

# Cheryl's Surrender

By JJ Argus



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

Cheryl had only met Julia a week earlier, at her introductory typing class as she started college. But the lovely blonde had seemed extremely friendly from the start, and they'd had lunch together every day.

Cheryl's father was a long distance truck driver, and often away from home. Her mother had died several years earlier. She was taking a two semester course in office administration in hopes of getting a job better than the series of waitress and coffee shop counter jobs she'd had so far in her life.

Julia, by contrast, said her father was a lawyer and her mother worked for an insurance company. She was just taking typing as part of her course in medical laboratory technology. She made it sound like her course would let you make a fortune operating MRIs and CT scans and other such machines in hospitals.

Julia had much more fashionable clothes than Cheryl, and clearly had a lot more money. She bragged about how hard it was to get into her high-priced hairdresser, and about having manicures and pedicures, and shopping trips to New York.

Cheryl was very impressed with all of that. She dressed in mostly T-shirts or sweat shirts and jeans. They were cheap and easily washed. She didn't have a lot of money, after all, and what she did have was borrowed from the government. The more she used the bigger her loan would get.

Her friend Sarah cut her brown hair for her, and she bought her clothes at Wal-Mart or other big box discount outlets. She wasn't entirely sure why Julia had taken such a liking to her but was flattered and pleased by it. She was more than a little in awe of the outgoing, confident blonde, and quite happy to make a friend in this new, strange city.

So when Julia invited her to dinner and a movie after school Friday she eagerly agreed. Nor did she have a problem with going back to her place afterward, even when Julia wondered aloud if her boyfriend would be home yet, since he worked long hours for a bank.

The apartment building was impressively modern and tall looking, with a huge lobby, and the elevator was glass walled, trimmed in dark wood, and moved smoothly and quietly, not at all like the ugly, battered elevator at her dormitory.

“Now don't mind Jared, he has a temper,” Julia warned her as they were walking down the hall to her place.

“Uhhh...”

“His bark is worse than his bite,” Julie assured her confidently.

That was the first hint of doubt Cheryl had felt that evening.

When Julia opened the door and led her into the apartment she looked around, impressed. The glass walls gave a spectacular view of the city towers across the river, and the apartment had a high ceiling and was lit by pot-lights and recessed lighting.

There was a big screen TV on the wall above a cabinet, and large, comfortable leather sofas facing it. The floor was shining hardwood, bright and clean looking, and everything around her looked so sleek and modern!

And then there was Jared.

Cheryl sucked in a breath at the first sight of him. He was tall and broad shouldered, and shirtless. He wore nothing but gray sweatpants which hung low on his hips. He was gorgeously muscled across his shaved chest, and had washboard abs.

His face had the chiseled good looks you saw in movies, with a square jaw and piercing brown eyes. He had short dark hair and his skin was the color of coffee with plenty of milk in it.

“Who the fuck is this?” he asked as he came out of the kitchen.

Cheryl gulped anxiously.

“This is my friend Cheryl,” Julia said, smiling and hurrying over to kiss him.

He pushed her away, pushing past her, and gave Cheryl a quick once over as he passed her. He had a beer in hand and sat down heavily on the sofa.

“I wanted her to meet you,” Julia said, undeterred as she hurried after him.

“She's kinda cute,” he said, looking at her again.

Cheryl gulped at that.

“Nice looking body,” he said, which made her heart beat a little faster.

“Cheryl plays on the school's soccer team,” Julia said, sitting close to him and sort of leaning against his shoulder.

He snorted and took a drink from his beer. “Soccer is a girls game.”

“Well, she is a girl. Duh!” Julia said happily.

He turned and grabbed her, yanking her forward so she fell across his lap.

“Don't say duh,” he said, slapping her bottom sharply with his free hand.

Julia squealed and pulled back up.

“I told you before.”

“Anyway, she's taking typing too,” Julia said, not the least bothered by the slap.

He got up and walked over to where Cheryl still stood by the door, looking at him a bit warily.

“Want a beer?” he asked.

“Uhm... sure,” she said.

Being that close to him, with all that naked flesh was... an experience. She licked her lips and rolled her eyes to one side. It really wouldn't do to have Julia catch her ogling her boyfriend!

“Come sit down,” he said, putting an arm around her waist and pulling her towards the sofa.

Cheryl moved forward, startled, but then went over and sat next to Julia as he went into the kitchen. Her eyes widened at the sight of him moving away, for his back was strong and his shoulders looked fantastic. He also had a really, really nice ass!

“See, told you!” Julia said.

Jared returned with a couple of unopened beers in his free hand, then tossed one to Julia and the other to Cheryl. He sat down between them, putting his beer on the coffee table.

“You shouldn't throw them. It bubbles up when you do,” Julia said.

He took the beer from her, shook it, then opened it so it sprayed over her chest.

Julia squealed, getting her hand up too late, beer spraying over her face as well.

“Jared!” she exclaimed.

Jared laughed in amusement. “You know you love how wet you get around me,” he said with a grin.

He swept a big hand behind her neck and jerked her over to kiss her fiercely on the lips, then handed her the beer as he let her sit back.

“You're bad,” she said ruefully, looking down at her blouse.

He turned to Cheryl and gave her an appreciative look. “Want help opening yours, baby?”

“Uh, that's okay,” she said, hurriedly opening hers.

He grinned. “What, you don't like wearing wet T-shirts?”

“Not usually,” she said with a smile.

“Julia entered a wet T-shirt contest this summer and won two hundred buck,” he said.

Cheryl looked across him and Julia rolled her eyes. “He made me! Anyway, I was drunk.”

“Ha. You love showing off your tits,” he said.

He turned back to Cheryl. “Yours look pretty nice too,” he said.

She blushed and felt a rush of heat that made her squirm. He was, after all, a really hot looking guy and he wasn't wearing much!

She let her eyes flick down when he turned back to Julia, and felt another hot little squirmy sense of belief that he had no underwear under his sweatpants! But could that long rounded thing along his right thigh really be his cock!? Was he that big!? He was a Black guy, of course, and she'd heard rumors about them...

He turned back to her and she made sure her eyes were up high.

“So what are you taking besides typing?”

