



Sinful Sunday

By JJ Argus

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

Kristin

Like many girls I have long been envious of the ability of guys to express themselves sexually, to go after what they want without hesitation and feel no shame about it. In fact, they're expected to all be a bunch of horny, slavering perverts. And nobody much minds that.

Obviously, it's a different story for girls. As much as society has progressed, the attitude towards girls and women is still often in the dark ages. This is an issue we face even before puberty hits. It's never about what we feel and what do we want but how we should present ourselves to our friends and to guys so as to not damage our reputation.

Even leaving aside a reputation, sex for most young women is a careful dance of assessing the guy, figuring out what sort of person he is, how he'll respond to certain things, whether he can be trusted, and ultimately whether he is worth the risk of trying given that for the most part women very often don't have orgasms during sex.

That's mostly because guys, for all their enthusiasm, generally only want to do one thing: stick it in and pound away until they come. They might appreciate blow jobs, too. That's basically it. Unless they're actually feeling a degree of emotional attachment to you most of the rest is just appetizers, or necessary tasks to go through if they want to get the sex.

This probably gets better when they get older, at least I've been assuming as much, hoping as much. But when you're a teenager, teenage boys are just not all that great in bed. Or so I had found out until recently. I met Connor Reed completely by accident. It wasn't on a date or something from class. I ran into him at a bus stop.

For me, that normally will just mean perhaps an opportunity to get to know each other a little bit and then maybe if we hit it off consider daring at some future time. But something seemed to have come over me that night. I'd been working all day and was exhausted. Not just from my job as a server at a sports bar but from the intensity of the studies I was doing in my first year of law school.

It had been raining heavily which had gotten my top partially see-through. His as well, though of course, he was far from embarrassed about that. In fact, he had pulled off his wet T-shirt to wring it out, thus revealing the most impressive, muscular, gorgeous male body it had ever been my delight to be up close and personal with.

He was on the university's football team, and it showed in those broad shoulders and powerful chest. Normally I would have pushed him away when he decided to hit on me so abruptly, but unlike every other guy I had kissed, Connor Reed was an amazing kisser. He could have given lessons!

It did not surprise me in the least that a gorgeous guy like him with a body like that on the football team would have had a lot of experience with women. Unlike a lot of other jocks, though, he had apparently taken the time to learn to be very good in bed.

See, that's another problem girls have. Especially when we're young. Sex, to us, is all about pleasing the guy, making sure he enjoys himself and that he likes us. Because of that we tend to flatter them way more than they deserve, and complain a lot less than we should.

It takes a brave girl to even gently hint to a guy that he's doing it all wrong in bed. Their egos are often very fragile in that department. And since actual sexual pleasure is not the purpose of sex for younger women, we tend to let it slide figuring that it doesn't really matter unless we become an actual couple, and if and when that happens then we can start training them.

But apparently, Connor had learned from his experiences. A lot! That wasn't the only reason that I gave in to him, though. There was just something about the time, the place, my state of mind, and that it was all just so wild and thrilling and dark and wickedly exciting.

I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have been nearly as turned on if we had just been on a normal date and he started coming on to me in his car or in my dorm room. But making out in a bus stop on a city street, to the point where he practically had me naked right there inside the bus shelter? That was insane!

For whatever reason that guy had driven me out of my mind with pleasure and I had three massive orgasms before he left me there in the little parkade behind the shelter, naked and breathless. And then the following Sunday he'd done it again! And he'd been even more daring.

The week after that he had succeeded in shocking me once more by insisting I strip completely naked outside the shelter on a city street. Granted it was midnight, but even so, I had been incredibly overwhelmed by it all. And that was before another guy had joined him. I never even learned his name but he was obviously also a football player.

They left me sprawled naked across the curb next to the bus stop, dazed and chest heaving after an orgasm so powerful it had practically blown my mind.

There was no way I could even discuss this with anyone. If there is anything sluttier than a girl who has sex with a guy she barely knows without even having a date first it's a girl who does it with someone whose name she doesn't even know. And if there's anything sluttier than that it's doing it with both of them together.

There was nobody I knew who wouldn't be shocked and appalled at me for my behavior. And this is an example of how guys have it so easily. For all I know, Connor had bragged to a number of his friends about what he had done. It's not like they would think ill of him for it. More likely they'd be giving him high-fives and congratulating him.

Obviously, he had told one of his teammates and then invited him to come along and join in the fun. Imagine me telling one of my girlfriends that I'd had sex with a football player at a bus stop and maybe they'd like to come along and join me the next time I did it?

Anyway, after three weeks, nearly four now, I was kind of lost, adrift on a churning sea of uncertainty, confusion, and worry. Those three sexual interludes, if I can call them that, had been intense, violent, and utterly overwhelming in terms of passion, excitement, and pleasure.

I mean, nothing else I had ever done even came close. I hadn't even been aware my body could feel that level of excitement and pleasure. But I fear that I've become addicted to it. The thrill of it, the wild intensity of it elevated me to something beyond normal life.

And I didn't understand it. It wasn't just that they were better equipped, which they were, than other guys. It wasn't just that they were big, strong, muscular, handsome men, which they were. It was the... the situation, if you will.

And it hadn't been remotely like any sex I had ever had before. Honestly, it was more like me being used like a sex doll by them. Connor had even tied me up, or at least tied my wrists each time. And he had explicitly told me it was because he loved to dominate girls during sex.

It wasn't just that, either, though. He deliberately made me do and say things that were incredibly degrading. Yet rather than dampen the mood for me, somehow, as embarrassing as that was, they added a dark, glittering edge of thrilling heat to what was happening.

Not to mention, that this being tied up business kind of exempted me from all the normal requirements of a girl during sex. The ones I mentioned above. I didn't have to know or think about how to move or pose my body or what to do or say. All I had to do was obey his commands. Like some kind of sex toy.

He even called me one I think. Now, as time counted down to the weekend, the Sunday bus ride home from work at midnight loomed larger and larger. What was I going to do? Was I really going to continue to participate in these incredibly degrading and arguably abusive sexual games with him, a man I barely knew?

Because that impacted how I saw myself. I intended to be a respectable member of society, a lawyer. I dressed carefully for school and anytime I was around my classmates so as to give off an appearance of dignified, calm, self-possessed intelligence.

Connections were important if you wanted to be a lawyer one day, after all, and law school was a good place to start making them.

Needless to say, Connor was not in law school. He went to the same university, but he was taking physical education. He was not the kind of connection a future lawyer needed. Nor did a future lawyer need to risk gaining a reputation as an absolute slut who would do all kinds of degrading things with strange men.

What I ought to do was to either avoid that bus stop completely, or stop him from doing anything and present him with an alternative of a date at a future time so that we could explore a potential relationship. Of course, one of the reasons why I think I had lost control in the first place was that I hadn't had a date in a long while.

That's not because there haven't been offers. It's because I'm so incredibly busy. Getting guys has never been a hard job for me. In high school, there had been no end to the line of guys wanting to date me - meaning line of guys who wanted to make out with me.

I'm prettier than most and have a really good body. And that's really all it takes. Let's face it, guys are all sluts. And I haven't noticed a big change now that I'm in University. Even though I dress very modestly now, and do my best not to accentuate things like my butt or my boobs.

Well, at school anyway. Work is entirely different. The sports bar uniforms consist of a very short kilt and tight, midriff-baring white top that shows plenty of cleavage. It couldn't possibly be more different from what I wear to school.

It's also very strange that while at school I insist on being considered entirely for my intelligence and what I know about the law. At the bar, I know full well that my tips will increase the sexier I look and act. And I need the money.

Frankly, I like feeling sexy for a change. I really don't like the way I have to act like some sort of androgynous person at school. Showing off, especially in a uniform I don't choose and so can't be slut shamed over, was kind of neat and sometimes exciting depending on who was looking me up and down.

Maybe that also played into how I felt that first night.

As Sunday rolled around my pulse kept racing whenever I thought about what might be about to happen that night. I had only to glance at the clock to feel my chest tightening with anxiety. Because while I knew what I should do, I also knew how weak I was when Connor got his lips and hands on me. It was like my brain melted.

I told myself that I was going to try and talk to him this time. And yet how had I dressed? In a halter top which was little more than a thin piece of cotton with two pairs of strings going across my back and across my neck, and a pair of shorts. I couldn't have chosen anything easier to take off quickly.

