

Blonde Girl, Black School 3

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

Sex.

There it was. My fixation. My obsession. My quandary. My confusion. My uncertainty. My fear.

Sex.

Sex has always been a sort of hobby, and not exactly my favorite one. Guys were always wanting it, but living in a small, Louisiana town, I wasn't about to let them. Not often. You have to be real careful when you're a girl in the south and everyone around you is watching you.

Going away to university changed all that. I had suspected it might but not how it did. See, the school I wound up at was Xavier university, in New Orleans. It's a mostly Black college. Only about three percent of its students are white. Why had I come here? Because they gave me an athletic scholarship. For playing volleyball of all things!

That gave me the opportunity to make something of myself. Instead of being some waitress or working in a factory – presuming I was lucky – I could be a pharmacist, and write my own ticket anywhere in the country!

Of course, I had to stay in good with the team, a mostly Black team, and not all the girls were very enthusiastic about some lil ol white girl joining them. That was especially so since I was smaller and thinner and weaker than most all of them.

That was something I wasn't used to either! At five feet ten I'd always been the tall girl! Now I was about the shortest girl on the team! I was also more slender than most of the other girls, who had broader backs, shoulders and arms.

They were strong, I was fast. That helped make up for things on the team as we practiced.

Then came sex.

I had never had much interest in girls other than as friends. Then a couple of the girls on the team, seniors, notably the team captain, Jasmine, and her friend

Shaquila, had decided that they wanted to get their hands on my pale skin and blonde hair, and teach me all about pleasing women with my mouth!

I still don't understand quite how they did it so easily. It was a mixture of my anxiety about making the team, my hesitation to push back against them, my anxiety about being a white girl, a minority, and not wanting them to think I felt I was too good for them and... and a strange dark, wild sexual heat they had inspired in me.

I hadn't even really known I had such heat. I'd never felt it before! Oh, I'd felt excited before, aroused, I guess you'd say. But I'd never felt that sense of pounding pressure, like with my hands trembling and my body shaking and this incredible, tight chested thrill inside me!

I don't know why it was. Maybe because sex with them wasn't like any sex I'd ever been involved in before. See, they were playing this dominance and submission game with me, where they treated me like I was their sex slave! The whole idea of that made me breathless! Not because it wasn't silly, because I admit it is, but because, well, it's so shocking and outrageous!

I mean, the idea of me, Molly Blake, doing such wicked things, pretending to be a sex slave, letting herself get tied up! That was like... wow! I was enthralled! And, well, they were both older than me, and way more sexually experienced, so in a way it made sense to let them take charge.

And the more nasty, wicked things I did, and the more incredible orgasms I had, the more thrilled and excited I got! In just a few short days they'd torn all my inhibitions to shreds, though they hadn't done it without leaving me feeling mighty darn guilty and kind of ashamed of myself!

I knew the kind of stuff we were doing was stuff every single person in my extended family and all my teachers back in Dayton, and all my coaches and all my friends would be shocked and horrified about if they ever knew. Which meant I ought to be horrified about it too!

And I kind of was! Except that the wild, animal heat that it roused in me was like a drug, a high like none other I'd ever felt, giving me the most incredible, mind-blowing orgasms that had already kind of gotten me addicted!

And when Shaquila and Jasmine had then introduced their boyfriends into the

mix I'd been too drunk on pleasure and sexual heat to object! God, what a slut I was! I still marveled at the perverted goings on the other day, and how I'd let boys I didn't even know fuck me in every damned orifice!

But the shock of that would have been worse if it had come alone. No, it had been one shock after another since Jasmine had stepped into my shower stall at the gym. And it's hard to be shocked at anything else when a girl has her hand up inside you and is sucking on your clitoris like she wants to pull it off your body!

Thankfully, Xavier wasn't like small town Dayton. It had way more people, and so I didn't have to cringe under hostile glares everywhere I walked, since people didn't seem to know or care about the sordid stuff I'd gotten up to.

You can be sure if I'd been involved in a nasty, dirty scene like I had been the other day, with like five other people, lots of others would have found out real soon back in Dayton!

That was reassuring, but it still didn't tell me what exactly I should be doing about this new, wild, sordid, sexual relationship I had with... well, girls! And Black girls at that! I mean, this is Louisiana, okay! Blonde girls who are known to have sex with Black girls – and Black boys, get treated like total whores everywhere!

Maybe not so much on the campus here, of course. Thought a lot of the Black girls didn't look very kindly towards white girls, particularly blondes, stealing their menfolk.

The knock at my door startled me. I was a lot more easily startled than I used to be! And a lot more nervous. I went to it and peeked through the peep hole, and felt a jolt of anxiety as I saw my next door neighbor there. Shaquila was on the team, and she and Jasmine had been the main ones treating me like a sex slave!

I opened it reluctantly, anxiously, and she pushed her way inside.

“Ready to go, blonde girl?” she demanded.

“Uhm, yes,” I said.

She glowered at me and I looked nervously past her at the open door.

“Yes, Mistress Shaquila,” I said softly.

She snorted and then shoved the door closed.

“You don't look ready to me.”

We were going to our first game, and it was at another school, which meant we were busing it.

I frowned at her in confusion.

“You ain't dressed properly.”

“I thought we didn't wear our uniforms on the bus,” I said.

“We don't. Get naked.”

“But... but we gotta go soon!” I protested anxiously.

“Now, slave girl!” she growled.

I bit my lower lip, but obediently pulled off my shirt and then undid my cutoffs and slid them down and off.

“The rest, you blonde ho.”

I removed my bra and panties and stood there anxiously.

“Is that how Jasmine taught you to stand when you're being inspected?” she asked.

I felt a jolt of anxiety but with it was a jolt of heat, and I again reluctantly changed, drawing my hands up and back behind my neck, interlacing my fingers, then pulling my shoulders back and spreading my legs.

“That's more like it,” she said.

She walked behind me and leaned in.

“Slut,” she said softly.

I gulped.

“Whore,” she said.

“Sex slave,” she added.

She slapped my bottom and I gasped but didn't move.

“Kneel on the edge of the bed, ass up, face down, legs spread.

“But... but Shaquila, the bus will be here in – .”

Crack! Her hand slapped my butt sharply, stingingly.

“Now, slave girl!”

I hurriedly got onto my bed, knelt, then lowered my face and chest to the bed, raising my bottom high and spreading my legs. It was a degrading position to take, especially in front of another woman. But doing it reminded me how Jasmine had made me do it and then used a strap-on dildo on me like she was a guy! That had blown my mind!

“Got something for you, blonde girl,” she said.

She leaned over me and showed me a black dildo. It wasn't the first I'd seen lately, believe me. But it did look a bit odd. It was about the size of a real penis at the head, then it got wider, and then wider and wider with every inch until I swear, by the time it was at the bottom it was practically as thick as a can of soda!

Then there was this slim curving stem that came out of the base right at the side, and curled up and back.

She gripped my hair and pulled back while my wide eyes were still fixed on the thing, and then pushed it into my mouth.

“Suck that black cock, blonde girl,” she ordered.

I moaned around the thing, obeying her as she pumped it in and out. When she pushed it deeper it forced my jaw so far apart I was practically at my limit!

She pulled it back and moved behind me, and I felt the pressure against my sex. I was already kind of wet, for some reason, and shuddered as I felt the build-up of sexual pressure and heat. This was, after all, another dirty, forbidden, wicked, outrageous sex thing!

I moaned as the thing pushed deeper and thickened. It wasn't as long as some of the sex toys they'd used on me but it was sure thick at the base! I felt myself stretching and straining as she rubbed my clitoris with spit-covered fingers, and my chest began to tighten as my belly throbbed!

She twisted and turned the dildo and then I cried out at the sharp sting as the lips of my sex were stretched painfully wide! But then they began to almost immediately close behind it for the thing fit completely inside me. All except for that stem that pushed out, about the size of a pencil, and curved up across the top of my sex to press against me there.

A moment later I felt something at my back passage and cringed. I had never had anything to do with sex back there before the last few days, but they had made it clear they would use whatever part of my body they wanted! And they wanted that part, too!

I felt something pushing into me, getting wider as it pushed deeper, and then, like the one in my front it abruptly narrowed, leaving just a little stem behind, this time attached to a little coin sized base that I could feel resting flat against the outside of my body.

