

Initiation of Sophie

Category: Text Stories

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By MrBondskin

Chapter 1

It was what Sophie thought she wanted. Sophie had been warned about the initiations that would follow her decision. This night was just the beginning of the process, and she had been both warned about it, and was told to look forward to it. Even as she was filled with anxiety and apprehension, especially after being matter-of-factly ordered to remove every shred of her clothes, Sophie was filled with resolve, and the mantra that repeated in her mind: I have to get into this sorority.

Delicate hands with French nails applied more clear liquid onto Sophie's sinewy upper thighs. True, her whole shapely body was already encased in tight liquid latex, but with the application of each new layer, a new wave of solvent was to be added. It was tradition. The liquid seemed to surround and restrict the movements of her slightly larger than average breasts, and constrict her chest all the way to her narrow waist. Sophie bit into her gag and tried to inhale deeply through the narrow breathing tube. Her nose had been plugged with breathing tubes an hour ago, and she continued to fight the panic and fear of suffocation. These hazing nights were all about conquering fear and showing you had the mettle to make it into the exclusive club.

No one but the freshmen would even think of giggling at such a ceremony. This was a serious tradition. Sophie heard one of the girl's giggles followed five minutes later by the stripping of clothes and a furious whipping. The girl of laughter would have cried out if not for the fully-pumped inflatable gag. Sophie knew what the gag felt like—she had yet to know the whippings so intimately. There were no subsequent giggles. Only two more layers of liquid latex spread onto Sophie's body, then the actual black catsuit.

While the last layer of liquid was drying, the Junior and Senior sisters took turns playing with Sophie's exposed pussy. There was only a narrow opening, but large enough to tug and pull the lips out of hiding. Two of the sisters handled tweezers and plucked pubic hairs one by one. All of Sophie's emotions and senses seemed heightened, and thus she wanted to cry out in a dizzying mixture of shock and sexual arousal. Such a small tool and such a delicate target, but so much intense little pain streaked along her pussy lips.

The liquid layers dried and tightened one upon the other. Sophie's breathing labored and she told herself to slow her breathing down. It was difficult when one of the sisters was handed a soft cat o'nine tails and instructed to aim for Sophie's most vulnerable spot. Without hesitation, the cat's braids came crashing down on her pussy. Sophie bit down hard into the gag, praying that the tube would not explode in her stretched mouth.

Sophie reminded herself, even if she didn't know exactly what to expect beforehand, this is why she chose this school. The scholarship opportunities and internships that the leadership promised were the prizes awaiting her. The promise of opportunity she told herself—after every new strike of the whip—was why she endured all the mental tests and bizarre panel questioning of the sorority's president leading up to this moment.

Her body instinctively tried to move with each blow falling on her now-swollen pussy, but Sophie's body remained almost lifeless. With each wrist and each ankle held down to the metal table by a pair of girls, the motion from her body looked like a series of small tremors. Everything under the latex was held so compactly and so tightly that there was precious room for any movement. You had to observe close to

even detect her shallow breathing.

Though her hearing capacity was dulled, Sophie could make out the sound of something new coming her way. Gentle hands were roughly handling her body now and sliding on a new outer layer. It was a complete bodysuit made of very expensive black rubber latex. Opera gloves were slid onto her slim hands and arms. Thigh high leggings rolled up her long sexy legs, made even sexier by their dark and shiny beauty. The single zipper came up to her neck now, pulling taut and mashing down her size 36C breasts to some degree. The last few centimeters were the toughest, but with all those helping hands, the task was achieved. To top off her body, an ultra tight black mask was spread onto her face. This left open only the tiny nose holes for her breathing tubes. The strings were tightened behind her head and Sophie could not believe that this second skin could feel any tighter. There was at least one more restrictive accessory which temporarily escaped Sophie's racing mind: The corset.

The Sophomore girls were instructed to move Sophie into position for the fitting. Sophie could not move herself anymore, so all her future movements would have to be made for her. Sophie's thoroughly encased body was slid off the table and stood straight up. Her arms were lifted up, in spite of the three layers of tight latex, and each wrist was surrounded by a thick rubber manacle with a metal O-ring. Once her arms were raised up high, the girls attached a wide spreader bar between her wrists and secured each end to her separate manacles. The spreader bar was hooked to a chain that descended from the ceiling and Sophie's body was drawn up just an inch or so. With the balls of her latex covered feet no longer touching the floor, the sisters brought out the six-inch platform heels and strapped them to Sophie's feet. The spreader bar was once again drawn up and now Sophie could just barely touch the floor with the soles of her new platforms. There wasn't much leverage, but it prevented Sophie from hanging by her wrists alone.

In this hanging position, Sophie found her ability to breathe even more challenged. She reminded herself that there had to be a payoff for her endurance. She saw flashes of the people she knew who cautioned her against this course of action. The words of her best friend in high school, Robin, who now went to a university halfway across the state, warned Sophie that some college girls had told her the sorority had been developing a bad reputation in spite of its high graduation rate. Even Sophie's

younger sister, Dorena, a 17 year-old attending high school back home, had heard weird tales about a few girls after getting into the club. After the first few weeks of university life, those same girls never acted the same again at parties or football games.

In her own mind, Sophie could see the faces of those who counseled her, but she tried to ignore them now, as she ignored them then. She had to maintain her focus. Those were just urban legends, or stories propagated by jealous sorority girls, she told herself. Every house has its hazing practices, even Sophie's mother confirmed that truism. The girls who do make it from this small off-campus sorority, would be privy to the best contacts, the best careers. After all, Sophie had received the invitation from Beta-Delta-Sigma to join; she had to at least try. She had the chance to interview with a couple of the Seniors. Sophie had the chance to back out, even when the pair of latex-clad Elder sisters warned her that the tests were definitely unique and might be just a little frightening to most university frosh. But if she passed the trials, Sophie was told, then she could begin to meet with the "right" people about off-campus and career opportunities.

Right now Sophie's focus was on blocking out the pain and remembering to breathe. The black corset was wrapped carefully around Sophie's waist. To pull the strings and hold the increasing tension, three sisters were required. Sophie's waist was appropriate for her body, therefore this new accessory dramatized her naturally narrow waist. With each leather string being tightened, Sophie's waist felt smashed and her abdomen cramped. Finally after much tugging and pulling, the application of the corset was complete and Sophie's new waistline was reduced from 23 to 20 inches.

Sophie felt her body being wrenched up, and now the front of the platforms just barely scraped the wood floor. She let out a small groan as her wrists and shoulders bore most of her weight now. Sophie was left in this painful hanging position for some twenty minutes before the sisters returned with leather whips. At first Sophie was glad to know that someone had at least returned; she had anticipated that she would be let down. Instead, she was greeted by simultaneous whippings from over a dozen sisters. Some of the whips were heavy and wide, and others were very thin and innocent in appearance. But at some point, all of the whips began to hurt and

Sophie couldn't tell which one was which after 10 solid minutes of attack. The pain in her wrists and shoulders was easier to forget when every other portion of her body was crying out in anguish. For six hours the trend continued. Sophie was given 20 minutes to rest, and then she was whipped by all the sisters for at least a quarter of an hour. At 3 a.m., the slack in the chain was released and Sophie was allowed to stand on her platforms again. Her head bowed forward and she passed out, tired, hungry and in pain.

Sophie was aroused out of her sleep by a sharp crisp smack on her latex clad ass. The sisters removed Sophie from the hanging contraption and applied a leather collar with O-ring tightly around her neck. Next they applied a dog leash and propped her body up so that she was on her hands and knees. She could not move herself quickly, and her limbs were very sore from the night's activities, so her body behaved and was molded into whatever position the sisters saw fit. For breakfast a trio of Beta-Delta-Sigma sisters let Sophie on all fours and into the kitchen. A saucer of milk was set down in front of her. The black mask and inflatable gag she wore during her sleep were removed and quickly replaced with a different kind of tight latex mask. This second one had eyeholes and a small mouth hole only. A breathing tube was placed through the mouth hole and she was instructed to use this narrow tube to syphon up her milk. Sophie had some difficulty getting adjusted but she managed to slowly make some progress. She thought that the milk tasted funny, not sour, but simply different. If she slowed down, to try and catch her breath, Sophie's ass was quickly struck by one of the girls.

While finishing her breakfast, Sophie heard one of the Senior sisters admonish one of the Sophomores who was preparing and serving pancakes. The Sophomore, named Kimberly, had made some careless mistake and the older sister was enraged. The Senior ordered the table cleared and then commanded Kimberly to strip off her dress and then lie down on the heavy wooden table. Kimberly quickly removed her black and white rubber maid outfit. She tossed down the short rubber dress and was left completely naked save for the black latex leggings, gloves, and 7" high heels. Kimberly slowly crawled up on the table, asking for forgiveness the whole time.

Vicki, a Senior and President of Beta Delta Sigma, disregarded all the younger girl's pleas. She told the other girls to gather around the table because she had a treat for

them. Vicki filled a Coronet bowl with a bottle of pancake syrup and heated it up on High power in the microwave for a minute. The bowl coming out of the microwave was extremely hot and Vicki's fingers rushed to bring the bowl over to the trembling Kimberly. Kimberly closed her eyes quickly and could not watch as the elder sister poured the steaming hot syrup on her prone body from her neck, over her nickel-sized nipples, and all the way to her quivering clean shaven pussy. Kimberly let out a terrific scream upon impact and Vicki gestured to all the girls to lick it up, as if to say, "Breakfast is served."

Sophie listened and was silently thankful that she was not alone in this ordeal. Hunched over her milk, Sophie resolved to remain strong and not to panic. Certainly the path was not easy, but she had faith that the rewards would be great.

Chapter 2

On the following Friday after classes, Sophie was instructed to be at the main house by 4 in the afternoon. When she arrived, a serving maid named Kristee greeted her at the door. Kristee was one of the most impressive girls that Sophie had encountered when she initially arrived at the house. On this evening, Kristee was wearing her wide rubber collar with one single ring as well as her black rubber apron, and 7-inch stiletto heels. Usually Kristee wore a tight latex brassiere but her nipples had been pierced recently with silver bars and the Elders liked showing off their metal works. Being a Sophomore member, this meant that Kristee had received her second round of piercings. Upon completion of her probation during the first few weeks of her Freshman year, Kristee had each nipple pierced with a silver ring.

Sophie tried not to stare at Kristee's new piercings, but the solid rods that rested just behind the silver rings made Kristee's breasts stand out even more. Kristee's face became flush with embarrassment but she recalled her responsibilities and instructed the new initiate to remove all of her clothing. There was not much to remove, only Sophie's short tee-shirt, her plaid skirt, and her modest mules. Sophie let the clothes fall to the hardwood floor and followed the maid.

Kristee led Sophie into the great room where a pair of sisters, Vicki and Catherine

were chatting about their schoolwork, parents, business, etc. When their eyes met Sophie, she quickly looked away and fell to her knees and placed her hands behind her back. Both of the girls wanted to be serviced for a few minutes before they did anything else, so Sophie crawled slowly to the front of the couch and asked permission to suck their clits and lick their pussies. The Sisters did not deny her this request of course. Vicki was the first to pull up her skirt and reveal her pussy for Sophie. Vicki was not completely shaved, she preferred to keep her jet black hair meticulously cropped and thin though; and naturally she had several girls at her beck and call to perform this daily task. Catherine and Vicki immediately began to fondle and kiss one another while Sophie leaned her tongue inside and carefully licked and sucked each pussy.

As other members of Beta Delta Sigma began to arrive at the house, Sophie's duty increased to anyone they stuck in front of her face. After two hours of pleasuring the other girls, Sophie was gathered up by a pair of maids and outfitted with a collar and wrist cuffs. A blindfold was placed on the initiate and Sophie was led to a chain that hung down in front of the mantle. Sophie was stretched up and her cuffs were connected to the hanging chain. She was struggling to find a comfortable position on the tips of her toes. She could still taste the heavy flavor of all the pussies she had sampled when the whipping began. Sophie was commanded not to make a noise, not to scream, and if she did, a gag would be placed on her and the whipping would only be more painful and intense.

Sophie lasted as long as she could without screaming out. Tears ran down her cheeks for several minutes before the first intelligible sound pushed past her lips. And once she screamed out, the sisters made good on their promise. A penis gag about 2 inches wide and 3 inches long was shoved into her mouth and secured. Unlike the previous weekend where there were breaks between whippings, the sisters allowed no such respites. Whips, paddles, crops, floggers, canes: everything in their arsenal it seemed was painfully laid against Sophie's sweat-soaked, writhing body. Most of these welts would fade in a couple of hours, but Vicki and her fellow sisters made sure that a certain number of harsh red welts would serve as physical reminders during the next school week. Vicki preferred the cane on Sophie's perfectly rounded ass. At least 10 strokes on virtually the same place guaranteed a memorable mark. And when (or if) Sophie returned for the next weekend, it meant

to Vicki that this initiate was indeed dedicated to the trials that lay ahead.

Each time Sophie's body shook from a blow, she left the ground for a split second. Her toes would rediscover the floor but only for a moment and then another impossibly stinging whiplash would cause her body to swing again. Once an hour's time had passed most of the girls were simply worn out. Usually, the initiate passes out or pisses on the floor and the game is then over. But Sophie clearly held a higher pain threshold.

That evening Sophie was released from her bonds and then placed on all fours. Her limbs were terribly weak, and she did not think she could hold this position for long. The sisters spent the evening in on that Friday night and dressed down to their lingerie teddies (and less). A glass table top was lowered onto Sophie's back and her shoulders and ass supported the weight of it as four girls brought out the cards to play poker. To make the game more interesting for the girls, they dealt a hand to Sophie on the glass table. At first, they thought about keeping the penis gag inside to prevent her from even speaking. But to give her a least some kind of chance, the girls decided to let her decide when and if she wanted to draw or discard; but of course, her handicap was that she could not even see her own hand. To make matters worse, the dealer always dealt all of Sophie's cards face-up, so everyone sitting at the table knew her hand at all times.

By the conclusion of their game, Sophie's shoulders were aching and about to give. She wanted so much to slide that glass table off her back, but she feared what that would mean. In the end, Julia Ann had won all the chips and a couple of "credits" that were arranged for Sophie to pay back. Julia Ann whispered into Sophie's ear as the four girls were clearing away the cards, "I will have a treat for you this week. You won't have to wait for next weekend to pay me back, little Sophie."