What if he showed up with his friend again? That I just wasn't sure of. God! Just remembering how I had sex with two guys at once on a public sidewalk made me feel a sense of both awe and wonder.

The closer I got to quitting time the more anxious I became. But I was also feeling the buildup of a sense of anticipation and hunger. And then it hit and I was walking out the door, going down the three blocks to the cross street where the bus shelter and bus stop were.

The street I was on was full of stores, mostly two-story buildings with shops below and small apartments above. At this time of night on a Sunday it was practically dead. Nothing was open, and only the occasional car drove by. The cross street where the bus drop was located was more or less the same, except the street was narrower, darker, and with even less traffic.

I walked slowly, my heart already beating rapidly, my pulse already racing as my mind churned with the things I should be saying and doing once I got there. Of course that all depended on him being alone. I had no idea what I was going to do if his friend was there too.

I reached a cross street and didn't see him. I wondered if this would be the first night that I would simply get on the bus and go home. I walked slowly past the shops, carefully watching the bus stop shelter, wondering if he was standing within. There was an advertising sign on the side of the shelter that faced the busier street so you couldn't see into it from this direction.

There was a small park behind the bus stop. It wasn't kept up very well. There were a lot of weeds and the grass needed cutting. It had a large tree in the center and a picnic table underneath where he had taken me that first time.

But my eyes were focused mostly on the bus shelter because he had been there all three times and so when I passed the last building and with just about 10 yards from the shelter hands suddenly grabbed me from behind. It was a very large hand that went across my mouth and much of my face. Another very large hand shot across my chest and pinned my arms to my side as I was lifted up and physically carried into the park.

I was shocked, at first, but not as scared as I would've been if I hadn't been fairly certain it was him. I mean, he was carrying me essentially in one arm, with my feet well above the ground and yet my head was well below his as he crushed me to his chest.

Also, the hand was white, which meant it was him and not his friend. He carried me over to the tree, underneath the branch where he had done amazing things to my body that first Sunday. He stopped, and then the hand which was half covering my face tilted it up and back and I could see a little noose hanging from the branch above.

"Put your hands through the loop," he growled softly into my ear.

It sounded like he was trying to disguise his voice, but I recognized it anyway. This is the point in time where I ought to refuse until we could talk like intelligent people and perhaps arrange to do something at a further, safer time in place.

Instead, I put my hands up and through the loop. Why? I don't fucking know. Maybe because I had gotten used to doing what he told me to do? He took his hand off my mouth and reached up and tightened the loop and then lowered me to the ground.

Naturally, the first I did was twist my head around to make sure it was really him. But what I saw was a very large guy wearing a ski mask. What sick game was he up to this time!?

"I-I know it's you Connor!?" I exclaimed.

His big hand folded around my neck, as he had a habit of doing, and squeezed. I had been doing some reading on it since the first Sunday. I mean, reading was what I did, both for school and in the brief periods of time I had any spare time, like on a bus. Him telling me how he liked to be in control and like dominate the girls gave me a lot to read about and I kind of understood it.

Of course, he carried it a bit to extremes with this hand-around-the-neck business but I hadn't fainted yet so I guessed it was another area of sex that he had learned a lot about.

Anyway, there was no way I could talk with that hand around my neck. I could barely breathe as he calmly reached up behind my neck and pulled on the end of the knot to untie the strings there. The halter collapsed, and then he undid the pair across my shoulder blades so the halter just fell to the ground.

A moment later he yanked off my shorts, pulling my shoes off as well so I was completely naked there, completely helpless, and completely at his mercy. And frankly, I didn't really feel like having a discussion just then anyway. Because my body was just absolutely thrumming with sexual energy as he looked me up and down.

He released my neck and I gulped in air as he peeled his own shirt up and off. A moment later he pulled his pants down too and I stared greedily at his incredible body. The man was honestly an Adonis except he was better looking and more muscular.

I have no idea why he was still wearing the ski mask. I'd recognize that body anywhere. Anyway, I had recognized his voice.

"Don't you think we should try this in a bed sometime?" I asked anxiously, glancing toward the street.

In answer he grabbed my neck and hair at the same time, yanking my head back and then crushing my lips with his. I can't say I was entirely shocked by this since he had done it before. I wasn't sure if he thought it would completely take my mind off any objections, but it did. He was a fantastic kisser, even though he did it in a way which was almost violent in his hunger. And the way he controlled my head and prevented me from ever turning away was, well... implacable, and thus produced a rush of dark heat in me.

His mouth was hungry and full of passion as his lips taunted and teased and caressed my own and his tongue dipped and darted to the point my own pursued it desperately. My breasts were throbbing and my lower belly was getting hotter as it burned with anticipation.

He let the hand on my neck slide downward to knead my breasts. Then it continued down along my trembling stomach, the fingers stroking and caressing my soft skin until they slid between my thighs. This man was so incredibly good with his hands!

His fingers found my clitoris and began to lightly stroke, to teasingly caress me to the extent that my hips pushed involuntarily forward against him.

He pulled his lips off mine finally, grinning down at me.

"Tell me you want a cock inside you, baby."

I shuddered, dark thrills rippling through my body.

"Connor!" I moaned. "We shouldn't! This is so slutty!"

"But you're my little slut," he said.

His hand closed around my neck again and squeezed so that my eyes bulged.

"Tell me you're my slut," he growled.

I gasped for breath, my heart pounding, heat churning wildly within me.

"I- I... am!" I gasped.

"Say it!"

He released my neck, and I gulped in a breath of air before obeying.

"I'm your... your slut!" I moaned.

He gripped my shoulder and half-turned me, then slapped my bottom sharply, stinging me.

Crack!

"Agh!"

"You forgot to say sir. Try again, little slut."

His hand gripped my neck again.

"I'm your slut, sir!" I gasped.

The words were so outrageous!

He jerked back on my hair, the hand on my neck sliding down between my legs again as he bowed my back and brought his mouth down against the center of my left breast. I moaned, staring up into the tree, staring up along the rope binding my wrists as he brought his mouth down hungrily around my nipple, his tongue swirling and teasing as he sucked.

His other hand was between my legs, his fingers probing against the entrance to my body as his thumb stroked across my clitoris.

He pulled my face forward again as he kissed me once more, and my hips began to grind instinctively forward against his fingers as heat flared wildly within me.

He pulled back, releasing my hair, and now gripped both my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, stroking and rolling them between the pads of his fingers as he looked down at me.

"Tell me you're my bitch," he said.

He tightened his fingers, pinching my nipples, twisting them a little as I gasped in pain and then tugging them up and forward so that my back arched and I yelped.

"Say it, little bitch."

"I'm your bitch, sir!" I gasped.

"What a bad little girl you are," he said.

He roughly turned me around to face the tree and his hands slid down my body until the palm pushed forward against my pubic bone and his fingers could continue to caress my sex.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," he said sternly.

Crack!

I yelped in pain as his other hand slapped my bottom.

Crack!

"Ow, Connor!"

"Do you deny it, little slut? That you're a naughty girl?"

Crack!

"Ow! That hurts!" I gasped.

"Don't you think you deserve punishment, little slut?"

I probably did, but -

Crack!

"Naughty girl," he said.

"Connor!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Such a pretty little butt you have, too.'

Crack!

"Oww!"

"Apologize!" he demanded

"F-For what!" I gasped.

"For being a naughty little slut."

"I will not -- !"

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

His big hand was smacking stingingly against my soft, rounded bottom and it was starting to ache and burn!

"Ow! Connor! Oh! Quit it!"

"Bad girl! Let me hear you apologize."

Crack! Crack!

His hand gripped my neck again and I gurgled as it tightened.

"You're such a naughty little girl," he whispered, his lips mouthing mine.

His other hand dropped between my legs again, fingering me with such skill that my hips began to grind against him once more. He chuckled softly down at me in a very superior male fashion.

"You are owned, baby!" he said with a grin.

He brought his fingers up against my lips and pushed them into my mouth.

"Lick that juicy girl cream off your fingers, baby."

God! He was so perverted! This was so kinky and wild!

But he was squeezing my neck too tightly to breathe and my head was starting to pound again.

