A Blonde Girl In Rio

By JJ Argus

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen

I am not a city girl. I can kind of get how all the bright, flashing lights and all the nightclubs and theaters and other entertainment can excite people, but I've never found I really needed that sort of thing. I guess I'm just a calm and contented person by nature.

My father owns a ranch in Wyoming. It's a big ranch and he runs a lot of cattle on it. It's some distance from anywhere you could remotely call a city. But I never felt deprived because of that. We have a big house, and it's got whatever you could need, including a games room with pool tables, old fashioned stand-up video games, table tennis, hockey, foosball, and even a bowling alley.

Dad has money.

And I have six brothers and two sisters.

Mom likes kids.

So it's not like I'm ever lonely. We also, of course, all have our own horses, and learned to ride and take care of them when we were little. Most of the ranch is flat, but there are these gorgeous rolling hills to the east that only get higher as you move into them.

But aside from our family, the only people around are the ranch hands, as well as Luciana and Camila, the housekeepers. And, of course, Miranda, who was our well, governess and teacher, I guess you could say. We were home schooled when young. That's not because our parents are religious fanatics who don't trust the public school system. It's just that it was too long a drive to the nearest public school.

I kind of suspected I was attractive early in life, just from the way adults treated me. At first I just took those smiles and attention for granted, but as I became internet savvy and watched more TV I realized that people were responding to my looks. I mean, hey, I can compare myself to what the fashion models and actresses look like, and see how everyone talks about how beautiful they are, so... it's not a stretch to understand I'm pretty attractive as such things are measured.

When we got to our teens we were driven to the closest high school. I guess our

parents figured we were old enough by then to learn about the boredom of long drives, and figure a way to make use of our time during them.

But going to school for the first time at fourteen was kind of a revelation. Because there were boys there who weren't my brothers. And they sure did pay me a lot of attention. Now this is Wyoming, and rural Wyoming at that, so it's not like they were a bunch of sophisticated city folks wanting to take advantage of the poor farm girl.

Though they certainly did try!

But it's not like I was an innocent. I mean, I had the internet, and my mom and Miranda had certainly explained the facts of life, and how boys were always intent on exploring those facts as much as possible. They also explained the consequences, both physical and social, of letting them.

No way was I wanting any baby. As for a reputation, that didn't really bother me much because I wasn't desperate for acceptance or anything. People could take me or leave me based on who and what I was. I wasn't about to curry favor with them by changing the way I thought, spoke or behaved.

We started traveling around that time, too, to Disneyland, to Europe, to Africa and South America, seeing the world, always together as a family, though. One time in Rio I even went topless at the beach. It was weird in that it felt so freeing, but at the same time, it's not like I hadn't gone skinny dipping before at the lake on our ranch, often with my siblings, until we got kinda old to be naked together.

But going topless around strange men gave me a whole different sort of emotion. If you can call lust an emotion. And I guess you can. Why did it make me hot and horny to be topless around men? I couldn't really say, except just knowing how they were looking at me and wanting me, and wanting to do all kinds of... stuff to me, made me kind of breathless.

I kinda wanted to try out that stuff with them!

And I felt really... wild and sexy baring my breasts, since everyone knew 'good girls' never showed their body parts to people. At least, not in Wyoming. So I felt like a rebel, and a nasty, sexy rebel at that, flaunting my boobs at all those men!

And I have nice boobs. I know girls with bigger ones. But mine are just the right side of being too big to be firm. And I like how firm my breasts are. Why? I guess cuz I like how they look. I like how they feel, too. I like how soft my skin is, and I like to gently cup my breasts in my palms and just stroke my hands gently up and down along the underside, just below the nipples.

It makes me feel sexy.

Needless to say, I didn't do that at the beach!

Anyway, after I graduated from high school, I told my parents I wanted to see the world before college, and I chose Rio because I wanted to experience that sexy feeling again. Only more of it this time.

Not that I told them that!

Wyoming gets damn cold. I told them I wanted to feel the hot sun before I had to bury my nose in books in some damn college (they insisted I go to). I went to Rio by myself. And there I got plenty of sun on my soft skin. Including my breasts. And I got plenty of attention from the local men.

Now it wasn't like I was a virgin. I had managed to lose my virginity already. But I hadn't really been impressed by the guys I'd done it with. I was looking to greatly expand the frontiers of my sexual knowledge. And that meant sophisticated MEN, not BOYS. I'd had enough of teenagers, even though I was still one myself.

I didn't anticipate having much trouble recruiting men to help expand my horizons. I knew I was beautiful, and I knew I had a great body. The boys at high school had done everything short of tackle me and hog tie me to have their way with me, so I knew how guys reacted to me by then.

And that was with my clothes on.

So I rented a room overlooking the ocean, and settled in, and did some shopping, and visited the beach just to make sure what people were wearing, and where was the best place to find men. Most importantly, I wanted to find out where there were topless girls. I mean, it was going to be daunting to do this alone (without my sisters) as it was, without being the only topless girl around.

The first thing I noticed was almost nobody wore full bottoms except what looked like Americans. All the local girls wore either thongs or very cheeky bottoms, like the aptly named 'Brazilian'. So I bought one of those, and then went to the beach and set myself up on a towel not far from a group of other topless girls (and their guys).

It was kind of an electrical jolt when I removed my top. I lay down on my stomach almost at once, while my flushed face settled. But that took longer than last time because now I was thinking people would be staring at my butt, which only had a slender green strap going down the middle. Yes, I had chosen a thong, congratulating myself on how brave I was.

It took me some minutes of laying there before I forced myself to sit up and put some lotion on. Then I did my best to kind of cover my breasts by drawing my knees up. I felt really self-conscious! Especially when I (quickly) spread the lotion over my breasts!

I did my best to pretend not to notice anyone noticing me. But some guys definitely were, and every time I saw one I felt that little jolt again. But gradually, I started to get over it, and stopped hiding my breasts. I even lay on my back!

It felt very freeing, but it also felt indefinably sexual. I tried telling myself it wasn't. I was fairly sure the other girls I could see didn't think of it as sexual, but rather, as natural.

Then again, sex is natural too.

Maybe it was because I was American, and to me, having bare breasts and guys together within sight of each other meant sex! Some of those guys weren't bad looking, either! Oh, yeah, some were fat old guys. That was a bit weird when they looked at me. But some of them were my age and pretty hot.

The wildest time was when I got up to walk around – wearing just the thong! It felt like I was a stripper or something! All those male eyes looking at me as I passed! God! My heart was beating fast and it took a lot of effort to pretend to be calm and uncaring.

I went to one of those little beach shacks selling refreshments, acting oh-so sophisticated, like I hadn't a thought in the world about wearing just a tiny scrap

of fabric over my sex, and baring everything else to the world.

And then while I was waiting to order some local BOY younger than me sidled up next to me and groped my ass while saying something it took me a few seconds to understand was really crude. I mean, I spoke Spanish, not Portuguese, which was what they speak in Brazil. They're very similar and you can understand one if you speak the other, but not perfectly.

I was startled to feel a hand on my (virtually) bare bottom, and a bit hesitant as my mind worked through the translation of what he was saying, though the leer on his skinny face left me in little doubt. I half turned and socked him in the face, and he stumbled back and fell on his ass.

Girls from Wyoming learn to fight, especially if they have as many brothers as I do.

I told him to fuck off, in Spanish, but he understood. There were snickers and giggles from other boys gathered around the shack. And another one reached in to grab my ass. Then a third one grabbed one of my breasts, which got him a knee in the groin.

The guy who operated the shack came around it, then, yelling and cursing and kicking the asses of the group of boys there, sending them scurrying away. He went back behind the counter and scowled at them, then at me. He was middle aged and darker skinned

“Why you walk around alone, blonde girl?” he asked in accented English.

“I... just got here,” I said in confusion.

“Girl, you no walk around like that alone. That kind, they like flies to sugar. And you be sugar.”

“I thought this was a safe beach,” I said in annoyance.

“Safe for most. Not safe for sugar left on its own. You be fine sugar. Sweet white sugar.”

He shook his head and looked at me.

“Sugar like you, every man wants.”

He waved his hand at the crowds beyond.