“Oh, just office administration,” she said. “Nothing big.”

“You want to work for some fat assed middle aged guy in an office?”

“I want money.”

“Baby, we all want money. But you pretty girls are all sitting on your fortunes.”

Cheryl blinked at that, then flushed as she realized what he meant.

“He's always saying that,” Julia complained. “He thinks we should all be strippers and prostitutes and make a million dollars at it!”

“I doubt that's what they make,” Cheryl said.

“That's what the smart ones make,” he replied.

Then his hand slid behind Julia's neck again and he gripped her hair, jerking it up and back so that she gasped and her back arched.

“Look at this body,” he said. “You don't think middle aged guys would pay a fortune to see this?”

He reached out and squeezed one breast and the blonde squealed and twisted free.

“Jared! Behave!” she said as he laughed.

“My dad would have a coronary if I became a stripper,” she said in amusement.

“I know one makes two thousand a night for a four hours shift,” he said.

“Yeah, well, she must have been really hot.”

“She could dance pretty good,” he said.

“I can dance!” Julia protested.

“Not the same kind of dancing, baby,” he said with a grin.

“Ha! You think I don't know how those sluts dance?” she exclaimed.

And then to prove she did she put down her beer, jumped up, and began to dance, rolling her head, arching her back, looking sexy at them, and sliding her fingers up and down her body in a teasing manner as her hips swayed and rolled.

Jared waved her out of the way since she was blocking the TV, where the football game was playing.

“Bitch, you're in my way,” he said.

She ignored him, turning and rolling her hips, pushing her bottom out, making stripper music type sounds with her mouth until he reached out one big hand, hooked it into the waistband of her pants and yanked her bodily back. She flew over the coffee table and landed on the sofa with a yelp of surprise.

“Hey! Bastard!” she said, pushing her blonde hair out of her face and slapping his shoulder.

He yanked her across his lap and slapped her bottom three quick slaps, then shoved her back, then turned to Cheryl.

“Man's gotta keep his woman in line,” he said calmly.

Cheryl smiled awkwardly, wondering what excuse to make to get out of there. She was starting to feel very much like a third wheel, like without her these two would be doing some stuff that you didn't do around visitors.

On the other hand, Jared was incredibly hot! And having all that bare skin next to her was making her mind go down some very dark trails.

“Sexist!” Julia said.

“Damn right. He reached out again, caught her by the back of the neck, and drew her in and forward to kiss her again.

Hard, deep, and long, making Cheryl both anxious again, about being an unwanted third wheel, and more than a little jealous.

And then, shocking her, he reached out with his other hand as he turned his head from Julia. Still holding her in place he gripped Cheryl behind the neck and pulled the startled brunette forward to kiss her, as well! It wasn't as long a kiss, but it was an amazing one, though she quickly squealed and pulled back for it caused her to drop her beer in her lap.

He laughed and let both go.

“See? I'm always making pretty girls wet.”

“Oh Jared!” Julia protested, scrambling up to get something to clean the beer off the sofa as Cheryl stood up.

“I'm sorry.”

“Not your fault.”

She cleaned up quickly, then took Cheryl's wrist.

“Come on. I'll get you something to wear and we can wash those quickly.”

“Oh you don't have to – .”

“It's not a bother! We have a washer and dryer right here in the apartment. It will only take like an hour.”

“But...”

Julia pulled her into the bedroom and closed the door.

“Take those off. I'll give you a pair of mine to wear.”

“I don't mind, Julia.”

“Don't be ridiculous! You're all wet and it's cold out as well. And you can't take the bus looking like that!”

Which were all true enough. Cheryl peeled off her jeans, and Julia handed her a pair of what she first thought were gray sweatpants. She stepped into them and they slid up her legs, getting tighter as they reached her thighs. By the time they were around her hips they were like a second skin.

“These are kind of tight,” she protested uneasily.

“They're Lulumons! Practically new too!”

Julia hurried out of the room and into a little hallway which led to the bathroom, then slid open a closet door. The washer and dryer were behind it and she tossed Cheryl's jeans into the washer, closed the door, poured some soap into a little drawer, and started it.

“It'll take twenty minutes or so,” she said.

Cheryl was anxious but there didn't seem to be any way of really protesting, but she blushed as Julia led her back to the sofa, wearing the thin, skintight yoga pants.

“Go. Sit. I'll get us a snack,” she said, giving Cheryl a push to send her sprawling onto the sofa – except she sprawled to the side so she half fell on Jared.

He caught her and grinned, sliding her over to her seat as she blushed.

“Sorry,” she gulped.

“Baby, you can fall on me any time you want to,” he said with a wink.

“I should uhm, help her,” Cheryl said.

“Sure, baby. I'm looking forward to watching you walk away in those,” he said.

She blushed again, though not displeased, as she stood up and hurried away to his wolf whistle.

She went into the kitchen.

“Can I help?”

“You're a guest, silly!”

“I don't mind!”

“Beer!” Jared called from the other room.

Julia rolled her eyes, then opened the fridge and took out a can and handed it to her.

“Here, take this in before he comes out here and gets in my way.”

Cheryl turned with the beer in hand, and then, considering what Jared had done to her, shook it up before leaving the kitchen as Julia giggled and wagged her finger at her.

“On your butt be it, girl!” she said.

Cheryl grinned and took the beer into Jared, who was watching the game and handed it to him with a sweet smile.

“Thanks, babe,” he said.

He popped the can and it sprayed out over his bare chest as Cheryl laughed in delight. Unfortunately for her she hadn't moved very far off as she laughed, and he lunged forward as she turned with a squeal to run back to the kitchen. He grabbed at the only thing which seemed in range, the waistband of her pants.

Unfortunately for Cheryl they were yoga pants, and extremely elastic, so she gasped and her eyes widened as she felt them jerking backwards towards him, stretching out almost a foot from her waist before the waistband tightened enough to jerk her to a halt and pull her back.

“Nice ass!” he said as she fell back against him and he quickly spun her so she was on her belly.

*Crack! His hand slapped down on her bare bottom, for the yoga pants had been tugged down below them by his yank back!*

Cheryl squealed in surprise, embarrassment, and no small excitement, then in pain at the stinging slap to her buttocks.