He loosened his grip and pulled his fingers free, dropping his hand back down between my legs.

"Tell me you love feeling my cock inside you."

"I-I... I do!" I moaned.

"Say it!"

"I love feeling your cock inside me, sir!" I moaned.

"Like I said, owned!"

He moved behind me and his cock pushed between my thighs. He gripped my hips and jerked them back, raising my buttocks and bending me forward until the rope went taut. I felt his cock pushing forward, felt pressure mounting. He was so much bigger than I'd been used to before, but now... now I adored that full sensation.

I shuddered as he pushed slowly up inside me. Then one of his hands went around my neck again, squeezing, forcing my head up and back as he nibbled at my earlobe.

"Tell me you're my slut."

"I'm your slut, sir!" I whimpered.

"Tell me I own you."

This was so kinky and weird and hot!

"Y-You own me, sir!" I gasped as he tightened his grip on my neck.

And then I felt the tongue against my clitoris. I gasped in alarm and shock but only for a moment. He must've brought his friend from the football team after all!

His cock pushed deeper inside me while the tongue began to lick energetically against my swollen little button.

"Tell me you love cock. Say it, bitch!" he growled.

"I love cock, sir!" I gasped.

He started working his cock up and down inside me now, moving slowly, using long, slow strokes, grinding himself against my buttocks each time he was buried within my quivering depth. I felt hands pushing my thighs wider, pushing me back against him as he started to thrust faster and harder.

His lips were on my earlobe, and down the nape of my neck, mouthing me, sucking lightly, chewing, kissing me as his hips began to slap against my buttocks.

The tongue on my clitoris was doing astonishing things, twisting and circling, sweeping back and forth and up and down, displaying even more skill than he had on the previous occasions. I was on the edge of orgasm already and he had barely started thrusting.

My mind was losing it, melting in the heat, my eyes starting to get glassy as the difficulty in breathing made me light-headed.

"Ohmygod! Ohmgod! Ohmygod!" I gasped.

"Beg me to fuck you, bitch."

"Fuck me! Please fuck me, sir!" I gasped.

He released my neck at last and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air, my head falling forward as his hands instead dropped to my breasts, squeezing and mashing them together while he thrust into me with hard, fast, deep strokes. My body was shaking from the powerful strokes and I stared down at the top of a blonde head between my thighs.

It was not his teammate from last week, the black guy. That was the first shock. The second shock was when she rolled her eyes up at me and I saw it was a girl! Then she managed to catch my bulging little clitoris between her lips and sucked in a strange rhythmic fashion that made my eyes roll back in my head and my brain roll around inside my skull.

Or at least that's what it felt like! I was completely lost, confused, dazed, and overwhelmed by a churning flood of liquid heat. The orgasm tore through me and I cried out in helpless, mindless animal pleasure, my voice rising until one of his hands came up across my mouth to gag me.

He continued to thrust hard and fast and the girl kneeling below me continued to lick and suck and my body flared in greater and greater pleasure as the climax shattered my mind and made my muscles spasm violently. This was why I hadn't been able to say no to him. This was why I hadn't been able to deny him. This incredible intense pleasure that took me to some strange place where I was gripped by euphoria so deep I never wanted it to end.

Never, until I met Connor Reed, had I felt pleasure so powerful, so intense, that I thought I actually now knew what the word ecstasy meant. And yes, I was shocked to find a strange girl suddenly participating in this, but the pleasure and heat overrode all such concerns. The climax simply shut down all higher orders of consciousness and reduced me to the state of animal instinct.

I wallowed in the pleasure, caring about nothing else, desperate for it to go on as long as possible as my body shook to the hard pounding of his hips. His cock stabbed deep into my quivering, trembling, overheated belly again and again as whoever she was sucked and licked at my white-hot clitoris.

The orgasms I got with Connor were not only more intense they lasted longer, and when they finally faded I was left breathless and dazed, my bones feeling like they were rubber, and gripped by a deep, languorous afterglow.

The girl stopped licking and rose up before me and this time it was her hand that closed around my neck. She was beautiful, but that wasn't a surprise. Any girl that Connor was going to have sex with had to be. She was also naked, her body slender, with high, firm, but small, perky breasts. Probably not only a cup size below mine but a couple of inches smaller as well.

"Did you like that, slut?" she growled. "Did you like coming with my boyfriend's cock buried in your tight little cunt?"

She took her hand off my neck and slapped my face, enough to sting, though not enough to really hurt.

"Tell me you love having my boyfriend fuck your brains out, bitch."

I wasn't really in a condition to talk, and my brain was trying to cope with the confusion of having this stranger, this... girl in front of me sounding stern and insulting.

She slapped my cheek again, on the other side.

Connor had stopped thrusting and was holding my hips, buried inside me, grinding his hips slowly against my buttocks.

"Answer me, slut."

She slapped my left breast if you can believe that!

I yelped in pain, my eyes widening in shock. I mean, nobody had ever dared to -.

She slapped my other breast and I cried out in pain.

"Apologize for being a slut," she demanded.

She slapped my breast again.

"Do it!"

"Ow! Don't! I'm sorry!" I squealed.

She slapped my breast again.

"Sorry for what? Apologize for being a slut!"

She slapped the first breast again.

"Ahh! I'm sorry! I-I'm sorry for being a slut!" I cried.

She closed her hand around my neck again and leaned in close. "Tell me you love having my boyfriend's big cock stuffed deep inside you. Say it, slut!"

I couldn't say anything with her hand so tight against me. I only gurgle and tremble and shake as my head began to throb and my chest began to burn.

She dropped her hand between my legs and her fingers began to stroke against my clitoris once more.

"Say it, little slut," she purred.

She lifted her fingers against my neck and I gulped in air, then she gripped my nipples with both hands and pinched them sharply, pulling them up and forward to stretch my burning nipples out.

I cried out again. I- I do!" I cried.

"Tell me you love having my boyfriend's big cock stuffed balls deep in your cunt. Say the words. Slut."

"I-I love... I love having your... boyfriend's cock stuffed... stuffed balls deep in my... my cunt!" I stuttered.

She slapped my breast again and I yelped.

"You forgot to say Mistress. Call me Mistress. And tell thank me for letting my boyfriend fuck your whore body."

Slap!

I yelped as she slapped my other breast.

"Say it, slut!"

"I-I'm ... Thank you for.. for letting your b-boyfriend fuck my whore body... Mistress!" I cried.

She roughly gripped my hair and kissed me passionately, rubbing her small, hard breasts against mine as her other hand dropped between my legs again and fingered my clitoris.

A part of me felt a wild sense of relief. I mean, it should have been obvious from the start given that she had been licking and sucking my clitoris, but her actions after that had made me kind of quiver with a sense of shame and guilt. Like I'd been caught fucking someone's boyfriend. But now it was obvious she was just part of this wicked, kinky little domination game of his.

Was she even really his girlfriend? It didn't really matter at that moment, I felt relief as well as a dazed sense of confusion about what I should be doing, thinking, and feeling. Connor still had his cock buried in my pussy, and this girl's fingers seemed to be as skillful as her tongue had been on my clitoris.

She pulled her lips back from mine and jerked her fingers in my hair so I cried out in pain.

"Beg me to lick your pussy, bitch."

That confused me for some reason.

"Say it, you sexy slut," Connor whispered into my left ear.

"Say it, you filthy whore," the girl whispered into my right ear.

I was losing my mind.

"Please... Please lick...lick my pussy..."

"Mistress!" she growled.

"Mistress!" I gasped.

She dropped back down on her knees and her tongue attacked my clitoris. She was licking hard and fast, and I realized that she was using her lower lip braced against the underside of her tongue to lick even harder as Connor thrust faster and deeper.

My mind was lost in a kind of strange, confused, feverish sexual heat. And I felt it spiraling upward towards another massive orgasm. But then she stopped, shooting up to her feet again and slapping my face.

"Are you enjoying this, slut?" she demanded. "Does my boyfriend's cock feel good inside you??"

Her hands kneaded my breasts and her fingers rolled and plucked at my nipples as she kissed me on the lips.

"He's fucking you nice and good, isn't he, slut?" she whispered, one of her hands sliding down my body so that her fingers could once again stroke against my clitoris.

"You should fuck her harder, Connor. Shove it into her tight little pussy as hard and fast as you can. I'm sure a slut like her would want it that way."

