

Alyssa's First Day 2

(The Afternoon)

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

My name is Alyssa. I'm blonde and blue-eyed, and have a body and face that have always gotten me more than my share of attention from everyone, especially, since adolescence, boys and then men. I know I shouldn't be proud of my looks or body because it's not like I had a ton to do with it. I just got lucky in the DNA lottery.

I won't say I've had nothing to do with it, though. I decided to exercise, to do all that yoga and Pilates, and to work out on my dad's treadmill, rowing machine, and elliptical. That's work! And not a lot of fun, either. So yay me for that much. I also work hard at keeping my hair looking good and use all-natural shampoo and conditioners to keep it as soft and sweet smelling as possible.

I work at keeping my skin smooth and as free of blemishes as possible, too. And I'm usually pretty good at it, due to my steady effort and the expensive cleansers I buy (with dad's money, admittedly). So I should get some of the credit.

But honestly, I'd be lying if I denied that I'm proud of my looks and my body, and feel kind of smug around other girls. Even though I pretend I don't. I also mostly enjoy all those male eyes looking approvingly at me. Who doesn't want all that approval?

Sometimes it can get kind of uncomfortable, of course. Like when I know those old guys twice or even three times my age are staring at my butt or my tits and thinking dirty thoughts about what they'd like to do to me! Yuck!

It can lead to some embarrassment when guys who are just plain rude or nasty or drunk (which can make them rude and nasty) say dirty things to me. Especially when they're loud enough for other people to hear.

And, of course, I get hit on a lot. Sometimes it can be uncomfortable. Especially when guys hit on me that I have absolutely zero interest in. I do try to let them down easy. I don't actually want to embarrass anyone. Plus the more unhappy they get, the more likely they are to get nasty.

I mean, honestly, if I accepted every time guys asked me out I wouldn't have time for anything else. At college, I was surrounded by guys roughly my age, and I wouldn't have had any time to do the homework I was assigned if I'd accepted all of the offers for lunch, dinner, movies, dancing, Plays, Or whatever else they could think of to get me alone.

College was a bit of an eye-opener. I'd always thought myself smarter than most, and usually kind of blew off my homework. You can't do that in college. Because they don't do any of the work in class period they just lecture at you. So if you don't do the homework, it doesn't set in your mind and you tend to forget it as one day's lessons give way to another and another.

Not that I hadn't accepted any dates, of course. I wanted to have fun, after all. And being in college allowed me to have more fun than I had ever been able to in high school. Mostly because of my comparative anonymity now. I could fool around with guys and not get a reputation as a slut.

So sure, I had experimented. Why shouldn't I? I'd have lots of time in the future to settle down with somebody and do boring adult stuff. That was one of the big reasons why I didn't bother looking for a job after my first year at college was done. I wanted to enjoy summer with no responsibilities and nothing much to do but experience life.

I was practically twenty years old! Who wanted to be old and not have wild experiences in their past? Which brings me to my boyfriend Ethan. I don't love him. I'm certain he doesn't love me. But we're comfortable together. We enjoy each other's company, we enjoyed dancing together, being together, and having sex together.

I call him my boyfriend, but he's kind of like a temporary thing until I go back to college in the fall. I didn't want a guy who was going to think I was his and his alone because I didn't want him to feel betrayed when I went off to school and looked for fun with other guys. And I sure wasn't going to stay celibate while I was at school!

But Ethan is good-looking, tall, has broad shoulders, and is muscular but not too muscular, if you know what I mean. And while he wasn't the best in bed when I started, he doesn't mind learning. He's become quite good, thanks to my help. What I don't expect from Ethan is an imagination. I don't mean that to sound insulting. Ethan is a good guy. But he doesn't have a lot of original thoughts.

He also has kind of an old-fashioned view of women. Like, he wants to do stuff that he sees in porn videos on the Internet. And I have to pretend to be reluctant and let him persuade me to do them so that he doesn't think I'm cheap or slutty.

I had not been the least bit surprised when he started hinting about a threesome. Every guy seems to want a threesome. I think it's because all their earliest exposure to sex comes from videos. And guys are voyeurs, to begin with. So after watching all that hot sex on the Internet they naturally want to see girls they know doing that kind of thing. In other words, me.

At first, he talked about wanting to see me with another girl. And him, of course. It didn't shock me. I wasn't even necessarily opposed to the idea. It sounded kind of hot. But I had to be more careful since I lived around here and so did he. I didn't want to get a reputation.

I let him slowly persuade me to the point where I said I'd think about it and left it to him to find the girl. I said I would be OK as long as I approved of the girl. Then, he started hinting about doing it with another guy too. Again, I wasn't surprised. A guy who likes to watch porn would like to watch their girlfriend being done too. Especially if he wasn't exactly in love with her.

I let him slowly persuade me, subject to my approval of the guy. And it couldn't be a guy that knew any of my friends.

He didn't even try to persuade me to let him tie me up. He just did it one night. I acted uncertain, concerned, and suspicious and gave him lots of warnings, but I let him do it. It was, I have to admit, incredibly hot! I had gotten wildly excited and had had to work hard at pretending otherwise. I didn't want him to think I was some kind of kinky slut, after all.

I had actually been considering how to get him to do it again without asking when he had come over to my place while I was sunning myself by the pool and started this weird, kinky game of bondage where he tied me up, blindfolded me, and called me his slave girl.

My parents were away for a month-long vacation in Europe, so we had the house to ourselves. And he sure took advantage of it. He even brought along some sex toys, like vibrators and dildos, not to mention this long length of soft rope he could use the time me up.

And then he told me my name was Amber. My slave name! It was all kind of silly if I stopped to think about it, but it had really touched some deep dark part of my imagination. I found it to be more of a turn-on than anything I'd ever done before. He had been able to make me climax repeatedly where I had only ever climaxed once before during sex.

He'd also turned it into a threesome with a guy I'd never met and never heard of. His name was supposedly James. All I knew about

James was he had big strong hands and a nice big cock. But that was all that he needed to make me come again and again.

It was just amazingly hot to have two big guys fucking me at the same time! And since I was all tied up, and sometimes even gagged, I didn't even have to do anything but just let them do their job of driving me crazy with heat and pleasure. I could focus everything on the sensations they were creating in my body.

Not to mention in my mind. Ethan kept telling me I was now a sex slave, and not only said outrageous things to me but made me say them too! Like, him calling me his sex slave was one thing. But I had to say I was his sex slave too. I had to say, under threat of having my nipples twisted or my bottom spanked that I was his bitch, his whore, his slut!

Saying that kind of thing out loud while I was tied up and naked and two guys were doing their best to make my body burn up with heat had been an incredible experience! And then he had introduced a third guy! He called him Leon. Again, I didn't know if that was really his name. Ethan said he was a black guy, but I didn't know that yet either.

All I knew was that I was naked and helpless and three horny guys were doing everything they could to make me cum like a whore! I had done things in the morning that I wouldn't have believed I would willingly do the night before. And I sure hoped the two guys he had introduced into his dirty game were complete strangers. Because this was the kind of story that guys would love to brag about.

Only after doing outrageous things to me all morning, or so it seemed, did Ethan finally take the blindfold off and let me see. We were in my own bedroom in front of my mirror. He had put what turned out to be a studded leather bondage collar around my neck and matching wrist and ankle restraints around my wrists and ankles.

My wrists were then both lifted up behind me and held by a thin black strap to the back of the collar. As I stared at myself in the mirror, my jaw would have dropped if it wasn't already held open by a ball gag he had put in my mouth. I stared at myself with wide eyes, hardly able to believe what I looked like in this kinky getup.

I'd already had multiple orgasms that morning, so you wouldn't think it wouldn't be easy to get me aroused again, but the sight of myself looking so helpless, looking like some kind of kinky bondage slave sent a wild pulse of sexual energy through my mind and body.

I didn't even take my eyes away from myself when he reached up and gripped my hair, kind of jerking my head back a little. The sight of that in the mirror, of me being abused, thrilled me for some reason.

