The woman asked.

"Yes."

"From here on you are a pledge. You will answer, Yes, sister or no sister when questioned. You will append, sister, to every question you ask or answer. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sister," Allison said.

The woman held up the paddle and swung it down. It made a loud crack of noise when it hit Allison's behind. She cried out and fell on her face, reaching back to grab her behind.

"You must accept punishment without movement and then thank the sister for correcting you," the woman said.

"Assume the position once again."

Allison hesitated, then nervously knelt before the woman, bracing herself.

"Are you ready, pledge?"

"Yes, sister."

The woman swung the paddle again, even harder. It cracked into Allison's ass with a thick, meaty sound. She cried out but held her place.

"Th... th... thank you, sister," she gasped.

"Return to your place," the woman ordered.

Allison crawled back to us and knelt, though she winced when she sat back on her heels.

"Amber Conroy. Stand and remove your shift."

I did, though again I was both embarrassed and turned on.

"Crawl forward."

I crawled to her, terribly aware of my nudity, of how the other woman could look right into my crotch, just as I'd seen into Allison's, and how my breasts, not huge, but pretty good sized, hung below me and swung up and down with my movements.

I halted before her, then sat on my heels as she placed the symbol of the sorority, attached to a leather string, in between my teeth. I then crawled all around the circle, immensely embarrassed and terribly aroused, again, all too aware of how the others could see every inch of my body.

Then I was kneeling with my ass to the woman in charge, waiting for the blow. I screamed when it smacked against my ass, and barely held my position.

"Thank you, sister," I gasped.

And so it went for all of us, until the five naked pledges were once more kneeling in the center of the room.

"Now a test of your fortitude," the woman in charge said.

The sisters against one wall stood aside, revealing five chairs. Sticking up out of the center of each chair was a tall, thick metal cylinder, like a toy rocket ship. Each of the cylinders glistened wetly in the flickering candle light.

"Crawl forward and take your seats, ladies," the woman said.

"Take your seats," the other sisters chanted.

We five stared at the chairs in shock, none wanting to move first.

"None of your are virgins, do as you are told," the woman ordered.

A young brunette named Amy began crawling forward, followed by Allison, then me. We crawled up to the chairs and then rose and squatted over them. I heard groans from either side of me as I fit my pussy against the metal tube sticking up from the seat.

It was quite thick, and easily ten inches long, with a rounded nose. It had been well greased and was warm to the touch. I tried to ignore the fact that several dozen women were watching me as I eased down on the thing.

I winced a little as it pushed against my cunt and forced my pussy lips apart. Everyone was watching, and i was mortified, yet at the same time I was really tremendously excited and aroused. I was kind of eager to get that thing inside me and if I were alone, wouldn't have hesitated.

Still, despite the audience, I slowly sank down onto it, dropping an inch, then rising, then lowering myself, inch by inch taking more of the metal dildo thing up inside me. My cunt strained to envelope the thick metal tube, and I grunted with the effort as it moved deeper inside me.

Lower and lower I sank, until finally I felt my cunt lips touch the wooden chair. I sat down then, my buttocks flattening on the wood as I let my entire weight come down on them. Then I was sitting still, sitting normally on the chair, just as though I didn't have a thick ten inch dildo up my cunt.

"You have little time left," the woman said. I turned and saw two of the girls still trying to get it all inside their pussies. One was a thin young woman who couldn't have been over five feet tall. Little wonder she was having difficulties, with the tight little pussy she must have.

The second last pledge sank fully down with a groan of pain, and after a few seconds, one of the sisters moved behind the final pledge and put her hands on the girl's shoulders.

"No! W... wait! Wait!" the girl gasped as the woman pushed down. Then the girl screamed as she was forced fully down on the dildo, impaled on the giant metal fuck tool. She breathed in shallow pants, wincing and groaning a little as she tried to adjust. Her hands were at her belly and pussy, holding herself.

"Strap them in," the woman said.

A woman knelt beside me and I noticed straps then dangling over the sides of the chair. The woman pulled my left leg wide, at the same time as another robed woman pulled my right far open. They pulled straps from their gowns and tightly bound my left leg to Allison's right, and my right leg to left of the girl on my right, who was named Emma.

They pulled a strap from under the chair I sat on and slid it around my belly and brought it back behind me, tightly binding it in place like a seat belt. Then another strap was pulled across my chest just under my arm pits and bound behind me to the other side of the chair back. I couldn't move myself off the chair now, or that big steel dildo. Next, the woman pulled my wrists behind me, through bars in the chair's back, and strapped them together. All the other girls were tied in the same way.

The five of us looked out at the sisters, who gathered before us, and waited fearfully for whatever was planned. All of us felt embarrassed to various degrees, fearful, worried.

Suddenly I felt something between my legs. I looked down in shock, seeing nothing. But something... the metal tube inside me was doing something, moving, I thought. I waited anxiously, trying to feel what was happening. The metal wasn't moving, it was vibrating, buzzing... And then I realized that a low voltage

electrical current was being passed through the metal tube.

It didn't hurt at all. In fact, it was rather pleasant, setting my clitty tingling and my belly buzzing and shaking a little. Nobody said anything. The sisters waited. We waited. The buzzing continued, and my body, already very aroused, began to burn higher and higher.

My breathing was becoming strained, harsh, ragged. I fought the feeling, the idea of orgasming in front of all these women, appallingly embarrassing. Yet they kept watching, and the tube kept purring inside my snatch, way up in my belly.

I looked to either side and saw Allison, on my right, and Emma, on my left, both looking tense and sweaty and strained. Allison had clenched her jaw against the sensations while Emma looked like she was chanting a silent mantra to distract herself.

Suddenly, Allison jerked violently, pulling at my leg, arching her back and throwing her head back. Her mouth opened wide and she gurgled, almost silent as her lower body trembled in the throes of an orgasm. The sight was so intensely erotic that it set me off. I gasped and then moaned. I ground my ass down onto the seat as my head thrashed from side to side.

Emma screamed then, the sound one of exultation and ecstasy, then collapsed forward. She would have fallen I think had she not been strapped in and held by the dildo. The chairs, as I had already found, were bolted to the floor, and easily bore our slight weight.

"And now we begin," the sisters said in unison.

Part Two

The sisters moved closer, staring at us with eager, excited eyes. I shook my head a little, as if that would clear it.

"Allison, what is the first responsibility of a pledge?" A woman asked.

"Uh, uh, to to respect her... " Suddenly her eyes bulged and she arched her back, then she screamed, or tried to. Her mouth opened wide and she began to tremble and shake, and a agonized, gurgling wail came from her mouth. Then she sagged in place, her head bowed, her body held by the straps.

"Wrong answer," the voice called. Allison trembled once again, her leg spasming against mine.

"Emma, what is the first responsibility of a pledge?"

"Uh, to obey the sisters?"

"Correct, but you forget to say, Sister," the voice sneered.

Emma screamed suddenly, thrashing wildly in place, her head snapping back as though she'd been punched in the jaw. She gargled insanely as she shuddered for long seconds, then she two sagged in place.

"Amber?"

"Yes, sister?" I asked, frightened.

"What are you?"

"A, a pledge, sister."

There was a moment's hesitation, and I thought I must have gotten the answer right, then a giant red hot butcher knife stabbed me in the cunt and slid high up into my belly, then tore all around inside my guts. At least, that was what it felt like. I'd never felt pain like that before in my life, it was like my insides were on fire, or like boiling water, or maybe acid, had suddenly appeared inside me.

I thrashed wildly, horribly, my head snapping from side to side as I convulsed helplessly against the bonds and straps holding me, trying desperately to pull myself away from the awful source of that pain, the big metal dildo in my guts. Suddenly the pain stopped. I groaned in relief, sagging in my bonds, my body covered in sweat.

"Not quite."

"Jennifer, what are you?"

"A worthless pledge, Sister?" she whimpered.

"Correct. What is your goal in life?"

"To make my sisters happy, Sister."

"Correct," the voice said, approvingly.

"What am I?"

Jennifer hesitated. "Uh, the sister in charge?" she said, her voice quavering. Then she screamed, over and over again, her body tearing and jerking and straining at the bonds holding her to the seat.

"Incorrect," the voice said smugly.

"Samantha, what am I?"

"I don't know," the girl answered miserably. She clenched her teeth, then growled and groaned and gnashed her teeth together, her body jerking from side to side and her head shaking wildly.

"I am your Goddess. I am the world, the universe to you. There is nothing in your life but me. I am the center of all that is important."

The dildos, or tubes, or whatever they were, were buzzing, but softly again. Snug inside our bellies, they glowed warmly, buzzing and humming and sending warmth and soothing pleasure into our systems. We were all sagging somewhat against the straps. The buzzing picked us up a little.

I squeezed my cunt around the hard metal tube, rubbing and twisting my ass a little on the chair, fighting to keep my breath steady. Beside me Emma groaned and let her head fall back over the edge of the seat back. On my other side, Allison sat still, her head hanging.

"Pleasure and pain. Pleasure and pain. The good and the bad. Punishment, and reward," the women chanted.

Beside me Allison was swinging her head from side to side. She raised it weakly, shaking it as if in denial. Then her body spasmed and she hissed. She began to grunt and clenched her teeth.

Suddenly she screamed, only partly in pleasure. She slammed back and forth against the straps, squealing and crying, trying to get off the chair, trying to rip her pussy free from the steel dildo she was impaled upon.

I watched her, as though from a great distance, her leg jerking and pulling at my own leg as she shook violently. I was more interested though, in the pleasure lancing up through my cunt, the warm, bubbling delight that was pouring through my system. I closed my eyes and shuddered, the heat reaching the point of ignition when it would explode within me.

I heard more screaming, from one of the other girls, but didn't open my eyes. Closer and closer my orgasm came, and then it burst upon me. I drew in a deep breath and held it, my body stiffening as ecstasy enveloped me.

Then the humming steel dildo inside me turned into a burning spike of agony that blasted into my cunt and set my blood on fire. I heard more screaming, and realized it was me. My body was burning, shaking, all my muscles spasming continuously.

It was over and I sagged again, moaning. It was a few minutes before I was aware of what was happening around me. I noticed then that Jennifer, one of the pledges, had been unstrapped and was no longer in her seat. She knelt at the sisters' feet, watching us. I didn't know why but was very jealous.

The metal dildos were singing their sweet songs again, sending

pleasure up into our sopping cunt boxes. I tried to ignore it this time, as did the other girls, I'm sure. But it was irresistible, and the sisters had a lot of patience.

Soon Emma was cumming, her grunts of pleasure turning into screams of agony almost at once. After her was Allison, then me. Samantha, the last to cum, was allowed off her seat then and joined Jennifer on her knees before the sisters. Again the buzzing resumed, and this time it was Allison, the last to orgasm, who was allowed off.

Nobody spoke. Nobody had to. We realized at last that we were to fight the pleasure, to deny it, to defeat it. I and Emma fought against the overwhelming force of the heat burning into our pussies, and I lost, cumming violently. My orgasm went on and on, and on, no pain intruding on it.

Then it was over, and I moaned as I let my head fall back.

"Slut," the head sister sneered.

"Slut!" the sisters chanted.

"Whore," the head sister said.

"Whore!" the girls echoed.

"Cock girl."

"Cock girl!" the echoed.

"Boy toy."

"Boy toy!" the sisters accused me.

I sat there, miserable, wanting to protest that they weren't being fair. I hadn't been the first to cum every time.

They had undone the straps binding me and Emma both, but while Emma was helped over beside the other pledges and knelt at the sisters' feet, I was dragged over into the corner where something else waited.

It was a mannequin, a plastic man. He was naked and seated on a chair. The sisters had added a few things to what the company which made him had thought necessary. They had taken a big dildo and glued it somehow between his legs.

The sisters led me to him and then dropped me on my knees in front of him.

"There is more to life than cock," the head sister said, all the other women lined up behind her.

"You are the weakest link of our new section of chain. We do not allow women here who are the prisoner of men's cocks. You will be taught strength, through punishment.

"Strength through punishment! the sisters chanted.

"Here is a man for you, Amber. You may call him master. Master has a hard-on for you. You will suck his hard-on for him, Amber. Do so now."

"Ye... yes, sister," I gulped. I crawled up over his legs and gripped the fake cock, then brought my lips down over the cockhead.

I took the fake cockhead into my mouth and sucked on it as the entire room watched. I licked my tongue up and down the underside, just as though it were a real cock, wetting it up so it would slide easier in my mouth. I folded my lips around the head and let my lips down on it, bobbing my head up and down as I sucked.

"Observe the slut, sisters," the head sister said. "Observe how perverted and cock hungry she is."

I kept sucking the cock as though it was a guy, my head kind of dazed by the constant strains of the evening, by the flashing sensations of both pleasure and pain that had continually overloaded my system.

"You want to fuck him, Amber. Don't you?" The head sister sneered. "Beg him. Beg for his cock."

"M... master, may I have your cock?" I asked the mannequin.

"Beg him."

"Please fuck me, master," I said, intensely aroused. I don't know why I was so excited. I think, once I got over my

embarrassment at being seen naked and sexual circumstances, like when I was on the chair, I think that when I was no longer embarrassed by them all staring into my cunt, or watching me cum, well, I think I became incredibly turned on by it, kind of like an exhibitionist.

What I mean is, well, maybe I was supposed to be humiliated by doing what I was doing and having them all watching, but instead I was really getting into it, putting on a show for them, acting and feeling supremely slutty and free and sexual.

"Fuck him, Amber," the head sister ordered. "Get on and fuck him."

I got to my feet and straddled the chair, facing the mannequin. I eased forward, bringing my dripping cunt over the big thick rubber dildo, then I eased myself down. I closed my eyes as my snatch engulfed the dildo, then I groaned as my body slid down its length and I felt it pushing way up inside my belly.

Before I was even aware of it one of the sisters had gripped my hands and handcuffed them together around the other side of the mannequin, locking me in place.

I didn't care. I had my cunt stuffed full of something, even if it was rubber, and I was feeling raw and carnal and bestial.

My belly was burning with lust and it was all I could do to hold back my feelings as I ground my pelvis into the plastic man.

"Fuck him," the head sister ordered.

"Fuck him," the sisters chanted.

I did, grinding faster, rubbing my ass from side to side and screwing it in slow circles.

"Ride his cock, slut," the head sister snarled. I felt a hot blast of pain against my ass cheeks and cried out, turning to look behind me.

She was holding a, well, some kind of stick, long and thin, like a switch. Another sister had a similar instrument and both were looking at me with lust and anger.

"Fuck him, Amber. Give him a real good fuck," the head sister cried.

"Ride that cock, whore," the other one snarled.

I turned back to the mannequin and began to exaggerate my movements, raising and lowering myself on the stiff rubber prick.

"Faster! Faster! Fuck that cock," the head sister yelled. There was a crack of meaty noise and I cried out in pain again as she brought the switch down against my ass cheeks once more. Then there was another crack of noise as the other girl slashed her switch across my back.

"You call that fucking?" the head sister jeered. "Kiss him! Kiss him!" Her switch cut across my buttocks and I screamed as I bounced up and down, riding the dildo furiously, my ass slapping against the plastic legs with hard, bruising blows as I tore my pussy up and down the entire length of the rubber prong.

"Kiss him!" she screamed again, lashing my back.

"Let's hear you moan!" the other girl said, smashing her switch down on my back and buttocks.

I mashed my lips against the mannequin's plastic lips, rubbing them all over as I rode up and down on the dildo. I cried out each time the lashes cut into me and started grunting as dramatically as I could, my eyes rolling as I tried to pretend I was in the midst of an orgasm.

I was humping up and down on the dildo with furious, desperate energy now, my cunt tunnel sliding painfully fast on the rubber prick inside it. And the thing is, as they eased off on the whipping, I really did get excited again, and worked my cunt down with enthusiastic desire, my clitty grinding and scraping along its length as I impaled myself again and again on that rubber prick.

I leaned forward, mashing my tits against the plastic man,

tilting my ass upwards as I humped repeatedly and ground my crotch forward. A hard blast of heat stuck me to the core of my being as someone slashed their switch against my buttocks.

I cried out in pain, thrown forward hard, my breasts flattening and squashing against the plastic man's chest. My mind was boiling with lust that was white hot in its intensity. I rode up and down that fat dildo with my mouth open, gurgling and grunting and panting maniacally, giving a cry of either pain or pleasure whenever the switch lashed my buttocks or my back.

The whole scene was so charged with sexual electricity and eroticism for me. I couldn't control myself. I closed my eyes, shuddering as the two of them whipped me together, their switches criss-crossing my body as I bounced in the plastic man's lap.

I felt the cum floating up around me and moving in, towering above and falling, enveloping me in its soft grip. Then it exploded, tearing open the universe and throwing me into the gaping maw of a bright, black sucking tornado of violent sexual energy.

I felt like my thick golden hair was rising up around me from the crackling electrical energy that surrounded me. My back arched violently. My legs kicked out and I sat fully on the plastic man's lap.

My arms gripped him tightly against myself as I rocked back and forth, gurgling in ecstatic bliss, fireflies dancing before my eyes as the orgasm expanded, rose to form a nova around me. I lost all my awareness of what was happening around me as I let it rip through my shuddering body, overloading my nervous system and tearing my consciousness from my quaking body.