Connor started thrusting harder and faster immediately, gripping my hips to pull them back as he drove his cock up deep into my belly again and again. His hip slapped against my buttocks as he jerked me back to meet every thrust, and the blonde chewed on the side of my throat as her fingers stroked my clitoris.

"Dirty little girl," she purred. "What a slut you are! Does that big cock feel good as it's ramming its way up into your tight cunt? Nasty little whore."

She kissed me again, passionately. Then Connor paused, grinding himself against me as he slipped something up and around my neck, a short, tight belt or strap which he tightened as I gasped helplessly.

"Fuck her harder, Connor!" she said in annoyance. "Shove yourself balls deep in her whore pussy!"

Connor did just that while tightening the strap around my throat so that I gurgled dazedly. The blonde gripped my hair sharply and crushed her lips against mine, her tongue thrusting into my mouth as I continued to gasp for breath. My body shook violently to the hard, pounding thrusts of the big man behind me as my mind spun in dazed confusion.

"Dirty girl," she purred. "You should be punished for being such a naughty little slut. Are you going to come, little bitch? Are you going to come while my boyfriend fucks you so good and hard?"

She dropped her mouth lower and her teeth closed on the center of my left breast, biting hard as she sucked hungrily, her tongue whipping furiously across my hard little nipple. The fingers between my thighs rubbed furiously against my clitoris as Connor drove himself into me with renewed fury.

Bright little dots sparkled before my glassy eyes as my chest burned from lack of oxygen. And then the orgasm hit, slamming into me like the crescendo of an orchestra, the howling storm of sound and fury that drove all thinking, all caring from my mind as waves of ecstasy poured over me and through me.

I practically fainted, though whether that was due to lack of oxygen or the just incredible explosion of pleasure I couldn't tell you. I was mind-blasted and hardly aware of what was going on around me even as Connor loosened the strap and then untied my wrists. I would've collapsed had he not grabbed me and eased me down onto my knees.

I heard him and the blonde talking in low voices but my head was pounding too much to understand. They moved away from the

tree and I fell forward onto my hands and knees before the strap around my neck tugged sharply, demandingly and I half fell crawling forward after it.

Connor pulled on the strap like it was a leash, dragging me through the weeds and dirt and grass over to the picnic table where he sat on the bench and spread his legs. He gripped my hair and pulled my mouth up against him as the blonde knelt beside me and let her fingers caress my sex.

"Suck my balls, baby. Take them into your mouth and suck them good."

I gasped in pain as his fingers twisted in my hair, moaning as my lips pressed against his balls and I took them into my mouth. I could feel the blonde's fingers thrusting into me from behind, and then there was a delay before something much bigger and thicker pushed into my body. It felt sort of like a cock, only it certainly wasn't. But it was very thick and long.

And then it began to buzz, to vibrate. I felt some sort of base, some sort of stem or branch jam up against the top of my sex, pressing against my clitoris, vibrating powerfully there as I squealed helplessly, my hips jerking and twisting.

Crack!

She slapped my bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs, slut!" she barked.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Open your legs, whore!"

I moaned helplessly and obeyed and I felt the thing grinding against me, vibrating powerfully. A moment later I felt her finger against my back opening. It felt slick with something and not just spit as it pushed against my sphincter and slowly wriggled inside me.

I gasped aloud and tried to twist my head around but couldn't make any headway against the hard pull on my hair as Connor directed my lips back onto his balls.

"Suck those balls, bitch. Lick them for me."

The vibrator was doing weird things to my body. I kind of knew what it must be despite how flustered and confused my mind was, but I'd never used one before. And now something thicker than a finger was pushing against my sphincter.

Connor was kneading one of my breasts while the blonde continued to push something slippery and thick into my ass. It was like... I gave up trying to understand what was happening. I sucked and licked at Connor's balls until he told me to start licking his cock, and then I did that even as the thick whatever was pushed deeper into my ass.

"I'm going to fuck you in the ass, dirty girl," the blonde said behind me.

I shuddered, my mind like a cork in a raging sea, twisting and bouncing and turning uncontrollably. I felt her soft hands on my hips, then on my thighs jerking me backward as the vibrator buzzed away, filling me to overflowing even as whatever she was pushing into my ass filled me even more.

Connor's cock began hardening and pushed into my mouth for me to suck and lick. It hardened even more then, and he pushed it down my throat. I gurgled in surprise and confusion, my hands automatically rising and pushing against his thighs. He pulled them away and then the blonde gripped them from behind drawing them back behind me and tying them there once again with the rope.

Now she was starting to work the... dildo?... in and out of my ass, and since both her hands were on my body that confused me further. She was fucking me as if she had a cock but I knew she didn't. Connor was gripping my hair and head in both hands and moving me up and down on his cock, while the blonde thrust herself in so deep into my ass that I felt cramps rippling through me as her belly pressed against my buttocks.

There was some kind of leathery strap thing attached to her because I could feel that against my thighs every time she thrust deep.

"Suck that cock, whore," she growled. "Face fuck her, Connor! Fuck her throat!"

My sphincter had given up fighting and she was fucking me fast and hard now, my body shaking from the hard blows coming behind me and from the way Connor was jerking my head up and down, essentially fucking my throat on his cock. The vibrator was buzzing away inside me and I pretty much lost my mind as they slapped at, pinched, and kneaded my breasts.

And then it all seemed to come together inside me like a dark tide of glittering, thrilling passion swept through me. I was lost again, feverish, wallowing in the hunger and need and pleasure.

Well, what can I say? My fourth weekend, my fourth Sunday of wild, outrageous, perverted, kinky sex had left me as stunned as the others before it. I'm sure Connor was delighted. And I'm sure he had no second thoughts. I didn't know about the blonde since I had never heard her name spoken and knew nothing about her.

Was she, like me, pondering the way guys could have as much sex as they wanted without any issues while we girls were supposed to feel guilty and ashamed unless the sex was done within some kind of relationship?

But as unfair as I considered that to be, it wasn't like it did have a hold on my mind. I knew what I was doing was degrading and outrageous. Or really, what he was doing and why was I allowing him to do it. But the pleasure was too intense, the passion too scalding. I didn't want that to go away. And I had nothing to replace them with.

Yet these strange, kinky sex sessions with him were dangerous. Surely we were going to get caught by somebody if this continued. Every time I allowed him to lead me down the dark path of one of his kinky sex fantasies I felt remorse afterward, berating myself for not saying no. I actually considered quitting my job just so I would have no excuse to go back there at night.

But I needed the job and frankly, I was coming to need the heady euphoria of wild, unrestrained sex. But I needed to tell him, at the very least, no more strangers! And that was strange in itself because after all, the only reason he wasn't a stranger was that I'd seen him on television.

If only I could somehow rope him into some sort of relationship, then I would feel better about what we were doing together. And yes I realize that is dumb. And like I already said about how different guys have it in life no guy would worry about not being in a relationship if he had the chance to have sex with a beautiful girl. So why did things have to be so different for girls?

I guess all that mattered was that they were. Sex with people you barely know is okay for guys but not for girls. That's just the way things are. I wondered again if that blonde was actually in a relationship with him, really his girlfriend, or just some other girl that like me, he had regular sex with without any strings attached.

Did she go to the same school we did? I wondered what she was taking. Obviously, she was a slut. And yes, I know how dumb it was to judge a girl for doing stuff when I had done worse. But I guess I was a slut now too. Oddly, I didn't feel like a slut, even though the stuff I did on Sundays was pretty damn slutty.

I didn't act like a slut anywhere else, and certainly not at school. I didn't dress like one. I wasn't mentally undressing men with my eyes all the time and imagining having sex with them. Or women. The dark fantasies and sexual thoughts filling my mind were all about Connor and the things he had already done to me. Him and his friends.

My life had become divided, for me, into everything else, and then late Sunday night. Because late Sunday night was when everything changed and I became a different person. It was when my heart pounded and my blood raced and the pleasure and heat took hold of me and brought me to another place, another world.

And in that way I walled off everything else and pretended to the world and to myself that I was still the same girl, still the same proper, dignified, modest future lawyer. I just hoped those worlds didn't wind up colliding, because that would make a real mess.

