

## Sorority Sparring

“Alright, the rules are simple.” Leila Laurent looked between the two contestants, excitement masked behind a thin facade of impartiality. The rich girl was wearing a flowery white sundress today, which showed off her significant cleavage and gave tantalizing hints of her ass and legs. Her long black hair was swept back, and her eyes danced with amusement. “Two competitors, one box. First one in the box loses. No marking up faces, no visible injuries, otherwise anything goes. Any questions?”

“Why aren’t you naked?” Amara Cortes asked. The bronze-skinned Latina beauty was standing on one side of the room, her straight black hair brushed back out of her eyes. As her words suggested, she was stark naked, pierced nipples already stiff from anticipation and pussy freshly shaved just in case she lost, standing in an easy ready pose.

Across from Amara, Anastasia Alaire rolled her eyes. She was the tallest woman in the room by a narrow margin, standing proud despite being just as nude as her temporary rival. She had reason to be proud; she was statuesque, with large breasts, toned muscles, and long, gorgeous blonde hair, easily a match for Amara in the looks department even if she couldn’t quite rival the other girl’s butt. “Because she’s the referee,” she said with a faint hint of a French accent. “She’s not ending up in the box either way.”

“Exactly,” Leila said, pointing to the box in question. It held a pillow for someone’s head, with shackles next to the pillow to hold a pair of ankles that had been pulled up to her ears. A long strip of cushioning led down to the second pair of padded shackles for a pair of wrists, and a hole in one side that a person’s ass and pussy could stick out of, with handles on the outside for leverage. The full effect would be more than a little bit cramped, but that was half the fun. When the top was latched down, the participant would be completely anonymous and ready to get their brains fucked out. “One of you two is going in there, so you need to be nude. I’m already scheduled for hosting duties tonight, so I’m the referee.”

The three girls were on the top floor of Sigma Nu Mu’s sorority house, setting up for another weekend party. The university football team had just won a major game against their biggest rival, and Sigma Nu Mu had a reputation for adding ‘entertainment’ to all of the wild celebrations taking place. Of course, most of the entertainment was provided by the sorority’s newer members, but whenever the celebrations got this intense, some of the older sisters had to quite literally step in. And since this party was the one that the football stars would be at, it needed the best slut to give them a good time.

Amara gave Leila a suspicious look, and sighed internally. She had clearly been hoping to find a way to trick her friend and rival into the box, but if Leila had host duties, that was out. It was one thing to prank each other, but she wasn't going to go against the president's decisions. She'd just have to do things the old-fashioned way. She looked across to Anastasia, cracking her knuckles. "Want to give up, Stacy? Cede the field to your older dorm sister?"

"One year older," Anastasia scoffed, pointedly ignoring Amara's deliberate use of a diminutive nickname. "We're both seniors. But if you really want to be my mentor, maybe you should take one for the team. Or take several *from* the team, as it were."

"Oh, I don't know. I'd love to see our most determined *domme* show off her subby side for a change. We don't get to see you squeal often enough." Amara's eyes darted around the room. It was well-stocked for playtime, with toys on display on the walls around them. Dildos of various sizes and shaped, vibrators ranging from eggs to wands, a handful of flashy crops and flails for the discerning dominant and plenty of cuffs, chains, and ropes that could be used to rein someone in. She took a half-step back, reaching for one of the crops without breaking eye contact with Anastasia. "The faster you end up in the box, the more time I have to get you wet before the party starts."

"Oh, I would not worry about that." Anastasia took a step forward, crouching into a wrestling stance and disdaining the tools on the wall nearby. "Playing with you is *definitely* going to get me wet."

Amara blushed, glad that her skin was just dark enough to hide it. Anastasia had enough advantages already without letting her know how hot that sentence had sounded. She took two quick steps to the side, sizing her opponent up. They'd wrestled plenty of times before, and Anastasia wasn't an easy opponent. But she was a fun one to get hold of, if you could just push her buttons right, and Amara intended to find all the right buttons to push.

For a moment, the two women circled each other, while Leila took a couple careful steps back and sized them up. Anastasia was taller, but only by an inch. She had the attitude down pat and would keep her dominant attitude to the last second, and would matter a lot in a struggle like this. On the other hand, she was training to be an actor, not a wrestler. She worked out enough to stay slim and toned, but her muscles weren't much beyond that. Amara was a bit more well-rounded - literally, in the case of her butt - and was a natural when it came to teasing out the weak points of her sorority sisters, bringing out their submissive sides with precise attacks. Leila knew from her own experiences getting tricked and

dominated that if Amara could lure Anastasia in and turn the tables on her, it would be decisive.