I opened my eyes. I was in a bed, but not my own. I was in a room, an unfamiliar room, a bedroom. I blinked my eyes, then brought my hand up to rub them. There was a bandage around my wrists which puzzled me. I gripped it with my other hand, and noticed a similar bandage on that wrist.

I sat up in bed, my mind suddenly filled with the images of what had gone on in the initiation. My face colored dark red and I covered it with my hands, feeling the heat against my fingers.

I groaned and took my hands away, then sat up in the bed. My ass stung a little, as did my back, now that I noticed it. I looked around the room and saw that I was in a bunk bed, the top bunk as it happened. I figured I must be in the sorority house still.

I wondered if this was to be my room. It looked nice enough, but I was far too concerned and worried and mortified about what had happened at the initiation. Sure the other girls had done pretty much the same as me, but Jesus God, they hadn't ridden the plastic man and cum so hard they lost their minds!

Had they?

I had no way of knowing what had happened after, well, after I'd left, so to speak. Did they do some other things, things I hadn't done and thus still must face. Was I a sister, a pledge, or had I failed? The thought that I had gone through such a humiliating ordeal and then failed was almost beyond thinking about.

I discovered I was naked, as naked as I'd been during the initiation ceremony. It was light outside. It shone through the windows, through the gauzy curtains. I crawled down to the foot of the bed, swung my legs over the edge of the bed and stepped down on the ladder.

I climbed down to the floor and looked around. I remembered I was naked, but surprisingly, that didn't matter. I mean, here I was naked in a strange room, yet it didn't bother me. Well, why should it? After all, everyone in the place had seen me naked, and in the most compromising positions possible. I looked down at my body, aware suddenly of something different.

My pussy hair had all been shaved off. I never did that. I couldn't remember anyone else doing it. It must have happened when I was... out. My face colored again as I found yet another reason for embarrassment. The idea of a person, or people between my spread legs, carefully shaving my cunt!

Now I wanted clothes. I rubbed at my pussy, kind of amazed at how utterly, utterly naked I felt down there now. I looked in a mirror and swallowed nervously as I saw how visible my cunt slit was.

I walked to the closet and opened it, looking in. There were clothes there but none were mine. I turned away and went across the room to another closet. This one held my clothes, all neatly hung. A dresser next to it also turned out to be mine.

I put on a pair of panties, then a bra. I slipped a blouse over my head and then pulled on a pair of jeans. I was sitting on the lower bunk pulling on my sneakers when the door opened and Emma walked in.

"Hi. I see you're up at last," she said.

"Yeah." My face colored at once, but she didn't notice, or more likely pretended not to.

"Where are you going?"

I wasn't sure.

"I don't know, just, just downstairs I guess. I wanted to see one of the senior sisters and find out where I stood."

"Well, you can't do it like that."

"Like what?"

"Haven't you read the rules? No. I suppose you haven't. Look, you're a pledge still, just like the other four of us. You won't be a full sister until you pass all the tests and then go through the final initiation."

"I know."

"Okay, then you have to act like a pledge. You can't wear any clothes inside the sorority except these things." She plucked at the tiny white shift she wore. In the bright room I saw what I hadn't last night, that it was thin enough to see her nipples clearly. She lifted it a bit and showed her bald, puffy little pussy mound.

"That includes panties," She grinned.

"Uh, when did they shave our pubic hair?"

"The four of ours got it done at the ceremony. You were lucky to have missed that. They hung us upside down by the ankles, with our legs way, way apart and then they all gathered around while Sissy shaved our pussies.

"What about me?"

"They did the same but you didn't notice anything. You were really out of it. That must have been some kind of orgasm! You scraped your wrists pulling against the handcuffs so hard."

"I guess," I said, embarrassed all over again.

"You better get undressed. If Brittany or Carol come in and catch you like that you'll get a caning on the ass, and canings hurt a lot more than switchings, at least that's what they tell me."

"Who's Carol and Brittany."

"Get undressed and I'll tell you," she tsked.

I pulled my shirt up and off, then took off my pants and socks. I was a little embarrassed removing my panties and bra with Emma looking on, but after all, she'd seen me last night.

"Brittany is my mentor, Carol is yours. Your mentor is the girl you're assigned to. She's like a, uh, well big sister is the way they put it. If you have any problems, at school or in your personal life, need advise, help with anything, want information, you go to her. She's also in charge of you, of disciplining you.

"You call the other girls, Sister, but you call her, Carol

that is, Mistress."
"Sounds kind of kinky," I said. Emma laughed.
She tossed me a shift and I pulled it on over my head as she sat back on the lower bunk.
"You realize of course that well over half of the girls here are lesbians? Actually, I'd say close to three quarters are."
"I didn't know that."
"That's what all that talk about how tolerant you are towards gays was about, and all their personal questions about your sex life. They wouldn't have accepted you if they didn't think you were bi. All of us here are either gay or bi."
"You're sure?"
"Absolutely. Come on, look at last night's ceremony. I'll tell you something else too, a lot of these bitches are into S and M, and bondage. Read the rule book here." She tossed it at me. "Practically all the things you do wrong get punishment in a sexually sadistic way."
"What is this public atonement?" I asked, reading it.
"That's where the guilty parties, the girls who have done really bad stuff, like mouth off say, are taken before the whole sorority and punished, and they're always naked when they do that."
"I don't know about this," I said, doubtfully.
"Oh come on. They way you reacted last night you were made for this place. I just hope I can see it through."
I was a little stung by her comment about my being made for this place, and was far from sure of that myself.
"I mean," she continued. "I admit I've had a few lesbian relationships, and I'm into bondage, but the most pain I've ever liked were a few spankings by my lovers. I definitely don't want to get caned or switched very often."
"Well I don't either," I protested, pulling the shift down around me. I tugged on it but it wouldn't go further.
"Forget that. It's designed not to go very far. These bitches want to see your ass and pussy, not to mention your nips." She plucked at her own nipples, clearly visible through the thin shift.
"What about visitors?" I demanded.
"What about them. They're restricted to the front parlor. None of them can go anywhere else in the house, even if they're women. The only exception are lovers, female lovers, of course."
"Maybe this place is wrong for me," I sighed.
"Are you kidding, girl? Look around you." She gestured at the big stereo TV system in the corner, and the thick armchairs before it, at the big desks against the wall and the plush rug on the floor.
"How many sororities do you think have their own indoor pools, not to mention saunas and gyms? I'll tell you - none, except this one. They've also got plenty of money for partying and tutors and trips to concerts and games, plus that nifty bus downstairs to get us all around in. And of course, they've got a great reputation for sticking together after graduation. This place is great for making business connections."
"I know all that," I sighed.
"Then quit your bitching. Hell, you didn't exactly mind last night."
"I did too," I said, embarrassed again.
"You know that mannequin," she grinned, "the one with the big cock you rode on? Well they call him Robby the rooter, or sometimes Hopon John, or Mister Shaft. The lezzies hate him!
"Usually, if you've done something really bad, you get a choice, twenty strokes from a cane, on your ass, or riding Robby Rooter and pretending you're cumming. The lezzies always choose the cane since the other is so humiliating. But you... you weren't even pretending!" she laughed and fell back on the bed, her shift

sliding up to reveal her bald little snatch.

"I don't think you'll have much problem here."

"But I like men. I like... "

"Cocks?" she grinned. I glared at her.

"So what? So do I. Most of the girls here aren't into heavy relationships anyway. If you fuck with one it's for a night, or just now and then when you're bored or lonely. You can still date guys and fuck em."

"Yeah, but suppose I don't want to fuck with any of these girls? I haven't screwed with a girl for years."

"You don't actually have to. I mean, so what if you don't? They aren't going to rape you. I think they'll sure try for you though. The lezzies think of us as a challenge, not as much as a heterosexual girl, but still, they like to fuck us and try to convince us they're better than men."

"Well... I guess I've gone through the initiation... "

"Come on downstairs and I'll show you around and introduce you to some of the girls."

"I don't know. I'm a little embarrassed."

"Yeah, I was too but it passes. They all went through it too, though they probably didn't fuck themselves unconscious on Robby and his rooter." She laughed again as she got up and opened the door, gesturing me forward.

Part Three

We went out into the hallway and down towards the stairs, Emma leading the way.

"Just remember, you're the lowest of the low. Bow your head and sound respectful whenever anyone talks to you. And for God's sake don't talk back, some of them will try to provoke you just so they can switch or cane your ass for impertinence!"

I nodded and the two of us went downstairs into the main lounge. We halted near a large chest and she pointed towards the far end of the room where two women were sitting together. One was bald, the other a sleek looking blonde with her hair pulled straight back.

"See them? That's Ginny Rhodes and Dog."

"Dog?"

"They're into this heavy Dominance, Submissive thing and Dog is her slave. Ginny shaved all her hair off and keeps her as bald a cue ball. They're into that whole whips and chains thing. See the ring in Dog's nose? She's got them through her nipples too and her labia."

"Gross." I had to swallow before saying that since I felt my belly fluttering with arousal.

"That girl there in the blue sweater is Sissy, she was the one in charge last night. She's head sister."

I looked at a surprisingly short, thin woman with short brown hair and wide green eyes. She didn't look all that strong willed, but had sure seemed so last night.

"Come on, we'll go and see the pool."

We went down the hall and around a corner, then stopped as two girls saw us and stepped in front.

"Good Morning, Sisters," Emma said, her head bowed.

"Well, well, isn't this the slut who had such fun on Hopon John last night?" One of them sneered.

"Yes, Sister," I said.

"You must be a real fucking nympho to blow your brains out on

a rubber cock," she laughed. I blushed in embarrassment.

"The Capa Phi Fraternity brothers are looking for a girl for a gang bang. Maybe we should volunteer you. Amber, isn't that your name?"

"Yes, Sister," I said.

"That's a name for a real weak little pussy, isn't it."

"I don't know, Sister," I said.

"It's a little girl's name. Are you a little girl, Amber?"

"No, Sister."

"Look up at me, pledge."

I looked up and saw a fierce eyed blonde woman with loose shoulder length hair. She wore a jacket and pants outfit with flat heels. I thought she was quite beautiful.

"You're a pretty thing, aren't you, Amber? Open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

I did as she ordered and the two of them looked at it.

"That looks like a nice little tongue, Amber. I bet I could find some nice places for you to put it," she said.

"Or has your roommate here already found some place to put it?" the other girl sneered.

"No, Sister," I said.

"You sure have nice little nipples, Amber. They're poking right through the shift. Are you excited?"

"No, Sister," I lied.

"Slut."

"Lying slut," the other smiled. "We should take you upstairs and tie you down. We'd show you what to do with that little pink tongue then."

"What about you, slut? Don't you think we're beautiful?" the other girl asked Emma.

"Yes, Sister," she replied.

"How come your nipples aren't as hard as Amber's?"

"I don't know, Sister?"

"Well make them hard, pledge. Pinch them until they stick out."

Emma swallowed, then her hands moved to her small cone shaped breasts and began to pinch and twist her nipples through the thin shift. After a half minute she pulled her hands away and the others examined her work.

"They'll do, nice and pointy even if they are small," the blonde said.

"I bet we could make them harder. Want us to make them harder, pledge?"

"Not right now, Sister," Emma said.

The two laughed and the blonde slid her hand through my long thick hair, looking lustfully down at my full breasts.

"Later then," she said, as the two moved down the hall.

"That was Stephanie and Kay. Kay's the blonde. They're on the track team."

"Are they all as... as aggressive as them?" I asked.

"It's hard to tell whether they're aggressive or just trying to bug you. Just remember, aside from punishments with the cane or switch, or whatever, none of them are actually allowed to touch you without your permission. They can't make you touch them either. So if some slut tells you to suck her pussy just say no."

"I will."

"But remember, just say no, Sister, not fuck you or drop dead or kiss my ass. You have to be polite no matter what they say or you'll be punished."

We got to the pool. It was surprisingly large for an indoor pool in a house, though of course, the house was pretty big too. There were about eight girls sitting or lying around the pool and three actually in it. All were naked. I should have realized they

would be. Emma grinned as she saw my expression.

"Nudity is the norm here and in the sauna," she said. "Naturally."

"Naturally," I echoed.

"Hey, it's the only places where we're not wearing less than everyone else."

"I suppose you're right."

"Hey! Pledges!"

We turned as a large woman glared at us from poolside.

"No clothes in the pool area," she said.

"We were just looking, Sister," Emma said.

"I didn't ask you what you were doing, pledge," the woman snapped.

"Take off your shift," Emma whispered to me, pulling her own over her head and off. I felt a bit nervous but did the same. After all, at least everyone else here was naked.

"Want a swim?" Emma asked.

"We didn't bring any towels."

"They have some here over on the shelves there. See?"

"Hey!" We turned as the large woman stomped over to us. Emma bowed her head and I did the same.

"You, blonde slut. What's your name?"

"Amber, Sister," I said.

"Why aren't you wearing your medallion?"

"Huh?"

Emma looked at me and I saw she wore the medallion they'd given us during the ceremony around her neck.

"I, uh, didn't know I was supposed to, Sister," I said.

"You weren't supposed to leave your room without knowing all the rules. Who's your mentor?"

"Uh, Sister Carol?" I said.

"You. Pledge. Go and get Sister Carol," the woman said to Emma.

"Yes, Sister," Emma said, retreating and putting her shift back on.

"Stand straight, pledge!" the woman snarled. "Head up, shoulders back, chest out."

"You're the slut who came all over Plastic man last night, aren't you?" she snarled, her face an inch from mine.

"Yes, Sister," I admitted, reddening again.

"You're a filthy little cock swallower! I don't know why the hell we ever let you in here!"

Emma returned with a pleasant faced woman in a pair of worn levis and sweatshirt. The woman had loose, shoulder length brown hair and a round face. She came up to us, smiling.

"What is it, Mary?"

"This slut belongs to you, doesn't she?"

"Yes, Mary."

"Well, she isn't wearing her medallion. That calls for public punishment."

"Not on her first day. I'll take care of it."

"You're too soft on these sluts, Carol. I don't know why they ever made you a mentor."

"Put your shift on, Amber and come with me," Carol said.

"Yes, Sister. I mean, yes, Mistress." I said, donning the shift and following her out of the room.

She led me down the hall, then up a back stairwell and down the hall to a door near the corner of the house. We went in and she closed the door behind me and ushered me over to a bed.

"Sit down, honey," she said.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed. She pulled a chair out from a desk and sat across from me, smiling faintly. This room was smaller than mine, but it held only

a single bed, plus desk and dresser, and other odds and ends.

"We get private rooms after first years," she said, as I looked around.

"Now. Amber," she said. "You should read up on the rules here or you're going to get into constant trouble."

"I will, Mistress."

"I know you haven't had as much, well, the ceremony last night took a lot out of you, more than the other girls. No, don't blush. If you weren't a sexual person we never would have accepted you here. We're all sexual people, Amber, including me. And whatever turns you on is all right by my lights."

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

"This is a really fun place, especially if you're highly sexed. If you've got a high sex drive and you live in the dorm, what can you do but jerk off a lot and try and find some guy to poke you? Here, you know there's always a willing partner not far away, even if its just for the evening or the hour. No fear of diseases or bad reputations or pregnancy either. I can tell you, we don't jerk off much here. We don't have to." She smiled again. I liked her.

"Now," she said, looking serious. "You've already broken one of the most important pledge rules, which is to always wear the emblem of a pledge to this house. If I'd seen it myself I would have given you a break but Mary saw you and so did the others. That means you have to be punished."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, my belly quivering a little, partly in anxiety partly in excitement. She looked at me knowingly, as though she knew precisely how I was feeling.

"I think you're going to get along very nicely here, Amber," she said. She stood up and went to a corner, lifting a three foot long piece of wood from a shelf. It was thin, lightweight and flexible.

"Stand up, Amber and remove your shift," she said.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, doing as she ordered.

"Now turn your back to me, spread your legs one foot apart, lean over and grip your ankles. And keep your legs straight."

"Yes, Mistress," I gulped, bending over as she said and presenting my naked ass to her. I was having a little trouble breathing. My chest was fluttering with excitement and embarrassment both. She was standing right behind me and I knew she could see right into my naked little slit, not to mention my asshole.

"Pledge, Amber," she said, "You have violated section three of the pledge book, by being found not wearing your medallion. For a first time offence, the punishment is ten switches and it is a public switching. However, since this is the first day here I'll make an exception and grant you a private punishment."

"Thank you, Mistress," I said, glad I wasn't doing this with thirty or forty girls staring at my naked crotch and asshole.

"Do not move. Do not attempt to evade your punishment or turn it aside," she said. I was looking between my legs and could see she was reading from a little book. She put it down and raised the switch. It made a hissing sound as it cut through the air. Then it hit my behind with a sharp, biting pain.

I yelped, but kept my position. She held the switch up, waiting for me to recover, then slashed it down again. It hit across both cheeks almost exactly where it had before. I cried out again, clenching my teeth against the pain.

Again it slashed across my ass, slightly higher, then again, a little lower, then again and again and again and again. I was groaning between my tightly closed lips as she raised the switch again. She hesitated then swung it down across my ass cheeks once more.

"That's nine, pledge. Do you regret your error?"

"Ye... yes, Mistress," I gasped. Then I cried out in pain as the switch whipped down and smashed into my ass cheeks for a final time.

