

Blonde Girl, Black School

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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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.

Molly had always loved volleyball. She was tall, slender and athletic, and, filled with energy, loved throwing herself around on the court. She was usually the best girl on the team, from junior high right up to her senior year in high school.

She grew up in a small town in Louisiana, and her parents didn't have a lot of money. So as she approached her final months in high school she was looking around in hopes of landing some kind of job, maybe a cashier or a waitress. It didn't occur to her to go to college until the guidance councilor at school suggested it.

The very idea you could get a full scholarship just for playing volleyball was, she thought, ridiculous, and anyway, she didn't think she'd stand a chance. She might be a star player at her school, but like a lot of schools in Louisiana, her school was pretty heavily segregated. There was only one black girl on the team.

Whenever they played in tournaments they got creamed by other teams. Molly was five feet ten, which was awfully tall for a girl, but a lot of those other girls were well over six feet tall! Mr. Ross knew what he was talking about, though. He had her apply for the thing, and much to her surprise, she was accepted by Xavier.

“Uhhh, isn't that a Black school?” she asked doubtfully.

“It is a historically Black college, yes,” Mr. Ross said. “But it's not an all-Black college. There are a lot of white and Hispanic students. About two thirds of the student body is Black, however. I know that would bother a lot of girls, Molly, but you've always been fairly liberal minded.”

And Molly was fairly liberal minded. But she was still wary of the thought of going to a mostly Black school. It wasn't so much she had anything against Black people. She hardly ever even knew any, after all, her whole neighborhood being mostly White.

And it was a chance to live in New Orleans! And to take something that would give her a career! Mr. Ross said that if she went into the school of Pharmacy she could pretty much write her own ticket anywhere in the United States. There was always jobs available! And really good paying ones, too!

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The dorm room was not exactly luxurious, but it wasn't awful either. The door to the room was at one end and the window on the other. Along the walls between them were two single beds, with two desks at their head and two wardrobes at their foot. It had a blue carpet on the floor, and a pair of small lamps on the desks with blue shades.

Move-in day was a big, adrenaline rush! What with unloading her stuff, and trying, with her new roommate Kai, to make the room look cozier. Kai wasn't Black. She was Korean, and barely five feet tall. In fact, there were a lot of Asians here, she thought, puzzled. Louisiana didn't have a huge Asian population so she wasn't sure why that would be.

But she managed to cram her clothes into the wardrobe without too much difficulty, and personalize her half of the room. She spent the first week getting settled in and then meeting her teachers, all of whom promised her she'd work her tail off if she wanted to graduate! Fortunately, Molly was a very detail-oriented person and had an amazing memory, so she figured she was ahead of the game.

Then she had her first volleyball practice, and life sort of went off the rails.

To start with, Molly was used to being a senior. And even before that, her height had kind of made her feel kind of superior when she was with other girls. She wasn't used to feeling inferior, or like a child.

But right away she realized that the freshmen were about as highly respected as they were way back when she was a high school freshman. The seniors had the experience and the skills and the training, and looked very suspiciously at the newcomers they knew would be the weak links on their team.

There were twelve players on the team, and this year, just two newcomers, including her. The rest were all returning, all knew each other, all knew how to play as a team. That made the freshmen outsiders, of course. Furthermore, her old height advantage didn't exist here. She was probably the shortest girl on the team, though not by a lot.

She was also the only blonde on the team. In fact, there were only three white girls on the team, including her, which made her feel even more of an outsider.

She wasn't used to being a minority. She'd thought she was doing fairly well in her first week in classes, but nobody was paying much attention to her there – well, except the men, of course.

Men had always paid attention to Molly, much to her confusion. It wasn't, she was sure, that she was all that beautiful. She didn't have the big boobs her friend Tanya had, or the gorgeous high cheekbones her friend Amy had. Her hair was fairly nice, but nothing like those long, beautiful golden ringlets Sara had. Her eyes were blue, but not the stunning corn-shell blue her friend Kaitlin had.

In fact, with her being so athletic she'd rarely put much time into her appearance. Her hair was a really simple bob cut, shoulder length, curling in a bit a few inches below her egg-shaped face. She didn't do much of anything with it. It was parted sort of in the middle, but one side or the other was always spilling across her forehead or even her face since she didn't use any sort of spray or gels.

She had, she thought, a nice ass, and nice legs. She had, of course, a very flat, toned belly, and moderately sized breasts. No one would say they were small, but nobody was going to be doing double takes either.

But her skin was fair, while the other two white girls on the team, both seniors, had darker, tanned skin. The black girls, meanwhile, ranged from toast colored to nearly absolute black. Most were taller than her, most had broader shoulders and wider backs, bigger arms – which meant they could hit the ball harder.

Molly began to fear her scholarship might be part of some sort of affirmative action program for White girls! Coach Frallick made it clear at the start that the freshmen were unlikely to play much at first. And that they'd have to impress her and the team captain Jasmine before they'd ever get off the bench.

Jasmine was six feet two, with very black skin and very short hair. She was pretty enough, Molly thought, and looked very strong and dangerous, moving like a panther.

Molly wasn't usually intimidated, but she certainly felt intimidated during practice! Nevertheless, she was determined to give her all. It quickly became apparent she didn't have the strength of some of the other girls.

On the other hand, she seemed to be a lot more nimble, and had great reaction speed. She was also more gymnastic than the bigger, heavier girls, and reached

balls they never could have. She could sense the attitude of some of the girls on her side of the net becoming more friendly as the practice went on.

When Jasmine slapped her butt after she made a spectacular save it wasn't made as a reprimand, and Molly laughed as the tall girl winked at her. Impressing Jasmine gave her a sense of exhilaration. She was team captain, so if Jasmine accepted her then chances were just about everybody would.

The coach called it a day, finally, leaving everyone sweaty and panting, and they headed for the locker room.

That was a narrow room with lockers running up one side, and a bench before them. At the far end was the bathroom, with half a dozen stalls, and past that the shower stalls. She didn't rush, since she figured, correctly as it turned out, that freshmen were low dogs on the totem pole, and seniors got the showers first.

She was aware the very last thing she wanted to do, either here or anywhere else at this school, was give the impression she thought she had any sort of privilege, or that she was better or more important than anyone else. That would be jeered in a freshman anywhere, but particularly here, given her race.

That didn't bother her. She chatted with a couple of the other girls in the locker room, exchanging the usual stuff about what they were taking and where they were from, and if they had boyfriends or such.

Not all the girls were especially welcoming, though. Several showed no interest in her, and their eyes didn't look very friendly when they lit on her. In the week she'd been at Xavier she'd come to recognize that sense that they felt only Black students, or at least, students of color ought to be there.

Her best attitude, she thought, was to try to be perky and friendly, and pretend not to notice the occasional snotty comments or sneers.

She and Raven, the other freshman girl, were the last to get into the showers, and several of the girls had already dressed and left by the time she pulled the curtain across the little stall and removed her towel.

She started, just as she did at home, on the top. She poured a little dab of two in one shampoo and cream rinse onto her head, then lathered up, using the suds to wash her face too, while she was at it. Then she stepped back under the water

and let it rinse her off.

She gasped and twisted around when she became aware the curtain was being held open. Deja, one of the big senior girls stood there with a sneer on her face.

“Huh,” she said. “Just wondering if the rug matched the hair. Guess I shouldn't know there'd be fresh scrubbed floors.”

“Stop harassing the newbie, Jada,” she heard from behind Deja.

“Newbies are put on this earth to be harassed, Jasmine,” Deja said.

Molly had reacted on instinct, at first, of course, jerking her arms in to try to cover her breasts and groin, but she didn't want to react like some sort of shy virgin. Not only would that just encourage people to try to embarrass her, but it would lead to more mockery and sneers from the other girls.

So she relaxed her arms, now that she was aware who it was – that it wasn't a guy – and frowned at her.

“Do you mind a little privacy please?” she asked, keeping her voice as toneless as possible.

It wouldn't do to snap or snarl at a senior either!

Deja laughed, and then Jasmine pulled her back.

“Thought she was white, but that's a red face,” she said.

“Leave the girl alone,” Jasmine said.

She winked at Molly. “Deja's just mad cause they don't allow hazing no more,” she said. “She got her ass smacked so hard she couldn't sit down for a week when she was initiated way back in the dawn of time.”

“Uhm, I think I'm glad there's no hazing then,” Molly said, determinedly trying to look casual in her nudity.

She turned towards the shower again.

“I dunno,” Jasmine said. “You got a cute little butt there, blonde girl. I can think

of a lot of girls like to get their hands on it.”