“Hey!” she shouted, trying to grab at the pants and yank them up.

“Hey, yourself!”

*Crack! His hand slapped down again, then again, as Cheryl twisted and wriggled, her face red and a flush spreading down her chest!*

“You sprayed me with beer!” she shouted in protest.

*Crack!*

“I sprayed my bitch with beer, baby. You just dropped yours.”

*Crack! His hand slapped down again!*

“Not my fault you were clumsy!”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Jared!”

“Who are you calling your bitch?” Julia demanded from the kitchen doorway.

“You, baby. You know you're my beatch,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Quit it!” Cheryl gasped.

“Why? I hurting your poor little ass?” he asked in amusement.

Her flush deepened as instead of slapping her bottom he ran his hand over it, kneading her soft flesh.

“Julia!” she cried.

“Don't look at me, honey. I told you on your butt be it,” Julia said, giggling.

*Crack!*

“Are you sorry for disrespecting me?” Jared demanded.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Okay, okay!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Say you're sorry.”

“I'm sorry!”

“Say sir.”

“No way!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! I'm sorry, sir!”

He rolled her off his knees and the red faced girl scrambled to yank the yoga pants up as he grinned at her, then hurried back to the kitchen doorway. She turned and stuck her tongue out at him and he blew her a kiss.

“He likes to play that me-big-man stuff sometimes,” Julia said when she got into the kitchen.

Cheryl snorted and rubbed her sore bottom.

“That hurts!”

“You got hardly anything. You should see some of the spankings I've gotten,” Julia said. “Of course, what comes after that makes it worthwhile.”

She gave Cheryl a wink which made her flush again. But she didn't protest. She was actually relieved Julia didn't seem to be jealous or bothered by what had happened.

“What are you making?”

“Just fries. Jared likes fries and so do I.”

“Everyone likes fries.”

“See?”

Julia winked at her and took her arm.

“Let's see if we can bother mister big man while he watches his wonderful football game,” she said.

Cheryl was all for that, and feeling a strange little whirly sense of anxious anticipation and repressed excitement though she didn't have any idea what the blonde girl intended.

“Good game?” she asked.

“Uh huh,” Jared said, not looking up.

“Well, okay, you have fun with that, then and me and Cheryl will have fun together.”

And then Cheryl was startled as the blonde girl took her into her arms and started to kiss her!

For a second she started to push against her, but then understood, and it wasn't like it was the first time in her life she and a girlfriend had teased boys this way. So her hands slid over Julia's shoulders instead and their bodies pressed together as they kissed passionately.

She rolled her eyes a little, though, and saw Jared wasn't even paying attention. That was disappointing, and apparently disappointing to Julia too, which caused her to escalate things.

She gasped as the blonde girl cupped her breast.

“You have such nice breasts,” Julia sighed.

That, of course, got Jared's attention, but it also made Cheryl blush hotly.

She had gone this far with other girls a few times, but she was drunk at the time, or nearly so. And she discovered that her body had become primed for arousal by Jared somehow, because the feel of the blonde girl's hand caressing and then squeezing her breast sent a hot rush of pleasure through her body.

She was starting to get really hot, she realized, her heart beating faster. Not just because Julia was kissing her so passionately (even if fake) and kneading her breast but because Jared was watching intently!

“If she's got such nice breasts you should take her top off,” he said with a grin.

“Ha! You'd like that wouldn't you!” Julia sneered.

She pushed against the door frame and gripped her hair, kissing her again, then gripped her wrists and lifted them up and back against the frame above her head.

“Would you like to see them?” she asked him, gently rubbing her breasts against Cheryl's as she leered at him.

“Yeah, baby!”

“Well, you're not going to!” Julia taunted.

She pinned an unresisting Cheryl's wrists together, though, and then tugged her t-shirt up slowly, baring her abdomen.

“Ooo, look at this smooth, soft white skin,” she said.

Cheryl felt her pulse racing as Jared licked his lips appreciatively and Julia caressed her abdomen. Then the blonde girl's hand slid higher, pushing the t-shirt up along her belly to bare that too.

“What a nice, firm stomach she has,” Julia said teasingly.

She let her hand slid the t-shirt up higher still, to just below her breasts.

“I wonder what kind of bra Cheryl is wearing,” she said in a voice like an airhead blonde.

“Me too!” Jared said with a broad grin.

Julia slid her t-shirt higher still, and Cheryl felt a hot pulse of excitement and arousal as she bared her black satin bra.

“Oh, what a pretty bra,” Julia said, caressing her breasts through it.

“I bet she'd look even better without it,” Jared said.

“You're such a crude man boy,” Julia said dismissively. “Always so eager to tear off the wrapping and get to the present.”

She bent her head and rubbed her cheek against Cheryl's breasts, including the soft, curving flesh above the edge of the half cups. She turned then and started licking at her and Cheryl laughed in amusement, for that was a bit over the top.

“I love the taste of her breasts!” Julia said in mock excitement.

That caused Cheryl to laugh even more, and try to twist free.

“You're getting my tits all wet!” she protested. “You lick like a dog!”

“Like a bitch!” Jared said, laughing.

“You calling me a bitch!?” Julia demanded in mock indignation.

“Yes!” Cheryl laughed.

Julia quickly turned her around, pinning her front against the door frame, and still holding her wrists in one hand, then Cheryl squealed as her friend yanked her yoga pants down to bare her bottom and slapped it sharply.

“Bad girl!” Julia exclaimed.

“Ow! Hey! Bitch!”

*Crack! Crack! Julia slapped her bottom again and again.*

“Apologize and admit you're the bitch!”

“No way!”

She began to struggle but the blonde was surprisingly strong and Cheryl didn't

have a lot of leverage with her wrists crossed above her. Then she yelped as the blonde gripped her thong and yanked that down too!

“Julia!” she gasped.

Julia laughed at her, for now Cheryl jammed herself against the frame to hide herself from Jared's eager eyes.

“Ha! Say you're sorry!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“I'm sorry! You bitch!”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Oh, trying to mouth off, huh? Well I'm the queen of this place, little girl!”