Chapter 3

Sophie reported to Julia Ann's apartment off campus as instructed on Wednesday afternoon after classes. Sophie was wearing exactly what had been prescribed for her to wear, a tank top without a bra which did not cover her stomach, a pair of five

inch heels with little anklet socks, and no panties under a tight mid-thigh skirt. Julia Ann greeted her at the door in her lingerie, completely see-through. Julia Ann's breasts were easily a surgically-enhanced 38D, maybe even fuller than that, Sophie thought to herself. As soon as the door was shut behind her, Sophie was commanded to assume the position. That meant the sex slave position she had been taught first thing during her initiation: On her knees, head bowed, arms held behind her back, arched back and chest out, with thighs spread and her pussy exposed slightly.

Julia Ann's boyfriend knew what went on in her sorority and he often benefited from the charms that the new initiates had to offer. Colin liked to dominate Julia Ann occasionally, but he got much more of a rise from breaking in her new friends. On this night, Colin brought over five of his buddies and two of their girlfriends. The first game they played with Sophie was a variant of Spin The Bottle. Sophie was tied down spread-eagle to the bed in the guest room and the nine of them spun the bottle to see in what order each one would fuck her. Colin even brought over a couple of strap-on dildoes for the ladies; one was 6 inches long and the other was 8 inches long and 3.5 inches in diameter. Sophie was ravaged a dozen times that night, and no part of her body was spared. She had her ass stretched particularly hard by one of the girlfriends, and Sophie cried throughout, stifling her own urge to scream out loud. She had guzzled down four loads of male cum and had the rest of the cum applied to her face where it dried between rapes.

After the guests went home, Sophie was allowed to shower. Colin and Julia Ann slept in the master bedroom. Sophie was strapped into an unyielding hogtie and eventually fell asleep on the carpet at the foot of their bed. Colin woke up one time in the wee hours of the morning and rudely if not urgently propped her hogtied body up to meet his hard-on. He lifted her limp, still sleepy body off the floor and stuffed two pillows directly under her belly, raising her ass. Without so much as a trickle of lubricant, Colin thrust his cock inside her asshole. Sophie let out a muffled cry as she buried her face into the floor. The cheeks of her face were roughly scraping against the carpet as Colin hurried to a climax, depositing his sperm deep inside her ass. Sophie just collapsed again to the floor as he wiped some residue across her lips. Wordlessly, Colin returned to the bed and snuggled next to Julia Ann, who, was trying to subdue a tremendous grin.

Chapter 4

The following weekend was a scheduled Holiday weekend. However, the remaining initiates striving to enter Beta Delta Sigma were instructed to call or write home and make excuses to be around the college over the three-day weekend. Sophie was one of those who complied. The list of 21 initiates dwindled to 10 by the time the first holiday rolled around. Sophie had heard whispers about the coming weekend. It was usually the final breaking point for the remaining prospective members.

That Friday afternoon, the ten remaining girls were stripped of their clothes and placed on their knees in a straight line. A bowl was passed in front of the girls and one by one, each girl was to reach in and pick out a random floppy disk. Contained on the disk was a Program that laid out an individual weekend plan. Sophie was led to a desktop PC and inserted the disk. Of all the disks, she knew she must have drawn the most cruel plan of all. Janice, who was supervising at the computer even gave a slightly sympathetic look to this initiate. She knew that Vicki had come up with some creative and cruel orders in the past, but this sounded so extreme and so impossible. Some of the things on this list ran outside the normal boundaries of Janice's initiation. How could Vicki expect some Freshman do accept all of these, especially one after another? But Janice understood that she had a job to do in preparing and supervising Sophie; if she refused, her own Junior sister status would be returned to that of a Freshman. And being demoted was akin to the kiss of death in this sorority.

That Friday evening, the first item on Sophie's list was a trip to a tattoo parlor that Vicki had an arrangement with. Janice outfitted Sophie for the ride. Sophie was oiled down thoroughly, every inch and every crevice of her body. Janice of course needed help with most of the outfitting, so she borrowed the perennial slave Kristee from other duties and dragged her upstairs. Kristee applied a second liberal coating of lubricant and then extradited the clothes to be worn from the closet.

In thirty minutes, Sophie was ready. Her long brown hair was drawn into a single French braid complete with a white ribbon accenting the tail end. She had a snug

white leather collar wrapped around her neck; it forced her chin upward as the height of the collar was no less than four inches from top to bottom. The collar was made of a shiny leather joined in the back with a series of metal clasps that resembled small hooks. In the front a single oversized O-ring was ready for the leash.

To place the push-up white leather corset took the hard work of both Kristee and Janice. They pulled at the white leather strings until the corset was laced from just above the midpoint of her back down to the nascent valley of her cheeks. Sophie's natural waist size had been reduced 4 inches to measure just 19 now, and her breathing was obviously labored. She could barely hold herself up as the other two girls squeezed the white rubber gloves on. All that remained was the skimpy white rubber skirt which zipped up quickly and then the 7-inch white patent leather heels. The high heels were perhaps a half size too small, but Janice crammed the initiate's toes deeper inside regardless.

When Sophie walked—slowly at first—to test her new outfit, her midriff peeked out slightly between the tight corset and the waistline of the skirt. The look may have been a little untidy, but Janice knew the man in the tattoo parlor would only get more turned on by the hint of Sophie's flat stomach and cute navel. Sophie was given a long white slick to cover her from the neck down to her ankles, and was swiftly escorted to Janice's car.

Janice's car was more accurately a gigantic Suburban that her parents had purchased for their daughter on the occasion of her 16th birthday. The dark-tinted windows concealed Sophie's bizarre fashion look as she kneeled in between the two upholstered seats in the back row. Sophie kept her face turned down so by the time the SUV stopped, she had no earthly idea how far they travelled or what path they used to arrive here. Before Sophie could even get a glimpse of the seamy side of this section of the city, Kristee applied a silky white blindfold over the initiate's brown eyes. Kristee and Janice then escorted the Freshman into the empty street and through the parlor's backdoor.

The long white slick was discarded and Sophie was leaned up against a dirty wall. Her blindfold was removed and just as Sophie quickly lowered her head like an

obedient slave, she did catch a hasty impression of her surroundings. She was in a small, poorly-lit room that resembled a storage closet more than a professional tattoo parlor. The floor was checkered black and white and the walls were decorated with over-sized samples of the artist's tattoo designs.

Sophie's ankles and wrists were being secured to leather straps that were attached to the wall. A larger strap was brought around her exposed mid-section and Sophie's body was pulled firmly against the wall. Janice and Kristee fell back into the shadows as Mazza, the tattoo artist, approached his new canvass. Sophie's head instinctively drifted back as far as it would go until it too was propped up against the colorful wall.

"Vicki says she wants something special for you," the artist said as he opened his box of inks and instruments. "She says you're something special and you deserve this. Have you ever gotten any tattoos?"

Sophie swiveled her head "no" as much as the restrictive white collar would allow.

"Then this is a new experience for you. Vicki also said she didn't care how long or how painful it had to be. I promised her I wouldn't disappoint anybody."

Six hours later Sophie watched as the two Sisters that brought her to this artist were bringing his cock to a climax. Mazza was leaning against the far wall but Sophie could still make out the shadowy figures of the two coeds on their knees, taking turns licking and sucking. What she could not see was the finished look of the tattoo permanently placed on her skin. The pain had gone from initially great intensity to sharp tickling as he stretched out his work from just above her clit and along her left hip.

It would be hours before Sophie would even be allowed to see the brightly-colored dragon whose fangs and mouth opened up as if to devour her pussy. The 7-inch creature with grotesque blood-shot eyes and slimy dark green skin had a scaly tail that extended over her hip bone, reaching for her asscheek. If given the opportunity, the artist wanted to continue the tail, so he left the end of his work looking slightly unpolished.

With a little more effort, the Sisters finished off the man who had marked Sophie. They shared his cum with each other's lips as he spewed his sperm on their faces. He kissed them on the lips and disappeared through a black hallway. The Sisters untethered their initiate, replaced her white rubber skirt and her long white slicker and then returned to the Suburban. It was now about 1 in the morning and time for the next stage of Sophie's long weekend.

Sophie rested in her kneeling position with her head down. She had time to think. It was the intervals between the unknown predicaments that both filled her with terror and wonderful anticipation. The pain above her pussy and above her thigh was subsiding, and Sophie wondered just what the tattoo looked like. She fought against the temptation to ask Kristee about its appearance. Sophie had thought about getting a small frog or heart tattoo almost all her 19 years, she told herself, so this was what she wanted, right?

All Sophie read on the disk about the next part of her evening was that she was supposed to go to an afterhours nightclub, a place she had never even knew existed called The Black Box. When the vehicle stopped again, Sophie's eyes were covered and she was led out and into the club.

She was walking carefully on her 7-inch platform heels in the dark with Kristee and Janice on either side. The two Sisters led the initiate to a quiet room far removed from the noise and dancing off the club's main chamber. Sophie was instructed to kneel on the floor. As she complied with their instructions, her knees felt the chill of the concrete surface. Her head was leaned forward and her collared neck placed inside a wooden stock. Her wrists were brought up to stocks and she rested them on the smooth wood. Sophie could hear the top half of the stocks being lowered and then snapped together. Janice connected a padlock on each metal hinge.

Sophie's legs were spread wide allowing a black metal spreader bar to be connected and subsequently padlocked to her ankles. Sophie was left in this uncomfortable position while the two Sisters got the next part of the plan rolling. Their job was considerably simple. They each put on a tight and short black latex dress and used their heavenly bodies to entice men, any man regardless of age, appearance, size, or

any other factor. Janice knew how easy this crowd was and she explained to Kristee a few tips that would work to get the men interested faster in coming back to the side room in which they had left Sophie. And once inside the room with Sophie, the men were to believe that she was their nympho roommate who was into kinky sex. They could use her mouth, her ass, or just her pussy. The only catch was that just before they unloaded, they had to jerk off into one of the tall graduated cylinders sitting on the concrete floor next to the wooden stocks. Some men would forget the simple rule or not have enough control over their own cocks, Janice warned her subordinate Sister, but if the girls managed to get 100 men or more in the room, they would successfully fill up the cylinders deep with cum.

In less than 15 minutes on the dance floor on their first trip out, Janice had a man very excited. When he finally saw what lay before him, he didn't ask any more questions or become suspicious, he just lowered his pants as quickly as he could over his erection and thrust his cock at Sophie's face, fumbling for her to open her mouth.

Sophie had thought this bondage arrangement would mean more whipping or spanking, so she was a little startled, but she knew better than to protest or ask any questions. Sophie stretched out her neck as best she could and gave him the only attention this gentleman would get all night long. She could feel his cock start to pulse only half a minute after she began licking him, and she of course prepared to swallow his load. But he remembered the one stipulation and crouched down with his cock held over an empty cylinder. He quickly if not clumsily shot his sperm inside the glass container, moaning with delight as he finished off his orgasm.

As the night wore on and the dawn broke, Sophie suffered a similar fate over and over again, all her wet holes being ravaged by no fewer than 100 men. The steady flow of men did not begin to wear off until sometime after seven in the morning. Sophie's head would occasionally lean down and her eyes would shut temporarily, catching about a minute's sleep. Then another man would attack her from behind and her body would quickly reawaken. Her jaws would catch some rest if only one man entered her from behind, but for the majority of time she was the target of double penetrations. The word was spreading throughout the underground club about the side action, and many of the guys that rammed Sophie had return visits,

bringing other friends into the mix.

The sperm-filled cylinders were collected by Kristee and then Sophie was released from her stocks and guided back to the SUV. Sophie's legs were a little wobbly, as her pussy and asshole were still on fire from so much use and abuse. She had managed to orgasm about a dozen times before she lost count, but the stiffness and soreness in her holes was nonetheless terrible. Sophie was allowed to rest in the Suburban for the long ride back to the Sorority. In her mouth, she tasted over and over again her own pussy juice and bits of sticky cum that were not distributed into the cylinders. Once she was returned to the sorority house, all of her white clothes, save for the collar, were removed and Sophie was washed off by Kristee. Sophie was taken to Vicki's room where the slave's collar was attached to an eyebolt on the floor. Vicki was still sleeping as Sophie was given a blanket to sleep on at the foot of Vicki's bed. It was a little chilly with no clothes, but Sophie was exhausted and fell asleep almost instantly. The next phase of her weekend planner lay ahead.

Chapter 5

Sophie felt her back was on fire. Her eyes quickly flew open to find herself in a new position. Her wrists had been tied to either bedpost on the footboard and her knees were tied and bent under her body. The leash on Sophie's tight collar was held by Vicki but a different Sister was administering the blows.

Sophie was informed that this would be the morning ritual anytime she was allowed to stay in Vicki's room overnight. Indeed, this was to be the morning ritual for Sophie—if accepted into the Sorority—anytime she slept over in one of the elder Sister's rooms. There were about 15 Juniors and Seniors total, but clearly, Sophie learned that the real leader was Vicki Desmond. Vicki was a Graduate student who had now been attending university for seven years. This was her final year of studies, and Vicki intended to make it the most memorable, both in and out of the classroom. Her reputation with the Beta Sigma Delta Sorority was secure, but Vicki was the ambitious type who always opted to push the envelope. Vicki's motives were not always clearly understood by everyone in the Sorority, but it was obvious to all

that Vicki planned on making Sophie's initiation an exceptional process.

Vicki had Sophie whipped an additional 10 minutes and then called for a pair of Sophomore Sisters to come and clean the initiate properly. Tia and Kia were identical twins and even though they had been with the Sorority for more than a full year now, it seemed to Sophie that these two were never treated much better than beginning initiates. They were from a high school in Glendale, but Tia and Kia had been born and raised in Japan. They had come with their family to America rather lately, and perhaps the language barrier was one of the reasons their smooth Oriental skin was consistently being punished. Sophie made a mental note to find out more about these two, as they were so strikingly attractive; and Sophie could not recall being so drawn to girls before. This whole trial process, while being excessively humiliating at times, was not without its small pleasures, Sophie thought to herself.