She laughed and pulled the curtain back into place, then moved away, leaving Molly's brain spinning a little with a thought which she hadn't really considered. Were some of the other girls lesbians? Was Deja a lesbian!?

She recognized that it was sort of fashionable in some circles for girls to 'experiment' with other girls, but she only knew that from watching TV. It certainly hadn't been that way among the girls at her school! Any girl who put the moves on another girl there would be ostracized!

Which, she supposed, would probably explain why nobody did...

But this was New Orleans, not punky little Dayton. And thousands and thousands of students went to this school, more than there were even people in Dayton. Nobody could possibly know or care what they were all up to.

She wasn't sure how she felt about the thought some of the girls might be lesbians. The shower stall had a curtain, but you still had to dress and undress out in the locker room. Unless you acted like some kind of super prude you couldn't really keep other girls from seeing you, much like she couldn't keep her roommate from seeing her.

Well, she supposed it didn't really matter. So what if some girl saw her naked and thought she was attractive? It wasn't like she was gonna do anything with girls! Even if the thought was now in her head...

What would it be like to have sex with Jasmine? The very idea was ... scary! She wasn't very sexually experienced to begin with, and certainly knew little or nothing about doing it with a girl! And these Black girls, well, if rumor was anything like reality they all likely had ten times more experience than she did!

If anyone ever found out they'd freak! Her parents and family and her friends, would be aghast! They'd all disown her for doing such a nasty, wicked, slutty, immoral and outrageous thing!

Which meant it did hold a certain appeal to the rebellious side of her... But only as a playful fantasy. She had no interest in women, after all. Although, of course, she readily admitted to herself that womens bodies were a lot more physically appealing and attractive than most male bodies.

Girls bodies, at least, those who were in shape, were so much nicer, softer, hairless, more gently rounded, with nice curves. Mens bodies were all sort of clunky, with those ridiculous dangly bits you had a hard time not giggling about when they tried to walk around – especially if they were hard!

A guy with an erection walking around was not something to inspire lust in women, more like laughter. Though of course, that erection could look very nice up close.. And it could feel even nicer inside her!

She finished her shower and then toweled off before firmly wrapping the towel around herself and heading back to the locker room. She was wary, though. Hazing might be officially frowned on, but that didn't mean it didn't happen, in small ways, if not large.

The thing to do was not to overreact, she thought.

There was nobody else in the shower area except Chanita, who was at the sink by the doorway. When she reached the doorway, though she was startled to see basically the whole team there, sitting around. Everyone was fully dressed except for Raven, who was just now putting on her clothes.

And everyone but Raven was looking at her and either grinning or smirking, just as Chanita snatched her towel off!

“Come on in here, Molly so we can get to know you,” Jasmine said with a grin.

Molly froze momentarily, half twisted around by the sudden, unexpected yank on the towel, and now caught by indecision as her adrenaline raced!

In an instant, she considered her possible reactions! If she squealed and ran back into the shower room they'd all laugh and mock her for being a shy, prudish little virgin girl. That was NOT the reputation she wanted! If she squealed and tried to cover herself with her arms and hands they'd probably think much the same. If she cursed and got all red faced and tried to quickly grab something to put on, well, it would still be bad.

The only way to win this was to brazen it out. Not for an instant did she feel threatened by anything but rejection or mockery. This was just a test to see how cool she was, how confident she was, whether she would freak out. Raven had probably faced the same thing, she thought, which was why she was only getting

dressed now.

The only thing to do was to brazen it out.

That wasn't easy given her pale complexion. There was no way to hide her skin reddening, after all, but she walked forward with what confidence she could, pretending she wasn't naked.

“Nice tits,” one of the girls said.

“How come white girls never have no hair on their little pussies?” another demanded.

“So guys can eat them better,” someone replied.

“Or girls,” said another girl.

“So how come you decided to come to Xavier?” Jasmine asked.

It was extremely awkward standing there naked in front of all the other girls, but there was no space left on the bench or chairs and they had blocked off the way to her locker!

“They offered,” she said helplessly.

“You didn't apply to Xavier?”

“Well, I applied to all the colleges and universities around that had a volleyball scholarship,” she said. “There wasn't no way I could have gone to no university otherwise. My folks got no money.”

“Didn't they tell you it was a nigger university?” Dina asked.

“They said it was mostly Black,” she said.

“And that didn't bother you none? You're some kind of liberal?”

“There's liberals in Louisiana?” she asked in surprise.

That brought laughter, at least.

“I wondered about it, but to be honest, where I was born there ain't no Black people so I thought it might be kind of interesting.”

“You come from crackerland,” one of the girls said accusingly.

“Yeah, I suppose. It's where I was born.”

“Crackers don't like niggers.”

She pursed her lips, trying to think of an answer while at the same time trying to think of some way to stand casually while naked with a dozen girls looking at her.

“Well, I don't know that most of the people I grew up with knew a lot of Black folks,” she said. “There's a lot of ignorant people around there who'll believe anything.”

Which was true enough, as she'd said often enough herself. In fact, there was a lot about those people that made her roll her eyes.

“And what do you believe?” one of the girls demanded.

“I believe I like playing volleyball,” she said. “I believe I'm kinda good at it. I believe if I can get through all the math and chemistry I can become a pharmacist and make a shitpot lot of money, and then maybe live in New Orleans or Atlanta or someplace like that instead of some dinky small town surrounded by farmers.”

“And if you gotta go to school with niggers for four years it's worth it,” one girl finished.

“If I gotta go to school with anyone it's worth it. But honestly, if there's some all white college somewhere I doubt it's any good, and I doubt the people I'd be working with as a pharmacist would all be white neither. So maybe it's time for me to meet some Black folks,” she said.

The other girls looked at each other, and most looked at Jasmine, who shrugged

“No do us a nice little dance,” Deja said.

“Yeah, not happening,” she said firmly.

There were snickers at that, and then Jasmine tossed her a towel. The girls broke up with some of them leaving, and she breathed a sigh of relief and slid the towel around herself but... low on her hips. There wasn't much point in trying to hide her body now, after all.

“You do got nice titties,” Jasmine said with a snicker.

Molly went to her locker and opened it, again being as casual as she could, pleased and relieved with having gotten through that!

“I'd still like to smack that white ass a few times,” Deja said.

“You nigger girls are all so violent,” Jasmine said.

Dejan sniffed and left.

Molly was just reaching for her bra when someone grabbed her hair and pulled her head up and back – firmly but not painfully. She gasped, rolling her eyes up and back as she reached back for Shaquira's wrist.

“Hey!”

“Bitch,” the girl said, letting go of her hair. “I love your hair.”

Then she left too, leaving Molly gaping after her.

Jasmine laughed at her expression.

“One of the things we're most jealous of in white girls is your hair,” she said.

“You don't need extensions or weaves, and your hair is so soft.”

She shrugged, and left too, leaving Molly shaking her head. She quickly put on a bra and panties, then went back to the other room to blow dry her hair, then quickly headed back to the locker to dress and head to classes.

She was unsettled and uncertain, in her head. The hazing thing had been pretty mild, if that was what it was, but it had been very sexual. Coming on top of Deja looking at her in the shower stall, and other things, she began to wonder about

just how many of these girls might be lesbians.

And what was she going to do if one of them suggested she do something!? Of course, she would say no! But how would she do it politely and diplomatically!? She didn't need anyone on the team hating her. Or at least, anyone else hating her! Some of them already did because of her being White, after all!

The idea, though, was strangely erotic! She had, after all, seen videos of girls together. You couldn't avoid them. She had to admit there was a certain beauty in the image of soft female bodies sliding nakedly together. And she did have a certain... curiosity about it.

But there was no way SHE was going to go in for anything like that! At least, not probably! At least, not unless she got really drunk and it was a girl she knew really well!

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The university tried to house teammates in the same building, and even on the same floor, if possible, in order to encourage team building.

She hadn't really noticed that prior to her first practice, because she didn't know any of the girls she encountered in the corridors, elevator, bathroom and kitchen before. Now that she did she kept encountering them. One of them, Shaquila, the girl who had liked her hair, was actually her next door neighbor!

Although just liking her hair didn't mean he was a lesbian or anything, Molly told herself. Even Kai, her Korean roommate knew that. It was her second year at Xavier, and when Molly told her about Shaquila grabbing her hair and what she'd said Kai only snorted in amusement.

“Yeah, I get the same thing,” she said, “You have to remember we live in a society where the cultural standard for women is long, beautiful hair. African American hair is short and coarse, generally. They go to incredible lengths to try and straighten it and soften it and and lengthen it, and they're really self-conscious about it. Never ask a Black woman about her hair unless you know her really well,” she cautioned.