“This is a butt-plug. You should wear them all the time so when some black man wants to shove their nigger cock up your tight little white ass they can do it without a lot of bother.”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Understand, sex slave?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress Shaquila!” I gasped.

“Straighten up and get to your feet.”

I obeyed her, though I have to say it felt odd to have the base of the thing in my behind squeezed in between my buttocks. I looked down to see the little stem thing that stuck out between my otherwise tightly closed lips. It was attached to a little hand, a little black hand, and that hand was pressed right against my clitoris just inside my outer lips.

“Put this on.”

She gave me a blue ... t-shirt, I thought at first. I pulled it on reluctantly, and had to struggle to get it over my shoulders.

“It's too small,” I said.

Crack! Her hand slapped my bottom sharply.

“Do what you're told, sex slave.”

I peeled the thing down over my chest, then down over my hips. It was long for a t-shirt, almost as long as one of my cotton nighties. Which was to say, not that long. I mean, it covered my butt and not a lot more. And it was tight!

“This is way too tight, Shaquila,” I said.

Crack!

“You don't make those decisions, sex slave,” she said.

It was basically a longish t-shirt, and it was hugging my breasts so tightly there sure wasn't a lot of doubt about their size, or where, exactly, my nipples were, nor even how big they were, nor, at that moment, that they were erect.

She pulled a gold belt out of her purse and swept it around my waist, then cinched it tight enough to make me gasp!

“There. That looks good,” she said.

I was just starting to get the idea, as she looked at me, that she expected me to go outside wearing this! I gaped at her, then hurriedly opened the door to my wardrobe. I'd put a large mirror on the inside and I stared at myself in the super tight little t-shirt dress!

“It's way too tight! And way too short!” I exclaimed.

“It covers your tight little ass fine,” she said.

“No it don't!”

I mean, it did but if I bent over even a little my cheeks would show!

She opened the door, grabbed my arm, and yanked me out of the room!

And then before I could try to argue Keisha was there. She was one of the girls who had been involved in that perverted thing the other day, and had pushed her whole hand up inside me! I gasped to see her, and then she put her hand around my neck, grabbing it from the front, and used it to jerk me forward so she could kiss me roughly.

Shaquila locked the door before I could pull free, and then put my keys into her bag!

“Shaquila! I can't go dressed like this!” I gasped.

“You look like a hot blonde sex slave,” Keisha said, grabbing my butt.

“But I don't want to look like a sex slave!” I hissed.

They both laughed, grabbed my arms, and pulled me along to the elevator!

“I want to hear you scream again,” Keisha said. “You scream so nice when you come.”

“That's cuz you had your fuckin' fist up her twat,” Shaquila said.

“So I'll do that again.”

“No!” I gasped. “I'm still sore!”

The elevator doors opened and Jasmine was there. I gulped as the other two pushed me in and Jasmine looked me up and down.

“Very nice,” she said.

I squealed as Shaquila jerked up the short hem, and Keisha gripped my hair to jerk my head up and back. Then I felt someone's fingers, probably Shaquila's, spreading my sex lips.

“Well, I bet you have a nice bus ride with that in you, blonde girl,” Jasmine said, another pair of fingers caressing me.

“Jasmine! Please!” I gasped, terribly aware I was naked in an elevator going down to the lobby!

Shaquila turned me around and bent me over a bit and Jasmine laughed and slapped my butt.

“We're gonna have some fun on our nice long bus ride,” she said.

I moaned helplessly, and they let me go. I yanked the t-shirt dress down over my sex just before the doors opened!

They led me out of the dorm to the bus, waiting right out front, and with every step I could feel the little hand thing kind of rubbing lightly against my clitoris! Jasmine went first and Shaquila pushed me up after her.

I knew darn well that climbing up those steps in that short little t-shirt dress would leave little to the imagination behind me! But at least Keisha and Shaquila had already seen me anyway.

As team captain, I guess Jasmine got her choice of where to sit, and preferred to sit in the back row. Shaquila followed behind me, guiding me all the way back to sit in the window seat, then she and Keisha took the next row.

Opposite us was the bathroom, and I licked my lips nervously as other girls got on.

It didn't take Jasmine long to demonstrate one of the features of the thing Shaquila had put inside me. She took out this little rectangular box, like a remote control, and showed it to me.

“What's that?” I asked.

She pressed a button and I gasped as I felt the little hand starting to vibrate.

“You're kidding!” I gasped.

She smirked and shook her head.

“Jasmine!” I hissed.

They'd only introduced me to vibrators a couple of days ago and to be honest, the things drove me crazy!

She wagged her tongue at me.

“If I come people are gonna hear!” I hissed, keeping my voice as low as possible.

“Mmm, probably not,” she said. “Just about everyone wears earphones to hear their music. But if it's that big a problem, just don't come.”

I heard a snicker from the seats in front, probably Shaquila, and closed my thighs anxiously, then quickly opened them as I realized that redoubled the sensations!

Others got on and there was a lot of loud conversation, laughter, jokes and comments going back and forth. Then the engine started up and the bus pulled away.

The bus wasn't anywhere near filled up. It was a full sized intercity bus, after all, and we only had twelve girls on the team, plus the coach. So there was room for a few friends and supporters to come along, too.

Including guys.

I didn't really think much on them, at first. I was busy trying to adjust to the full sensations in my lower belly, and that buzzing against my clitoris! I was feeling that sense of my body being charged with sexual electricity again, that pressure and breathlessness, and was struggling mightily to ignore the buzzing against my clitoris!

And that wasn't helped when Jasmine put her hand in between my legs, easily reaching under the short skirt – which was even shorter sitting down – of the T-shirt dress, and began to rub the top of my sex with her fingers!

“Jasmine!” I gasped in protest.

She raised her eyebrows.

“I like touching such soft skin,” she said back.

“But I’ll come!” I whined desperately.

“I don’t mind,” she said with a grin.

I minded! What if someone heard!?

I pushed her hand away and she snorted, then reached into her bag.

“That reminds me,” she said.

She took out a sort of gold bracelet, then grabbed my hand and pulled it over to her to put the bracelet on. It was metal, and didn’t look odd, but it had a ring one side. She’d used leather bands with rings on me before to tie me up, and I gasped as I saw what she was doing.

“Wh-what are you gonna do!?” I squeaked.

“Anything I want, sex slave!” she said in a low, taunting voice.

“I ain’t your sex slave!” I said desperately.

“Ha.”

She grabbed my other arm and put a second band on my wrist but then left me alone, except that she reached down between my legs again. Gasping, I snapped my thighs shut and she smirked, rubbing her fingers up and down against them.

And, of course, closing my thighs redoubled the vibrations against me!

I fought desperately to ignore it, and she removed her hand, but then caressed my breasts through the thin cotton top, plucking at my very erect nipples that were poking out against it.

“Stop that!” I gasped quietly.

I crossed my arms over my chest, but of course, that meant squeezing them against my breasts, which were throbbing hotly!

Jasmine seemed content to leave me like that, keeping an eye on me as I sweated, even though the bus was cool, and fought to lower the temperature of my throbbing, thrumming, pulsing body!

I shifted my legs apart to ease the pressure, and her hand almost immediately slid in between my thighs, her fingers rubbing at the flesh over the hand pressed against my clitoris. I shoved her hand back quickly and she laughed, then grabbed my wrist and twisted it up and back.

I gasped, as she forced me to bend forward, and pulled the arm in behind me and up.

“Put your other hand behind your back, sex slave,” she whispered into my ear.

“Jasmine!” I moaned.

“Do it, slut,” she whispered.

I gasped in pain as she jerked on my arm, then obeyed, and she quickly fastened the two bracelets together!

She pulled me back and then jerked the little hem up to completely bare my sex! Nobody could see, of course, unless they came back to the bathroom anyway! But I still gasped in panic, staring around.

“Spread your legs,” she growled.

I obeyed, moaning, and her fingers started rubbing me, in the expert way she had learned long ago I guess. The sexual heat roared higher and I could feel my body starting to jerk and shake, like my hips wanted to buck!

The orgasm hit and she took her other big hand and closed it around my neck. Her long fingers slid up under my jaw and my eyes kind of bulged as she squeezed! Of course, it's hard to scream or cry out when you can't hardly breath!

The orgasm raced higher, and my back arched back as my hips jerked and my buttocks were ground against the seat! I gurgled helplessly as my body trembled

and shook, my insides crackling with a wild release of sexual energy racing up and down inside me!