Vicki suddenly took command of Sophie's leash, forcing her neck to strain as high into the air as her tied-down body would allow. Vicki rolled out her tongue and, instead of kissing her little pet, she licked across Sophie's lips. Turning her attention to the twin Asians, Vicki released the tension in the leash. "Clean her inside and out, girls. And get rid of that pussy hair, all of it. The third part of her trial begins this afternoon."

Inside the oversized bathroom, Sophie felt a little more comfortable being left alone with Tia and Kia. No elder sisters were in the room, and she felt as if she could talk freely. Tia and Kia quickly removed what little clothing they had to begin with. The sisters helped each other unpeel the tight rubber stockings and the equally tight rubber opera gloves. They were trained however, to keep their tiny rubber collars around their necks, and actually, the thought of removing them never occurred often to either one of them. Tia and Kia worked well as a team and Sophie looked up from her kneeling position to watch the girls prepare the oversized tub with warm water and special beads that quickly filled the sauna-sized tub with foam and bubbles.

Tia and Kia fetched the slightly younger initiate and led her inside the warm water. Sophie saw her tattoo in the mirror just briefly as she slid into the water, thinking how grotesque the dragon appeared over her clit hood. Sophie still experienced

some soreness where the tattoo artist had made his work on her thigh and near her clit. She also had some stiffness from being in the stocks at the nightclub, and being rocked in the wooden frame while 100-plus men pummeled her mouth, pussy, and ass. And then, adding to those aches and pains the sudden violent whipping this morning, Sophie's body instantly decided that this bath treatment felt good.

Sophie fell deeper into the water and simply let her mind go. Tia and Kia at first began to play around with each other, but they knew better than to become distracted for long from their duty. If the head of this club burst into the bathroom unexpectedly, then Vicki would make sure that the twins would spend the rest of the night in the bathroom as human toilets. They had already been through that punishment in their Freshman year, and neither preferred to endure that kind of torment again.

As Sophie felt the warmth of the water begin to induce a desire to sleep, she noted the piercings that both marked and distinguished her adept handlers. Tia had rings through her perky nipples, and Kia had rods. Otherwise, you would swear that there were no differences between the identical twins. Both girls looked to be about 19 or 20, Sophie told herself. Sophie admired their perky little breasts; even if they were small B-cups, their tits were proportionate to their petite albeit curvy 5'7" frames, and their dark nipples had really grown since being pierced a year ago. Tia handed something warm for Sophie to drink, and without question, Sophie imbibed the liquid, and she felt substantially more relaxed.

"This help. Make you more relax," Tia said in her best English.

Sophie's eyes began to blink rapidly as she was trying to wipe the sleepiness away from her eyesight. She watched as Tia flicked her sister's nipple jewelry with her slender fingers, and then licked at them with her tongue. For a fleeting moment, watching these twins reminded Sophie of how she and her younger sister flirted with each other as their hormones impacted their teenage years. In the haziness, Sophie could see her sister hugging her and actually putting her hand between her own legs, suggesting to Sophie that to do so felt good.

Sophie's eyelids became heavy, but not before she watched Tia and Kia bring out some toys and play with each other in the tub. Had Sophie any strength left in her

own arm, she would have brought her fingers to her clit and stroked herself, but she felt so weak and so incredibly relaxed. Still, the two Orientals were so uninhibited in front her, and so open with each other. Tia brought her sister's nipples to her lips and began to suck and kiss her sister's rod-pierced nipples. Kia threw her head back in great pleasure.

Sophie had no way of gauging how long these two had made love to each other when she finally regained her full consciousness. When Sophie completely awoke, she found herself in a part of the sorority house she had never been in. The room was brightly lit in white. White walls, white tile floor, but no windows. Bright fluorescent lights hung from the ceiling, and there were several places on the walls and floor where metal rings were drilled. There was a stainless steel desk with several drawers to her far left, and sitting on the tabletop were several thick metal dildoes, a few syringes, and a variety of leather restraints. Sophie strained to look at her surroundings. Her neck was held in a tight hard rubber collar, holding her head upright, with absolutely no room for movement at all. Her hands had been handcuffed behind her, and they rested on just above her ass. While she couldn't tilt her head to look down, her feet had been adorned with 6-inch platform heels and her ankles were spread far apart. Each leg had been stretched apart and chained to a pair of distant iron O-rings bolted to the tile floor. There was some breeze coming from the vents, and Sophie felt the strange lack of hair on her pussy as the air met her freshly shaved skin. Sophie's long head of hair had been braided and tied within it was a thin but sturdy length of chain. The chain length was attached to a metal hook that descended from the ceiling and further encouraged her head to stay uncomfortably upright.

Sophie heard loud footsteps walking within the hallway. She could only look straight ahead, but as she strained to roll her eyes floorward, she saw Vicki followed behind by Tia and Kia crawling on their knees.

"You've done exceptionally well, initiate. There is only one other initiate who has made it as far as you this weekend; all the others have gone crying home or back to their pathetic dorms. I have to say, so far, I am very pleased with how you have accepted your trials. But you know your weekend has one trial left?"

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?” Vicki said sternly, and in a way that clearly led to Sophie’s only response.

“Yes,...ma’am?”

Vicki tried to hold back a wide grin. This one was learning fast, she thought to herself. “I also will accept, ‘Yes, Mistress,’ but that is the only other way you will address me from here on when we are in this house or at a sorority party.” Vicki took a few steps on her black thigh-high boot heels and withdrew a riding crop, planting it suggestively on Sophie’s cheek. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, mistress.” As soon as Sophie filled the air with the word “mistress”, Vicki smiled gratefully and removed the black crop from Sophie’s view.

“The trial on your disk I do believe said ‘Auction Party’, didn’t it?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Tia and Kia here are going to help me outfit you for tonight’s affair. All the other sisters have already gone ahead. I wanted to see to this personally, so I’ll make sure my Asian pets here dress you up according to plan.

Vicki dropped back a step or two and smacked the riding crop hard along Kia’s bare ass. “Let’s get started, we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

Chapter 6

Just as Vicki brought down the last latex mask—this one with only a small opening for the mouth—Sophie’s sensations were enhanced by the utter darkness and immobility produced by her outfit. Enhanced also were her fears as she was only told that they were off to a special party to meet up with the sisters and the one other lingering initiate. Reviewing the tattoo episode and then the sex with strangers in the club, Sophie’s harried mind began to wonder how much more intense this hazing

could get. And, she seriously questioned her own resolve.

Vicki pulled on the leash and Sophie beginning walking, barely, without the benefit of being able to see anything. Her platform shoes had been replaced by a size-too-small pair of 8-inch black stilettos. The pain in her jammed toes was killing her, but Sophie could not manage much in the way of a sound in protest. The latex bodysuit covered her from head to toe, and while there was a mouth hole for breathing, her mouth was held wide open with a shiny red rubber ball. The ball had a small hole drilled through the center and a plastic tube was fit inside. While the contracting black latex covering her face squeezed her to shut her mouth, her aching jaw was held open and in pain by the nearly jaw-breaking ball-gag. Once the third of three latex masks was stretched over her head, no one could really even see that the ball gag was red in color; you could only make out that there was a small dark hole.

Sophie felt the sound of her heels clicking on the hardwood change to clicking on the sidewalk outside. Each step was hobbled by the short 4-inch chain connecting her ankle straps. By the time Vicki had led her initiate to the Suburban, Sophie could no longer feel her toes or her arms from the elbow down either. Sophie's arms had been drawn behind her back, and wrapped tightly from the elbows to her wrists with several feet of electric tape. Her fingers were then wrapped individually and made functionally useless, dangling at the end of her arms. After the tape wrap, Kia and Tia shoved Sophie's arms into a black leather armbinder and buckled the straps tightly again, drawing any slack that still remained between the freshman's elbows and wrists.

Sophie's encased body was laid on her side and scooted fully inside the back of the Suburban. Just at that moment, Sophie felt the dildo stuffed in her pussy come to life with several quick vibrations. The metal dildo was 8 inches long and 3.5 inches wide and was designed to turn itself on and off sporadically for as long as the batteries lasted. Before her suit had been completely zipped at the bottom, Sophie's ass had been plugged with a similar, though smaller, dildo that pulsed on and off without warning. It was an extraordinarily odd feeling to be so filled, and because of the contractive nature of her suit and the thin layers of tissue separating them, the two dildoes felt like they were practically rubbing against each other. As Sophie began to moan again, she knew her pussy was dripping wet. The moisture had nowhere to roll

or dry, so the wetness stayed concentrated around her pussy and her ass.

Kia and Tia stayed in the back with their rubber-encased friend, while Vicki started up the SUV and began the long drive out of the city. Tia and Kia were dressed in identical wardrobes, which was the rule laid out by Vicki. There never was much to their wardrobes in any event. That was the second rule laid out by their mistress. On this night, they had fire engine red platform heels with thin straps that twisted and tied up just below the knees. Each had a matching latex string bikini top and matching thongs, that were really little more than strings for straps. The bikini triangles were adjustable. During the drive, Tia and Kia ran their arms along the Sophie's rubbery curves, patted her on the head as she moaned from the vibrations rocking her pussy.

The bikini triangles were adjustable, so just before the twins left the vehicle, Vicki narrowed the fabric so that virtually the nipples were the only smidgen of flesh not revealed. Nonetheless, the fabric was thin and tight, to the point where everyone could make out which breasts had the nipples pierced with rings and which with rods.

The sun was setting just over the treetops as their SUV stopped at the front entrance. Vicki pressed a security code at the terminal and the gate swung open for the guests. The driveway ran for nearly another mile before the main house was even in view.

Sophie felt her arms go completely numb about halfway through the trip, but it was difficult for her to tell time in her current situation. The dildo in her ass began to throttle as the twin sisters dragged Sophie from the Suburban. Once she was propped up on her feet, Vicki took hold of the leash and led her trio of little slaves inside.

Sophie's ultra-wrapped body made quite a grand entrance, as she hobbled through the foyer and into the main hall. There were about 60 guests in all, and about one-third of that number came from the current sorority. The other two-thirds was a mixture of men and women who had been associated with the club in some capacity for the last generation. This was something like an alumni meeting, which over the last few years had turned into an elegant and kinky fundraiser at the beginning of

the academic year.

The guests were being treated like royalty as Sophomore and Junior sisters were dressed in exotic maid uniforms with several notable modifications. The uniform consisted of a heavy rubber collar with a large O-ring in the front, a form-fitting black corset whose purpose was to cinch the waist at the same time uplift and expose the breasts; black latex opera gloves; full-length black latex leggings; black ankle-length ballet heels that laced in the front and zeroed down to a very sharp point and equaling sharp heel. The black was offset by short frilly white aprons, white cuffs, and a white tiara. Every pierced nipple was exposed, every smoothly shaven pussy with multiple rings was exposed, and every perfectly rounded ass was exposed.

The maids had silver serving trays that were fixed around their corseted waists and supported by small chains that from the outside of the trays to their pierced nipples. Most girls could only balance two to four drinks at a time, and considering they were all walking virtually on their pointed toes, the balancing act was made even more difficult by the constant smacks on the ass the maids were given as they navigated the main hall and kitchen.

The room was largely made up of couples. And most of those relationships, whether involving a dominant female or submissive female, included at least one former Beta Sigma Delta member. If Sophie's eyes had not been so heavily wrapped, she would have seen submissive females dressed in leather and lace, chained at the neck and standing next to their husbands and/or masters. She would have gawked at one girl who had immediately moved in with her dominate lesbian lover the very day after graduation—the submissive was only wearing 30 different body piercings and 20 different tattoos, no clothing. Nancy McFarlane was her legal name, but her lover only called her by a number, Six. Her permanently bald pussy was lined with rings, 6 in each lip to be exact; her nose had two rings through the septum, and her ear lobes looked to be more metal than flesh. "Six" knelt by her mistress with her head locked in a downward position. She had tight metal bands just above her knees, and each band held a small metal O-ring. A short chain link ran from one O-ring up through the girl's extended tongue ring and then down again to the other O-ring above her opposite knee. The position was quite uncomfortable, and made more

difficult for Six to maintain as her hands locked securely behind her back. Her thumbs were collected side by side in a set of thumb-cuffs. The cuffs were drawn back to her ass, where a 2-inch long S-shaped hook was welded to a huge metal acorn-shaped plug inserted deep into her ass. To relieve pressure on her tongue, she occasionally leaned forward, but that only moved the ass plug painfully in her ass. "Six" had been in this spot for about two hours now, and the cramps in her lower back, neck muscles, and ass were beginning to take their toll. A small and ever expanding puddle of drool and tears had gathered under her knees as the night continued.

Sophie was lead carefully down the broad stairs by Vicki. In the meantime, Tia and Kia were ordered to stand in a distant corner, with their heads facing the corner, and with an index finger inside the other sister's ass. Quickly, Tia and Kia scurried over to the designated corner. Once situated, Tia slid her hand between Kia's ass and the narrow thong back. Her sister reciprocated and then they took a moment to stare into each other as they poked their fingers around, looking for the asshole. Almost simultaneously, they found the other's hole; their eyes closed slightly.

Vicki was greeted by one of her former classmates at the foot of the stairs and the two summarily caught up on old times. Sophie could hear the muffled sounds of what was transpiring in front of her, but of course she could make out little more than what was being said near her. Even as she shuffled her body to stand closer to Vicki, the pain in her toes could barely be felt from the general numbness. The combination of aching and numbness that began in her fingertips now extended along her stretched arms and into her shoulders and neck. Her breathing remained quite shallow since she could only breath through the small opening in the covered ball gag, and moreover, the process of breathing was onerous because the tight corset around her waist gave no quarter; in fact, with her body's natural perspiration increasing within the latex layers, she felt like her waist was sticking closer to the cinching corsetry.

Sophie was made to scoot in her platform heels again and again as Vicki greeted old friends and new friends. After hesitating at one tug of her leash, Sophie felt a sharp smack on her ass delivered by her leader.

“That was for being slow, slave. Keep up, I’m going to introduce you to someone.” Vicki tugged at Sophie’s neck and sped up the pace of the stroll across the lengthy floor. Sophie was nearly run into by one of the sorority maids whose tray just missed losing its champagne. It was Catherine who was keeping a watchful eye on all of the serving girls, and she made a mental note to punish the maid, a Junior named Nomi, when she returned to the kitchen. Vicki gave a knowing glance to her cohort, Catherine, and proceeded to lead Sophie into an adjacent room.