"Sex slave!" he growled.

He was standing behind me and reached around to cup my right breast, squeezing it roughly as if to emphasize his complete control over me.

"You're my bitch, Slave Amber. I own your body now. You belong to me. And I can do anything I want to you. So you'd better be polite and respectful to your master."

The mirror had two side mirrors that he had folded out so I could see myself from different angles. Now he turned me to the side, using my hair to bend me forward. Then he picked up a thin black strap and swung it down across my bottom.

I gasped in pain. The strap was only about an inch wide, and not very heavy. It stung, but not terribly. But the sight of him doing it to collared, gagged, helpless me was sick!

"Slave bitch!" he growled

He smacked my bottom several more times as I yelped and jerked in his hand.

"Obey your master or you'll be tortured! Whipped! Flogged!"

Yes, he was being overly dramatic and so kind of phony, but it was still edgy and dark and hot!

He took the belt he had used on my butt and clipped it to the O-ring at the front of the collar before giving it a quick tug.

"This is your leash, slave girl."

He walked out of the room, pulling me after him. He led me into the hall and my head jerked from side to side, looking around warily for those two guys. Not being able to see them had made it a lot less embarrassing to let them do what they'd done, and to say what I'd said. It was like the blindfold not only made them anonymous it made me anonymous.

If I saw them now it wouldn't just be my body that was naked. My face would be naked, too!

He led me down the stairs, and then into the living room.

"Kneel before your master, slave girl," he said in an imperious voice.

I rolled my eyes but he pushed down on my shoulders and I sank to my knees.

"Sit on your heels and spread your knees wide apart. Show your master your hot, hungry little pussy."

He dropped low, himself, positioning me as if I was some kind of action figure so that I was sitting back on my heels with my knees spread so wide that the tendons in my inner thighs ached. He took off the thin little leash and doubled it in his hand and then slapped it lightly against my left breast.

"Shoulders back, slave! Push that chest out! No slouching!"

That should have made me angry, outraged, but instead sent a hot thrill of excitement through me.

With me kneeling the way he wanted, he sat down on the sofa in front of me and grinned at me.

"This is just the beginning of your training as a sex slave, Amber. You better learn fast or the punishments will get harder. Remember, I own you now and can do anything I want to you."

That caused me a little bit of anxiety, but not really any fear. It wasn't like Ethan was crazy. He wasn't going to do anything seriously painful to me. If it did, this game would end very quickly. But still, what if he did something dumb before I could say no, like when I was gagged?

"You know, as hot and sexy as this looks, there's something missing," he said.

He stood up and frowned down at me then pointed his finger at me. "Don't move," he growled.

He walked out of the room and I looked down at myself with the sense of dark excitement. There wasn't much romance to this, but then again there hadn't been much romance to my dates in college either. And I had had more orgasms this morning than I'd had my entire time in college.

He returned, holding a big cock in his hand. I felt my eyes widening as he walked over and squatted down in front of me, grinning as he waved it at me.

"Since you keep saying how you love cock, I know you'd love to have one inside you right now."

I had not had much in the way of experiences with sex toys before then. The dildos I had seen had mostly been on the Internet. But I'd never seen one quite like this. It was amazingly lifelike. It looked

just like an erect cock, right down to the helmet head, the coloring, and the swollen veins along the shaft. The only thing that wasn't realistic was the way it widened at the bottom.

And it was thick and long!

Ethan reached out his big hand and folded it around my throat just above the collar, squeezing only lightly while at the same time putting pressure upward to get me to rise off my heels. I got the message and rose even as he tightened his fingers a little.

"I bet you're still sopping wet down there so this won't need any lube."

I couldn't see down anymore because of the way his hand was gripping my neck and holding it up and back. But I felt the head of the dildo rubbing along the moist line of my sex and then pushing slowly into my body. I felt a rising sense of heat at how much it stretched me, almost to the point of pain.

"Now you're going to sink that hot, hungry, slutty little pussy of yours all the way down this cock like a good little sex slave."

I gasped as I eased slowly downward, and the dildo pushed deeper into my abdomen.

"I know you love it, slave girl. I know you love having a great big cock sliding up into you."

I did, to be honest! I moaned, though, for it really was quite thick. And yes, I still was kind of um, hot and wet inside. But even so, it felt like the mouth of my pussy was being strained wide around it as I slowly slid down its length.

He began rubbing my clitoris with his fingers, which sent another rush of sensation through my body. He also tightened his fingers around my neck for no particular reason other than that he could. That made my breathing more ragged as I sank further and further down the length of the big cock underneath me.

Then he released me and moved back up onto the sofa to sit there and watch.

That let me drop my head and look to see how much was still outside me. I stared with a sense of amazement at the way the thick cock was stretching me out, watching as more and more of it slid inside me. By the time I was sitting on my heels, I had most of it inside my body. But there were still several inches between me and the floor.

"Now doesn't that feel much better, slave girl? You know you always like to have at least one big cock inside you. Maybe if you're a good girl, I'll let you have more real ones this afternoon. And if you're a bad girl, then I guess I'll have to hang you from your wrists and whip you."

I felt my mind squirming as I knelt there, wondering what he intended doing and where those other two guys were. It felt very strange just kneeling like this in front of him naked. I was used to being naked only when I was having sex or a shower or bath. Or maybe briefly between changes of clothing.

I hadn't had any clothes on since he had arrived. But I'd been kind of occupied that entire time. Now I just knelt here with my legs spread wide completely naked while he enjoyed looking at me. And it was a strange, and darkly satisfying feeling.

He picked up the remote control and turned on the TV, acting all casual. But his eyes kept flicking to me appreciatively.

One thing that did begin to make itself known to me, aside from the thickness of the big dildo I was half impaled upon was that my feet began to ache. I was literally sitting on my heels, with my feet pressed to the floor underneath me, the balls of my feet bent sharply to support my weight. That was not a very comfortable position.

I tried to kind of shift my weight from one to the other a little, but it really didn't help. What I needed to do was take the weight off the balls of my feet and straighten them. The longer I knelt like that the more they ached, until it was simply not possible to resist.

I rose up a bit, surprised that the dildo didn't rise with me, and shifted my feet to either side of my butt. Then I took first one foot and then the other out from under me, straightening them so that the backs of my feet were now pressed to the floor and the heels were on top. And then I began to sink down again.

What I quickly realized was that the mouth of my sex was now several inches closer to the floor. Which meant that I was sinking down even further onto the big dildo. I moaned weakly, feeling the ache deep inside as the head pushed higher into my body. But I also felt a surge of dark hunger as I felt the head pushing higher and higher into my abdomen until my buttocks were down on my heels once more.

God, it felt so achingly deep!

"Good sex slave," he said, actually reaching forward to pat me on the head, "now you've got almost the whole length of it inside your hungry little pussy. But straighten out your shoulders. No slouching."

I kind of felt like giving him my middle finger but of course, had no way of doing that. But I did pull my shoulders back. I wanted to look my best after all. What girl didn't want to look her best when naked?

But boy, the thing was really high inside me! I felt an ache at the back of my pussy where the head was lodged. I rose up a bit to ease the ache, which worked fine because the dildo stayed where it was. He had somehow attached it to the floor. Like the base was a suction cup or something. Of course, I couldn't stay up even an inch for very long and had to sink back down again.

"A sex slave isn't really a girlfriend," Ethan said. "She's more like a pet with privileges. A pet you can fuck anywhere you want and anytime you want, and also get to do the laundry and make your meals."

He grinned broadly at me. I scowled back at his incredible sexism.

"No surly looks at your master, slave girl," he said sternly, wagging his finger at me. "You must always look and act and speak respectfully to your master. Otherwise..."

He kind of smirked as he drew something out from behind him and I blinked at what looked like a two-foot-long stick with a handle

on one end and a small flat square of leather or plastic at the tip.

"This is a riding crop," he said as he extended his arm and the stick toward me. "It's used to train and discipline slave girls."