“What's a weave?” Molly asked.

Kai looked at her with wide eyes. “God, you really don't know much about Black girls, do you!? It's basically fake hair, you know, hair extensions. And never ask them if they have one! I mean, they're jealous enough of me, they'll hate you.”

“Why?”

Kai gave her another of those 'you're such a virgin' looks, and then took Molly's hand and drew it to her own long dark hair.

“Feel my hair.”

“Okay. So?”

Kai put her hand up to Molly's hair then.

“Feel your hair?”

“So?”

Kai sighed. “You're just being nice, I know. But my hair is thicker and coarser than yours. It's not as bad as Hispanic hair, much less Black hair, but it's not that soft, silky shit like you have.”

She slid her own fingers through Molly's hair.

“I think I'm jealous too.”

“It's just hair,” Molly said uncomfortably.

Kai raised her eyebrows. “Silly white girl. Don't you know that all life is competition for girls? We all measure ourselves against the competition. Blondes are the top of the pile, mostly because of Hollywood and its cliché's, and how those cliché's have spread everywhere around the world. But fair skin has always been top of the pile, even in Africa or Asia or India. And blonde hair is... soft.”

“I use a good cream rinse,” Molly said self-consciously.

Kai laughed and patted her cheek before moving away.

Molly felt weird about that. She didn't mind being thought of as better than

others in sports, but as a tomboy she had long rejected the kind of competition among girls Kai was talking about. She'd never gone into a room and looked to see which girl there was prettier than her, and didn't really understand the desire to do so.

As for being the object of jealousy because of her hair, well, that was odd, given she'd never put any real effort into it. Her hair was only as long as it was – several inches below her jaw – because as a sports loving girl she didn't want anyone to think she was, well, gay, so couldn't give in to temptation to cut it short for ease of care.

Now she felt like growing it longer! If there were a lot of lesbians around she didn't want to be mistaken for one!

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The talk with Kai made her both self-conscious about, and proud of her hair. And when she went shopping a few days later she remembered her cousin telling her about a conditioner that was especially good at making hair feel super soft – and bought it.

In fact, the conditioner came in a little package of two, along with the shampoo. They were identical gold colored plastic bottles with round caps that looked like gold golf balls. She used them that night, and was pleased at the results, sliding her fingers through her silky hair with a sense of self admiration that made her feel guilty.

Especially with all these Black girls around.

The dorm showers were much like that of the gym, with separate stalls, much like toilet stalls, in one room, a collection of sinks in another, and then the actual toilets in separate stalls in a third room.

She was in the second room brushing her teeth the next night when Shaquila passed by. Molly didn't even notice her until the Black girl reached out and slid her fingers through Molly's hair. Then her fingers tightened and she jerked back on her hair as she'd done in the locker room.

“Bitch? What did you do to this hair?” she demanded.

Molly had a mouthful of toothpaste, her brush in one hand and a cup of water in the other, which she had been about to use to rinse her mouth off.

“Nothing,” she said, through the toothpaste.

“Je-sus,” Shaquila said, glowering down at her.

She released Molly's hair, but slid her fingers through it a couple of times.

“If my boyfriend touches that hair it'll give him a hard-on,” she growled, moving on to the toilet room. “Don't go near him.”

“I don't even know who he is!” Molly protested.

Black girls are just weird, she thought.

But she was still sort of pleased. Having better hair than anyone else was at least something that put her ahead.

Still, it was sort of reassuring that Shaquila HAD a boyfriend. That meant she wasn't a lesbian.

The next day she went to practice again, and as before, she made up for her lack of arm strength with her nimbleness and quick reactions on the floor. The coach seemed to approve, and so did Jasmine. That didn't, of course, mean she lost her status as low girl on the totem pole, so she had to wait for everyone else to finish before one of the shower stalls was free.

And several girls took the opportunity to slide their fingers through her hair, apparently because Shaquila had told them how soft it was, and mutter jealously at her.

She tugged the curtain across, pulled off her towel, set her three bottles of bodywash, shampoo and conditioner on the shelf, and turned on the water.

She didn't even have time to get her hair wet, though, when Jasmine slid through the curtain, wearing just a towel herself. Molly gasped and backed against the near wall as the big Black girl grinned at her, then pulled her towel off to reveal her own naked body.

“I thought I might help you soap up, blonde girl,” she said in a soft, throaty voice.

Molly was stunned! She had been thinking about some of the girls there being naked, but for some reason Jasmine hadn't been one of them. She knew Jasmine had a boyfriend, for one thing. She'd met him.

“But... but – !”

And that was as far as she got before Jasmine was pressing her naked body against her, sliding her arms around her, and kissing her!

Molly's eyes were huge, and a wild, churning rush of emotions and thoughts swept through her head! Her shock at Jasmine's proposal was superseded by her shock at the feel of Jasmine's body against her own, especially her breasts against her own bare breasts! She felt more than slightly overwhelmed, too, because Jasmine was, well, a fairly overwhelming personality!

And the team captain! Which meant she certainly didn't want to do anything hostile, like shove her violently back and call her names! And then there was the shock of her hands now gripping Molly's bare buttocks and squeezing them as the Black girl's lips melded with hers and her tongue dipped into Molly's mouth!

Then came the realization that the kiss was... well... good! Molly had been kissed by a lot of boys, and most of them weren't very good at it. Jasmine was very, very good! In fact, within a very few seconds Molly's wildly flustered mind realized Jasmine was probably the best kisser she'd ever been kissed by!

Then came that wild flood of sensations and emotions as the Black girl's hands slid up and down her back and buttocks, always holding her close, and the continuing jolts of awareness of how very, very sexual this was, with Jasmine's soft skin grinding against her own!

She almost instinctively tried to push her back, to protest, as gently as she could, of course, but Jasmine was a very strong girl, and Molly was feeling extremely hesitant. That hesitation was being complicated by growing uncertainty as she came to feel a sense of pleasure in both the kiss and the feel of Jasmine's body against her, and then of the dark, wicked, outrageous thrill of what they were doing!

This was absolutely wrong! It was absolutely outrageous! But she felt breathless with a dazed sort of wonder as Jasmine continued to kiss her, and then brought one of her hands around to cup and fondle Molly's left breast!

Molly gasped and grabbed at her wrist, and Jasmine brought her other hand up behind her neck, gripping her hair and jerking back sharply enough for her to gasp and cry out as her lips came free of Jasmine's.

“You are one hot, sexy little cracker,” Jasmine said. “And I should hate you for how your hair feels.”

Instead she bent, sliding her right hand down Molly's body as she pulled her head back more sharply, bowing her chest. Her hand slid right down her belly and in between her legs, her fingers finding Molly's clitoris as her mouth found Molly's left nipple and sucked hungrily!

The double jolt of sensation and emotion rattled Molly's flustered brain! She gasped helplessly as Jasmine's fingers stroked her clitoris with a skill and care she hadn't ever felt from a guy, and as her teeth bit into the soft flesh of her breast in a bite which was just this side of painful, her tongue licking at her nipple as she sucked.

“Mmmmm,” Jasmine groaned around a mouthful of breast.

“J-J-Jasmine!” Molly gasped breathlessly.

The last thing she wanted to do was make a lot of noise so other girls would come to see what was going on!

Jasmine released her hair, then dropped to her knees, her big hands forcing Molly's unsteady legs apart as she then closed her mouth around Molly's sex! Molly's eyes got even wider and she felt another powerful jolt of emotion and sensation as she stared down in disbelief at the Black girl mouthing her sex!

She felt her lips move, felt them closing on her already-swollen clitoris, and suck rhythmically even as a finger wriggled up into Molly's sex!

“Oh!” she gasped in a desperate whisper. “Oh! Oh don't!” she moaned.

Jasmine ignored her, her finger wriggling deeper as she started to energetically

lick Molly's clitoris!

Not many boys had paid a lot of attention to her clitoris before, other than to rub it a little. There were not, in her experience, a lot of great teenage lovers in rural Louisiana, and she'd been reluctant to try something with older men.

Feeling what Jasmine was doing to her clitoris, though, was a shock, a revelation! She felt her legs going wobbly, and even though she was backed against the stall wall she had to reach down to grip Jasmine's head for balance!

“Oh God! Oh! Oh! Oh!” she moaned.

Jasmine slid up her body, kissing her passionately again, gripping her hair in a big fist, jerking it back as she kissed and chewed her way along the nape of her neck.

Molly felt ... out of her depth, to say the least. Helpless and confused, she had no idea what to do! She still felt she should push Jasmine away, but didn't seem able to find the will power to do it!

And a hot, wild, crackling sexual electricity was running along her spine, making her hands tremble and tightening her chest so that she had to gulp in ragged breaths of air!