This intimate room was dark and moody, decorated with a distinctly Middle Eastern feel. There was a pair of slave girls on their knees as Vicki and Sophie passed through the door-less entry. Each wore only slave attire that brought to mind Arab harem girls. They had veils literally pinned to their cleavage. Inconspicuous tiny needles penetrated their chests in a dozen places below, above, and along the sides of their breasts. A thin, see-through veil covered their pussies and was likewise affixed to their bodies with dozens of needles. Vicki looked down and was impressed at these two. They didn’t belong to her sorority, they were procured by their owner through other means. Vicki relaxed her grip on Sophie’s leash and leaned down to have a closer look. Even though the girls nipples had already been permanently fixed with heavy gold rings, more needles passed through the nipples horizontally and vertically to hold the flimsy fabric in place over their buxom breasts. Each girl had been augmented to a size 38DD, and their facial lips, which also bore two or three small gold rings, had been enhanced to be fuller. Embedded in the metal of all the rings was the individual name of the slaves, Kim and Stacy, respectively.

“These two look like sisters, maybe even twins,” Vicki suggested, as she turned her attention to their owner who leaned back on a plush, billowy couch. “I’ll have to remember the veils when I’m thinking of new ways to show off Kia and Tia, won’t I? Where do you find all of these wonderful girls, Danielle.”

“Welcome back, Vicki.” The owner did not get up from her relaxed position on the couch. In fact she was sliding closer to being in repose. Kristee, the Sophomore that had impressed Sophie early on with her willingness to strut around naked, was lying on her stomach with her head between Danielle’s thighs. The sorority slave’s naked body was tied back in a tight hogtie with leather straps. Her elbows were bound together as were her wrists, and these parts were drawn to her crossed ankles by

another unrelenting strap. Danielle moaned slightly as she patted the young Sophomore's blond head. Kristee's tongue ring was attached to a four inch metal chain that extended from Danielle's own modest labial piercing. The space in the chain link gave Kristee's tongue adequate room to lick and suck from the clit to the asshole.

"Kim and Stacy stole some drugs from someone they shouldn't have. Let's just say, I've arranged to have them work off their debt to society." Danielle took a long drag from her cigarette, then petted the busy Kristee again. "I wish this one would do some stealing—she's marvelous."

"Oh, no you don't. Kristee is not available, sorry." Vicki tugged on the leash and presented her latest pet front and center. Sophie was confused by what she was hearing, and she tried to imagine what this Danielle was up to. Vicki reached back to a zipper behind Sophie's head and carefully unpeeled the third layer of rubber from her head. This action reduced little of the tightness that Sophie felt, but it did allow her brown eyes to finally see again.

Danielle was by all accounts a sophisticated woman. Her golden see-through robe was custom-made by a Parisian designer; her golden-rod colored heels were modest in height but customized and costly. Even at age 40, she required little makeup. She did buy the occasionally nip and tuck, here and there, to keep her body looking 20ish and attractive. One more thing was clear to Sophie as she looked at the trappings of this room, and then down at the owner, Danielle had wealthier means than anyone else she knew firsthand.

Danielle turned her attention to Sophie, who suddenly remembered to keep her eyes downcast. Just at that moment, the plug in her ass activated again, and the shock came across as a kind of quick fluttering in her eyes, and a moan that escaped through the narrow hollowed tube in her ball gag. Danielle shuffled her feet to the carpet, causing Kristee to sort of turn her body unwillingly close to the edge of the couch. Remembering her chained connection to the slave at her dripping pussy, Danielle reached for the tiny combination lock and unlocked Kristee from her immediate duties.

"You stay." Kristee remained on the couch in her stringent hogtied position, her

head pulled back, but her eyes staring downward. "God, Vicki, she is a keeper. So who do we have here."

"This is one of our Freshman hopefuls, Sophie." While Vicki communicated some of the mundane details, Danielle slowly made a complete circle around the rubber figure. "She is only one of two to make it this far. I believe we have the other girl servicing your guests in the men's bathroom, right?"

"Correct. Janey was getting fairly nauseous, last time I checked." Danielle continued to observe Sophie. She placed her well-manicured fingers on the Freshman's latex-encased ass, running her hand along some of the curves before delivering a few quick swats.

"Well, Janey was warned what would happen if she threw up any fluids. She knows for sure she will be severely punished, and she knows she probably wouldn't get into the sorority."

"Well, seeing you dish out punishments is always a riot," Danielle began in her slow, holier-than-thou style, "But let's face it. After tonight, she probably won't want to join your little club anyway. What do you have planned for this little one here tonight?"

"I thought we would play the auction game with Sophie. That is if your basement is in good operating condition for the highest bidder."

"Oh, I had a couple of new toys brought in, so the construction is all over now. This one has a nice figure, but tell me you're going to show us a little more, Vicki?"

Vicki smiled that Cheshire-cat grin again. "Oh, yeah, I brought some footage for the auction."

Catherine walked in just at that moment, gesturing in an effort to have her friend's attention. Vicki glanced down at her watch, and then walked a step or two back. After a few whispers were shared, Catherine trotted off in her heels, and Vicki returned her attention to the host.

"You'll have to excuse me, Danielle. It seems there is a situation in the bathroom."

Vicki tightened her grip on Sophie's leash, who responded immediately to the tug by turning her body to walk out. "You know, Danielle, you may get to see some punishment after all."

Chapter 7

Sophie tried her best to keep up with Vicki and avoid falling over on herself. The conversation that she overheard between Vicki and Danielle was rolling around in her mind. All the strangeness was not limited to that room. As she was dragged neck first down the various elaborate hallways, Sophie's eyes caught glimpses of the various guests who were taking some time out from the main hall. She saw a man with a zippered face leading a girl who was dressed like a pony. There was a large purple and white feathery plume that shot straight up off the top of her head, and an elaborate metal and leathery headgear that drew tears from the pony-girl. Sophie did not have time to make a more detailed look.

Tears were being elicited for more reasons than the steel bit in the girl's mouth. Like Sophie's ass and pussy, this pony-girl was plugged. However, these plugs were almost twice as large. The anal plug was pretty on the outside with feathers that danced lightly off the girl's ass. On the inside, the 9-inch long, 4-inch wide dimensions made it excruciatingly unpretty for the girl. The dildo in her pussy was made of equal girth, but an inch and a half longer, and it was connected with a strap to the help stabilize the anal plug. Keeping both secured close to the pony-girl's body was a series of black leather belts that ran horizontally around her waist and vertically through her crotch. The girl's tears were further increased by her owner's latest proclamation. He told her of the special room that was set aside for piercing, and it was time for her to get a second set of rings through her nipples and pussy lips.

Another few steps down the hallway and Sophie's vision was attracted to a woman who was crawling just around the corner. She was clawing at the carpet with her French nails as two men were dragging her bodily back into one of the side rooms. Sophie tried to look down and turn her head at the same time. The girl looked to be

merely a teenager, maybe a college Freshman like herself, and there were burn marks and long whip marks across her entire body. She was screaming as the men grabbed her at the waist; she disappeared as they slammed the door shut.

Suddenly, she bumped up against Vicki's backside, not realizing that Vicki had come to a halt in front of the bathroom entrance. "Pay attention!" Vicki warned her. Vicki ordinarily would have made a larger deal out of one of her own slaves bumping into her, but her attention was drawn to the open bathroom.

On the fine marble tile, trickles of blood painted the floor. The trail led to Janey who was chained in against tile wall. She was in a kneeling position with her head arched painfully backwards. Situated on either side of her were two urinals. She wore a metal collar that was not too tight on her neck, but was attached with little slack to the metal spreader bar that ran between and secured her ankles. Her ankles had metal cuffs that had been bolted to the tile floor, and her wrists were spread behind the ceramic of either urinal. On the backside of each urinal was a metal casing where her arms were stretched and her wrists were immobilized. Her mouth was stuffed with tons of toilet tissue at the moment. It looked to Sophie as though that method of gagging was not prescribed originally.

On an opposite side of the bathroom, a man was holding several thick towels around his crotch, wincing and rocking forward and backward in obvious discomfort. His tuxedo pants lay mostly on the floor around his ankles. Kimberly, one of the Sophomore serving maids on duty, had been the first to arrive on the scene. She was bringing a glass of cold water to the man, and supplying him with fresh towels, discarding the used ones. Walking on the tile was tough in her extreme heels, but she was managing.

"What the hell happened here, Catherine!"

Fiercely, the man came alive with sound and rage. "She bit me! The fucking bitch bit me! She tried to bite my dick off, that fucking—ahhh!" He was overcome again by a sense of pain, and he stopped his speech just in time to vomit in the sink.

Catherine walked over to Janey, who looked panicked. Her eyes were huge, and her heart was racing. Sophie thought the girl's heart was going to leap out of her chest.

Vicki just wanted answers.

“It looks like her ring gag must have dislodged, or maybe Mr. Ross nudged it a little,” Catherine submitted while she held the gag up to the light. “It didn’t break; it’s still in one piece.” Vicki still could not wipe away the scowl from her face. “I examined his dick. She just pricked him, Vicki. Who knows, he might have even done it himself, he could hav—”

“No, no, no, I’m telling you, she tried to bite it off, that stupid bitch. Catherine, baby, I don’t care if you are a pre-Med student, this is serious! I want her to pay and I want her dead! I’ve been coming to your parties for three years, and I gave you girls a lot of money—I never had to put with this kind of girl. You always say they’re perfectly trained, even when they resist a little, right? Bullshit, this one wasn’t! And you think I’m going to give you anything this time. I have powerful friends, and I could make your life very uncomfortable, Vicki. I could shut down your—”

“And we could make your life very uncomfortable,” Vicki quickly retorted. “Don’t say anything you’re going to regret, Mr. Ross. I am sure that your wife would sue you for more than half your estate if a certain videotape were to be delivered to her attorney on Monday morning.” For the moment, that not-so-veiled threat was enough to silence the room. “In the meantime, I am sure we can come to some sort of an agreement to make everyone happy.” Vicki laid a well-manicured finger across Janey’s sweat-soaked cheek, looking deeply into the initiate’s eyes. “Well, almost everyone.”

Chapter 8

Sophie had been quickly swept away by Catherine and her helper Kimberly, while Vicki and the gentleman sorted out details of the ubiquitous arrangement. If I could run, if I could somehow rip this stuff off, Sophie told herself, I would run, I would forget about everything and never again breathe a word about wanting to join this weird sorority. She had had enough. Even as she was contemplating how to get out, she was being dragged by the leash back to the main hall again. A VCR and large projection screen had been set up by Danielle’s slaves in anticipation of the auction

game. As Sophie was led through the crowd, they parted for her; a collective hush came over the guests as they shuffled around to get a better view of the screen.

There was an iron ring bolted to the floor, just next to a podium where Danielle was standing. Danielle pointed to the ring and Catherine positioned Sophie over it. Two of Danielle's ever-obedient slaves brought out several heavy chains and attached them to the O-ring on Sophie's collar. They were just long enough to reach the floor once the chains were padlocked down.

Danielle smiled at Sophie, who had forgotten all about the rules of her submission. Sophie was struggling against the chain, against her collar, to hell with looking down at the floor. She tried to scream, but the latex and the ball gag dampened all the sounds coming from her mouth. Sophie looked out into the assortment of men and women, masters and slaves, her eyes pleading for anyone who could come to her rescue.

The room became quiet as Danielle made her opening announcement. "Time to start a new auction, everyone. This one is a real lovely, don't you think. Her figure looks stunning in this shimmering black body suit, but we know you deserve to see more of her before putting up your bids." Danielle nodded to the pair of her slaves. Kim dimmed the lights and Stacy pushed play on the VCR.

Sophie could just turn her head to the left and catch her image on the big screen. Now it was evident to Sophie's utter horror: the sisters of the sorority had been videotaping everything. From the day she first entered the house to apply for the Sorority, to the moment she was placed inside the Suburban to come to this mansion. There was the footage of her painful tattooing; her fucking and sucking strangers in the nightclub; her whippings at the hands of the sisters. Everything. She had reached a new feeling of humiliation.

The lights came up after about 15 minutes of the show, and Danielle commenced the bidding. It was quite informal. Bidders just raised their hands and shouted their amounts. Sophie's eyes scanned the room trying to find the exact persons as they yelled, "Two hundred!", "Two-fifty!", "Three-hundred!"

"Now, now," Danielle interrupted, "I know we can go higher than that. And we all

know the money goes for a good cause. I tell you what, let's see if we can show you this girl in the flesh." Danielle approached the rubber-encased pledge initiate. She held up a box cutter razor, letting the glint of its silver color catch Sophie's full attention. Danielle waved over to her two slaves. "Hold on to her tight, girls."

Sophie started to shake.

"You best hold still, honey, and this'll go better for you." Danielle began with the latex around the ankles, tugging at it to pull some material away from Sophie's body. She began a small cut in the latex, and a long tear went up from the initial point of contact. The new slit ran all the way to the top of Sophie's thigh. The guests could make out a black rubber legging that only went up to mid-thigh. The skin above the legging was hot and moist as the costume raised her body temperature. Danielle made a parallel cut and another rip began. Danielle was a little less cautious going over to the next leg, making her cuts faster into the exterior suit and the legging itself. After a few quick minutes, the result was a shredded look that made Sophie's outfit decidedly more dangerous-looking and exciting to the audience.

When Danielle stepped aside from her razor work, calls quickly went out.

"Five hundred!"

"Five twenty-five!"

"Five seventy-five!"

Then, the bidders quieted down. Danielle was sure she could get them a little higher. They needed just a little more flesh, and maybe a little blood to coax them to dig deeper into their pockets. She nodded to her personal slaves, and they again held Sophie at the shoulders. Sophie's tears were non-stop now, forcing her to blink rapidly to see the oncoming Danielle. Danielle withdrew the sharp razor a second time, aiming for some slashing cuts across the midsection of the tight material, just above the Freshman's pussy and just below the constrictive corset. The difference in this effort though: Danielle did not even make an attempt to pull the latex off Sophie's body. Sophie screamed into her gag as Danielle made the first of several minor incisions. The cuts were not even deep enough to be serious flesh wounds. In

the end, they resembled bad scrapes that drew blood, but the shock and the immediate pain was terrible for Sophie, and enticing for the onlookers.