Every day I ran the events of the previous Sunday through my head and tried to figure out how to make changes that would make me more emotionally comfortable with what I was allowing to be

done with my body. Surely we could at least do it somewhere else, somewhere more protected and private. Why was he even coming out there when I was going to be returning to my dorm? Or did he not live on campus?

He was a senior on the football team. Maybe he lived in one of the fraternity houses. Or had an apartment off-campus. I wasn't about to go near the fraternity house, but surely an apartment would be safer for both of us. It wasn't like he would be free of consequences if he was caught. He could find himself tossed off the team.

All of this depended on actually talking to him which he didn't seem to be much interested in allowing. I was just going to have to be more determined and assertive. Of course, being assertive didn't go well with the thought of being a submissive sex toy for a man who wanted to dominate his partners.

And that domination, that submission, was a big part of what excited me somehow. Because it meant losing control and not knowing what was going to happen. It meant not having to care what I did or said because if I only did or said what I was told then I couldn't go wrong now could I?

Well, from what I understood, things were only going to get busier at school the further along I went, and then it would be even worse once I got out of law school and joined a firm. What did that mean for having a social life? Nothing good so what did that mean for having a sex life? It meant nothing, unless I was willing to compromise those ideals about only doing stuff within a relationship.

Once that had been an issue. But that was before Connor had exposed me... so to speak... to the incredible pleasure good sex could give me.

The next Sunday rolled around. And once again I found myself walking to the bus stop at midnight, all but trembling with the anticipation, anxiety, uncertainty, and excitement flowing through me. What was he going to do tonight? What should I do? What if he brought other people? God! This was so insane!

I peeked around the corner, and like last week saw nothing. But because of that big poster, that covered the near side of the bus shelter, there could be anything in there and I wouldn't be able to see until I actually got there. So I walked slowly, heart pounding and pulse racing.

I walked wide as I reached the side of the building where he had abruptly grabbed me last time. But this time there was no one there. I moved hesitantly forward until I could see into the bus shelter. That was empty, as well. I frowned in confusion. Would there be nothing tonight? I felt relieved, but also deeply disappointed somehow.

I looked into the park. It wasn't much of a park. It was weedy and overgrown, had one big tree and a bunch of bushes, and two picnic tables, I didn't see any sign of him at all. Nor did it look like there was anywhere for him to hide as he was hiding behind the tree. I didn't think that was very likely. Somehow it seemed... undignified for him.

I figured that this would be the first night in a month that I actually caught my proper bus home. And then as I stood there uncertainly in the doorway of the bus shelter I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. I turned my head and there was a man, a very large, very naked black man walking across the street towards me!

I gaped at him for a long moment. I recognized him, of course. He had been the guy hiding in the shelter when Connor had taken me the third week. My pulse immediately rocketed upwards and my chest got tight. He was even more enormous than Connor. And completely naked except for what looked like very, very tiny black briefs.

I looked anxiously around for Connor and then the black man was in front of me, filling my eyesight with his enormous, well-muscled chest. Before I could say a thing his big hand came up and swept around my neck just the way Connor was always doing it.

He pulled me up in towards him again like Connor did and kissed me roughly, passionate. My hands went automatically to his shoulders. My fingers slid across his skin, which was warm and soft over powerful muscles. My hands slid downward, caressing his chest as my nipples hardened and a powerful rush of energy swept through me.

He pulled me out from the doorway of the shelter, turned me, then pushed me backward around the side. I gasped, grasping at his arm for balance, walking backward as I looked up into his dark eyes. I couldn't even see his face very well anymore because once we were moving into the park the streetlights were behind him and so the front of him was kind of in shadow.

He pushed me back towards the tree and then stopped, tightening his fingers around my neck. Just as with Connor my hands automatically shot up to grip his wrist. And just like with Connor he ordered me to drop my arms to my sides. So I did.

He slid his hand off my neck and then brought both hands together around my head and kissed me passionately. I moaned into his mouth and then squeaked as I felt hands on my arms, strong, powerful hands. They didn't do anything at first, then they slid forward and gripped the front of my denim dress.

I had worn the denim dress because it was largely impervious to getting dirty, almost impossible to tear, and opened from top to bottom in front with a bunch of snap buttons. Now the hands which had come around from behind me gripped the front of the dress and yanked it open, the snaps crackling as they all parted at once.

The dress was pulled back over my shoulders and down my arms and off. A moment later my bra was undone and slipped off and then my panties were yanked down and off. All the while the man kissed me hungrily, his big hands clasped firmly around my head.

Like Connor, he was a very good kisser, but I found myself gripped by an intense confusion of emotions. I was just standing here, obedient to his words, my arms at my sides, naked now as he continued to crush my lips with his, his tongue and lips, just like the last time I remember him, kissing me so hard it was like he was trying to force my jaws wider to climb inside me.

The big hands pulled my arms back and held them firmly. Then the black guy shifted the grip of one hand to my neck and the other dropped down between my thighs, stroking and rubbing me there as he squeezed his fingers threateningly around my throat.

"Tell me you love cock, baby."

I moaned dazedly.

"Say it. Tell me you love cock."

"I- I... love cock!" I gasped around his tight fist.

"Tell me you love black cock."

"I love black cock!" I gurgled as his fingers stroked me skillfully.

My pulse was racing!

This was so wicked! So nasty!

"Tell me you want to ride my black cock."

My face reddened further. "I-I...I want to... ride your black cock!" I gasped.

"Call me Master. Tell me you want to ride my black cock, white girl."

OMG! This was sick!

"I-I I want to ride your black cock, Master!" I gasped as his fingers tightened around my throat.

He released my neck and Connor finished wrapping a rope around my arms, tying them together just above the elbows like he had done that first time. He spun me around and I stumbled until the black man caught me by the shoulders. Then he too folded his big hand around my neck and squeezed.

Only it wasn't Connor! It was another big, powerfully built, muscular black man. One I had never seen before. I gaped up at him as he looked down at me with a leer on his face. I felt an incredible psychic jolt as I realized it was a complete stranger.

And yet, did that make any sense? I hadn't known the first guy at all either. I mean, he had just shown up while Connor was having sex with me. I didn't know his name and I'd never spoken to him. And yet he had fucked me to orgasm anyway. And now here was another black man I didn't know, his big hand gripping my neck.

The first man slid his arms around me, his hands casually squeezing and kneading my breasts as his cock pressed up between my buttocks. The second man dropped his hand between my thighs and let it stroke across my bulging little button as he squeezed my neck. He leaned forward and kissed me hard on the lips and I moaned into his mouth as my brain filled with confusion and shock.

I was caught between them, either one twice my weight with ten times as much muscle. And I had no idea what to do or how I should be responding. I had been aroused, despite myself with the first man, so what did it matter that I hadn't been formally introduced to the second man either?

And yet I had been assuming the second man was Connor. But there was no sign of him. I was alone in the park naked and tied up with two strange men whose names I didn't even know! That of course brought the usual powerful rush of anxiety and fear.

Yet what did I really have to fear from them? I had already willingly stripped with the first man and was helplessly eager to feel his cock inside me. Yes, I assumed it was Connor because that was reassuring... For no logical reason. Because I knew his name? Because he was on the football team? It was pretty clear from the powerful physiques these two guys had that they too were on the football team.

When I gradually gave way to the thought that hard, rough, submissive sex was incredibly exciting and passionate? Even with more than one man?

The second man pushed me backward as the first one gave way. I half stumbled back until my buttocks were pressed against the edge of the picnic table. But he kept pushing and I squeaked in alarm as I fell back across the table. He immediately gripped my thighs and lifted them up and apart then pushed me back deeper onto the table as he lay his long, thick, hard cock along my abdomen and belly.

"Look what I got for you, baby. You love black cock, do you? You're gonna love this one up inside your hot little pussy."

He gripped his cock and pressed it against me and I whimpered and moaned, my head still spinning with uncertainty, confusion, and doubt. But the dark heat was still there, as well as the pressure. The look of it as it slowly penetrated my body sent a dark rush of heat sweeping through my mind.

I watched that thick, hard cock slowly pushing up inside me, as I help my head up, gulping in air, my eyes wide, and confusion swirling within my mind. Then the other guy moved around to the opposite side of the picnic table and his hands gripped my shoulders pulling me further towards him.