Jasmine slid one of her black legs between Molly's long, pale white ones, then gripped her thigh, jerking one leg up and pressing it back. That allowed her to work her own sex in against Molly's, grinding them together to produce another wild rush of incredible sensations that battered Molly's mind.

“Nasty little blonde girl,” Jasmine whispered in a deep growl. “Jasmine is going to eat you all up and make you her little bitch toy!”

She gripped her blonde hair and jerked Molly's head back, kissing her passionately to forestall any chance of a reply – assuming Molly was capable of forming coherent thoughts in order to speak.

Then she released her again, dropping to her knees once more and mouthing her sex! Her tongue licked furiously as her hands slid up to fill themselves with Molly's breasts, squeezing and kneading as Molly trembled and moaned and shuddered at the swirling, churning emotions and avalanche of sensations.

And the orgasm was just... there! It started out low, then grew more and more intense. Molly's hips began to jerk and spasm and then she cried out helplessly as the orgasm redoubled in strength, jerking her head back violently and sobbing as her hips bucked against Jasmine's lapping tongue!

Not all orgasms are equal. And this one was a monster! Molly had to clamp her lips tight to stop from screaming as her entire body twisted and bucked under the storm of sensations flooding her nervous system!

It flayed her mind like few orgasms had ever done, leaving her dazed as Jasmine surged up from below to kiss her again and slide her hands all over Molly's wet body.

"I guess it's true that blonde girls are extra responsive," she purred, reaching for the bottle of body-wash.

She squeezed it and let a thick line of cream ooze out across Molly's chest.

"I did say I'd help you soap up, blonde girl," she said.

"Well, damn girl, you could have invited me in to help," came another voice.

Molly gasped as Shaquila pushed into the little stall!

Shaquila stared at her with a broad grin on her face.

"Now that looks fine!" the Black girl said.

Molly's face was already flushed, but now reddened further as Shaquila dropped her own towel and then moved forward, sliding her hand through the thick cream and spreading it over Molly's right breast! At the same time, Jasmine was spreading it over her left breast!

"Oh! W-wait! Don't! Jasmine! Sh-Shaquila!" she gasped.

The two girls snickered. Jasmine had hold of Molly's right wrist while Shaquila held her left. They used their free hands to spread the soapy up and down Molly's torso, then down between her legs.

Molly squealed, embarrassed, anxious, confused, and yet still feeling a wild

wave of arousal and a strange, powerful sense of some dark, forbidden thrill! The two big black girls hemmed her in, pressing their bodies against hers, and giggling as they soaped her up!

Shaquila's soapy hand slid up and down her back while Jasmine did her front, and then both of them leaned in, kissing her, chewing on her throat. She cried out into Jasmine's mouth as she felt two thick slick fingers pushing up into her sex, pumping in and out, and a thumb pressing against her soaped up clitoris, rubbing skillfully!

Then she felt the fingers of the hand on her bottom – Shaquila's, probing against her small back passage! A single finger twisted and pushed and slid slowly up inside her even as a hand on her hair jerked her head towards the other Black girl, who kissed her roughly.

Molly felt as if she was losing control – not that she'd had control before! She felt as if she was losing herself, her mind battered by one shock after another, and not knowing how to react or respond!

Shaquila's finger pushed high into her bottom while Jasmine's two fingers were pumping in and out of her sex! And a wild wave of sexual heat and shocked pleasure began to crash against her mind like a flood-tide!

This couldn't be happening, she thought. There was an air of unreality, of the impossible, but the crashing waves of sensuality began to set her mind to rocking and swaying and collapsing against the rising ride of heat.

Then Jasmine pulled her fingers out, reaching for one of the other bottles. A moment later a gasping, whimpering, moaning Molly felt the round golf-ball type cap rubbing up and down along the line of her sex, then slowly sinking into her body. Shaqila grabbed the other bottle, and now Molly felt the other round ball pressing against her back passage!

“No! Oh! Please!” she whimpered. “Oh! Oh! Oh God!”

Both bottles pushed in, twisting and turning, the balls disappearing into her body. Then the bottles themselves pushed in, stretching her wide front and back! Jasmine's thumb was still stroking her clitoris as she used her grip on Molly's hair to twist her head up and towards her to kiss her passionately.

Shaquila's bottle slid up into her bottom, filling her with a deep, dull, powerful sense of aching fullness that resonated through her abdomen, then rippled up her spine!

Molly felt another orgasm sweep through her, and cried out, her hips bucking violently against Jasmine's fingers!

The bottles were thicker than any boy's cock she'd ever had inside her, and they kept moving deeper and deeper into her heaving, burning abdomen! They were only about six inches long, though, and the two Black women forced every last inch into her body, then began to pump them in and out.

Molly twisted and writhed, gasping for breath, crying out in helpless dark pleasure as waves of heat and crackling sexual electricity tore through her! The two black women were pinning her between them, kissing and chewing and licking at her throat and her mouth and her breasts as their hands raced over her body.

And those two plastic bottles pumped in and out, in and out, as fingers stroked her clitoris!

She felt as if she were losing her mind! No, that she was losing herself, that she was drifting dazed in a sea of wonderment, even as sensory storms swept across her again and again! She cried out as the two jammed the bottles all the way up inside her, making her ache! But her body was burning fiercely!

Laughing, they rinsed her off, then Shaquila knelt before her, licking her clitoris while Jasmine kissed her and sucked and chewed on her breasts! Molly's nipples were swollen and aching! They throbbed and burned in Jasmine's mouth, and she sobbed dazedly as the two girls brought her to orgasm for a third time!

The two older girls then pulled the bottles out of her body, using them to shampoo her hair. When they were done with each of the bottles, they slid them back inside her, ignoring her dazed pleas!

They turned off the water and led her out of the stall, toweling her off as well as themselves, but holding her arms firmly. They led her into the other room, and to her astonishment, tied her wrists together behind her back before brushing and blow drying her hair!

“Wh-what are you doing?!” she gulped anxiously.

“Drying your hair, blonde girl,” Shaquila said.

“B-But I can do it!” she gulped.

“We want to do it.”

“But... but why did you tie my hands!?” she exclaimed.

“Because we don't want you interfering.”

Molly had no idea what to say! What could she say after that!?

Clearly neither of them was exactly a lesbian! They said several times how their boyfriends would love to get their hands on Molly. So this was some sort of... play sex, which Molly kind of knew about, but not really. She was at a loss as to how to end it without offending them, and wasn't even sure she wanted to!

She was still more than slightly breathless! She was aghast, too, but her mind and body were filled with a sense of thrilled sexual heat and sexual awakening, which were sending her moral compass spinning in confusion.

They dried her hair and slid their fingers through it repeatedly.

“I'd literally kill to have hair that felt like this,” Shaquila said.

“Wish we could scalp her and use it ourselves,” Jasmine said.

They finished and then led her out into the locker room, but then Jasmine opened the door leading to the volleyball court, turned, and nodded at Shaquila. Then she went out – naked!

What was worse, Shaquila then pulled Molly to the door and opened it.

Molly squealed and tried to draw back.

Crack! Shaquila slapped her bottom stingingly.

“Bad girl. You do as you're told,” Shaquila said

“B-But someone will see!” she squealed.

“Naw, the court's empty and we got the key.”

And then Molly was being led out into the big gym!

Xavier was not a rich university, nor a big one. Its volleyball court was also its basketball court. It had about twenty rows of bleachers all around the court, and the ceiling was high overhead.

Molly's head twisted from side to side as she stared around wildly, her eyes racing over the bleachers and the doors in desperate fear that someone might be there and might see her!

Jasmine then carried out something that looked like a round leather stool, only she set it on its side. It was completely covered in some dark leather, top, bottom and sides, and the two Black girls made her straddle it and then squat over it.

Someone jerked her hair up and back, and she gasped, heart pounding, blood racing as she tried to understand what was happening. Then fingers eased the bottle out of her pussy, and a moment later, probed at her back passage, and tugged the other bottle out of her body!

The two lowered her, then, carefully, and she felt something pressing against her sex, something thick and hard, but covered in something a lot softer than the plastic bottle! She moaned helplessly as her own body's weight slowly forced her down.

She was slick, and the thing was slicker. She groaned as it stretched her wide! But her body stretched to accommodate it, and then she was sinking down lower and lower, taking it deeper into her belly!

She was kneeling now, and fingers were rubbing at her clitoris as the two Black women slowly maneuvered her body down onto the thing.

“We know you love black cock, baby,” Jasmine said.

“All blonde girls love black cock!” Shaquila said.