"Thank me for your instruction," she said.

"Thank you for your... your instruction, Mistress," I panted.

"Rise and turn."

I stood up, lightheaded as the blood flowed down out of my skull.

"On your knees, pledge."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, dropping to my knees in front of her. She held the switch out to me.

"Kiss the switch which disciplines you."

I kissed it and she put it on her desk and reached to take my hands. She lifted me to my feet and smiled in amusement.

"You're a natural, aren't you, Amber?" she grinned.

"M... mistress?" I blinked.

She turned and opened one of the drawers of her desk, then pulled out a long silver metal vibrator. She held it up in front of me and clicked it on. I shivered a little as I heard it buzz.

"Want it, Amber?"

I stared at it, my loins burning with heat.

"Want this?"

"Ye... yes, Mistress," I whispered.

"Beg for it."

"Please, Mistress."

"Please what?"

"Please let me have it."

"You want me to use it on you, Amber?"

I felt a sudden shock in my belly and my voice quivered.

"Yes, Mistress," I moaned.

"You want me to fuck you with it?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped.

"Turn around and bend over the desk."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, in a daze. I bent over the desk, clutching the far side.

"Spread your legs, slave."

"Yes, Mistress,' I gasped, her words burning into my mind.

I jerked in shock as I felt her hand stroking my hot ass flesh, gliding up and down the smooth, soft skin. Her hand slid in between my thighs and rubbed up and down across my boiling hot cunt mound, the sensation shockingly arousing on my puffy, smoothly shaved pussy pad.

"So soft," she sighed, her hand rubbing back and forth. She pushed her middle fingers forward, forcing them up into my wet, tight juicy cunt slit, prying my lips apart as they sawed up and down my cleft over my pink skin. I moaned helplessly, my body actually trembling with lust. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been so aroused, except for lat night, that is.

Then I felt something hard press against my cunt. Carol's fingers pulled my pussy lips apart and the hard, buzzing vibrator pushed into me, the nose touching my clitty and grinding against it as she twisted it from side to side.

I came, bucking my ass back at her as Carol held the vibrator against my clit. I moaned and whimpered and jerked uncontrollably, my mind blasted with orgasmic pleasure as she pushed hard, crushing my little fuck button.

"A real natural," she said. I groaned as she took the vibrator off my clit and eased it up into my cunt tunnel. I was hugging the desk to keep from sliding to the ground, my legs splayed apart and my sex open as she pumped the thick steel vibrator back and forth inside me, working it deeper with every thrust.

My cunt was starting to burn up with lust even though I'd just cum, and that vibrator was fanning the flames of desire as she

drove it deep into my belly. I felt her fingers pressing against my cunt mound and realized that all but an inch or so of the vibrator was up inside me. I felt elated and excited at the thought.

Carol's fingers began rubbing at my clitty and my ass started grinding in slow circles as I panted with emotion and heat. My body and mind were ablaze with lust as I felt her fingers jamming my clit down against the vibrator.

Then she let go and I felt a blast of pain as she slashed the switch across my buttocks again. The pain was hot and sharp and knifed into my crotch, spurring my pleasure upwards. I cried out in shock, my fingers digging into the side of the desk as the pain and pleasure mingled and grew.

Again the switch lashed down on my buttocks, then again, as Carol rained blows down on my ass and thighs in a continuous steady, driving rhythm. I opened and closed my mouth like a fish, my body shaking and jerking, my mind paralysed with heat and sexual agitation.

Then I came, the force of my orgasm setting my body thrashing and convulsing in violent spasms of sexual ecstasy. I clung desperately to the desk, which shook and rattled against the wall with the force of my movements.

My cum was thrown higher, into a prolonged orbit that I don't recall ever having achieved, other than the other night. Each new blow from the switch was like oil thrown on flames, sending them roaring higher, hotter. I was drooling onto the desk, my eyes tightly clenched as I rode the waves of sexual exultation through a maelstrom of blasting sexual pleasure.

The switch smashed down on the center of my back, then against my shoulders, driving my hot, hard, swollen tits into the harsh wood of the desk. I cried out again, in startled pleasure and pain both. The switch struck my ass, then the small of my back, then my shoulders again, each blow a blast of emotional and sensory power that was overloading my system.

The orgasm passed, leaving me a trembling husk of a person, barely able to keep from sliding down off the desk and laying in a puddle on the floor. Carol stopped lashing me and instead stoked my ass again. Her hands went away as she moved back, but then she returned.

Her hands went around me and she slid a chain around my waist, fastening it in behind. A second chain descended from it, running down between my buttocks. Carol pulled it up tight between my pussy lips and fastened it to the front.

"Wha... " I groaned, starting to recover some of my scattered senses.

"Shhhh," she said.

She pulled my arms behind me and I felt chains encircle them, binding them together behind me. I felt a certain anxiety at that, but mostly I felt renewed excitement and a kind of intense sexual high, a tremendous arousal and a feeling like I was about to do something enormously kinky and daring.

Carol pulled me back off the desk and had me kneel in front of her, sitting on my heels.

"Keep your back straight, slave," she ordered, glaring.

"Yes, Mistress," I gulped.

She took off her clothes, doing it slowly, teasingly. She had large round breasts with big brown nipples and a tiny waist. She removed her panties and I saw her small brown bush, which she'd shaved into a heart shape. She moved forward, standing directly in front of me.

"Lick me, slave," she ordered, her hand gripping my thick blonde hair tightly and jerking upwards. I rose on my knees, bringing my face level with her cunt. I stared at it for a moment as she spread her legs and stroked her hands through my hair.

Then I licked my lips and bent forward, sliding my tongue against her slit. I ran my tongue up and down her slit with a light touch at first, tasting her sweet scent. She was very wet, so I guess she'd really got off on switching my ass.

I pushed my tongue harder, forcing it in between her pussy lips and scooping her cunt milk out as I ran it up and down her cleft. Her hands twisted and pulled at my hair, but not really painfully. She pulled my face into her cunt, mashing her crotch over me, then easing back so I could work on her slit again.

I pushed my tongue in as deep as I could, pumping it in and out several times, then ran it up to her clit and flicked it back and forth across the little fuck button.

"Ahhhhh... Fuckkkk!" she sighed. "Lick it slave girl! Lick my clit!"

She ground her crotch into my face again, her head rolling slowly as I ate out her snatch. I rasped my tongue back and forth across her clitty as she humped into me. She whined and panted and groaned in happiness as she cupped my ears and worked herself on my tongue.

I pushed my nose into her slit and rubbed it hard against her slit, then stuffed my tongue up into her and sucked out another wave of fuck milk.

She was really hot but so was I. I still had that buzzing vibrator inside my snatch, since the chain down between my cunt lips wouldn't let it slide out, and this whole scene was super exciting. I was really getting off just on being on my knees like this with my hands behind me. Even if the vibrator hadn't been there my cunt would have been drooling. With it up inside me I was humping my ass in and out in helpless pleasure, almost ready to cum myself.

I was trying to hold back my cum until I made Carol cum. I knew I'd be good for nothing once I blew. I pushed my tongue against her clit even harder, frantically running it up and down her slit, concentrating on her clitty as she whined and humped harder.

"Eat me! Eat me, slave!" she gasped. "Eat me!"

I sucked at her clit, trying to draw it into my mouth, straining my lips and jaw upwards as I tried to force her cunt lips aside to get at it. I suckled harshly, vacuuming it out enough to get my teeth around it, then I gnawed at it, grinding my teeth from side to side.

She screamed, tearing at my hair, humping into my face with desperate, bruising speed and power. I sucked as hard as I could as I rubbed my lips and mouth against her clit and came.

She came at the same time and the two of us were grunting and groaning and whining and jerking and trembling like maddened animals as our cunts blazed with energy and heat and sucked the rest of our bodies into a storm of sexual bliss.

At last we both stopped shaking. I eased back onto my heels, exhausted. Carol groaned and stumbled to the desk, holding herself up as she rubbed her pussy and grinned down at me.

"A natural," she said.

Part Four

Was I a natural?

If so, a natural what? I mean, what did that mean anyway? I'd always know how, well, how high my sex drive was, and how some things excited me far more than other girls and women, including

things that other people thought were perverted.

Bondage was one of those things. I loved the feelings it gave me, the idea of being so... helpless and, I don't know, possessed, owned, controlled, dominated. It just created a tremendously erotic feeling within me. Since the first time I'd read about it I had thought the image of a beautiful naked woman bound in chains or ropes, was an immensely arousing one.

When I'd played with Karen or a couple of other trusted lovers, played with bondage, being tied up had done something powerfully sensual to me. I remember being bound to a boyfriend's bed, spreadeagled and naked as he made love to me, straining against the bonds and feeling myself soooooo sexually free and gloriously erotic.

I'd been afraid to reveal just how excited it made me. It was okay to play as a game but only sickos would really get off on that on a regular basis, or so I thought. As for pain, well, once a guy had spanked me, but only playfully, and though I'd liked the feeling of submissiveness, I hadn't liked the pain.

Now things were different, but I didn't know why. It might have been because I was already very aroused when Carol began switching me, both times. Even during the initiation, I'd already been intensely turned on when the women started using their switches on my behind and back.

So it wasn't that I liked the pain in itself, it was more like the pain contributed to the pleasure I was already feeling. It was like ice and water, the same but not the same. I mean, you can't drink ice all by itself, it's too hard and too cold. Still, if you had a cup of water and poured ice into it, the water would rise higher with each additional cube, until it overflowed the cup.

"So did it hurt?"

"Uh, no, not really."

"You're lucky. Carol is supposed to be pretty nice. Brittany likes to use the cain and that's supposed to hurt like shit!" Emma sighed as she leaned on the window sill and looked out. "I thought they couldn't do anything unless it was in the rule book."

"Oh, no, not really, but not all the punishments are specified. Your mentor is allowed to create her own sometimes, and I hear Brittany is really creative."

"Well, Carol is... okay."

"Did she come on to you. They say she's really hot. I mean she's sweet, but she's supposed to have a super high sex drive."

"Why don't you tell me where this rule book is?" I sighed, changing the subject. Emma looked at me calculatingly, then pointed at the desk. I went over and got the book, then sat down and opened it.

"You better not forget your medallion again," Emma said.

"No. I won't."

"Check out page four."

I looked on page four. "What's this mean? Pledges are required to perform any service requested by a sister, other than those explicately exempted under section twelve."

"It means what it says. We're slaves. We have to do anything we're told no matter what."

"What's section twelve?"

"That's the sex section."

"Oh."

"That means you have to do anything but sex. But the sisters are the ones who decide what's sexual. So, for instance if they want a bath servant to help them take a bath, that's not sex, even if you have to scrub every inch of their body with your bare

hands."

"Well, I suppose I could take that, so long as I don't have to do it very often."

"How do you feel about licking feet?"

"Yuck!"

"It's not sexual, supposedly, but if they tell you to do it you have to, or you get punished."

"I don't think Carol would do that."

"You and her did something together, didn't you?" she exclaimed.

"Did not!"

"Oh you liar! I just bet you did. You were gone for too long for just a little switching. That only takes a minute."

"Mind your own business."

"Ha."

"What about Brittany?"

"What about her?"

"Has she come on to you yet?"

"I'll say she has. Not just her either. We're new meat, especially you and me and Allison."

"Why us?"

"Because we're the bisexuals. The other two are confirmed lesbians. The sisters like bisexuals. I told you that. Hell, bring over a heterosexual girl some time and they'll be all over her. There's nothing they like better than seducing a heterosexual girl."

"I am heterosexual... mostly," I said.

"There's no such thing as mostly heterosexual. That's like a little bit pregnant. If you're excited by women then you're bi."

The door opened and Carol came in.

"Get dressed, girls. We're taking the pledges out for a tour of the campus."

"Yes, Sister," Emma said.

"Yes... Mistress," I said.

One good thing about the sorority sisters, they might humiliate us in private but they treated us well in public. Some of the fraternities, for instance, made their pledges do all sorts of humiliating stupid things or wear really weird clothes. We saw two guys walk by with false noses, wearing their underwear outside their pants, for instance.

We had a lot of fun, and got back to the sorority house late in the afternoon. Me and Emma went down to the swimming pool afterwards and did some laps, then played around in the gym, experimenting with the equipment. Neither of us was all that strong - no muscle tone according to one of the sisters there, but we figured we could keep the weight off if we worked out a little.

After dinner was judgement session. Any public punishment was meted out there. Most of the time was spent refereeing disputes between the sisters according to the rules, but there were two punishments to be handed down. One was to a sister, who was fined, and the other was to a pledge, Allison.

She was accused of being rude and impertinent to a sister named Rachael. Allison, who was a self confident, proud woman, had told Rachael to fuck off and then had told he she was a dumb cunt whore and shoved her hard against a wall!

In her defence Allison claimed Rachael had insulted her for almost five minutes, and then had poured a cup of coffee over her head.

However, since the coffee wasn't hot, and she was therefore, not hurt, she'd had no excuse for using violence on the sister. As for the insults, well, who cared if a sister insulted a scummy pledge anyway? That wasn't an excuse for anything.

The senior sisters judged Allison guilty. For insulting

Rachael, she would receive twenty lashes from a switch. For shoving her, she would get five cuts from a cain. Rachael would administer the first and Allison's mentor Joan would do the caning.

Allison looked rebellious and angry by the judgement, but unless she wanted to quit the sorority there wasn't anything she could do. It looked like she was considering that very thing, but when Sissy ordered her to strip and bend over, she obeyed, even if reluctantly.

I was kind of embarrassed for her as I and the other sisters and pledges stared at her round white ass. Like us, her cunt was shaved, and her little slit opened slightly as she bent far over and opened her legs.

I was also aroused, and eager to witness her punishment. Everyone around me was excited as well as we watched Rachael ready the switch. Rachael stood to one side of the bent over blonde girl so she wouldn't block our view, then she swung the switch as hard as she could.

Allison cried out in pain, even though she was obviously trying not to. Rachael drew her arm back and slashed the switch across her ass a second time, and a third and a fourth. She was hitting Allison far harder than Carol had hit me.

She swung the switch carefully, measuring the blows, obviously not wanting to be done too quickly. She was concentrating on the lower part of Allison's pretty ass cheeks, using the very end of the switch, the tip. I didn't know why until Allison howled and flew forward onto the floor, clutching her crotch. Then I realized Rachael had cruelly caught her bare pussy mound with the switch.

"The pledge is not permitted to move until punishment is over," Sissy admonished. "Resume the position."

Allison was panting and sniffling. One of the sisters gripped her by the arm and helped her back to her feet, then the blonde bent over again, reaching for her ankles. Rachael slashed the switch across her buttocks again several times before catching her pussy mound again.

Once more Allison flew forward with a shriek, clutching her snatch.

"If we must warn you again, pledge, you will be chained for the remainder of punishment," Sissy said. "I also would like to remind sister Rachael that this punishment calls for a switching on the buttocks. Any further contact with genitalia will be considered an offence under the punishment act."

Rachael scowled at that. I hadn't gotten that far in the book so I didn't know what Sissy meant. I kind of wished she would slash the thing across Allison's pussy again though. It turned me on. The whole thing turned me on but seeing Allison get slashed right on the pussy reeeaaaaly turned me on!

Allison was back on her feet, bending over. Rachael slashed the stick down on her soft ass flesh again and again until Sissy said twenty. Then Allison had to drop to her knees and thank Rachael for the punishment, which must have been galling, then kiss the switch.

Then she had to assume the position again for the cane. The cane position wasn't the same as the switch position. In the cane position you only bent to a ninety degree angle, with your hands on your knees instead of your ankle. That meant your ass flesh wasn't as tightly stretched, so there was more meat for the cane to strike.

Allison bent over, trembling a bit as Sissy raised the cane. The cane was about the same length as the switch but was thicker and heavier. She brought it whooshing down on Allison's buttocks and Allison cried out in pain, but held her position. Again and again, and then again, and then a final time Sissy slashed the cane across Allison's pretty round ass cheeks.

Unlike the switch, which made very thin little lines that were quick to fade, the cane left thick, angry red lines behind that stayed much longer, and left the girl's bottom smarting for hours.

Allison had to beg for forgiveness then and kiss the cane, then the session was over. Me and Emma and Jennifer went and cleaned up the kitchen, which was one of our chores as pledges. Afterwards Emma and I went back to our room.

We weren't there for more than half an hour when the door opened and Ginny and Dog came in. Dog was crawling on all fours and Ginny was leading her by a chain around her throat. At first I thought Dog might be wearing some kind of G-string, but then I realized that what it was was a kind of tail.

The tail stuck out of her asshole and hung down between her legs. It was attached to something they'd stuck in her asshole. Dog barked several times as we stared at her in amazement.

"Dog wanted to meet the new sluts," Ginny sneered. "Strip and get down on your hands and knees," she ordered. Emma and I looked at each other, then obeyed, getting down on all fours in front of Dog.

Dog crawled forward and sniffed all around us, then stuck out her tongue and licked my cheek, then Emma's.

"She likes you," Ginny said. "Turn around and she'll lick your cunts."

"Uh, no thank you, Sister," I said.

"Dirty little slut," Ginny glared. "You're the one who likes dildos, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"I've got a dildo so big it will split your cunt apart, bitch."