He was rubbing the flat tip against the center of my left breast and when I looked down at it he began to slap it gently, and then a little harder, hard enough to sting.

"Head up! Shoulders back!"

I gasped at the repeated little stings and quickly jerked my head up and shoulders back.

He let the flat tip slide down my body, slapping lightly at my abdomen and then moving lower until he could rub it against the swollen little button between my legs.

"I'm sure that an impudent little slave girl like you will find herself becoming very familiar with the feel of this riding crop."

He put it on the coffee table then stood up, moving to my side and reaching down to unhook the strap that held my wrists up against the collar. A moment later he did something to the two little wristbands that let me pull my wrists apart.

Then he sat back down again and picked up the riding crop.

"Hands behind your head, slave girl. Arch your back for me. Show me those gorgeous tits of yours."

I hesitated and he reached down to start slapping at my nipple again. I gasped and instinctively covered my breasts with my arms.

"Are you being a bad little slave girl?" he growled. "Because bad little slave girls get a lot worse punishment than that."

I hesitated again and then took my hands away and brought them up behind my head like he had ordered. I was not ready to challenge him on this because it was simply too hot and exciting. Part of that excitement was that there didn't seem to be any predictability to what would happen. I knew that if I was to make demands on him he would follow them but something held me back.

Something about having no idea where this was going to go was providing a lot of the dark thrill I felt. So when he raised the crop and began to slap lightly at first one nipple and then then the other I kept my hands behind my neck.

"Arch your back even more, you hot, sexy little slut."

I moaned but obeyed, feeling my skin tightening across my swollen breasts. My nipples were rock hard and began to burn as he slapped first one and then the other.

"Now let's see how well my little slave bitch obeys her master. Slide that pussy of yours up the dildo. I want to see it coming out of you. Not all of it."

I felt a little jolt of dark heat as I obeyed, keeping my back arched and my fingers behind my neck. I slid slowly up inch after inch until most of it was outside my body again.

"Now slide back down again."

Breathing more heavily, I slid slowly down the length of the dildo until the head was jammed high inside me once again.

He reached out and let the flat tip of the crop rub my clitoris.

"Wasn't that nice?" he said. "Now do it again."

I rose up again until only the head was inside me and then slid slowly back down again, groaning as the head jammed high.

This was so hot and sick! And it wasn't so much the sensations that were turning me on, it was the act of doing this at his order while he watched. Not that I didn't enjoy the sensation of being penetrated by a big, thick object. I had always loved that!

"Now get off of it entirely and kneel on all fours."

This was very strange to me, taking orders from him like this. Especially like this! It made me feel weird and hot.

"Move back a couple of feet. Now lower yourself to your elbows and forearms and raise that beautiful ass of yours up. More. Now go lower, press your breasts against the floor, and push your arms out in front of you."

I could see he was starting to get excited just from looking at me. And that excited me in turn, and also gave me a warm little glow of, I don't know, ego, at knowing how hot and sexy I looked to him.

"Tuck your belly in tighter to your thighs. Now spread your knees apart like you're just eager and waiting for a man to come and mount you like a bitch in heat and pound you till you scream. That's it. Now you're ready for the next male to come and mount you. The next guy to jam his cock deep and ride you like a horny little bitch."

Since he was sitting directly behind me the view he had was, of course, obscene. I felt a little self-conscious about it, but also felt a dark glow of excitement at doing something so wicked and hot and edgy. And again, don't not just showing off my body like this, but doing it at his order. Like I really was some kind of sex slave.

"Straighten up, slave. And turn around. Now I want you to do is lay on the floor on your back with your knees pulled back to your chest."

I did that, though laying on the wooden floor wasn't exactly comfortable, and then of course he told me to spread my knees wide. He gripped the base of the dildo and kind of twisted it and it pulled up from the floor with an audible popping sound. Then he leaned forward and pressed the head against my obscenely displayed pussy, pushing it in, and sliding it slowly down until it was halfway inside me. Then he sat back on the sofa I picked up the riding crop again.

"Reach down and slide it the rest of the way inside you, slave girl."

I did, feeling another rush of dark heat as he watched me.

"Now fuck yourself with it. And reach down with your other hand and rub your clit."

He and I had been sleeping together off and on for a year or so but I'd sure never masturbated in front of him! The idea of doing so was kind of daunting but given what I'd already done that morning did not seem to be that big a stretch.

I felt my face flush a little as I worked the dildo in and out of myself and casually rubbed my clitoris. I was only doing it because he told me to. But it did not take very much time before I was doing it because I was getting turned on more and more with every passing second. And again, it wasn't just the sensations, but that I was doing this so blatantly while he watched me.

I guess he could tell I was getting more excited because I was rubbing faster and thrusting the thing into myself harder.

"Push it all the way in and hold it there," he said.

I gasped and panted around the gag as I jammed it as deep as I could.

"What do you think, James? Doesn't she look like the perfect little sex slave?"

"Very much," James said from across the room.

I let out a cry of shock and jerked my legs closed, half twisting my upper body around to see him sitting on a chair no more than ten feet behind me.

"Don't stop on my behalf, Amber," he said with a grin.

My face was beet red, it didn't matter that he'd seen me naked before, that he'd fucked me already. I hadn't seen him. So somehow it all felt brand new, like he was a brand-new stranger. It wasn't like we had exactly been introduced, after all!

He was a good-looking guy, very fit and strong looking, though not as broad-shouldered as Ethan. What surprised me was he was clearly older than me and Ethan. Ethan was twenty-one. This guy looked like he was in his mid to late twenties! That made him a lot older than any other guy I had slept with. Though I had briefly considered one of my professors to be a possibility. I had been intrigued at the time by the idea of sleeping with a guy much older than me.

"Why are you trying to hide your body from my friend James, slave girl? Aren't you proud of your body? It's gorgeous and sexy."

Ethan grabbed my arm and pulled me up and back onto my knees with me still sort of half covering my breasts with my arms. Then he drew my wrists up and back behind me and pulled a little on my hair to force my back to arch.

I blushed even more but didn't really try to resist him. It was almost like doing this myself would be too degrading, but letting Ethan pose me for him was somehow more on him than me. My mind was churning wildly with all kinds of weird, confusing thoughts and emotions.

Ethan's hands were big enough to pin my wrists together behind my head with one while the other one gripped the riding crop and slapped lightly at my nipples, then harder.

„Spread your knees, slave," he said sternly. "Now!"

He was slapping harder and the thing was stinging even more so I reluctantly jerked my knees apart.

"Hold this pose or you'll be punished," Ethan growled as he released me and backed off.

Wow, this was wild! It was one thing to do this in front of Ethan, but quite another to do it in front of a strange guy! And somehow it made it worse, darker, and more realistic that it was an older guy. James wasn't a guy; he was a man! And here I was kneeling naked with my legs spread and my back arched in bright light.

"Very nice," he said. "She has perfect breasts."

Of course, I appreciated the comment. Even though it did make me squirm in my mind even more.

"Enough. Turn around and come to me."

I felt a brief sense of relief as I turned my body away from James towards where Ethan sat on the sofa again. Then I saw him snapping his finger at me and pointing to his crotch and the breath caught in my throat. I was just far enough away that I couldn't reach him without either standing up or crawling. Standing made no sense because it was too close.

I crawled a couple of feet closer to him, very aware of James watching from behind me, and he reached behind me and undid the strap that held the ball gag in place. He tugged on the ball and pulled it free of my mouth and I winced a little, working my jaw around.

"Now get to work on my cock, slave."

Wow! Was I really going to do this!? I know I had already done worse, but it was just different somehow now that I could see James! But it made no sense to say no. Besides which my body was thrumming with sexual energy despite the confusion and uncertainty in my mind.

I reached out hesitantly and then undid his pants, tugging the zipper down and then gripping the top and pulling. He obligingly lifted his butt so that I could slide his pants down his legs and then off. I knew that James was watching every single thing I did. He was this gigantic presence in my mind.