She grappled with Cheryl, who squealed again as she realized the blonde was pulling her away from the door frame, and clung to it to hide her naked lower body from Jared. Then she felt her bra strap undone and in an instant she felt it and her t-shirt, which was already up around her armpits, yanked up her arms!

It wasn't until then that she thought this was more than simple play-acting, and wasn't until then that she thought maybe... maybe something else was going to happen besides teasing Jared while they waited for the fries to cook!

She yanked herself free of Julia, but her mind was spinning and her emotions were twisting and churning inside her. She wasn't sure what was going on, or even what she wanted to do about it, but her body was thrumming with sexual heat and she was breathless with arousal even as she felt a burning embarrassment as Jared clapped his hands in approval.

Julia managed to yank her back and then fall into the love seat which faced across from Jared, and since Cheryl's hands were mostly desperately occupied with clinging to her top and bra she was able to maneuver her back so she fell across her lap!

“Time to teach you some lessons, you bratty little girl!” she taunted.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Julia! Ow!”

Cheryl yelped suddenly as Julia gripped a thick fistful of hair and yanked her head up and back! Her body's reactions were instinctive as her hands jerked up and back to grab at her wrist. And as she did so Julia laughed and yanked the bra and t-shirt off them!

“Julia!” she squealed, realizing she was now naked except for the yoga pants and thong which hung around her knees.

“Cheryl!” Julia laughed.

Cheryl now tried to put one arm down along her right side, which was the side facing Jared, to hide the side of her breast, and as Julia spanked her, reach back to protect her bottom, which was starting to sting and burn!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

”Stop! Ow! Julia! Ow!”

“Now this is way better than football!” Jared said in delight.

Which, Cheryl supposed, was what Julia had been aiming for, but Cheryl had never imagined she would go this far to do it!

“Ow! You cunt!” she protested.

“You need to show more respect, little girl,” Julia teased.

She grabbed Cheryl's left wrist, and since the brunette was holding her right arm down her side to hide her breast, she was largely helpless to do anything about it as her left arm was forced up and back, then held there. But at least the blonde wasn't spanking her any more!

Then she felt something wrapped around her wrist. She didn't understand at first. It wasn't until Julia pulled her right hand up and back too that she understood. Even then her first reaction was shock, embarrassment – and heat – as she realized Jared could now see the side of her bare breast!

But then she understood as the fabric wrapped around her right wrist that Julia was tying her hands behind her back! She felt a shock, and then several emotional jolts at that, first of disbelief, then of dark, wild heat and then of anxiety and uncertainty.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Now, you must say, I apologize for being rude to you, Mistress Julia,” Julia said in a haughty voice.

“I'm sorry for being rude to you, Mistress Julia!” Cheryl gasped, eyes wide.

“Okay, I think you're going a little far with this,” Jared said, getting up.

“Bite me, black boy,” Julia said with a smirk.

Cheryl gasped as Julia was yanked out from under her, and wriggled wildly around to hide the front of her body from Jared as she tried to get her wrists free. She twisted her head up and around to look down and pulled her wrists to the side to see that she had tied her wrists together with what looked like one of the silk ties she had noticed had been on the back of the love seat.

Julia and Jared were struggling on her other side, as Julia squealed and laughed, but she wasn't paying attention to that, at first, as she tried to pull her hands free of the ties. Then when she rolled her eyes around it was to see that Jared had managed to strip Julia naked and was now tying her wrists behind her back!

A wild rush of heat suddenly swept through her, making her face and chest flush. She felt an intense sexual pressure inside herself, almost to the point that her body trembled with the force of it!

“You ain't nobody's mistress, brat,” Jared said as he succeeded in tying his girlfriend's wrists behind her.

Then he put her over his lap and spanked her rapidly, a dozen times, as the blonde girl squealed and twisted and laughed.

Jared stood up and sent her tumbling onto the floor, then reached down and gripped her hair, pulling her to her knees as the blonde squealed again. Cheryl's wild eyes flicked across to Jared's sweat pants and saw his erection bulging

against the thin gray fabric! Then he yanked the sweatpants down and his cock sprang up hard and thick and long.

Cheryl shuddered with the heat which swept over her as Jared pulled Julia's face in against his groin and rubbed it there.

“Who's the boss in this place, baby?” he demanded.

“You are, Jared!” Julia moaned as her face rubbed up and down against his thick erection.

Jared moved over and Cheryl felt her pulse race as he reached for her. She cried out as he grabbed her hair and pulled her forward, and she was forced to tumble off the sofa and onto her knees in front of him!

Her heart pounded as he pulled her in next to Julia, who quickly slid her lips over his cock and began to suck!

“You're both my bitches tonight,” he said in a leering drawl.

Cheryl gasped as he pulled her face into the side of his groin.

“Suck my balls, slave girl!” he ordered.

She resisted, still full of shock, but he pulled Cheryl a little to the side and pulled Cheryl in against his groin again, rubbing her face against his balls, and something seemed to snap within her! She felt herself being caught up in the dark, wicked heat of the moment as she opened her mouth to gasp and felt him jamming himself in against her!

She felt his balls with her lips and sucked them into her mouth, trembling with heat even while being filled with self-conscious embarrassment! Cheryl was right next to her, bobbing in and out on his thick shaft, and then as Jared pulled in on her head Cheryl was forced aside as Julia's lips slide right down to the base!

She felt a shock as she realized the blonde had deep throated that big cock, and her already wide eyes widened further as she saw Julia tremble and gurgle as Jared held her firmly in place.

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

It was so outrageous, so shockingly wild and slutty and sexual! Cheryl felt her insides swirling and churning with a volcanic heat as Jared let the blonde slide slowly back, and inch after inch of glistening black cock emerged from her straining lips!

Then it popped free and Julia gasped dazedly, swaying in place as Jared jerked Cheryl in again!”

“Suck my cock, slave girl!” he demanded.

Cheryl shuddered again as her lips opened wide around his thick cock-head, as it pushed in across her tongue and she started to almost instinctively suck and lick at it! It pushed deeper, and she gagged a little even as Julia pushed in to suck on his balls.

“Dirty little white sex slaves,” Jared growled. “Gonna teach you how to please a black man's cock!”