She pulled back harshly on the chain and Dog reared back onto her knees, the chain tightening like a noose around her slender throat. Ginny held the chain tightly, continuing to maintain pressure as Dog's face began to turn red, and her hands fluttered. Ginny smiled as she reached down, her hand gliding across Dog's straining chest, over her rounded, outhrust tits and hard little nipples

Dog's eyes were bulging out as she strained back and choked. She never made any attempt to free herself, to loosen the chain strangling her. She made odd, choking sounds, then she gurgled and passed out.

We watched in awed amazement. Ginny ignored her slave as Dog half hung there, held up by the throat. She let her down onto the floor then, taking the pressure off her throat and allowing the chain to loosen.

"See how you've disappointed Dog?" she pouted. "Now you'll have to carry her back to my room. Go on, pick her up you sluts."

Emma and I gripped the nude, unconscious girl by her arms and legs and lifted her, carrying her down the hall to Ginny's room. Ginny followed behind, making obscene remarks about our naked asses and tits and cunt slits, and how she'd like to whip us and make us suck her cunt.

Once we were in Ginny's room she directed us, not to the bed, but to a wall, where manacles hung from short chains.

"Put her up against the wall," Ginny ordered. We placed her against the wall, then lifted the unconscious girl's arms above her, putting her wrists into the separate manacles and locking them in place. We let her go and she hung limp, her chin on her chest.

"Now wouldn't you like to hang there, little sluts?" Ginny purred. "I think you'd both look marvellous, all shaved bald, perhaps with a few whip marks on your soft little asses."

She was turning me on, kind of. I didn't like her. I thought she was cruel, rather than nice like Carol, and though the sight of Dog hanging naked from the manacles was supremely erotic, I didn't

envy her her baldness.

"Go on, get out sluts. But I'll get you later, never fear, " she sneered. Me and Emma walked out but I ran into Carol in the hall.

"I would like a word with you, Pledge," she said.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, parting with Emma, who continued back to our room. I followed Carol into her room and knelt on the floor when she ordered it.

"How are you enjoying your first day here?" she asked.

"Fine, Mistress," I said.

"Are you all hot and bothered by everything?"

"Not everything, Mistress."

"Hmmm, she leaned over me and tilted my head up. "I was watching you when Allison was getting switched," she said. "You were rubbing your little pussy, weren't you."

I blushed and lowered my head. She laughed and moved away

"Come here, Pledge," she ordered. I rose and went over to her as she stood near a closet.

"Help me get undressed for bed," she ordered, smiling smugly at me. I swallowed, then reached for her shirt, unbuttoning it down to the waist and pulling it from her pants.

"Put it in the laundry hamper, Pledge, and remember, you'll be doing my laundry from now on."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

I dropped to one knee and she put her foot on my leg as I unlaced her shoe and pulled it off. I did the same with her other shoe, placing both in the closet, then undid her pants and pulled them down, helping her out of them.

I rose and removed her bra and then slid her panties down over her hips and off her ankles. Now as nude as I was, she smiled cooly at me, then motioned to the top drawer of her dresser.

"My night things are there, Pledge. Get them and help me dress."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, thinking to find pyjamas or something, but when I opened the drawer what I found was a collection of shiny black leather goods. My breath caught when I felt the cool leather against my fingers.

"Hurry up, Pledge," she said, sounding bored.

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

First I removed a leather bra, at least, a sort of bra. I slid it up under her breasts, fastening it around behind her. It pushed them up and tightly together, and covered only the lower halves of her mammaries, or almost half, since her nipples were free.

After that came a pair of thigh high leather boots with tall, spiked heels. I shivered as I helped her into them. After that was a leather vest, then long leather gloves that extended all the way up to her elbows. Finally came something I didn't even know how to describe.

It was like a G-string, I suppose, except the leather straps were very sturdy and there was a round hole in the front over her pussy. I reached into the drawer then and saw only one thing remaining, but I didn't think it was an article of clothing.

"Take it out, pledge, and put it on me," She said.

It was a big black dildo. I took it out then looked at her, she indicated the hole in the front of her panty thing. I pushed the rounded cocknose towards it but she corrected me. I turned it around and saw there were little clamps where the base of the dildo would fasten against the round hole.

I gave it a half turn and it was snugly fitted in place, sticking straight out from her crotch like a big hard cock. I knew it was meant for me and felt my slit oozing with love juice.

"I have some things for you to wear as well, Pledge," Carol said. "In the next drawer."

I opened the next drawer and found more leather, and chain. I took out the first thing and saw it was a thick leather collar with metal studs. I looked at her and she nodded encouragingly. I donned it, fitting it together in front. It locked tightly.

Next were leather wristlets. These also had metal studs, metal rings, and little metal locks. Once I snapped them together around my wrists, only a key would remove them. There were two more wristlets, but Carol tapped my ankle with her boot and I realized the went around them. I fitted and locked them around my ankles.

There was a sort of leather bra. It was more like a two leather donuts attached by a strap. I tried to fit my breasts through the holes but they seemed to small, the holes I mean. Carol had me bend over so my tits hung right below me, then she pulled the bra thing up tight, tight, and I gripped my breast flesh and pulled it through.

She fastened it behind me and I stood up, my breasts tightly squeezed on all sides and thrusting out hard and swollen like mushrooms, the nipples sharp little pencil points.

I had a little trouble breathing in the tight garment, but loved how it made my tits stick out. I reached into the drawer and pulled out another confusing article. It was narrow at one end, but grew much wider at the other, and there was something that looked like a soft horse's tail attached to the thick end.

"This goes in your tight little asshole," she said, and I realized it was the same kind of thing Dog had worn. I gasped and felt a sharp, stinging bolt of excitement in my loins.

I looked at her, my eyes shining, and offered it to her but she shook her head.

"You put it in, slave," she said, using the word for the first time.

I shivered, then placed the thing against my anus, twisting it from side to side as I worked it inside. I winced a little at the pain as my asshole was forced wider and wider. I had to clench my teeth to get the fat end inside, but once it was there I sighed in relief as my asshole closed, only the soft "tail" sticking out.

I looked at myself in a mirror, incredibly aroused as I saw the lovely tail sticking out of my asshole and falling down between my legs. It wasn't too long that it would get in the way, being about eight inches long or so, and it fluffed out very nicely.

I crawled around on all fours as Carol watched excitedly. She fetched her switch from the shelf and began walking along behind me, slapping my ass now and then. I felt a burst of heat each time the switch lashed across my buttocks or back.

She "trained" me like I was a dog, having me kneel and sit, and roll over and heel. She sat down and gestured for me to come closer, then held her rubber dildo and rubbed it in one hand.

"Suck my cock, slave girl," she ordered. I climbed up over her right thigh, my hands gripping the dildo as I brought my lips down on the head.

Carol had been kind, she'd flavored it somehow so it tasted like cherries. I slid my lips up and down on the dildo, taking more and more of it into my mouth as I wetted it down. Carol slid her leather gloved hands through my thick blonde hair and stroked my soft skin.

The leather felt strange and erotic as it rubbed across my swollen breasts and down over my round ass cheeks. Carol looked down at me with a smile on her face as I bobbed my head up and down on the dildo, then she pulled me up higher, pulling me right across her lap like a small bad child.

I knew what was coming and shivered in anticipation as her soft leather hands rubbed over my buttocks, then slid down between them to cup my bare pussy mound. She stroked my pussy with a soft touch as I twitched and whined in anxious desire.

"Hot little slut, aren't you?" she cooed, pulling her hand away and holding it in front of my face. The leather glistened wetly from my cunt juice.

"Lick this, slut," Carol ordered. I pushed my pink tongue out and began to lick the palm of her gloved hand, revelling in the taste and the erotic kinkiness of slurping on my own cunt milk.

She pulled it away and resumed her stroking of my body, her hand moving softly, caressing me, sliding up and down my spine, around my sides and hips and down over my buttocks, then between my legs, where she rubbed lightly back and forth over my cunt pad.

"Shaved cunts are so beautiful and soft," she sighed. She dipped her fingers inside my slit, worming one finger into me as I groaned and pushed back at her. She thrust it in to the knuckles and pumped it slowly in and out.

She stroked my ass with her left hand as she added another finger of her right to my cunt tunnel and pumped both in and out. She ground them across my clitty as she pumped, stroking downward at an angle. A groan of pleasure escaped me as I lay across her lap, and I opened my legs wider.

"Are you a bad girl, slavey?" She purred.

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped out.

"Should you be punished then?"

"Yes, Mistress," I gasped, "Punish me."

"I will, little slave," she promised.

Part Five

She pumped her fingers faster inside my buttery snatch, and I began to grunt in time to the inward thrusts, bucking my ass helplessly back against her fingers. She stopped suddenly, leaving me light headed and my body crackling with sexual desire and need.

Then I yelped as her hand slapped down on my upturned ass cheeks. She began slapping them repeatedly, the sound of her leather clad hands striking my wiggling buttocks loud in the small room. At fist the pain threatened to obscure the sexual pleasure my body was enveloped in, but then as he slapping hand heated up my ass flesh, it added to that pleasure.

I was panting and whimpering as her hand came down on my ass again and again, making my ass hot and tender. Every fourth or fifth blow she would halt momentarily and thrust two fingers into my snatch, really hard, just jamming them into me to the hilt. When she did that I would cry out and strain upwards, my body quivering.

Suddenly she stopped. I lay tense, panting, quivering, waiting for the next blow to fall, for the fresh burst of pain to cut into my aching buttocks. My senses were reeling from the force of the dizzying sexual excitement gripping me.

Then her hand slapped down hard, not on my buttocks, but on my soft little cunt mound. I gave a startled cry of shock as the biting pain ripped into my super sensitive little cunt pad, so soft, so tender and puffy, so exposed as I bent over her, my legs wide.

My eyes were still bulging wide and my body trembling in response to the blow when her hand slapped down on my cunt mound a second time. Again I cried out, the sharp, stabbing heat roaring through my crazed brain, ripping through my consciousness along with a wave of dizziness and nausea.

Again her hand slapped down on my cunt, even harder, and I came, shaking and writhing on her lap as she held me tightly by the hair, her hand now cracking down in fast, hard little slaps, each

impact throwing me higher and higher into a burning, terrible orgasmic firestorm of dark, savage pleasure.

If you've never had your cunt slapped like that you can't imagine how awesome the blast is to your nervous system, especially one already overloaded to the point of burnout. I shook and thrashed like a crazed maniac as her leather clad hand lashed my soft little fuck pad.

I was crawling and shaking and writhing madly, and almost succeeded in rolling or jerking off her lap, for when some semblance of conscious thought returned I found myself half over her knees, her left hand encircling my waist as she slapped my cunt pad with her right.

She stopped and pulled my wrists together behind my back, snapping the wrist cuffs together. She undid one of the straps on her dildo thing and the leather peeled back, exposing her sweating, dripping cunt mound. She shoved me off her knees and drew my head in between her thighs as she spread her legs.

I lapped at her cunt without awaiting orders, my tongue sliding up into her with eager desire. I flicked it over her clitty as she moaned and wriggled her ass on the chair. She raised her legs around my head and brought her hard spikes down on my back as I knelt there sucking her.

Her head jerked fitfully, her eyes closed as she grunted in pleasure. She came after less than a minute, her cunt sucking on my tongue as I drove it up inside her and sucked out her boiling fuck honey.

She pushed me off and slumped back, panting for breath. She rose finally, dragging me around to the foot of her bed. She stuck my arms back through an opening between the mattress and a round wooden brace that ran between both bed posts. She bent my arms up around the pole and then, ignoring my gasps of pain, fastened the wristcuffs to a ring in the back of my collar.

My wrists were thus pulled up very high behind my back, and I was helplessly bound to the bed, unable to move at all. My round breasts stuck out and up as my upper body was bowed backwards. I was on my knees, my legs spread wide as I sought to ease the very uncomfortable, even painful position I was in.

Carol squatted in front of me. I couldn't see her very well because I had to keep my head back. I could feel her gloved hands though as they caressed my swollen mammaries. One slid down between my legs and started rapidly stroking my pussy slit, digging deep into the pulpy meat.

After the hard spanking, my cunt welcomed the comparative softness of her intimate caress and I whimpered in pleasure, despite the fact that my arms felt ready to snap and the collar was pulling very tightly on my throat.

She bent and began to suck on my right nipple, her mouth delightfully hot and wet as it took the nipple inside. She suckled heavily, her tongue whipping back and forth over the raw little bud inside her mouth. She fingered and pinched the other nipple with one hand as she rubbed my pussy with the other.

Soon I was groaning and whimpering and trembling against the bed, trying to awkwardly pump my snatch against her hand.

She drew back and I closed my eyes, shivering all over. Then I heard the sound of the switch cutting the air. I didn't even have time to brace myself as the thin wood cut down onto the center of my right breast. I was so stunned by the magnitude of the fierce, stabbing pain that I could only gurgle in shock.

My titty burned like it was afire as the switch whizzed through the air again and lashed down on my left tit. This time I screamed in pain, trembling violently against the restraints. I could do nothing, my breasts stuck up hard and round and perfectly presented for her switch as she brought it down again, on my right

breast.

I cried out again and she stopped, going to the closet. She came bag with a leather ball which she easily jammed into my gaping mouth. The ball had strong straps which went around my head and buckled together behind me.

She picked up the switch and lashed it down on my left tit again, then my right, then my left, then my right, each blow falling almost exactly five seconds apart, each impact making my quiver with terrible heated pain and awesome sensory violence.

As she kept lashing my poor breasts though, the pain began to fade, turning into a throbbing, numbed heat. Each new blow was absorbed by the pulsing heat and brought little new pain. Instead my trembling body began to feel a new and different heat, a massive all encompassing sexual yearning and lust.

I was numbed by it all, jerking spastically as I felt each new blow, my eyes watery and glazed, nearly unseeing. Carol stopped briefly, moving away, then she was back. I heard the hissing sound of the switch cutting through the air again, the sound slightly different, the tone lower, then I howled into the gag as a blastwave of pain ripped into me.

My eyes cleared long enough to see that Carol held, not the light switch, but the hard round cain in her hand. She whipped it down again and I saw it strike the center of my left breast, mashing through the soft meat all the way to my ribs, cutting the rounded melon in two halves.

The cain came back up and I saw my jiggling tit meat resume its round form, though with a dark angry red line through the middle. A split second later the wave of agony ripped into me and I shook violently, my head thrashing from side to side.

The cain came down again, and again, and again, batting and battering my soft, malleable tit melons into two burning infernos of aching agonized nerve endings. Tears poured down my cheeks as I endured the horrible burning heat.

Then she halted, bending over me again. Her hands stroked my round, wounded breasts, gliding over the tender red skin. She bent and suckled very lightly on my right nipple. The feeling was bizarrely pleasurable. I'd had my nipples suckled before, but never, ever had I felt anything like that. My nipple were sizzling with intense pleasure as she sucked.

It was something like, I don't know, if she were really sucking milk out of it or something, only, with a deep, burning heat attached to the milk, like she was sucking, not milk, but the very fibre of my being, my sexual soul, not sucking it out of me, but sucking it to the surface, drawing it out from some deep hidden wellspring.

She pulled her lips off it and began sucking on my left nipple. Her fingers rubbed back and forth over the other nipple, and the feeling was so intensely pleasurable, I could hardly stand it. It was like the whipping had turned my nipples into two little clitorises, both ultra sensitive.

The burning heat in my breasts felt like the heating my crotch when I was nearing the peak of arousal. It was incredible and irresistible, and my body began to quiver and jerk in response, roaring upwards into an orgasm, not a cunt orgasm, but a tit orgasm, an orgasm that tore into my tits and chest the same way normal ones did into my crotch.

And yet my cunt was joining in, as the pleasure mounted and my body began to vibrate like a tuning fork, my cunt oozed fuck milk and began to sparkle with heat, as though drawn upwards by fat boiling tit sacks. My nipples were burning embers of pleasure as they shot me upwards into a clamouring, but wrenching orgasm.

I couldn't think, couldn't breath. It was like I was in a different universe, all alone, just my tiny mind amid towering,

roaring liquid waves of intense sexual ecstasy. It was prolonged and terrible, and wonderful. I emerged, after I don't know how long, gasping desperately for air, my chest heaving.

My eyes fluttered as I emerged into the normal universe again. Carol was kneeling between my spread legs. She'd reattached her dildo and was pumping it up into my cunt with hard little thrusting motions. Her tongue was racing across my breasts as her hands massaged them.

I stared at her, gasping and panting, feeling her fingers and lips and tongue on my boiling tit sacks, and the hard thick dildo punching up into my womb, then came again, my body exploding with orgasmic fire, the heat pouring out of me as I quivered and shook like an epileptic.

Carol's hands gripped my buttocks tightly as she fucked up harder and harder, the thick girth of the dildo ensuring it would grind heavily across my clitty as she sucked my tits and jerked my lower body against her hips.

She stood up and ripped off her strap on dildo thing, then squatted over my face, lowering her snatch onto my mouth. But I was just too out of it to even realize what was there let alone do anything. That didn't seem to matter. She was so excited she lowered her snatch pad onto my face and began rubbing herself back and forth.

Her cunt mound rasped heavily across my jaw and lips and nose as she ground herself back and forth with desperate, convulsive movements. Within seconds juice was coating my entire face as she came with a moaning cry of wonder, clutching my hair tightly and mashing her cunt and ass down on my head, nearly snapping my neck as she let all her weight down on my face and bent my head back across the post.