“Blonde gringo girls are like nectar to bees, huh? Especially fine looking ones like you,” he said, as he poured me a coke.

“Well, thank you for your help,” I said self-consciously, paying him.

“You walk around so sweet and blonde and that will happen again and again,” he said.

“Lots of girls are dressed like me,” I said, embarrassed.

“Yeah. Lots of local girls. Lots of fat European girls. Lots of ordinary girls. Beautiful blonde girls with fair skin?” he snorted. “Thas too much for boys to control themselves. Why you think all the hotels have guards at the beach, huh? To keep the tourist women from being groped. You not stay at a big hotel?”

“Uhm, no. I wanted to feel... like, uhm, the local flavor.”

“Well, thats what you got here, blonde girl. Local flavor of boys who dream about sexy blonde girls and never get to touch them. Boys who think nothing in all the world is more sexy than a pretty blonde. Go further up the beach where the tourist police are. You'll be safer.”

I thanked him, though he made me feel more self-conscious about my semi-nudity. Maybe I had just been naive. Though his words kind of confused me too. He made it sound like I was some kind of sex fantasy girl to local men, and I didn't understand that at all.

I mean, yeah, I'm good looking. But what does being blonde have to do with it? Lots of the girls I saw on the beach were pretty and sexy and had nice bodies. So what if they had mostly dark hair and were either heavily tanned or had browner skin? I knew there was racism, of course, in America. But this was a country of brown people, so why would they prefer fair skinned blondes?

But I didn't want to get endlessly groped by stupid teenage boys so I went back and got my stuff and wandered further along the beach in the direction he'd given. I sure got a lot of looks from a lot of men and boys along the way! And

now I saw them as hungry looks, like I was a sheep walking around surrounded by these slavering wolves!

That made me self-conscious and uncomfortable. But it also made me feel very sexual, and very aware of my sexuality and how sexual I appeared in just the little thong, with my breasts bare. I mean, it didn't take a lot of imagination to know what the boys back home would have done if I'd walked around like this. I had just thought they were different locally. And they were, kind of, but then again, not so much...

I went to where there were a lot more tourists on the beach, and uniformed tourist police stood around to make sure no one bothered them. There were a lot fewer topless girls here, though, so that made me feel self-conscious all over again!

This was absolutely not working!

I got dressed and went back to my room, depressed and wondering if maybe I should go somewhere else, maybe Europe. Girls could go topless in the south of Spain and Italy and France without being groped and ogled, I thought.

I sighed and went shopping instead. And I got groped A LOT! I mean, even though I was wearing clothes now every time there was a crowd someone reached in and grabbed my ass or tried to grab one of my breasts!

I resigned myself to going to the 'tourist' areas to shop, where the tourist police kept a tight reign on things. And maybe tomorrow I'd leave for Europe or something!

Of course, once I was back in my room I chided myself for giving up too easily. Maybe I'd just had a bad day. All Brazilians couldn't be crazy for blonde girls, after all. And there was a dance club just across the street. A dance club would have bouncers to keep people in line, so it was probably a lot safer.

I looked at myself in the mirror first, especially at my hair. Yes, I was blonde, a natural blonde. That wasn't really all that unusual in Wyoming. I guess it was more unusual in South America. But I still didn't quite get the fascination. I like how some girls look in brown hair, and sometimes really dark hair looks very sexy too.

I'd never really done a heck of a lot with my hair. It was straight and layered and came down to a little below my shoulders. I had lots of bangs, though, just because, well, I'd always had it cut the same way. Sometimes I had to brush the bangs back from my eyes, but mostly they didn't get in the way. Why should this blonde hair turn guys crazy anyway? There was no reason.

I was kind of nervous, though, even though it was just across the street. The music was pounding and there were a lot of people milling around, going in and coming out, and I was dressed fairly modestly. That meant a short green dress with a loose hem, and flouncy sleeves. It wasn't low cut, though. I was keeping the girls under cover.

I headed straight for the bar once inside, not making eye contact with anyone until I got there. Even so before I could even get the bartender's attention and order, a guy was there, grinning at me and asking me to dance.

I hesitated, but he seemed... okay, and reasonably attractive, and only a bit older, and not crude or anything so, well, I agreed. He led me out onto the dance floor and we started to dance amid the crowd. His name was Joao, and he was a good dancer, but not as good as he seemed to think he was.

He also was way too quick to get his hands on my ass and to grind himself into me. I turned down a second dance and went to the bar for a drink. But a guy there insisted he pay for it. He was older, and taller and smiled a lot. His name was Pedro, and we danced. He was better than Joao, didn't seem like he was really showing off, but wasn't all that interesting to talk to either.

Rodrigo was way too eager and hands on. Alexandre ground his very obvious erection into my bottom while we danced. Mateus was really drunk and said he'd never had a blonde girl and that was his fantasy. Pablo was very sexy, and his hands slid up to cup my breasts as he ground himself into me from behind.

I was, weird as this might seem, kind of getting used to being groped! I mean, it didn't outrage me as much. It was like I took on this mindset that said 'Okay, this is how these people are', and that's that. At least it was dark so it wasn't real obvious to others.

And then there was Tiago.

Tiago was a black guy. Big, broad shouldered, but good looking. When I say

black I mean BLACK. Like, he was really dark skinned. He was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt, and his arms were really thick and kind of glistened a bit because he'd been dancing and it was hot.

They were impressive arms, and he was an impressive sized guy! He was also kind of intimidating. When he asked me to dance I didn't feel quite brave enough to say no! I mean, well, I hadn't been turning many guys down anyway. The truth is I was starting to kind of have fun dancing.

The groping was kind of annoying, but it was also part of this weird sense of having them all think I was incredibly beautiful and attractive, and what girl isn't flattered by that? I was actually starting to get kind of turned on in that instead of shocking or insulting me when some guy grabbed my breasts or something I felt this little surge of heat and excitement.

That didn't mean I didn't push their hands back, of course. I mean, you had to or everyone would think you were a slut! But I was starting to get turned on by it, by the brazen lust of every guy who danced with me, and the eyes of those around me. It was an ego gratification thing. I was sooo hot! At least to them.

Now maybe I was that hot to guys back home, too, but in just one day I'd figured something out about Brazilian men. They were not at all hesitant to let you know they thought you were hot, that they wanted you. There was no hesitation on their part in staring at you hungrily. Nobody turned their eyes away in embarrassment if I met them. In fact, boldly meeting those staring eyes seemed to be an invitation for them to approach you.

Anyway, Tiago was a good dancer. He moved very smoothly, very fluidly. I was feeling a bit high as we danced, not quite giddy but pumped up on all the raw lust being directed at me from all sides, on the wild dancing, on the groping, and maybe a bit on the alcohol too.

And I was starting to think like, what would it be like to fuck Tiago? I mean, I'd never fucked any Black guys before, let alone one this big and this black. Hell, I'd never even MET any black guys before. There were almost none in Wyoming, and even fewer where I lived.

I wondered if what they said about Black guys was true, that they had big dicks. God knows a big dick would only be appropriate given how big Tiago was. And he was older and good looking, and probably had had a lot of experience. And

wasn't that what I was looking for?

I was wearing high heels but even so my head was well below his as we danced, and I had to keep cocking my head up and back to look at him. He looked at me with that same smoldering look a lot of them had, like he wanted me. He wasn't rude or crude or eager about it, though. That was impressive, compared my recent experiences.

In fact, he was kind of a dark, broody guy. Normally I'd have no interest in that type. But I was down here to have fun, to sow some wild oats, to get laid without repercussions to my reputation and such. And the way he was looking at me under those hooded eyes was kind of, well, it made my chest tight and made me a bit anxious.

Not exactly threatening, but maybe a little. But in terms of sex, well, if I was going to give that to him anyway that pretty much dealt with any threat, right? I mean, I wasn't at all sure this guy would take no for an answer! But if I didn't intend to say no, well...

And that that added a delicious sense of danger and edgy excitement to the idea!

We danced this hot Latin dance, where he was behind me, and his big, strong hands gripped my thighs on the outside, and slid slowly up – up across my hips, up along my waist, up along my ribs, conveying this sense of incredible strength, like he could crush me between his powerful arms!