“All blonde girls are sex fiends!” Jasmine taunted.

“All blonde girls are ho's!” Shaqila countered.

“All blonde girls are sluts!” Jasmine said.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” Molly cried.

They let go of her hair and her head rolled forward, and she stared down between her thighs at what looked like an enormous black tube protruding from the top of the rounded thing she straddled! It was huge! She gaped at it as she stared at her taut sex lips clinging so tightly.

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped as they pushed down on her shoulder.

She felt something round against her back opening, and as she sank further down it spread it open and then slid inside her – like a golf ball!

Then she was sitting straddling the round stool, astonished, helpless bewildered, and her body thrumming with heat as she tried to cope with the ache of the thick... thing inside her!

Giggling a little, Jasmine and Shaqila drew her ankles in against the side of the stool and strapped them there!

“Wh-what are you doing?” Molly whimpered as Jasmine got up and unrolled and electrical cord.

She watched her plug it into a long extension cord which led off to the side under the stands, and then... she squealed as she jerked her eyes down between her legs.

Right where the top of her sex was stretched tight around the thick black thing inside her, there was a little rubber or leather covered... thing, which was now pressed firmly against her – against her clitoris. And it was ... buzzing!

A moment later she felt her hair gathered in behind her, then a black silk blindfold was pulled across her eyes and tied behind her.

“Oh! Don't! Please!” she squealed.

Someone tugged more sharply on her hair and she cried out, her head forced

back. As that happened someone forced something spongy into her mouth, something thick and soft which pushed in and filled her mouth, and had a strap which went around her head. A gag!

“Now let's see how many times we can make this little blonde fuck toy come,” Shaquila said.

“Three so far,” Jasmine said.

Molly felt hands running up and down her body, stroking along her back and over her hips, rubbing her stomach, caressing her breasts, rolling and stroking her nipples!

“Hot little blonde sex toy!” Jasmine teased.

It was all so shocking! Molly had no idea what to do! But then again ... there wasn't anything she actually could do! She was strapped firmly in place, her wrists bound behind her back, her lower legs strapped against the side of the thing so she couldn't move!

Only... only she could move... in a way. The buzzing thing against her clitoris was making it feel incredibly hypersensitive! Combined with the thickness of the thing stretching her out, and the ache deep inside, her body was starting to tremble and shift and twist in place.

That, though, only served to lightly grind her clitoris against the buzzing thing! And the feel of her body shifting around the thick thing inside her sent a shock-wave through her mind.

“Do you like that hard Black cock you're sitting on blonde girl?” Shaquila asked.

“It's nice and thick and black!” Jasmine taunted.

“It's hard and stiff for you, blonde girl!”

“That's a big nigger cock up inside your hot, pink pussy!”

She gasped as two mouths closed around the center of her breasts, teeth digging in firmly, making her ache, mouths sucking hungrily as tongues licked both nipples!

“This girl is a real cock lover,” Shaquila said.

“I can tell,” Jasmine said.

Molly felt a hand rubbing up and down over her abdomen.

“It must be waaaay up inside you, Blonde girl!” she said as if marveling at the thought.

“Way up inside her,” Shaquila said.

“You got like a foot long black cock inside you, blonde girl,” Jasmine said.

Molly trembled as the sexual pressure grew more intense, more powerful inside her. Her entire body felt as if it were humming like a tuning fork, and she gurgled helplessly around the thing in her mouth as her lower belly burned.

She couldn't move much, but that didn't mean she couldn't move at all. Something instinctive, something primordial burned within her mind, and she rose up – just a little, just an inch – and, shuddering, sank back down.

The sensations which rolled through her during that short plunge were intense! The feel of her tightly clinging sex lips sliding upward was powerful enough, but sinking back down sent a hot pulse of heat through her brain as the tip of the... cock, jammed high inside her!

And then there was that golf ball thing in her bottom! Rising up even an inch made it tug up and spread her open, even if the distance wasn't enough for it to actually come free!

She rose up again, gasping dazedly, gasping and moaning as the sensations overwhelmed her. This time she rose two inches, and the round ball slid right out of her bottom! But then, when she sank down again it pushed right back inside her!

She cried out as she sank the last inch, her clitoris grinding against that raised... bump, as she impaled herself on the black cock, and the round thing pushed into her bottom.

Meanwhile both women were still sucking and chewing at her breasts as their

hands raced over her body!

It was more than she could cope with! Her body burned more and more fiercely as a sexual fever took hold of her mind! She felt her mind drifting again, in a kind of surrender to the primal forces gripping her. She had no will to fight them, and felt herself wallowing in the wild, churning waves of pleasure washing over her!

“Come for us, slut,” Jasmine taunted.

“Come for us, blonde sex toy!”

“Come for us, tramp!”

“Come for us, whore!”

“Come for us, slave girl!”

Molly came, crying out again and again! Her back arched and her body began to ride up and down on the dildo as the storm of sensation tore her mind apart. She sobbed dazedly as she sank fully down again, twitching and trembling, still overloaded, sexual electricity crackling through her mind.

She felt fingers prying the thing spongy thing out of her mouth, and she gasped aloud as it came free.

“Do you love that black cock up inside your belly, blonde girl?” Jasmine demanded.

Molly could only pant and moan dazedly.

Her hair was jerked up and back and she gasped. Then she felt fingers gripping her right nipple, inching and twisting it.

“Answer me, blonde girl!”

“Oh! Ow! Please!” Molly gasped.

“Tell me you love black cock!”

“I-I love black cock!” she cried.

The fingers pinching her nipple stroked it instead.

Then fingers pushed into her mouth as hands gripped her hair tightly to keep her in place.

“Suck! Suck that black cock in your mouth!”

Molly jerked in alarm, but it was clearly fingers, not a cock.

Someone pinched her nipple and she gasped in pain.

“Suck that black cock!”

She sucked on the fingers in her mouth as they pumped in and out, moaning around them.

“What a dirty girl!” Jasmine said.

“She loves that black cock,” Shaquila said.

The fingers came out of her mouth and rolled and stroked her nipple.

“Tell me you love black cock!” Jasmine ordered.

“I-I love black cock!” she moaned, grinding herself against the one inside her.

Fingers pushed down between her groin and the vibrating thing, rubbing her clitoris – but with the vibrating thing pressing into them from behind the vibrations were still transmitted into her body.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned.

“If you're going to beg, do it right, blonde girl,” Jasmine said.

“Yeah, you're our little sex slave!” Shaquila said in a lascivious voice.

“Say please, Mistress Jasmine,” Jasmine said, rubbing her clitoris.

Molly trembled and moaned.

Then fingers pulled and pinched her nipples and she yelped.

“Say it, sex slave.”

“Please, Mistress Jasmine!” she cried.

Two mouths returned to her breasts, sucking and chewing, and she shuddered and moaned and cried out as the sexual fever rose higher and higher. Her hips began to grind spastically against the vibrator, then she started to rise up and down, whimpering and crying out as she rode it to another massive orgasm!

It felt so good! It felt soooo, sooo good!

Molly could almost feel her brain melting, could feel her higher orders of consciousness shutting down in the face of that glorious storm of pleasure and sexual heat! What else could possibly matter compared to this!?

She sagged breathlessly, then groaned as her head was jerked up and back by the hair.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, slave girl,” Jasmine growled.

Fingers pinched her nipples and she trembled and moaned.

“Say it, slave girl!” Shaquila ordered.

“I-I love nigger cock!” Molly gasped dazedly.

“Say I love nigger cock inside me!” Jasmine ordered.

“I love nigger cock inside me!” Molly groaned.

She cried out as a fist gripped a thick chunk of her hair and forced her up, forced her to slide up, up, up the long length of the dildo. Then the fist released her and she sank down, feeling shocked and exultant as her body slid down, down, down the incredible length of the thing, in a long, wanton, glorious plunge that had her

crying out in dazed disbelief as it filled her!

“Tell me you love nigger cock, bitch,” Shaquila ordered.

Molly gasped as a hand slapped her breast.

“I love nigger cock!”

Another slap made her cry out dazedly.

“You forgot to say mistress! Say it again!”

“I love nigger cock, Mistress Shaquila!” she cried.

“Nasty little cracker girl!” Jasmine said.

Molly cried out again as their teeth bit into her breasts, not just around the nipples, but up and down along the sides and bottoms and tops! Fingers rubbed her clitoris again and she began to ride the black cock up and down, up and down, using longer strokes, the air sobbing out of her open mouth as the powerful waves of sexual heat swept over her!

Hands slapped her bottom and jerked on her hair.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, sex slave!” Jasmine ordered.

“I love nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!” she cried as she rode up and down.