Despite the workout it had gotten that morning his cock was already semi-hard. I licked my lips, thought about saying something, then repressed it. If James wasn't here I would have definitely said something, but somehow speaking in front of him would have been too embarrassing.

My fingers gripped Ethan's cock as I leaned forward and he reached out and gathered my hair into his hand, giving it a little jerk as if to reinforce to me that he was in charge of me.

"Start licking, slave girl. I want to feel your sweet mouth on my cock."

My face heated again. My mind was flustered. He'd said worse before, even with James there. He'd even made me say worse. But seeing him just made a big difference.

I pushed his cock back and began to lick up and down its length.

"Push your ass back more, sex slave. And spread your legs so that James can get a good view."

Yikes! OMG! I shuddered a little as I did it, trying to concentrate on licking at his cock.

"Suck my balls into your mouth, slave."

I was feeling very much overwhelmed by all this, breathless and slightly dazed.

Ethan reached down and squeezed my left breast then plucked at the nipple with his fingers while I sucked his balls into my mouth and began to massage them with my tongue up against the roof.

"Every man should have his own gorgeous sex slave," Ethan said.

"I agree completely," James said.

"I bet this slutty little slave girl would love to have somebody come and drive their cock right into her from behind right now," Ethan said.

I shuddered and moaned around his balls. Then I gasped in pain as he jerked back on my hair and forced my head up so that I was looking at his face.

"Tell me you love cock, slave girl."

OMG!

He jerked a little more on my hair and I gasped in pain.

"Obey your master!"

He picked up the crop and leaned forward a little. He had a long arm and he was able to bring the crop and not just the flat tip down against my buttocks. He'd done a lot worse but I cried out in pain.

"Tell me you love cock, slave girl."

Another sharp, stinging blow made me yelp again.

"Obey!"

"I-I love cock!" I cried.

That brought me another sharp stinging little blow.

"You forgot to say master! Try again, slave!"

"I love cock, Master!"

Another sharp, stinging blow laid a line of heat across my buttocks.

"Louder, slave!"

"I love cock, Master!"

He settled back and pulled my face in against his cock.

"Swallow my cock, sex slave."

Moaning, I immediately moved to obey, sliding my lips over the head and bobbing up and down, sliding further and further down its length.

"That's it, you cock hungry little slave bitch. I want every inch of my cock down your throat."

I was still feeling wildly overwhelmed as I slid my lips down all the way, his hand pushing down on my head to lend me speed and then holding me in place with my lips wrapped around the base of his cock.

"Spread your legs wider for James, slave bitch."

Another dark jolt of both embarrassment and dark heat swept through me at his obscene words and overbearing tone. I would never ever have allowed any guy to use such a tone on me in public around other people! It was embarrassing!

He pulled my head up by the hair and I gurgled and coughed as my lips slid up rapidly and pulled free of his cock.

"Now turn around and crawl over to James."

I blanched but obeyed, flushing even more as I turned toward the man.

"Crawl."

My mind was still churning wildly as I slowly crawled toward him, keeping my eyes down, still unable to meet his. I didn't understand the strange mix of rising heat and embarrassment.

"Now service his cock, sex slave."

Somehow, it got easier when I started. I unzipped his pants, opened them, and pulled his cock out. Then I started to work, licking at his cock while I ran my fingers up and down its length. It really was a very nice-looking cock.

He reached down and combed his fingers gently through my hair, then his hand slipped downward and reached under to cup my breast, squeezing lightly. I felt a dark shudder of heat ripple through my body at his touch and moaned as I slipped my lips over the head of his cock.

I slid my lips lower and lower, and then slid them back up again, bobbing up and down as my hands moved in to caress his balls.

Actually doing something seemed to relieve a lot of the strange sense of frozen uncertainty in my mind. And as his fingers kneaded my breast, I felt myself rousing more and more, sucking him with more enthusiasm, kind of showing off almost as I slid my lips all the way down to the base.

He hardened and thickened in my mouth and throat and I slid slowly back up, pleased. My face was flushing I knew, but it wasn't so much from embarrassment anymore.

"Now sit back on your heels, put your hands behind your head, and spread your legs," Ethan ordered from behind me.

I obeyed, face darkening further, this time feeling both self-conscious and breathlessly excited. Posing like this in front of Ethan had been a little weird. Doing it in front of a complete stranger, a man his age, was even more of a jolt to my mind.

"Lovely," he said, smiling.

"Let me hear you say you love cock again," Ethan said.

I felt another jolt to my mind. Another rush of embarrassment was followed by wicked excitement.

"I love cock," I said softly.

"Look me in the eyes and say it again," James said.

My mind squirmed but I raised my eyes to his. "I love cock," I gulped.

"Call me Master James," he said.

"I love cock, Master James," I said with more confidence.

The heat began to beat at me from within as he held my eyes.

"Tell me you're a sex slave."

My face felt hot. "I'm a sex slave!"

He frowned at me. You forgot to say my name, slave girl. You'll have to be punished now."

"Definitely," I heard Ethan say from the sofa.

James gripped my arm and pulled me up, then shifted hands and grabbed my thigh to drag me up across his lap, belly down. I braced myself, my heart pounding as his big hand caressed my buttocks.

Crack!

I cried out at the sharp sting of it then closed my mouth, pulse racing.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He was smacking my butt with sharp, stinging blows! I gasped and moaned at each one of them, fighting against the instinct to try to twist away or throw my hands back to protect my butt! Instead. I just lay still, moaning and gasping.

"Are you sorry for being a bad slave girl?" he asked.

"Y-Y-Yesss!" I gulped.

"You forgot to call me Master James again," he said sternly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

My bottom was really starting to burn! My breathing was getting more ragged and I moaned and squirmed.

"Apologize for being a bad little slave girl," he ordered.

"I-I...I'm... s-sorry for being a bad I-little slave girl, Master James!" I gasped.

His big hand pushed between my thighs, roughly forcing them aside and I felt his fingers probe my warm, moist little pussy. They slid into me easily, then pulled back and were replaced by his thumb, the rest of his fingers began stroking across my clitoris and I shuddered, my bottom instinctively pushing up and back towards his hand.

"A slave girl must always obey orders," he said, his thumb pumping in and out, pressing down and in against the front of my sex. "Are you going to be an obedient little sex slave?"

"Yes, Master James!" I gulped.

"Say it."

"I'll be an obedient little sex slave, Master James!" I gasped, my body throbbing and throbbing with sexual pressure.

"Then crawl back to Master Ethan and service his cock."

My mind felt battered and lost as he pushed me off and I dropped to my knees and crawled back across the room to Ethan. I rose up and took his hard cock and my fingers then began to lick and suck it.

"Spread your legs, slave bitch," he growled. Always keep your legs spread so you'll be ready for any man that wants to ram his cock into you."

He was being deliberately outrageous, I knew. But the words were still darkly thrilling. Degrading, sure, but somehow that made them more exciting.

He jerked back on my hair and I cried out as he made me lift my eyes to his.

"Are you a horny little slave bitch?"

"Yes, Master Ethan!" I moaned.

"Say it!"

"I'm a horny little slave bitch, Master Ethan!"

"Will you be an obedient little slut?"

"Yes, Master Ethan!"

"Say it, slut."

"I'll be an obedient little slut, Master Ethan!"

"Beg Master James to come over here and fuck your brains out."

"Please come and fuck my brains out, Master James!" I cried weakly.

I felt like I was losing my mind!

He pulled my mouth back onto his cock and shoved down roughly so that it slid through my mouth and straight down my throat. I heard movement behind me and then felt my arms being gripped and

pulled back. My wrists were pinned together and then the wrist restraints were locked in place against each other. Strong hands jerked back on my thighs.

Crack!

He slapped my bottom stingingly. Then his cock pressed against me and thrust inside.

I cried out in dark pleasure, heat, passion, and some wild animal instinct as he filled me to overflowing with a single thrust. Then, gripping my hips, he began to pound away at me as Ethan pulled up on my hair and slid my lips up and off his cock.