And his hands were so big that when they slid up along the side of my chest they also pressed against the sides of my breasts. I mean, I'm far from flat chested. Feeling his big thumbs sliding along the outsides of my breasts sent a hot pulse of energy through my body!

And I was wearing a dress which was backless. It had a sewn-in bra, so the chest part slid up under my neck and then two strings went around behind my neck to hold it all in place. It covered some of the sides of my chest, but when he shifted his hands backward, then slipped his thumbs into the sides, they were able to caress the sides of my bare breasts!

Believe me, my breasts throbbed! And my nipples were so hard they ached!

His big rough warm thumbs stroked up and down against my soft breasts as we

ground ourselves together and swung our hips in time to the pounding music, and then his thumbs shifted as his hands turned and it was his fingers which pushed in to caress the sides of my breasts, slowly working their way down, as well, to stroke the undersides!

And then they pushed forward. My chest was so tight I could hardly breath, as his big hands were forced into the front of my dress, cupping and caressing my bare breasts just beneath the fabric even while we danced in the middle of a crowd! OMG!

His fingers found my hard nipples, rolling and squeezing them, and I shuddered, a wave of steamy liquid heat sliding down my belly from my chest, right in between my legs!

“We should go somewhere,” he said into my ear, in a soft, deep, rumbling voice.

I was speechless! His hands came out of my dress, and then he took my arm and led me off the dance floor. He led me through the crowd and out the door, then turned sharply, letting go of my arm and sliding his arm around my waist instead, leading me, herding me, down the sidewalk away from the bright lights and music and people.

And into... darker streets! Dangerous streets! I felt a surge of anxiety, but the heat gripping me made me feel careless about it. I knew what he wanted me for, after all, and I had no intention of denying him. So where was the danger from him?

We turned down a dark alley, where I could hardly see, but I didn't feel any danger, at least, not from anyone but him. If there was anyone in the alley looking to attack me they'd shrink back at the sight of Tiago.

We emerged in a quieter street, then went into a blocky looking building and up a flight of dimly lit stairs. He didn't talk, and I was too... anxious, excited, uncertain... to talk either.

He entered a dark apartment. I could dimly see furniture in the light coming from the open windows, could hear the sounds of traffic from nearby streets. He didn't turn on any lights, but I felt his hand on my neck, then felt the strings holding my dress up untied. The front of my dress fell open, and then his hands were fully on my breasts, squeezing them firmly, pulling me back against his

body as he leaned in against me.

I moaned as his big fingers kneaded my breasts, his lips coming down on the nape of my neck at the same time! My very skin felt hypersensitive! I felt as though there was this great pressure inside me, a kind of crackling sexual electricity practically making my fingers tremble!

I was practically hyperventilating, especially when one of those hands slid down off my breast, down my lower chest, down my belly, and into where the fabric of the dress clung to my hips. I felt his fingers reach the waistband of my thong, slip inside, and then push lower!

A hot pulse of sensation ripped up through me as his fingers found my sex, as they rubbed against me! His arm pushed the dress downward and it slid down to pool at my ankles, leaving me practically naked with my bottom pressed against him!

I realized, with considerable shock, that I was practically ready to climax! He turned me to face him, kissed me passionately, and then lifted me up as if I were weightless, lifted me up high to drop me, belly-down, across his left shoulder!

His right hand gripped the waistband of my thong and jerked it over my hips as he carried me into the darkness, pulling it down my legs and off, tugging off my shoes as he walked until I was completely naked!

He slid aside door and then we were outside on a narrow balcony overlooking the street!

I gasped, half twisting my upper body around, trying to stare around me from my upside down position to see if anyone could see us! But a moment later he swung me up and forward and dropped me to my feet.

The balcony was not very large. There was one chair there, and he sat down on it, then pulled me atop him, adjusting me so I was straddling his body.

Naked!

I looked around me in some amazement! There were other balconies, but empty, and dark windows looked at us from across the street.

His hands kneaded my breasts, then slid around me, caressing my back, sliding up and down from my shoulders to my buttocks. He pulled me in closer and his mouth found my left breast, found my nipple. Another incredible pulse of liquid heat rushed through me at the feel of his lips, his teeth, his tongue!

I moaned helplessly as his teeth dug into my soft flesh, as he sucked the center of my breast into his mouth, his tongue stroking hungrily across my burning nipple! My hands were on his shoulders almost by accident, then he pulled his hands off me, reached down and peeled his shirt up and off.

OMG!

I ran my fingers over his bare flesh, so muscular, so male, so powerful, so black, and moaned as he resumed sucking on my breasts, his teeth chewing on my flesh to the edge of pain while he sucked rhythmically! My nipples were incredibly sensitive!

My hands slid up and down his body, exulting in the tactile feel of his muscled chest as he fed at my breasts! God! God! God! I was naked out on a balcony in some Rio barrio with a guy I barely knew! This was so incredibly wild!

“Undo my pants,” he growled.

I shuddered, staring down at his groin. I couldn't see much. I couldn't see much of myself in the near darkness. The light came from behind me, from street lights. But my eyes were starting to adjust. I slid my hands down his bare skin until I found the waistband of his jeans, then undid them.

I pulled the zipper down, and found he had no underwear. My hand pushed in and I felt... God! I shuddered as my fingers closed around his cock, pulling it gently up. It was already fat, but kind of soft. But it hardened as my fingers slid up and down it, and I stared down, almost squeaking with wide eyed shock as I held it up.

“Rub it against your belly.”

Moaning, I did so, feeling another wild jolt of energy and anxiety as I pressed the long, thick girth of him against my abdomen, because it showed me just how fucking high the thing had to push inside me if he was to get it all inside!

But there was no way!

“Y-You're so... big!” I gasped.

“Ya, baby. Big all over,” he growled, kneading my breasts.

One of his hands slid up the center of my chest, folding around my neck, and pushed, firmly, forcing my head back, my shoulders back.

“Lean back.”

I shuddered as his hand forced me to bow backwards. My knees were pressed into his hips on either side, and his hand forced me to bow back so my head was upside down and looking behind me, hot, ragged breaths rattling out of my lungs as my buttocks and groin were raised up too.

I felt... what had to be the head of his cock, pressing against me! I wanted to utter a cry of denial, of warning, something like 'It will never fit!', but I couldn't bring myself to speak! The firm pressure of him rubbed up and down along the line of my sex, and hot pulses of sensations rolled up my spine every time it rubbed against my engorged clitoris!

And in just a couple of seconds the feel of him changed as what had to be my own warm, wet flesh caused him to be slick and slippery. I felt those hot pulses of energy growing stronger, the sensations more deliciously erotic as he rubbed himself against me, and I stared, upside down, at the street lights!

Then the pressure against me mounted. I felt the lips of my sex slowly being forced in and then back, and back, and back more, stretching wider than they had ever stretched! My breathing became even more ragged and my upside down head pounded as I felt him slowly pushing into me!

“Oh! Oh! Uuhhhhgggggghh!” I gasped as the pressure became a sharp but wickedly, wonderful aching, as my opening stretched wider and his big cock pushed up slowly into my thrumming body!

He gripped my arms just below my shoulders, pressing them firmly into my body as he pulled me upright again. My eyes felt as if they were rolling around as he held me in position, straddling him, his cock inside me.

Then he pulled downward, firmly.

“Oh! Oh wait!” I gasped.

He waited, and I stared down into the shadows between us. I reached for his cock, gasping as I felt the thick, hard shaft, as my fingers followed it up until it disappeared into my body!

He shifted his body suddenly and I cried out as I sank deeper! He seemed to be lower... and I realized he was kind of slumping in the chair more. His hands came off my arms and onto my breasts again, and my hands found his shoulders, leaning forward a bit, gasping, panting, focusing on the thickness of him inside me!

I moved my hips a bit, rose up a bit, then sank down a bit. God, he was big!

But I was also sopping wet, and fever hot. I forced myself lower as he began to suck and lick and chew on my breasts again. Slowly, inch by inch, I eased my body down, feeling the heat pushing through the soft, tight folds of my narrow sheath, higher and higher inside me!

His hands slid around me, kneading my buttocks, sliding up and down my back, then down onto my buttocks again as he chewed on my breasts and nipples!