My head fell off the other side of the table so that I was looking up into his groin and then he pushed his cock through my open mouth as his hands began to knead my breasts.

I began to suck and lick at it as best I could, but I was confused. With my head upside down my tongue would have been licking at the top, rather than the sensitive bottom of his cock. Not that it really mattered because almost immediately he began to pump it in and out through my lips. And it only took a few strokes before pushing himself down my throat.

The other man gripped my thighs firmly, forcing them further apart, so far wide apart they ached as he began to pump his big cock in and out of me. My body was twisting and writhing between them, my head pounding as the blood rush to it, heat and thrilling passion adding to my confusion as I gurgled around the thick black cock sliding down my throat.

I could feel the four big, strong hands on my body holding me firmly under their control as their cocks pumped in and out of me faster and faster. I was becoming lightheaded, which was again adding still more confusion to my sputtering mind. The cock in my throat felt like it reached halfway down my chest as he ground himself against me.

The hands on my breasts, his, I presumed, were mashing and squeezing and digging into my soft flesh as he pumped in and out in my throat. My own hands, of course, were underneath me, where my arms were tied so firmly together. This just served to reinforce my sense of helplessness which was both scary and darkly exciting.

I gasped and moaned and gurgled as that cock moved up and down my throat and as the other man pinned my thighs back and drove his cock hard and fast into my belly. And then both of them slowly drew back out and moved away, as far as I could tell from my upside-down position. Then they moved back again as I gulped in air.

I wasn't sure what was going on as the man before me gripped my head and then pushed his cock back into my mouth. Then I felt the other one pushing into my pussy again and realized they had simply change places. It was too dark, and the man at my head was in shadow, so I could hardly see their faces from my upside down position to tell them apart.

It was almost like I was being used by anonymous men, faceless, like some kind of force of nature or wicked fantasy. In a way, it was like they weren't real people, just male bodies. I felt a finger, no multiple fingers beginning to rub against my clitoris and moaned again, gurgling and gasping around the cock pumping smoothly up and down my throat.

They changed places again, giving me another opportunity to gulp in ragged breaths of air, then again. But it didn't really matter to me. There was little to differentiate one from the other given the shadows, low lighting and my upside down position. I hardly knew either of them at all, anyway. They both had similar bodies, large, powerfully built, and black.

They both had very big cocks too. So again, it was like they were impersonal creatures, like robots. Which certainly suited the totally unromantic unemotional nature of the sex Connor had begun to

introduce me to. This wasn't sex for love or affection or relationship, but just pure pleasure on both sides.

I didn't think there was any way I was going to come with that cock in my throat, though. My mind was focused too heavily on breathing, or the lack thereof. Then the one man pulled his cock out of my throat, allowing me to breathe again. I expected them to rotate once again but didn't really care as I took the opportunity to draw deep, desperate breaths of air.

To my surprise, the guy who was standing there gripped my shoulders and pulled me along the picnic table and then right off his side. Naturally, I tumbled to my knees on the ground. He gathered up my hair in a thick, loose mass above my head and then pulled slowly but firmly forward.

I gasped and yelped at the stinging pulled at my scalp, my knees shifting forward, then again, until I was sort of knee walking along at his side with him using my hair as a kind of handle or leash to force me forward. We turned around the picnic table and continued across the grass like that to where the other man sat on what looked to be the bench that went with the picnic table.

It looked like he had pushed it back a few yards and now sat comfortably on the end of the bench, turned sideways, watching us as I made my awkward way towards him. He had his legs mostly together as he held his cock in his hand, pumping it slowly up and down.

When I got closer the man holding my hair pulled harder, forcing me to my feet. The other man gripped my legs and pulled me towards him, spreading my legs and drawing me in so that I straddled him. I gasped and shuddered as I sank down on his big cock it pushed up high into my belly.

The man then lay back along the bench, his hand sliding up under my breasts to squeeze and caress them.

"Ride my cock, bitch."

He dropped his hand down between my legs, his thumb rubbing my clitoris as another hand pressed against my shoulders to bend me forward. The man I was straddling then raised the hand from my breast to my neck, squeezing firmly.

"Ride my black cock, bitch."

I gasped and began to obey, leaning forward and riding slowly up and down on his big cock even as I felt another pushing against my wrinkled back opening. My mind was becoming lost to confusion and a crackling sexual electricity raced along my skin. I had had two men before, but only in my mouth and pussy. I'd never had two of them in my tight little abdomen at the same time before!

I rose slowly, awkwardly up and down on his cock as he continued to rub my clitoris. He pulled his hand down off my neck to fondle my breasts and I rode faster as the heat began to build up within me once again.

And it was weird but the fact that I didn't even know the names of these two men, while alarming, was adding to the sense of wicked, kinky lust. They were nameless, nearly faceless, hard-bodied males with big cocks. And I was helplessly before them and between them.

The cock in my pussy already made me feel achingly full. As the other one pushed deeper I felt a growing sense of hunger. Not to mention an excited awe at having them both up inside me together! I mean, they were big. And I felt lost once again, completely out of control and overwhelmed as I simply obeyed the one man and rolled up and down on his cock while the other worked his cock up into my ass.

The sensations churning away inside me were becoming more intense as more and more of my mind focused on the physical, on the feel of hands and fingers against my skin, the feel of cocks up inside me, and the churning excitement and feel of being used and roughly ravished by big, powerful males.

I felt myself getting hotter and hotter, approaching another orgasm. I had lost the sense of self-consciousness, my embarrassment before this new guy. Well, the two new guys! I was finally able to breathe all right, though I was still breathing heavily, and that guy rubbing my clitoris knew what he was doing as I rolled up and down his slick black cock.

The guy behind me was driving his cock up into me with longer, and harder strokes, and with nothing better to do, his big hands slid up my back and folded around my throat. They weren't exactly squeezing but I was again reminded of how helpless and 'owned' I was by these big men.

That sense of helplessness was where the thrill was. It was what made this dark and wickedly outrageous. It was what allowed me to throw off the guilt and engage in pure sex for pleasure. For it was them doing it, while I was merely a helpless participant.

The man behind me, the man thrusting up into my ass, tightened his fingers around my neck, almost using that grip to help force me up and down on the other man's cock. I needed no help there, though. It felt so good every time I slid down its length that I was eager to ride up again to experience it once more.

I really was a slut!

And this dark, wanton animal sex was turning my blood to flames. The rest of me soon followed as those flames ignited an explosion of pleasure within me. I rode the cock beneath me with growing desperation, starting to cry out in pleasure even as the fingers tightened further around my neck.

The man behind thrust harder and faster at the same time and I gave myself to the climax that, like the others before it, was an all-consuming storm of pleasure and passion. It almost felt like my hair ought to have been blasted back as if by hurricane winds as my body shuddered and shook to the power of the sensory overload.

My muscles spasmed like an electrical storm was crackling through my body. I twisted and jerked and rode frantically up and down on the man beneath me, my eyes unable to even see him because of the way the guy behind had his hands so firmly and so tightly around my neck.

I could breathe, though not very well. That served to keep my cries of pleasure to low shuddering gasps and moans and sobs of dazed ecstasy. The men thrust their cocks into me like black spears, cursing and using me roughly.

I reveled in it, in what was actually a strange dark sense of freedom to be whatever sexual creature I wanted to be. There was no thought in my head about how they might see me, or whether they would respect me in the morning, or what they would tell their friends. They were hardly even people to me. They had no personalities. They had no names. And in the darkness, hardly had faces.

The orgasm took me away from everything for long, long seconds. I was lost amid the pleasure, my mind melting down. But there was no let-up in their hard, powerful thrusts, nor would they let me slump and relax in the aftermath of my climax. I had to keep riding up and down, and those fingers continued to rub across my hypersensitive little clit.

The heat had in no way diminished after the orgasm. I continued to gulp in air, my insides churning with hunger and need. And as I rode the man underneath me the feel of those two big cocks up inside me continued to light a fire under the bubbling liquid heat filling my mind and body.

The man sodomizing came inside me, grunting and gasping as he buried himself in my tight, warm depths and cursed. Then the man I was riding so desperately came as well and I felt momentarily bereft. The man behind me moved away and the man below me sat up and then simply pushed me off so I fell onto my back, onto my arms on the ground.