My eyes bulged even more and my head pounded and my chest burned from lack of air, but the orgasm just seemed to grow more intense! I thought I would faint, but then it finally eased, and she pulled her hand away, letting me gulp in air.

But that wasn't the last orgasm of the trip. It was just the first. By the time we got to Lafayette I was wrung out and gasping, having had a half dozen orgasms and been gripped by a deep, burning, trembling sexual heat most of the rest of the time!

“I ain't gonna be able to play for shit,” I gasped, stumbling off the bus.

Jasmine laughed.

“You ain't gonna play, frosh,” she said. “Not unless everyone else dies.”

I'd forgotten that. You only played six on a side for volleyball, so freshmen didn't generally get to play much at all. And certainly not until they'd proven themselves to the coach. I would be sitting on the bench.

At least she left the damn vibrator off! It sure would have been a scandal if I'd have had an orgasm right there in front of the whole court and the onlookers and everything!

Our team uniform was black shorts and black t-shirts with white shoulders and white and yellow lettering. The shorts were not very long, and I discovered as I was changing into mine, that someone – Jasmine or Shaquila, had changed them for a smaller size.

I had little choice but to pull them on, but they were tight, and squeezed against me everywhere! The t-shirt wasn't much better, especially since I wasn't wearing a bra! Nobody said anything though.

I sat on the bench watching, still kind of aroused, but not as bad, not so I couldn't control it anyway. I paid careful attention to the team work, and tried to fit in what they were doing with the play book I'd read. I watched which girl was good at serving or spiking or defense, and tried to learn from watching.

We won the game, which was good, because it put everyone in a better humor than they'd have been if we'd have lost. I felt kind of silly changing out of my uniform, since I'd changed into it basically just to sit on the bench and hadn't done anything. But at least I didn't have to have a shower!

Jasmine hadn't forgotten about me, though, and she directed me to the back of the bus, to the same seat I'd had on the way over, and then slid into it. For a few minutes we just talked about volleyball and the game, but then out of nowhere I felt the vibrator turning on again and sucked in a breath.

She smirked at me.

“You thought I'd forgotten you were our little sex toy, blonde girl?” she said in a low, purring whisper.

Any hope I'd had that I'd become immune to the vibrator disappeared as the thrumming vibrations began to make my lower body thrum in tune with them. What was worse, it was getting dark outside, and with the tinted windows on the bus it was pretty dim in the back of the bus.

That let Jasmine run her hands freely over my body, and I knew better than to try to push her off, because that would just get my hands locked together behind me again! I did protest, though, when she tugged the short little t-shirt dress right out from under my buttocks, then removed the belt so she could slide it all the way up under my arms!

That really made me anxious! I stared ahead of us down the line of the bus, fearful that someone would come back to use the toilet! At the same time, my insides were heating up something fierce, as her hands caressed me and the vibrator buzzed.

Then she gripped my hair and jerked my head sharply up and back as she leaned in to suck and chew on my breasts and nipples! God, this was so wild and dangerous! And I couldn't even keep watch now as she had my eyes looking up at the roof of the bus!

“Spread your legs, slave girl,” she whispered. “Wide!”

I moaned, but she pinched my nipples so I obeyed.

“Wider, slut!”

Gasping, I spread my left leg as far as I could, and my right across her lap, as her fingers rubbed at my clitoris and her hand kept my head far back. I felt the dark, spiraling hunger sweeping through me and my hips began to grind up faster and faster as my muscles spasmed!

My hands jerked upward, and I clamped one of them over my mouth as she sucked hungrily at my nipple again, and the orgasm hit with a powerful, rising flood of incredible pleasure! I bucked and jerked and arched back again and again, sobbing into my own tightly clutching palm as my body flared white hot!

I heard chuckles and Jasmine eased her grip on my hair so my head could come down. Gasping for breath, I drew my hand off my mouth as I looked forward again and saw Keisha and Shaquila looking over the back of their seats, smirking at me.

That wasn't what made my face burn hotly, though. The big, broad shouldered black guy standing next to Keisha's seat and looking at me with excitement and hunger was what made me gasp in horrified embarrassment!

I tried to immediately jerk my legs closed and draw my knees up in front of me, of course!

That caused them all to laugh even louder. I mean, they'd already seen everything I had anyway, and they'd watched me climax so, what was the point?

But my reaction didn't have much to do with logic or intelligent thought! I was mortified! Not as badly as I'd have been last week, given what I'd already been exposed to, but it was still a huge shock!

“That was the hottest thing I ever seen,” the Black guy said in a deep voice.

Keisha punched him on the hip and he started

“Uh, except for Keisha, of course.”

“This is my boyfriend, Leon,” Keisha said, glowering at him.

“It's not that she's hotter than you, baby,” he protested. “Although, uh, she is

hot.”

“It's because she didn't know he was there,” Jasmine said like a Buddha dispensing wisdom. “Guys all love seeing what they ain't supposed to see.”

I wasn't saying a thing. I had my knees up against my chest, and was trying to jerk the T-shirt dress down. But then Shaquila reached across and grabbed my arm, and a moment later Jasmine grabbed my other arm and lifted it up.

“I didn't say you could pull your dress down, sex slave,” she said.

I felt another hot rush of embarrassment at her saying that in front of him!

“Put your knees down!”

I wouldn't, and shook my head wildly and they laughed again.

“You think you got something left to see he ain't already seen, you dumb blonde?”

She twisted my arm and I gasped in pain, my body twisted over towards the side of the bus – which was okay with me since it was away from this Leon guy's eyes! But then Shaquila let go my other arm and Jasmine pulled it around behind me and locked the two bands together!

Then she jerked me back and I couldn't do anything to hide my breasts, especially after she put her leg across my thighs to pin them down.

“What do you think of this white girl's breasts, Leon?” she asked, plucking casually at my hard nipples.

“Real nice!” he said enthusiastically.

I gulped, trying to look past Leon, worried someone else might have heard that. There were a lot of conversations going on, though, and Jasmine was keeping her voice fairly low.

“Uh, I mean, not as good as Keisha's, but they look pretty... firm.”

“Give a feel.”

I felt another wild jolt, and a sense of denial, but he reached forward eagerly, groping my breasts, and I didn't have a lot of options about what to do about it!

“Not like that! You are such a man,” Jasmine said. “Keisha, you ain't taught him nothing?”

“Mine are kind of small so he don't pay that much attention,” Keisha growled.

Jasmine took Leon's wrist, and then guided his hand over my breasts.

“Softly, caress them,” she said. “Don't squeeze them like you're testing out how fresh the melons are at the market.”

My mind was squirming with embarrassment and anxiety and confusion as she had his hand sliding over and over my breasts, then had him squeeze them gently. All the while I stared aside, too embarrassed to meet his eyes!

Then I gasped as she guided his hand downward, down my belly, and his fingers slid against my sex!

He rubbed me eagerly as Jasmine guided him, and then spread the lips of my sex.

“What's this?” he demanded.

Jasmine and the other girls laughed softly, and Jasmine showed him the remote control, which thrilled him. Then she hooked her finger under the curve of the thing and slowly pulled. I moaned helplessly as the wide bottom of the dildo slowly forced apart the mouth of my sex, and his eyes widened as it began to appear.

“Man! Fuck!” he gasped, trying to keep his voice low.

Jasmine let it sink back inside me and I groaned again, the vibrator hand thing grinding against my clitoris again. Now she had Leon rubbing me there and it was all starting to become so wild, so ridiculous, so unreal that my embarrassment was giving way to a dark, depraved sense of carnal heat and hunger!

I was hemmed in by them all there in the corner, with Jasmine beside me, the

two girls leaning over the backs of their seats, and Leon right at the side and leaning forward. My wrists jerked helplessly against the bracelets, and Jasmine made me spread my knees wide out to the sides and slump down more.

I felt like I was... not relaxing exactly but... surrendering to what was happening. I'd been gripped with shock and embarrassment too long, and that part of me was sort of becoming numb. The forbidden sexuality of what was happening was flooding me with a wicked heat, and those strong male fingers were doing things to my mind!

I mean, it was one thing when Jasmine did it, or Shaquila, but I wasn't a lesbian! A guy doing it had a whole other impact on my mind!

The air was getting close. Or maybe I was just finding it harder and harder to breath! I groaned as Leon tugged on the curved stem and once again the thick base pulled forward, then sank back.