"Tell Master James to use you like a blonde whore should be used."

"Please use me like a blonde whore should be used, Master James!" I cried dazedly.

Ethan plunged my mouth down onto his cock again.

Every hard thrust of James' cock made me cry out in dark pleasure, a feverish sexual need taking over my mind as my body shuddered to the hard force of his hips smacking against my buttocks. Ethan was using my hair as a sort of handle, and riding my throat up and down his cock while one of his hands reached out to roughly squeeze my left breast.

Seconds later a massive orgasm tore through my mind, shattering it to pieces. I felt my body jerking back desperately, even as I lost control of my muscles. I felt almost as if I was floating on a wild, churning sea, reveling in the stunning intensity of the pleasure tearing through me. It was mind-blowing! Almost literally! By the time the orgasm faded, I felt shell-shocked and stunned. All my muscles were relaxed so that I was little more than a rag doll between the two men.

They both continued to use me just as roughly as they had been, James slapping my bottom intermittently or reaching forward to roughly grope my right breast, Ethan jerking on my hair, and squeezing my left breast while working me up and down on his hard cock.

And then, incredibly, the heat built up with amazing speed, and another orgasm tore through me, and then another!

*

Naturally, it was the slave's job to make lunch. Complaining about it got me a couple of swift blows from the crop on my bottom and then I had the ball gag shot back in my mouth. My wrists were locked together again in the wristbands but in front of me this time.

Ethan and James watched TV while I cooked lunch. I'm not much of a cook, so they were going to have to settle for burgers and fries. Both were frozen but didn't require much defrosting, especially the fries. I put plates and glasses of water on the kitchen table, defrosted the frozen patties, warmed up the hamburger buns in the oven, and then used the air fryer on the patties and fries.

It was at this point my mother would have called something like 'dinner ready', but since I couldn't speak I just put everything out on the kitchen table and then walked into the living room and clapped my hands then pointed at the kitchen.

"I think your slave is trying to communicate something," James said.

"It's probably lunch," Ethan said, standing up.

They followed me into the kitchen where I pointed at my gag. It's not like I could eat with it in place, after all. And Ethan had locked the strap in place in such a way I wasn't able to take it off myself.

"He pointed his finger at me so close that it was almost touching my nose.

"Remember, Amber, slaves do not speak unless spoken to. If you say anything without permission, you'll be punished."

He turned me around and then fiddled with the clasp or buckle in the back and the strap went slack. I started to pull the ball out of my mouth but he slapped my hand away, scowled at me, and took it in his own fingers to ease it out.

"I think you've made a mistake in how many plates you set, Slave Amber. Slaves don't get to sit at the table."

He lifted my bound wrists up and then back behind my head and locked them to the back of the collar.

"On your knees, slave girl."

They pushed me down onto my knees and I sat back on my heels, frowning. I was hungry, after all. It had been an energetic morning and I didn't eat much for breakfast.

"Legs spread," he barked sternly. "Sex slaves always spread their legs wide whenever they kneel or sit. And pull your elbows back. Arch your back."

I bit my tongue against saying something but did as he ordered. He had the riding crop in his hand, after all. Besides, it let me show off my body again without it being me showing off – if you catch my drift.

He sat down at the table across from James and the two began to eat and chat. Meanwhile, I just knelt there beside him feeling the strange mixture of irritation and a dark, simmering heat. I hadn't gotten used to showing my body off like this, posing like some kind of centerfold or porn star while two guys sat there beside me.

Then he picked up a French fry and held it down to me, holding it right in front of my mouth. I realized his intent immediately and opened my mouth to take the fry out of his fingers. It was only after my third fry that I really appreciated how outrageous and degrading this was.

Instead of holding it in his fingers and letting me take it with my teeth he put it in his open hand and had me lick it out of the palm of his hand. I felt another dark jolt of sexual energy at that.

James then tore off a small piece of burger and whistled at me before holding it down below the table like you would for a dog. That sent another little hot thrill through me and I rose off my heels, kind of knee-walked over, and licked it out of the palm of his hand.

This was so kinky and dark and outrageous!

I moved back and forth between the two, licking food out of the palm of their hands. When I heard a sound coming from behind my pulse shut up as I remembered that guy named Leon. It was the familiar sound of the door to the garage closing. A moment later a large black guy appeared in the doorway.

My face immediately heated up and I dropped my chin and eyes, glad that at least I was facing the table and not the door.

"I bought the cage for the slave bitch," he said in a deep voice.

Holy shit! OMG!

"Excellent," Ethan said. "We wouldn't want her having to sleep in a bed, after all. She might get the idea she was human or something."

WTF!?

The guy named Leon came forward into the room, and I continued to look down at the floor, my mind squirming with embarrassment and self-consciousness again.

"You want a burger?" Ethan asked.

"Already ate," he replied.

A moment later he gripped my thick blonde hair and pulled up and back. I cried out, startled as my hair was pulled, and scrambled up to my feet. He turned me around to face him and then his big hand went around my throat and squeezed, lifting up until I was on the balls of my feet and then dancing weakly on my toes.

He squeezed a little harder so that I could barely breathe, and scowled at me.

"I think you guys are being too gentle on this blonde slut," he said. "You have to let your slaves know where they stand right from the beginning so they realize they shouldn't even consider disobeying or disrespecting you."

Even on the balls of my feet, he was taller than me, though not by much. He was even more broad-shouldered than Ethan, with a thicker chest. He had a shaved head and dark eyes.

"Open your mouth, slut," he growled at me.

Gasping for breath I opened my lips and he jerked me forward and kissed me roughly, easing his fingers so that I could breathe more easily. He kissed me hungrily, for long seconds before pushing my head up and back. Then he let me sink to my heels again before loosening his finger still more.

"Are you going to be an obedient little slave bitch?" he snapped.

"Y-Y-Yes, S-sSr!" I stuttered.

"What do you mean by calling me Sir? Do you think because I'm a black man you shouldn't call me master?" he growled.

"No Sir! I mean master! No, M-Master!" I gasped.

"Elbows back, slut!"

I jerked my elbows back, my heart pounding, and he pulled me up onto the balls of my feet, then leaned forward and kissed me again, this time longer. He eased me back again, still scowling at me.

"Let me hear you promise to be an obedient little slave bitch," he demanded.

Coming from him, the words were... electric!

"I-I promise to be an obedient little s-slave bitch, Master!" I gasped.

This is so sick!

"Do you? Well, let's see about that."

He took his hand off my neck at last, roughly spun me around, and then undid the wrist restraints both from the collar and from each other before spinning me back around again.

"Keep your hands at your sides, sex slave."

His hand went up around my neck again, squeezing slowly, squeezing more and more until I could barely breathe. Then he used the strength in his arm to force me up onto the balls of my feet.

"Open your mouth, slut."

I gasped and obeyed and he tightened his fingers until I couldn't breathe at all! Then he simply stared at me, his eyes boring into mine waiting for me to disobey and jerk my hands up to grab his wrist. I knew that would be pointless. His wrists were even thicker than Ethan's! I just stared at him with my mouth open, and my hands trembling at my sides well my chest began to burn and my head began to pound from lack of oxygen.

He pulled me in by the neck and kissed me roughly again. It was a long kiss and I fought desperately to keep my hands where they were before he finally loosened his fingers and set me back on my heels once more. I gulped in air as he grinned at me.

"Spread your legs, slave."

I shifted my feet apart on the floor as my heart pounded and I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air.

"Put your hands behind your neck, sex slave."

I immediately obeyed, and pulled my elbows back, too.

"Tell me you love black cock, blonde girl."

OMG!

I felt another psychic jolt.

"I love black cock, Master!" I exclaimed.

"She loves all cock," Ethan said from behind me.

The others laughed.

"Beg me to use your blonde whore body for my pleasure."

OMG!

"P-Please use my...my blonde whore body for your pleasure, Master!" I gulped, my face flushed.