The material was stretched so tight that even an inch long cut was enough to start a much longer rip. With each small cut, the latex fabric seemed to separate on its own with the smallest start. Danielle then went after Sophie's breasts and made horizontal slices. After a few minutes, the bodysuit, except for the masks and corset, looked to be in ruins. Sophie's little trickles of blood mixed with her sheen of sweat, and as the sweat rolled down the blood was gathered, streaking across her flattened tummy. Sophie was starting to feel a little lightheaded from the slicing of the suit and the general fatigue that the outfit itself had created for her.

Suddenly, a man in tux and sunglasses asserted what would be his first, and the night's last bid: "Ten thousand dollars." Danielle slowly turned her attention back to the silenced audience. Catherine looked at Kimberly with a stunned look. Several of the serving maids, who were relegated to stay in the kitchen during this time, were listening behind the kitchen's swinging doors. They looked at each other in amazement.

Danielle returned to her place behind the podium. "We have ten thousand from the gentleman in stylish sunglasses in the back...do I hear, ten thousand one hundred?" Danielle didn't make herself sound very confident that she would have a taker at this point. After a reasonable pause, Danielle began again, "Well, then, ten thousand going once...going twice...sold! For ten thousand dollars! Congratulations. Please, come over here to get a closer look at your prize, sir. As for everyone else, our maids will be coming out now with refreshments."

Sophie's humiliation still had not reached its apex. As the man who had pledged \$10,000 to presumably have his way with her approached, Sophie tried to look away, but there was no place to look where she didn't see some lusty eyes staring at her slashed rubber suit and near-naked body. Danielle's slaves were un-attaching Sophie, preparing her to be moved to the basement.

The man slid his glasses slowly down his thin nose, revealing a pair of intense jet-black eyes. Sophie could of course say nothing, she just looked back at him without a sound.

“The basement is well-equipped from what my friends tell me. I think we’re going to make some wonderful memories, little Sophie.”

Chapter 9

Sophie’s wrists and arms had been numb all night, and in their current position her limbs remained painfully numb. Her cuffed wrists were held aloft by a silver chain, nearly cutting off circulation. The chain was drawn high enough that her toes were just scraping against the unfinished cement floor. All of her clothes that had been so carefully wrapped around her body from head to toe were removed, and even her plugs and gags had been taken withdrawn. Sophie screamed a little as they were being removed, and she swore up and down at Danielle’s slaves, but they wordlessly and impassionately continued their chores.

A quick look around the room seemed to stifle any further sounds from the unwilling guest. Sophie saw a stockroom of whips, chains, cuffs, gags, and a hundred other gadgets and devices she had never seen before. Sophie had a few moments to herself before the man with the shades came down for her.

Sophie began to open her mouth and scream at him, using every combination of every curse word her tongue could recall. He seemed slightly bemused by this, then mashed an oversized black ball gag deep into her mouth, stretching her painfully.

“No one is going to be disturbed by your sounds, you stupid little girl, think about it. I don’t have to gag you, but your voice is really starting to annoy me. Maybe for a few thousand dollars more, I could negotiate to have your tongue removed.”

Sophie was beginning to panic, thinking just how serious that comment might be in light of all the bizarre sights seen tonight.

“My name isn’t important, so when I ask you to respond to me, you will call me Master, or simply Sir, I don’t really relish one title over the other for now. If you understand me, nod your head once.” Sophie refused to comply and turned her head to look away. He grabbed at her throat and forced her to look at him. “Now we can

do this the hard way, or we can do this the harder way, little girl. I have you for the whole night until I release you, or until noon tomorrow, whichever comes first. There are only two things that I am prohibited from doing: I can't kill you, and I can't break you up into smaller pieces. If you obey me, I can't promise you that you'll enjoy yourself completely, but I can promise that your pain might not be as extreme. The choice is yours. Now, again, I will ask you, do you understand me?"

Sophie was trembling at this point, but she did manage to slowly tilt her head up and down.

"Good, now let's get started in earnest, shall we?"

"Mind if I come in and watch for a few minutes?"

Vicki had found her way down to the renovated basement and was creeping around the corner of one of the playrooms where Sophie's \$10,000 price tag was being earned. The man looked up for a second and then nodded.

He was tightly holding Sophie's brown hair, her head just above an aluminum bucket. Sophie gasped for air again just before he shoved her face back down into the liquid, a combination of water, sweat, piss, and excrement. Standing about 30 feet from the action, Vicki could see the side view of the naked and freshly tortured Sophie. The young freshman's welted ass wiggled as she struggled to lift her head. Her wrists had been hastily bound by hemp rope behind her back, and Vicki reached for her own pussy watching the girl's fingers struggle. Sophie's fingers were about the only part of her body that didn't cause her pain to move.

Vicki licked her lips as Sophie was allowed up for air, briefly. The man lifted her chest up higher and Vicki could make out the long 6-inch silver skewers that horizontally and vertically pierced Sophie's breasts. Additionally, there were several dozen medical-size needles that ribboned in and out of the freshman's breast skin. Vicki's view was obscured by Sophie's thighs, so she was prevented from seeing the needles that remained in her pussy lips and clit, and the acorn-shaped plastic dildo that was held within her pussy by a series of needles.

“I just wanted to see how our last initiate was surviving.”

The man did not turn to look at Vicki this time, he just mumbled his words as he sent Sophie’s face splashing into the bucket again. “She’ll survive.”

Tia and Kia had some difficulty transferring the well-used Sophie at noontime the next day. Sophie was nearly incoherent while Tia and Kia ran the water=hose over her beaten and bruised body. The only space that showed no sign of bruising or welts was Sophie’s face. There were stretch marks at her neck where a metal collar and a hemp rope had been applied too tight, but from the neck up, Sophie had only dried tears and dried cum on her face. Tia struggled to hold the torture victim up while her twin sister applied topical solutions that would maximize the skin’s own healing process. Sophie’s body movements were those of a defeated Raggedy-Ann doll. Tia and Kia said very little as they applied disinfectant to the open cuts on Sophie’s back and thighs and breasts. Neither Tia nor Kia had ever experienced such a session, and they had never heard of any of the initiates being abused to this extent.

Vicki seemed unfazed by Sophie’s injuries, even as she commented on first looking at the body standing limp in chains. She identified the one cut over Sophie’s left nipple would likely require stitches. Catherine was ushered downstairs to the basement and put her limited nursing knowledge to work to patch up the cuts. It turns out that part of the nipple had been torn away when one of the piercing rings (temporarily installed by the high bidder) had been ungraciously ripped out. He left three other rings from his handiwork behind: one in her right nipple, and the other two bunched close together in her swollen clit.

At one point during her cleaning, Sophie spontaneously vomited, spewing a good volume of the cum and piss that she had consumed from the night and morning before. Tia managed to get out of the way in time, while Kia was not so fortunate. Kia’s thong bikini was soaked in vomit for the entire trip back in the Suburban. Kia felt sorry for herself for just a moment, and then turned back to look at the bedraggled Sophie, who had passed out again from exhaustion.

Back at the sorority house, Sophie was laid out at the foot of Vicki's bed. Tia gave her a blanket to sleep on and then adjusted Sophie's neck into a metal collar and connected the collar to an eyebolt on the floor. Sophie wouldn't be able to move much, but of course, Sophie's body would barely move even if given free reign to do so.

Sunday afternoon was giving way to Sunday evening, and Sophie continued to sleep until she was rudely awakened by a violent yank on her hair by Catherine. It took a few seconds to get her bearings, but Sophie's eyes looked around and she understood that she was back at the sorority house. Strangely, she felt a sense of safety and comfort, if only because she was no longer hanging from that dungeon ceiling at Danielle's mansion, or being ravaged in her asshole by the man in shades. Images of the baseball bat he thrust into her ass made her involuntarily shut her eyes again and curl back into a tight fetal position.

"Hey, wake up! Vicki wants to have a few words with you." Catherine shook Sophie's face, eliciting a slight groan. Sophie eventually opened her eyes long enough to see the 5'11" Vicki towering over her.

"You know, little cunt, you must have really impressed the shit out of that Mr. X last night," Vicki crouched down to get right into her slave's face. "He gave you a thousand dollar tip. Or should I say he gave us a thousand dollar tip. Still haven't found out what his name is, but I will. I'll either get Danielle to tell me, or use some other means. He could be quite valuable for future fundraisers. That money makes up for not having more initiates."

Vicki repositioned herself, standing up and collecting a videotape from Catherine. "You saw some of the tape we made last night. I know you feel like shit now, and you're just dying to get to the cops, right? Well, you're not going to do that. Think about the consequences if you do, and if you haven't figured it out by now, I'm going to spell it out for you in terms you can understand.

"I own you now, Sophie. I have tapes that show what an irrepressible slut you are, and I can send them to your friends, your classmates, your parents: anybody. I can put it out on the Web, I can make posters up and plaster them at your old high school where your sister Dorena can see you sucking dicks and eating out other

girls.

“Now, ask yourself, ‘Is it worth it, calling anybody about this?’ Not only would you be ruined and humiliated, you would lose your chance to attend this school. We make a lot of money through our connections and our parties—you will never have to worry about college money or tuition or anything like that for the next four years, Sophie. You just have to remember that I own you, and you do what I tell you. If you ever fail me, if I hear that you ever went to the police, if I see that you disappoint me in any way, your free ride is over, your college years are over, and your family finds out what a whore you are.”

Sophie did not acknowledge this proclamation with a nod or a sound, but the look of acquiescence and defeat in her eyes told Vicki everything she needed to know. Sophie had gotten the message clearly, and upon weighing her option, Sophie knew she had no good alternatives to the law laid out by Vicki.

“Oh, and there is one other little thing. Even if you foolishly decide that you are going to sacrifice yourself and your future just to try and punish me, then you better think again. I have a teacher friend who works in the school system where you went to high school, where your sister still goes to high school. He seems to have his eye on her, but I could make sure he wouldn’t touch her. It seems Mr. Reynolds has fornicated more than a few times with students in his career and it would interest Mrs. Reynolds to know about those activities. I have the tapes, and he knows it, however, if I need to tarnish your sister’s life in anyway because of something you do, well, it seems Mr. Reynolds is only more than interested in helping me out. He’s being a good boy right, but only because I’m holding his leash. Give me a reason to let him loose on her, and I promised Reynolds I would even help him successfully kidnap her.”

Sophie tried to stymie the fresh tears that were welling up in her eyes. She thought about her sister, and her family, and how happy she had been only two months ago on thinking about going away to college. The future looked so bright. The promise of the Beta Sigma Delta sorority had been a golden opportunity. All the promise now had rotted. She could barely comprehend how quickly things had changed, and she dared not to think about how things might progress from here.

Vicki yanked on Sophie's metal leash and forced the novice slave to stare back at her. "By the way, I almost forgot: Congratulations, Sophie. You're the newest member of Beta Sigma Delta."

The End

“Initiation of Sophie II: Freshman Year”

WARNING: The following account contains consensual and non-consensual scenes including but not limited to bondage, S&M, incest, violence, watersports, torture, humiliation, college.

(E-mails are encouraged. Though busy in real life, the author will respond if you have questions or comments regarding his work. Brief one or two words complimentary e-mails are likewise appreciated, but if the story prompts you to say something, by all means, write it down and send it. Enjoy, and remember, these are works of fiction, based on a mind filled with fiction, and there is no reality at work here...well, okay, maybe a little reality, but the author will not reveal which is what.)

Part 10

The feeling of helplessness was familiar to Sophie. Just as she had been wrapped and wound tightly in latex for her first sorority whipping, Sophie found herself immobile again.

Sophie's body had healed fairly quickly over the last three weeks, and save for a few nasty stubborn bruises, only memories remained from the all-night party session with the highest bidder. Sophie blacked out many times at the hands of the man in dark sunglasses, but she remembered the intense pain even if her body showed no significant signs of her torture. Now that her body was ready to receive her official sorority rings, Sophie had to be ritualistically prepared.

In the afternoon, a dozen of the Beta Delta Sigma sisters stripped Sophie and washed her thoroughly. After the warm bath, Sophie was laid out and lathered with shaving cream from her neck down to her ankles. With so many girls commanding so many razors, the job shouldn't have taken more than ten minutes, but these girls made sure to have a little playtime with Sophie, bringing out a dildo or two while shaving her entire frame. Sophie couldn't help but start to feel a tingle in her pussy as the old barber-style straight-edged razors cut away all of the fine light hairs on her arms, thighs, calves. When she was turned over onto her stomach, Sophie's backside was lathered with the thick foam from the nape of the neck downward to the small of her back, covering up the dragon tail of the Mazza tattoo she had been given a few weeks earlier. When the razors were finished, they turned her over again and let her body air-dry for a minute or two.

Her clean shaven pussy immediately felt the cool air and then almost as quickly she felt the lips and pierced tongue of Janice, then Nomi (whose tongue was double pierced), and then Julia Ann. And the by the time everyone had a chance to suck on and lick inside Sophie's pussy, an hour's time had passed.

A collar and leash were attached to Sophie's otherwise naked body, and she was made to crawl to the living room, where a heavy solid oak table awaited. She was ordered to lie on the table and the sisters efficiently strapped Sophie down in spread-eagled fashion. Oils were spread over the tight little Asian bodies of Tia and Kia, who reveled in the attention. When these twins had been thoroughly oiled, they took turns mounting Sophie and from one skin to another, applied the oil by rubbing and caressing the strapped and spread initiate. In moments like these, it was easy for Sophie to forget about previous pain, and easy to prepare for future pain.

The future was close. Tia and Kia were ordered off and a kind of silence fell over the girls participating in the ceremony. Every girl waited on her knees with hands in her lap, watching for Vicki. Sophie strained her neck to find the statuesque Vicki Desmond striding down the staircase, making her way to the main event. The sorority president was decked out in her black corset and thigh-high black leather boots. Everything else was utterly exposed.

Vicki was carrying a shiny black metal box, about the size of a VCR. She opened the

case and began handing out little packets to all the girls surrounding Sophie. The packets held little needles, each about 2 inches in length with no dull end; both tips were sharpened. Sophie's heart started to race; she had mentally prepared herself for her nipples to be pierced. Now, she was looking all around her and seeing there might be several hundred needles.