She undid my wrists, or rather, unsnapped them from my collar, then from each other. The wristlets remained locked to my wrists. She removed the tight leather bra thing from my aching melons, allowing them to resume their normal shape. She pulled me into her bed and then lay beside mer, her soft, warm body pressed against mine as we drifted off into sleep.

I woke in the morning to find my wrists locked together in front of me. The leather restraints around my ankle were also linked together. I was alone in her bed. I turned onto my back and looked around, then down at my round titties.

They were still quite red and as very tender. I winced at the sight. I touched them gingerly and they felt sort of... scorched, burned almost. The nipples were ultra, ultra sensitive, and very hot.

I sat up in bed, drawing my knees up to explore the restraints on my ankles. A ring held them together, and I thought I could undo it, but couldn't. It required the use of both hands and though mine were available, they were locked together at the wrists in such a way that I couldn't get the fingers of both hands against the small joined rings at the same time.

I thought about trying to hop across the room to the door, but didn't want to appear like this out in the hallway, and besides, the thought of my aching titties bouncing violently up and down was not an appealing one. I sat back and waited for Carol.

She arrived within a few minutes, carrying a breakfast tray that smelled delicious.

"Awake little slave?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I said. She smiled and knelt beside me on the bed, setting the tray on the night table.

"Hungry?"

"Yes, Mistress, very much," I sighed.

"Maybe I should feed you then, she teased. "Give me your

hands, sweetling." I held out my hands and she raised them above my head, pulling them back behind me. She snapped the cuffs to the headpost and then picked up a bun and pulled it apart. It steamed hotly. She buttered it and tore off a piece, holding it in her hand.

She held it out to me and I licked it out of her hand, munching hungrily. She ripped off another piece and I ate that as well, and the next.

She held a cup of orange juice to my lips and I took several swallows, then she lifted a cover and took out a hot piece of bacon, holding it under my nose before slipping it under my lips. I opened my mouth and she put it inside. I munched down on it.

"How do your boobies feel, slave girl?" she asked.

"Sore, Mistress," I said.

"What about these pretty little nipples?" she rolled my nipples between her fingers and I felt a surge of erotic lust.

"Hot... burning hot, Mistress," I groaned.

"We can't have that, little slave," she said.

She picked up the butter pan and rubbed it slowly back and forth across my left nipple. It felt wonderfully cool on my overheated nips, until she bent and began licking it off, then it steamed. Her tongue slurped across my nipple again and again, until I was panting with throbbing heat.

She buttered up my right nipple and began to lick that as well. Her hand slid down between my legs and she began fingering my clitty as I groaned and wiggled my ass, spreading my thighs apart to open myself to her. I ground my cunt down on her fingers as my body pulsed with sexual desire, then blasted into an all encompassing orgasmic explosion.

When I was back among the living, Carol stopped and freed my wrists from the headpost, unsnapped the two ankle restraints from each other, then pulled me to my feet and led me to the door. I hesitated, pulling back, not wanting the others to see me like I was.

Carol was firm though, opening the door and leading me through and out into the hall. The place was busy as the other sisters hurried back and forth from their rooms to the bathroom, most of them naked or in their underwear. Nobody remarked at my nudity of course, nor on the leather encircling my throat, wrists, and ankles, nor even on the loose tail flowing out of my asshole.

Carol led me into the bathroom, then pushed me under one of the showers. The water poured down over me, soaking me. I stepped back and Carol washed me. I stood passively as she soaped up my hair and face and back and breasts. She was very tender as she rubbed my breasts. Then she soaped up my ass and cunt, then down my thighs and legs to my feet.

She gave me a little push and I went in under the water again, raising my hands above my head as I slowly turned in circles, letting the water wash the soap off me. Carol was waiting with a big fluffy towel. She dried me off, then sat me in front of one of the vanity counters and began to brush and blow dry my hair.

This was not the kind of master slave relationship some of the other girls had. Dog, for instance, was the one who washed Ginny, then did her hair and makeup and dressed her, acting like a servant. Carol didn't need a servant, treating me more like her prized pet.

She led me back to my room and over to my closet. She opened it and picked out what she wanted me to wear, right down to the panties. I was to keep the tail on all day, she instructed, then pulled on my panties, drew on my loose pants and unlinked my wrist cuffs long enough to pull a loose sweater over me.

I didn't wear a bra since my titties were still too sore from last night's beating. She led me downstairs and then we walked out

to classes, separating for a while.

I was acutely aware of the leather cuffs on my wrists and ankles, and of course, the tail which was bunched around my ass by my panties and pants. Fortunately the sweater had long puffy sleeves that hid the wrist cuffs, and my cowboy boots hid the ankle cuffs.

I just hoped I wasn't in an accident. Lord knows what the doctors and nurses would make of me.

I made it through the day, and then went back to the sorority house. I stripped and got into my pledge shift. One of the girls made me remove the tail, saying it didn't look right with the shift, then I started doing my chores and homework.

I was in the basement doing Carol's laundry when I heard a strange noise from a nearby room. I opened the door and peeked inside. Allison was there, naked, hanging from her wrists. Her body was covered in whip marks from head to toe and her hair had all been cut off, her head shaved bald.

My eyes widened as I saw her. I stepped into the room and over beside her.

"Allison?" I said, reaching out and gingerly brushing her cheek. Her eyes opened a little and she stared at me without recognition for a few seconds.

"A... amber?" she whispered.

"You poor thing!" I exclaimed. "I'll get you down."

"Nooo," she gasped. "No, don't."

"But... "

"It... it feels so good, Amber," she croaked.

"But your hair, your beautiful hair!" I groaned.

"I don't care," she gasped. "Amber, get the... the whip."

"What?"

"The whip," she gasped. "There on the table. Whip me."

I looked at the table and saw a thing I recognized from a museum as a Cat O' nine tails. I stared at it in shock, then back at Allison."

"Whip meeee," she moaned.

"I couldn't!"

"Pleeeeasse," she whimpered. "Pleeeassee!"

"Come to join our party, little slut?"

I gasped and whirled around to find Ginny striding through the door, Dog crawling along behind her, as naked and bald as Allison.

"No!" I gasped. "I mean, no, Sister."

"Pity, I'm sure you'd enjoy it." She turned to Allison and gripped her breast, squeezing it harshly. Allison moaned and her feet kicked spasmodically.

"Dirty little slut!" Ginny sneered.

"Yes, Mistress," Allison whimpered.

Ginny lowered the chain until the girl was on her knees on the floor, then she untied her hands and shoved her back on her back.

"Dog!" she snapped, "Eat!"

Dog crawled forward and straddled Allison so her crotch was above Allison's face and her face was over the whimpering girl's crotch, then she let herself down. She began to suck and lick at Allison's cunt as Allison did the same to hers.

I stared in shock, embarrassment and excitement as the two gripped each other's asses and sucked and chewed on each other's cunts.

"Harder! Suck those pussies!" Ginny yelled. She picked up the Cat and began lashing it down across the two as they growled and sucked and chewed at each at each other's cunts. They rolled over and over, Ginny following them and lashing the Cat down on their back and asses and sides. The girls yelped and groaned and cried out in pain but chewed voraciously at each other's crotch.

I backed away towards the door, then turned and hurried out.

I heard a scream of ecstasy that sounded like Allison, but didn't turn back to see. I picked up Carol's laundry and hurried upstairs.

I was carrying the basket when someone grabbed me and pulled me to a halt. Two women were smiling at me, two sisters I vaguely remembered seeing around, but who's names escaped me.

"Well, slut, what are you doing?"

"My Mistress's laundry, Sisters," I said, head bowed.

"Isn't that nice. Put it down."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, setting it down.

"Take off that shift," she ordered.

"Yes, Sister," I said, removing it.

I was feeling sexual tension in my loins as I stripped in front of them. I liked being submissive, being dominated, at least sexually. And they were beautiful. One had short red hair, combed over to her right side. The other was a brunette, with luxurious, teased hair.

"Look at how pink those titties are," the brunette said, her hand cupping my right breast and squeezing it.

"Yes, I suppose Carol beat them properly last night."

"Carol is always too soft on the slaves," the redhead sniffed.

"But she does train them well. Come with us, slave," she ordered.

"Yes, Sister," I replied, following them upstairs and into a bedroom. They both began to strip as I stood there uncertainly. Neither had asked me if I wanted to do anything with them, and I wasn't even sure I did, even though I was feeling very horny.

The redhead was tall, with a slender body and small breasts. The brunette was shorter, but also slender, her breasts only a bit bigger. The redhead motioned me to the bed and I climbed in. She fastened my wrists together behind my back, then pushed me down on my back and squatted over my face.

"Suck me, slut," she ordered, lowering her snatch onto my face. I started sucking and licking as I felt my lower body stroked and squeezed. The brunette half turned me and slid her leg through mine, squatting below me as she brought her cunt mound up against mine.

She shoved her cunt into mine and began a slow grinding motion that made the two cunt pads rub and stroke each other. The redhead turned around on my face so she was looking down my body to the brunette. The two women hugged each other and kissed as they ground themselves down on my body.

The brunette gripped my left tit in her hand and squeezed it cruelly as she mashed her pelvis into mine. She gripped my ass hair with her other hand, using her grip on me for leverage so she could really mash her cunt onto mine.

The redhead humped back and forth on my face, rubbing her pussy against me as I tongued her slit. She also rubbed and squeezed my fat titties as she and the brunette exchanged long, lingering, passionate kisses.

I felt my cunt quivering and trembling with lust as the brunette slapped and ground her soft cunt pad down against my own. I'd never felt someone else's cunt on mine before and found I loved the sensation.

I was trying to concentrate on the redhead's cunt, stuffing my tongue up into her slit as she rubbed it back and forth over my face. I kept whimpering in delight as the brunette humped into my crotch, her pelvis gyrating in slow sensual movements that made my blood boil.

The redhead gripped my head in both hands then and began to bounce wildly up and down, yelping and whining and gasping in delight as she came. I screwed my tongue up deep into her snatch as I felt my own body turning inside out with the advent of my own orgasmic explosion.

The brunette was humping harder and faster against my cunt,

her fingers gouging my tit as she used it to pull herself into me. Her cunt slapped harshly against my own, painfully hard for both of us, yet wonderfully also scorchingly exciting.

She came, gurgling in happiness as she rammed her crotch into mine, our cum juice drooling out between our mashed cunt lips and coating our crotches with its slippery, scented slickness.

Part Six

Carol came home just as I was finishing putting away her laundry. Of course she asked me how my day was and I told her about the two girls fucking me. She scowled at me, saying I was her slave and wasn't allowed to fuck anyone unless she told me to.

I thought that was kind of unfair, since the girls hadn't even asked me whether I wanted to fuck them or not, but Carol wouldn't accept any excuses. She made me bend over, this time with my legs straight and tight together, my arms wrapped around them tightly.

She brought out her switch and began lashing my upturned ass cheeks, the switch criss-crossing the sore red buttocks again and again as she sought to flay every square inch of flesh. After twenty or thirty lashes she put down the switch and took up her cane, then began to really beat my sore bottom.

The switching had ached, but had formed a kind of pulsing numbness over my ass flesh, so the cane, even though it hurt more, didn't have the affect it would have had she used it first. I clutched my legs tightly, grinding my fat breasts from side to side against my thighs as I pressed my head against my knees.

I was panting and groaning, both with pain and excitement. Again, it was as much the sensuousness of the whole scene that made me hot as anything else. My mind was spinning with lust even though she hadn't touched my body, except with her switch and cane.

"All right, Amber, get on your hands and knees," she ordered. I shakingly lowered myself to all fours, looking up at her like a dog. She moved around behind me and stuffed a thick metal vibrator into my gaping slit, twisting and turning it until it was buried within me. Then she moved to the closet and pulled out a ping pong paddle.

"Crawl forward to the foot of the bed," she ordered. I did so and gripped the bedposts as she snapped the wristcuffs to brackets there. My chest and belly sagged somewhat as I knelt awkwardly before the bed, but she didn't complain. Instead she knelt beside me.

She raised the paddle, which I thought was meant for my ass cheeks, and instead swung it hard against the side of my left titty. My fat titties was hanging below me like udders, meaty and soft and vulnerable. The paddle slammed into the side of my boob with a meaty thwack of noise, followed almost at once by my scream of pain.

I jerked back, but my wrists were locked tightly in front of me. My titty burned with pain as it was smashed sideways into the other one, then it wobbled and jiggled and bounced before it settled into place again.

"Shut up and stay still!" she snapped, whipping the paddle down against my titty again, then again, then again, spanking my aching tit mound with a flurry of blows that made it bounce and jerk wildly.

I clenched my teeth tightly, sweat streaming down my face as I fought against the agony in my burning tit sack. Carol halted,

stepped across me, then knelt and began paddling my right titty, smacking and cracking the paddle down again and again, changing angles and directions often.

I closed my eyes, whimpering and moaning as the heat rose in my chest. Carol lay the paddle flat on the floor beneath me, then began smacking it straight up into my titties, first one, then the other, mashing and slapping the sore meaty melons as I began yelping and grunting in pain, no longer able to suppress it.

She stopped finally, and I fell, or would have fallen, but for my bound wrists. As it was I hung from the bedposts, my aching chest pressed against the footboard while the rest of my body trembled and jerked on the floor.

Carol stripped naked, then freed my wrists from the bed. She dragged me across the room by the ankle, my wounded titties scraping across the rug as I yelped and cried in pain. I rolled over onto my back to take some of the pain off my titties and saw her drag a chair over, placing it right next to me.

I watched as she fetched a long chain and stood on her toes to slip it through a round metal bracket fixed to the roof. She moved the chair a couple of feet and again stood up on it to fix another long chain through a similar bracket six feet to one side of the other.

In spite of the pain in my titties I became excited all over again because I knew what she was doing, she was going to hang me from the chains, and I thought that was a fantastically erotic thing. I was eager for it as she moved the chair away and bent over me with one of the chains.

But instead of fixing it to my wrist cuff she snapped it to one of my ankle cuffs. She fixed the second chain to the other ankle, then pulled them down until all the slack was out of the chains.

"Raise your legs," she ordered.

I raised my legs straight up, and she pulled more slack tight in the chains.

"Stand up on your head, Amber," she ordered. That wasn't something I'd ever done, but I tried, and with her pulling on the chains, taking up the slack every time my feet rose a little, it proved fairly easy to raise myself up so I was, not on my head, but on my hands.

My arms were straight down below me, holding me off the floor, while the chains held tight to my ankles, keeping me from falling over to one side. The chains pulled my ankles apart as well as up, pulling them further apart the higher I pushed myself.

Carol walked to the wall and slid both chains through another bracket, one I hadn't noticed before, then she braced her foot against the wall and pulled hard. I gasped as my hands left the floor. Carol pulled me up only a foot or so higher, then locked the chain in place somehow.

I was left hanging by my ankles, my legs wide apart and my hands hanging straight down below me. Carol came over to me and pulled my arms up behind my back, then locked them together there. I moaned in excitement. I felt so slutty and erotic and carnal, so sexually vulnerable to her every whim

I still had the vibrator in my snatch. I had been gripping it tightly until Carol had raised me upside down but now gravity kept it inside me, happily chewing and buzzing at my cunt flesh. My body buzzed in sympathy and my belly fluttered in anticipation.

Carol stepped in front of me and I discovered that my head was at the exact level of her crotch. She rubbed her pussy into my face and I began to lick and suck on her slit as she did the same to mine. She pumped the vibrator slowly in and out of my fuck tunnel as I whimpered and sucked at her cunt, working my tongue inside her.

I concentrated on her clitty as my tongue pushed between her cunt lips, slurping and lapping at the little fuck button as my own pussy burned with desperate pleasure.

Carol's hands rubbed over my buttocks as she sucked on my clit and pumped the vibrator. I began to shake helplessly, finding it more and more difficult to concentrate on her clitty. Then I came, grunting furiously as a storm of sexual heat ripped along my spine, churning up my guts and chest with its ferocious onslaught of intense pleasure.

Carol gripped my head in both hands and squeezed it tightly between her thighs as she humped into me. She groaned in pleasure, mashing my face into her burning wet fuck mound, rubbing herself against me too fast for me to work my tongue against her.

She gave a moan of satisfaction and stumbled back, sitting on her bed. She lay back for a long minute, then sighed and got up, going to her closet and dressing. She went out, leaving me hanging there without a word. My head was aching from the rush of blood down to it. I'd been able to ignore that in my heat but it was no starting to throb painfully.

I waited, hoping she would be back quickly, that she was just going to the bathroom or something. I kept looking at the clock on her night table, watching the minutes drift by. After a few minutes my pussy began to heat up again because of the vibrator inside it.

I squeezed repeatedly on my cunt muscles, wishing the vibrator could pump in and out, and wishing I could grind my thighs together.

Unfortunately, I could do nothing, and with no direct contact with my clitty, the vibrator couldn't make me cum. Instead it kept me in an extended state of hypersexual excitement, my loins burning with need, but without the contact on my clitty it needed to explode and relieve the agonizing high pressure building inside me.

An hour passed, then two. The door opened finally, but it wasn't her that came in, but another of the sisters.