"I'm getting fucking hard!" he groaned.

"Well, our little slut can take care of that," Jasmine said. "She loves nigger cock."

"Said so lots of times," Keisha said.

"I heard her," Shaquila added.

Jasmine gripped my hair and pulled, and I gasped in pain, forced to twist to the side, bending across her. I turned my torso to get my right knee on the seat as Jasmine pulled me further forward and Leon jerked down his zipper.

He brought out a large black cock, fully erect and eager looking, and I shuddered as he pushed forward and it drove through my open lips!

"Suck that nigger cock, sex slave!" Jasmine whispered right in my ear. "You know you love it! Swallow every inch! Nothing you like better than nigger cock inside you, you blonde slut!"

I gurgled helplessly as he pumped in and out! Jasmine reached up and cupped my right breast, fondling it, and Leon reached down and cupped my left. Then one of the others, probably Shaquila, reached in to slap my bottom before sliding

her fingers in between my thighs and rubbing my clitoris – where the vibrator still buzzed.

“Suck that cock, slut!” Keisha whispered.

“Swallow it, white girl!” Shaquila taunted.

“You know you got to have that nigger cock inside you, blonde girl,” Jasmine said.

I gasped and gagged as Leon thrust forward, his cock pushing into my throat, then right down it until he was buried in me to the balls.

He started pumping in and out right away, and I gurgled dazedly, unable to breath, my chest starting to burn as my head pounded. I couldn't pull back, though, because of how tightly Jasmine was gripping my hair, and my breast too.

He pulled back, and I gasped, gulping in deep, shaky breaths of air as the others said... well, something I wasn't paying no attention to. Jasmine got up from her seat, though, and then Shaquila took my hair from her and pulled on it so I had to twist around again to face her and actually get up on my feet! I thought she was going to try and pull me over the seat!

But instead, Leon reached in and gripped that stem, pulling, and this time he let the dildo thing come completely out of me! Then he slid in behind me and sat down, and Shaquila let go of my hair as Leon pulled me back. The backs of my legs hit the seat and I fell, but his hands were firm on my sides, so I went back slowly.

Jasmine leaned in and gripped his cock and I moaned breathlessly as I felt it rubbing against me. Then my own weight began to sink me down on top of it and I felt it spreading me open and pushing inside!

I whimpered and moaned as I sank down, inch after inch, his big cock pushing deep inside me!

Two guys had fucked me the other day, but that had been in the ass, and that had, in a way, given me this sort of threadbare defense of my own sluttiness. You know, like, well, it wasn't real sex cuz it was in my ass. But there was no defense now as I sank down fully, crying out a little at how big and long it was as I

impaled myself on it!

“Now you got a big nigger cock inside you, sex slave!” Jasmine said.

“Blonde girls love nigger cock,” Shaquila said with a sneer.

“You can tell she's gonna come like a whore,” Keisha said.

Jasmine was rubbing my clitoris as I sat there, my eyes wild, twisting and wriggling helplessly, that big black cock deep inside me! She sat down next to us, smirking, rubbing me as Leon ran his hands over my breasts and kneaded them roughly.

Shaquila took off her belt and then looped it and put it over my head, pulling on it so the loop closed around my throat. Then she pulled and I gurgled as my eyes bulged, forcing myself upwards, sliding off his thick black spike, or at least, up it. But then she let it go slack, and Leon's hands pulled me back down again.

I cried out at the deep penetration and the others shushed me.

Then Shaquila tossed the belt to Leon. He drew it around behind me, and down my back, and I gurgled again as he tightened it, forcing my head up and back.

“Ride my cock, sex slave!” he growled.

Panting, gasping, I used my leg muscles, riding slowly up and down, my head pounding as I felt the thick, slick cock moving inside me.

He let go of the belt and grabbed my hair instead, using that to force me up and down, or, really, to lend me, uhm, energy, you might say. But then Jasmine took the belt herself, keeping it loose enough for me to breath but not loose enough to breath loudly!

It was all so... surreal! And I felt myself surrendering again, felt myself getting numb, emotionally, well, except for the dark, desperate thrill of sexual hunger.

Leon let go of my hair, gripping my waist and using that to help me ride up and down faster. And then Jasmine jerked the belt down my back again, so I gurgled and gasped and my head rolled back. My hips rose and fell, as I rode his cock, and Jasmine rubbed my clitoris once again as the dark heat and hunger built up

inside me.

Dazed, gasping, panting, moaning, I cried out as another massive orgasm hammered into my body and mind!

Jasmine tightened the belt instantly, so my eyes bulged, and I rode frantically, crying out again and again and again, though making almost no sounds, as Leon thrust up into me and Jasmine rubbed my clitoris furiously!

The feel of him inside me was suddenly the most incredibly intense erotic experience I had ever felt in my life! This wasn't a dildo! It was a real live cock! And the biggest one I'd ever had inside me! I was sliding up and down it, again and again, and every time I dropped down I felt as if the head of his cock was pushing this wall of heat and pleasure in front of it, sending it gushing up into my body!

Of course, I was getting kind of light-headed at that point, what with not being able to breath...

*

The bus let us off at the dorm building again, and Jasmine and Shaquila had to help me stagger up the stairs to the elevator. I was really blasted by all that had happened on the bus home, including more torment from the vibrator.

I'd had like a dozen orgasms on that bus, there and back!

So it wasn't like I was shocked or anything that we went to Jasmine's room, and there they pulled off the little so-called dress, locked my wrists behind me, and had me lick Keisha, Shaquila and Jasmine to orgasms.

Then Shaquila and Keisha left for their own dorm rooms and Jasmine had me kneel on the floor as she fed me again by hand. She gave me nothing but a small towel to wear, then, and had me go up the hall to the showers.

“I don't want none of Leon's juice on my tongue when I lick you,” she said.

I didn't really have a lot of choice, so I scurried up the hall to the showers, showered quickly, then used the towel to towel off before wrapping it around myself and scurrying back. Jasmine immediately shackled my wrists together

behind me again as she blow dried my hair.

“You white bitches are so lucky,” she sighed, sliding her fingers through it.

She made me lick her boots to thank her, then pulled the two single beds together in the center of the room.

“Jayla ain't coming back tonight,” she said.

She lay back and had me kneel with my bottom high in the air and the dildos in my pussy and ass, and lick her to several climaxes. Then she had me stay in the same position while she used the strap-on to fuck me to another orgasm before dropping me on my back and licking me to another one.

She wasn't in any sort of hurry, and took a lot of time sliding her hands and lips over my body. Then I went to sleep there, with my wrists still locked together behind me.

*

The next day I had to rush downstairs to get my own clothes, change, and get to my classes. It was strangely easy to put the events of the previous day behind me because it was like my world was splitting in two. On the one side was normality, like with classes. On the other side was this dark, wild, outrageous, thrilling sexual game.

It was just easier to not think of it as part of the real world.

I had lunch with a couple of people from my class who didn't realize what a skanky pervert I was, then went back to classes, blessedly sane and normal.

There was no way I could forget what had happened, though. It was another jarring blow to my self-image, so that I wasn't sure who I was any more.

And, of course, as the end of the day neared I started to feel a rising sense of tension and anxiety, wondering what, if anything, would happen to me that evening.

A lot, as it turned out.

Shaquila told me, not asked me, told me that we were going out to dance. She looked at my wardrobe, though, and pronounced all of it garbage.

“Why'd you even bring shit like this to New Orleans, cracker girl?” she demanded. “You ain't gonna turn any guy on wearing this shit!”

Jasmine came downstairs and agreed with her, and so did Keisha a few minutes later, so they decided that they needed to stop off at a store to buy me something nice to wear out dancing.

My opinion wasn't asked.

“We gotta take her to Alicia's,” Jasmine said.

“I don't have much money,” I said nervously.

“Alicia's ain't expensive,” Keisha replied.

I wasn't actually sure I wanted to dress like black girls since, by and large, they tended to dress a lot more, well, slutty than I was comfortable with in public, but it wouldn't have been a good idea to say that to them.

But they were enthusiastic so there wasn't much I could really do except go with them. We wandered off campus where there were nearby stores and they took me into this store that was jammed full of everything imaginable. I mean, this was not one of those carefully laid out, brightly lit chain owned stores. It was colorful and bursting with stuff all the way up to the ceiling.