Vicki gave the command and one by one, the sisters placed the special double-point needles at roughly 45-degrees into the wooden surface and pointing toward the outline of Sophie's well-oiled, completely exposed and strapped body. As the operation mounted, the collection of needles closely surrounding Sophie grew to over three hundred in number. It was almost impossible for Sophie to move a single muscle without a sharp prick being felt somewhere along her outer skin. The pins resting between her thighs and just south of her pussy had already pricked her a dozen times as she adjusted and readjusted her limbs and her torso to avoid scraping up against the needles everywhere else.

When 400 plus needles had been finally distributed, Sophie lay perfectly still, but Vicki could make out the pounding of the heart in the Freshman's chest. Sophie's glistening breasts were expanding with every accelerated breath as Vicki knelt down and approached the young initiate.

Vicki leaned down with her latex glove-hand and firmly grasped Sophie's thick nipples. Sophie's expression was pained and she felt the urge to cry out but she stifled that urge. She tried with all her will not to move an inch as Vicki brought down a wicked looking instrument.

"Sophie, I've been dying to try this new puncher." She held the ominous silver tool right at Sophie's nose, forcing the eyes to go crossed temporarily as the Freshman stared at the metal. It looked like an elaborate hole-punch you might see in an office supply store, only with some sadistic modifications. "This is something I picked up from Mazza. It not only pierces the skin, and creates the hole, it leaves behind a tiny grommet permanently inside the skin. And I've chosen a fairly large grommet because I want your rings to stand out since you're the only initiate who made it."

Sophie wanted to squirm, she wanted to let her fear take over and surrender to an earth-shattering scream, but a kind of strange paralysis commanded her body

instead. The word “permanent” had paralyzed her. She was taking in the import of this when suddenly the grip on her left nipple tightened under Vicki’s fingers. The hole-punching tool was held about a centimeter from the outer most part of her nipple; unbeknownst to her this would allow Vicki to pierce the nipples again closer to the tip when Vicki felt the time was right. As soon as Vicki felt the device was centered, Sophie saw Vicki make a fist to close the handles, and then she closed her eyes as pain seared through her nipple, and sent shivers through the nerves in her breast and down her spine. The sorority girls watched in quiet, but excited observance, some with hands on their laps, others with wet fingers inside moist pussies. Tia and Kia were naked on their knees still, but they were leaning hip to hip and shoulder to shoulder, playing with the other, flicking at the other’s pierced nipples, but maintaining their focus on the blood vessels in Sophie’s neck that strained greatly underneath her skin.

Sophie’s body could not resist the urge to react to the immense pain, and when she did wiggle a hundred little pin pricks in her legs, arms, and everywhere else screamed out in pain.

Vicki inspected the small sturdy cylinder of metal that was implanted within Sophie’s nipple and smiled at the success of the new tool. The metal length was perfect and ran from one edge to the other, leaving little room for even a trickle of blood to escape.

Vicki gave the trembling freshman little time to recover. Tears started to roll down Sophie’s cheek, but such a response only heightened Vicki interest and emboldened her resolve to continue the ritual. Vicki squeezed the right nipple and pulled it away from the Freshman’s glistening chest. The leader of the sorority was excited, but knew there would be time to play with her own pussy soon enough. Vicki held the punch firm and applied a quick jolt of pressure, piercing the flesh and installing new metal within Sophie’s dark nipple.

Sophie began to shout out, but Vicki quickly moved her own wet, excited pussy over the younger girl’s mouth, stifling most of the noise. Sophie had been through this routine a hundred times before in the span of a few weeks, and despite her own pain, Sophie recognized her duty to her mistress.

As Vicki was getting her pussy attention, the other girls began removing the hundreds of tiny needles that outlined Sophie's oiled down skin. Most of the needles remained in the oak table, while a few dozen had separated from the wood and were lodged in the outer layer of Sophie's skin.

Four hours later, Sophie was still strapped down to the heavy table, licking the juices from yet another pussy. Her tongue was getting sore, which took some of the pain away from the punctures in her nipples. Tia and Kia were crawling over to her when Vicki and Catherine made their way back.

"Here are your new rings, my pet." Vicki held out the two silver rings and let the light catch them just right, causing the rings to give off the desired sparkle. Vicki placed the first ring through the left hole. Sophie heard the click of metal as she, Tia, and Kia were exchanging wet tongues and kisses in a three-way kiss. A second "click" was made over the other breast, and Sophie remained absent-minded. In a few minutes more though, Sophie felt her nipples starting to get extremely hot. Vicki and Catherine were taking precision blow torches and permanently welding the connected ends of the silver rings. The heat was being conducted throughout all of the metal touching her skin. Sophie's eyes began to water even as Tia and Kia flicked their pierced tongues in and out of the freshman's ears.

"There, I don't think you'll be pulling those off anytime soon." Vicki gave the new jewelry a test tug, and smiled at her fine work. Catherine gave Sophie a little friendly slap on the thigh then left for her room to get ready for her date. Most of the other girls had already left on individual or group excursions on this Friday night. Vicki thought she should give Sophie's body a brief chance to rest, so she ordered Tia and Kia to draw a bath and "take care of Sophie" then put her to bed. The bed was really a thick blanket on the floor of Mistress Vicki's room, but she was understood without having to elaborate.

"Wash her inside and out, girls. Tomorrow we're going shopping for Sophie. She's earned a new wardrobe, don't you think?"

Tia and Kia simultaneously nodded and joined that with a simple "yes, mistress."

Part 11

Sophie awoke to the sharp pain shooting across her back. Vicki's favorite Cat o' nine tails was quickly becoming Sophie's least liked whip. When she was given the privilege of sleeping at the foot of Vicki's bed, this was how the morning began. Vicki had her fun for about 5 minutes then ordered the newest official sorority member to lick pussy for all the Juniors and Seniors that were still sleeping. This chore did not take as long as usual since it was a Saturday morning and a lot of the girls had not come home yet from their Friday night festivities.

Sophie pleased four girls upstairs, then crawled down the stairs heading to the bedrooms on the first floor. She nearly screamed when she made it to the base of the steps and looked up to find Tia and Kia hanging from the ceiling in the great room. Each Asian girl was tied in a traditional Japanese Shibari style with tons of tight coarse rope, facing each other, but their painful pose looked to Sophie like a cruelly executed embrace. Tia's wrists were tied behind her sister's back, and Kia's arms were tied likewise. Their delicate wrists lay on the other's firm ass, pulled irrevocably close to the sister's body because a length of rope ran taut between one set of pussy lips, and anchored to the other pussy via a pair of new clit rings. Vicki made sure that if one girl even adjusted her wrist or body in the slightest, she would tug on her own ring and her sister's brand new ring. Kia's and Tia's long dark brown hair had been twisted into a mutual braid, and interlaced with hemp rope that reached high into the 12-foot ceiling. The sisters were barely on the tips of their toes, struggling to stand and balance themselves. And they each had only one leg that reached the floor since the other leg had been bent back and tied to the upper thigh. Their tongues had been secured together with one larger golden ring, which meant there was drool that dribbled down their necks and chests, dropping to the hardwood floor to form a large pool that had building over night.

Sophie didn't see anyone or hear anyone awake on the first floor, so she cautiously crawled closer. Their athletic legs showed signs of numerous whip marks and nasty welts, though no blood had been drawn by Vicki and a small cadre of her sorority sisters who had decided to grant Tia and Kia their sophomore status rings not long after the twins put Sophie to bed. Sophie inched up to Kia and Tia and heard the soft moans from the twins. After several hours tied in this manner, the action of the

ropes twisting in and around their clean pussy lips had turned into more pain than pleasure. Sophie could clearly see the pussies were being rubbed raw by the movement and coarseness of the hemp rope.

Either out of empathy or her latent desires for the two Asian girls, Sophie ran her hand along Kia's standing (and struggling) leg, and then glided a hand along Tia's leg. The girls could roll their eyes downward just to see who was there, but there was little else they could do to acknowledge Sophie. Sophie felt guilty for and confused about her feelings. She wanted to have a chance to talk to them, to really talk about normal things outside of the sorority, but there never was an opportunity. Sophie even shared an elective art class with them, but they sat in a corner in the back of the room and hardly ever said two words while in class.

How many minutes passed since she had come downstairs, Sophie asked herself. She jolted herself back suddenly and cautioned herself not to spend too much time in her chores. Sophie turned back around but not before she got up on her knees and leaned forward to lay a gentle kiss on Kia's and then Tia's ass cheek.

There were only two girls downstairs who required licking. By that time, Vicki went downstairs to check on her slave. Sophie's tongue was still between Nomi's thighs when she was interrupted by the sorority president. Vicki gave Sophie a thunderous slap on the ass.

"Come on, slut. Get upstairs and take a shower. Today we're going to put some of that money you earned at the fundraiser to good use."

Sophie crawled upstairs and started to get up to walk into the closet where her clothes had been, but remembered it was expected that she always crawl, unless otherwise told. You never knew if one of the sisters was watching for you to slip on the house rules. Opening the closet she realized there were only two items left from the wardrobe she had packed up from her dorm room, a small white tank top and a pair of grey gym shorts.

Coming from nowhere, Catherine yanked at Sophie's hair, pulling her up to her feet. "The mistress thought your clothes were inappropriate from here on, now that you are a full-pledge member. We did save you something to wear for your shopping trip

though. And here.” Catherine threw a pair of strappy platform heels at the girl’s feet. “You can borrow these from Janey’s stuff—looks like she’s never coming back anyway.”

As Sophie wasted no time grabbing the clothes on the way to a shower, she was reminded of her fellow freshman, Janey. Her last image of the girl was Janey locked against the bathroom wall and strapped between two urinals, her eyes wide like saucers, and her mouth stuffed with a pound of tissue paper. Not since that fateful night at Danielle’s mansion had she seen or heard from Janey. And she hadn’t seen her across campus anywhere either. No one in the sorority even talked about her failing the final test of the initiation; in fact, no one mentioned her at all.

Sophie’s thoughts turned from Janey as the hot water fell. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the peace of the shower. She lathered some soap across her pussy, preparing to shave, as she was told to strictly maintain the clean look at all times. Looking down, she couldn’t help but be drawn by the bright rings that moved easily back and forth through her nipples. It was a surprisingly erotic feeling that she was not entirely prepared for. She gingerly tugged at the rings and her nipples, not sure how much strength she should apply. It was enough, she thought, that everyone else liked to inflict pain on her; it worried her that maybe she didn’t care about the pain as much. Was the line between what was normal and abnormal becoming more blurred?

Sophie told herself that she shouldn’t but she actually found herself adjusting to the dragon tattoo above her pussy and wrapped around her pelvis. And now, the rings gave her something tangible to play with as she pleased herself. They would also probably give her tormentors like Vicki something additional to use to cause her pain, she realized. Vicki’s threat had worked to quell any thoughts that Sophie had about trying to quit the Beta Delta Sigma sorority, but was that the only reason she stayed? She asked herself this question as she turned her body in the shower, coming no closer to having an answer she wanted to hear.

Eventually, a couple of the juniors, Nomi and Julia Ann, came to retrieve Sophie for further grooming. Other than applying some light makeup, there wasn’t much to add to Sophie before they headed out to the mall. Sophie pulled the white tank top over

her head and noticed that as she stretched it out, the impression of her nipple rings was quite prominent through the fabric. And the bottom of the shirt wouldn't come down as she remembered it, instead, the bottom edge was well above her navel. Julia Ann threw the grey gym shorts to her and Sophie felt the same disjointedness wearing the shorts; they clearly were tighter. She briefly looked in the full-length mirror and she was shocked to see how the impression of the cleft between her pussy lips was plainly evident through this grey fabric. She didn't have to ask why. Sophie knew that the girls had shrunk the clothes on purpose.

The 5-inch black heels were added next. Nomi strapped one ankle and Julia Ann finished the other. A glance in the mirror let Sophie see how the muscles in her calves and thighs tensed, and how her ass even seemed to stand out more than when wearing flat tennis shoes. Sophie's face already felt embarrassed. This was somehow worse, she thought, than walking around completely naked.

The finishing touch came quickly and painfully. Nomi spun Sophie around and held her firmly at the shoulders, while Julia Ann pulled the grey shorts down to Sophie's ankles. They bent her over before she could even register a protest. Sophie felt some lubricant being applied to her asshole followed by an acorn-shaped black butt plug. She gritted her teeth as the plastic acorn was pressed against her anal ring. At 4 inches long and 3 inches wide, it was the largest thing she had ever been forced to take in her ass, and she couldn't stop the tears as they welled up and ran down her face. Once the widest part of the acorn plug was pushed past the tight anal ring, the worst was over.

Sophie was allowed to straighten up. Her grey shorts were replaced and she took a couple of baby steps, noting how firmly held in place the butt-plug was by its ingenious and uncomfortable design. Vicki entered the room and gave Sophie a little spanking, aiming to strike the anal plug with every little blow. "Not like you have a choice, but you better make sure this little baby doesn't come out today. If it does, we have a couple of larger sizes that I guarantee won't come out without the benefit of surgery."

Vicki let everyone else dress conservative, comparatively speaking. Tight skirts, low-cut tops, pumps, fashionable chokers...but no one came close to matching the first

impression that Sophie made by her garments. Vicki gathered her fellow BDS sisters and the shopping day began.

Part 12

It was a busy Saturday afternoon at the mall, and Sophie couldn't believe that she was bouncing around in platform heels wearing no bra, no panties, clothes that were at least a size too small, and worst of all, the painful element that was obvious only to her, the butt-plug in her ass that hurt her with every single step, and hurt her more when they stopped to sit. The stares from boys and girls was constant. The looks from moms and grandmoms made her want to hide under a rock. And the lust in the eyes of older men and even the elderly men made Sophie's face flush with redness.

Sophie had braced herself for what she was likely to come home with, but she wasn't prepared for the virtual strip-shows and catwalks that Vicki, Nomi, and Julia Ann insisted on seeing in public. The foursome went into a Hot Topic store and found several things for Sophie to try. Nomi found a pair of white nylon stockings that had satin bows saddled just above the knees. She opened the package right off the rack peg and told Sophie to try them on. Sophie unstrapped her shoes and began the process of rolling the nylons up and over her knees. There were a couple of junior high boys looking at some goth tee-shirts who quickly changed their collective focus. All eyes were soon on Sophie as she returned the black platforms to her feet and strutted around the aisles.