She looked surprised to see me, but then smiled in excited pleasure. She closed the door behind her, and came into the room, stopping before me.

"What are you doing, Pledge?" she asked.

"No... nothing, si... sister," I gasped.

She slid her hand onto my pussy and rubbed it softly, then pulled her hand up.

"You're soaking wet, pledge," she grinned, "Or should I say, slave girl?"

She gripped the tip of the vibrator and eased it slowly up my cunt pipe. I whimpered and panted furiously as the vibrator slid across my clit, my pulse rate shooting upwards.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! OHHHH!" I gasped, "Oh Yes!"

"Certainly are a hot little thing, aren't you?" She purred.

She pulled the vibrator completely out of my slit and left my gaping, drooling cunt cleft completely alone, instead lowering her panties and pressing her own snatch against my mouth.

"Suck me, slave," she demanded.

"Ye... ye... ye... yes, si... sister," I whimpered, pushing my shaking tongue out and licking all around her cunt mound, moistening her pussy hair as I lapped again and again at her cunt opening. She slid her hands up and down my legs and thighs, but didn't touch my slit. Two or three seconds hard rubbing on my clit would have set me off but she wouldn't do it.

Instead she slid her hands up and down my sides and hips, her hands gliding lightly until they reached my head, then she gripped my thick blonde hair and used it as a leash, jerking my head forward and up into her snatch.

She ground herself down on my face as I slurped desperately on her cunt slit, sucking out thick gooey fuck milk as she humped

herself into me.

She grunted and sighed in pleasure as she rode my face, twisting and pulling my hair whenever I didn't lick aggressively enough. It took long minutes of licking to bring her off, and then all she did was pull up her pants, shove the vibrator deep into my snatch again, and wave goodbye as she left.

She must have passed word around of what was in Carol's room, because another girl came in a few minutes later, and again removed her panties and made me suck her. Another girl came in before I'd even finished her and watched with a smirk on her face.

She took her place over my face as soon as the other one moved back. When I finished sucking her there were four more girl waiting in the room. Each took her turn on my face, grunting and sighing as they pulled at my hair and mashed their crotches into my mouth.

Their hands stroked across my body, but refused to touch my crotch, or the vibrator purring inside me. One girl squeezed my aching titties hard, digging her nails into the soft meat, but didn't do it long enough to push me over the edge.

I was half delirious with sexual exhaustion, having been near the peak of a sexual high for hours and never crossed. My body was burning with lust and demanding an orgasm, yet I could do nothing to bring it about. And then Carol was there, glaring at me as I sucked off the seventh or eighth girl and she left.

"I thought I told you you weren't to fuck with anyone without my permission you dirty little slut!" she snarled.

"Mi... Mistress," I moaned, "Mis... mis... missssstreeeeeessss... "

I had been upside down so long that my head felt like a cantaloupe. I thought it might burst from all the blood that had fallen to it over the past several hours. I had a terrible headache that was almost, but not quite able to take my mind off the aching need in my groin.

"Filthy little animal," she said. She went to the closet and pulled out a long thick belt, doubling it and slapping one of her hands lightly. I moaned weakly, wanting her to suck my pussy again, but instead she raised the belt high and slashed it down directly onto my pussy mound.

I screamed feeling both the jolt of agony and the searing bolt of exquisite pleasure, my cunt willing to accept any kind of stimulation at this point to get me off. Even without the vibrator I think my clitty would have been buzzing and vibrating with need.

She swung the belt down again and it slapped firmly against my crotch, striking both my clitty and asshole. I screamed again, the scream turning into a gurgling moan of pleasure as the blast of sexual heat grew inside me. Again the belt lashed against my cunt, and again there was the dual explosion of pain and pleasure.

She slashed it down a fourth time and I came, my entire body going nova, turning inside out, my head exploding in a mass of blaring crackling overheated nerve synopses. I howled and screamed and wailed in manacle glee, so much so that she quickly stuffed a gag into my mouth.

I shook frantically, my body twisting and turning on the chains like a fish on the end of a hook. My belly and cunt were streaming heat like a volcano, and I wondered she wasn't cooked by it as she stood beside me, slashing the belt down on my cunt as fast as her arm would move.

The agony was more wonderful than anything I could describe, the orgasm hotter, deeper, more all possessing than any that had come before it. My head, already throbbing and pulsing with the terrible pressure of the blood inside it, couldn't cope and after long seconds of twisting and thrashing I blanked out.

Carol used smelling salts to bring me back, though I was at best, half conscious as she pulled on the chains and raised me

higher and higher. The higher I got the wider the chains pulled my legs, until, as I neared the roof, my legs were being ripped apart in opposite directions so that I was doing the splits, way up near the roof.

She tied off the chains and left me like that as she left the room. I was only partly conscious and aware only of the deep, wonderful warmth in my body. It was long minutes before the sharp aching in my thighs seeped through to my mind, and more minutes before I was aware of where I was and what I was doing there.

Other girls came into the room every little while, but seemed disappointed to find me out of reach. A few gave tentative pulls on the chains, but Carol had locked them in place and taken the key, so all they could do was shrug and leave.

Finally Carol came back for me, and lowered me towards the floor. She eased my quivering body down until my head was almost touching the rug, then locked the chains in place again.

She moved away and then returned wearing a strap-on dildo. Her crotch was now the same height as mine and she had no difficulty sliding the vibrator, now almost dead, out of my steaming snatch and easing the thick black dildo down into me.

I groaned as the dildo pushed into my snatch. Unlike the vibrator it was not slick metal but skin-like rubber, designed to rub across pussy flesh. Carol buried the long, thick dildo in my burning belly, then gripped my buttocks for leverage as she began to fuck me.

I was still hot, in a seemingly permanent state of sexual lust, even after the powerful orgasm I'd undergone, and her pumping quickly reignited my steaming fuck pad and set it into quivering spasms of pleasure. She fucked hard and steady, using the full length of the dildo to pound into my cunt pipe.

I came furiously, then again, then yet again, whimpering and moaning and crying, actually sobbing as the cums ripped through me one after the other. My head was in a daze from being upside down all these hours and the cums did nothing to restore my dazed thinking processes.

I think I must have been practically delirious because I remember little beyond this point, other than terrible pleasure, orgasms upon orgasms in a seemingly never ending parade until I lost consciousness entirely.

I should say at this point that I was far from an ordinary new pledge. There were ten pledges now, the original five being added to by an identical ceremony a few days later, and only Allison and I were slave girls. Even two were a high number, sometimes no slaves were found in a year. Dog wasn't a slave, or at least, not a dorm slave. She was the personal property of Ginny, and under only her orders.

As I said, I had always loved and found bondage exciting and arousing. Coming here I had realized a similar excitement for pain, at least, pain in a sexual context. I don't know why that should be, what it was within myself that so responded to such punishment and torment, but it was powerful and beyond my control, even if I'd wanted to control it, which I didn't.

I loved it all, even the degradation and verbal abuse, the humiliating submissiveness to other girls and women my own age, the exposing of my very self, my flesh and mind and consciousness to them for their abuse and ill treatment.

While the other girls, the new pledges, underwent their final initiation, I was kept enchained, buried in the bottom of a box in Carol's bedroom. I was initiated in a separate ritual the next evening, attended by all the sisters, and several honourary guests, including several graduates and teachers.

Allison and I were led into the room naked, and without

anything on, not even the leather cuffs. Allison's hair was a small stubble, just beginning to cover her scalp. It would take it a while since the hair was so light.

We knelt, then prostrated ourselves in front of Sissy, who stood before a giant emblem of the sorority. All the other sisters and guests were gathered around us watching. My heart was pounding as I knelt proudly, knowing all of them lusted after my naked body.

"We are here," Sissy spoke," not to initiate these two, for initiation bespeaks acceptance, the passing of an obstacle followed by reception into our ranks. These two are not to be received, but tolerated only, for they are lower than all other forms of life upon the earth, lower even than pledges, lower than the cockroaches in the gutters or slugs in the earth... the are slaves."

"Slaves," the others chanted.

"A slave has no identity, no personality, no will. It has no possessions and no rights, it is suffered to live only by the greatest of generosity. To repay that generosity, it must obey."

"Obey!" the others chanted.

"The only mission of the slave is to obey,"

'Obey!" they chanted.

"The only thought in a slave's mind is to obey."

"Obey!"

"A slave is not a person, nor even a creature, but a thing, a tool or instrument or device. And yet, unlike these other things which were created as they are and have no conscious thought, the slave chose to be what it is and so we hold it in contempt."

"Contempt!"

"It is a vile, low thing to be treated with disdain. No insolence is accepted, no hesitation at any order is to be tolerated, no lack of respect, endured. Any resistance, any refusal, any impudence or deficiency, will be punished."

"Punished!"

"Punished," she repeated.

"Punished," they all cried.

"You," she said, looking at me for the first time, "Are a filthy, evil slut, a whore who's brains lie in her cunt, who's existence is devoted to her own pleasure. You have no pride, no dignity, and no self-respect. You are a disgrace and an insult to all of womanhood. You are cast out."

"Cast out!"

"You become property, a mere possession of this chapter, to do with as we see fit even unto death."

"Unto death."

"You are a cock swallowing fuck hole, a toy built for pleasuring men. We have seen your filthy desire, the hunger of your hole to be filled, the desperation to swallow anything put in its reach. But you are ours, and we will use you as we see fit... Slave."

"Slave!" they all chanted. I hung my head, both humiliated and excited, mortified and aroused, humiliated and exquisitely stimulated.

"Crawl forward, slave, on your belly," she ordered.
I did so, dragging myself across the cold stone until I was just in front of her.

"Kneel, slave."
I knelt, my back straight, head low.

"Receive then, the tokens of your servitude."

She took a heavy collar, made of rough metal and pulled it around my throat. Another girl leaned forward and locked it in place. My arms were lifted high above my head and thick shackles locked around my wrists. Shackles were locked to my ankles as well, and a chain with many rings was locked around my waist.

A hooded girl brought forth a thick chain and Sissy took it,

holding it in the air.

"Servitude," she cried.

"Servitude," the others chanted. Sissy held it to the two sisters, who locked it to the shackles on my wrists.

"Obedience," Sissy cried, holding another thick chain aloft.

"Obedience," the others said, as the chains were fastened to the shackles on my ankles. All four chains were then pulled together and locked together to the front of the chain around my waist.

Sissy spun me around, gripping my hair and pulling it back and down sharply, making me cry out as my chest was thrust out at the assembled women.

"Slave!" she cried.

"Slave!" the others cried back. Sissy shoved me hard and I stumbled on the chains, falling to the stone floor in front of the sisters.

Switches were suddenly raised, a forest of them, and the sisters surrounded me as I lay there, whimpering. Then they all slashed down at me, a whirling hurricane of angry wooden pain cracking and whipping and snapping against every inch of my body. I screamed in pain and fear, rolling over and over and over, trying to protect myself as the switches cut into my ass and legs and cunt and tits and face and back and arms and feet and everywhere else.

Unshod feet kicked at me, in the belly, the tits, the crotch, and even in the face. Several bent forward to sink their fists into my belly or crotch or breasts. drew myself into trembling ball and moaned and wept until they finally were done with me and drew back.

I lay there weeping, whimpering, shaking with fear and pain, my body covered in bruises and cuts.

Then I felt a wetness strike my cheek, then another then many more as though it were raining. I blinked my eyes as I realized the sisters were all spitting on me, repeatedly. I groaned and tried to at least cover my face. Then a chain was snapped onto the back of my collar and I was dragged across the floor to the wall. The chain was fastened against the wall, forcing me to sit back against it.

They spit again and again, then one of the sisters raised her robe and squatted over me. A stream of piss poured down onto my head and face as I wept in misery. More girls drew up around me and one at a time, released their bladder on my shaking body.

I couldn't even cover my face since the chains linking my wrists to the belt were too short. I was soon soaking with piss from head to foot, my hair plastered against my scalp by it.

A switch slashed across my face and I cried out in pain.

"Open your mouth slave!" a voice snarled, not for the first time. I hadn't really noticed the other order. I dazedly parted my lips, opening my mouth wide as another sister squatted over me and let her piss stream down onto my face.

Piss poured into my mouth and flooded out without my swallowing. I moaned, my head falling back against the wall. I looked up through bleary eyes and saw Emma squat over me, her eyes excited as she hiked up her robe. Then she pissed down on me, concentrating on my mouth.

I groaned again, then began to swallow as a terrible thirst overcame me. She pissed for long seconds, until she was empty, then pulled back. Sissy stepped forward again, sneering down at me.

"Raise your legs, slave and draw them back," she ordered.

Dazedly, I drew my knees up to my chest, spreading my legs apart as I slumped in the chains. She held a long pole in her arms, the end rounded. It was very thick. She held it against my crotch and then thrust hard. I screamed as the immensely thick instrument punched against my cunt entrance, mashed my lips aside and tried to pierce my body.

She ground it from side to side, twisting the pole as she forced it into me. I yowled and screamed and whined, wriggling and shaking and thrashing madly as she forced it into me, inch by slow inch, prying my cunt lips wide, bloating out my cunt pipe wider than it had ever been before. An inch, then two, then five, then ten, and stills he pushed down, spearing me with the immense pole, slipping another inch, then another, then another into my tortured fuck tunnel.

I came.

My whole brain, my very existence flashed into overload and I became a quivering, trembling, grunting thing jammed into the corner. I made strange, guttural noises as my body flopped and shook. The whole group of them gathered around me as Sissy began to pump the pope in my fuck pipe, jabbing the tip hard against my cervix again and again as she plumbed the depths of my fuck pit with savage force.

I came, screaming. I came, howling. I came, convulsing in agony. I came, wriggling and flailing insanely.

And then everything went gray. They left me there and returned to the center of the room, where Allison was now being enslaved. I remember seeing and hearing the entire ceremony, witnessing as she was degraded and chained, then beaten and whipped and pissed on, but I was in a mind blanked state, where I couldn't think anything. It was like the lights were on, you know, but nobody was home.

And then she was beside me, her collar chained to the same bracket on the wall mine was linked to, and piss was streaming against both of us. I felt her turn against me, her piss soaked flesh pressing against mine. She kissed me, and automatically, I opened my mouth to return it.

Our tongue roved together as we kissed hungrily, our hands squeezing and caressing each other's breasts, fingers thrusting into each other's cunts. Piss and spit poured down on us as we made love, chained there to the wall, our bodies writhing together.

I came again.

Part Seven

It was a bizarre, schizophrenic existence, being a sorority slave. During the day I would attend classes just like the other girls, and be required to use my mind and brains, to think clearly and question things. Then I would go back to the sorority house, where I would immediately strip and don the chains of slavery, where I must close off all thinking lest I question or hesitate or give offense.

I was a beast, or less than that, an it, a device or tool, with no more heart or feelings than a kitchen appliance, to be used however the sisters desired. One rule only was applied, and that with Ginny in mind, neither of us were to have our heads shaved, the sisters preferred their slaves pretty.

We no longer slept in beds, unless it was someone elses. Each of us was given a blanket on the floor of the lounge. We were in chains at all times, and must always answer Mistress, to anyone who talked to us, and not talk unless we were spoken to first.

There were no longer any rules books. Punishments were given for whatever reason a sister or group of sisters desired, whether we had done something wrong or not. Some of the sisters punished us just to hear us scream, being sadistic bitches.

The very next morning, which was a weekday, I and Allison were

roused from our sleep by kicks to the belly and hips. We had slept together in the basement, our arms around each other for comfort and warmth. Now we were released from the wall, and kicked across to a nearby door which opened onto the unfinished section of the basement.

There, standing over a drain, we were sprayed with cold water from a hose, then given soap and ordered to clean each other thoroughly. After we had soaped each other up and then been washed off twice, the sisters moved in and gave us a third, far more exhaustive cleaning.

They used rough brushes to scrub our bodies, the cruel brush scraping painfully against our skin, especially over our faces, our breasts, and between our legs. Then another brush, a round, pipe cleaner, was shoved up our pussies, to clear them out. At the last we were each given an enemy, then, after we had dumped the contents into a toilet, the pipe cleaner brush reamed out our assholes.

Clean inside and out, we were led cold and shivering in our chains, back to the finished portion of the basement where several sisters had gathered. A sawhorse was in front of them, and Allison and I were bent back across it.

My left leg and wrist were fastened to one leg, Allison's right leg and wrist to the other. Then our free wrists and ankles were fastened together. We were bent back painfully hard, our spines threatening to snap from the pressure, especially as the sawhorse dug painfully into the middle of our backs.

I heard Allison shrieking in pain but didn't know what was happening to her until I felt a sharp stabbing at my cunt. I jerked and trembled, then cried out in pain as the stabbing grew in intensity. I felt something very sharp sticking into my labia at the base of my cunt slit.

I cried and jerked and twisted, but could do nothing to ease the pain. It burned painfully, and I couldn't even see what was going on. Fingers fooled with my cunt, but in an unsexual way, not touching my clitty or pushing inside me or anything.

Then a woman came around in front of the sawhorse and I looked up at her through wide eyes. She said nothing, but saw in a chair right next to me and leaned over, a pair of pliers in her hand. I whimpered as she squeezed my left breast, mashing the flesh out, then gripped the tip of the nipple with the pliers and clamped the teeth down.