And once again, it wasn't up to me to select what I would try on. They eagerly began grabbing at stuff and talking about what would look good on me to each other. The first thing I had to try on was a pair of pants. They were really tight, though, and really low riding!

I mean, the first time I tried them on my panties were showing way above the belt line, so Shaquila made me take my panties off, calling them 'cracker undies' anyway. I swear, those pants were so tight they might as well have been painted on, and dug up into my pussy. They were also so low riding that if I'd had pubic hair it would have shown!

They were stretchy, though not as thin as, say, yoga pants. But they were just

about as revealing! I mean, I had a certain measure of pride in my round little butt, but I didn't want to be seen showing it off like that!

Then Keisha found this little sort of halter for me to try on. This was like, basically a rectangle of fabric with metal holes on both ends, and laces that tied it together in front. But the two sides didn't reach together.

“It's too small,” I said.

Keisha and Shaquila laughed and pushed me back into the dressing room, then jerked off my T-shirt and bra without even closing the curtain! I gasped, blushing, but there wasn't anyone else nearby.

They pulled the thing around my ribs, then tied the laces together. When they were done the little halter covered about, well, half my breasts, the outer half. The inner half were only covered by the criss-cross laces, which was to say not that covered.

But that got them talking about underwear, and then they started bringing lingerie for me to try on! And again, they weren't closing the curtain for me to do it, which made me awful nervous! Also, the lingerie they were bringing was on the small side, all of it high-cut thongs or G-strings on the bottom, and tiny little bras on top.

I got this idea they were treating me like I was their own little Barbie doll, and trying on different clothes on me like girls playing with dolls.

Which would have been okay but they weren't doing anything to be discrete, and even when they had me try on this leather bra – which had no cups, if you can believe that – they wouldn't let me close the curtain!

The leather thing basically cupped my breasts in two separate little half round cups made of see-through lace with wire to stiffen it. They only covered the underside of my breasts and kind of squeezed them up and out there. But my breasts were bare from about an inch and a half under my nipples and up!

And even with the sales girl looking on they insisted on examining my breasts carefully to see how they looked in it, making me come out into the store where the light was better, and even rubbing and fondling my nipples “so they'd look right”.

I cringed with embarrassment at that, and the sales girl looked fascinated.

Most of the dresses they had me try on then were either see-through, some of them actually made of lace and netting, or cut all the way down to my naval!

What they liked most, in the end, was a tiny little low riding blue-green tartan pleated skirt that barely covered my butt, and a short, thin white halter that tied together under my breasts. It kind of squeezed them in from the sides, lifted them up from below and showed major cleavage. It had this little blue-green tartan tie that went with it, which was short and barely reached to my displayed cleavage.

I went along with this because mostly, I figured I'd never actually wear this stuff anyway, except for maybe some of the underwear, and I could just claim I couldn't afford to pay for it anyway. That went wrong when it turned out the skirt and halter were only twenty dollars, and they volunteered to buy it!

They didn't let me go back in to change back into my other clothes either.

“This is perfect for the club,” Jasmine said.

“I can't wear this in public!” I gasped. “And I ain't wearing no underwear! You can see my nipples through this little shirt!”

“Guys like to see nipples,” Shaquila said.

“Definitely,” Keisha agreed.

One of the things I was still wearing, though, were those gold bracelets, which might not look like it but seemed to have a lot in common with handcuffs! And the girls promptly pulled my wrists back behind me and locked them together!

Then after Jasmine paid the girl, Shaquila gripped the little tie thing and pulled me towards the door, using it like a kind of leash I couldn't refuse!

“You guys!” I gasped. “Come on! I'll get arrested!”

“Are you crazy, blonde girl?” Keisha said. “Ain't nobody gonna arrest you for wearing that cute little outfit.”

And then we were outside on the sidewalk and I was still being pulled along by the tie, with Keisha and Jasmine walking along beside me and a bit behind to shield the fact my hands were locked together behind me!

“You guys!” I moaned, looking around anxiously.

“Bitch, I ain't no guy!” Jasmine said, slapping my bottom.

“Yeah, we look like guys to you, cracker?” Keisha demanded, slapping my butt as well.

“Ow!”

“Yeah, you ain't out with guys, slave girl,” Keisha said.

We only went a couple of blocks up before they crowded in behind me as we reached what turned out to be the club. It was a big basement below a group of

stores, and it sure wasn't very brightly lit. I could hardly see as Keisha pulled me down the stone stairs.

Once we got there and the door was opened the music pounded against me, and I gasped as someone, either Shaquila or Jasmine, reached down and unlocked the bracelets so my hands could come apart.

I realized it was blessedly dim in the club, aside from lights flashing here and there, and figured no one was likely to see my nipples or note what my skirt wasn't covering. That was a relief, but I was still awfully nervous given how little I was wearing!

The place was very crowded, and we went towards the bar, pushing through the crowd which, as far as I could tell, was almost entirely Black.

I gasped as a hand shot in beneath my skirt to squeeze my butt when I passed by, but it was withdrawn before I could slap it away. The next hand lingered longer and I grabbed it and jerked it off. Then I dodged a third before one slapped my butt and another shot in between my legs in front!

I managed to shove that one away, gasping, wide eyed and anxious, as we finally got to the bar, and I tried to kind of hide behind the girls.

“Everyone's groping me!” I complained.

I had to say it kind of loud given how loud it was down there.

“That's cause everyone knows blonde girl's are hot lil ho's,” Jasmine said.

“But her hair is wrong,” Keisha said.

She grabbed my hair at the side and pulled it in together, and a moment later Shaquila laughed and did the same on the other side.

“What are you doing?!” I gulped.

“Doing your hair proper, blonde girl.”

They didn't take long, and basically just gathered my hair in around the level of my ears and put an elastic around it which left me with two loose, puffy pigtails.

I stared at myself anxiously in the mirror behind the bar.

“You are going for the schoolgirl look, after all,” Jasmine said.

“I ain't going for nothing! You're the ones put this on me!” I said.

Crack!

I yelped as one of them slapped my butt.

“Don't talk back, schoolgirl,” Jasmine said.

“I wasn't talking back!” I protested.

Crack!

“Ow!

“You was showing disrespect!” Shaquila said with a smirk.

Bitch!, I thought. I didn't say it, though.

There was a lot more light at the bar than elsewhere, which made me anxious and embarrassed as the bartender turned to us, and his eyes dropped approvingly to my chest.

“What you want, baby?” he asked.

I hesitated.

“Something to get her drunk so she can have a lot of sex,” Jasmine said.

I flushed and slapped at her shoulder, which got me another slap on my bottom!

I got a sazarac, and sipped nervously at it, while they mostly got bourbon. I wasn't all that big of a drinker, to be honest, especially of anything but beer, but I needed something to calm me down.

We found a table, after several more guys groped me along the way, and sat down. I was getting a little frazzled from all the groping! Believe me, that didn't happen much in the little places in Dayton!

Course, there were no black guys in those places I went to and I was never dressed as slutty as this neither!

The table wasn't much to look at. It was round and low, and just big enough for us to rest our drinks on. I was sitting on the side and keeping my thighs tight together given how short the skirt was – which was just barely enough to cover my crotch while sitting.

We didn't sit for long, though. Almost right away guys was coming over and asking us to dance, and the first one was for me. He was a tall, good looking black guy, and he didn't make much of a secret of what he saw in me since he stared at my boobs!

I wanted to say no but Jasmine pushed me (literally) to go with him.

So he took my hand and led me into that mass of dancing couples, and almost right away hands started to touch me again – especially his! His name, I think, was Deon, but he mostly just ran his hands over me as we danced and told me how much he'd like to fuck me.

“You ain't wearing no underwear,” he said with approval, after sliding his big hands under the little skirt. “I like that in a bitch.”

“I ain't your bitch!” I exclaimed.

He leered at me and his fingers found the little round base of the butt-plug Shaquila had insisted I wear. That made his grin split his cheeks wide.

“So you like it up the ass, huh, baby!”

I blushed hotly and slapped his hand away, breaking free and going back to the table.

The next guy was named Andre, and he danced really good, but he wound up grinding himself into me from behind real hard, hard enough for me to feel he was hard! And his hands, instead of sliding over my stomach, slid up to squeeze my breasts!

The third guy was Reggie, who danced me over against a wall, pressed me back against it, and ground himself into me while he kissed me hard enough to bruise

my lips! He also pulled the little white halter down to bare my left breast and bent over to suck and chew on it!