I slid a bit lower, squeaking, aching, easing up, catching my breath, then sliding down. Every bit more I took inside me made me feel even more deliciously, achingly full!

Crack!

I yelped at the slap to my bottom.

“More,” he growled.

I moaned, feeling anxious. I gripped his shoulders, and then slid up quite a bit. God, there was so much inside me! Then I slid down again, more. I shuddered, riding slowly up and down, trying to take him deeper with every stroke... and, mostly succeeding!

His hand gripped my throat again, pulling my head roughly forward so he could

kiss me passionately. His other hand was between my legs, and I felt his fingers against me, felt them searching for and finding my clitoris, and rubbing it!

I moaned into his open mouth, riding up and and down, up and down, gasping and moaning as I took him deeper still. He was already deeper than anything I'd ever had inside me before! It... hurt... but I didn't care! I wanted him all inside me!

I shuddered and moaned, riding up and down, feeling the raw, animal heat gripping me ever more tightly as I rode him, as I impaled myself on him!

The orgasm hit before I could get him all inside. I cried out, jerking, arching, twisting, trembling as the flood of sensation overwhelmed my mind and made my body spasm and shake! It was so good, so wild, so fierce! It was like nothing I'd ever felt before, and sent my mind tumbling and turning in a scalding sea of pleasure!

I realized I couldn't breath, about then. But the pleasure was so intense I didn't really care. His fingers had tightened around my neck, maybe to keep my cries from alerting the neighbors. I could understand that. But it also made my head sort of pound, made my eyes bulge, and made the pleasure boiling through my skull seem even more powerful!

I realized I had stopped moving, mostly. He was holding me by the neck, and working his hips up and down so that his cock was pumping inside me. I was half collapsed against his chest, dazed, gasping, air sobbing through my open mouth in small gasps.

He opened his fingers and I fell forward. His hands gripped my hips, then, and rode me up and down as he worked his hips. I felt my body swaying, rolling, and grasped his shoulders for balance, gulping in air, overheated and sweating.

My head lolled back, and I gurgled and cried out as his big hand jerked my chest forward, his mouth locking onto my breast again as he sucked and bit and licked wildly!

He was sooooo deep inside me! I was awed by the feel! My hands slid down and I realized I had him all! There was such an incredible feeling of both awe and delight at that! My buttocks had settled firmly onto his thighs, and I was impaled on his monster cock!

I whimpered and moaned, still burning up, my fingers pawing ineffectually at his shoulders for support, then clasping them to start riding up and down again. At first, I had to do it slowly, but then my body seemed to adjust, and though it felt incredibly tight I was able to move up and down freely, riding his cock, gasping and shuddering every time the head slid deep inside me!

It was incredible! It was amazing! I felt like the hottest, most sexual person in the galaxy just then, my skin burning with the rising waves of sexual energy within me!

I rode in and back, leaning forward, my breasts in his mouth now as he slumped low, gasping and trembling and moaning as I rode my overheated sex up and down on his mighty black cock!

And then a noise caught my attention, because it was so near, and because it was from in front of me and to my left.

“Hey, man,” another voice said from the open door.

I froze, gasping, trying to clamp my arms across my chest! I was straddling him and naked, and he was buried in my belly! There was another black guy there! He wasn't nearly as big as Tiago, and was a bit younger. But he was looking at me with a big, gleaming smile as I sat there panting and gasping, and flushed and... dazed.

“Menina Loira,” he said appreciatively.

Which kind of meant 'blonde girl'.

Tiago swept his arm out and the guy moved forward. They kind of exchanged a sort of hand slap to each other.

“This is Kristen,” he said casually, not the least embarrassed.

“Hey, baby,” the guy said.

He handed a joint to Tiago, who took a deep puff, then held it up to my lips!

I gasped, but with my hands clasped over my breasts I couldn't do much about it! And anyway, maybe I needed some! I took a deep drag on it and he handed it

back to the new guy.

“Where you get her?” the new guy said.

“The club,” Tiago replied. “Toursta. Gringo.”

“Ahh,” the new guy said before taking another drag. “Very nice.”

“She's more than very nice,” Tiago said with a grin.

He gripped my wrists and then effortlessly pulled them down and aside to bare my breasts!

I felt another shock roll through me as the new guy looked at them appreciatively.

“Very, very nice,” he said.

“Taste nice too,” Tiago said, chuckling.

He released my right wrist to cup my breast instead. I didn't have much I could do with that hand at that point except wave it uncertainly. What was going on!? What should I do!? Should I try to climb off Tiago's big cock, get dressed and scurry away! But to do that I'd have to expose myself even more to the stranger's eyes!

“This is Luis,” Tiago said as the man handed him the joint and he took another drag.

“Me and Tiago always share, baby,” Luis said with gleaming teeth.

I felt a jolt of anxiety, even fear, my chest tightening in the wrong way! But then... then his wild thought kind of froze me up all over again! It was 'why not?'. It was a kind of acceptance, a kind of intrigued thought that I probably wouldn't have any choice anyway, a kind of sense of dark desire to do the unthinkable, the forbidden, to really burst out of those tight inhibitions that society held me to.

It was all of that and more, making me gulp in air as Tiago kneaded my breast, then released my other wrist, dropping his hand down to rub my clitoris again!

Luis dropped his pants and his cock sprang out.

I shuddered. I couldn't bring myself to do anything! I mean, a good girl simply wouldn't! A good girl simply couldn't! And I was a good girl, wasn't I!? No way I could agree to this! But... but... if I didn't exactly fight very hard... if it was really them doing it and if I kind of probably didn't have any choice then... then maybe it was okay then!

Oh my God, what should I do!?

He reached his hand down and cupped my left breast, squeezing and kneading it in a way that sent both alarm and a wild rush of heat through my mind. I knew my face must look... stricken, but... but I couldn't bring myself to actually say anything to indicate whether I wanted him to do something or not!

He caught my wrist and lifted my hand up, then folded my fingers around his cock!

He wasn't as big as Tiago, thank God, but he was big! I moaned, staring, as he ran my hand up and down his shaft, then took his hand away to cup and knead my breast again!

My hand pumped slowly up and down it, and then Tiago jerked on my shoulders, forcing me to lean forward again. That brought my head lower and Luis reached in and combed his fingers through my hair. He sighed in apparently pleasure, sliding his fingers through it again and again.

He said something like 'linda loira' which meant something like 'gorgeous blonde', and then his fingers tightened and he gripped a thick mass of hair behind my neck, using it to turn my head sharply over to my left!

He pushed his hips forward and I shuddered as his cock entered my mouth!

This was so fucking wild!

Scary too!

I moaned around him, bobbing my lips up up and down, my inhibitions starting to kind of melt under the excitement and heat. I pulled my hand away, feeling like I wanted to show off suddenly, wanted to show them. I wanted to be the 'hot,

sexy girl' everyone was telling me I was!

I slid my lips in and out as he pumped, and didn't fight him at all. I could feel Tiago rubbing my clitoris as I rode in and out, and as he thrust up and down, working his cock in and out of me. The heat was rolling off me in waves again as Luis pulled me forward and his cock entered my throat!

I gurgled a little, but didn't really fight him as he pulled me in, cursing softly as his cock slid deep into my throat!

I trembled and moaned, dazed, filled with an incredible sense of feverish sexual heat! Tiago was sucking on my right breast, while Luis held my left in his hand. I felt Tiago's other hand sliding up and down my back and kneading my buttocks, while Luis held my hair firmly, not... not menacing but... controlling in a way I chose to take as giving me no choice.

I wasn't really sure if I did or not, but if I didn't then... then nothing that happened was my fault, right? I mean, I shouldn't feel too... guilty about doing two guys at once then! Two guys at once! Holy shit and oh my God!

Usually deep throating was harder for me, but I was almost melted under the firestorm of heat. I shuddered and moaned as he pumped in and out, and rode Tiago's cock, and then screamed – fortunately almost soundlessly because his cock was in my throat – as another orgasm tore through me.

This one was a monster! It made me tremble and shake and scream and scream! My head felt like it was going to explode under the pressure! I writhed and sobbed and rode Tiago for all I was worth as the orgasm clawed at my mind!

