

Sorority Slut

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Acknowledgements

Shout-out to all the readers that have left comments and reviews! If you're enjoying this, or there's more of something you'd like to see, let me know!

Chapter One: Forced Initiation

Hands pushed Tiffany down against the ridged wooden slats of the locker room benches. She tried pushing back, but they were too strong, the other cheerleaders holding her down, pinning her in place.

‘Hey! Let me gopppgggghh!’ When she tried to protest, a squidgy foam ball was shoved into her mouth, expanding to fill her cheeks, making them bulge outwards, pinning her tongue in place and stilling her protests. Whoever was holding her ankle let go for a moment, and she managed to kick backwards, feeling her foot connect with a satisfyingly soft body, hearing a grunt of pain. What were they doing? And why was there a wheeled crate in the changing room?

Kelly bent over to look her in the eye, her black cheerleader outfit standing out compared to the bright pink of everyone else, to mark out her position as head cheerleader. She lightly wrapped her hand around Tiffany’s throat, her tone casual, almost cold, as she started to squeeze.

‘If you want to be a cheerleader, then you need to join the sorority. It wouldn’t be fair to the other girls otherwise, would it?’ She was squeezing harder now, her fingers tight around Tiffany’s throat, cutting off her air. As her body weakened, then the other cheerleaders bent and twisted her limbs, her legs getting bent back on themselves, arms getting pulled back.

‘I’ve already told Coach that you won’t be attending practice for a few days. So that gives us plenty of time to get to know you better. And to make sure you’re appropriate material – we’re *very* exclusive, and don’t want just anybody joining us.’ She let go, allowing Tiffany to suck in a breath through her nose, the pain in her lungs fading a little.

Tiffany shook her head, her pigtails flicking about. She wanted to join, but didn’t think it would involve anything like this! Kelly backhanded her across the face, making her grunt in pain, before grabbing at Tiffany’s hair and pulling on it, to force Tiffany to look up at her. She was wearing a cheerleader’s outfit, black with yellow trim, the short skirt showing off her toned legs, top tight around her breasts. All the other cheerleaders were similar, except in bright pink and white.

From somewhere out of sight, she heard an unnerving tearing sound, as tape was unrolled. She struggled again, trying to fight free, but the grasping hands were too strong, keeping her bent into the hogtie.

‘If you’re a good, sweet and obedient girl, then this will be nice. It might even be fun. But if you’re bratty or disobedient, then we’ll have to do some work to shape you into a proper cheerleader. Just like all the other girls.’

Tiffany felt tape getting wrapped around her wrists, binding them to each other behind her back, the tape pulling at her skin as she moved. It went around her arms, then down to her hands, locking them into tight and powerless fists. More went around her legs, taping them together, before looping up around her arms, sealing her into a hogtie. There was barely any slack in the tie – when the hands released her, she started wriggling around, hearing the tape snap and crinkle, but it didn’t feel like it would break.

She wriggled more, falling off the bench onto the tiled floor of the changing rooms. Kelly stepped down onto her, a shoe pressing into her back and pinning her in place. She couldn't even bend her neck enough to look up at Kelly, just seeing a range of long legs and white shoes.

'We'll come and get you after practice.' She stamped down onto Tiffany's buttocks, before using her shoe to flip up Tiffany's skirt. 'You won't be needing those.' The woman bent over and hooked her fingers around the band of Tiffany's thong, pulling on the material so it ground against Tiffany's slit, before giving it a savage yank. It snapped, Kelly pulling it from Tiffany's body – she shivered, feeling suddenly exposed.

'Girls, you know what to do.'

Hands grabbed at her body, lifting her up without much care, and she heard metal squeak as the crate was opened. Material suddenly covered her head and face, soft leather, scent of other people's sweat and tears as something blinded her.

'Nppphhh!' She didn't like cramped, dark spaces! Tiffany tried to twist around, but had no leverage to fight back, the tape holding her body in the hogtie. She could imagine the dark space of the crate reaching towards her, bare and brutal metal, just barely big enough to take her body as she was shoved inside. Fingers fumbled between her thighs, fumbling into her dry pussy, making her yelp as she was pushed open, making tears come to her eyes. She felt something get shoved into her, plastic rubbing against her dry walls.

'Get her warmed up for the rest of the initiation.'

It stirred into low and fitful life, before a strip of tape went over her pussy, sealing it in. When she tried to shake and twist her thighs, trying to twist around and escape, she could feel the tape pulling on her skin, but without releasing.

The door shut, a lock clicking into place, sealing her into darkness. The vibrator stirred her up, starting to draw moisture into her pussy. The leather hood had nose slits so she could breathe, but she could feel her tears soaking into the leather.

She felt the box get moved over uneven ground, jolting and bumping around. It was unpadded metal, making it painful even to rest, the material hard against her body, the jolting exacerbating her pain. The vibe had been buzzing away constantly, stirring her up and teasing her, making her thighs hot and sticky, the inside of the box clammy and too warm. Her legs were aching from being bent back for so long, her knees sore from how they had been pressed against the metal, and all she could smell was other people's sweat. Is this what they did to everybody? Had all the other cheerleaders been hazed like this?

She felt the box pick up speed, a terrifying moment of powerlessness as it got faster and faster, bracing herself for impact. Where was she? What was going on? The inside of the crate was so cramped that she couldn't even kick against the walls or twist around to try and stand up, and anyone outside couldn't hear her gagged and muted protests.

The crate slowed to a stop, before getting shoved forward again, then bumped downwards, before getting dumped downwards. Something smacked against the crate, the echoes making Tiffany jump – what was happening? She wanted to join the sorority, but hadn't thought there would be hazing like this.

The vibrator buzzed inside of her, refusing to budge no matter how much she clenched and tightened her thighs. She tensed and flexed, trying to make it peel away, feeling it sticking to her skin, pulling at it, and making her glad she shaved her legs. It had been wrapped in multiple layers, making it impossible to shift. The box was getting hotter now, the surfaces getting slippery with her sweat. Did they do this to everybody? She hadn't joined the cheer squad until later than most of the others.

Metal creaked as the box was opened, blessedly cooler air kissing against her skin. She squealed from behind her hood and gag, wanting the dirty leather removed from her head.

Hands grabbed her underneath her armpits and around her legs, lifting her up. She was powerless to resist, and didn't want to struggle too much and get dropped. Although even being passive, she was still suddenly lowered, making her stomach lurch before she was put to rest on a cold, stone floor, her belly, breasts and legs getting robbed of their heat.

Before she could recover herself, she was dragged upwards again, more hands pulling at the tape around her legs, painfully pricking and peeling off her skin. She couldn't tell how many people were carrying her, but there seemed to be no shortage of hands pinching and plucking at her skin. Having her arms free took the strain off her elbows, but then she felt her arms get pulled wide, soft leather going around her wrists. She heard metal click, before her body was lowered, more leather going around her ankles.

Just as she got her balance, something pulled on her wrists and ankles, pulling her into a standing spreadeagle, arms and legs spread wide.

'Mmmpphh!'

A hand slapped her on the ass. 'The aspirant should be quiet and respectful towards full sisters.' It was Kelly's voice, but even colder than normal. She spoke again, louder now. 'The aspirant shall face the judgement of her elders clad only in nature.'

Scissors snipped, metal brushing her skin, and she felt the already-skimpy material of her cheerleading outfit fall away, swiftly leaving her naked except for the hood. She tried pulling on whatever was keeping her in place, but the restraints were tight, keeping her locked in position.

Cords flicked against her backside, leaving several throbbing lines of pain.

'If the aspirant wishes to be successful, she should learn to submit.'

Tiffany managed to force herself to relax, despite her position, feeling the shame of exposure creep over her body. She liked cheerleading and showing off her body, but not quite this much! And not to women!

'The trial will now begin.' A hand grabbed at Tiffany's head, yanking off the hood.

Wherever she was, it was dark, lit only by soft candlelight, illuminating a heavy metal portal in front of her. She could hear movement, but when she tried to look around, cords struck her, down her back this time, and she turned back, after catching a glimpse of a larger, dark chamber, dark-robed figures loitering in the shadows.

'The aspirant must face the portal of judgement. If she succeeds, she shall join the lowest rank of the sorority. If she fails, then the punishment shall be severe. Does the aspirant agree to this judgement?'

She felt the whip or whatever was being used on her stroke down her back, and shivered, although it was only a gentle touch this time. But she wanted to join the sorority! She nodded her head, trying to grunt out a response through the foam ball.

Silk touched against her from behind, a hand brushing against her bare back, reaching around and into her mouth, compressing then pulling the ball partially out, so that Tiffany could push it out the rest of the way with her tongue. It fell out, hitting the ground with a wet splat.

On either side of the portal were two oversized statues, rough and shaggy humanoids, hands reaching forward as though to grab her, with massive, erect cocks, pointing directly at her.

'We are a sisterhood, bound by truth and secrets.' Another blow struck across her buttocks, just as the throbbing pain from the first strike was starting to fade, reigniting the pain.

'Owww!'

‘A member must be willing to endure pain and degradation to protect the ancient secrets of our sisterhood.’ Another crack of the cords, Tiffany this time managing to bite her lip to avoid gasping in pain. ‘Will the aspirant keep the secrets of the order through fire, darkness and torment?’

The whip-cords cracked again, streaking across her back. Had everyone gone through this? The pain was increasing, slashes-atop-slashes, her pussy still getting teased by the vibrator.

‘Yes!’ She managed to gasp out, as a hand touched her back, nails scraping down her tenderized flesh, making her groan and gasp again.