I groaned and rolled over onto my side then his foot pushed me over onto my belly.

"Crawl, bitch. Crawl on your belly."

His words confused me and then he brought a thin belt or switch of some kind down across my bare bottom. It was very lightweight, and made very little noise, but it sure stung. I yelped and twisted forward as if to move away from him. But it was hard to move with my arms bound behind me. And when I tried to rise he put his foot on my butt and shoved so I fell forward again into the grass and weeds.

"I said crawl on your belly, slut."

Moaning, I crawled forward as he brought the switch down across my bottom several more times. I was crawling past the tree, deeper into the little park. I didn't understand what was going on or why they were making me crawl like this. They were pacing me as I crawled, looking down at me.

I had the faint thought that this was of course very degrading, but I didn't immediately attach a sexual connotation to it. So I was confused and anxious to avoid more of the stinging little blows.

I couldn't really see what was before me very easily. Like I said it was dark, and there were lots of weeds and tall grass around. Then there was movement ahead of me. A man stood up from where he'd been sitting, apparently on some kind of tree stump. It was another stranger! Another black guy!

Unlike the two guys standing on either side of me this guy was wearing a suit for some reason. He was tall and dignified looking, though not older than the other two.

"Keep crawling, bitch," he said quietly.

The switch cracked down across my bottom and I yelped and flinched and moaned as I crawled forward. My face was starting to redden even though he couldn't see much of me there in the dark I was sure.

But where crawling along on my belly had seemed mildly degrading before and not even necessarily in a sexual way I was suddenly now deeply, deeply aware of how degrading this looked, and how very sexual I felt being a naked girl now bracketed by three tall men.

That made my mind squirm with embarrassment and self-consciousness, and strangely, that brought on a roar of dark heat and wicked excitement. I crawled to within a few feet of the man and stopped.

Keep crawling, slut."

The switch cut down across my bottom again and I yelped and crawled further forward.

I finally had to stop when I was practically about to run my head into his ankles and calves. I tried to pull my head back to roll my eyes up toward him, but then embarrassment made me drop my eyes quickly.

"Tell me you're a slut," he said quietly.

I didn't understand this! Why did it Connor and these men keep making me say nasty things about myself!? Even if, frankly, given my behavior, it was kind of true. I couldn't argue against it, anyway. But it made me feel... strange. It made my mind squirm.

Of course I didn't want to say it to this stranger!

The switch snapped down across my bottom again and I winced and flinched.

"Say it, slut," one of the men who had been fucking me said.

"Say it, bitch," the other one said.

"I-I'm a... a slut," I gulped anxiously.

The switch cut across my bottom sharply.

"You forgot to say master, slut!" The man with the switch growled.

He brought it down again and I yelped in pain.

"Try again," the man in the suit said softly.

"I'm a slut, master!" I moaned.

The switch cut down across my bottom again anyway and I hissed in pain.

"Apologize for being a naughty little slut," the man with the switch ordered.

"I'm sorry for... for being a naughty little slut, master!" I gasped.

All these dark words just felt weird to say in front of them, but again, while they were degrading, they were degrading in that way that I somehow found to be edgy and wickedly exciting even if they were also embarrassing in front of the stranger.

He shifted his right foot forward a little. He was wearing black leather shoes.

"Show me how sorry you are, little slut," he said. "Show me how submissive you are."

I had no idea what he meant. I yelped again as the switch cut across my bottom.

"Clean the man's shoe with your tongue, slut!"

Oh wow! Oh, fuck! Oh, God! Seriously!? I remember thinking that. Seriously!?

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Do it, slut!" The other men growled.

Yelping again, I started licking at the man's shoe, then licked harder as the switch fell again.

"You clean that shoe, little slut," one of the men ordered. "You clean it real good."

This was humiliating, and degrading, especially as I had all three of them looking down at me from way, way up above me. It kind of put into perspective how low I was!

"Beg the man to fuck you, slut."

"Please fuck me, master!" I gasped.

Crack! Crack!

"Keep licking, slut," the man with the switch barked.

"Keep begging, slut," the other man growled.

"Please fuck me, master!" I moaned.

"Raise your ass in the air, slut," one of the men ordered.

This was so dark, so wicked, so nasty! My mind squirmed with embarrassment, and yet, bubbling dark heat was rising within me as well. It was obviously something they were doing to humiliate me. And it was working, but it reinforced how dominant they were, how helpless I was. Two men I had done before. Two men, I could handle. But three-men almost seemed like a crowd, like I was performing this abject, degrading act in front of a bunch of people.

And that was producing a scalding heat within the dark recesses of my mind.

I raised my hips high and got another blow and another order to spread my knees apart. I was still licking at his shoes as I begged him to fuck me.

"Turn around, slut," he said quietly.

I quickly shuffled around on the grass until I was presenting my raised bottom towards him. That put my face and chin in the midst of dirt and weeds, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do about that.

I felt hands on my buttocks which couldn't be the two guys that I had been with already because they were still standing there on either side of me. Then a cock pushed into me, sliding deep. A belt of some kind, like a strap was placed around my neck and then pulled tight. As the pressure on it mounted I became less and less able to breathe until I couldn't breathe at all.

It forced my head up and back, forced my chest off the ground, and made me use my stomach muscles to hold me up and back so that the strap was not too tight to breathe. Then he gathered my hair together, pulling sharply on that which helped to support my body in that position while he slowly pumped his cock in and out of me.

"Tell the man you love cock, slut," one of the men ordered.

"I-I love cock," I panted as his hips began to slap against my buttocks.

The other two men finally knelt down on either side of me. They reached in and fondled my breasts as I was thrown forward and back by the suited man's hips smacking against me.

"Bet you love that big cock inside you, don't you, slut?"

"Course she does. She loves black cock."

"She loves any kind of cock. Ain't that right, slut?"

"She can't get enough cock inside her."

My mind began to fuzz and roll. I didn't know what they were trying to do to me, but the heat was surging, the dark passion crawling over my skin as sexual electricity crackled up through my body. I was dazed and panting for breath, gasping and moaning around the belt which remained tight around my neck.

It was hard to even consider their words insulting anymore. It wasn't like I could say they weren't true. And I didn't think they cared whether they were true or not. It was almost like they were

playing a role in some kind of play. The man in the suit, too. And me too, though I didn't know what role I was playing. Slut? Was that a role I was playing or the reality now?!

The sexual pressure in my body continued to grow and intensify. My breasts ached and burned and throbbed as their fingers squeezed and stroked them. And that big cock driving into me was sending my mind spinning as he thrust harder and faster. When the orgasm hit it almost knocked me out completely. It was like a wall of light, stunning me, making my body tremble and shake. Well, even more than it already was given how rough they were being.

I started to cry out and someone put a big hand across my mouth. That let me cry out as much as I wanted without anyone hearing so I gave free rein to myself to let my animal pleasure out.

The man behind me released my hair and then the man in front of me took his hand away, but in my dazed state, that left me basically held up by the strap around my neck, which tightened to the point I could make no more cries for had no more air.

One of the men shuffled around in front of me and pushed his cock into my open mouth. He quickly slid it down my throat, though he wasn't completely hard yet. I hardly paid any attention. My mind was overwhelmed by the strength of the pleasure flooding through it. And the pleasure was all I cared about.

That perfectly summed up my Sundays. The pleasure was all I cared about. Other consequences, all cares, concerns, and worries, those were present but overwhelmed by the intensity of the pleasure and heat I would experience. It was like an addiction, even though I might know it wasn't very good for me, I couldn't stop myself.

The following Sunday, two strangers in ski masks grabbed me and pulled me into the park. They quickly stripped me naked, bent me over the table, tied my wrist together behind my back, and worked a large, powerful vibrator into my pussy.

Then they tied my ankles together and hung me upside down from one of the branches of the tree. I had no idea who they were, though I thought one of them might've been Connor. They were both white men, anyway. And were both very large and muscular. They took turns gripping my hair, pulling my mouth onto their cocks as I hung there dazed, squirming, moaning helplessly while the vibrator turned the heat up inside me.

Of course it wasn't just the vibrator. In fact, that was probably the least of the things turning me on. It was the idea of being ravished senselessly by big, powerful man. Even anonymous men. It was the idea of being helpless, being dominated, being taken!