Mr. Watters, the Hot Topic manager had seen these girls come in a time or two. Despite his generally laid-back demeanor and multiple tattooed smooth skull, his first inclination a couple of years ago was to ask them to leave because they usually made a scene, but after dozens of trips to his store he knew that these girls always paid, paid for a lot of merchandise, and paid for all it in cold cash. He had eventually warmed up to the kinky girls but for strictly business purposes.

Sophie was constantly worried that everyone could see her nipple rings as she pranced in the store. Nomi and Julia Ann agreed that a combination of the heels and the white stockings made her calf muscles look sculpted and sexy. Vicki meanwhile found a shirt for their model. Vicki curled her index finger and directed Sophie to the back corner of the store.

“Here, put this on.” It was a blue, ribbed tank with the words, “I love Policemen,” only a red heart took the place of the word ‘love’. Vicki amused herself as she looked again at the front. “You never know, this kind of shirt might come in handy.”

Sophie at first began to pull the ‘Policemen’ shirt over her head without removing her own t-shirt. Vicki shot her a cold, stern look. Sophie saw the dressing room off to a corner and she wanted so badly to make a mad dash for that room, but the anger in Vicki’s face stopped her dead in her tracks. Sophie closed her eyes, subconsciously thinking perhaps that if I can’t see anyone, maybe they won’t see me. She shuffled off her own tee as fast as she could and then fumbled to cover her naked breasts with the next shirt, stretching it over her torso in record time. From the gasps made by the teenage boys, Sophie knew of at least two patrons that got a free flash of her tits.

Vicki admired the top. “It’ll look better after we shrink it down a size or two. Okay, you can put your own shirt on now.” Sophie almost groaned aloud.

“Ooooooh, Sophie, come here.” Now Julia Ann had found something for her. Sophie quickly adjusted her old shirt, trying futilely to stretch it down to rest even with her navel, but of course the shirt wasn’t going to get any longer by her willing it so. “Hold up your hair,” Julia Ann commanded. She soon fitted a leather collar around Sophie’s neck. The collar was black leather with a row of silver grommets all around it and a silver D-ring that dangled from a loop of leather in the front. “Perfect. Stylish for the public and practical, if we need a leash. What do you think, Mr. Watters?”

Julia Ann spun her model around to face the manager, who nodded his head in agreement. “She looks hot. Almost makes me wish I wasn’t gay, Julia.”

Vicki came over to admire the collar, and quickly suggested picking up a couple more. The girls decided on a matching pair of black leather collars, each about an inch wide with pyramid designs running around the surface. They fixed one collar above and one below the original ringed collar.

The collars were snug and just short of being uncomfortable for Sophie. With three collars stacked together, it gave the striking appearance of one leather collar,

heavily decorated, and about 5 inches wide. Vicki was satisfied for the moment and paid the store manager. "Let's go look at some shoes for our little slut." She slapped Sophie on the behind again, taking Sophie's breath away as the butt plug sent painful sensations through her ass.

Sophie didn't think a mainstream mall like this one would have a store that sold anything close to "dangerous" shoes, but she soon found out otherwise. "Clothestown" had dangerous shoes and dangerous dresses; it was a popular place for exotic dancers to shop for their accessories.

Nomi found a pair of red patent leather ballet-style heels that came up to the ankle. It was uncomfortable for Sophie to bend down because of the tightness around her neck and the plug up her ass, but she managed to lace each ballet boot up to her ankles after several minutes. She needed help from Julia Ann and Nomi to even get up to stand, let alone walk in the shoes. Once the girls had her braced, the pressure in her toes was incredible. Memories from the mansion party flashed in her mind's eye. How other girls managed to master walking in these was beyond her.

Vicki stationed herself about 10 feet across the floor, and motioned for Sophie to come over. "Come on, I'm timing you, Sophie." Sophie took careful, meticulous steps, fearing that she would lose her balance any second. She had to use a clothing rack about midway through her journey, but she traversed the carpet successfully, more or less falling into Vicki's arms at the end. "Good job, Sophie, good job." Vicki gave a quick hug to her freshmen sister, whispering in her ear, "But I'll still have to punish you for using that rack as a crutch."

Vicki found one of the clerks and told her that she wanted two pairs of the ballet shoes in black.

"We ran out of black her size. I'm sorry. We can order some 8's for you if you want. But it'll probably take a few weeks."

"Do you still have any in black—," Vicki scanned for the girl's name tag, "Jenny?"

"We have lots of size 7, and one or two size 8 and 1/2. You want me to bring the—"

"Great, we'll take two pair in size 7, thank you." Sophie was in the process of trying

to squeeze out of the current set, size 8, and she was having a hell of time feeling her toes after standing in these shoes for only ten minutes.

As Jenny walked back to the stockroom, she gave the scantily-clad Sophie a look from head to toe, rolling her eyes; it was an expression that silently said, "What a fucking freak!" She had seen lots of strippers come and go in the eight weeks she had worked at Clothestown, but Sophie drew her longest stares.

"Anyone hungry for some food?" Vicki inserted her finger through the D-ring on Sophie's new collar and tugged on the girl's neck. "If you're lucky, we might even feed you some scraps."

At the food-court, Sophie sat perfectly still with her hands in her lap and her eyes cast downward. The other three had ordered Chinese and were finishing up their meals. Sophie realized she hadn't eaten anything since yesterday afternoon, and she was feeling a little weak. Mostly adrenaline had sustained her this far.

"Let's go Sophie, I've got a surprise for you." Vicki didn't grab Sophie or even look in her direction, she simply picked up her bags, stood and starting walking toward a service hallway that ran between two of the fast food store fronts. Sophie caught up to Vicki and followed her down the hall, the platform heels clicking as she chased after her mistress. Vicki led the freshman into a small maintenance closet accessed off the hallway. Sophie gave the room a quick once-over and almost puked from the smell of spilled ammonia and cleaning fluids. There was stagnant water in one of the mop buckets and the powdery contents of a fallen canister of Comet cleaner littered the concrete floor.

"Take off your shorts and then lean up against that sink drain."

Sophie felt less conscious of being naked in front of Vicki but she was of course worried that someone would enter the closet and see her naked body. Sophie slowly drew her shorts down to her ankles and then handed them to her waiting mistress. She walked a step toward the wall and placed her hands down on the rim of the dingy basin.

"Spread your legs." Vicki thought she sensed the slightest hesitation. "Do it now,

slave.” Sophie complied, feeling the butt plug adjust ever so slightly as she threw her legs wide apart. Vicki reached into her bag and withdrew two sets of metal handcuffs. Sophie could hear the rattle of the metal behind her. Vicki cuffed the left wrist and drew it over the basin to the faucet head, cuffing the other side around but under the apparatus. Vicki took the other set to Sophie’s right wrist and attached her to the faucet in the same way. The hot and cold water nozzles were wide enough so that neither cuff would slide over their tops. The distance from the front of the over-sized sink drain to the faucet forced Sophie’s body to bend uncomfortably at her waist and lean her weight onto the basin rim.

Vicki took out of tube of her red lipstick and began to write on Sophie’s exposed ass cheek. Sophie could feel the pressure. Continuing to the next cheek, Vicki worked to make the letters legible. She stepped back from her handwriting and paused. “I wonder if I should I write it in Spanish too?”

“What are you doing, Vic—, I mean, mistress.” There was distress instead of resignation in Sophie’s voice for the first time in weeks.

Vicki rolled down her lipstick, picked up her bags, and started to walk out. Sophie began buckling her wrists against the handcuffs, tearing up as she pleaded with Vicki. “Please, please, mistress, what’s going on? Please don’t leave me like this. You can’t—”

Vicki turned. “You know, that sobbing might be a real turn-off for some guys.” Vicki quickly found some duct-tape sitting on a wooden shelf. “Although, I like the crying personally.” She leaned down to Sophie’s ass and slowly withdrew the acorn-shaped plug. From Sophie’s perspective, moving the plug backwards was even more painful than the initial entry of the plastic intruder. A slight “pop” was made when Vicki finally got the plug past the anal ring. Despite the thorough cleaning that Tia and Kia had administered the night before, there was some shit on the plug itself. Sophie saw and smelled it as Vicki brought the anal stopper around to the freshman’s mouth. Sophie’s instinct was to turn away. Vicki had handled this before. She simply pinched Sophie’s nose closed for a several painful seconds and waited for the mouth to open. When Sophie’s mouth made the move for precious inhalation, the girl was greeted with the black and brown butt-plug. Three inches wide, and four inches

long, this plug made for an extremely painful gag. Vicki completed the gag by applying a dozen strips of duct-tape over Sophie's mouth. Tears were pouring down Sophie's cheeks as one by one, Vicki tore off additional strips to secure the huge gag.

"There now, that's a little more like it." Vicki grabbed her own things again, slapped Sophie's shaved pussy from behind on the way to the door, being careful not to smear the writing on Sophie's cheeks that read in big letters: "FUCK ME!"

Sophie heard the door shut. Another round of pointless tears began. The size of the gag and the foul taste of it produced by hours of the plug resting in Sophie's asshole was provoking something near to a dry heave. She knew she was going to vomit any second.

Sophie shook her body and rattled against her bonds. It was hopeless; she was stuck there until Vicki unlocked the cuffs or someone cut her loose. She wasn't really in a lot of pain, just in an uncomfortable position, and her mouth had relaxed a little to adjust to the size of the impromptu gag. Her ass felt better just after the plug had been pulled. It was the feeling of anticipation that both frightened her and, she would have been ashamed to admit, excited her at this moment. Sophie didn't have long to wait.

Sophie had no way to know how many minutes she had been locked in this predicament when she heard the closet door open again. She glanced over her shoulder as far as she could to see if Vicki had returned. It was one of the employees from the Chinese restaurant; she recognized him as one of the cooks from the back that had stared at her earlier in an unblinking, unashamed lustfilled way.

Wan-Zhi dropped the mop he had taken to the room and rejoined that lusty leer. He looked up and down her athletic legs, the white stockings covering her skin, and then stared at her trembling ass. Wan-Zhi didn't understand much spoken or written English, but he recognized the "fuck" word one-hundred percent. He turned back to the door and slid the catch for the lock.

His erection began before he could even manage to take off his pants completely. Wan-Zhi wet his cock with his own greasy hands, then grabbed the girl's hips and

entered her quickly. He pounded at her pussy, ramming her upper thighs against the sink basin. Sophie's pussy responded immediately. It had been a few weeks since she had been taken by a man, and she had not realized how much she missed the feel of a hard cock. She moaned when he began to speed the rhythm; she found herself throwing her thighs back to meet his thrusts. Gone was any fear she had. Sophie even managed to forget about the foul gag. She was breathing quickly and heavily in and out through her nostrils. She wondered for a second if her lungs could ever collapse from this hardship on her normal breathing. Suddenly she felt his surge of semen explode into her, announced simultaneously by a satisfied male grunt that could be understood in any language.

When Wan-Zhi removed his spent cock, and then removed his tight grip from her hips, Sophie's body sort of just went limp. Her head fell to her straining arms, and she moaned softly, wishing he could have lasted a little longer. In her hazy state, she heard the lock on the door. She quickly craned her neck back around, whimpering, trying to express to him that she needed to cum, that she needed his cock to make her orgasm. After several more men from the restaurant visited Sophie in the closet, she got her wish and she got more than just one orgasm. The lunch hours had passed, and the dinner rush was approaching before the rotisserie of men stopped. Before the afternoon orgy was over, every man from the Chinese restaurant and every maintenance employee from that section had fucked the pussy and ass of young Sophie.

The closet door opened again. Sophie had her head down, her brown hair matted on her sweaty face and arms, trying to get her breath from the last fuck, which was difficult since she had an anal plug duct-taped her mouth. Her own juices mixed with rivulets of cum that rolled down her thighs and drenched her white stockings. Sophie's ass was still stinging from the repeated slaps and spanks while countless cocks buried themselves in her holes. She felt a hand running through her hair and yank harshly, forcing her neck back hard like so many times in the last few hours.

Sophie recognized the woman's voice. "Well, my little slut, are you ready to go back home?" Vicki leaned down to meet the freshly (and frequently) orgasmed face of her sorority sister. "Tia and Kia asked my permission to take you out tonight. I think I know what they have in mind, so I said yes. And since you've been such a good girl

today, I decided my new slave deserved a night out.” Vicki ripped the strips of duct-tape off all at once, causing Sophie to wince, but not enough to make an audible sound. Vicki returned the butt-plug to its rightful place. The anal ring offered little resistance this time as Sophie’s ass was lubricated with several coats of semen. “Now what do we say?”

Sophie’s brown eyes looked up at Vicki, even though she thought later that such a direct look was a calculated risk. “Thank you, mistress, thank you, thank you.” She repeated these words as she kissed Vicki’s hands, licking the fingers as she did this, trying to convey the emotions that were erupting from within. Even Vicki was surprised by this act of subservience and gratitude, and only a tiny minority of acts ever seemed to phase the public or private Vicki.

“You can continue to thank me later; I’ll make sure you do.”

Part 13

For their night out on the town, Tia, Kia, and Sophie returned to the Black Box where Sophie had undergone a critical portion of her hazing. The twins wore matching cardigan skirts that barely covered their asses, black knee-high stockings, black platforms, and black mesh tops that came down just to their mid-section. Anyone taking a close look could make out Kia’s silver nipple bars and Tia’s silver rings. Sophie put on some of the new clothes that had been selected for her earlier at the mall. She had the grommet-lined collar from Hot Topic, open-toed platform heels, a micro leather skirt, and a loose-fitting metallic silver top that covered her breasts and tied off with only two thins straps in the back and one around her neck. Any amount of leaning over produced a nice shot of her cleavage and her shaven pussy lips from behind.

While the girls did mingle with many of the men that covered the dance floor, the three sorority sisters spend most of the evening dancing and fondling each other. Sophie loved to watch the twins kiss each other almost as much as she enjoyed having their four hands grope her and massage her breasts in front of everyone and anyone who happened to be looking in their direction. After the a few hours at the

club, they caught a taxi to Tia and Kia's apartment.