He tightened his fingers again, while his other hand rose at last and fondled my breast. Then it slid down my body and his fingers spread the lips of my sex. One large finger worked its way up inside me, then he slid a second one up while bringing his thumb in against my clitoris.

"Do you think I can make you cum with just my fingers, slave bitch?"

If he expected an answer he shouldn't have tightened his fingers further. I gurgled weakly and stood in place, hands behind my neck, back arched, elbows back, as the two big fingers pumped in and out, pressing up against the front of my sex as his thumb stroked skillfully from side to side against my clit.

He loosened his fingers just enough that I could draw in ragged breaths of air and then leaned over to take the center of my left breast into his mouth. He sucked hard on it, rhythmically, his teeth actually chewing on the soft flesh just this edge of pain. His tongue swept back and forth and around my rigid little pink nipple, making it quiver and tango.

As my shock over seeing him faded and my pulse rate began to ease I felt myself sinking back into that dark simmering heat once more. Only I sank faster and further because this guy was so menacing in his way, deliberately, I thought, that he actually made this slave girl business seem so very real!

And that ignited my heat again, sending dark tremors of excitement through my body. He straightened up and kissed me as roughly as he had before, hungrily, voraciously! He was like a wild beast that was trying to feed at my mouth! I felt as if he was almost trying to climb inside me! I had never felt so completely owned even with Ethan and James!

When Ethan squeezed my neck it was exciting, edgy play. But Leon made it seem very real and dangerous! And that was super hot because I knew it wasn't!

I moaned into his mouth as his thumb continued to sweep across my clitoris.

He pulled his lips back, his eyes still dark.

"Tell me you're a blonde slut."

"I-I'm a blonde slut, master!" I gasped, dark heat rippling through me.

"Are you a sex slave?"

"Yes, master!"

"Say it, bitch!"

"I'm a sex slave, Master!" I cried.

"You're Amber the sex slave. Say it."

"I'm Amber the sex slave!" I moaned.

"Again, bitch."

"I'm Amber the sex slave!"

"Keep saying it whore!"

I chanted the words again and again as his thumb stroked against my clitoris and his fingers popped in and out of my very moist pussy and his fingers alternately tightened and loosened around my neck.

He seemed to sense when I was on the edge of orgasm. He tightened his fingers still more and forced me up onto the balls of my feet. I gaped at him, my mouth wide as I tried to gulp in air that would not come.

"You're a sexual animal," he said. "Come for me, you bitch animal. Come for your master."

And then I did! I tried to cry out and succeeded as he eased his grip to let me suck in a deep breath of air. The air sobbed out of me again in a cry of pure pleasure. My hips jerked violently against his fingers and I arched my back even more but kept my fingers in place as the orgasm shook me from head to toe.

Without his firm grip around my neck, there was no way I would have been able to stand up as the storm of sensation battered my mind. The passion and pleasure were so intense I felt something like rapture! My eyes rolled back in my head and I lost connection with most of the world as I shook there before him, convulsions racking my body.

He undid his pants, pulled out a chair, and sat down, drawing me with him, still holding his big hand around my throat but now grabbing my leg with the other so that I straddled him. I felt it against my pussy now and he drew me in and down so I sank down onto it.

"Ride my cock, slave bitch."

Moaning dazedly, I rode up and down on his long, thick cock as he leaned in to suck and chew at my nipples and breasts. I kept my hands behind my neck because that was where he had told me to put them and he hadn't yet given me permission to move them. This was not a guy I wanted to disobey!

"Tell me you love black cock, blonde girl."

"I love black cock, Master!" I gasped weakly.

He pushed back now with the hand around my neck, making me bend backward more and more until I was lying along his thighs. His other hand roughly kneaded my breast as he bent me back further so my head was upside down. Then it slid back along my body so he could stroke my clitoris. He drove his hips forward, fucking me with short, hard thrusts as my hair dragged along the floor.

Then he pushed me off altogether, his cock sliding out of me.

"Get on your hands and knees, white girl."

Suddenly he had that thin strap Ethan had used as a leash in his hand. He clipped it to the back of the collar and then jerked on it to pull me forward.

"Crawl, white bitch."

Holy fuck! Holy shit! OMG!

Dazed, I crawled out of the room next to him as he pulled on the leash.

I crawled like an animal! Like a dog on a leash! And not with Ethan, but with this dangerous-looking and acting black guy I'd never met!

The dark fantasy of being a sex slave had never felt so real!

He brought me to the living room, and then over beside one of the walls where he used the leash to yank me up onto my feet before pushing me forward.

"Bend forward and put your hands up and forward against the wall, Slave!"

I moaned and obeyed and he unclipped the leash, doubled it in his hand, and swung it down sharply against my taut buttocks. It struck with a thin crack of sound and a sharp little jolt of stinging pain!

"There is only one thing a slave bitch needs to know in life and that is how to obey," he said.

Crack!

I gasped as he brought the thin strap down across my bottom again!

"A slave bitch is not a human being. It is an animal. A creature of lust and heat and sex and pleasure owned by a man or woman."

Crack!

"Ah!" I gasped.

"A slave bitch obeys immediately, without a thought, without hesitation, without question."

Crack!

"Turn around and sit on your heels, slave bitch. Legs apart, hands behind your head, back arched, elbows back!"

I gasped and turned quickly to obey, sitting down as I had been in the kitchen before jerking my knees wide before him.

"Are you a good little slave bitch, blonde girl?"

"Y-Y-Yes, Master!" I gasped, the dark words crackling through my mind.

"Don't move!"

He still had the thin, doubled-up leash in his hand and now he swung it lightly down against my breast. I winced but it didn't hurt much. He swung again and then again, swinging a bit harder each time, glowering at me as if daring me to move.@

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap began to hit harder and I gasped and moaned, my body starting to tremble as my nipples stung and my breasts felt hotter and hotter.

"Tell me you're a good little slave bitch, he barked.

"I'm a good little slave bitch, Master!" I cried anxiously.

He wrapped the strap around my neck this time, pulling it firmly tight but not so tight as to get in the way of my breathing. Then he unzipped and pulled his cock out, shoving it straight in through my mouth and down my throat.

I gurgled weakly as he jerked me in and out by the hair, fucking my face, fucking my throat. I couldn't really breathe like this. Fortunately, he didn't do it for long before pulling out.

"Turn around and get on all fours, sex slave."

He drove himself into me from behind, his hands gripping my hips at first, jerking me back against him as he used me roughly. I cried out as his hand left my hip and slapped stingingly against my buttock. Then both hands gathered in my hair into a single thick mass and pulled back on it, lifting my head up and forward, and then pulling it back so I was staring up at the ceiling in ahead of me! He was, using it almost as a leash to jerk me back against his hard, furious thrusts.

"Sexy little blonde whore!" he growled, slapping my bottom again. "Tell me you love that black cock."

He slapped my bottom stingingly again!

"Tell me you love black cock, slave bitch!"

Crack!

"Ah! I-I love black cock, Master!" I cried.

"Again, sex slave!"

Crack!

"I love black cock, Master!" I gasped.

His hips were pounding against me hard enough to rock my body forward and almost knock me off my hands! I had to shift them forward for better balance as I gurgled and gasped and groaned and cried out to every hard impact, to every deep thrust.

Crack!

"Tell me you're a blonde slut animal," he ordered.

"I'm a blonde slut animal, Master!" I cried.

This was so fucking dark, degrading and over the top! It was battering my mind as much as his hips were battering my bottom!

He pulled me up and back until I was kneeling upright, straddling his thighs, his cock buried in my tight, aching, throbbing, burning abdomen. He abandoned my hair, to my relief, but then his big hand encircled my throat while the other dropped down between my thighs. He continued to work his cock up and down inside me, but slower now as his fingers rubbed against my clitoris.

A wild rush of sexual energy swept through me and my hips ground helplessly against them and my little button throbbed and pulsed excitedly.

His fingers tightened around my throat as he leaned in and chewed on my earlobe I felt his breath hot against my skin.

"Tell me you're a sex slave, blonde girl."