Another hot jolt ran through Cheryl's mind and she moaned around his cock as he pumped it in and out, then she felt the pull on her scalp tighten and he jerked her forward as he pushed his hips forward! His cock slid deep into her mouth, and she had just started to gag and try to pull back when she felt it entering her throat!

She gagged and choked, but he slid deeper and deeper, and she felt the pressure of his thick girth filling her throat and pushing down into her very chest! The psychic shock screened out some of the gagging she would otherwise have gone through, and then she was staring at his groin as her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft!

He held her there easily, despite her body trying instinctively to jerk back, letting go of Julia and holding her head in both hands.

“Hot little slutty sex slave,” he growled.

She gurgled and gasped, her chest burning and her head pounding as she ran out of oxygen, and then he slid back and let her lean back as well, and his cock slid up out of her throat quickly. She didn't gag only because she was instead intent

on sucking in deep, shuddering breaths of air!

“On the floor, slut!” Jared ordered.

She had no idea what the words meant, and since he was still holding her firmly by the hair and she was swaying and gulping in breaths she didn't care. But then she felt something pushing in between her knees. Jared pushed his foot against one leg to force it apart, and she realized that Julia was wriggling in under her, laying on her back and her still bound wrists.

“Now sit on her face, slave girl,” Jared ordered her.

He tugged on her hair to force her head sharply up and back, and she cried out dazedly, even as she felt him forcing her legs further apart and forcing her down lower.

Then she felt her buttocks against Julia's chest just above her breasts, and then shifted forward and felt the other girl's mouth licking at her sex! That tongue didn't seem to have the slightest hesitation as it licked strongly and quickly against her, sliding up and down the flushed, swollen lips of her sex, and then over her clitoris!

She shuddered, overwhelmed by sensation, by heat and a wild sense of disbelief! It was like being drunk, intoxicated on the shocking excitement of it all even as Jared pulled her head forward once more, forcing her to lean in so that her sex was even more firmly pressed against Julia's mouth!

Then his cock was in her own mouth again and she moaned helplessly, starting to lick and suck in hopes of keeping him from pushing deeper!

What Julia was doing between her legs, though, was making her body tremble as the sexual heat and pressure built up to almost unbearable levels! So when Jared pushed forward, gripping her head and hair, she only gurgled weakly as his head was forced down her throat again.

He was fucking her throat, pumping in and out as her eyes rolled up and back in her head, and she felt a moment of amazement at how easily he was doing it, and how easily her body was accepting it! Her mind was too smothered by the seething power of sexual arousal for her body to react with its natural instinctive gagging.

The orgasm tore through her with an explosive force that caused convulsions to ripple through her body. Her hips ground frantically against Julia's lapping, licking tongue and sucking mouth and she sobbed dazedly around the cock pumping in her throat.

Jared pulled out and Cheryl gulped in air again, sobbing with heat and pleasure as the orgasm slowly faded. But her body was still electric with sexual pressure, and Jared jerked up on her hair, forcing her up on her knees.

“Turn around, slut!” he ordered.

He forced her around so that she was straddling Julia's head again, but looking down the length of her body. Then he bent her over, pushing her reddened face into the blonde girl's shaven sex.

“Lick her, slave girl,” he said. “Lick my other sex slave, you white slut.”

It was so wickedly kinky, and her body was still pulsing with heat and, well, she didn't have a choice anyway! Cheryl had never licked another girl but it wasn't a great mystery how it was done, so she started to lick at Julia even as she felt the blonde girl licking at her again!

“That's it, you hot little white sluts!” Jared exclaimed. “Make each other come.”

Cheryl trembled and shook, her breasts pillowed out against Julia's belly as her tongue licked the other girl's clitoris. She was swept by disbelief again, and again, and then awe, and shock and more disbelief as a dark, burning heat wrapped itself around her mind once again.

She felt his hands on her hips, positioning her properly, spreading her knees wide as Julia licked enthusiastically at her clitoris.

And then... then she felt the slick wet head of Jared's big cock rubbing up and down the line of her sex!

Another wild explosive burst of heat and disbelief swept her as the pressure mounted, then, as the lips of her sex were forced wide, then stretched wider still, and the head of his big cock pushed into the mouth of her sex then plunged deeper!

She sobbed dazedly, overwhelmed with the shocked, wild heat pulsing through her body, and every breath was a gasp of pleasure as he began to pump, pushing himself deeper and deeper, stretching out the narrow channel within her, stretching it wide as he plunged ever deeper!

The sensation of him filling her as Julia licked her clitoris was like nothing she had ever imagined, and even as he gripped her hair to jerk on it and ordered her to lick faster she felt his other hand pushing under her chest to roughly grope her bare breast!

Another orgasm swept her mind and body, a monster of an orgasm as she cried out in wanton hunger, a sense of rapture swelling within her as she trembled and shook and Julia licked steadily!

Jared kept thrusting, hard enough to hurt, but that didn't deter the wild thrill-ride at all! It simply extended it! Soon his hips were slapping against her buttocks, and she felt wonder again, knowing that the whole long length of him was now buried inside her!

“Lick her, slave girl!” Jared ordered, twisting his fingers in her hair.

She licked dazedly, wildly, moaning and crying out as he rode her, as his hips slapped into her, as Julia licked her swollen, hyper-sensitive clitoris and drove her through another monster orgasm, then another!

She'd never had more than one orgasm during sex, and seldom had an orgasm at all except when masturbating! Now it was like her body was in an uncontrollable frenzy, filled with pulsing heat and arousal, her insides spasming and shaking and quaking as she burned up with a violent, churning sense of need and desire!

*Crack!*

She yelped as Jared slapped her upraised bottom!

“Lick that pussy, sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“After I get done with you maybe I'll invite my homeys over to watch you two.”

*Crack!*

“You can put on a show for them.”

*Crack!*

“Hot white sluts!”

*Crack!*

She grunted and gasped and moaned and sobbed as his hips struck her upraised buttocks again and again, her breast throbbing in his hand, her scalp stinging and aching as he jerked her head up and then shoved it down, grinding her face into Julia's sex.