The men were talking as I thrashed and gurgled. I didn't really understand them. I mean, I did but I didn't care. I didn't process it. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the intense heat flaring wildly throughout my body.

My mind was in another place entirely. I moaned as Tiago stood up with me in his arms. His hands supported my buttocks easily, holding me against him as he carried me inside. My head lolled against his shoulder, my eyes unfocused as we walked into the dark.

Light flooded a room and I squeezed my eyes shut. They had adjusted to the dark and now the light bulb in this room … bedroom, made them teary.

Tiago knelt on the bed and then led me drop back onto my back. I stared up at him, gasping, chest heaving, and noted Luis coming in around him, taking off his pants. Tiago's cock stuck out of his, but the jeans were still on him, until he tore them off.

He flipped me onto my belly and then slapped my bottom hard enough to make me yelp before yanking my hips upward.

The mattress shifted as Luis got on and then I cried out again as he gripped my hair and pulled my upper body upward by it, my hands grasping at his wrist before pushing down against the mattress below to support myself.

He was kneeling in front of me, his cock hard and pointed at me, and I moaned as he pushed it into my mouth again.

I felt a surge of guilt about this, and then assuaged it by thinking, well, I don't really have much choice. I gasped as I felt Tiago pushing into me from behind, and another rush of heat rolled through me. This was so intense! I knew it was something I'd remember forever!

I sucked Luis as Tiago moved in and out, both going deeper and deeper. Luis was starting to actually pump his cock, though, which was not something I was used to. I mean, I could deep throat,but that was just sliding my lips down in one slow motion, pausing at the bottom, and then slowly sliding up and off.

He was in my throat, and moving his hips in and out, and that was causing me some problems. I tried to cover the base of his shaft with my fingers so he couldn't go so deep, used to controlling the guy as I did this, but he batted my hand away.

Then Tiago reached for both my wrists and pulled them up and back behind me! I felt him folding them together, crossing them together, and holding them in one big fist. He was firm but not rough, but I was so easily overpowered that I felt another rush of... excitement.

Why excitement? Because it wasn't like I felt threatened! I mean, what were they going to do, force me to have sex!? I was already doing that! Beat me because I refused to have sex!? Not freaking likely! So instead of feeling actual fear his demonstration of strength made me feel this dark, nasty, wicked sense of almost... I don't know, masochism. Like, here I was the poor helpless girl being

manhandled by these big, powerful men! Black men at that!

Besides, I was trying to cope with Luis now. He had my hair in both hands as he pumped in and out, and though he wasn't moving fast it was still difficult to keep control of my gag reflex at first!

Tiago wasn't motionless, either! He was thrusting into me from behind, and moving faster now, and harder. My buttocks were being hit by his big, powerful hips again and again, rocking me in and out, making my breasts wobble below me!

Or one of them. He quickly gripped the other, roughly kneading it.

Luis was fucking my throat! Most of my attention was focused on that because I couldn't breath and I couldn't do anything to restrain him! Fortunately, he pulled out, leaving me gasping, dazed, light-headed. He got off the bed for some reason, which left me entirely to Tiago's attention.

He seized my hair in his other hand, still gripping my wrists, and thrust hard and fast, so that my entire body shuddered and jerked under the blows of his hips! I felt... sodden inside, like my lower belly was being churned by his massive cock! I wondered if it would damage me, but didn't really care.

My mind wasn't really in a place where consequences mattered.

I gulped in air, dazed, eye glazed, as he hammered into me. He was pushing downward on my head, then, so that my face was jammed into the mattress. My hips were raised high, though, as he rode me, and I felt a rippling, crackling rush of sexual electricity as he thrust even harder, pounding me!

My breath sobbed into the mattress as he punched into me again and again. Another orgasm swept through me and I cried out again and again, twisting and thrashing in his grip as he continued to pound into me, as his big cock continued to tear me up inside!

He finished at some point. His hands were off me, and I could feel the mattress shift as he got off. I was still kneeling, face pressed to it, gasping, eyes glassy, sort of... stunned... like... shell-shocked by it all.

I grunted as someone pushed hard on my hip so I fell over onto my side. Then

Luis gripped my legs and flipped me onto my back. He knelt and spread my legs, then lifted them up and back. He had a joint in his mouth as he grinned at me, then fit his cock against me and thrust in.

I groaned weakly, wearily. After the incredible churning Tiago's monster cock had given me I didn't really care what Luis did. Or at least, at first.

I realized my arms were underneath me, which was kind of strange. They were crossed at the wrists, just like Tiago had been holding them. But... I couldn't pull them away from one another, and I belatedly realized they were tangled in something.

Luis lifted my legs up across his shoulders, then leaned into me, starting to thrust.

I was regaining my breath, and with it some semblance of my mind was working again. I felt a new sense of awe at what was happening, that I was letting a second guy I barely knew fuck me. I grunted and gasped as he forced my legs back further and further, his own chest coming down atop me until my legs were basically crushed against my shoulders, between his body and mine.

He kissed me fiercely, and I moaned into his mouth.

My mind kept getting this little annoying blip, like a record catching on a scratch, as I kept trying to tug my wrists out from under me. At first, with all my weight on them I could sort of understand... but now he was pushing my legs back so hard much of my weight was on my shoulders.

My buttocks were being lifted off the mattress as he thrust, and yet I still couldn't move my hands. And then... like a crack of lightning hit me and I realized they weren't tangled in something. They were tied together!

That sort of stunned me for long seconds. Because, like, why would Tiago do that? I mean, I was already doing everything he wanted. And realistically he could make me do anything else he wanted anyway. Then I thought, well, it's one of those kinky things like you hear about. And that made my blood start to burn again!

Tied up! Helpless! Bondage! OMG! I was their prisoner! Their sex slave! OMG!

And again, that should have terrified me but it didn't. Because I didn't really believe it. I just figured, hey, they were being kinky, and given what I was already doing that was hot! Not only that but it played into my sort of emotional need to not voluntarily do something so... slutty. Because if I was helpless then it wasn't my fault, you know?

Meanwhile, Luis was bending me in two, squashing me beneath him. He might not be Tiago but he was a lot bigger than me, and his hips were slamming down harder and harder, his cock thrusting into me faster and faster as I gasped and moaned and shuddered beneath him!

I grunted and cried out at every thrust now, feeling the churning wall of heat closing tightly around my body and mind once again! I felt my mind sinking back into this strange, dulled, almost numb state of suspended thought, where all higher orders of thinking shut down and nothing was left but this... raw animal thing of emotions and instincts!

He eased back onto his heels, letting my legs up somewhat, though they were still over his shoulders. He reached behind for something and then leaned forward again, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, and holding something up before him.

It was a cell phone. What was he doing with that. I kind of looked at the screen but it seemed mostly black. I didn't understand. I didn't care. I wasn't really thinking much anyway. My eyes were glazed and I gasped and moaned as he thrust into me.

I started to cry out again and again, and he reached for my throat, closing his hand around it, silencing me. My eyes bulged. My chest burned, my mouth was open as I gasped for breath, and my head pounded. He eased his grip, letting me suck in ragged breaths of air, but not easily.

He dropped his hand down and I gasped, chest heaving, and moaned as his fingers found my clitoris instead.

All the while he was thrusting, thrusting, forcing my legs back as he leaned over me, my feet twitching and rolling up and down above my head as his hips worked in and out.

I started to cry out again, sobbing in dark, feverish pleasure and heat, and again

he closed his fingers around my neck, making my head pound, my eyes bulge a little. He let go, and I sucked in air, dazed as he thrust, thrust, thrust.

The orgasm hit and I screamed, sobbed, trembling and shaking as he rammed into me and cursed wildly.

He finished, I guess, and let my legs drop back to the mattress as he backed off. Tiago came in and handed him a glass of something and he took it, gulping it down as I lay, moaning, chest heaving.

They talked, saying something... I didn't care.

They laughed softly.

Then they left.

I lay for long minutes while I caught my breath and my mind started to work again, then, groaning, aching, feeling like I'd run a marathon, or maybe been run over by a herd of cattle, I sat up. I pulled at my wrists, tugging them to the right and twisted my head down and back to see they were indeed tied up!

Anxiety. And some fear. But a wild dark, almost giddy sense of sexual excitement too.