After managing to get my top back up and stumbling back to the table I really didn't want to go with the next guy, who said his name was Anthone. He was tall and really built, with a thick, powerful chest and huge arms and shoulders! I told him I was too tired and had to rest, but he was willing to wait for me to catch my breath.

“You wasting your time, Anthone,” Shaquila said. “She don't like niggers. She done said so.”

“I did not!” I gasped, turning to stare at her in outrage.

“She thinks black guys is all sex fiends who want to fuck her pretty white ass,” Keisha said.

Well, that much was true.

“I said no such thing!” I exclaimed.

“I heard her use the n-word all the time,” Shaquila said to him.

“I do not!”

Well, except when they made me!

I was starting to get even more frazzled than all those guys groping me had already made me!

Well, so I had to go dance with Anthone. And like the others, his hands were groping me everywhere – and found the butt-plug, which made him smirk. He danced me over near the wall, like Reggie had, but he didn't have any interest in kissing me.

Instead, he turned me to face the wall, pressing me in against it so my breasts pillowed out against it, and grabbed me by the back of my neck as his other hand thrust in between my thighs!

I squealed, but the sound was nothing in the pounding music, as his fingers ran

over my naked sex and he leaned in behind me.

“Hot little blonde slut!” he growled into my ear. “I’m gonna fuck you so hard you forget your name!”

Then he grabbed my arms and pulled them behind me, and before I knew what was happening he’d locked the bracelets together! Then his hands came around in front of me and undid the halter so it fell completely open and my breasts came free!

His fingers dug into them as he licked and chewed and kissed his way along the side of my throat, and he ignored my whining complaints – which he probably didn’t hear anyway, as his fingers roughly kneaded my breasts.

“Every Black man knows what blonde girls are for,” he growled.

He spun me around suddenly and I stumbled, gasping as he dropped to his knees in front of me! That left me, basically, topless as people danced very close by! Yes, it was dark, but some of them sure noticed as he lifted the little skirt, forced my thighs apart, and started licking me!

I was pinned to the wall by his tight grip on my thighs! And with my wrists locked behind me I couldn’t do a thing unless I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs – which would only attract more attention!

As it was most people had no clue. I mean, it was a dark side of the dance floor, and only the dancers nearby could see. Most of them were busy with their dancing anyway. Some of them saw, though, but all they saw was some blonde slut getting eaten out by her black boyfriend. The men leered, the women sneered, but nobody thought anything was wrong with it.

I was in that strange place filled with unreality again, my heart pounding and my pulse racing and the adrenaline pouring through my system! I was horribly embarrassed at those people looking at me, but the only thing I could do about it was turn my eyes away so I didn’t see them!

I sure couldn’t do anything about the big guy in front of me who was thrusting his tongue amazingly deep into my pussy as his nose ground against my clitoris!

There was loud, pounding music, a lot of flashing light, a lot of movement in the

dark, and a lot of dazed confusion as I stood there moaning and gasping and whimpering helplessly. And those sensations as his tongue slid out of me and found my clitoris, sensations that made my blood race even faster!

His lips closed around my swollen clitoris and he started sucking in this fast, rhythmic way that sent pulses of sensation through my lower body and caused my hips to start to jerk spastically!

I laid my head back, gasping, gulping in air, staring at the ceiling above, moaning as his fingers began to push into my body and felt how wet it was, as his lips sucked on my clitoris, and the lights blinked and flashed around me.

This was all... so... insane!

I felt that wild darkness closing around me again, the heat suffocating, my mind starting to melt away so that I surrendered myself to what was happening. As my mind relaxed, submitting to the inevitable, I felt the heat grow more intense, felt my insides swirling and churning with sensation that was rapidly starting to overload my nervous system.

“Oh!” I moaned. “Oh! Oh! God! Oh!”

He had several big fingers inside me, stretching me, making me ache, but it was a dark, delicious ache, as he sucked and licked at my clitoris!

My hips ground helplessly against him as I felt my inhibitions flayed by the power and intensity of the dark animal hunger spilling through my body. And then he suddenly stopped, rising above me to block out what little light was there.

His face was inches from mine, and I thought he was going to kiss me. Instead his fingers came up around my throat!

“Call me a nigger,” he said, growling.

I stared at him dazedly, and his hands closed around my neck to my eyes bulged.

“Call me a nigger, white girl!” he ordered, easing his grip so I could gulp in air.

“I-I wasn't – !”

He closed his hands tight again and I gurgled helplessly.

“Call me a nigger,” he ordered, easing his grip.

Anthone was a big guy! And dangerous looking! He could easily snap me in half without half trying!

“Y-Y-You're a nigger!” I gasped, panting.

He smiled.

“Now say, get your hands off me, nigger boy.”

“G-Get your hands off me, nigger boy!” I moaned.

He drew back and spun me roughly around, then jerked my hips out. I moaned, my cheek pressed against the wall as he ground himself into me from behind! I felt something hard and warm – but soft, too, sliding up and down against the mouth of my overheated sex.

It pushed forward, and I shuddered as I realized he was going to take me right here, right like this, right on the dance floor, right in front of people watching!

I moaned as he kicked my legs further apart and thrust himself deeper. I felt his thick cock forcing its way deeper and deeper into my burning sex as my bare breasts ground against the wall. His big hands locked tight around my hips, and he started to pump in and out, as I heard men nearby cheering him on.

“Go for it, brother!”

“Fuck that white bitch!”

“Give it to her, man!”

“Show her some black lovin!”

“Shove that nigger cock into that blonde slut!”

I moaned and gasped as he thrust in and out, driving himself fully into my aching body so he could grind himself against my out-thrust buttocks.

His hands slid upward, and each fist grabbed the thick hunk of blonde hair sticking out to either side of me. He used that grip to jerk my head sharply and roughly up and back, bowing my body painfully as his hips thrust in and out.

That made my breasts grind even harder against the wall, since they were the only part of me touching it, and they became hot and sore and swollen as his big cock thrust into me again and again!

“Man, this is one hot blonde ho,” a male voice said as a shadow was cast on me.

Another very big guy had moved in on the other side of me, opposite the pillar, and was leering at me as Anthone fucked me. The guy on the left casually stuck his hand down between my legs, found my clitoris, and started to rub it and I gurgled and cried out helplessly.

“I wanna fuck her next,” the other guy said.

Someone found the clasp at the side of the little skirt, and then pulled down the zipper, and it basically unfolded, dropping to the floor! Then someone else peeled the open halter off!

I was completely fucking naked in a big, crowded nightclub!

“Everyone wants to fuck this blonde ho,” Anthone growled.

“That's what blondes was made for,” the new guy said.

The unreality made me dizzy, dazed, and I gasped and moaned as Anthone pulled on my hair and his cock thrust hard and deep into my belly. The feel of the other man's fingers stroking my clitoris, and just his presence there next to me lit a wild, raw fire in the back of my mind, and I sobbed dazedly as the fire raced up through my already burning body and exploded.

I cried out again and again as the orgasm swept through me, but again, the noise was so loud nobody heard except maybe those nearby, and none of them thought I was anything more than a blonde slut who was getting the black cock she craved.

“Yeah! Yeah! Come, you fuckin' whore! Take my nigger cock, bitch!” Anthone growled, thrusting harder and faster.

And then he came too, gasping and cursing and jamming himself into me as his orgasm took him. And as soon as he was done he released my hair, which caused me to sag to my knees, and pushed himself back into his pants. Then he was gone.

I was gulping in air, panting for breath, my lights nearly having gotten blown out by the power and force and intensity of the orgasm. I gasped as my hair was jerked, and I was suddenly turned away from the wall and staring into this guy's groin – and his naked erection.

I was panting, gasping, so my mouth was open, and he just pushed forward into it, reaching down to seize my hair on either side of my head

“Suck my cock, blonde girl!” he growled.

It wasn't like I could do anything else! He had my head totally in his control, with one hand on each of the pigtails, and him hemming me in against the wall just the way Anthone had. I gurgled as he pumped in and out. He was big, and the long length of his black shaft slid back and forth through my tight lips and over my tongue!

Then he pushed forward, pulling on the pigtails, and his cock pushed right down my throat!

I gurgled again, but his cock shaft pushed all the way into me until my lips were wrapped firmly around the base, my nose pressed against his groin.

“Swallow that nigger cock, blonde girl!” he growled.