As Anastasia advanced, Amara flicked the crop out towards her stomach. The taller woman took a half-step back as she bent to avoid the blow, and Amara charged in, running her fingers lightly across Amara's thigh before dancing back again.

"You're keeping your skin smooth," she said approvingly. She knew how much it mattered to Anastasia, which is why she'd picked the crop. The little stings would get under Anastasia's skin, so to speak. She'd have to make a move to avoid getting covered in sexy little red marks. They'd fade soon enough, and they weren't really injuries, but she was betting on Anastasia's pride not accepting even that.

"Too much sun is bad for the complexion," Anastasia said haughtily. She came in sideways, and Amara danced back, bring the crop down on her wrist. Inwardly, she was sizing up the situation. Playing confident was good acting practice, but Amara was quick on her feet and using that damned crop like a goddess. Every touch made something in Anastasia shiver, and she didn't want to give in so easily. If she wanted to win this, she needed to lure Amara in and disarm her.

She took a few steps forward, then faked a lunge. As Amara reacted, bringing the crop up for another swat, Anastasia reached out and let it smack into her palm. She hissed at the pleasant sting radiating down her arm, and pulled as hard as she could.

As Anastasia had guessed, Amara wasn't willing to let go of her toy. Instead, she let Anastasia pull her in close, reaching out with her free hand to cup the underside of her opponent's breast. Her lips came close to Anastasia's ear, and she purred, "If you wanted me up close, you just had to beg."

It was Anastasia's turn to blush, and unlike Amara it was clear on her face, a red flush to her cheeks that spread halfway down her neck as she felt Amara's breath on her. Rather than back down, she grabbed Amara around the waist, and the two girls fell to the ground in a tangle of limbs. There was a muffled 'clunk', and Amara yelped.

Leila rushed in. "Hey, hey, no face hits!"

"I'm fine, I'm fine," Amara said quickly, raising a hand. "Just a bump." She looked down. Anastasia was sprawling in her lap, now, head nestled between her breasts. "Worth it."

"You have no idea," Anastasia said with a wicked smile. She reached around Amara, pinching her butt cheeks from her position. Amara yelped, and tried to

scramble back, but Anastasia was pinning her legs down. “I’ve got you right where I want you!”

“Oh you do, do you?” Amara twisted herself away, bringing her own legs over to try to pin Anastasia in place. She leaned down, her fingers dancing across her rival’s breasts. “God, these are nice,” she teased. “They’re going to really get pressed down against the top of the box. I’ll have to give them some special attention.”

Anastasia gasped, eyes going wide as Amara’s clever touch sent shivers down her spine. “N-non,” she mumbled, legs twisting around Amara’s as she pulled her breasts out of range. Her fingers came down towards Amara’s pussy, and she recovered her composure as she felt the dampness there. “Oh, I see,” she said, looking up at Amara. “This touch, it already fills you with fire. Well, that I can help with.”

Taking a step back, Leila watched the pair with delighted fascination. As they’d squirmed, the two women had ended up leaning against the fuckbox, Amara’s back pressed into it as Anastasia nudged it with one leg. Anastasia was now crouched over Amara’s crotch, one hand teasing the edge of her pussy while two fingers slipped into her. Amara was reaching down, chin brushing against Anastasia’s hair as her own hands ran down her back, groping her ass. One finger slipped into Anastasia’s asshole, and she yelped with surprise.

“Oh, come on,” Amara teased, adding a second finger. “I’ve seen you at the socials. You’ve had much bigger than this in there.”

“I have,” Anastasia said primly, “and it’ll take a lot more than you to... oooh! To make me... ahh!” Two of her fingers found the edge of Amara’s clit, and began to tease it in soft circles.

Amara’s eyes rolled back, and she let out a tiny gasp. “Unfair...” she murmured. “But not good enough... you think that a little bit of play is going to make me give in...” Her own fingers were plunging into Anastasia’s asshole now, and she could feel the other woman quivering under her. She grinned, forcing back the waves of pleasure coursing through her. Anastasia had made a classic blunder. Amara was in the dominant position, having her way with Anastasia. It didn’t matter how much pleasure Anastasia could give her, because she was the one submitting to Amara. And if Amara could just push her into subspace, that would be the end of...