I screamed horribly, and someone stuffed a gag in my mouth to shut me up. I continued to scream into the gag as the woman pulled on my nipple, stretching it up away from my breast. A sister gave her a long needle and she moved it towards my nipple. I screamed frantically, first in pain, then in pain as the needle touched the side of my nipple, and pushed inward.

I could do nothing to resist, to pull myself free as the needle pushed into my agonized little nipple, and pierced it, sliding right through and out the other side. The woman slid the needle back and forth a couple of times, then withdrew it. A sister handed her a small gold ring and she inserted that in the hole in my nipple.

She shifted the chair around to my other side and then repeated the act, clamping the pliers down on my right nipple, drawing it up cruelly, then stabbing it with the needle, piercing it all the way through, then slipping a gold ring in place.

She turned and pierced Allison's nipples as well, for which I was so grateful I could have cried, were I not already crying. It wasn't just the relief of the pain going away, but the relief of thinking I was done. i had been afraid, once she'd made her purpose clear, that she would push the needle through my nose so I would have a ring there, just like Dog had. The sisters evidently preferred otherwise. Our noses were not pierced.

The woman was standing over me, glaring down. She slapped my face suddenly, just to get my attention.
"Don't touch these rings. Understand, slave?"
I nodded frantically and she went away. My back was aching, and my nipples and cunt felt sore too, but they didn't release us right away. The sisters removed the gags from out mouths and then made us suck them off.

I sucked five of them. I didn't count the ones Allison sucked. After that we were let up and ordered to clean the floor where we had been pissed on the other night. One woman wanted me to mop it up with my hair but the others said no, not for my benefit but because they didn't want to have to wash me again.

So with rags and brushes, Allison and I crawled around on our hands and knees and cleaned up the floor. I examined the rings as I moved around. They looked rather sweet dangling from my nipples. I couldn't see the one down in my cunt very well, there being no mirrors around, and I was forbidden to touch it.

After we'd finished that we were brought upstairs, and ordered to begin cleaning the floors there. We were given toothbrushes to do the job, our own toothbrushes, but the work went even slower than it should have because we were constantly being interrupted by one or another sister wanting her pussy sucked.

We worked hard all day doing the cleaning, cooking, and other chores, then one of the sister's pulled me away from that and took me downstairs to the unfinished part of the bathroom. There she washed me, much as though she were washing a car, with the same rough brushes as before, then she brushed and dried my hair and put a little perfume on me.

"All right slut, now go to the Guest room."
"Yes, Mistress," I said. I went up to the top floor and knocked on the door, then knelt in front of it. The door was opened by a woman in her mid thirties. She had straight brown hair, one side down to her shoulder, the other side just over her ear. She looked down at me with a sneering expression of contempt.

"Come inside, slave," she ordered. I rose and came inside and she closed the door behind me.

"Did I tell you to get on your knees, whore?" she asked.

"No, Mistress," I said, dropping to my knees again.

"Then why did you do it, slut?"

"I don't know, Mistress," I said.

"Because you're an insolent cunt whore."

"Yes, Mistress," I said.

"Cheap, two bit fucking bitch!" she snarled, gripping my hair and twisting my head up and back. I winced and panted as pain assaulted me. She ran her eyes up and down my body, then flung me forward. I caught myself before my face would have hit the floor, then knelt on all fours.

She walked around me, examining me.

"What a perfect little wet dream," she sniffed. "I bet the boys all want to fuck you, don't they?"

"Yes, Mistress."
She put her foot up on my ass, then reached forward and gripped my thick blonde hair again, jerking my head up and back.

"And you just love that, don't you, fuck hole? You'll do anything to get that pussy of yours filled up."

"Yes, Mi... mistress," I gasped.

"Only a filthy, contemptible slut would want to kneel there and stick her ass in the air so some hairy pig of a man could rut into you. No real woman would allow a dirty stinking male organ inside herself."

"No, Mistress," I whined.

She let go of my hair and shoved with her foot, knocking me forward to the ground.

"Stand up, slut."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, standing and facing her. She unhooked my manacles from the chains, tossing the chains on the floor.

"I don't need chains to control you, whore," she said.

"No, Mistress," I said.

"Get against the wall. Spread your arms and legs and put your hands up against the wall. Yeah, that's it, just like a criminal you cheap, stinking trollop!"

She undid her dressing gown. Beneath she wore a merry widow's outfit, all in black, black stockings, garter belt, bustier and G-string. She had spiked high heeled shoes as well.

"I didn't say you could turn around, Whore!"

"No, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress," I said.

"You will be, cunt."

She moved behind me.

"Keep your ass sticking out and don't move."

"Yes, Mistress," I said, trembling a little in anticipation.

Then a terrible blast of pain ripped into my round ass cheeks. I screamed, but by a tremendous effort, remained in place, my hands flat against the wall. I heard her laugh, then there was another terrible, sharp, ripping pain in my ass. She was using neither a cane or a switch on me but I didn't know what it was since I wasn't allowed to turn around.

It struck my ass again, and I gurgled in agony, my ass flesh steaming with burning pain. Again it struck me, like the other blows, it was a heavy blow, almost like a kick in the ass, but with so much more pain I could hardly stand it.

"Like the taste, slut? Better get used to it. It's a riding crop, something made for controlling animals. Though you hardly even qualify as that."

Again the crop slammed into my buttocks, then again, then again, each blow making my skin crackle with awful pain, each tearing a cry of anguished torment from my throat.

"Stick that ass out more, slut, and spread your legs more too."

"Ye... yes, Mistress," I whimpered, spreading my legs apart even more and pooching my ass out. I closed my eyes, moaning, then the riding crop cracked against my buttocks, making me scream again.

"You're a cheap slut, aren't you slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," I sobbed.

"You deserve this, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress." The pain was already being obscured by the deep, throbbing heat that was oozing out of my flesh back there. Further blows struck my ass but I kept myself from screaming, though I sobbed from time to time.

She halted at last, and I wondered if my whole ass was a tattered bloody mess, but then her hand cupped my ass cheeks and slid along my fiery red skin, and I detected no wetness or break.

"Nice red ass," she sneered. Her hand slid between my thighs and cupped my pussy mound, then squeezed so hard I thought I would black out. I stumbled back against her and her other arm instantly went around my throat, locking me in place as I strained upwards on my toes, whimpering and crying in pain as her hand continued to squeeze my cunt flesh.

"Dirty whore," she hissed. "I told you not to move. Now you'll have to be punished more."

She flung me back against the wall, hard, but her hand came off my pussy and I wept with relief, resuming the position I had held before, waiting for her to whip my ass again. Instead I felt her finger thrust up into my cunt sheath and pump in and out.

"Dirty stinking slut," she snarled, adding a second finger. "I should bring a hundred men in here and rape your cunt till it

bleeds!"

She moved away and I hung my head, gasping and panting and groaning in pain. She returned and I braced myself, but instead of whipping my ass I felt her probe against my snatch with something rubber or plastic. Her hands gripped my hips and then she thrust it hard into my gash.

The pain was awful, and it came from inside me rather than out as the tremendously thick instrument was forced into my fuck box. It rammed up into me as the woman chuckled close behind me, her fingers digging into my hips as the thing impaled me.

"Like that I bet," she snickered, her thighs in between mine as I felt her hips smash into my buttocks. It was a strap-on dildo then, I thought. Well, that was good. I wanted a nice hard fucking now that my ass had been whipped.

"Whore! You were built to swallow cock, weren't you?" she hissed.

"Yes, Mistress," I groaned, my belly cramping a little as the thick dildo punched against the bottom of my fuck box. She began pumping the thing in and out of me violently, twisting her hips from side to side and raping the cock into my hole as savagely as she could, determined that I not enjoy it.

"Dirty little cock eater!" she snarled, humping hard into me, slamming her hips against my buttocks with jarring force as she pounded the dildo up my tunnel. Her hands came around beneath my arms and squeezed my breasts, her fingers working roughly on the sensitive mammaries as she cruelly kneaded the tender flesh.

I spread my legs a little more, groaning as the thick dildo pistoned in and out of my sucking fuck tunnel. My hole was moist and seeping with juice as the long dildo pounded into me. The woman, whatever her name was, thrust upwards angrily, ramming the thing up into my belly as hard as she could, ripping it back and forth in my fuck pipe.

When she wasn't fisting my sore titties, she was slapping my ass or the side of my head, or pulling my hair back hard. It didn't matter. All that mattered to me was that hard grinding pump of that dildo as it grated across my clitty and pounded up into my belly.

"Slut!" she growled. "Whore! Stinking man toy!"

I just grunted and moaned in time to her hard driving thrusts, luxuriating in the heat spreading out form my belly as the hard dildo churned up and down inside my abdomen. She pulled my hair, forcing my head so far back it was practically upside down, then seized my right tit and twisted it sadistically. I cried out in pain but the pleasure only grew as she continued to rape my cunt with her big dildo.

"You're being far too easy on her, Cynthia." A voice said. The pumping eased as the woman's attention was diverted. I moaned weakly, on the edge of what I knew would be a massive orgasm.

"What the fuck do you want?" the woman demanded. "I'm not finished with the little whore."

"Just thought I'd come and watch." I realized now the voice was Ginny's. I wondered if Dog was here too.

"Watch then, while I pound this slut's cunt to jelly."

"Don't you realize she's getting off on it, silly?" Ginny sneered.

"Just look at how shiny it is when you pull it out." The woman, Cynthia, pulled the dildo out of me and held it so only the tip was in my gash.

"See? That's not blood, dear, that's pussy juice. The little whore loves getting her cunt used."

"Dirty slut!" Cynthia raged.

"Pull it out, dear. We don't want to make her happy now, do we?"

The dildo slid out of my hole and my cunt lips closed wetly.

I moaned in regret, desperate for my cum, which hovered just barely out of reach.

"I didn't think anyone was slut enough to get off on that," Cynthia growled.

"This one could get off on a knife up her cunt," Ginny's voice said in amusement. "Watch this."

I felt a hand on my pussy mound, two fingers thrust up into me and another rubbed at my clitty. I whimpered, grinding my ass back in slow circles, my breathing coming in rapid pants.

"Dirty slut!" Cynthia snarled.

The hand moved away. My head was hanging straight down, so I saw the knee as it slammed up into my crotch. The sight was followed a moment later by intense agony, nausea and dizziness.

"Like that, whore?" Ginny sneered. I almost fell, then the knee hammered up into my cunt pad again, with such force this time that it actually threw me into the air a couple of inches. I dropped down, my legs too rubbery to hold me as my hands slid down the wall.

I whimpered in dizziness, assaulted by the twin sensations of pleasure and pain, two heads of a powerful blast of sensations ripping through my cunt. A foot hammered into my cunt and slammed my face against the wall as I gargled in confusion and wept.

I slid down the wall, until my face was on the floor. Legs straddled my body, and hands slid under my belly, lifting it upwards, raising my ass, then someone kicked me in the cunt again, slamming my head into the wall and sending another wave of nausea, dizziness, pain, and.. and yes, pleasure into my tumbling, overloaded system.

Again the foot slammed into my cunt, and again, and again, and again, each blow smashing me into the wall, each blow sending a flooding wash of emotions and sensations through my buzzing, bleary, churning system. The blows increased in speed and became a rapid tattoo against my cunt mound.

I retched. If I'd eaten anything no doubt I would have thrown up, but since I hadn't had a thing to eat in more than twenty-four hours all I did was choke as my head spun and my system trembled and shook with agony. then another blow hammered against my fuck pad... and I came.

I didn't know at the time I was coming. My mind was a whirling bobbing screaming ball, tumbling through a featureless void where bright, multi-colored lights flashed and exploded, buffeted by high winds, burned and frozen, yet screaming with pleasure, a pleasure who's source I knew not. I knew nothing at all, wrapped within myself as the ecstasy of a magnificent orgasmic storm swept through my body.

I don't think I lost consciousness. I suppose it depends on how you define consciousness. I was totally unaware of my surroundings for some time. When I did slowly become aware of myself and what was around me I realized I was hanging from my wrists, which were locked together above my head.

I swung a little, my body hanging down so far below me, my toes jerking and twitching. Ginny was still here, and so was Cynthia. Dog was here too, on her knees sucking Cynthia, who was sitting on the edge of her bed, legs apart. Ginny was kneeling behind Dog, fucking her with a strap-on dildo. Dog didn't seem to be getting as much enjoyment out of it as I did.

Of course, that was because she was a pure lesbian, I remembered, and one of the most awful things Ginny did to her was invite men to fuck her. Dog hated being fucked, but of course had no say in the matter.

Ginny noticed I was awake then and pulled the dildo out of Dog's cunt, standing up and coming over to me.

"Back with us, slave?" she taunted. She slapped my face hard,

knocking my head to one side, then slapped me again, knocking my head in the other direction.

"Is there anything we can do to you that won't make you cum, dirty little whore?"

"I don't know, Mistress," I moaned.

She pulled on my nipple rings till I winced in pain.

"Maybe we could rip off your pretty little nipples. Would that get you off, whore?"

"I don't know, Mistress," I gritted.

She slapped my face again, but let go of the rings. She picked up the riding crop and moved around behind me, and I felt her hand stroking my ass cheeks.

Then I screamed as the crop slammed into my back. My body swung violently around as my legs kicked out. I danced in agony, swinging and twisting in the chains.

Ginny slashed the crop across my back again, then as I twisted around brought it down on my right tit. I howled in pain, swinging around and around as Ginny lashed whatever part of me was available, be it back, ass, belly, breasts or hips.

The door opened and Sissy came in, glaring at Ginny.

"What the fuck are you doing?" she demanded.

"Playing with the little slut here," Ginny purred.

"You're giving her bruises and welts you dumb bitch. We need her clean for the frat party and Joe Morgan's dance."

"I don't."

"Fuck you, Ginny," Sissy glared, coming forward and shoving her back.

"This cunt belongs to the Sorority, not you. We use her as we want."

"It's not my problem if the rest of you are afraid to come out of the closet and insist on using the pledges and slaves to give yourselves straight images," Ginny sulked.

"We're here to get degrees so we can get jobs in the real world, Ginny, and lesbians are not accepted easily in either business or science. Now lay off the cunt until she's whored around for us."

"She's hardly marked at all," Ginny pouted.

"She's marked too much. You should have used the switch, or most the cane, and you're not allowed to whip her back at all. It bruises too easy."

"Like I said, I'm not worried about my reputation," Ginny said.

"East shit, dyke," Sissy glared. She lowered me to the floor, removing the chains from my manacles.

"She's off limits to you two until I say otherwise."

"That's not fair," Cynthia said.

"And how do you think your chances of tenure are if it gets out you're a lesbian who likes to whip freshman students?" Sissy said hotly. Cynthia sulked but didn't reply.

"That's right. They'll boot your ass right out of this school, professor," Ginny snapped. She gripped me under the arm and hauled me to my unsteady feet, then half carried me out of the room and down the hall to my own. For the first time since I'd become a slave she put me on my bed, then got some cream and spread it over my ass and back. She locked my wrists to the separate posts so I couldn't turn over, then turned out the light and went out.

I thought about what they had said, puzzling over it a little before I arrived at what I thought was the answer. The Delta Phi's had a raunchy reputation, but it wasn't for lesbianism but just for being party girls. I knew most of the girls didn't fuck around with men, so that meant, from the way they were talking, the sorority used its pledges and slaves to whore around for them and gain the reputation.

Emma came in a little later, and demanded to know who'd put me on the bed. I explained what had happened and she nodded her head, confirming my thinking.

"All of us pledges had to fuck at least five separate guys in a week before becoming confirmed," she said. "Us bisexuals are encouraged to fuck as many guys as we can, while you slaves don't have any choice." She grinned then. "It's a lot more pleasure than you deserve, but you're going to be the main course in a lot of gang bangs over the next few weeks, slave. Not to mention the pictures."

"What pictures, Mistress?" I asked.

"They've, I mean, we've already sent your picture in to Coed magazine, offering to do a centerfold, and we'll make sure you get on the campus calenders. Having a hot looking slut like you in a little bikini will on the campus calender will help our reputation a lot."

"Oh," I said. This was the first I'd heard of that but then nobody had to consult me or anything. I thought the idea of posing naked for Co-ed was both frightening and exciting, because it was a huge magazine that was distributed all across the country and was read by hundreds of thousands of people, mostly men, of course.

And gang bangs. I'd always wanted to be gang banged, but never had the guts to do it before, afraid of the reputation I'd get. Here it wouldn't matter. I was far from home and the sisters already knew I was a filthy whore.

My pussy drooled a bit in anticipation.

Part Eight

Emma didn't have the authority to move me, but she squatted down in front of me and pushed my head up, then slid her crotch under my face and ordered me to suck her. Once she was just a pledge like me but now she was a sister and I was a slave.

I sucked and licked her pussy for half an hour, making her cum several times as she moaned and wriggled her ass on my pillow. Whenever I slowed she pulled on my hair until I sucked and licked harder. She was careful not to do anything that might leave bruises though.

Once the bruises Ginny and Cynthia had made faded, I was sent over to one of the fraternities, with careful instructions. I was to fuck anyone who wanted me, and drink a lot and have a lot of fun. That wasn't hard at all and I was bubbling with happiness, much to the sister's disgust.

They didn't like the idea of me having so much fun, nor of their slave getting cock rodded by a bunch of filthy men, but they had to maintain their reputations.