He pulled back, then pushed forward, pulled back, then pushed forward, fucking my throat as if he was fucking my pussy, and all I could do was kneel there with my head tilted back and let him use my mouth and throat!

Other guys were crowding around, blocking out what little light there was, looking down with eager, hungry eyes as my mind began to swim. My chest was burning from lack of air, and my head was pounding as my eyes began to glaze over!

He pulled out and I sucked in a deep, ragged, dazed breath of air, swaying helplessly as he rubbed himself back and forth over my face. Then he plunged

down my throat once again, pumping hard, jamming my head in and back, fucking me with the whole, long length of his slick, black shaft!

He came, or at least, I thought he might have. I wasn't really entirely alert by the time he pulled out, and only hands in my hair kept me from falling over on my face.

Then I was being lifted to my feet by hands on both arms

Somehow I had even lost my shoes, as, completely naked, I was led through the crowd, then out through the bar, one big, big black guy holding my arm on either side of me, another behind me, and another one walking in front of me.

I stumbled along as they half dragged, half carried me, and then we went right outside and onto the sidewalk! It was darkening, and there wasn't much traffic as they walked me down the street about half a block, then into a parking lot.

After that long I was starting to get my breath back, and my mind was starting to come back to life. I was becoming aware that I was outside and naked, and going... somewhere, with guys I didn't even know! That made me kind of try to resist, to pull away, but they were such big, strong guys they ignored me!

“Wh-where are we going?” I gulped anxiously, looking around. “What are you doing!?”

They led me to a black SUV and got into it, one of them pushing me into the back seat, then getting in next to me while another went around to the other side and got in there, so I was once again caught between them!

The other two got in the front and the car pulled away!

I was starting to get increasingly anxious and nervous! I mean, now that I was less light headed and dazed from lack of air! But I had very little time to complain, as both the big guys beside me turned in and back to grope me!

“Wa-wait!” I gasped.

What else was I going to say? I wasn't sure! Nothing I was likely to say seemed like anything but completely futile! I mean, they weren't about to stop the car and let me out just because I objected!

They spread my legs wide, so they were draped across their thighs, and someone, one of them, grabbed me by the hair behind my neck. I cried out as they jerked it back, and then both of them leaned in to chew and suck and kiss their way along my neck as their big hands moved up and down my body!

Their big hands squeezed and groped and caressed my breasts, and rubbed my clitoris, and thrust big, black fingers into my sex at the same time, and all I could do was moan and whimper and gasp in helpless confusion!

The guy on my left now looked familiar, and I realized it was Leon, from the bus! Keisha's boyfriend! That caused me a huge amount of relief! Because it meant these guys weren't, after all, complete strangers who had just, well... abducted me! It meant, well, probably meant, that they had something to do with the girls on my team!

Leon leered at me and undid the elastic from my hair on that side, then squeezed my breast hard to make my erect nipple stand out, and then put the elastic around the base of my nipple so it was pinched tightly!

The guy on my right, who I recognized now as Anthone, laughed, and did the same with the elastic on my left, so that both my nipples began to burn and throb powerfully!

He leaned over and then leaned back, holding a big curved black dildo. It had what I thought was a sort of odd-looking base, like, instead of two testicles it only had one. That was my thought, anyway.

He rubbed the fat head up and down along my sex, then pushed forward as the guy in the front passenger seat leaned over to watch, leering.

I moaned as the pressure mounted, and then it sank slowly into my trembling body, inch after veined inch, until it was deep, deep inside me! Then I saw that the 'testicle' at the base was just a round kind of ball, and as he shoved the dildo even deeper, the ball pressed against the top of my sex.

And started to vibrate.

I whimpered and moaned as he left it like that, the head of the dildo so high inside me I thought I could feel it poking into my stomach! He was kind of pressing against the base and grinding it from side to side a little so the vibrator

thing would grind against my clitoris.

Then whichever of them was holding my hair yanked it back again, even more sharply, so my back bowed and I was staring up at the roof of the car! Both of them leaned in, then and began to hungrily suck and chew at my breasts, their tongues lapping at my nipples as their teeth bit into the soft, tender flesh again and again!

I was... writhing and twisting weakly, gasping and crying out, overwhelmed by all that was happening to me, and helpless to do anything about it!

“Please!” I gasped breathlessly. “Please! Please!”

One of the mouths came off my breast.

“Say please master,” he growled.

I felt my already burning hot, swollen nipple being pinched and twisted, then the other mouth rose and that nipple was pinched and twisted.

“Say it, slave girl.”

“Please, Master!” I cried dazedly.

The hand gripping my hair

The hand gripping my hair jerked it forward and around so I was staring at Anthone and he was glaring at me.

“Say please fuck my blonde whore body, Master,” he said.

“P-Please fuck my blonde whore body, Master!” I moaned.

My hair jerked my head to the other side, to see Leon glaring at me.

“Say please fuck my blonde whore ass master,” he ordered.

“Please fuck my blonde whore ass, Master!” I gasped.

Anthone began to pump the dildo in my aching sex, using long, deep thrusts and ending every third or fourth one by grinding the vibrator against me and twisting

the big black dildo around in my belly.

I shuddered and felt myself giving up again, as I had before, my mind accepting that I was riding a roller coaster which I had no control over, and sort of relaxing back to a passenger in my own body.

The thing is, whenever I did that a lot of other concerns just kind of dropped away from me, and that left me free to just wallow in the sensations flooding through my body without any care or concerns.

And that's what happened now, too, as I swayed and twisted and moaned now in response to the way the vibrator was grinding and the dildo was pumping. And then to the two of them pulling those elastics off my aching nipples and closing their mouths around the center of each breast to suck rhythmically.

The sexual heat began to burn hotter and hotter, sending a sweltering wave of emotional and physical weakness through my body and mind. I groaned and gasped, chest heaving, arching and twisting as they laughed and toyed with my naked flesh.

The SUV slowed, then stopped, then started again, and it seemed like we were driving into a garage, but no, we were just passing between two tall buildings. Or so I thought. The car windows were tinted and it was getting still darker.

The car stopped and they jammed the dildo in so that the only part left outside me was the base with that little round vibrator pressed to my clitoris, then they opened the doors and dragged me out!

We were, I realized, in the football stadium. I mean, at the edge of it. Xavier didn't have a really big football stadium. It had maybe fifty rows of seats in grandstands on either side, but the corners and ends of the football field were empty.

In the dim light of late evening they marched me out onto the field, which, I dazedly realized, was set up for soccer, just then, instead of football. The only real difference was the line markers had been taken out

Because the stadium was sometimes used for football and sometimes for soccer, the goals at either end were also dual use. So instead of, say, the Y-shaped field goal marker in football, the goals were two very high posts with a crosspiece

about halfway up.

They led me up to one of them, and there was still another big guy waiting there, one I recognized from that time in the boiler under the gym. I didn't know his name, though.

Leon and Anthone undid the bracelets around my wrists and pulled them off, but then replaced them with thickly padded leather. There were ropes tied to the upper and lower corners of the soccer goal where I guess they attached the nets, and they pulled my wrists up and apart, then attached them to the ropes and pulled.

I cried out as I was lifted right off the ground to hang by my wrists! My feet kicked feebly in mid-air and were grabbed by two of them and pulled apart, then tied in place so I was dangling six inches off the ground, spreadeagled!

Someone jerked back on my hair and then something thick and spongy and round was pushed into my open mouth, big black fingers wedging it deeper until it filled my oral cavity! It was like a ball, and it pressed down against my tongue as they pulled a strap around my head and fastened it in place.

I was gripped by disbelief, naked and alone with five big black guys, staring down the field and up at the rows of empty seats in the stadium as their hands began to move over me again!

I shuddered and moaned as my wrists ached, despite the padding on the leather things. Someone was pumping the dildo in my pussy again, grinding the ball against my clitoris. Then someone else pulled the butt-plug out of me and I felt a long, thick shaft pushing up inside!

I thought it might be a real cock, but soon realized it was another dildo.

“You're our sex slave, blonde girl,” Anthone said. “You're gonna be the sex slave to every black guy that wants you for the next four years.”

And then Leon showed me the whip!

I trembled and shook, overwhelmed by heat and a dark, thrilled sense of hunger and arousal, gripped by disbelief and shock, and now by a wild anxiety! This was not a collection of thin little strings or thongs. This was a real whip! Or at

least, it looked like it! Certainly it was long! But it was awfully thin, too.