She yelped as a pair of hands wrapped around her from behind, pinning her arms to her sides. Long fingernails toyed with her nipple piercings, and Amara moaned despite herself. “L-Leila!”

“Sorry, hun,” Leila teased, leaning down to Amara’s ear as she played with her. “You heard the rules. Anything goes.”

As Amara’s hands were pulled away from her ass, Anastasia sat back triumphantly, continuing to toy with her rival’s pussy. She raised one wet finger, running it down Amara’s stomach coyly. “You didn’t forget that Leila was my mentor first year, did you, Amara?”

Amara growled under her breath, feeling a flush of embarrassment joining the arousal on her cheeks. She could feel Leila’s breasts pressing against her back through the thin fabric of her dress. “Not fair... she’s the referee...” She let out a soft whimper as Leila’s nails ran across her upper body, knowing that Anastasia could see the goosebumps she was leaving behind.

“Referee can’t end up in the box. That doesn’t mean she can’t get involved,” Anastasia teased, as her nail continued running down past Amara’s stomach towards her crotch, inch by tantalizing inch. “You must have realized the danger you were in. Maybe you were secretly hoping for this?”

“Damn... you...” Amara had fallen right into their trap. She redoubled her struggles, trying to hold on to her dominant instincts as she fought to escape, but Leila’s grasp was firm. She *should* have realized that Leila and Anastasia weren’t going to play nice. She’d overlooked it, and she was paying the price.

And the price was overwhelming. Leila’s hands were divine, teasing her to sensitivity, tugging gently on her piercings but stopping short of pain. Amara could feel the shivers running down her back, the fire lighting in her pussy. And Anastasia was complementing her perfectly, looking up at Amara with a victorious smile that promised all sorts of pleasurable punishments for failure. Amara groaned, shaking her head. “No... don’t...” She couldn’t lose like this. She was the one in charge. She was...

Anastasia grinned, looking up at the conflicted emotions flickering across Amara’s face. “I think you’re done, love. In 3...” Her nail drifted down to Amara’s clit, and she began to tease it. “2...” Her other hand slid three fingers into Amara’s pussy, as Leila began to nibble on her ear. “1...”

Amara erupted with a scream of pleasure and humiliation as her rivals forced the orgasm out of her. She couldn’t hold it back, body betraying her, and she shook and wriggled as Leila and Anastasia ruthlessly kept toying with her, pushing her orgasm past the brink as she squirted over the floor.

Anastasia tried to keep her serene dominant mask, but she couldn't quite keep a giggle from slipping out as the aftershocks ran through Amara. "There's a good girl," she teased, running her fingers over her defeated rival's trembling clit. "And you're going to get so much more of that tonight."

Leila grinned, grabbing Amara by the shoulders. "Come on, hun, into the box," she purred. "And then we'll get you all nice and ready to be a toy."

"Oh no...." Amara could feel the desire to be boxed up rising, looking up into the knowing eyes of Anastasia. "Not... done... yet..."

"Oh, good. That'll make this part more fun," Leila said. Together, she and Anastasia lifted Amara up, easily avoiding her half-hearted struggles as they laid her into the box. Anastasia pushed the woman's legs up and Leila settled them into their cuffs, carefully adjusting them to make sure that she wasn't *too* pinched. As she did, Anastasia gently took Amara's hands in her own, holding them like a lover as she cuffed them in place to the bottom corners of the box.

"There you are," Anastasia said, stepping back and looking down at her prize. She pressed the button that would raise the box up, the motor whirring as the platform underneath it rose enough for the men who would be coming to visit. "We did promise you some toys, though, didn't we? What do you say, do you want to squirm for us?"

Amara was pulling on her restraints, but she was properly trapped now. She'd lost, just like that. She looked up into Anastasia's victorious eyes, and began to speak. "I..."

Before she could say anything else, Leila popped a big white whiffle ball gag into her mouth, turning her last protest into a moan of submissive pleasure. "Save your strength, Amara. You're going to be a drooling mess by the end of tonight," she teased, running her hand through Amara's hair. The now-submissive girl moaned at the thought, and Leila chuckled. "We don't want you to be too quiet," she added. "Make lots of noise for the victorious boys."