When they got to the apartment, Sophie was a little surprised to see how spacious the townhome was. Tia went into the kitchen to fix some drinks while Kia gave Sophie a quick tour of the house. Upstairs, Sophie was treated to a wonderful full-body massage from the Kia. Once her sister arrived with a trio of "Sea Breezes", the girls all found themselves getting undressed and fondling each other on the king-sized bed. Kia brought out a few of their favorite toys, large dildoes and vibrators, and the twins took turns fucking their new friend. Sophie was in a constant state of bliss; her ass was a little sore from the pummeling she took at the mall, but the high she was feeling from being made love to by these two Asian beauties compensated for any pain. Kia clipped a choker and a leash to Sophie's neck and led her into the media room. Sophie had no reason to resist.

When Sophie crawled into the room Tia was in front of the computer, "chatting" with people online. The spacious room was divided by two distinct interior designs. One half was "soft" with a four-poster bed, votive candles, scented oils, and fluffy pillows. The other half was decorated in sterile grey shades of grey, with metallic implements, chains attached to the floor and walls. Kia led Sophie up onto bed and positioned her on at its center. A lengthy chain hung down from the ceiling over the bed and Sophie's collar was attached. There was plenty of slack, so the position Sophie held on her knees was not uncomfortable.

The sisters were unexpectedly rough, Sophie thought. It was not such a surprise that they were earning money via a website venture. And Sophie figured that if she found them attractive, then males and females alike found them similarly attractive. Sophie sort of fell under their spell and did whatever they said, all the while the three separate webcams caught her naked acquiescence.

Tia flipped on her CD player and soon the sounds of Blink 182 rammed through Sophie's ears. The rush of her emotions was high to begin with—Sophie was prepared to do whatever the girls asked of her. Either out of habit or out of purpose, Tia and Kia came to either side of Sophie's face and held a powdery white substance under her nose, waiting for the Freshman's next inhalation. Sophie had been offered unknown substances before, but she always was in a position to refuse; in her

sexually moist and electrified state, she never questioned what Tia and Kia were doing, and she subsequently never thought twice about what drugs the two might be prompting her to sample.

Sophie breathed in deeply. The effects of course did not take over immediately, but as the Asian sisters chatted on their website and asked their paying customers what tortures they wanted to see, the effects of the whiffed cocaine took its desired effect. Sophie felt light, but her mind felt even lighter. She wanted to touch her perfectly shaved pussy, but her wrists now were tied behind her back. She managed to raise her head and looked forward to see her sorority sisters kissing in front of the little internet camera. Sophie formed some words but as they crossed her lips she thought to herself that the words being made sounded different. Kia and Tia turned toward her, and Sophie saw a pair of long whips in their hands. Sophie pretended to protest. The truth was that she wasn't protesting at all. Despite the haze of her current mind, Sophie generally realized that she was being displayed in front of the camera. A side of her wanted to prove to anyone who might be watching that she had conquered her fears and she wanted to embrace her complete nudity and submission; why was nudity such a hang-up, she mouthed to Kia, as Kia's lips pressed against her eager nipples. Tia was on the other side of her bonded body, pressing her lips against Sophie's other erect nipple.

The online requests turned fairly violent as several of the spectators rightly sensed the novice slave's natural submissiveness and wanted to see how far the girls would torture her. Sophie would only remember bits and pieces after this night—the coke was followed by other drugs designed to heighten her sensory experience, but not necessarily heighten her memory of the experience.

Sophie felt the sharp pain of needles again. She saw Kia approach her left breast with the longest needle she had ever seen. It was a six-inch metal skewer. Sophie began to buckle and shake...she felt helpless, but then as the needle ran lengthwise across her breast, it wasn't only pain she felt. Tia was licking slowly upwards across her Sophie's clit and this caused that now familiar mixture of unbelievable searing pain and heretofore unknown orgasmic pleasure. Sophie looked down to watch the head of the skewer break through the skin of the inside of her breast. It was an otherworldly moment to see the metal emerge from either side of her breast. The

weight of the long needle itself was inexplicably light; she sensed that it was there within her own flesh, but the skewer was not causing her a red-hot pain.

Both twins tugged on the new nipple rings, pulling and stretching, and then scratched Sophie's breasts and stomach with their nails. They worked to keep good clear shots for at least one webcam at all times. Sophie's body was shifted around to improve the view and with the sudden moment Sophie felt the need briefly to pass out. She looked down just long enough to see Tia and Kia side by side each one biting down hard on her pussy lips. Sophie screamed—even if she couldn't really hear the sound of her screams at the time—much to the delight of the viewing internet audience. Sophie was feeling nauseous; she sensed she could take no more, but she couldn't signal her pain as Kia thrust a penis gag into her mouth. Sophie tasted the sweet taste of Tia's pussy juice on the surface of the gag just before the whole world went dark.

When she came to, the first thing she noticed was that the music changed. Sophie heard a song by the name of "Moondance". She fought against her bonds again, just to test how truly helpless she was. Sophie had been moved to the "hard" side of the media room, shackled to the wall. Her hands and arms had been bearing most of her body's weight as she hung there limp and unconscious. In her hazy return, she looked down to see that a similar skewer now was bisecting her right breast. She saw across her own naked and sweaty body, focusing on Kia seated in a desk chair in front of the computer screen. Kia was chatting with onliners about the next torture that Tia was bringing, as per the requests. Much of the chatroom treated Sophie, the new slave, as just a suffering girl to be distorted, a willing thing to be manipulated.

Sophie was far too drugged at this point to offer up any kind of significant protest; and the gag in her mouth prevented her from saying anything that the twins would recognize. The twins did seem especially giddy when a subscriber, someone calling himself "Prof. Pain," came online. He provided the next installment of the impromptu Sophie show.

Tia brought out another pair of 6 inches metal skewers. This alone was enough to elicit squeals and squirms from the manacled Sophie. She watched as Tia brought the ends of the skewers together, slightly overlapping the metal pieces, and then

wrapped the newly created center with several rounds of black electric tape. In the meantime, Kia rummaged through some menacing instruments in a dresser drawer. She found a pair of nose clips with an elastic strap and placed the rounded metal clips into either nostril. As Kia pulled back on the elastic this forced Sophie's head to crane back to alleviate some of the pressure being felt at her nose. Kia connected the free end of the strap to a D-ring embedded in the wall a few inches above Sophie. The result distorted Sophie's nose and made her squint her eyes in pain. The nose clips may have looked innocuous, but the pressure they created was terrible.

"The inside of your nose really is sensitive, isn't it, Sophie?" Kia offered, turning back to the webcam. "You see everybody, she really doesn't like this. Just look what Tia's going to add next."

Tia returned with the reinforced doubly long skewer and slid one sharp end through the circle of Sophie's right nipple ring, passing it all the way to Sophie's left ring, until she had the long double-skewer balanced and resting within the rings. The skewers were fairly light, so the pull on Sophie's nipples was hardly noticed. That changed quickly as Tia and Kia added metal hooks onto the center of makeshift metal beam. To the hooks they slowly added multiple weights, a pound or two at a time, giving the webcam audience a chance to see how each addition caused the gagged Sophie greater and greater discomfort. Sophie's nipples were being weighted downward even as Kia readjusted the nose clips, drawing Sophie's head back another injurious inch.

Kia and Tia left Sophie in this position while they took a late-night snack break from the room. Sophie twisted in her bonds, trying not adjust her head and neck, but at the same time, she struggled not to jostle her chest. Sophie wondered just what pain-wrecked picture she must have made for the online watchers. How many people were looking at her, staring at her breasts skewered and her nipples stretched. The thought of being on display, and the pain in her nipples and face all worked to moisten her pussy even more than when she was being fondled by Tia and Kia. She knew she was dripping down her thighs, and there was probably going to be a puddle of her juices on the hardwood floor under her if the girls kept her in this manacled position for long.

Eventually, Tia and Kia returned to the media room. They played with their friend for a few minutes but soon they were just worn out. Sophie was allowed to sleep in their king-size bed after they had attended her wounds and welts. She slept soundly between them and dreamed of scenes that most would have considered nightmares. Sophie knew she was completely hooked into the sorority now, and she also thought into the lifestyle of a submissive slut too. Dreams of pain and pleasure dominated her sleep. While some count sheep, she would prefer to count lashes from a whip.

Part 14

Professor Rucker stared at his freshman student. She had just turned in her test and was making her way back to her seat. He had enjoyed the abrupt change in her attire. The tight pink dress wrapped around her ass, and with every stride, it seemed the material of the dress bounced just slightly off the curves of her ass. Sophie had leaned down to place her exam on the corner of his desk, and even while he was looking at her seductive walk, his mind's eye looked at her cleavage from a second ago. It was obvious she wore no bra. That alone was enough to turn the middle-aged professor on. He imagined that she was panty-less as well; his fixed view and his wandering imagination were combining to harden his dick as he sat behind his desk. Rucker waited until she sat down before giving her a new assignment.

“Miss Blakeway, since you are done with your test, I have an errand I need you to run.”

Sophie walked slowly up to the front of the class. Stares from her fellow classmen followed her, boys and girls alike, as she made her way.

“Miss Blakeway, take this note to Dr. Riverside in the Annex building, please.”

Professor Rucker unfolded the note to make sure that Sophie saw what was written:

“Go directly to my office. Take off your clothes. Wait for me. Vicki thinks you should get to know some of the faculty better.”

Rucker continued cryptically. “The note explains what I need. Thank you.”

Sophie offered a weak smile and walked out. She did exactly as she was instructed; she never knew where Vicki might be watching her or observing just to see someone disobey. Professor Rucker opened the door to his office and found Sophie in a far corner. She was naked on her knees, had her head down, her hands resting on her ass behind her back. Her brown hair just reached down to her nipple rings, mostly covering her breasts. As Rucker entered his office, Sophie then spread her legs, so that he could better see her smooth pussy.

The professor locked the office door behind him and began to loosen his tie. “My next class doesn’t begin until 6, so we’ve got the whole afternoon, Miss Blakeway. Or should I now call you Sophie?”

Sophie could sense the obvious coyness in his voice. Without looking up to address him, she continued to stare at the same spot on the floor. “You may call me whatever pleases you most, sir.”

Rucker gagged her with his tie before they started, since he was worried about the sounds carrying out into the hall. Otherwise, he mostly wanted a blowjob and then straight sex. Sophie found this task rather tedious, since his cock size and his lovemaking skills were both just average. But for more than 3 hours, she pleased him, and Sophie knew this would make Vicki happy. She did manage to orgasm once, but without the element of pain, Sophie felt grossly unfulfilled. Sophie wanted to cry out and tell him to pull hard on her hair or spank her ass, tug on her nipple rings—something, anything that would excite her.

Sophie was enjoying some rare quiet time in her dorm reading over her emails. Her parents had purchased the laptop as a graduation gift and it was coincidentally a handy device for them to keep in touch with their daughter via emails. Whenever her mother wrote, “just wanted to see how you’re doing”, it embarrassed her slightly to think about the reality of her situation. But, Sophie justified to herself, isn’t it common for college students to hide their initiate activities from their parents? She was no different in that regard, right? Sophie’s mother had been a cheerleader in school and a model for a few years in Europe before marrying and settling down to raise two girls. Surely, mom had her flings and hid things in her past from her

parents and probably from dad too. Still, Sophie felt guilty for feeling so good by doing things that normal people would see as bad girl behavior at best and depraved behavior at worst.

Dorena had written an email or two saying that she would like to visit her older sister on one of the upcoming three-day weekends. Sophie had been particularly close to Dorena growing up, but Sophie quickly rushed back emails to discourage her sister from making the trip. As Sophie reflected on a few select memories from their past, there had been times when the both of them perhaps had been a little too close for sisters. At the time, Sophie told herself that there was nothing to it; they had just played around with each other in a harmless and shameless way.

It was clear to everyone that Dorena's body and personality developed faster than girls her own age. By age 12, Dorena 's breasts had grown to a healthy C-cup, she had the full, rounded, taut ass of a dancer, and she stood about 5'7". Sophie was 2 and a half years older, but Dorena was getting attention from boys and men of all ages. By age 14, Dorena had grown to a full D-cup and stood 5'10" with a tiny 22" waist. Sophie at first resented this, but as Dorena pushed away all the male advances, it seemed that the sisters got closer. It was during those supposedly awkward teen years that Dorena and Sophie were forced to bond and found themselves enjoying their bond. Their dad had several career moves and picked up the family and transferred 5 times in 8 years. The sisters often relied on each other as best friends starting over in new communities.

When Dorena first entered high school, Sophie was a Junior and they travelled in separate circles at the same school, but when they were at home Sophie and Dorena still remained close. Dorena now was looking at maybe an Ivy League school or a girls-only university. But for now, she was nearly 17, a Junior herself, and curious about what her older sister was up do at college.

Sophie's mental wondering and internet surfing was interrupted by a phone call. It was Vicki on the line, demanding that Sophie report to the sorority house. Sophie was told what to wear and did not hesitate to drop what she was doing to appear quickly before her mistress.

Kristee answered the door when Sophie came knocking. Kristee looked like she was

too excited to contain herself. She was wearing a string bikini fresh from laying down in the tanning bed. Kristee's double piercings in her nipples made a clear impression into the lycra/polyester fabric and an additional labial piercing was trying to poke around the corner of Kristee's narrow, tight thong.

Kristee was excited because she and Sophie had been chosen for a special kind of ceremony, but Kristee didn't know any more. Vicki waltzed down the stairs at that moment and told Kristee to "lose the bikini". The Sophomore did as she was told, then helped Sophie remove her clothes as well.

"I have a special project for you and Kristee," Vicki began. She brought out a collar from behind her and attached it to Sophie's naked neck. "A few of the girls are going to be gone tonight. I've arranged for some rental time for them. But I've carefully organized everyone else to be sitting in with us tonight."

Vicki attached a similar snug collar around Kristee's neck. Even without being ordered, the two slaves instinctively lowered their heads and then fell to their knees almost in perfect unison.

"You two are special—I can always spot the naturals. Come with me, I want to show you something."

Sophie and Kristee crawled stride for stride behind their mistress as she led them to the patio. It was Sophie who first caught the hint of something in the air, something that smelled of smoke.