‘The aspirant must be tested.’ She felt nailed fingers between her legs, probing at her slit, a finger teasing against her folds. ‘Failure will be... unpleasant. Does the aspirant consent?’ Kelly’s voice dropped, a low whisper straight into Tiffany’s ear. ‘After all, we wouldn’t do anything you don’t want. Will you be a good girl and consent?’

‘I consent!’ Although it was hard ignoring the pain down her back and across her buttocks.

Kelly purred at her. ‘Good girl. Now, we will begin.’ Nail raked down her back again, before the whip-cords lashed upwards, between her legs, striking between her forcibly-spread legs, just barely missing her pussy. She couldn’t evade at all, her limbs held by the cuffs.

‘The aspirant must answer honestly and swiftly. Failure will be punished.’ The whip cracked against her thighs again, this time one cord hitting her pussy-lips, making her squeal. ‘As will unnecessary noises. You will address me as chapter-mistress. Failure will also be address.’ The cords struck her back, full-force now, making her grunt in pain. ‘When the chapter-mistress addresses the aspirant, they will respond.’

‘Yes, chapter-mistress!’

‘Good. Is the aspirant a virgin?’ The whip brushed against her back again, making her shiver in pain, acutely aware of her naked vulnerability, feeling a bone-deep flush creeping over her entire body.

‘No...’

‘How many men have used your body?’

‘Just... Just one!’

‘And how did you allow yourself to be used?’ Leather poked against her buttocks, parting them, getting close to her butthole. ‘Here?’ It pushed between her legs, against her wet slit. ‘Here? Or did you use your mouth?’

‘My vagina, and... and my mouth.’ She still remembered the taste of him, the nasty taste of cum flooding into her mouth. ‘Owww!’ The whip-cords cracked. ‘Chapter-mistress!’

‘Remember your place, aspirant. You are not yet one of us. You are the lowest of the low here, and must prove yourself. You will belong to the sorority, body and soul. You should have been more generous with your favors. For this, you will be punished. Ten strokes. And the aspirant with thank the chapter-mistress for each.’

Pain flared against her buttocks, and she bit her lip in pain. ‘Owww! Thank you, chapter-mistress!’ More strikes flicked against her buttocks and back, before changing angle to wrap around her body, hitting her breasts. After each, she managed to find the strength to thank Kelly, focusing on one of the oversized cocks pointing at her, trying to ignore the pain. How long would the marks take to heal? She didn’t want to go out and perform with her skin marked up!

The final strike was up between her legs, striking her right on the pussy, knocking the breath from her, her vision hazing for a moment, and she only barely managed to choke out the words.

‘The aspirant’s body meets the requirements to join the sorority.’

When a hand touched Tiffany, she shivered, but this time it was gentle, nails stroking over her body, coming up and cupping a breast, before nails pinched into her erect nipple, hard and cruel. 'Will the aspirant give her body to us?'

The nails continued to press hard on her nipple, crushing and tormenting the sensitive flesh, Kelly still unseen except for her hand. Tiffany tried to shake her off, but couldn't move, the position spreading her limbs out, Kelly apparently determined to torture her flesh.

'Yes, chapter-mistress! Please!' The pain was sinking into her flesh, white-hot and urgent, but she couldn't do anything other than accept it.

'As the aspirant has allowed herself to be sullied, then she will be accepted only as a prospective member, subject to on-going review.'

Another vicious strike arced between her legs, getting her right on the pussy, making her gasp in pain, Kelly letting go of her tit, the release of pressure causing another flare of pain as blood returned to the crushed flesh.

'I will undertake your supervision personally. To ensure that the aspirant is worthy, and doesn't do anything to bring shame to the sorority.'

Tiffany felt fingers push between her legs, two fingers pushing into her slit, now so wet that they penetrated easily into her. She felt her walls contract around the fingers, trying to suck them deeper into herself.

'The aspirant appears to be loose and slutty. She will be monitored to judge her character. For now, the aspirant will remain here, that she may think about her past behavior.'

She heard the faint rustle of leather, and tried to protest, but then the leather hood was pulled back over her head, blinding her again.

'A good aspirant will remain quiet. Should she fail, then punishment will be swift, and she may be deemed unsuitable.' The fingers pushed and twisted inside of her, and she could feel the heat building up, wetness gushing over the fingers, Tiffany's head rocking back and forth, desperate for release.

Then they pulled out, and she felt her own juices getting wiped against her buttocks, leaving her unfulfilled. The vibrator was still inside of her, although the buzzing was nowhere near enough to get her off. She whined through the hood, wanting some release, then gasped as her backside was slapped, hard.

'Behave, and I might consider you for full membership. Keep complaining, and things will be worse for you.'

Tiffany sagged in her restraints, wanting to be accepted, but also wanting to cum. She could hear footsteps and movement – how many people had been watching her? Had everyone seen her naked and spread? But she was hooded again, and couldn't see!

Chapter Two: A Lesson in Submission

‘Oh, Tiffany, why did you have to outperform every other girl on the court? You should know by now that we have a very strict hierarchy. One with me at the top, and a useless slut like you at the bottom. Pretending that you simply gave your best. We don’t like arrogant, cocky types here.’

Tiffany struggled, several of the other cheerleaders holding her on the ground. She wasn’t cocky! She’d just done what came naturally. When she opened her mouth to protest, metal was shoved into her mouth, a metal ring clicking behind her teeth and rotating into place, forcing her mouth open.

‘Heeellppph!’

She was in Kelly’s bedroom – the largest in the sorority house, far bigger than Tiffany’s own room, which contained little more than a single mattress and a small chest for her clothing. This one had a large double-bed, university pennants and banners suspended from the wall, along with textbooks and the like. A large metal chest, with a heavy padlock, was against one wall, the top open.

Tiffany struggled again, trying to break free of the grasping hands, but her legs were pulled together, fabric sliding into place, coming over her knees and pulling them together.

‘I think it’s time for another test.’

Tiffany tried to shake her head – the last one had hurt and been unpleasant, she didn’t want another, her pigtailed flicking about.

‘We have a special outfit for sluts like you.’

Hands grabbed her cheerleader outfit and tore it off, leaving her naked, breasts rubbing against the scratchy carpet.

‘Remember your place, aspirant.’ Kelly was cool and commanding, in her black cheerleader outfit, with her hair in a sleek ponytail. ‘Obey, or you will be cast out.’

Tiffany sagged down, stopping her resistance, although she wanted to curl up to cover her nudity, the fingers of the other cheerleaders sharp against her flesh. More material was pulled over her chest, compressing her breasts, coming up to her neck. Her arms were bent backwards at the elbow, strange sleeves keeping them that way, so she could only wriggle her shoulders.

‘From today, you will occupy a very special place here at the sorority.’

Kelly was stood back, not deigning to touch Tiffany herself, letting the other cheerleaders do the work. Tiffany was rolled onto her front, then something else was slid onto her onto her lower legs, pulling them even tighter together, something sliding onto her feet. She could feel spit oozing out of her mouth where she couldn’t close it.

‘If you dribble on my floor, slut, then you will be punished harshly. I like my girls to be nice and tidy. Isn’t that right, girls?’

They all answered in unison – they were unnervingly similar, all with similar bodies, lean, honed and athletic, and all submissive to Kelly. ‘Yes, chapter-mistress!’

She was hauled to her feet, a tiny cheerleaders skirt pulled around her, giving at least some coverage. Her feet were bound together, ankles constrained, her feet in some kind of single shoe – she could keep her balance, but would only be able to move by hopping and jumping.

She waggled her fingers, trying to break out of the arm-bindings, as pom-pom gloves were forced into her hands. Kelly smiled, the expression cold and merciless. ‘Very good. You at least have the look of a sorority girl, even if not yet the spirit.’

She approached Tiffany, the other girls parting ways for her. Tiffany tried to move, but her arms were restricted, and her top was so short it only covered half of her breasts.

‘I’ve decided that you need more personal training, Tiffany. So you will be staying with me.’ The smile she gave Tiffany was thin-lipped and threatening, as she reached out and flicked aside one of Tiffany’s pigtails. ‘Think of it as a promotion, although I will be keeping you under supervision now. No more slacking off.’

‘Mpphh!’ Tiffany tried to object, her tongue wagging in her mouth, slipping against the metal ring. With that in place she couldn’t close her mouth or even talk, just make vague gasps and grunts.

‘Leave us, girls. I need to have a conversation with Tiffany. And remind her of her place. After all, you all worked for your positions, it would be unfair if Tiffany were allowed to think of herself as anything more impressive than she is.’

The other cheerleaders simpered at Kelly, then filed out, their skirts short enough to show off their toned bodies, leaving Tiffany alone. The temperature of the room seemed to drop, Kelly’s expression cold. Tiffany couldn’t meet her eyes, instead glancing about the room – there was only the single bed, was she meant to be sharing that with Kelly? Aside from the university regalia, there was a general lack of personal items, except for a single photo, of a man in military uniform.

‘I hope you enjoy your new leisure suit. I hope you learn your place. Now, stand up straight.’

Tiffany tried to obey, but she wanted to cover herself, trying to move her arms over her part-covered breasts. Kelly shook her head and tutted in disappointment, stepping over to her desk and pulling out a cane, swinging it through the air with a wicked-sounding *thwip*.

‘We represent the heart and soul of the university. We must be proud and passionate, and willing to show our devotion. The football team won their last game, but I heard that you refused to entertain the quarterback. That simply won’t do.’ The cane sliced the air again, Tiffany wincing, wanting to hop away, but she probably couldn’t even open the door.

‘Mmpphhh!’ Of course she hadn’t! She wasn’t a slut, she didn’t want to be mouth-fucked by some guy.