I stood up, swaying a little. There was a cracked mirror over a dresser. I stared at myself in it, looking flushed and sweaty and bedraggled, my long hair tangled and draped across my shoulders and forehead. I tossed my head to clear the hair from my hairs and felt a bit dizzy, stumbling.

This was so fucking incredible!

I walked to the open door and then down a narrow hall to a living room. There was a TV on, and the two were sitting on a sofa. They were still naked, and I flushed to see them and to see their eyes on me.

“Why did you tie me up?” I asked uncertainly.

Tiago grinned.

“Because pretty blondes should not be able to hide their lovely bodies with their

hands.”

I went over in front of him and I kind of put one knee on the sofa next to him, not sure what I should do or what he would do.

His hand cupped my sex and I gasped.

“Beautiful blonde,” he said.

He took an arm and pulled me down, not onto the sofa but onto the floor, onto my knees before him, then gripped my hair and pulled me in so I bent forward between his legs.

“Show me what you showed Luis,” he said.

I moaned and felt a sense of confusion and anxiety. Weren't we done? I mean, that had been the most incredibly intense sexual event of my life – or any other kind of event! Was there still more to come? Because anything else would almost seem like an anticlimax.

But Tiago wasn't asking, he was telling. He guided me to his cock, which hung flaccid against his thighs. I licked at it, mouthed it.

I looked up at him. “I usually have my hands to help...” I said.

“Now you don't.”

I felt a bit of a jolt of anxiety at his firm, unapologetic words, and then a breathless sense of heat as I tugged my wrists against the rope binding them. I leaned and started to lick at and suck his cock, then he guided me to his balls, and I sucked them into my mouth, moaning, my breasts mashing and pillowing out beneath me against the rough fabric of the sofa.

Luis leaned in and I felt his hand sliding over my buttocks, kneading them, then sliding between my legs to squeeze and rub me there.

I sucked on Tiago's balls, massaging them against the inside of my cheeks with my tongue, sliding my lips off them, then sucking them back, until he guided me back to his cock again. He was starting to harden again and I moaned, feeling how much I ached down low and inside me.

But Luis had sort of caught my clitoris between two fingers and was rubbing it and sliding them in and out, and I was starting to feel that wild sense of animal heat reigniting.

I would probably never in my life have another experience like this, I thought. And that made me not want it to end too soon!

Tiago hardened further and I bobbed up and down, now nervous about the idea of deep throating him. He was way too thick, I thought!

He didn't force me, but in fact, pulled me off him by the hair and then seemed to hand my hair to Luis, sitting next to him. He dragged me further forward across Tiago's thigh and set me to licking and sucking his balls and his cock now, and I did, as Tiago kneaded my breast and then go this fingers to work at my sex.

This was so nasty, so wild, so... dirty!

I moaned as Tiago's big fingers slid deep inside me, twisting and turning as I sucked Luis hard again! Then Tiago's cock was in my mouth once more!

The pressure around my wrists was a constant source of dark heat, the ongoing awareness that I was tied up – helpless! That was just so fucking wild and breathtaking and... thrilling!

Luis had what felt like three fingers inside me now, sliding them in and out while his thumb stroked my swollen clitoris! Sometimes he'd rub too rough or hard and I'd gasp and my hips would jerk aside, or try to. But then he'd rub just right and I'd shudder and my back would try to arch.

I was feeling the heat start to build into a feverish need once again. I was gasping and dazed, moaning and shuddering as I sucked Tiago and tried to get him into my throat!

And then someone grabbed my hair and jerked it up and back hard! I cried out, gasping, mouth wide. It was Luis. He was kneeling behind me know! And Tiago slid off the sofa until he was kneeling before me, his cock pointed at my mouth. He pushed it into my mouth and gripped my head and hair in both hands.

And then he forced that immense cock deep into my throat!

I choked at first, and it ached, while I stared at one gleaming inch after another of hard, thick black cock sliding forward into my mouth! I swear he was over ten fucking inches! And he buried every last one in my throat!

I think he was able to do it because with my head pulled back like I was he had a straight shot through my open mouth and down my throat. He didn't have to bend his cock at all.

He ground himself against me, and I grunted dazedly as he held me in place. Then Luis was saying something as if from a great distance, or at least, someone was, and he pulled slowly back.

I gasped and coughed as I was able to breath again, Saliva was dripping over my lower lip, my mouth gaping as I sucked in air. Luis was inside me again, but I didn't even care about that. That was pretty much irrelevant to me.

I stared at Tiago's dripping cock and as my glassy eyes came into focus I felt a strange sense of satisfaction. I had done it! I had taken that entire fucking thing down my throat! Wow! Wow!

My body was jerking in and out as Luis fucked me from behind, but my focus was on gulping in air. And then Tiago pushed himself into my mouth again, and then into my throat – which ached as his big cock pushed deep!

I gurgled as he held tight to my hair and head, my body jerking to and fro as Luis fucked me and pawed at my breasts. Tiago forced every inch inside and held my face pressed tight to his groin, then pulled slowly back, leaving me gasping for breath again.

They spoke, but again, my mind wasn't processing words very well.

Tiago pulled back and sat down on the sofa, kind of with his right leg extended out along the sofa, so sort of sideways, and they pulled me in and up so I straddled him. I moaned in relief and pleasure as I sank slowly down on his mighty cock. I was so glad to have it inside me! Because that meant he couldn't shove it down my throat!

Also, it just felt incredibly good inside me! Luis was a good size, but nothing like Tiago!

I moaned as he pulled me forward and I leaned over as he sucked at my breasts. I could feel and sense Luis moving behind me, half climbing onto the sofa.

Then I felt his finger at my ass! I gasped, still kind of dazed, not really reacting at first as his finger wriggled up into me! It felt a bit slippery as if it had butter on it or something. It felt... weird! But I was feeling a rising rush of heat as I rode slowly up and down, in and back on Tiago's monster cock, and again my hands were tied so there wasn't much I could do!

His finger pulled out and then something else pushed against me, something thicker but softer. I moaned at the rising pressure, and as Tiago kept me still atop him, impaled on him, leaning forward against him.

Luis was pushing his cock up my ass, I realized, with a sort of dazed shock. I moaned helplessly as it pushed slowly deeper, drew back, then pushed deeper again.

Crack!

He slapped my ass stinginginly!

He drew back and pushed forward.

Crack! Crack!

I gasped in pain, moaning as I felt fingers, Tiago's, I guess, at my clitoris.

Crack!

Luis was working his cock deeper into my ass! And I was starting to feel this sense of... awe as my mind focused enough to understand. God! Both of them at the same time! I mean, I was already sort of... but to have them both inside my belly at once! That was so fucking wild and shocking!

Tiago was still sucking and licking at my breasts, and now rubbing my clit, as Luis began to fuck my ass. Then Luis started to thrust up into my pussy. The sensation of having both of them moving at once was... indescribable!

The heat was rapidly building into a fever again! And then there were more voices, and a couple came into the apartment, talking in Portugese.

A man and a woman.

They were both black, both fairly young. The woman was slim with long hair, and looking at me.

Looking at me! I was fucking naked and sandwhiched between two guys with stiff cocks inside me!

This was way more shocking, more... more humiliating than when Luis had showed up!

I twisted my head away, trying to hide my face, but I couldn't move my body anywhere because Luis and Tiago were gripping me tightly between them!

“Who's this whore?” the woman asked in a sneering voice.

“Some tourist,” Luis said.

“Nice tits,” the man said, coming over.

He stood next to the sofa, kind of in front of me, and reached in and groped one of my breasts!

“How you like Tiago's big cock inside you, puta?” the woman sneered.

“She loves the black cock,” Luis said with a laugh, starting to pump again.

“I got some of that,” the new guy said.

And just like that, he dropped his pants and reaches under his shirt to pull out his cock! He pumped it as he reached for my hair, and a moment later I yelped as I was jerked forward, leaning over where Tiago was slumped, and gaping at his stiff cock!

I mean, I was still mortified, red-faced, and almost stunned by these people showing up! And before I could react in any other way he was pushing his cock into my open mouth!

At first I thought the woman would be angry, but instead she said “Fuck that bitch's ass, Luis!”