It was all so animalistic, so impossible and unbelievably wild and kinky and darkly sexual, and she was overwhelmed to the point of feeling she was in a different world, where all her previous inhibitions had been melted away.

He pulled out, and then shoved her so that she tumbled forward and then sideways to land on her shoulder on the rug.

“Get between this blonde slut's legs and lick her!” he ordered, pointing.

Eyes fluttering, gasping for breath, flushed with heat, Cheryl scrambled around to obey, moaning as she knelt, her breasts pressing into her thighs as she brought her mouth to Julia's sex.

Jared tilted the blonde's head back and thrust straight down her throat!

Cheryl rolled her eyes up, moaning, staring, amazed, as he fucked her throat with long, deep strokes that never stopped!

She looked down, licking hard at Julia's clitoris, moaning weakly as disbelief swept through her once more.

Then Jared shifted, yanking on Julia's hair to force her to sit up, pulling her to her knees, and grabbing Cheryl's hair as well. He pulled them both in against him, both together, cheek to cheek, then lifted their hair up to mash it together and hold in one fist.

He pumped his glistening cock with his other fist, and then he came, spraying semen across the faces of the two dazed girls kneeling before him! Cheryl blinked and closed her eyes, gasping, feeling thick dollops of semen on her lips and tongue and cheeks as he laughed down at the two of them.

“Now lick yourselves clean, slave girls,” he ordered.

He turned them together, breasts pillowed out against breasts, and Julia began to lick the come off Cheryl's face. Cheryl gasped dazedly, filled with shocked disbelief again, but Jared slapped her head and she started to lick Julia's face, too, her tongue cleaning the semen off as Julia returned the favor.

“Kiss! Kiss deep! I want to see tongue,” he growled.

Moaning, Cheryl felt the blonde's lips pressing firmly and hungrily against her own, Julia's tongue thrusting into her mouth as she kissed back, as their bodies ground together while Jared stood over them. She cried out as he suddenly jerked back sharply on her hair, forcing her head back and her back to arch.

Then she felt Julia sucking and licking at her nipples before Jared pulled her head forward and jerked Julia's head back instead. Now her face was jammed against the blonde girl's breast and she licked and sucked at her nipples in turn.

He got tired of this and put them back into a sixty nine, and they licked each other once more. Julia started grinding her hips up and moaning in pleasure and then came, arching and twisting underneath her as Cheryl licked frantically.

Jared got up and left the room briefly, then returned and moved behind her. Cheryl gasped as she felt his finger at her ass, felt it pushing against her! She wanted to object, but it slipped into her, slick and oiled with something, pumping in and out, and while a part of her cringed at it she felt another jolt of high octane energy at the kinkiness of everything.

His finger pumped in and out of her ass, then drew back and something else pushed against her there, something which forced her sphincter wider and wider. She knew it wasn't him. It didn't feel like a real cock, and was slightly cool to the touch.

It spread her wider, and then still wider as she moaned in complaint. But then her sphincter sort of closed as it slid into her, as if sucked in by her own body.

Only... it didn't all get inside. Some of it was still outside, and she could feel it pressing against her opening.

Jared appeared around in front of her and he forced Julia's knees up and back, then pressed something like a elongated plastic turnip against her ass, slowly twisting and working it into her. Cheryl stared at it, knowing it was the twin to what he'd shoved into her, amazed and gripped by wondering heat.

“It's a butt-plug, slave girl, so me and all my black buddies can fuck your tight white ass,” he said.

She gasped in alarm, but also wicked heat! She didn't really believe him, after all, about his 'buddies' but the thought was wicked and wild!

He dragged her off Julia, then positioned her the same way, only on the floor by herself, with her cheek pressed against the rug, her breasts pillowed out beneath her, and her bottom raised high. He dragged Julia around in back of her, and Cheryl heard the blonde giggling.

She groaned, heart still pounding, and rolled her eyes up and back, noting Julia on her knees now, fitting some sort of belt around her hips. What... ?

“Bad slave girl,” Julia said.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” Cheryl gasped.

She felt something rubbing up and down against her sex, then pushing into her, something thick, but definitely not a real cock. It was oddly shaped, for she could feel something like dimples on it, could feel its curving sides as it narrowed a little, then got wider still.

She gasped as it slid deeper and deeper, filling her up, and felt Julia's hands on her hips.

“I'm going to fuck you hard, slave girl,” Julia said.

Cheryl knew a sense of wonder at that. What did she mean by – and then she felt the thing thrusting even deeper, and felt the blonde girl's hips against her upraised buttocks!

“Oh!” she gasped.

“Dirty girl,” Julia taunted, her hips moving in and out as she fucked her.

She must, Cheryl knew, be wearing some sort of... thing, like a dildo, like she'd seen in the occasional porn video she'd viewed! The idea was shockingly outrageous! Her blood started to race and her heart to pound as the blonde girl thrust into her hard and fast!

Her eyes rolled to the side and she saw Jared there holding up a cell phone. She gasped, jerking her head away.

“Nooooo!” she moaned. “Don't!”

Julia gripped her tangled hair and yanked her head up and back, leaning over her.

“Hot slave girl,” she taunted, grinding her hips against her.

Cheryl shuddered as the dildo twisted around in the swirling, churning lava pit within her lower belly. Julia giggled and pressed her breasts against her back, reaching in under her hip, thrusting her small hand up along her abdomen until her fingers found Cheryl's clitoris!

Cheryl jerked violently, crying out, and Julia thrust harder, finger rubbing furiously against her as her hips slapped against her buttocks.

It was insane, it was all so wildly, wickedly, impossibly kinky that such things might be happening to her!

She sobbed dazedly, grunting and gasping and moaning as the sexual pressure exploded within her, threatening to sweep her mind clean of all conscious thought! And then, only then, did the orgasm roll through her, to finish the job of turning her into a grunting, overheated animal!

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She still felt in a state of shock, overwhelmed by the hot, wicked animal sex, even as she knelt, panting, trying to catch her breath and get her mind straight again. Jared had pulled his sweatpants up, and she noted that Julia had gotten dressed again. She groaned, leaning her head forward, her hair spilling down

around her face as she stared at the rug.