"I'm a sex slave, master!" I gasped around his fingers.

"Tell me you love cock, sex slave."

"I love cock, master!" I said in a ragged, dazed voice.

He tightened his fingers further and I felt my eyes bulge a little.

"Now say you're a sex slave and you love cock over and over again," he growled.

"I'm a sex slave and I love cock!" I gasped weakly. "I'm a sex slave and I love cock! I'm a sex slave and I love cock!"

I could hardly find the air to breathe as my head pounded and my chest started to burn. I could barely breathe with his fingers tight around my neck! Even so, most of my attention was on his big cock, for he kept thrusting it up into my body as his fingers stroked expertly across my clitoris.

Leon lifted his fingers from my clitoris and roughly squeezed my breast then threw me forward again so that I barely caught myself before my face would hit the floor. He grabbed my hair again yanking up and back to put me back on all fours and then resumed his hard thrusts.

He slapped my bottom again as he rode me, then leaned forward atop me, his body coming down against my back, his lips and mouth and teeth moved along the nape of my neck as his arms slid around my body. His right hand gripped my left breast and his left my right as he squeezed and kneaded them roughly while ramming his hips into my buttocks.

"You hot, sexy, gorgeous little blonde fuck-toy!" he growled into my ear.

I gasped and moaned weakly as he used me savagely, the heat rising higher and higher within me as I felt myself sinking into that dark roll of a helpless, owned sex slave being ridden by her brutal owner!

It was like I assumed the persona rather than playing a role. It hadn't even occurred to me to say no to anything he did! I had not even thought for a moment to disobey him when he was bringing the strap down across my breasts or bottom, to demand he stop, to move away! It was like I was a sex slave! Except, of course, I knew better. And when I realized with a sense of shock that I had sunk into the role so deeply it sent a wild burst of sexual electricity through my brain!

His big black cock speared deep into my belly with every thrust and I felt that sexual fever taking hold of my mind again. I let myself sink back into the role, let my mind melt under the onslaught of heat, and go almost blank except for the crackling sexual electricity tearing through me.

And somehow, I came yet again! I cried out in dazed pleasure, my mind blank save for the animal instincts of lust and pleasure, pain and heat. I could feel his teeth on the nape of my neck, closing against my flesh like he was indeed a wild beast mounting me, claiming me as his possession!

The orgasm was so shattering that I collapsed when it finally released me from its grasp. Leon rode me down to the floor, still pounding against me, still ramming his hips into my upraised buttocks, his cock thrusting, thrusting, thrusting!

I'm sure my eyes were glazed over, my mind blank, overwhelmed as he finished using my body and poured his cream down into my belly.

*

"Well, look at you. You certainly are a bedraggled-looking mess."

James stood over me, who was another stranger, remember.

"You look like you've been ridden hard and put away wet."

He snapped the leash to my collar and tugged and pulled until I rose to all fours.

"Crawl, little slave bitch."

I crawled up the hall then up the stairs and into the main bathroom.

"Face down, ass up, legs apart."

I obeyed as he turned on the water in the sink, and then did something up there that I couldn't see since my chin was on the floor. I was not surprised when he turned to me and a well-oiled finger pushed against my wrinkled back opening. It slid slowly in and out then pulled free and was replaced by something else. It was something surprisingly narrow, so definitely not a dildo.

It was then that I felt the warm water pouring into me.

I felt another of those OMG moments, but I was still so dazed, that I really didn't react.

"Sex slaves need to be cleaned inside and out," he said. "But you can't rely on an animal to do something like that properly."

It filled me up until my abdomen began to ache and that made me stay in position for a long minute or so before pulling me up and sitting me on the toilet. You would think I had no inhibitions left, and could not be further embarrassed, but you would be wrong. I felt horribly embarrassed as he cleaned me out twice then used the douche on my pussy. After that, he put me in the bathtub on all fours where he soaked me, shampooed me, and then rinsed me off.

I have to admit it felt kind of calming and soothing to be all soaped up and having his big strong hands move gently over my body. Which only shows you how fucked up my head had become since I

was naked on all fours and a man who was a virtual stranger was running his hands freely over my bare body.

When he was finished he toweled me off before pulling me out of the tub. He let me stand up so that he could blow dry my hair. And then he put some kind of hair clip thing that went across the top of my head. I wasn't able to see what he was doing, though, since it wasn't in front of the mirror.

He bent me over the sink and pushed something fatter than the enema nozzle into my bottom, which he said was a butt-plug.

"We want to keep your beautiful ass ready and waiting for the next cock to be thrust up inside it after all."

I knew what a butt-plug was, of course, but I didn't understand why something seemed to be dangling from this one, something soft and hairy that brushed against my thighs.

My knees were getting sore so I was grateful he didn't make me crawl out of the room afterward. He did put a new gag in my mouth, though, this one not so much round as rectangular. And then he locked my wrist restraints together behind my back.

As we passed the mirror I was able to see myself. The clip thing he had put across my head was mostly covered by my hair, but a sharp animal-like ear poked up and out on either side. And the thing dangling from the plug in my bottom looked very much like a tail! And the gag holding my jaw open was shaped like a bone!

"On your hands and knees, little slave bitch," he said not unkindly.

The words were outrageous enough. But it was the casual way he used them, almost as if he wasn't trying to insult me at all but just describing what I was that sent a jagged little burst of dark passion into my mind.

I dropped to my hands and knees like a dog, like a bitch dog, and he led me out into the hall, holding the leash attached to the O-ring. I was still feeling kind of dazed by it all. What I had thought of as a kinky little sex game had turned into something much darker, more realistic, and because of that, more thrilling. At the same time, I was a little anxious about how seriously they were acting.

Of course, they knew I wasn't really a sex slave. But I remembered what Ethan had said about conditioning me and wondered for the first time if it might actually have some lasting effect. I wondered if I should put a stop to it, say that I had had enough and that was that. But I was still finding the whole experience strangely enthralling.

What I had expected to be a lazy, relaxed day had turned into the most wildly kinky and exciting sexual experience of my life by far. I could hardly believe how many times I had climaxed. How was it even possible?! How could I still be simmering, awed, spellbound by this dark playacting Ethan was subjecting me to?

And why was I responding, my mind responding, as if it were real!?

Of course, it was hard to resist the level of passion, excitement, and pleasure I was getting from it all. I was riding a wild roller coaster of emotion and hunger and had no desire to jump off. Even though at times it was a little intimidating, shocking, and even scary.

The other two guys were back by the pool, both wearing swimsuits. I felt my face flushing as I crawled out there on the leash, a mix of dark heat and self-consciousness roiling my mind.

"Here's our little slut-puppy," Ethan said.

"All clean inside and out," James said.

"And all ready to get dirty again," Leon said.

James had been wearing shorts when he washed me, and nothing else. Now he sat down on one of the lounge chairs, pulling on the leash so that I crawled up to lay belly-down across his lap. I felt his hands caressing my buttocks and thighs, then sliding up and down my bare back.

I marveled at the sheer horniness of these guys to continue on with me for what felt like hours. I had had so many orgasms that the muscles in my abdomen ached from all the powerful spasms that had racked my body. Yet still, James' fingers slid in between my thighs to caress my pussy.

Before long he was spreading sunscreen over my back and shoulders, and then progressively downward from there. Naturally, he spent a lot more time between my thighs, his fingers slipping into my sex, turning and twisting, first one, then two, then three. His other hand oiled up my hips and side and pushed under to squeeze and knead my breast.

My nipples remained rigid and tingling as his oily fingers stroked across my clitoris and pumped in and out of my pussy. They were talking about some football game, which I could not care less about, but at the same time, the other two guys were watching as James oiled up my body.

They were also watching my reaction as his fingers concentrated between my legs. I moaned weakly around the gag as we somehow worked the fourth finger inside me, wedging them in despite how that strained the mouth of my sex.