“Only nigger cock?” Shaquila said. “What about nigger pussy? We licked your little pink pussy. Are you telling me you don't like our pretty black pussies?”

The blindfold was pulled from her hair and she found herself staring into Shaquila's abdomen. The girl was straddling the stool thing, and had removed her pants. Now she gripped Molly's hair and jerked her face forward, rubbing it against her sex.

“Lick my pussy, slave girl!” she demanded.

Molly trembled and panted dazedly, moaning as the black girl rubbed her face against her.

A hand slapped her right breast.

“Lick!”

A hand slapped her left breast.

“Lick!”

Molly licked.

Shaquila was right, after all. They had licked her. And it had been... incredible! She could hardly refuse to do the same back to them! Or at least, her disoriented mind thought as much as she licked at the top of Shaquila's sex.

“That's it, sex slave!” Shaquila purred. “Lick your mistress!”

This was so kinky and perverted, Molly thought wildly. But that powerful thrumming sexual energy filled her to overflowing, and she felt drunk on the wild wanton heat of it all! She stared into Shaquila's sex in disbelief that she was actually doing this, even as her tongue licked wildly at it!

She cried out as Shaquila jerked back on her hair and glowered down at her.

“You gots to learn to perform better, girl,” she growled. “We done showed you how it's done already!”

“Make your mistress happy, slave girl,” Jasmine said, rubbing her clitoris.

Slave girl!? That was so kinky and nasty and outrageous! It sent a wild rush of thrilled sensual heat rolling through Molly's body! Especially since, while it was ridiculous, there she knelt, tied helplessly before them, naked and on her knees!

“Slobbering on me like a bitch dog,” Shaquila said.

She then proceeded to tutor Molly in how she liked to be licked, with Jasmine pinching and twisting her nipples as punishment whenever Shaquila told her to!

Halfway through the lesson Molly came again, crying out in helpless passion as she rode up and down on the dildo.

“Dirty girl!”

“Sex slave!”

“Nasty little slut!”

“Whore!”

“Tell me you love that nigger cock, bitch!”

Crack! Crack! Hands slapped her breasts.

“Oh!

“Say it!”

“I love nigger cock, Mistress!”

Crack!

“Tell me you love nigger pussy!”

“I love nigger pussy, Mistress!” Molly gasped.

And that was outrageous in its own way! Using the N-word in front of Black girls was something that jolted her for how daring and outrageous and forbidden it was!

Yet how could she refuse when they'd ordered her to!?

She made Shaquila come! The Black girl ground her pussy into Molly's face and cursed as she became breathless!

Then she moved aside and Jasmine stepped in front of her.

“Lick your mistress to a come, you hot little blonde sex slave!” Jasmine growled, gathering in her blonde hair.

But Molly was losing control of herself in the unreality of the situation, in the hurricane of sensations and emotions sweeping through her. She came again, this time with multiple orgasms that seemed to never end!

She thought she might actually die from them, her insides aching terribly as her

muscles spasmed again and again! She became light-headed, forgetting to breathe, and rode the cock inside her almost instinctively, gurgling and gasping and sobbing dazedly.

She was going insane, and didn't care!

“This bitch ain't doing much for me,” Jasmine said.

“We should whip her ass!” Shaquila replied.

“Nah, I got something else for her.”

She unplugged the stool, then gripped Molly's hair, jerking her head back.

Molly swayed on the stool, gasping, gulping in air, her face, throat and chest flushed, eyes fluttering.

“Hot little blonde sex slave,” Jasmine said, looking down at her and smirking.

Molly could only moan and pant weakly.

*

Molly was at a loss as to what to do!

She was walking back to the dorms with Shaquila and Jasmine on either side of her. She was shell-shocked at what had happened in the gym, and what it meant. The incredible string of orgasms still filled her mind with an echo of dark, burning heat every time she thought about the kinky, dirty things she'd done!

She had licked a girl's pussy! More than one girl! Black girls at that!

She ached inside from that thick ... thing! Once they had pulled her off, in fact, she could see it was shaped exactly like a great big cock! A great big black cock!

That made her cries of loving Black cock all the more nasty!

More than anything, she wanted to be alone in a dark room to try and puzzle it all out and try to figure out what the heck had happened and what she was supposed to do now!

But she couldn't figure out how to get away from Jasmine and Shaquila! What was more, Jasmine told her that she owed the black girl an orgasm!

Which, she conceded, could be sort of true, since Jasmine had... had performed oral sex on her and made her come! And she hadn't done the same in return.

God! This was all so filthy and dirty! It was a wonder nobody they passed stared at her like she was some kind of pervert!

Sex slave! That was what they kept calling her! The phrase was ridiculous, which, in a way, reassured her, since it sort of emphasized they were just sort of playing a game. It was a dark, kinky, perverted game, but ,well, they were black, and everyone knew Black girls were all slutty!

But it sure hadn't been the way she was raised!

She couldn't exactly say that, though. They were, after all, her teammates, and Jasmine was her captain, and she was new, and didn't dare say anything that might sound racist!

Which made her wince at the thought of the using the N-word like they'd made her do!

Calling them 'mistress', by comparison, was just silly.

They went into the dorm, and Jasmine pressed the bottom for the top floor. Molly bit her lower lip, wanting to protest, wanting to go to her own floor, but she couldn't bring herself to speak up!

They got off on the top floor and went up the narrow corridor to a room, which Jasmine unlocked. To Molly's surprise, Shaquila just continued on, leaving her alone with Jasmine. That made her feel at least a little more relaxed. Jasmine seemed nicer than Shaquila, after all.

But going into Jasmine's dorm room alone with her also had a pretty strong implication that they were going to have more sex! And Molly found her mind squirming uncomfortably about it! What had happened in the shower and gym had been simply unbelievable!

But it was so different than anything else she'd ever done in terms of sex that it

was almost hard to believe that had been what it was! Even though she still had her own bottles of shampoo and conditioner up inside her!

But now she found herself alone in a bedroom with a woman – a black woman at that – who intended to have SEX with her! That wasn't something she had any enthusiasm for!

At the same time her mind was still swirling around through the echoes of that wild shocked heat and excitement which had gripped her when Shaquila and Jasmine had... had... had done whatever they'd done to her!

God, she'd licked Shaquila's pussy! And made her come!

She would have to put a stop to this now! But do it... diplomatically, so that Jasmine understood there was nothing personal in it, that she didn't find her ugly or anything, that she didn't dislike Black people, or... or have anything necessarily against lesbian sex but...

Jasmine grabbed her by the lapels and shoved her against the back of the door the instant it closed, then crushed her lips against Molly's. Molly cried out, startled, gasping as the Black woman's lips moved hungrily against her own, as her tongue slipped through her open lips and stroked along her own tongue!

And then Molly felt her t-shirt being yanked up under her arms to bare her breasts – for the girls hadn't let her put her underwear back on. Jasmine yanked harder and Molly's arms raised so the t-shirt could be pulled free.

The instant it was the Black girl grabbed her wrists and pinned them against the door, crossing them, then holding them in one large hand. Molly tried to protest but Jasmine's lips were still on hers, and now the girl's other hand was undoing her cutoffs, shoving down the front, her fingers finding Molly's clitoris!

The sudden jolt of sensation made her cry out, and she felt a flood of dark, liquid heat spreading through her lower belly even as Jasmine used her own body to press her back against the door and her fingers stroked rapidly – expertly – across her clitoris!

Molly's already uncertain thoughts were swamped in a wave of dark heat and hunger as she shuddered and moaned helplessly. She felt helpless... controlled... under Jasmine's control, and somehow that was both scary and wildly thrilling!

Her cutoffs slid down her legs to pool at her ankles and her hips jerked as her buttocks ground against the door behind her. Jasmine's fingers were doing amazing things to her there, with a touch which, while very firm, was a lot more knowledgeable than any boy who had ever touched her!

Jasmine finally pulled her lips back, her eyes glowering, hot.

“Bitch! You belong to me,” she growled. “You're my little blonde sex slave!”

The words made Molly gasp, lighting dark fires of heat, and spilling outrageous and forbidden erotic images across her mind!

“Sex slave!” Jasmine whispered, rubbing her clitoris and leaning in to kiss her again.

Molly moaned and trembled, then gasped as she felt one of Jasmine's fingers curl under and push up inside her. It pushed lightly at the base of the bottle, then a second slid in, grasping the bottle and pulling it out slowly.

The sensation of the bottle moving sent another wave of raw heat up through Molly's body, and then Jasmine pulled it free, and abruptly released her wrists, only to grab a thick chunk of blonde hair behind her neck.