‘It is up to us to ensure the players are kept happy and pleased. For you to refuse is not acceptable.’ The cane flicked out, striking against her thigh, just below where her skirt covered, impacting the skin with a sharp *crack*.

‘Mph!’ It hurt, welting the skin, and then there was another impact, and another. This one was against her buttocks, her skirt doing nothing to protect her. The next strike was against her belly, hitting her toned stomach and making her wince in pain.

‘You are here to serve. For you to refuse makes us, as a sorority, look unfriendly.’

‘Mpphhh!’ Tiffany didn’t dare move, fearful of falling over or getting hurt even more. Another strike against her buttocks made her gasp in pain.

‘You need to learn your place. Overly proud girls like you make me angry – I think you need to be taught a lesson.’

Another cane-strike against the thighs, this time hard enough to make tears come to her eyes. The cane reached forward, lifting the edge of Tiffany's skirt. 'Your clothing is unacceptably drab. You need to show your body off to me. After all, you are a reward. And have such a lovely body, despite your terrible attitude.'

The cane pushed between her thighs, hooking against Tiffany's panties, snagging the skimpy material. 'These will be banned from now on. You need to learn what your true appeal is.' She pulled, the material stretching out away from Tiffany's body, before the lace snapped, falling to the floor.

The cane slid between her legs again, sliding into her pussy, grinding back and force. The smooth material of the cane slid against her walls. She tried tensing her thighs, but Kelly grabbed her by the throat. 'You belong to the sorority. Do you understand? You will obey, or suffer.'

'Grph!' Tiffany tried to shake her off, a flare of anger spiking through her as she tried to jump backwards. As her feet left the floor, Kelly's grip tightened, stopping Tiffany from breaking away, before Tiffany touched back down.

As she did so, Kelly swiped her wrist around, the cane smacking against Tiffany's thigh with brutal force, before Tiffany was shoved backwards against the wall. She couldn't move her arms properly to brace for impact, the air getting knocked from her.

'Hmmm. You need a time-out, you stupid cunt.' The cane assaulted Tiffany, strikes in quick succession, searing slashes against her thigh, or managing to angle around to hit her butt.

'I've had enough of your trampy face.' She shoved Tiffany again, before opening up one of her desk drawers, as Tiffany tried to steady herself.

She squeaked in fear when Kelly approached, now holding a metal collar. She slapped Tiffany across the face, hard enough that she felt the metal ring bite into the inside of her cheek grabbing at her top and pulling her close, pushing the collar around her neck. The metal was cold and cruel, a leash-ring falling against her skin.

The other item looked even worse – a white-faced plastic mask, showing doll-like eyes with big lashes, and lips that were rolls of puffed-up rubber. Kelly pushed her finger in, the rubber parting ways, some kind of valve. Three leather straps came from each side, buckles dangling loose. When Kelly raised it up, Tiffany could see that there was a tube on the other side of the mouth, and that there were no eye-holes.

Kelly grabbed at the leash-ring, using it to pull Tiffany forward, pushing the mask against her face. With the metal ring between her teeth, she couldn't close her mouth as the short tube forced itself into her mouth, the mask covering her eyes.

'Mpphhh!' Her tongue slid into the tube – it was short and fat, almost perfectly sized to fit within the metal ring. With effort, she could push her tongue down it, feeling the fat "lips".

She felt something push against her tongue, bending around, a hard edge painfully pressing against her tongue – Kelly's fingertip. 'Good. Boys like a lot of tongue wriggling. But I have practice first, so you need to be secured.'

The finger moved in and out of her mouth, Tiffany whimpering, unable to stop the violation, trying to keep her tongue out of the way of the sharp nail, before it finally withdrew again. She was lifted up, an out-of-place bridal carry, Kelly strong enough to simply pick her up and move her.

She didn't dare fight back, unable to see, barely able to move, her legs tied together, arms pinioned and bent. She was dropped, landing on a padded surface, legs bent up against a cushioned vertical surface, the same for her back.

‘Mmmphhh!’ She tried to stand, not liking what was happening, wanting to escape, but strong hands shoved her downwards.

‘A sister should be obedient to the chapter-mistress.’ A hand shoved down against her chest, pushing her down. ‘Enjoy your rest, slut.’

‘Mppphh!’

A lid slammed down, pushing her head down. She wriggled around, finding herself completely enclosed, padding walls all around her, on every side, above and below. She’d been dropped into the crate! She strained, pushing against it, compressing the padding, finding strong metal walls underneath. Metal rattled as Kelly kicked the outside, her voice muted and warped by the walls.

‘I’ll be back for you later. And don’t you dare make a mess!’

Tiffany bucked and strained, quickly finding the tiny limits of her movement, barely able to move. She had to suck in air through the mask, the rubber getting slippery with her spit, desperately hoping that Kelly would return soon.

Chapter Three: Piss-Slut

Tiffany's bladder was full and painful instead of her, her body still hunched up inside the box. She'd tried twisting around to relieve the pressure, but the space was so small that she could barely move at all. Sweat build up beneath her leg-restraints, and the rest of her skin, the inside of the box starting to smell of her sweat. She needed to go!

She tried knocking her head against the side of the crate, hoping that Kelly would let her out. If she had to piss herself in here, then it would go over her, and leave her dirty and wet. It was a struggle to breath, her face covered by the weird mask, her mouth forced open. She could feel dribble soaking into her skimpy top, making her breasts feel dirty and wet.

There was no sense of time, other than the growing urgency from her bladder. She tensed her legs together, trying to hold her piss in as long as possible, the air inside the box getting hotter and hotter from her body, her clothing soaking in her sweat.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore, unable to keep it contained, and she felt hot piss stream out of her. It soaked into her skirt, down onto her legs, scalding and shameful as it poured over her thighs. Her tiny skirt soaked it in, the material getting heavy with the disgusting fluid as it trickled down, her panties drenched and clinging. It pooled around her, splashing her, the box so small it was impossible to escape from it. The smell was vile, dirty and rank. Her whole crotch was sodden, no matter how much she tried to twist her thighs to let it flow away. How long would she be left here?

She heard a loud click, and then the box opened, light just barely visible around the edge of the mask, the eyes opaque. Kelly's voice sounded out from above her, cold and dominant.

'What a weak little thing you are. Perhaps we should name you Piss-Slut? We could have a collar made, just for you.'

'Mmmpphhh!' With the tube in her mouth, she couldn't make any more coherent protest, the scent of piss thick in her nostrils.

'You're certainly a disgrace to the uniform. The other girls all managed to control themselves.'

'Pleaphhh!' Tiffany tried pushing her tongue through the tube, desperately wanting to remove the mask, but the straps were too tight.

'Can you even stand up?'

Tiffany tried to orientate herself, the pool of piss beneath herself wet and still hot as she twisted around, just about able to rise upwards. Something tapped against her, a cane tapping against her bare back, making her whimper again.

'If you dare to drop any of your reeking piss in my room, then I'll have to discipline you.' The cane tapped her again, harder this time, the thin skin over the bottom of her spine. 'You have some talent, but are lacking in many other respects. I'm starting to doubt your claim to have only been with one man. Someone like you has probably been fucked a lot. Isn't that right, slut?'

The cane flicked with more force, making Tiffany grunt with pain. Her knees were wet now, as she knelt in her own piss, arms bound on either side of her body. She wanted to protest, but could only manage a weak gasp. She wasn't a slut!

The cane reached down and flicked up her skirt, poking into her buttock and making her grunt again, before a hand grasped her hair.

'Dirty little piss-slut. What should I do with you?' The hand ragged her about by her hair, Tiffany trying to stay balanced, hating how she skidded and slid on her fluids. The grip moved, and suddenly a finger probed into her mouth, shoving against her tongue. She couldn't resist the violation, the nail scratching her tongue.

'Perhaps I should have plugged all your holes? But you need to be cleaned up. Would you like to be clean, piss-slut?'

Tiffany nodded, aware of how dirty and sweaty she was, the fresh air doing little to dispel the disgusting smell, and the clinging moisture around her crotch.

'As you can't keep yourself clean, maybe I should treat you like a dog? Crawling along in the dirt would scarcely make you any worse.'

Tiffany shook her head. She didn't want that!

'You might look cute with a tail.' Kelly's voice was still cold, making it hard to tell if she was being sincere or sarcastic. 'But for now, I think your mistake should be displayed to everyone else.'

The finger hooked inside of her mouth, drawing her forward, almost making her fall over, another hand tapping the mask. Light suddenly streamed through the eye-holes, making Tiffany wince in pain, half-blinded until her eyes adjusted. Kelly was stood in front of her, dressed more casually now, in tight leather trousers and a tight black t-shirt, leather gloves on her hands, hair still drawn back into a tight and high ponytail. One of her fingers was being used to keep Tiffany hooked into place, unable to draw away.

'As you are still not a full sister, then some punishment is necessary. Making you drink your... leavings would be appropriate, but I think your mouth should be saved for other matters.'

'Mpphh!' She wouldn't really make her drink her own piss, would she? Although Tiffany could feel shame crawling up her body, hot and biting, making her sweat even more.

'Rebecca and Tammy, attend me!' Her voice cracked the air, as harsh as a drill sergeant's, her finger still hooked into Tiffany's mouth, before two of the other sorority sisters appeared, both in their cheer uniforms.

'Excellent. The two of you are to assist the piss-slut with her punishment. Hmmm... I think something to let the rest of the campus know what she truly is would be appropriate. She is to go from here to the sorority house to the quad, where she will be displayed.'