She smelled french fries and heard Julia moving around in the kitchen. Then the blonde girl came bustling into the room as Jared gripped Cheryl by the hair and firmly but not very gently, tugged to force her to knee-walk across to where the sofa was.

“Spread your knees wider,” he ordered.

Wearily, she obeyed.

Julia sat down in front of her with a bowl of french fries, and Cheryl smelled vinegar. Jared sat beside her, picking up the remote, and Julia grinned at Cheryl as she ate a fry.

“That was fun!” she said.

Cheryl felt a sense of confusion. Julia was acting as if that wild sexual explosion was over. She was untied, and dressed, and Jared had pulled up his pants but... why then was Cheryl still tied up and naked?

Jared took a fry from the bowl and held it out to her, waving it in front of Cheryl's mouth.

“Eat, slave girl.”

She flushed a bit, but she was, in fact hungry, so she took it from his fingers.

Julia giggled.

She munched on another one, then held one out to Cheryl.

Cheryl flushed a bit, then leaned in and took it from her.

“Good girl!” Julia said, reaching out to pat her hair.

What the fuck, Cheryl wondered in confusion.

“Are you gonna untie me now?” she asked.

“Why would we do that?” Jared replied. “You're a sex slave.”

Cheryl flushed again, and Julia held out another fry.

She leaned in and took it, and despite the recent orgasm, an orgasm so powerful her abdomen still ached from the muscle spasms, she felt a surge of dark hunger again.

She chewed and quickly swallowed the fry.

“You guys,” she said in a weak protest, pulling feebly at her wrists.

“Be a good little sex slave or you'll get a spanking,” Jared said.

He held out another fry, and Cheryl licked her lips, then took it from his fingers.

Her breasts throbbed as she moved, as she leaned in and back, her nipples tingling hotly, hard and tender.

“Come on, you guys,” she said, as if making sport of it.

Jared reached out and grasped her hair, gathering it in, then pulling her in and forward.

Cheryl gasped as she she was bent forward, as he leaned in against her, then kissed her in a long, passionate kiss! She felt someone, from the size of the hand it was Julia, kneading her left breast as he kissed her, and felt a swirling sensual heat rousing within her.

Jared pulled back, but still held firmly to her hair, and didn't pull back far, just far enough so his face was six inches from hers.

“Tell me you love black cock,” he growled.

Cheryl flushed darkly, gasping.

“Say it,” he ordered in an insistent voice.

“I-I... I love black cock!” she gasped.

“Again,” he ordered.

“I love black cock!” she gasped, her mind swirling with heat again.

“Now say I love nigger cock.”

She blanched, but he jerked on her hair.

“Say it.”

“I-I love... nigger cock!” she moaned.

He pushed his finger against her mouth, then a second, sliding them inside.

“Suck.”

She moaned, sucking on them. His fingers were long and thick as he pumped them in and out of her mouth, as he stared into her eyes.

He pulled them out again.

“Tell me you love to suck nigger cock,” he ordered.

Cheryl moaned weakly.

“Say it, slave girl.”

“I love to suck nigger cock!” she moaned.

“Dirty little sex slave!” Julia said in mock consternation.

“You guys!” Cheryl moaned.

Jared drew back a bit, but still held her by the hair. He picked up another fry and lay it in the palm of his hand, then held the hand in front of her mouth.

Moaning, Cheryl licked it out of the palm of his hand and chewed it, a crackling sexual electricity rippling through her body.

“Isn't he nice feeding you?” Julia said. “You should thank him.”

She caught Cheryl's throbbing nipple between her thumb and forefinger, twisting and pinching it until Cheryl gasped and squirmed.

“Say thank you, slave girl.”

“Th-thank you!” Cheryl gasped.

“Say thank you, master,” Cheryl corrected.

Another crackling ball of sexual electricity rolled up through Cheryl's belly.

“Thank you, master!” she moaned.

He picked up another one, and then another, and another, and she licked them out of the palm of his hand.

Each time he did she said “Thank you, master!”

“Tell me you love nigger cock,” he ordered.

This was so outrageous! It made her mind and body squirm!

“I love nigger cock!” she moaned.

“Look what I got for you,” he said.

He picked up something and Cheryl gaped at it. It was a black dildo, very big, very black, very realistic looking, though the veins circling it and running up and down the shaft were impossibly thick.

He handed it to Julia, who slid it into her mouth, licking and sucking it as a dazed Cheryl looked on. Then, giggling, she scrambled forward onto the floor behind Cheryl.

She reached between Cheryl's thigh, rubbing her pussy.

“Push your ass back, slave girl.”

“Y-You guys!” Cheryl moaned in protest.

*Crack!*

“Do it, slave!”

Moaning, she obeyed, and gasped and squealed as she felt the dildo pressing against her soft, swollen mons. Her hips jerked forward, but were limited, of

course, by the side of the sofa. Then Jared pulled on her hair to crush her lips with his once again as she felt the dildo grinding against her entrance, slowly forcing her soft, tight flesh in and back.

It... ached, as she was stretched so wide, but it was a dark, thrilling ache, as Julia slowly forced the big dildo into her body, inch by slow inch, and Jared kissed her while kneading her breast.

The dildo was too long to get it all inside, or so she thought, as Julia slapped at her bottom and forced her knees wider. But then Jared stopped kissing her and let go of her hair. Julia took it instead, pulling her head up and back, to arch her back, and she felt Jared's hands on her breasts.

“Sink down on it, sex slave,” Julia ordered.

“Nooooo!” Cheryl moaned as she felt the pressure mounting against her as her own weight pushed down against the thick silicone shaft.

Her own body's weight slowly forced her down further and further on the achingly thick black dildo, and she felt it pushing deep into her abdomen.

Then Julia slid back into her seat and started eating fries. Jared picked up the remote again to check on another football game.

Cheryl knelt in place, sitting on her heels, panting, flushed and overheated, moaning weakly as she dropped her chin and stared down the length of her body at the sight of her lips straining so obscenely wide around the thick black dildo!

She gasped, her pulse racing, as the two fed her fries again, and her whirling spinning mind tried to understand how she'd gotten into this position and what, if anything, she ought to be doing about it! One part of her was aghast and embarrassed, but the other part felt a sense of thrilled, if confused arousal.