He moved behind me, and my head twisted violently around, trying to see him, shaking my head wildly.

He swung the whip and it swept through the air with a sort of paper cutting sound, then landed diagonally across my back!

It stung a lot more than the little flog thing Jasmine had used on me! On the other hand, there was just the one of them. On yet another hand, it was a lot longer and heavier! On still another hand – assuming you can keep track of all these hands – it wasn't really very heavy at all.

Even so I cried out into the gag, arching and twisting in mid-air as it left a hot, sore line of pain across my back!

“Sex slave,” he said.

Crack! It hit again, this time cutting across my back lower with the long thin thing curling across my ribs to snap at my breast!

“Sex slave!” one of the other men said.

Crack!

It hit again, curling around my waist!

“Sex slave!” Anthone said.

Crack!

It cut across my bottom, so my hips were flung violently forward!

“Sex slave!” another guy said.

The whip landed again and again, cutting across my back diagonally, then across my buttocks sideways, then deliberately curling around my sides to snap at my breasts before dipping lower, curling across my hips to snap at my thighs and groin!

I twisted and writhed, screamed and yelled, sobbed and moaned as the whip

landed again and again and again, and there was nothing I could do about it!

Yes, the individual stings weren't so bad but they kept coming, and they were leaving red lines of pain, if not welts, all across my body!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

It wasn't exactly agony, but it was sharp, stinging pain, coming again and again and again as my straining, stretched out body hung helpless and taut, sweat beading on my forehead from the hot, humid evening air, my skin glowing, then glistening.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I was dazed and shuddering, hanging more limp by then, not reacting to the blows nearly as much, since my whole body was now throbbing and burning. Someone jerked sharply back on my hair, forcing my back to bow.

“Sex slave. Do you want more whipping?” Leon asked.

I moaned in denial.

He undid the strap behind my head and then worked the gag out of my mouth.

I panted dazedly.

“You want more whipping?”

“N-N-Noooo!” I moaned.

“You forgot to say no master, so I guess you want more whipping.”

“N-No, Master!” I gasped even as the whip swept in and cut across my upper back, curled around my ribs and cut across my breasts!

“No, Master!” I cried more loudly.

“You want me to maybe fuck you instead?”

“Yes, Master!” I gasped.

“Beg for it. Beg for nigger cock.”

“Please fuck me with your nigger cock, Master!” I gasped, panting.

I felt it, just then, jammed in between my buttocks, hard and warm.

“Beg me to fuck you up the ass, slave girl.”

“Please fuck me up the ass with your nigger cock, Master!” I moaned.

The others were gathered around me, having moved closer now that the whip wasn't flying. They leered at me as Leon pulled the dildo out of my ass. Then I felt his cock pushing in, sliding deep.

They were all a lot taller than me, but the way I was hung I was at just about the right height for them to fuck me without any effort. And I groaned in relief as his cock slid into me because it meant no more whipping! Believe me, I'd way rather be fucked than be whipped!

One of the ones in front of me gripped the dildo in my pussy, which was still in place, grinding and pumping it as hands began to fondle my aching breasts. I shuddered and started to feel my mind going limp, even as my body did the same.

The whipping was over and I could relax!

With a very thick, very long cock buried in my ass.

“Hot little blond fuck toy,” someone said.

“Little blonde sex slave.”

“This is one tight little ass.”

“I bet her pussy is just as tight.”

“This blonde ho was made to be fucked.”

“She will be.”

“A lot.”

“I want a piece of that.”

They were crowded in around me as the thick black shaft in my ass moved in and out harder and faster, his hips slapping against my buttocks, the weight of his body kind of pushing me forward even as the ropes tied to my wrists and ankles held me in place.

Then the dildo was pulled out of my pussy and one of the black guys – I didn't know his name – moved up close. I shuddered as I felt his cock sliding up inside me, filling me, going high and deep. Then I was sandwiched between the two big, muscular Black men, their bodies crushing me as their cocks pumped hard and deep in my churning belly.

“That is one nice looking Oreo,” someone said.

“Are you one of those guys likes to lick the cream in the middle?”

Laughter sounded.

I gasped and moaned, my slender body ground between two enormously muscular naked black chests as their hands roamed up and down and their lips and teeth and tongues ravished the nape of my neck on both sides.

My skin felt hot and sweaty and stinging, but the two big cocks inside me began to take up more and more of my focus and attention as the anxiety and pain from the whipping receded, along with my sense of panic.

I grunted and gasped, staring around me, looking up at the stands, looking up at the stars, feeling those two massive cocks churning up my belly!

I was sagging, surrendering, and the wildness of it all was starting to set my body aflame once more. The sexual heat started with a flicker, then, as if what had been there before the whipping suddenly gushed to life I felt the arousal deepen and the sense of lust and hunger and wild, animal excitement spread out through my body.

My mind quickly fell into line, intoxicated on the sensations and emotions, on the shocking wickedness and outrageousness of what they were doing to me.

The first orgasm made me twist and writhe, but only a minute or so later the

second tore into me like a raw force of nature, and I cried out again and again, trembling violently, straining at the ropes, sobbing and out of breath as convulsions wracked my body!

I don't know how long it lasted, because my mind became drunk on the dark heat and pleasure. I was looking at a black face as he fucked me and then.. and then it was a different black face, and I hadn't noticed the change.

My insides ached, but my wrists and arms ached even more. There was such a deep sense of relief when they let me down, and I sagged to my knees immediately.

The guy who had been fucking me was kneeling in front of me, and he pulled me in against him, then sat down, pulling me down so I straddled him and sank back onto his big black cock.

He lay back, then, and someone pushed on my shoulders so I fell forward. I felt hands on my ass, and then someone slid into me from behind as someone else jerked on my hair, pulling my head up so that another cock could slide into my mouth.

Somehow the metal bracelets were around my wrists again, and holding them behind my back, as the guy below thrust up into me, the guy behind me thrust into my ass, and the guy standing in front of me drove himself down my throat.

That added the sense of light-headedness to the sense of dazed and overwhelmed heat and confusion, and made my head pound. The next orgasm soon arrived and it was even more intense. My screams, though, were muffled by the cock in my throat.

It was hard to see, but I thought there were more people standing around me. I wasn't able to focus, though. All my focus was on the hands on my body and the cocks inside me, and the wild, animal heat drowning my mind.

I came again and again, breathless, dazed, and woozy, as they took turns on me deep into the night. By the end I was on the fifty yard line, or where it would be, staked to the ground, spreadeagled, while they took me one at a time.

Then the guys left, and there was Jasmine.

“Hope you got you some nice nigger cock, blonde girl,” she said, looking down at me.

“Get used to it,” Shaquila said. “You gonna get a lot more in the next four years.”

They untied me, but then put one of the ropes around my neck and used it as a leash, making me crawl on all fours across the field to the locker room. They got me into the mens shower and soaped and lathered me, then rinsed me off before putting me on my knees once more and making me lick them each to an orgasm.

Then it was back to Jasmine's dorm room, where I slept, exhausted, still shackled, on the other twin bed.

The next day I moved from my room to Jasmine's, and her roommate moved down into Kai's room. Neither of them really cared, and this way I could be Jasmine's naked sex slave every night, to do her bidding, and service her body and the bodies of any of her friends – male or female – who stopped by.

I also had to do my studies, of course, and get good marks. She insisted on it, and checked my papers. Anything under a B would get me a painful strapping.

It was going to be a long and life changing four years of education. I had no idea what I would be like at the end of it, but the journey was sure going to be exciting.

End

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Blonde Girl, Black School

Blonde Girl, Black School 2

Blonde Girl, Black School 3

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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!

Out of Uniform (Jamie McCloud series)

Gorgeous tomgirl Jamie McCloud is a rookie cop on the NYPD. Jamie is transferred out of uniform into street clothes to work for the Anti-crime squad in Manhattan. There, amid the glitz and glitter, amid the hordes of tourists and businessmen, she hunts down muggers, drug dealers, pickpockets and purse thieves, along with perverts and gang members. Oh, and the occasional terrorist. And on her own time, Jamie begins to explore the dark side of her sexuality as she is introduced to domination and submission by her hunky new federal agent boyfriend Danny. It's all just a kinky game, at first, but the mind-blowing excitement and thrills quickly draws her into a lifestyle that will change her behavior, her personality, and her life.

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