She went to her desk and uncapped a pen, scribbling something onto a large piece of card. When she was finished, she held it up, letting Tiffany read it:

I'm a bad girl and wet myself – punish me and use me.

Tiffany shook her head, feeling her hair, and the fluff of her pom-poms, brush against her shoulders, trying to break out of her restraints. Her shoulders were stiff and sore now, elbows bent backwards every since she had been forced into her restraints. Her jaw ached as well, her chin wet with her own dribble, her feet still bound together into the weird single-shoe.

'If she pauses, then you can punish her as you see fit.'

Tiffany barely recognized the other two cheerleaders, both bleached-blond and perky, although their smiles seemed cruel, with thin black chokers around their necks. They both

curtseyed, lifting their already-short cheerleader skirts to reveal bare crotches beneath, their pussies shaved and clean. ‘Yes, chapter mistress.’

‘I think the mask can stay. Unless she’s disobedient, in which case you may remove it. Now, Tiffany, you may begin your punishment.’ She hooked her finger in Tiffany’s mouth, using it to force Tiffany to fully stand up, feeling wet and degraded. Kelly slid her finger out of Tiffany’s mouth with a *pop*, wiping it clean with a tissue.

The taller of the two cheerleaders looked at Tiffany, her grin wicked as she picked up a cane. ‘Start moving, piss-slut.’ She flicked it through the air with a savage sound, although it didn’t sound as nasty as when Kelly had done it.

The other one was more direct, reaching towards Tiffany and grabbing at her collar-ring, using it to pull her forward. She swayed, before trying to jump, the girl’s arm coming around her waist and helping her upwards and then letting her drop back down onto the ground. She could feel the piss and sweat still on her skin, not entirely dried yet. The mask cut off her peripheral vision, and the collar made it harder to turn her head, as she took a faltering hop forward. With her arms forcibly raised, her balance was weak, but she managed to move towards Kelly’s door.

‘So you are capable of obedience. Very good. Rebecca – I will expect a full report.’

‘Yes, chapter-mistress.’

Tiffany didn’t notice which one had responded, as she hopped again, heading for the door. She jumped again, feeling her skirt flutter upwards, feeling cool air against her bare crotch, droplets of piss still wet between her thighs. She felt herself flush, hot and cold all at once. The cane flicked against her backside, attacking her perk buttocks and making her try to move faster to avoid more pain.

Fortunately, it wasn’t far from Kelly’s room to the front door of the sorority house, Tiffany trying to move as fast as she could, the cane quick to sting against her back and thighs if she ever slowed down. In the front lobby, another young woman was spreadeagle-tied onto a table, rope around her wrists and ankles and a bag over her head, her flesh showing the marks of punishment. Several candles were suspended over her on strings, slowly dropping wax onto her, marking her tanned flesh with red dots before drying into a solid crust. A vibrator was buried deep into her pussy, not even turned on.

Tiffany averted her eyes and jumped again, swaying as she landed, desperate not to fall over and get punished more. Even through her mask, she could smell the other woman’s sweat, and hear their soft gasps of pain as more wax trickled over them, and the strong smell of spilt beer – around the room were empty red cups and discarded beer cans. Had they been using her for some game?

Tiffany hopped further forward, keeping her momentum going until she slammed into the wooden door, using it to support herself. One of her “guides” opened it up for her, the warmer outside air kissing against her skin – it was a beautiful warm day, with other students strolling around the campus, or sitting on the grass.

The cane flicked against her buttocks again, hard enough to make her wince in pain, forcing herself to ignore the biting stabs of humiliation, of being seen like this, as she hopped forward, hearing the cane flick behind her, as she managed to evade a strike.

As soon as she was outside, then she started to draw attention. She wanted to cover herself, but the most she could manage was to bring her shoulders in slightly, and that just unbalanced her more. With every hop, she could feel her breasts straining against the skimpy top, the material not covering her chest fully, breasts threatening to fall out. And if she ever paused or

hesitated, then the cane would strike her, making her upper thighs or backside flare with fiery pain.

‘Cheer-slut!’ A male student jogged past, body sweaty from his exercise as he leered, Tiffany feeling herself blushing behind her mask, desperately hopping her way towards the main quadrangle. Fortunately it wasn’t far, but more and more people were noticing her, the men looking at her with open lust.

When she got to the centre, a grassy square surrounded by other frat-houses, her legs ached from the punishment she had endured. Throughout, she hadn’t been able to see her tormentors, not daring to stop or turn around, trying to move forward fast enough to escape punishment.

There were some metal posts in the centre of the space, Tiffany unsure what their purpose was or had been. But the taller woman stepped back into view and grabbed Tiffany’s collar-ring, pulling it down. As she was twisted around, she saw that there was a metal loop on top of the post.

A plastic cable-tie appeared in her vision, getting slid through the loop and the ring of her collar, snapping tighter and pulling her down. She tried to resist but wasn’t strong enough, feeling herself get bent over, her skirt riding up to show her bare butt, the cane striking her flesh again and making her whimper through her gag.

‘Don’t worry, we’ll keep an eye on you and make sure no-one is *too* rough.’ Despite the words, the woman’s tone wasn’t very friendly, as she grabbed at Tiffany’s hair and pulled, making her look upwards, straining her neck. ‘You’re sure to make some new friends this way. Oh look, here’s one.’

She moved aside, letting Tiffany see one of the football team approach. His tight shorts were already bulging with an erection, straining at the lycra. She strained at her restraints, feeling the plastic tie snapping taut as she tried to move away, but it was too strong to break. The hand gripped her head more tightly, forcing her to stay in place.

He leered down at her, his letterman jacket showing off his bulging upper body, massively strong arms that could easily overpower her, even if she wasn’t restrained.

‘What did this one do? Wet herself? Well, I suppose I can take her clean hole.’

He pulled his shorts down, cock flapping down, already stiff and erect. Tiffany tried to pull back, but he grabbed at her head, sliding his cock into her mouth-tube.

‘Mmmm, fuck, this thing is tight!’

It pushed into her mouth without her being able to resist, his body so close that it cut off all the light, virtually blinding her. She could taste his sweat as the cock pressed against her tongue, and she recoiled, trying to move her tongue away from the intruder. But there was no room inside of her mouth, and his hand on her head forced her to move forward and back, wetting his shaft.

She couldn’t do anything except endure, feeling nails pinching at her already-welted buttocks, whimpering in pain. She heard a rumble of approval from above.

‘Tight and wet! Not bad for a piss-slut!’

A hand slapped against her buttocks, making her head jolt forward, the cock sliding into her throat. She gagged and spluttered but couldn’t force the thing out, desperately trying to breathe, her mouth utterly stuffed and plugged.

His hips thrust and pivoted as he slammed into her, until he came. Cum filled her mouth, mingling with the taste of sweat, the fluid thick and sticky, making her cough more. She swilled it around with her tongue, wanting to spit it out, but she couldn’t manage to push it out before having to swallow it, feeling it slide down into her stomach, hot and shameful.

As he withdrew, his cock shrinking, she felt someone grind up against her ass, bulging shorts barely containing another cock. She was too tired to do more than whimper as hands pulled her buttocks apart, and she felt a gob of spit land on the knot of her buttock.

Hot meat pushed against her backside, before starting to push into her ass. She squeaked – she'd never had anyone in there before! She tried shaking her hips to get them off, but their grip was too strong, a massive-feeling shaft pushing into her tight anus, the spit doing little to lubricate it.

Her protests were limited as her view was blocked again, another man stepping in front of her, cock out and ready to violate her mouth and throat again. There was no way to evade, and she had to mutely accept the violation.

She could hear the other cheerleaders flirting with her abusers, sounding cute and sweet, although the cane still flicked against her body. All she could do was grunt and splutter, her mouth filled with cum, spit and the taste of sweat, as her sensitive asshole was spread wide, impaling her on a cock, until it sprayed a load into her. As it withdrew, she could feel cum trickling down between her thighs, joining the sweat and piss already there.

She quickly lost track of how many people had used her, barely able to see, unable to break free of her restraints, having to endure her punishment.

Chapter Four: Taste-Testing

The paddle smacked against Tiffany's ass and made her grunt in pain, trying to keep her jaw tense. Another paddle had been shoved into her mouth, with a plastic cup balanced on the wood, liquid slopping around inside. She was locked into stocks, well-polished wood around her neck and ankles, her torso bent at 90 degrees, thrusting her ass out. Her cheeks felt like they were on fire, the paddle having been used on her before.

Kelly was sat down in front of her, back stiff as she sat down, looking at Tiffany with casual majesty. She was dressed in her black cheer outfit, taking a drink from her own cup. A man was sat next to her, his face flushed with drink, about to put an arm around her in a drunken hug before she gave him a single glare, and he turned away, face growing pale.

'Your stamina is impressive, piss-slut. It seems that even you can learn not to spill liquids when given a strong enough incentive.'

The paddle slapped against her cheeks again, sending the shock of its impact through Tiffany's entire body. Her ass felt like it was on fire, the pain getting increasingly brutal, her clothing giving no protection. From beside her, came a whimper - in the adjacent stocks was an unfortunate pizza delivery girl, her shorts ripped off, getting fucked from in front and behind, her hands tensed into fists. Money was on her back, coins and notes slowly sliding off as she shook under the assault.

Kelly gave the other woman a quick look. 'It seems she won't be taking much of a tip home with her. But you have earned yourself a treat.' She reached forward, lifting up the plastic cup from in front of Tiffany's mouth. 'Release.'

Tiffany obeyed, letting the paddle clatter to the floor, glad to be able to unclench her jaw, as Kelly sniffed the drink. 'Vodka and coke. Mostly vodka, but I'm sure a slut like you had gotten drunk often enough before. Well, you've earned a drink.'