So I went over to the frat house, dressed in a tight, slinky little mini dress that barely covered my ass. I wore no panties and no bra, and it took only minutes before some hairy football guy led me upstairs, tossed me on the bed and fucked me hard for a couple of minutes.

Then I went downstairs again and draped myself coyly over another guy's shoulder. Minutes later I was on all fours on his bed getting rode hard. I pulled three more guys up there, one at a time, all to different rooms, before we were joined, the last guy and me, by a couple of his brothers.

I was flat on my back, with the guy pounding his pud into my gash, his hands under my knees as he shoved them back against my

chest. He pumped his load inside me and as he rolled off, one of the other guys got on. The second guy squatted over my head and stuffed his erection down into my mouth.

I sucked eagerly as I felt the other brother pounding his cock down my fuck tunnel. The door opened and closed several times and before I was even hardly aware of it there were a dozen guys in the room watching eagerly and calling out obscene directions to the guys.

The two guys finished fucking me and I was rolled over onto my belly, then positioned on all fours, many eager hands willing to hold me down should I defy them. then one got behind me and slid his prick into my slash while another guy pushed his erection past my lips.

The two pounded their cocks into me with eager thrusts, neither showing any particular affection or care for me or my comfort as they rode my lush young body. The guy fucking my face gripped my hair and forced his cock right down my throat, sawing it back and forth in my gullet as I gurgled in protest.

I rapidly lost track of how many men fucked me. When one finished another took his place. After I had been fucked a number of times one of the guys, to hoots and jeers and cat calls, forced his cock down into my asshole and violently sodomised me. Several others followed suit.

I was rolled onto my side then, two guys kneeling at my crotch, one behind and one in front. Then I was raped up the ass and down the cunt at the same time as another guy forced my head up and jammed his cock down my throat. Another guy squatted in front of my chest, my heavy melons in his hand as he mashed them around his cock.

Four guys fucked me for a long time, each man being replaced immediately whenever he'd cum. Hours and hours passed with always more guys ready to ream out my asshole or rape my cunt or throat. I came and came and came again, losing track of them, along with time and space, becoming an open, mindless receptacle for sperm and cocks.

My memories after that are just patches, bits and pieces; Me on a table, surrounded by guys, all naked, hands squeezing and fondling my body as cocks pounded into my cunt, asshole, and mouth; Hanging upside down, guys holding me by the legs, a cock in both holes. On all fours on the floor, getting sodomised; Standing up, a big muscular guy fore and aft, practically impaled on their hard cocks. Lying on the bed on my belly, arms and legs spread, grunting like a hog as a guy lay atop me, sodomising my aching rectum.

Sisters half dragged me home, but I don't remember who. I vaguely remember them cursing me, slapping me. I remember hanging from my wrists in the basement as they washed me and forced hoses up my cunt and asshole, and thats it.

I woke up the next morning sore all over, especially in my cunt and asshole and throat. My tits and thighs were bruised and hurt, but the sisters seemed pleased with the way things had gone.

One of the frat brothers was a closet homosexual, and had kept count for the sisters. I'd taken a hundred and ten cocks, according to him, though many had been the same guys fucking me two or three times. I wondered how much sperm that was that I'd swallowed. It must have been a lot.

A few days later I was sent to a private house, which was where the Dean lived. He fucked me hard, but didn't hurt me. I kind of liked it because he was so eager. He probably had to restrain himself a lot, being around so much young snatch all day long.

I posed for the campus calender in a teeny tiny little suit, the bra being two little triangles that covered not much more than the center of my rounded boobs, the strings straining mightily, looking ready to snap at a deep breath. The bottom was a G-string,

just a little piece of triangular material that covered only my slit.

I posed with my back arched, my left arm behind my head and a saucy expression on my face. My body was half turned towards the camera so you could see just how my tits stuck out and how naked my round buttocks were. The caption below read, "Amber is a Delta Phi who's dream is to drown in semen."

Well, I don't remember saying that, but I guess the sister's had thought it right. After that I did a twelve page layout in Coed magazine, looking as sexy and slutty as I could.

While I was helping keep their reputation straight the sisters laid off the pain, at least, the pain that would leave any visible marks. I sucked pussy all night long though, my jaw and tongue getting much stronger through the exercise.

As for my pussy, the puffy, bald little mound was practically scraped raw by all the wet, hairy cunt muffs that ground into it night after night. My cunt tube got its share of dildos and vibrators too. Not all the sisters minded my getting pleasure from the sex.

Then one night I was brought down to the basement by Rachael, one of the meaner bull dykes. Ginny, Cynthia, and another of the nastier sisters, April, waited, all looking like leather nightmare visions. To my surprise Emma was there too, looking slightly uncomfortable in her crotchless leather body suit, her tits sticking out of round holes in the chest.

"Well, little slut," Ginny purred. "Now you're ours to do with as we wish. No more pictures or parties for almost a month."

"So we can mark up this pretty little body as much as we wish," Cynthia cooed, rolling my breasts like bread dough.

"And we've got some special things planned for you, whore!" Rachael snarled. She grabbed me by the hair and dragged me across the room to the corner.

"Remember our friend Robby?" she sneered. "Since you liked him so much we decided to let you ride him again."

They unchained my ankles, then pulled me across Robby. I noticed the plastic cock was gone. In its place was an immensely thick metal tube with a slick, rounded head.

"Fuck him, whore!" April snarled.

I gingerly squatted above the tube and let my ass down, letting more and more pressure come against my pussy mound. I was trembling a little with fear, wondering what the sadistic sisters planned for me.

The thing forced my cunt lips wide, wide apart, so they ached and strained and threatened to rip apart. I moaned as I slowly eased myself down on the mighty steel tube. I screamed as Cynthia slashed my back with a switch.

"Hurry up, slut. You love big cocks!"

I grunted and gasped, my cunt feeling horribly bloated and full as I let myself down, taking more of it up into my crotch hole. Cynthia slashed the switch against my back again, and then Ginny began to lash my back and ass with another switch. They stood on either side, lashing my back and buttocks as I cried in pain and slowly lowered my straining fuck box down on the giant metal dildo.

There was just no way I could pump myself on the thing, it was just way too thick. I was fearful of internal bleeding just for taking it into me, and that fear grew as more and more of the thing slid up inside my belly. I finally got my buttocks down on Robby's plastic thighs, whimpering and moaning in pain from the thickness and length of the metal rod up inside my guts.

The girls slashing stopped, though it was very secondary to the cramping aching pain in my belly and the terrible strain on my pussy lips. Apparently they knee I wouldn't be able to move on the thing, because Ginny knelt behind me and tied a small chain to my

cunt ring, drawing it down tight and fixing it in position so any movement of my crotch tore at the ring.

My arms were pulled around behind the mannequin man and snapped together, which didn't surprise me at all, then my hair was wound into a tight braid behind me. The girls tied a hook in the end and bent my head, way, way, way back, until I was sure my back would snap. they stuffed the hook into my asshole so it hooked against my tail bone, leaving me bent back.

I felt their fingers at my nipples, but couldn't move my head to look, it was upside down, looking behind me at the roof. I felt little chains, like the one attached to my pussy ring, sliding through my nipple rings, then they were pulled straight up in the air so tight they pulled my nipples and tits up with them, turning my perfectly round orbs into tight cones.

I was in an excruciatingly uncomfortable position, my nipples and labia and back and hair and guts all aching terribly.

Then the world turned over.

The metal dildo blasted electricity into me just like during the initiation, only there was no pleasure, only pain. My guts heaved and churned as I screamed in horror and agony. The sisters laughed, rubbing their pussies as they watched me tremble and shake.

The electricity eased, then a new blast crackled through my outstretched titties. It wasn't chains but alligator clips that pulled my nipple rings up, and they were attached to wires. Electricity made my two titties bounce and jiggle all on their own as I shrieked in pain.

They all watched intently, excitedly, as I rolled and thrashed and jerked and shook in awful agony, all of them masturbating as they watched, their eyes bright as they heard my howls and screams. Even Emma watched excitedly, her hand rubbing at her cunt.

When I was dazed and insensible, one of them, I can't remember which, squatted over my upside down head and shoved her pussy into my face. She tugged on the wires fastened to my nipple rings and slapped my aching, straining boobies until I began to suck her fuck hole.

I remember her sighing and groaning as my tongue drove up into her slit and began working on her clitty. I didn't care what they made me do as long as they kept he power off. After she had cum another, then another, then another girl shoved their pussies in my face and I licked them off.

Then the power ripped through me again, making he howl and scream, making my body shake violently, my muscles spasming uncontrollably as the electricity tore through my frail body. After a while they stopped and I heard whispered conversations.

Emma appeared next to me. I looked up dully, groaning. She held a riding crop in her hand and looked both reluctant and tremendously excited. She turned and looked behind me, then turned back to me and raised the crop, swinging it down hard on my straining tit flesh.

I shrieked in agony as the crop cut my right tit in half and jerked it down hard against the nipple ring. I thought my nipple must surely tear off but it was a strong little thing I guess. She slashed it down again and again, cutting into my wobbling tit until it was covered in weals.

She rubbed her cunt with her left hand, her eyes bright and excited as she beat my titty, then finally passed the crop to Rachael, who looked down gleefully at my other tit, then began whipping it, hitting even harder than Emma had.

They woke me with smelling salts and the alligator clamps were pulled off my nipple rings.

My nipples burned like fire as the pressure was released and my fat, aching melons snapped back onto my chest. I cried out in

pain, then sobbed as they tore my head even further back and slipped the hook out of my anus. Someone's hand shoved me forward against the mannequin's chest and I hugged its coldness with relief, wincing as its coldness touched my burning tit sacks.

"You liked getting fucked so much, Amber, I just know you'll like this," Ginny's hateful voice purred.

I groaned as I felt something push against my anus, but felt relief. If all they were going to do was sodomise me I could take that easily.

With that big dildo up my pussy it hurt a lot more getting the other one up my ass, then, with just a few inches inside me I felt a stinging, then a sharp pain in my asshole. I yelped and my head turned around. Ginny's eyes gleamed as she held the dildo in her hand.

The thing was black and gleaming, thick, but not smooth, oh far from it, it was covered in sharp ridges and spikes and studs, designed, not for pleasure, but to tear up a soft pussy or asshole. I stared at it in terror as Ginny gave it a hard push and it slashed into me.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" I screamed. "Oohhhh! Stoooop! Oh pleeeeasse!"

"You love it, slut!" Ginny laughed, ramming it even deeper into my guts. She began twisting and jerking it, pumping it harshly, cruelly inside my soft, silky ass tunnel. The sharp ridges and spikes clawed and scratched at my guts, and I felt like I was being disembowelled from the inside.

I screamed at the top of my lungs as Ginny, then Cynthia, then Emma, then April, ripped the terrible instrument around inside my belly. They forced it all the way up inside me and then left it there as they undid my cunt ring and my hands and lifted me, howling in pain, right off that huge, thick metal pipe.

They snapped a leash to my collar and led me around the room on all fours. Every movement jerked the dildo around in my asshole and caused horrible pain in my belly and cunt tube. Every now and then one of them would kick me in the ribs, or the tits, or the ass.

Then I heard a snarling and barking and saw to my horror, Rachael leading a gigantic German shepherd into the room. The dog's jaws slavered and drooled as I drew back in terror.

"Now, now, sweet little slave," Cynthia smirked. "Don't be unfriendly to your date."

"Turn around, slave girl," Emma said gleefully. They spread my legs as Cynthia led the growling dog up behind me. I yelped as I felt its cold nose press against my cunt. Then its big tongue whipped out and began slavering over my cunt mound.

"Oh pleeeease!" I wept. "Please don't! Please!"

"Shut up, slut. You like a hard male cock in your belly, you're gonna get one," April growled.

I gasped in horror as the dog mounted me, his claws scratching t my back as the girls pulled him up. I felt something hard jabbing at my crotch, then it slid into my gaping cunt opening and thrust deep inside me as I cried out in pain and horror.

I felt the dog's cock pumping wildly inside me as his legs slipped down around my chest, his claws scratching at the side of my breasts before his legs gripped my belly securely. Then he began to fuck really, really hard. Nobody had every fucked me so fast before. his cock pistoned in my hole with furious motions as the dog drooled down on my back.

The girls laughed and jeered and made obscene remarks as I knelt there in misery and nausea and fear, the dog's cock pounding into my guts. I felt a sort of round lump in the middle of his cock, and it seemed to be growing bigger and bigger as he fucked.

I mewled and wept, tears dripping down my cheeks as the dog continued to fuck into me like I was a bitch in heat. His cock tore

up and down my aching cunt tube, knocking me back and forward, and knocking the dildo up my asshole around inside my guts.

I moaned in pain, nearly catatonic with the horror of being fucked by a dog, my insides on the verge of collapsing from that horrible dildo twisting around in my anus and the dog's rapid fire rutting in my snatch.

Then I felt a gush of liquid in my belly as the dog came. He sprayed a gallon of doggy cum down into my cunt, spurt after spurt shooting into me into I felt like my stomach would slosh s I moved.

He pulled out at last and I hung my head in desperate relief. A hand gripped my hair and tore my head up as Emma sneered down at me.

"Poor little slave," she cooed. "You didn't even cum."

"We'll have to fix that," Rachael laughed. She led the dog out and then brought in another, this one a big doberman. I cried out in despair as she and Cynthia brought the dog up behind me. The thing nosed at my cunt, then mounted me and stuffed its cock down into my aching pussy.

It fucked me just as hard as the German Shepherd, and I hung my head in misery and hopelessness. The dog fucked me for long minutes, battering my buttocks as he rutted furiously. After he had poured his own semen down into my belly, he withdrew and I could feel the liquid oozing out of my cunt crack.

They brought in another German Shepherd then, and after him a Great Dane. I just hung my head in misery as the dogs fucked me, ignoring everything, my mind retreating into a deep, dark hole away from the horror around me.

Something snapped inside me, not the loss of consciousness, but the loss of self, the loss of personhood, of all thinking ability. I became a robot person, without any likes or dislikes, with no pride or fear or happiness as such.

I knelt on all fours, accepting that a dog was fucking me, that a big dog cock was pumping in my snatch, not really caring about it, or about anything for that matter. My own approaching death would not have caused me the slightest bother.

And so, disassociated with myself, with who I was, I became just a body, and the body was getting fucked, royally fucked, by a big pistoning cock. Without the fear and revulsion that no longer existed, it reacted as it was designed to do, pussy juice pouring down around the rutting male cock.

I closed my eyes, my body groaning with happiness as the cock pumped steadily in my snatch. My head rolled slowly from side to side and my ass began to jerk back against the pumping cock. I ground my hips in slow circles, or rather, my body did, for my mind wasn't capable of such any longer.

Soon I, or my body, was whining like the bitch dog i was supposed to be, yelping in glee as sex heat poured through it. I grunted and moaned, drooling, my tongue lolling out of my lips as I quivered through a massive orgasm. I rutted back against the big dog riding me, my cunt snapping and spasming around his churning fuck tool.

He growled and whimpered, pumping even faster, driving me into another orgasm, this one even more powerful than the first, more prolonged, and after that came a third and final orgasm, one that existed for so long and was so gripping that I couldn't breath, my chest locked tightly in place as I shuddered in the tremendous cataclysmic storm of sexual ecstasy.

More doggy juice flooded my womb, but I was only peripherally aware of that as I shook madly in the gale force blasts coming from the orgasmic storm surrounding me. I began dizzier from lack of breath and then finally blacked out. The last thing I caught sight of were the girls, all jerking off madly as they watched.

I don't think I ever really regained that part of me that snapped that night. For though my mind returned it was changed, altered. Nothing, nothing whatsoever could embarrass me from that day forth. No sexual act could revolt or disgust me, however filthy, and no pain was so great it could not bring pleasure.

I stopped attending classes, not caring about anything but my body and the wanton acts which brought me pleasure. I stayed at the dorm for a while, eating off the floor or out of the girls' hands, being whipped and tortured and beaten as I satisfied their pussies.

Soon they became too tame for me, even Ginny and her friends. I left and searched for true Sadists, the experts in giving pain and sexual humiliation, going to New York, to forty second street, where I and my master gave performances eight times a day.

The audience loved it when he whipped me, when he tore my cunt and asshole apart with big dildos and beat my pussy mound with heavy bats and pipes. They shouted for happiness when he fist fucked me, jamming both his fists into my cunt and anus at the same time.

I was battered and bruised and cut and humiliated, my wrists developing calluses from the constant pressure on them as I was hung from chains or ropes. The highlight of my Master's act was when he would bind my hands behind me, slip a noose around my throat, and then hang me.

The audience watched in shocked pleasure as I kicked spasmodically, my face turning red, then going blank. He always left me up there until I lost consciousness and hung limp from my throat, then he would let me fall to the stage and drag me back behind the curtains to revive me.

I know one of these days he won't, one of these days he'll go too far and kill me, but I don't care. My life is a massive series of orgasms, forty or fifty a day, and an early death is worth such pleasure. I only hope that there is such a thing as reincarnation and that I come back as a woman again.

Or perhaps... perhaps there is a hell. If so I hope that is where I am bound, for eternity in torment sounds like an eternity of pleasure to me. I imagine myself naked, being whipped and jabbed by demons, and I cum.