Molly gasped as she was swung forward, stumbling to her knees because of the cutoffs around her ankles. They came off as Jasmine forced her forward, holding tightly to her hair.

“Oh! Don't!” she pleaded, reaching up to grasp at her fist.

Jasmine ignored her pleas, forcing her up to a single bed, then up.

“Up! Into bed! Kneel on the edge, sex slave!”

Molly had little choice, and her mind was becoming even more awash with churning dark waters of thrilled sexual excitement despite her anxiety.

Crack! Jasmine slapped her soft round bottom sharply.

“Not on your hands and knees, slut! Get your face down on the bed! Raise that ass higher!”

Crack!

“Oh! Please!”

Crack!

“Raise that ass high, white girl,” jasmine growled. “Sex slave!”

Crack!

“Now spread those legs!”

The flustered, gasping blonde girl found herself positioned on the foot of the bed, bent forward, her arms stretched ahead of her, her bottom raised high and her knees apart in a position which was terribly vulnerable, defenseless, and obscene!

“That's what I like to see,” Jasmine growled. “A hot little blonde sex slave who knows her position – like a bitch in heat ready to be mounted.”

She went to a dresser, opened the top drawer, and took something else, then stood behind her.

“Put your hands behind your back!” she barked.

Gasping, the dazed girl obeyed, and felt them seized by the tall Black girl. Something like a strap was wrapped around her left wrist, and pulled tight, then something similar around her right, bewildering her.

A moment later, Jasmine released them, then Molly felt her hair combed up and back, then jerked up sharply, so that she cried out, her chin and shoulders lifted off the bed! A belt was slid around her neck, and then pulled behind her as Jasmine released her hair!

“What are you doing!?” she gasped, her hands jerking sharply as she tried to grab at the belt.

But her hands wouldn't move! They were locked together behind her by the leather straps around them, which were now locked together!

Her anxiety was eased when the belt was apparently fastened together behind her neck, for it wasn't tight enough to threaten her breathing. But then... what was it!?

Crack!

“Keep that little white butt in the air, blonde girl,” Jasmine ordered.

Crack!

“You hear me?”

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

Crack!

“You hear me?”

“Yes!”

Crack!

“Then say yes mistress Jasmine,” Jasmine growled.

That was so weird and sick and kinky and silly and –

Crack!

“Ow! “Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” she gasped.

She gasped as her wrists were shoved high along her spine, up beneath her shoulder blades, then something was attached to them and a moment later she felt pressure against the belt around her neck as Jasmine released them!

Her wrists, she quickly realized, were fastened somehow to the belt around her neck! She could hear a clinking sound when she tried to pull them down, and feel the pull against the belt!

Fingers stroked her clitoris then, then slowly pushed into her pussy, first one, then two, then three as her clitoris continued to be stroked and caressed!

And she knelt there in abject surrender, naked, helpless, her bottom high in the air and her legs spread! It was... it was outrageous! And she felt that wild sense of thrilled sexual anticipation coming over her once again as Jasmine's fingers pumped inside her and stroked her sensitive clitoris!

“Nasty little blonde sex slave,” Jasmine said. “You gotta learn to obey your mistress or else you'll get a spanking.”

Crack!

“You hear me?”

“Oh! Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” Molly gasped.

She felt the fingers slide out, though they continued to stroke her clitoris. Something else pressed against her opening, though, something thick and cool. She moaned as she felt the pressure growing against the moist, hot mouth of her sex. Something thick was pushing against her hard!

“Oh! W-What are you... doing!?” she whined.

Crack!

“Whatever I want, slave girl. Your body belongs to me now.”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“You understand me, sex slave?”

Crack!

“Answer your mistress.

“Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” she gasped.

The pressure mounted, and then she felt herself slowly spreading open, pushed in and back wider and wider so that it ached! And then something slick and thick slowly pushed into her, inch by slow inch, pushing through the mouth of her sex, then pushing deeper into her belly.

She felt her elastic sheath stretching wide around it, felt the thing inside her, solid and thick, pushing up through her abdomen as she moaned and gasped and gulped in air, her blonde bangs spilling over her eyes.

“Oh! Oh please!”

Crack!

“That's please Mistress Jasmine,” Jasmine said, slapping her bottom sharply.

Crack!

“Try again.”

Crack!

“Say it, sex slave!”

“Please, Mistress Jasmine!” Molly cried.

The thing twisted and turned inside her, starting to pump now, but moving ever deeper even as Jasmine stroked her clitoris. The ache was still there but it wasn't quite as harsh now, and she felt a sense of wild sexual awe at being so thickly and solidly penetrated!

She groaned as the thing slid back, then came completely out of her, but a moment later Jasmine gripped her hair and yanked it up and back, then pushed something against her face.

“Lick it, sex slave. Lick that nigger cock,” Jasmine ordered.

It was... a big... black... penis! It was obviously a dildo – an enormous one, though Molly had never seen one in person before. There wasn't a lot of wild sexual experimentation going on in her town!

“Lick it, slave girl. Lick that nigger cock,” Jasmine ordered.

This was sooo dirty and nasty!

Crack!

“Oh!”

She licked at the big plastic penis. She had no idea what it was made of. It didn't feel quite like plastic as Jasmine rubbed it over her lips and cheeks. It didn't feel like rubber either. It felt oddly sort of like real skin! It had a helmet head, like a circumcised penis, and thick dark veins were carved down the shaft.

“A dirty little blonde girl like you needs to have nigger cock in her all the time,” Jasmine said.

Molly cried out as her hair was pulled again, forcing her head back – and opening her mouth – just as Jasmine pressed the head against it and pushed it into her open mouth!

Molly stared at it, down its long length as the head and the first few inches of shaft slid into her mouth! She moaned helplessly around it.

“Suck it! Suck that nigger cock, sex slave!” Jasmine demanded.

Crack! Crack!

“Do it!”

Moaning, Molly obeyed, sucking and then licking at the black cock in her mouth as though it were a real one! Jasmine pumped it slowly in and out and Molly stared at the obscene thing in awe and bewilderment! How had she let herself be placed in this position!?

Jasmine pulled the dildo away from her mouth, then rubbed it up and down against her sex.

Crack!

“Spread your legs, slut!”

Molly shuddered as the dildo pushed into her again. It went in easier than before, but even so it was awfully tight, filling her to overflowing! She moaned helplessly as it slid deeper and deeper into her aching belly, but Jasmine stroked her clitoris with her fingers and a wild, churning wall of sex-heat swept over her!

“I know what blonde girls are like,” Jasmine said.

Crack!

“They love that nigger cock inside them!”

Crack!

“Don't you, sex slave? Don't you?”

Crack!

“Say it!”

“Y-yes!” Molly cried dazedly.

Crack!

“Say it!”

“I-I love nigger cock inside me, Mistress Jasmine!” she half sobbed as her body began to burn.

“Ungh! Unhgh! Ohh! Oh God! Oh! Ungh!” she gasped as the dildo pumped in and out, deeper and harder and faster.

The orgasm rose and rose, towering over her like a tidal wave, hovered on the edge, then crashed down upon her! Molly cried out, her body trembling and shaking, twisting and writhing, her hips bucking back against the pumping dildo as Jasmine's fingers stroked her clitoris rapidly.

The orgasm was like a tidal wave sweeping across her mind, washing away all cares and concerns, all thoughts and inhibitions, everything but the delicious burning heat and helpless passion gripping her in a sexual fever.

Her hips rolled up and back frantically as the orgasm rolled on and on, her eyes glazing over, her body jerking and spasming as the pleasure ate into her mind.

And left her dazed, gasping, eyes fluttering as she knelt there, groaning, drooling against the bed.

Jasmine moved around in front of her, and was now naked. She climbed onto the bed, lay on her back, spread her legs wide, and reached out to comb Molly's soft blonde hair into a thick mass before pulling.

Molly gasped in pain, forced forward a little, staring at the Black pussy in front of her.

“Time to please your mistress, sex slave,” Jasmine growled. “Get to work, you blonde slut!”

And there was absolutely nothing Molly could even think of doing other than to obey.

She licked tentatively at Jasmine's naked pussy, her tongue licking up and down the narrow line of her sex.

“Lick harder, bitch,” Jasmine growled, jerking harder on her hair.

“Oh!”

Molly licked harder, especially up top, against Jasmine's clitoris, and Jasmine, jerked on her hair again, and again, and again, guiding her and teaching her to lick and to suck how she liked it down.

“Keep that ass in the air, slave bitch,” Jasmine snapped when she started to shift on the bed.

“Keep your legs apart because any minute now a Black man might come in that door and want to fuck you hard!”

The words were outrageous, scary, and deeply arousing all at once.