He was already doing that!

This was the first time I'd been sodomized, by the way. A lot of guys had proposed it but I'd never agreed. Now it felt... really weird! It ached, and when he pushed deep I felt this bad cramping sensation deep inside. But in tandem with Tiago's cock it just made me feel incredibly full!

Of cock!

And now this new guy had hold of my hair and was thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth!

It was hard to think for a bit after that! I mean, now there were six big male hands roaming my body, sometimes fighting for possession of this or that part of me! And three big cocks inside me! And then this new guy pushed himself deep into my throat!

It was like I'd found myself in a different world, with different sorts of people, a different culture with different values and beliefs. It was a dark, hedonistic world where I was a sex toy, and where that couldn't really even be questioned. In fact, I sort fell into that role instinctively.

I didn't have any thoughts of... refusal or rebellion or resentment or anger or anything like that. All I felt was embarrassment and a dark sense of wonder and amazement – and, once the humiliation I initially felt began to fade, the rise of that dark hunger and sexual heat again.

It was amazing how fast you can adapt to something! I had adapted to Luis. And now I adapted to this new guy too! Well it wasn't like there was anything I could do about it! And that thought... not even a conscious thought, but just an assumption, filled my dazed mind and robbed me of anything but a sure knowledge that I had no control over anything.

And that I had to obey. I mean, I was tied up, helpless, at their mercy, and had gotten slapped a number of times! On the ass, sure, but it still stung!

I was theirs, almost like a sex slave, and they could do anything they wanted to me!

Again, that wasn't a conscious thought. It was a sense of awareness, and it made

me feel very... submissive, almost docile, especially in the light of the wild dark thrill of sexual heat which kept sweeping through me.

Those three men manhandled me, fucked me and laughed together as they did it. No one really talked to me. They talked to each other as they used me, and they weren't gentle about it either.

At first I was very meek, so embarrassed in front of this new couple, especially the woman. But as that wore off I started to sink into this... this role... of sex toy, of this... blonde.. sexual animal that was at their mercy. And instead of angering me I felt a sweeping sense of animal heat.

When I wasn't gasping for breath, that is. Tiago had to reach up and slap the new guy back once, barking something I didn't even hear through the pounding in my head, before he pulled back so I could breath again.

But I was starting to get used to having a cock in my throat, to the yanking on my hair, to the groping of my breasts and the slapping on my ass and the fingering at my sex and the big cock up in my belly I was riding on and the one in my ass thrusting into me.

It was a wild kaleidoscope of shocking, wicked, wild sensations, and it was all so overwhelming!

And then the pleasure became more intense, more... gripping, as if my entire body throbbed and pulsed with sexual energy! My mind was empty of anything but sex and sensation, of heat, and a dark, sizzling atmosphere that had me as some kind of helpless naked slave to them all!

The fingers rubbing my clitoris were making hot little bursts of sensation roll through my belly – a belly with two cocks moving inside it! My breasts throbbed and burned as Tiago tried to suck, and all three tried to grope them.

And then the third guy – his name was Nuno, I had now heard, shoved himself deep into my throat again and started to pump again.

I didn't have an orgasm for a while. Instead what I had was this massive sexual... high, that was like just shy of an orgasm. It kept me in a state of frenzied, feverish heat for long minutes as they used me and pawed me and groped me and slapped me.

And then the orgasm finally hit and I screamed all the air out of me, my mind flayed by the intensity of the storm of sensation flooding through my body! I twisted and writhed and sobbed aloud as the orgasm rolled on and on, writhing in its grip, my muscles spasming as I became little more than an animal in their cursing hands.

That should have taken so much out of me I was exhausted. I was, sort of, but the burning, the fever heat and need, that wasn't gone. I swayed and gurgled and gasped, eyes glassy, as they continued to use me, moaning and panting and probably even drooling every time Nuno pulled his cock out of my mouth.

I was an animal! A sexual animal!

Luis came in my ass, and then they shifted me around. The new guy, Nuno, sat down on the other side of the sofa, and I had to straddle his cock, while Tiago worked his huge cock into my ass. Nuno and Tiago fucked me and pawed and groped me as Luis had a drink.

And then Tiago finished with a grunt, shooting off inside my ass, and then I had another orgasm as Nuno finished.

I was trembling and gasping and flushed and dazed by then, as they tumbled me off Tiago. I didn't really understand the pull on my hair, at first, except it hurt, and I reacted to that. I cried out and moved in the direction my hair was being pulled.

I tumbled off the sofa onto my knees on the floor, and realized it was the woman who had me by the hair. She pulled and I had to scramble across on my knees to the big cushioned chair where she'd been sitting. She sat down heavily, yawning casually, my hair in her fist, then yanked me forward as she spread her legs.

“Now you do me, blonde girl,” she growled.

She was wearing a shorter skirt than I had been, and now as she spread her legs I could see she was naked underneath. The three guys were getting drinks or drinking, while looking on with interest.

I didn't want to do anything with her, but again, I was gripped by that foggy, half formed thought, that understanding that I was theirs and they could do anything they wanted to me – and make me do anything they wanted!

I moaned as she pulled me forward, my breasts, sore from all the groping and sucking and chewing, ground against the chair as she pulled my face in against her pussy.

“Lick, puta!” she growled.

I was very... intimidated by her. Not frightened, exactly, but intimidated because... well look at how she'd found me! There's very little that's going to give you such a sense of inferiority to another girl that's worse than being caught in the position I had been in as she'd arrived.

And now that I had been able to breath reasonably well for a full minute my mind was clear enough to feel again that sense of shame before her. She called me a whore, and I could not begrudge that at all. I would have labeled a girl I'd walked in on in the same position the same thing.

Of course, I would have turned and left...

She jerked painfully on my hair.

“Lick, slut!”

I licked!

I didn't know what I was doing, but I licked at her pussy, energetically, frantically, until she jerked on my hair again and began to... guide me, in licking her.

I was grateful for the guidance. I really was! I should have known better what to do but my mind still wasn't exactly clear headed!

I licked at her as she slumped low, her legs spread, feeling the other three looking on, feeling again like some kind of sex toy or slave girl. My wrists were still tied firmly behind me and the sense of submission … not grudging submission, not helpless submission, not miserable submission, but excited submission, began to fill me.

Then she peeled her top off, and undid her skirt. Naked, she pulled me up fully against her, so we were breast to breast and mouth to mouth. She kissed me passionately, her tongue shooting into my mouth, her hands in my hair, and then

sliding up and down my body!

A part of me realized she was sort of putting on a show for the guys, and that made it seem even kinkier and hotter as I moaned into her mouth.

She pushed me off and half dragged me to the sofa, which Luis vacated, then threw me down lengthwise along it and lay atop me, kissing me, her breasts rubbing and grinding against mine, and her thigh between my spread legs.

Her thigh ground back and forth against my sex as her breasts rubbed against mine, and I moaned as the sex heat began to build once again.

Now that the initial confusion and uncertain had faded this too became another new facet of my shocking sexual experience, my first lesbian experience!

While three guys looked on!

She wound up dropping off the edge of the sofa and then spread my legs wide as she began to lick me – to show me. I lay back, eyes glazed, moaning as she licked me, as her fingers pumped inside me, as she built the sexual heat into a fever again.

Then she straddled my head and made me lick her again, riding my mouth to an orgasm.

When that was done she licked her way down my body and back up, then lifted my leg up and back so it was forced back over my shoulder, angled her own pussy in against mine, and began to steadily grind her sex against mine.

“You come for me, blonde puta!” she panted.

I moaned dazedly as she ground herself, as her hands roughly pawed and groped my breasts.

And then I did come, but she came first.

She joined the guys drinking, then, while I lay on the sofa, gasping, moaning dazedly.

The guys had all put on shorts, but she didn't bother. And as I calmed down I

began to process what they were saying, what they were talking about.

Me.

“Where you find this whore?” the woman demanded.

“You're just jealous she has nicer tits than you do, Kiania,” Luis said.

“Fuck you,” she replied, giving him the finger. “You don't like my tits you don't get to touch them no more!”

“I like your tits, but hers are bigger.”

“So? Tiago's cock is bigger than yours!”