Their big cocks slid deep into my throat, and with the blood rushing to my head from being hung upside down, I was soon more than slightly lightheaded and dazed. They reached up and untied one of my ankles, then, spread it apart, and tied it again so that while still hanging upside down, now my legs were spread wide.

They entered me at the same time, one in my pussy, and one in the ass. My whole abdomen felt like it was being pulped, that big cocks churning my body into a seething soup of liquid heat and need. I came again and again as they roughly used my body. When they were done, they simply left me there hanging.

In the dark, late on a Sunday, no one noticed. And I feared that I would hang there until the dawn, until traffic started again, and then what a tremendous humiliation I would feel.

I was grateful beyond belief when Connor showed up. I felt like I'd been hanging there for hours, though in reality, it hadn't been nearly so long.

"If I let you down, are you going to be an obedient little slut?" he asked sternly.

"Yes," I gasped.

He slapped my cheek slightly.

"Have you forgotten to call me sir?"

"Sir!" I moaned. Yes, sir!"

He lowered me to the ground, then untied me and led his hands move freely over my body, stroking my clitoris, rolling my nipples, squeezing my breasts, and combing through my hair.

"Tell me you're my bitch," he said.

"I-I'm your bitch, sir," I gasped.

He placed a chain around my neck, which turned out to be a choke chain. Then he slapped my bottom until I rose onto all fours.

"I want to see you crawl, little bitch."

Well, I had already crawled up my belly before. This seemed much easier, to be honest.

And I was still dazed and still grateful that he had appeared to let me down. So I crawled through the grass, over the dirt, around the little park at his heels. He kept the chain in his hand like a leash. And the more I crawled the more I realized how degrading this was, the more my body began to heat up.

Well, it was more like my mind began to heat up. It was my mind that was perverted, not my body. But of course, once my mind was aroused the rest was inevitable.

He stopped, tugging sharply on the chain, which tightened around my throat and forced me up on my knees before him. My hands reached up to grab at it, but once I had risen to my knees the pressure faded.

"Don't touch the chain with your hands, little bitch. And don't touch me, either. Drop those hands to your sides."

Moaning, panting, I obeyed as he unzipped his pants and brought his cock out. He rubbed it over my face as I knelt there and pushed it into my open mouth. I began to suck and lick as his hands bunched up my hair.

"Keep your hands at your sides, slut."

He pushed his cock slowly deeper and I gurgled as if the head entered my throat. My hands trembled with the urge to jump up but I was able to keep them down at my sides as he drove his cock slowly down my throat. He buried his cock in my mouth and throat and held me there for long seconds as my heart pounded wildly. Then he slowly drew back out again.

"Good slut," he said, patting my head like I was a dog.

He stepped back and jerked on the leash again. "Crawl, bitch."

I crawled along at his side again, until he stopped once more and then jerked back on the choke chain to pull me up and back on my knees. Once again he pulled his cock free of his pants and pushed

it into my mouth. This time he pumped it slowly up and down in my mouth and throat as he held my hair firmly in his grasp. And then again he pulled free and made me crawl again.

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

"I'm a good little bitch, sir," I moaned.

Again he jerked on the chain, tightening around my throat as he pulled me up and back on my knees. Again he pulled his cock out of his pants. This time he held it up against his belly.

"Suck my balls and lick my cock, little bitch."

Moaning, I obeyed, my hands still at my sides as I licked up and down along his hard cock, kissing his balls and sucking them into my mouth.

"Tell me you're my whore."

"I'm your whore, sir!" I panted.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"Please fuck me, sir!"

He lowered his cock and pushed it into my mouth.

"Swallow my cock, bitch."

Every time he did this, of course, I became a little lightheaded. It was also a dark, wicked, degrading sort of thing, so added to the heat inside me. This time he held my lips pressed against him, and used both hands to hold my head and grind my face against him.

And then I felt hands on my breasts. I flinched and jerked, but of course couldn't move. I felt strong male hands jerking my hips and pulling them back and then a cock between my buttocks. It slid up and down between them, slippery with something, some kind of lube, I guessed. Then it began to push against me.

I moaned as the cock slowly forced its way past my sphincter and slid deeper and deeper into my ass.

Connor held tight to my hair but pulled back so that his cock slid free and I could gulp in deep, desperate breaths of air.

"Are you an obedient little slut?"

"Y-Yes... s-sir!" I gasped.

"Say it, slut."

"I'm an... an... ob-obedient little slut... sir!"

"Tell me you love being fucked in the ass."

"I-I love being fucked in the ass, sir!" I moaned.

An arm reached around my hip, fingers finding my clitoris and rubbing it skillfully.

"Let us test your obedience, little slut."

He handed the chain, the leash, to whoever was behind me.

"Look at me, and only at me. And do not move your hands."

I obeyed though whoever was behind me jerked tighter and tighter on the chain so that the loop closed around my throat. It became harder and harder to breathe as he worked his cock up inside me, even as my hips ground desperately against his stroking fingers on my clitoris.

I stared at Connor, my head starting to pound, my chest starting to burn as I tried desperately to draw breath around the tightening chain. My hands remained at my side, though, as whoever the man was that was sodomizing me, used his fingers with a great deal of expertise to draw me closer and closer to orgasm.

I stared up at him, my eyes starting to glaze over, and black dots danced before my vision. Then the orgasm hit and my hips jerked convulsively, my body torn apart by the muscle spasms that followed. My hands bounced and shook at my sides, as I cried out, or tried to, in desperate passion and ecstasy.

Whoever it was they loosened the chain at last and I sucked in air only to cry it out again, then again and again before they gripped my hair and bent me over to shove my face in amongst the grass. Now he pounded himself against me harder and faster as I trembled and shook, his cock driving deep into my ass with every stroke as his hips began to slap against my buttocks.

And then he left, whoever he was, throwing me down on my belly on the grass to lay there gasping for breath and moaning in dazed confusion.

"You're a good little bitch, a good little slut," Connor said.

He gripped my hair and pulled me to my feet, and I staggered and almost collapsed.

"Let's go for a little walk."

Walking seemed easier than crawling, though I kept swaying and he had to pull me into line with the hand around my arm until I recovered. Then he simply used the chain and walked me to the bus stop and out onto the sidewalk. I gulped anxiously as we continued onto the road, following him naked as he crossed the road and stepped onto the sidewalk on the other side.

We walked along the sidewalk to the end of the block, then crossed the street and continued.

And I was fucking naked! My bare feet were padding along the dirty sidewalk as my eyes flitted wildly around me.

There was a car parked ahead and he pulled a key out of his pocket and unlocked the trunk, opening it.

He turned and looked at me. "Get in the trunk, bitch."

I hesitated only a moment and then crawled into the trunk. At least there was some privacy there from being spotted! Once in the

trunk he drew my wrist back behind my back and bound them there with some kind of strap. Then he closed the trunk, got into the car, and drove off.

I had no idea where we were going. I lay there on my side, my legs curled up, thinking of how crazy I was, and repeatedly berating myself for not refusing anything of him. After about ten minutes or so the car slowed to a stop and it sounded like it had driven into someplace, a garage, perhaps.

I heard the definite sound of a garage door closing as he got out of the car. A moment later the trunk opened and he reached in and gripped me by the hair and arm, pulling me up and over the edge of the trunk and onto the floor of a garage.

He picked up the choke chain and then led me to a door, opening it and pulling me through. We walked around a staircase, and then into her large living room. There were perhaps six guys there, all big guys, like football players. They all stood up as he led me into the room. And my face reddened before I dropped my eyes.

"On your knees, slut," upon ordered.

I trembled and moaned weakly, then obeyed. Dark swirling rushes of heat and excitement swept my mind despite the embarrassment and self-consciousness, wondering what strange eyes might be on me.

"She's a whore, and she loves cock," Connor said. "Isn't that right, slut?"

I continued to stare at the rug, face hot until he jerked sharply on the choke chain.

"Isn't that right, slut?"

"Y-Yes, sir!" I squeaked.

They all moved in around me, rubbing their crutches, and unzipping their pants, surrounding me as their cocks all came out.

It was going to be a longer Sunday than usual.

END

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

Working For the Smiths

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

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but

finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

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

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

The Nerd Girls

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

In The Vampire's Lair

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

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts

his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody 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.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!