Tiffany raised her head, feeling the wooden stocks touch the back of her neck, mouth open. 'Oh no, little piss-slut. You don't deserve that much of a treat. This is going somewhere else.'

Tiffany froze. What did she mean? Kelly rose from her seat, walking around behind Tiffany, out of sight. Locked into the stocks, Tiffany couldn't move much, cuffs around her ankles connected to the base of the stocks. Kelly's hand, chill against her heated buttocks, spread them, before something rubbery was pushed into her. Tiffany tried to relax, not wanting to get further hurt, as a tube slid into her butthole. Then there was the sound of a fizzy drink being poured, and she felt cold fluid pouring into her, filling up her bowels.

She didn't dare protest, but didn't like the feel of it inside her, the gas making feel full, fluid heavy within her. The hose was yanked out, and then she felt cold, slippery metal push against the knot of her asshole, shoving in with a swift shove, her body swallowing it up.

'Given your past history, I'd don't want you leaking all over the sorority house. But that should get you nice and drunk.'

Tiffany tried tensing her asshole, but the plug was too deeply wedged, her sphincter thoroughly plugged. She'd never even had a beer! She felt a hand slap her ass, making her grunt in pain, her backside on fire, making her shiver and dance, the ankle-chains tinkling.

There was another gasp from beside her, as a load of cum was blasted over the face of the pizza-girl, smearing over her forehead, sticking her brown hair to her forehead. As the man let her go, her head sagged, eyelids fluttering, barely conscious, despite the other football player still ploughing away, his thighs slapping against her backside, before he juddered to a climax himself.

Tiffany shuddered, twisting against the stocks again, the man sat down eyeing her with interest. She could feel the fluids inside of her warming up, and a strange dizziness rising up through her, head starting to spin.

Kelly stepped back into sight. She was holding a crop now, a long black shaft with a rectangular head, a metal stud in the center. 'This one isn't for you. I let your boys have some fun with her – it's not my fault that you missed out. She's still not a full sister.' She flicked her crop at the man. 'I provide your team with entertainment and incentives to win. Which seems to be working rather well. But this one is mine. At least until she either fails and is disposed of, or she manages to prove her worth. She can at least be of use to the other sisters. Now, I think you have a practice session? If you win your next game and score three touchdowns yourself, then, hmmm...' She gently moved her crop, using it to stroke between the man's legs. 'I think you might deserve a reward yourself.' Kelly put one foot between his legs, leaning forward. 'I wonder if you will be as impressive as your boasts? I like forward to finding out. *If* you manage those touchdowns.' She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, her breasts rubbing against his chest.

As she moved away, he started to move a hand towards her, before she flicked it away with the crop and shook her head. 'I thought I had been quite clear. Unless you would like me to be more forceful?'

He shook his head and winced. 'No! No, I'm good. Just remember that promise though.'

'I will. But you need to go to practice. And take the girl with you. I have no need for more meat cluttering up the place. Perhaps something to help you warm up?'

The pizza-girl managed to offer up a soft moan, as the stocks were unlocked, a sack getting thrown over her head, the two football players that had been fucking her easily carrying her. Her booty-shorts were around her knees, the rest of her "tip" falling to the floor.

'Now, piss-slut Tiffany. Did you enjoy your drink?'

'Yes, Chapter-Mistress!' Anything else would almost certainly get her into trouble! But Tiffany was feeling strange now, her head woozy.

'Excellent.'

The football players carried the pizza-girl out, ignoring her soft cries, the captain following them, Kelly's eyes watching the lines of his body before he left.

'He will be a satisfying ride, I think. Nice and tough. But first, the aspirant sister. Release her.'

The stocks and chains rattled as other cheerleaders released the locks, the wooden bar getting raised. Tiffany slowly stood up, resisting the urge to cover her nudity with her arms. When she stood, the writing on her belly could be seen – "Piss Slut" had been neatly written on in black marker, Kelly making sure to go over it whenever it faded. At least she was allowed to wear long tops to cover it up when outside of the sorority house!

She could still feel the liquid sloshing around inside of her, and the plug in her ass, pressure building up inside of her. Hopefully they wouldn't force her onto all fours and make her piss

herself in public, or leash her like a dog and leave her tied up until she had to soil herself. She hadn't been subjected to anything as brutal as being tied up and used again, but half the football team still smiled every time they saw her.

'It is important that we of the sorority be close to each other.' Two other cheerleaders moved up behind Tiffany, making her tense up, uncertain what was going to happen. 'And it seems as though one of our number has broken their pledge, and allowed themselves to have improper relationships.' There was a yell from the other side of the room, as another cheerleader was grabbed, her arms twisted back as she was forced to her knees.

'Hey! That's not fa...mmmphhh!' Her words were cut off as she was forcefully gagged, a foam ball pushed into bulging cheeks.

'Perhaps, piss-slut, then someone might take your place at the bottom of the ladder. The two of you shall be judged. I have had appropriate devices readied. And then you and Casey can see who will be lowest ranking.'

She flicked her wrist, using it to strike against Tiffany's breast, the metal stud snapping against flesh, leaving a painful red welt.

'This way.'

She walked away without giving Tiffany a chance to respond, leaving her no choice but to slowly walk after her, trying to ignore the gaze of the other cheerleaders, or the gagged yells of her rival.

Tiffany was led from the front room, and followed Kelly down into the cellar, Kelly unlocking the thick wooden door. Tiffany shivered again – she didn't like it down here!

Lights blinked on, revealing the occult decorations and misshapen statues. At least she hadn't been forced to suck them off... yet.

In the center of the room were two high-seated barstools, the wood finely polished. But the seats were partially cut away and sat on a heavy base. On the base was a wooden block with a large dildo poking upwards as well as lots of leather straps and cuffs dangling from the wood.

More cheerleaders grabbed Tiffany and dragged her forward, towards one of the chairs. She tried tensing her thighs, willing herself to be aroused and wet, trying to make things less painful as she was pulled over the ground-mounted dildo and pushed into place, the lump pushing into her, fat and full. She was pushed onto it, feeling her insides compact up, a shocking thrill of pleasure from the violation, her eyes now on level with the seat of the stool.

She had to squat on the ground, her knees up against her chest. If she pushed down, she could just about make her buttocks reach something, but that made the dildo push even more into her, feeling like it was tearing her apart. Hands grabbed at her, pulling a leather strap around the back of her neck, forcing her head to be pulled forward against the stool-seat. Her arms were pulled behind her back and her wrists cuffed, as straps wrapped around her body, pulling her into a bundle. She could wriggle and twist her arms a bit, but there were enough straps she probably couldn't get free. Would she be whipped? Her back was entirely exposed except for the straps, but from the way her mouth was on the same level with the seat, she could guess what might be about to happen.

The other girl was struggling, needing several people to wrestle her into position, squealing as she was penetrated, her clothing getting torn off until she was as naked as Tiffany.

'Casey has forgotten that sexual relationships are not permitted without my permission. And for that, she must be punished and beg forgiveness of her sisters.'

From the sounds that were coming from Casey's mouth, she wasn't begging. Tiffany let herself sink onto the dildo, feeling lightheaded, giggly and entirely stuffed. When she let her

body relax, the straps held her in position, taking the strain of her calves, feeling like an embrace. Although whenever her ass touched the smooth wood, it hurt, the punishment for earlier barely healed.

‘All sisters should know each other intimately. The piss-slut Tiffany will be tested to see if she has learned enough of us to join us.’

Silk brushed against Tiffany’s face, making her twitch, before it wrapped around her face, blindfolding her. With her vision gone, her balance suffered and she swayed, and might have fallen over if it wasn’t for the leather cords binding her in place.

‘The piss-slut is to taste her sisters and identify them by taste. And also to give them pleasure.’

Tiffany felt someone move past her, the wooden seat in front of her creaking as they sat down. Warm thighs touched her cheeks and she stuck her tongue out, running it along soft flesh. Taut tight-meat, then their crotch, and then there was the rougher skin of partially-shaved pubes. She flickered her tongue into the slit, twisting it around and drilling into them, hearing a gasp from above. As she continued to twist and lick, a crop flicked against her back, making her gasp, her head sealed between warm thighs.

‘You are to not just pleasure everyone else, but also identify them. So, piss-slut, who is your tongue currently inside of?’

Tiffany tried to buy more time by pushing her head forward, inhaling the woman’s scent, feeling their wet and quivering nub. They gasped as Tiffany drew back, another crop-flick to her back making Tiffany hiss in pain. ‘Samantha, chapter-mistress!’

The crop moved down her back, more strikingly now. ‘Very good. Now finish her off.’ Tiffany pushed her head forward, returning to eating the woman out, licking and sucking until they came, some of their fluids flowing down into her throat. After they came, their thighs tensed around her head, and she struggled to breath until they let go. As they dismounted the chair, a leg knocked against her head, . Someone else moved into the chair – from close by, she could hear more pained gasping and the sounds of a crop striking flesh, as Casey was punished, sounding like she was having to be forced into eating someone out.

Thighs clamped around Tiffany’s head, tight and strong and warm. She could feel thigh-high stockings rubbing against her head, as she kissed at flesh, a hand grabbing her hair and pulling her head forward, her throat getting squashed against the wood of the chair. Struggling to breath, she licked their slit, driving her tongue deep into it, feeling them shiver around her. She was lost in their scent and presence, trying to recognize them purely through how they felt and tasted, and their squeals, although hearing through their thighs was hard.