“Tiago's cock is bigger than a horse,” Luis said.

“She was dancing at the disco,” Tiago said. “All alone. No boyfriend.”

“Did you charge you?”

I kind of knew she was suggesting I was some kind of prostitute to anger me. I didn't blame her, though. I'd feel contempt for me too if I'd come across me like this. It still made me kind of mentally flinch.

“No, she don't charge. She just loves that black cock, Nuno said.”

“She just got off the plane,” Tiago said. “Looking for excitement.”

Nuno laughed.

“She got her some excitement,” Luis said with a grin.

“Blonde slut,” Kiania said, glowering at me.

“She's a bad girl,” Nuno said. “You should spank her.”

Kiania smirked and came over to me. I flinched as she reached down for my hair, but there wasn't anything else I could do but jerk upright when she pulled on it.

And the next thing I knew I was belly down across her lap as her left hand held my hair and her right glided over my bottom!

“Filthy little puta,” she said in Portuguese, her fingers sliding between my thighs to trace the line of my sex. “You're a bad girl, aren't you, puta?”

I moaned and then yelped as her hand slapped down on my bare bottom.

Crack!

“Bad girl,” she said. “Fucking all these dirty black men!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ow! Please!” I moaned. “Por favor!”

“Slut!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her hand slapped down against my bottom repeatedly as the three guys watched and laughed.

I wriggled and twisted, but she had a firm hold of me!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Por favor!” I cried again. “That hurts!”

“Good!'

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her hand was stinging my bare bottom, and my flesh was getting hotter and hotter, throbbing with every beat of my heart!

“Are you sorry for being a filthy blonde slut?” she demanded.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Say it! Say it, slut!”

“Yes! I'm sorry!” I cried as my bottom burned!

“Say you're sorry for being a filthy blonde slut!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I'm sorry for being a filthy blonde slut!” I cried.

My bottom was on fire!

Her fingers pushed into me, twisting and pumping. I was... wet, from a variety of reasons, not the least of which was several guys had come inside me recently. Her fingers moved smoothly in and out. Well, I'd just recently been stretched out by Tiago's giant cock, after all.

“Dirty whore.”

Crack!

She slapped my bottom with her left hand, abandoning my hair, at least.

“You should put her on the street,” Nuno said. “You could make a lot of money off her.”

“Yeah, she could fuck like, fifteen guys a day and turn the money over to you,” Luis said.

“Whore!” Kiania said.

Crack!

She had what felt like three fingers inside me now and was trying to push a fourth into my aching pussy! I moaned and wriggled, my legs apart, panting and gasping helplessly.

She grabbed my hair and yanked it back.

“Aww!” I cried.

“Tell me you're a prostitute,” she demanded. “Say it!”

She yanked on my hair again!

“Say it, slut!”

“I'm a prostitute!” I cried.

I felt the fourth finger push into me, and whimpered helplessly.

“You're a filthy blonde prostitute,” she said. “Say that.”

“I'm a filthy, blonde prostitute!” I moaned.

She and the others laughed softly.

“You can make us much money, prostitute,” she said.

Her fingers twisted inside me, pumping in and out.

Crack!

“Can't you, whore!?”

“Oh!”

Her hand glided along my spine and then over my ribs, reaching under the fondle my breasts.

“Big fat breasts. I don't know why men are so obsessed with them,” she said in a sneer.

“Because we like big fat breasts!” Luis said.

“Fuck you,” she said.

Her fingers were grinding against my opening, and I didn't really understand the pressure, as flustered and dazed as I was with the throbbing pain in my buttocks.

“Your big fat breasts and blonde hair will make me much money,” she said. “I will be your pimp.”

The three men laughed and jeered her.

“She belongs to us, not you!”

“What do you mean us, you assholes?” Tiago demanded.

They started arguing with themselves about who should own the blonde prostitute, while Kiania kept pushing her fingers at my aching sex. And then I stretched wide enough that they slid in, making me ache even more!

It was better than being spanked, though!

But she felt so thick! And then, gasping, moaning, whimpering, I began to understand.

She had pushed her whole hand inside me!

I felt her hand slip through the lips of my sex and then they were clamped down around her wrist as her fingers moved way up inside me!

I felt a shock, a big shock, like the ones I'd felt already before, when I realized, when I understood. She had her whole hand inside me! OMG!

“Dirty prostitute,” she said, her hand twisting and turning.

I felt a wild sense of anxiety, as if she might damage me, but also a wild rush of dark, thrilled heat that grew rapidly. She was soon moving her hand in and out, her fingers pulled back into a fist. She made me rise up on my knees, legs spread, and pumped her fist into me behind as she fingered my clitoris.

And drove me out of my mind!

I came and came and came again, screaming and writhing and sobbing in dazed animal heat as she drove me to the edge of insanity! And sometime in the middle of it the new guy, Nuno, moved in front of me and shoved his cock down my throat.

*

Well, I went to Rio looking for an exciting experience, right? I got one. I stayed in Tiago's apartment overnight – tied up as I was. He was a big, insatiable bull of a man! In the morning, we went to the beach, a beach a little further down,

where I went entirely naked!

The three guys from the previous night were there, as well as Kiania. She wore a thong. We were joined by another couple, and another guy. All of them were black, and I was sort of out of place around them, but I never felt anything but a wild, dark, anxious sexual sense of heat under the sun.

Kiania treated me like a retarded child in front of the others, and even insisted on putting on suntan lotion so my 'lilly white skin' wouldn't be damaged by the sun. What could I do? I knelt there amid a circle of hungry black men as she teasingly spread the slick fluid over my naked body, her fingers deftly rubbing my sex and clitoris and massaging my breasts.

I felt so … incredible kneeling there in the middle of those leering, hungry eyes as she slid her fingers over me, and then... and then up into me! I gasped, and she grasped my hair, jerking my head back to make my back arch as she thrust her fingers up into me while they all watched!

And then I came, my hips bucking helplessly as they all looked on!

It wasn't a crowded beach, or, apparently, a well-policed one. Because then she pulled me forward by the hair until I was on all fours, and, gasping and panting, led me, crawling, to the nearest man, making me suck his cock right then and there!

And then the next man, and then the next, going around the circle.

I was basically everyone's sex toy!

Though Tiago was first.

That evening we went dancing again, and I wore a dress Kiania provided. It was extremely short and low cut! But I wasn't given an option! So we went to the same disco, and I danced with men grinding themselves into me and fondling and groping me, sliding their hands under the short hem to find I had no panties, or into the top to find I had no bra.

And then, in the dark alley outside, Tiago stripped off the dress, made me kneel, and sold blow jobs to several men for 1 real each.

A Brazilian real is worth about thirty cents.

He said I was now a prostitute, and he was my pimp, though obviously he wasn't serious.

It was all very, very... intense, though! Outrageous and shocking and wicked and wild and unforgivably slutty of me!

Back at his apartment again I had sex with him and the other two guys, and three more that showed up, all at more or less the same time! It took hours!

Afterward, he made some remark or other about me being filthy. He was taunting me and I was exhausted and said something snotty in reply. That got me a stinging spanking!

And the next evening he hog-tied me and invited twice as many men to come and gang-bang me! But he insisted I remain tied that way throughout.

That was a bit too much for me. It had been a wild and insane time, but I was feeling bruised, battered, exhausted, and frankly, tired of the dirtiness and heat in his apartment, and sweating all the time. I went back to the one I had rented and had a long, long shower, then enjoyed sitting down in the crisp, clean confines of the apartment with the air conditioner keeping me from sweating.

The next day I flew to Europe, feeling far less of a need to, well, experiment, to do wild sexual things. I mean, I'd just gone through an overload of that. It had been shocking, and had changed my whole attitude towards sex, though I didn't quite realize it yet.

I thought, okay, I've had my wild fun, and now I know all there is to know about hot, kinky sex, so I can just do some sightseeing like a normal girl from Wyoming. Unfortunately, it didn't take very long before I started feeling a … a craving for more of that, at least, some of it. I wasn't eager to have sex with a dozen guys, or even sex, but one or two... yes.

And here I was in Europe, away from friends and family, so... maybe, I thought, I should continue to see what sexual fun a pretty blonde girl could have.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking

pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son

came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them