"It's a celebration," Anastasia agreed, raising a small metal bar. She leaned down, and Amara gasped as she touched one side to the piercing on her left breast. The magnet immediately stuck, and Amara's muffled moan grew as Anastasia pulled the bar slowly to the right, watching her victim's breast bobbing in pursuit. She clipped the bar to the piercing on the other side, leaving Amara's breasts pressed against each other, nipples separated only by a couple inches of magnetized metal. "Just a little something to help them bounce while you're having fun," Anastasia

said, leaning down to look Amara in the eyes. Amara's eyes were quickly clouding with submissive lust, her first orgasm clearly not enough.

Anastasia knelt over the box and planted her lips right on Amara's forehead, leaving a large lipstick mark. "There we are," she murmured. "We have to mark you as my property, after all. Even if the boys won't see it, you and I will know."

That was the last straw. Amara felt any residual resistance melt away, staring up at her mistress. "Yetthh, itththess..." Amara said, breasts rising and falling steadily as she stared up at her.

"Good!" Anastasia said brightly. "Leila, could you help me with the cover?"

Together, Leila and Anastasia picked up the smooth black cover of the box, and began to gently lower it down. "Have a great time," Anastasia teased. "We'll give you a little something to keep yourself occupied while you wait, but no more orgasms until the party starts."

She saw Amara's moan of disappointment, mixed with a look of anticipation and hope, as the top of the box slid on.

It only took a moment to latch the top of the box shut again. In an emergency, the locks could be knocked off easily, but they wouldn't go back on if they did and anyone who went into the box looking for a thrill would be barred from any future meetings. Leila stepped back, looking at Amara's twitching pussy and ass sticking out of the box. Some people would definitely recognize that ass. It was world-class, and Leila couldn't resist giving it a squeeze as she waited for Anastasia to pick out just the right distraction tool. "Sorry, Mar," she said. "But I've been waiting for payback since last time. And I think you're really going to enjoy yourself."

Anastasia came back with a pair of rubber dildos, which she had generously lubed up. "I don't know that they'll need this," she admitted, sliding the larger of the pair easily inside Amara, "but they look nice, and the boys can pull out whichever one they want to use."

Amara squeaked as the second dildo was slipped into place in her ass, and twitched her pussy for more attention. Anastasia gave her a gentle smack. "No, bad girl," she said demandingly. "You will wait for the boys."

She stepped back, admiring the view. Amara was still dripping wet, and Anastasia suspected she wasn't going to be any calmer by the time the football team arrived.

Between the dark box, her teased breasts, the toys in her and her own anticipation, she was going to be a *mess*. “Knew you could do it,” she said, putting her hands on her hips as she looked over her prize.

“Knew we could,” Leila corrected, stepping up behind Anastasia and sliding a handcuff over her left wrist.

“Wha-?” Before Anastasia could properly react, Leila had pulled her hands behind her back, cuffing them tightly together. “Leila! Qu'est-ce que vous...?!”

Leila’s hands ran up Anastasia’s sides, groping her breasts roughly. Anastasia moaned and stumbled, distracted from trying to pull her hands free. “Sorry, Stasia, but you should really know better than to turn your back on me.” She took a half-step back, slapping Anastasia’s ass for emphasis, and then grabbed her by the arm as Anastasia tried to turn around to confront her. “Ah-ah, not so fast! You and I have a date to get to.”

Staying safely behind her former mentee, Leila easily manhandled her out the door, leaving Amara to stew in her juices and wait for the pleasure promised to her.

For her part, Anastasia was much too caught off-guard to put up more than a token resistance. The cuffs forced her arms tightly behind her and her breasts out, and the serene certainty with which Leila was moving her stirred her rare submissive tendencies. “Leila...” she started.

“Mistress,” Leila corrected, pushing Anastasia ahead of her towards an open door. “When you’re naked and cuffed before me, we’re not on a first-name basis, remember?” She gave Anastasia another slap on the ass to keep her moving, admiring the way that it swayed.

“Oui, m-mistress...” Anastasia felt her own resistance melting away. Leila had arranged a private session for her? Her face flushed as she stumbled through the door into the next party room.