Tiffany felt light-headed and giddy, still feeling the drink forced into her body, her cheeks feeling hot as she sucked at the wet pussy in front of her. The crop stroked her back, the metal stud cold and hard against her back, Kelly ready to punish her as fingers grabbed at her hair, drawing her into someone’s crotch.

They didn’t take long to come, Tiffany now eagerly licking at their juices, her mouth suddenly dry, eager for any liquid. She started grinding her own hips up and down, enjoying the oversized cock buried inside of herself, although every time her buttocks touched against the wooden base, it send another shiver of pain through her.

‘You may pleasure yourself afterwards, piss-slut.’ Kelly’s voice was cold, and cut through Tiffany’s daze, stilling her movement. ‘Who has your dirty tongue been pleasuring?’

The fingers curled through Tiffany's hair relaxed, letting her move her head backwards, trying to think who she might have been pleasuring, having to guess from the tone of their grunts. 'Madison?'

'Hmmm. Better than expected. Continue.'

She could feel Kelly's presence, far too close behind her, her butt flaring with pain as she twisted around on the dildo, her beaten buttocks rubbing against the floor. But the dildo felt good, even if it was making her insides feel stretched out and full, her juices flowing to the flow. Kelly alternated between the crop, flicking and sliding it over Tiffany's back, and her hands, nails moving down Tiffany's flesh, scratching and pinching.

When not trapped between someone's legs, she could hear Casey squealing and protesting, being treated more roughly, the sounds of slaps and strikes. She managed to get several more sisters, or at least wasn't punished more, but she was feeling really woozy now, her head spinning. She wanted to sleep! Or to come, and then to sleep.

But Kelly's presence, painful and threatening, made that impossible. Her tongue felt slow and fat, covered with juices, tastes blurring together. Her head was yanked forward, nose pushed into someone's crotch, clean and shaved flesh pushing against her lips. She tried sticking her tongue out, slowly twisting it around, tasting their slick walls, but it was getting harder and harder to stay awake.

Kelly said something, but Tiffany couldn't hear it, the sound a vague mumble as strong thighs tensed around Tiffany's ears. Even the crop-strikes seemed to hurt less, her body getting numb, before more juices stained her face and flowed down her throat.

'Who was that, piss-slut?'

Tiffany stuck her tongue out, trying to taste them again, desperate for any clues. She could barely think, never mind remember the names of the other cheerleaders! She mumbled something, hoping that it would sound about right. Nails dug into her shoulder, making her squeak in pain, Kelly's breath whispering against her ear.

'I think the piss-slut needs to rest.'

Tiffany mumbled again – rest would be nice!

'As a punishment, I think the laundry box for you. Perhaps that will help you get more acquainted with our scents.'

Tiffany tried to protest, but felt too tired. When the straps around her were released, the only thing keeping her upright the dildo, her hands still cuffed behind her. Hands lifted her up, carrying her through the air, making her giggle – it felt like she was flying! And then she was dropped, landing in uneven heaps of clothing. It stank of sweat and bodies, and she could feel all sorts of different materials against her skin – cheer outfits, cotton, linen, silk... The smell was inescapable, as a metal lid clanged shut above her, sealing her into the laundry box, the air thick and reeking.

Chapter Five: Tests and Trials

It was hellish, being stuck inside of the laundry box. Any sweet scents had faded under sweat and grime, the box small and cramped, lumps and spikes poking against her. Her bowels were still full, the plug mercifully keeping her from voiding herself, but it hurt and made her feel like her guts were stuffed solid. She kept her legs clamped tightly together, not wanting to risk pissing herself – Kelly would punish her if she soiled herself all over everyone's clothing!

At least now there wasn't anything stuffed inside of her, but she was dirty and didn't like it. She wanted to be let out! But she didn't dare kick out against the box, not wanting to draw attention to herself and risk getting punished. She had to suffer in sweaty, stinking silence, waiting until she was let out.

She didn't know how long it was until she was finally released, but the top opening and fresh air rushing in, doing something to dispel the reek. Kelly was looking down at her, crop in hand, face cold and controlled.

'Hmmm. So the piss-slut does have some self-control. Perhaps there is some hope for you after all. Casey has served her penalty, and so we return to you.'

Tiffany could see Casey, stood leaning her hands against the wall, her ass a burning red, the paddle discarded next to her. The other woman was shaking, her sobs audible in the underground space, obviously struggling to stand. Another of the cheerleaders slapped Casey on the backside, making her scream from the impact, not daring to move from her position.

'She may have to sit out the next few games. Or stand, as sitting will have to wait until she heals. Now, crawl like the slut you are.'

Tiffany slowly obeyed, trying to ignore the intense pressure from her guts, glad to crawl out of the stinking crate, crawling out of it, feeling the stone cold floor against her hands and knees.

'Did you enjoy your drink?'

Tiffany didn't dare look up into Kelly's eyes, but nodded her head and answered. 'Yes, chapter-mistress.'

'Oh? Very polite. Keep your distance, piss-slut. I don't want you getting any waste on me. Would you like to empty yourself?'

Tiffany shuddered, but nodded again, desperate to relieve herself. 'Yes. Please, chapter-mistress. Please...' Her voice petered out, weak and desperate, Casey's sobbing almost drowning it out.

'You have earned that much, at least.' She flicked her crop, Tiffany wincing, but it didn't hit, just whistling through the air. 'Tammy. Bring the bucket.'

A green plastic bucket was brought forward and placed on the ground in front of Tiffany. Before it could be taken away, she squatted over it and relaxed, piss streaming out of her and drumming against the plastic. She could feel some droplets splashing back up and out, but didn't care, glad to relieve the strain within herself, despite the eyes on her.

With her bladder emptied, she felt better, although her bowels were still stuffed and full, the plug stretching out her asshole and extending into her.

‘I don’t think you deserve to be clean just yet. Not when you are still proving yourself.’ Down on her hands and knees, Tiffany could feel the grit of the stone against her hands and knees, and her body was sticky and dirty, pee still present between her legs. ‘Do you think you have what it takes to join us still?’

Tiffany nodded. If she’d gone through all of this, she wanted to join! And not just to be the piss-slut, at the very bottom of everything!

‘Then you need to be tested. You’ve had it easy so far, but I think something more... forceful is required. To test your dedication.’

Tiffany swallowed nervously. What would she have to do? She was already naked and wretched, what would it be this time? Her own ass was already sore and red from her earlier paddling, even if she hadn’t been as brutalized as Casey.

‘Come.’ Kelly clicked her fingers, like she was calling a pet, Tiffany rocking backwards onto her haunches. ‘I do hope you will be compliant?’ She didn’t give Tiffany a chance to respond before flicking the crop underneath her chin, making her raise her head upwards. Someone grabbed her shoulders, leather wrapping around her neck, a lock clicking shut as a collar fell into place. It was just slightly too tight, squeezing around her throat and neck, just shut of choking her.

‘A few of the boys need to relax before their next game. Their performance hasn’t been very good recently though, so they don’t deserve any of us. Which just leaves you, miserable little piss-slut. You are to pleasure them with your body. Do you understand?’

The stud on the crop was cold against her chin, as she was forced to look up into Kelly’s face, her stance powerful and commanding.

‘I know you’re nothing but a silly little slut, so this should be easy for you. There’s always a use for soft sluts that are willing to use their holes.’

Tiffany could feel her eyes watering, Kelly’s glare burning into her, but she couldn’t look away with the crop holding her head up.

‘Good. Follow me.’

Tiffany didn’t dare stand, instead crawling behind Kelly, feeling her breasts sway as she moved, tits swinging from side-to-side. The plug was still between her asscheeks – she could feel the outside metal lump against her buttocks, rubbing as she moved.

Crawling back up the stairs was hard on her knees, and moving back into the sorority house hallways made her shudder, making her even more aware of how dirty and rank she was. But Kelly kept moving, Tiffany following behind her through the hallway, as they moved into one of the front rooms. The sunlight on her bare skin felt nice, but she’d rather have clothing!

Four members of the football team were there, in their letterman jackets, one of them chugging back a beer. They looked up at Kelly as she entered, flinching slightly as she raised her crop – she even had them well-trained!

‘This is our newest pledge. Although she is rather pathetic, and I doubt she will show her worth as a full sister. The rest of us are busy with practice for the big game, but she is unused at the moment. Although I would leave the plug in, unless you wish her to leak everywhere. Still, that leaves two holes for you, which should be more than enough. Piss-slut, you may begin.’

Kelly stood to the side, tapping the crop against Tiffany’s flank, then her backside. The light tap made her butt flare in agony, driving her into movement. All four of the men were looking at her with obvious interest. She moved closer then leaned backwards, pushing her breasts out, spreading her legs to show her slit off as well.

The door locked shut, making Tiffany shiver as she looked back, to see Kelly leaning against it. Her black cheerleader outfit was stark against the white door, highlighting her figure.

‘Begin, piss-slut. Or are you entirely unsuitable for your role?’

She crawled forward again, looking between then four of them. Would they be willing to fuck someone like her, dirty and abused? She bent her head down and kissed a shoe, the rough material chafing her lips. A hand grabbed her hair, making her wince in pain.

‘Let’s see what you’re like.’

Tiffany hung limply from his grip, but she could see his cock, hardening up beneath his shorts.

‘Kelly’s too much of a drill sergeant to let us have fun with her other girls, but you’re free to use, I guess.’

‘Use your initiative, piss-slut.’

Kelly’s voice was cold, but prompted Tiffany to raise her hands, using her palms to stroke the growing thing, feeling the heat of it through his clothing. It felt huge, and kept growing, before the hand on her head dragged her forward, then man using his other hand to pull his shorts down.