They pulled out and then something else pushed into me, a dildo, I assumed. I gasped and moaned weakly as it pumped in and out, thick and hard, twisting and turning just like his fingers had. I yelped a little when it pushed too deep and he eased off a bit. But he continued to pump in and out, letting his fingers stroke against my clitoris each time he buried the thing inside me.

Almost out of instinct, my hips began to roll slowly up and back against it, back against his fingers. My body was all slick and oily as his other hand slid up and down across my warm skin, pushing under repeatedly to squeeze my breast.

He gave my bottom a little slap as he pulled his fingers free of me.

"Go and see Ethan, slave bitch," he said.

He eased me off his lap and I crawled across to where Ethan sat feeling very weird with all their eyes on me, very, very aware of how I must look; hot, slick, and naked, and acting like some kind of a nymphomaniac animal!

Ethan gripped the collar and pulled me up across his lap and then basically repeated what James had been doing, his fingers gliding over my body, rubbing at my clitoris, squeezing my breasts, rolling my nipples, and pumping the dildo in and out of my throbbing little sex.

Then he pushed me off, just as James had.

"Go and see Leon, sex slave."

I moaned a little anxiously but crawled over to Leon. He grabbed me by the hair and pulled me up across his lap, but on my back.

"Spread your legs, slut animal," he growled.

He always sounded so serious, so determined, almost angry! It was intimidating!

He pulled me into a half-sitting position, jerking back on my hair so that my head was looking back over my shoulders as his other hand roughly squeezed my breasts. I moaned as his hand slid down and began to pump the dildo in and out.

"Horny little slave bitch," he said. "Hot little blonde slut."

My body was heating up slowly but the sexual pressure had gotten quite powerful by then. I moaned and rolled my hips forward as his fingers rubbed my clitoris. I couldn't see what he was doing but felt it when his mouth came forward and began to suck and chew at the center of my breasts. I gasped and moaned around the gag as his teeth dug into the soft flesh and he sucked hungrily.

It was almost like he was an animal intent on devouring me!

He stopped then and lifted me in his arms, standing up effortlessly and carrying me to the low table next to their chairs to lay down on my back. He pushed my knees back and then spread them achingly wide.

"Reach down and pump that big cock inside your hot little pussy, slave bitch," he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, another rush of heat sweeping through me as the three of them watched me masturbate. Like I had done before with Ethan, only now it was far more exciting and degrading. Because there were three not one and two of them were still virtual strangers!

But being degraded, while it still made me self-conscious and embarrassed, now thrilled some dark side of my brain. It was like I was becoming some sort of masochist, if not for pain then for shame!

Or maybe it was just that my inhibitions had faded and I felt a brazen sense of wicked delight in showing myself off the way I was. I had never done it before. But it really triggered a sense of ego and sexual pride in how beautiful and sexy I knew they all saw me as.

Ethan and James stood up then and came over beside the table. They each gripped one of my wrists and pulled my hands away from the dildo. Much to my disappointment. They pushed my legs back next to my body and then brought my arms straight out to the sides to pin my legs back. One of the ropes went through the ring on my right wrist restraint, under the table, and up on the other side to fasten to the other wrist restraint, then was pulled tight.

I gasped as the pull on my arms forced them down flat against the table, which in turn pinned my legs back sharply, raising my bottom higher. It was another obscene display of my previously much-hidden body parts in front of three men, two of whom were strangers.

Ethan slid the dildo out of me and replaced it with the vibrator he had used earlier, the one with the little base that curved up across my clitoris. He tied a little cord across the base and pulled it back across my hips on either side, then under my legs and around my thighs to tie off and hold the vibrator in place.

Then he turned it on and the two guys sat down with Leon to watch and talk about football some more.

Needless to say, my body was soon quivering and vibrating with the same intensity as the vibrator, and the muscles in my abdomen and thighs were instinctively trying to jerk me up against it. I moaned around the gag, laying my head back, wallowing in the passion that came from doing something so outrageous and slutty.

They watched and waited for me to climax and I knew they were now mostly sated and just toying with me. A part of me wanted to resist, but it was a weak part. Most of me was reveling in the

freedom to act like a completely uninhibited sexual animal. Showing off my body like this so utterly shamelessly, which I could do because it wasn't my choice.

I was a sex slave, after all! Or at least, I was playing that role in Ethan's perverted game.

I blinked up at the sun as I baked in the heat, inside and out. I felt a sense of unreality, as if the me of early this morning was suddenly looking in at what I was doing now in wonderment. I was not this wild, kinky, sexual creature! At least I hadn't been before Ethan had shown up today. How could I find myself displayed so obscenely like this in front of three guys while my body and mind crackled with sexual electricity?

I was an ordinary girl! OK, better looking than most, with a better body. But I had spent years trying to fight against the cliché of the bimbo blonde. And for all that time I had watched what I wore every day, analyzing it to see if it was too slutty, too bold, too likely to get other girls frowning at me unhappily and sneering to each other about how I liked to show off my body.

And here I was spread before them naked, grinding myself up against a vibrator jammed deep into my pussy, moaning around the gag filling my mouth. It was an astonishing turn of events for me. And it still had my chest tight and my body throbbing with sexual energy.

Ethan left the room, leaving me alone with the two men who were strangers to me. Another jolt of psychic heat swept over me. Alone and helpless and naked before strange men!

He was back quickly, though, carrying a black scarf, which he soon tied around my head and over my eyes. A moment later I felt the EarPods going into my ears and moaned a protest.

"I love cock! I'm a cock loving slut! I'm Ethan's sex slave I'm Ethan's bitch! I'm Ethan's whore! I love being a sex slave! I love being a slave bitch! I love being a slave animal! I love having lots of cocks inside me!"

The words repeated again and again as I moaned and bit into the rubber bone between my jaws, my hips grinding up helplessly as the vibrator buzzed away. I knew the men were still there watching, but I began to sink into my own world, a world of pure sensation, my body quivering with a growing sexual need.

And then someone was there, I had no idea who. The butt plug thing was tugged free of my back opening and a hard cock slid deep into my belly. I moaned and shuddered as whoever it was leaned forward above me, their hands on my ankles pinning them back even further as they began to pound their hips against me.

The big cock inside me rammed in and out, impaling me again and again as I cried out with every thrust. In seconds an explosive orgasm tore my mind to pieces and I thrashed and twisted there on the table as my muscle spasms and pure pleasure overwhelmed my nervous system.

And then, as my muscles stopped spasming and I went limp the big cock slid out of me and the butt plug thing was pushed back in place. I lay there gasping for breath, chest rising and falling as I moaned dazedly.

I wondered who had solemnized me. Not that it really mattered. As my mind began to fit itself back together I realized that I was simply making the assumption it was one of the three. Suppose there was somebody new here? I had no way of knowing. Why had Ethan put the blindfold on me? The last time he did that he had brought James in. \

I let myself consider the possibility and a shudder ran through me. Just because Ethan had brought two guys in and let me see them didn't mean he wouldn't bring three or four! I let myself imagine the

yard was full of men watching me, men who had watched me tremble and shake and cry out through that intense orgasm. Men who were all waiting their turn to use my helpless, naked body.

And I realized that a part of me wanted it to be. God! What a slut I had become!

Slut. Whore. Those were words I had avoided since I hit adolescence. Now they were flung at me constantly, not as an insult but almost as a description. And I couldn't even disagree. If I had known or heard of any other girl letting herself be used like this those are the words that would have come to my mind in describing her.

And it might hear the words kept repeating, my own voice sounding excited as I describe myself as a sex slave, a whore, a slut. My own voice was crying out in pleasure and passion. My own voice was saying the most outrageous things about me.

The vibrator continued to buzz and I trembled and moaned helplessly, lost in a dark world of sex and pleasure and heat, not knowing where I was going, or who was taking me there.

What is Ethan doing to me, I wondered dazedly.

"I'm a sex slave!" my voice cried excitedly into my ears.

I moaned and ground my hips up against the vibrator, wondering who was watching.

End

Alyssa's Second Day

Have complaints, suggestions, or questions? 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.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

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!

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.

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 to 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 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.