This room was much like the one they’d just left, with toys lining the walls and soundproofing under the carpet. Unlike the room where Amara was still waiting, however, the frame in the middle of this room was a padded U-shape at about waist height with four sturdy legs, and with a narrow crossbar between the back ‘arms’. Hanging next to the frame was a black, eyeless hood, a ring gag, and a matching leather collar.

Anastasia gasped. She'd seen this frame before, but she'd never had the pleasure of experiencing it. "Mistress, I don't know if... oh!"

Leila reached around Anastasia, pinching her breast and pushing her towards the bondage frame. "In you go!" She marched Anastasia up to the frame, bending her over at the waist. As Anastasia wriggled in her grasp, not really fighting to break free any more, Leila locked a wooden bar with a padded space over her back to keep her in place, then locked the chain between Anastasia's cuffs to the top of the crossbar. The result left Anastasia in a precarious position, her waist pinned down and her arms pulled tightly behind her, with her back slightly arched and her breasts hanging down freely.

As Leila fastened the pieces in place, she reached down and stroked Anastasia's legs, revelling in the answering quivers from each touch. "You're going to look so vibrant," she teased. "I can't wait to come back see what you're like by the end of the night."

Anastasia's eyes went wide. She looked up at Leila in surprise, and began to struggle against her restraints, her damp pussy betraying her as she wondered what her old mentor *actually* had in store for her. "Come back? But... I won!"

"And this is your reward," Leila said wickedly. "You don't have to be cooped up in a sweaty box all night." She gently tugged Anastasia's legs wide, locking her ankles in place at shoulder-width apart, and then took her time slowly circling the frame, hand running along the wood. Leaning down, she whispered in Anastasia's ear. "Football season is just ending... but basketball season just started. And they requested a blonde for their opening night party." She took a moment to bite down gently, and Anastasia moaned in response.

"Mais..." The words swirled away. Anastasia's mind was a blur of competing desires. A private reward from Leila had been a surprise, but a tantalizing one. Did she really want to spend all night as a team toy, letting them see her desire? Reduced to a struggling set of holes for their amusement? The shame of it spread through her, igniting a fire that she couldn't hide. "S'il vous plaît..." she murmured, trying not to let the excitement show.

It was a lost cause. Leila looked down at the expressions flickering across Anastasia's face and chuckled. "There you are. The reality is setting in." Letting her prey go for a moment, Leila pulled the black hood over Anastasia's face, plunging her world into darkness. Her nose and mouth were free and visible, red lipstick bright against the black leather, but the rest of Anastasia's head was now completely concealed.

She felt Leila gently tugging her hair through a small hole in the top, turning it into a long ponytail, and she sank against her restraints as she felt the collar being fastened gently but firmly around her neck, pressing the hood down. "Oui, mistress," she moaned. "Mais..."

The ring gag was slid between her teeth, turning the rest of her protest into garbled nonsense. "Oh, don't worry, love," Anastasia couldn't see her former mentor, but she could hear the mischievous amusement in Leila's voice. "With this collar pinning down your hood, no one's going to recognize you. Not unless they have a very, very, good image of your naked body." Her hands ran down Anastasia's sides, testing the other woman's restraints, and she giggled. "But I don't think you've spent *that* much time with the basketball team."

Anastasia wasn't entirely sure about that, but as Leila's hands ran over her thighs, fingers teasing the edge of her stretched pussy before darting away again, she found her own protests starting to melt away. She moaned, feeling drool gathering in her mouth and dripping around the edge of the gag, and tried to crane her head towards Leila.

"Just to make sure," Leila said, "let's get every last trace of the *domme* out of you, and make sure that you're just another sweaty, needy sub when your adoring fans arrive." She ran her fingers over Anastasia's body, watching as the other woman twitched and moaned. "It's not going to take much work, I don't think."

"Pleaath...."

Leila smacked Anastasia's ass, and the younger woman bucked against her restraints. The frame didn't so much as vibrate; while the woman's front twitched and twisted, her legs and waist were locked firmly in place, with her arms pinned back to take some of the pressure off her upper body. "Perfect," Leila purred. "Now, you're not going to get any orgasms before the team gets here, but I will stay with you and make absolutely sure that you're treated right. After all, you're both the victor and the spoils."

She grinned at Anastasia's whimpering protests, reaching down to run her fingers lightly over her pussy. "No need to thank me," she said mockingly. "After all, I am the referee. It's all part of my job."