His cock was out now, fully erect, and he pulled her down, her mouth opening wide to let it slide into her mouth. She tightened her lips around it, swirling her tongue around, already rocking her head back and forth. It filled her mouth, knocking against the back of her throat until she forced herself to push further, overcoming her gag reflex. She couldn’t see anything of him other than the t-shirt covering his belly, as she sucked her cheeks in. From the sounds he made, he approved.

Hands gripped her waist, making her bend upwards, trying to make sure she had her lips still suckling at the cock. Fingers tweaked the butt-plug, making her squeak, before they pushed forward to her cunt, parting her lips. She could still feel sticky droplets of piss still, and tensed up, trying to close her thighs. The fingers pinched at her until she spread them again. She pulled her head back and slid a hand between her lips and the base of the cock, squeezing and stroking it. The thing felt burning hot, the tip tasting different.

Fingers pressed into her slit, parting her folds, and she could feel another erect cock bumping against her backside, before a hand guiding it into her. The tip pushed into her, making her gasp, trying not to bite the cock in her mouth.

It felt good, sliding into her with minimal resistance, sliding back and forth, slightly deeper each time, a satisfyingly filling sensation, although it made her bowels feel too full again. She moved her head up, lapping at the cock-tip while pumping her hand up and down.

Her hips were rocked back and forth, cock impaling her. It felt good, thick and sturdy, making it hard to think. The man holding her head grunted in time with her motions, until it twitched and shot out a stream of cum. It sprayed over her face, splashing over an eye and gumming it shut. The scent helped cover the odor of her own sweat, a thick musk that made her feel dizzier. She dipped her head downwards to give it a final suck, slurping down every drop as the cock started to shrink.

The one nailing her from behind kept going, hands gripping her hips tightly, her body shaking about, breasts slapping against the legs of the man she had just sucked off. It felt so good to be filled with a cock, her pussy tight around it. She wanted to be used, as she almost drowned in the scent of cum, extending her tongue and licking some of the stuff off her face.

Gasps and groans came from behind her, and she could feel his ballsack knocking against her.

His eruption was thick and heavy, shooting her with a full load. She mewed with disappointment as the cock was withdrawn – she liked being stuffed and full! And the cock in front of her was flaccid now, even when she started stroking it again.

A hand grabbed her collar, yanking her to one side, her knees scraping on the floor.

‘My turn now, suck-slut. Open wide.’

She was on her knees still, in front of another football player. His cock was already out, even larger than the one she had seen before, the scent tickling her nostrils. She dipped her head, feeling it stretch the corners of her mouth as she tried to position herself over the rod, rubbing her lips over it, feeling her throat bulge as the cock shoved into her. She coughed and spluttered, feeling thick wads of spit well up, her eyes watering as she tried to breath around the shaft, using her hands to stroke his balls.

A hand slapped her buttocks, making her yelp and then cough from the intruder in her mouth, another slap making her shake her backside about to try to avoid more pain. Hadn’t she been punished there enough already? And then the plug was twisted again, the bulb lodged inside of her shifting around, making her feel even more desperate to be allowed to empty herself.

‘That training you put your sluts through gives them lovely butts.’ A voice rumbled from behind her as Tiffany continued to suck away, unable to protest at the harsh treatment.

‘This one has been something of a disappointment. Needy, but not up to my standards.’

Cock-meat, heavy and hard, knocked against her backside, sending another sting of pain from her sore and abused flesh, before sliding into her. She was still wet with pussy-juice and cum, making it easy for the cock to slide into her. She exhaled in pleasure, pushing her head further down, pubic hair tickling her nose, feeling her throat now entirely filled. A hand slapped her cheek, making her gurgle and splutter, feeling her pussy get filled. Being fucked, rough and hard, felt so *good*, her head empty of anything but pure sensation, even the rough slaps to her face or ass just making her hotter, nothing more than a set of holes to be filled with cock-meat.

She lost track of how many times she was used, until she was allowed to drop back, sprawling across the floor in a puddle of her own sweat, her face covered with cum, more leaking from her pussy, her thighs sticky with the stuff, already starting to dry.

A dark presence loomed over her, Kelly blocking out the sunlight, making Tiffany suddenly go cold and whimper. Her throat was so ravaged she couldn’t manage any real words, as Kelly poked at her with a foot.

‘Not good enough, piss-slut. But don’t worry – I’ve found someone willing to take even a useless fuck-slut like you.’

Tiffany couldn’t summon up the strength to protest, instead coughing, spit and cum mingling in her throat.

‘It’s not even worth washing you off.’ She thrust her foot down at Tiffany, stamping on her belly, pinning her in place. ‘It’ll be lots of fresh air for you. And you can be someone else’s problem.’

Tiffany whined – she’d obeyed, hadn’t she? But the door opened, more cheerleaders coming in with a wooden shipping crate. She was too weak to fight back as she was cuffed at the hands and wrists, then lifted up and dropped into it, packing peanuts sticking to her sweaty, cum-slicked skin, threatening to fall into her mouth. More poured on top of her, and then it went dark, the sound of nails as the lid was nailed into place. She whimpered, trying to twist around, disorientated as she felt it get lifted up and moved somewhere else.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at www.deviantart.com/mduvant.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at www.deviantart.com/0formant0. If you want to see more of the adventures of Tiffany, as she is trained into a ponygirl, you can find them in his artbooks, available here: [Formant \(gumroad.com\)](http://Formant.gumroad.com)

Connect with the Writer and the Artist

This is my first “short”, rather than a full smut novella, I hope you enjoyed it! If you want more, then you can find me on Smashwords at

<https://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/MelissaDuVant>

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Digital Slave Preview Chapter: A New Life Starts

Present Day

The pressure on her shoulders was intense, wrists cuffed together behind her back, a chain running to the ceiling and pulling them up. This forced her into a painful strappado position, unable to properly stand without wrenching her shoulders out of position. Her mouth was full, a large sphere of black rubber strapped between her lips, slow trickles of spittle flowing over her red-painted lips, down her chin. Around her neck was a collar, a chunky band of bright metal, chunky metal bracelets of the same material on her wrists. Ever since she had started wearing it, she had become intimately familiar with the devices it contained – at the moment it was as loose as it got, although it could tighten without notice to choke her, or shock her.

She had lost track of how long she'd been held in this position – the apartment had no clocks, and the windows were blacked out, the time of day impossible to tell. Her slender body, something that she had always been proud of, even used to draw attention to herself, was dressed in a silk blouse and black pencil skirt. In the pale glow of emergency lighting, the fringe of a lacey bra could be seen beneath the blouse, her skirt short enough to show the patterns on her stockings around her thighs. If it wasn't for the collar, gag, and position, she could have been any office worker.

She whimpered, trying to shift, find some element of comfort. How long had it been since she had been here? Days, weeks, months? She was kept here, every element of her life controlled, only allowed out in what the owner permitted. She had nothing of her own, everything she had, everything she had become, was what the owner desired.

But she had never seen the owner, her owner. She had been shaped and moulded, without ever even being touched by him. She twisted in her bonds, thoughts of her previous life bubbling upwards. She had had a name then. Been able to go out. Had control of herself, been able to choose her own clothing. What had her name been? Her twisting strengthened as she twisted, the chain softly clinking.

Her collar beeped, and she froze in fear. It tightened, not even to choke her, but a warning. Was her owner watching? She knew there must be cameras, watching her, knowing when she was bad or good. But he couldn't read her mind, could he? The AC whirred into life, cold air beating down on her, her clothing doing little to protect her. The memories died within her as the cold air blew, until her stirring stopped.

The thing between her legs briefly stirred into life, an empty promise of warmth. Not long enough to give her any relief or pleasure, simply a reminder that she lacked even the control to pleasure herself. She shuffled awkwardly, stilettos clicking on the floor. If she was good, if she managed to maintain this position for long enough, maybe she would be allowed to sleep on the floor, rather than restrained. Maybe she would be allowed out – her clothing chosen for her, her mouth sealed behind a gag, but outside, where she could pretend to be a person.

The pressure in the air changed, the AC shutting down. The door, path to the outside world, always locked to her, clicked open, light spilling in. She was bound facing away from the door, unable to see who was standing there. Was it the owner? Or someone else? She didn't dare

twist to see, in case she was punished for it. The shadow moved closer, footsteps seemingly as loud as thunder. A hand reached out, slapping her ass in a possessive way, and she couldn't restrain herself from squeaking. Had her owner finally come to claim her, or was this someone else to service? Either way, she had to please them. She parted her legs slightly, hoping they would find her pleasing.

Days, Weeks or Months ago...

Sophia's heart sank, blood turning cold. She pressed refresh, in the desperate hope that things would be different. They couldn't have dropped that fast. The screen reloaded – everything was in the red. *Deep* into the red. Could she move money from anywhere else? No, everywhere was tapped out. Everything had been riding on this. But how could everything have dropped like that? The market shouldn't move like that, something should have gone up. She refreshed again. It was even worse. She'd bet her apartment on this, everything she owned!

She felt a presence, before a hand touched her shoulder, nails pressing against her flesh through her thin blouse. 'Go home for the rest of the week, Sophia. We'll talk about this soon.' The woman squeezed her shoulder, red-painted nails digging in harder, just for a moment. Then she turned and left, heels clicking against the trading room floor.

Sophia glanced around, seeing rumours already spreading amongst her colleagues, looking at her with pity or contempt. She ignored the sting of pride, trying to look calm and collected, picking up her handbag and left the office.