Not that she thought they were any more real than her being a sex slave, of course. They were just words Jasmine was using in this nasty, filthy, kinky little sex game! One that Molly wasn't sure how to get out of, or even if she wanted to!

“Oh yeah! Like that. Lick me like that, you nasty slave girl! Lick your mistress, sex slave! Make your mistress happy, bitch girl!” Jasmine groaned, tugging on her hair and reaching forward to squeeze Molly's throbbing breast.

“Dirty girl!” Jasmine groaned. “Ooooo. Yeah! Like that! Unngh. You filthy little blonde fuck toy!”

The words were... nasty and mean and outrageous, but somehow they sent dark crackling waves of sexual electricity rolling through Molly's quivering body.

Jasmine climaxed, crying out softly, gurgling in pleasure, her hips bucking up as she jammed Molly's face down against her sex. Then her knees fell wide to the sides and she groaned contentedly.

She lay there for long seconds, fingers twined in Molly's hair, then grunted and sat up, slid back, and swung her long legs out of bed.

“Don't you move, sex slave,” she warned.

She got out of bed and walked behind her, and Molly had no idea what she was doing. It seemed like she was getting dressed or something. She gasped as she felt fingers at her sex, then, felt the big dildo slowly twisting and turning and pulling back inch by inch.

It pulled free, and Jasmine walked forward along the bed, turning so Molly could see she was sort of wearing some kind of... weird affair of straps and plastic. It had a plastic plate over her groin, held together with straps that went around her hips and between her thighs.

And as Molly stared at it in confusion she saw Jasmine press the base of the enormous dildo against the front plate and twist it. When she let go, it was locked in place, and Molly's eyes widened as she understood what Jasmine was going to do!

She shuddered as the girl moved behind her, and then felt the dildo pressing up and down against her sex again. She groaned, her sex sore and aching, but in a delicious way. The dildo penetrated her and slid deep as Jasmine's hands slid down over her hips, down along her back.

“Dirty little sex slave,” Jasmine said, her voice purring.

“Your mistress is going to fuck your blonde brains out.”

The thing began to move in and out of her, and Molly gasped as her hair was

jerked up and back again. Then an arm curved over her right hip and fingers slid down along her abdomen until they found her clitoris.

It was so insane! And yet it was driving her insane! The thick dildo – the thick black cock – moving in and out of her was doing strange things to her mind even as Jasmine's fingers stroked her clitoris again!

Jasmine – a girl – was fucking her – like a man!

Not that she'd ever put herself in such a position for a boy before!

Well, there was the doggy position, which she'd done, and found exciting, but this was so much more... degrading and helpless!

Demeaning! It was really like she was Jasmine's bitch, her bitch in heat, to be done with whatever Jasmine wanted!

Her wrists pulled against the straps around them, against whatever locked them to the strap around her neck, and she grunted and gasped and moaned as Jasmine fucked her!

She squeaked in pain, then gasped as the Black girl managed to force the dildo into her so deep that her hips slapped against Molly's buttocks! Not only did that feel wild and thrilling, but having seen the dildo, a shock-wave of heat and amazement swept through her as she realized that whole thing was inside her!

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck you, sex slave,” Jasmine ordered.

Crack!

“Beg!”

“P-Please fuck me, Mistress Jasmine!” Molly gasped.

Crack!

“Fuck you with what, bitch? Fuck you with my fist? Fuck you with my fingers? Or fuck you with my big nigger cock?”

Crack!

“Oh! Please! Yes, Mistress Jasmine!” she gasped.

Jasmine jerked back more sharply on her hair, and slapped her bottom again.

“Beg!”

“Please fuck me with your big, nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!” she half sobbed.

Jasmine was doing just that, ramming it into her harder and harder, making her ache inside, but a firestorm was roaring inside her, consuming her mind, if not her body, and she felt her consciousness sinking, drifting, surrendering to the inevitable.

She floated on a wild, storm-tossed sea of sensation, helpless to do anything anyway, but accept whatever Jasmine did to her.

Crack!

“Tell me you love nigger cock, slave girl!”

“Oh! Oh! I love nigger cock,” she moaned. “I love nigger cock, Mistress Jasmine!”

The orgasm swamped her mind and she began to cry out so loudly Jasmine shoved her face into the mattress below to muffle them. All the while her hips kept moving, slapping against her upraised buttocks, pounding the dildo into her with long, fast, powerful strokes.

She pulled out as Molly slumped dazedly, then rolled her roughly over onto her back, spreading her knees wide as she licked expertly at her sex.

Molly trembled and writhed, crying out in soft, breathless moans as Jasmine's tongue drove her into another sexual fever.

The black woman rose up, getting on her knees on the bed, lifting Molly's legs up and back, her big hands sliding along them to grip her ankles as she forced them back over Molly's head.

Molly gasped as the dildo entered her again, as she looked up between her own thighs at Jasmine's hungry face.

“You belong to me, sex slave,” Jasmine said. “Nasty little blonde slave girl!”

Molly trembled and gasped, then grunted as Jasmine let her own larger body come down, her hands forcing Molly's ankles back further and further, then jamming them in behind her ears!

The black girl's hips rose and fell as she leaned over her, supporting herself on her own straight arms, pumping the dildo deeper and then deeper, until her hips were slapping against Molly's upraised buttocks again and again.

Bent in half, Molly gaped at the sight of her own distended sexual opening, staring at the thick dildo as it slid in and out, feeling every inch of it inside her, and the sensation as the head struck the back wall of her sex.

“Take that nigger cock, white girl,” Jasmine said from above her. “You love it! And you're gonna get lots of it in the next four years! This is gonna be four years of you getting nigger cock every morning, noon and night!”

Another orgasm blew Molly's already dazed mind into pieces, and she gurgled and grunted and gasped, her eyes glassy, the breath sobbing out of her open mouth as the Black girl fucked her hard.

Only as it faded did she realize something – that unlike the boys she'd slept with – Jasmine would never get soft!

Her insides ached and her mind was battered and dazed. But it didn't matter, as Jasmine continued to thrust the thick dildo into her burning sex, and the swirling, violent, bubbling lava pit within her lower belly exploded again, and then again, until she felt like she was losing herself, losing her mind.

She was in no shape to complain or resist when Jasmine finally stopped. She was slack-jawed and it felt as if her mind had drained out of her ears! Jasmine pulled on her hair and dragged her off onto the floor, then made her kneel in front of a mirror.

She stared dazedly, seeing herself naked, a studded black collar around her neck. And beneath her was that thick dildo, only a couple of inches still outside her,

the base pressed against the floor.

She stared as if unable to comprehend what she was seeing.

Jasmine turned her to the side, and she could see both wrists encased in a sort of smaller version of the black collar. A small chain was locked to the two around her wrists, and then locked to a ring in the back of the collar around her neck.

“Sex slave!” Jasmine whispered into her ear.

Molly was stunned at the sight of herself, her jaw wide. She shuddered, then, as Jasmine gripped her hair behind the neck, then reached around her hip. This time her fingers weren't bare. They held a small, wand-like device.

She clicked a button and it began to buzz, and when Jasmine pressed it against the top of her distended sex opening she felt the vibrations against her clitoris.

She sucked in a harsh breath of air, staring, wide-eyed, her flushed chest rising and falling faster once again as Jasmine rubbed the little wand up and down against her and her insides began to squirm with growing power and intensity!

Her hips began to spasm and she grunted and gasped, head back as Jasmine chewed on the nape of her neck.

“Slave girl,” the Black girl whispered. “Sex slave!”

Molly felt her mind starting to come apart again!

Jasmine stopped, then turned her so her side was towards the mirror before jerking on her hair and pulling her mouth up against her own sex.

“Lick your mistress, sex slave,” she barked.

She'd removed the straps, and now spread her legs as Molly began to lick. She licked and sucked as Jasmine tugged on her hair and called her names, and after Jasmine had come again she made Molly face the mirror once more, knelt beside her, and played the vibrator across her clitoris until Molly came yet again.

She put her hand over Molly's mouth, though, to stop her cries of pleasure, as the vibrator drove her to the edge of insanity! And in her feverish heat Molly forced

herself down harder on the dildo, not caring about pain, desperate to get more and more inside her as the orgasm went on and on – and on!

“Sex slave,” Jasmine growled. “You're gonna be my little white bitch! Me and the team's! And our boyfriends' too!”

Molly felt as if she already were – and didn't care! For this kind of feverish heat and pleasure, she'd do anything – for anyone! What else mattered!?

End

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Blonde Girl, Black School

[Blonde Girl, Black School 2](#)

Blonde Girl, Black School 3 (upcoming)

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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