She went to get drunk. A fancy bar, piano playing, no shortage of people willing to buy drinks for her – even without getting changed, her silk blouse, unbuttoned to show the edge of her bra beneath, tight pencil-skirt short enough that the tops of her stockings flashed into view as she walked, or crossed her legs were enticement enough. She might have lost big today, lost everything she owned, but all she needed was some seed money to get started again.

Who could she hit up for a loan? Stephen was normally a sucker, especially if she wore something tight and black. And he wasn't even pushy enough to demand sex, just a quick handjob was normally enough. Although he was out of town, having taken a new job in Hong Kong. Maybe Ken? Although his latest wife was a pushy bitch. Another drink appeared, the spirits burning into her stomach, her thoughts turning into alcohol-infused mush as night fell.

She awoke, in sunlight. Crisp sheets wrinkled beneath her hands, discreet buzz of a phone alarm vibrating nearby. Where was she? She blinked sleep from her eyes and looked around – not a place she recognised, but it oozed wealth. Sunlight streamed in from full-height windows, showing views over a park. The bed was massive, what looked to be a walk-in wardrobe opposite, floor-length mirrors, grey and chrome drawers and cupboards. And she was naked. Well, if it was whoever owned this place, then she had done well – she rolled over, finding the bed empty. She didn't feel satisfied, so they must have been too drunk to have sex.

The rest of the apartment was small, but the view outside the window showed that it was right in the heart of the city, worth several million, at the least. The whole place shared the same chrome-and-steel colouring, probably designed by some tech-bro nerd, everything electronically controlled, both austere and massively expensive. A screen blinked on, displaying a message.

Had to go to work, but last night was great. This place was my ex's, feel free to crash here. She was about the same size as you, use her clothes if you want.

Well, this seemed to be quite fortunate. She had no recollection of who the mysterious owner was, but they were clearly wealthy, which was what she needed right now. Everything

was chrome and metal, custom-fitted and expensive. Near the entrance was a strange piece of modern art, dangling from a chain on the ceiling— a roughly female shape of solid black plastic, a head, the swell of breasts and curve of hips, a hole for a mouth and another between the legs, edges stained slightly. She'd always preferred more classical art and sculpture but having such a thing on casual display showed vast wealth. She looked at more closely – there was a tiny hairline crack around the edge, the thing cast in two halves. She gave it a gentle shove, setting it swinging. Something tickled the edge of her hearing; was that a moan? She must have imagined it, an apartment like this would be fully sound-proofed.

She returned to the walk-in wardrobe, the door sliding open with an electronic beep. Inside was a carousel device filled with clothing, so only a single outfit was accessible at any given time, like a giant vending machine. More sealed lockers lined the walls, all currently shut. The current outfit was very much in line with her own preferences - sleek and sexy office-wear, a skirt, tight and black and short, a silk blouse, along with a lace thong and bra. One of the lockers popped open, revealing a pair of very high heels and some stockings. The ex must have been about the same size as her, conveniently. Before dressing she had a shower, luxuriating in the steaming hot water, rubbing herself down, feeling the fug of last night retreating under the steam and heat.

When she was done, she applied her makeup – this ex had similar colouration as well; the owner must have a distinct 'type'. Well, that would make him easier to butter up for some money. With her lips tinted red, mascara around her eyes, hair pulled back into a ponytail, she felt decidedly more in control, more like herself, especially when she dressed as well. She admired herself in the mirror, blowing herself a kiss.

Another message blinked onto the screen in the main room, accompanied by a faint chiming noise.

You lost your phone last night, here's a replacement. I loaded my number onto it.

A drawer opened with a pneumatic pop. Inside was a smartphone, sleek, black and unbranded, the sort of prestigious item normally seen in the hands of millionaires. She pressed her thumb against it, as it unlocked for her - even the programming was something she didn't recognise, although most of the functionality appeared to be locked. There was only one number listed: 'Owner', with no other details listed.

Well, he had been so nice, he deserved a treat, and something to keep him keen and friendly. She found the camera function and posed for a selfie, tweaking her blouse to make sure it showed her cleavage, making a seductive face.

Thanks for last night "owner", you were great. See you soon!

She took several pictures, making sure to find the best one before hitting 'send'. Then she explored the rest of the apartment. It was small, little more than the bathroom, a kitchen-diner, and a box room, with the colossal bedroom and walk-in wardrobe taking the largest amount of space. This close to the center though, it must have cost a fortune – she took her new phone out and tried to access the internet, to look up the value, but couldn't find any way to access it.

All the draws in the kitchen had an RFID scanner, remaining stubbornly locked, surfaces too smooth to pull open. Denied there, she went to the wardrobe – it would have been a decent-sized room by itself, but the carousel device took most of the space, leaving only a small space to get changed. She rotated through the other outfits – beyond a variety of office-wear and gorgeous (and expensive!) evening gowns, there was a variety of more 'special' outfits - a latex nurse's outfit, several skin-tight catsuits, a schoolgirl outfit, a shiny nun's habit with holes at the crotch... Well, those wouldn't be getting used, at least not on her. She liked to be in charge,

not the one being dominated. She smiled at past memories – keeping someone on the edge, just shy of climax, could be a powerful incentive when negotiating. Although she hated the feel, taste and scent of cum, so always tried to slip a condom on first.

Her stomach rumbled – she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday. She went to the front door, running her hand against the card reader – there was no handle, nothing to force it open. When she tapped it, a prompt appeared; "Present Owner authentication". Without that, it wouldn't open.

Another bell chimed, message appearing. *Nice pic, you're a doll. Have some food.*

A drawer popped open, revealing a bowl full of powder. She grimaced. *Of course* a techbro would be into food-substitute powder. She gave it a sniff. Flavourless food substitute, to boot. Enough of that, and even the taste of cum would be a welcome change. She turned to the tap, trying to figure out how to turn it on – there was nothing to twist or turn. She waved the bowl beneath the tap, water rushing out. Just enough to turn the powder into a paste, nutritional enough to keep her alive, but bland and tasteless. She'd have to convince him to take her out somewhere proper, or this relationship wouldn't last long. She ate the paste, then put the bowl back into the drawer which slid shut and locked itself.

Unable to leave, she explored the apartment – everything was sealed away, the place spartan and barren, no pictures or any other touches of life. In the bathroom were fresh toiletries, a sealed toothbrush and paste, the cabinet locking shut once she had cleaned her teeth. There was a TV in each room, but no remote control, nor any buttons on the units themselves.

She bent over to look under the bed, finding what she expected – a large box, filled with more 'toys', those for obviously female use. She pulled it out, having to strain to shift the weight; if she was stuck here while some dickless techbro was spending his time hacking code, she may as well enjoy herself. The ex must have been feeling frustrated, if the amount of stuff present was any indication, and most of it still unopened.

At the bottom of the box, and the reason it was so heavy, was a heavy block, a vibrating pad at the top – a sybian. She'd seen one used at a party before, an unwilling escort made to mount it only when threatened with being stripped and forcibly ejected onto the streets. From the sounds the girl had made, it had been quite intense, although that might just have been to try and please whoever had hired her or hoping to get them to let her go.

She managed to find a plug socket (even that was behind a metal panel, although at least it was open rather than locked) and plugged it in. This one looked pretty heavy-duty, with straps to ensure the occupant didn't fall off, the controls on the front of the box where they would be hard to access when in use. She straddled it, then took another picture.

Think I should go for a ride?

It didn't take long until there was a response.

Strap yourself in, it's a hell of a thing!

She squirted lube over the dildo, shimmying her thong off, playing with herself to get herself ready. This was how she wanted to live, surrounded by luxury, although with rather more control herself. She played with herself, loosening herself up, then slowly eased herself onto the prong. The thing was cold inside her, although was a comfortable size, satisfyingly solid. She strapped the bands around her thighs, then reached forward, fumbling along the front of the device for the 'on' switch.

It buzzed to life. She immediately grabbed her phone, trying to concentrate through the vibrations and stimulation, pressure swiftly building inside of her. This selfie wouldn't be very

well focused, but... Her thoughts went white as the vibrations rumbled through her, bringing her to a peak. If it hadn't been for the straps, she would have fallen off already.

The phone fell from her hand as she was shoved into another orgasm, hands covering her mouth as she tried not to yell. She came again, the buzzing seeming louder. Oh god, was it getting faster? A cry tore itself from her lips, audible even through her hands, and then she sagged forward as the buzzing slowed slightly. Her hands scrabbled over the front of the panel, fumbling for the controls.

It started to vibrate again, her nails scraping against knobs and dials, flicking a switch and the thing powering down. It took her a long moment to collect herself, head swimming as she slowly pulled herself off it, the dildo now slick with her juices. She could understand now why that escort had started to beg after the sixth orgasm had been ripped from her, the onlookers only turning it up higher and laughing.

She climbed off, needing to collect herself. That thing was powerful! Her pussy was drenched, thighs moist with her own juices, as she wiped herself down on the bedsheets. She didn't have any other clothing, and the device in the closet seemed to have jammed, leaving her reeking of sex as she put the thong back on, taking a moment to rearrange her own clothing as the message bell chimed again.

Nice look, doll, suits you. Wonder how long you can go for if it wasn't turned off? Called in a favour, got you a job. Close by, phone will tell you the way.

It had fallen against the wall, fortunately undamaged. A map had appeared, showing her current location, a destination not far away. Who was this guy? The place shown was an office building, filled with super-expensive lawyers and consultants. For a one-night stand she couldn't even remember, he was very generous. Even when drunk, she wouldn't have been picked someone ugly so he must be a looker, and wealthy as well.

The bathroom door had sealed itself, so she couldn't shower again. The door to outside opened, allowing her to leave, hissing shut as soon as she passed through.