“Hot little white sex slave,” Jared said.

Those words! They were so... outrageous! They were ridiculous! But the very notion sent fire up her spine! No, not that she was a sex slave, of course, but that she was acting like one! That notion made her breathless with a dark, seething hunger!

They continued to feed her fries, and she took them automatically, flushed and pulsing with excitement. And her movements slowly eased her down further onto the achingly thick dildo which was sinking in deeper and deeper with each passing minute.

It ached inside her, but the dark cauldron of bubbling lava inside her belly seemed to grow ever hotter the deeper it pushed.

Julia got up and went into the kitchen, leaving her alone with Jared, and she flushed under his gaze.

He leaned forward then, his big hand cupping her right breast.

“Love these tits, slave girl,” he said.

His hand stroked along the underside, then his thumb and forefinger pressed against her swollen nipple, rolling it between them and pinching lightly.

He drew his hand up and caressed her lips with his fingers, then pushed into her mouth. She moaned around them, closing her lips and sucking, licking as he pumped them in and out. He pulled them out again and leaned further forward, and Cheryl gasped as his slick fingers rubbed at her clitoris, pressing it in and back against the bulk of the big dildo stretching her out and pushing up into her belly just behind her abdominal wall.

Julia came back into the room with another bowl, this time filled with popcorn, and she and Jared shared them as they watched the game – and Cheryl.

Jared held out a piece of popcorn in his palm and she flushed, leaning in to lick it from his palm and eat it as Julia giggled. Then Julia held one out for her and Cheryl did the same, grunting a little as she did.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, white girl,” Jared ordered.

“I... love nigger cock,” she gulped.

“Say master.”

She flushed and felt another hot rush of squirming excitement.

“I love nigger cock, master!” she gulped.

“What a slut!” Julia said in mock indignation.

“Sex slaves are supposed to be sluts,” Jared said. “Open your mouth, sex slave. Wider.”

Cheryl opened her mouth wide and he leaned forward, then tossed a piece of popcorn into it.

This should have been humiliating, of course, and she recognized that it was, in fact, on some level. But that level was deeply buried under the churning sexual hunger enveloping her mind.

Jared tossed another piece but it bounced off her cheek and fell to the floor.

“Don't leave food on the floor, sex slave,” Julia said. “Lick it up!”

Again she felt a jolt, but looked down to see it, then shifted herself backward and, with a grunt of effort, dropped forward to lick it off the floor. Then she straightened up again, gasping as she put more weight on the base of the dildo.

Julia tossed another popcorn piece which fell to the floor, and she had to do it again, then again.

“Clumsy slut,” Julia said, slapping her bottom as she bent to lick up a piece of popcorn.

Jared tossed a piece and she managed to jerk her head to one side to catch it in her mouth. Then Julia did the same and she caught that easily. The next piece bounced off her nose, and she had to scramble back and drop forward, panting, to lick it off the floor as the two laughed in amusement.

After some minutes Jared reached up and behind him to a pair of jeans which had been dropped across the backrest. He slid the belt out of the loops and put the jeans back, then put the tongue through the buckle and leaned forward to drop it over Cheryl's head.

He pulled on the tongue and the loop tightened around her neck, tightened enough to jerk her forward with a squawk, her breasts pillowing out against his

thighs as he gripped her hair and ground her face into his groin.

“Tell me you love nigger cock, slave.”

“I love nigger cock, master!” she gasped.

He pushed his sweatpants down and then pulled them off, spreading his legs and guiding her mouth to his cock.

Cheryl licked at it, then at his balls, moaning as he jerked on the belt, gurgling as it tightened around her neck. She sucked his balls into her mouth, flushing hotly as Julia watched her, as her mind squirmed, then licking up and down his cock and finally taking it into her mouth.

“Suck that nigger cock, white girl,” Jared growled.

“Nasty little sex slave slut!” Julia said with a sneer.

Cheryl moaned helplessly, sucking and licking as his cock thickened and lengthened.

“Dirty slut,” Julia said, slapping her bottom.

*Crack!*

“Nasty slave girl.”

*Crack!*

“Suck that cock, you whore.”

*Crack!*

Cheryl shuddered, her breasts grinding against his thighs and the sofa beneath as she bobbed her head on his thickening cock. Then his big hand pushed down on her head and her lips were forced deeper. She choked and gagged, but the hand pushed down remorselessly, and his big cock slid deep into her throat until her lips were wrapped around the base.

She wriggled and instinctively tried to pull back, gurgling and gagging, but he held tight to her head and to the belt around her neck as she felt herself

becoming light-headed.

“Nasty girl,” Julia said, slapping her bottom. “Swallow that cock, you whore.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Jared pulled her up and back and she coughed violently, gasping, face wet with perspiration and tears as she gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air.

“I'm gonna fuck this whore!” Jared growled.

Cheryl gurgled again as he jerked on the belt, tightening it even more around her throat and half pulling her up across his lap. Cheryl had to scramble to push herself up in the direction he was pulling as he then shifted and twisted her around, positioning her so she was kneeling, straddling him, but facing forward.

She felt him pulling at the ... the thing he'd pushed into her bottom, but didn't really care as she focused on drawing deep breaths into her burning lungs. It popped out, and then he guided her hips in and down and she felt something else pressing against her back entrance, something thick and warm and soft, but it was a softness over hard, and she quickly realized it was his big cock.

She shuddered as she slid slowly down on it, gasping and wincing and trying to push up to resist its penetration.

“Hot, tight ass,” she heard Jared say.

“Oh! Oh please!” she moaned.

“Tight ass like yours was made to get fucked, slave girl,” he said.

She sank down, then he let her push back to slide back up. But then he pulled her back down again as Julia got up and left the room. She returned with something in her hand, sat down, and then a soft buzzing sounded nearby.

Cheryl couldn't see it since Jared was pulling the belt straight back, which forced her head up and back, but she felt it soon as it pressed against her clitoris and then began to rub back and forth against her.

It was a vibrator!

With the thick dildo filling her sex, and now Jared's big cock pushing ever deeper into her ass she felt incredibly stuffed and full! Now the vibrator was rubbing against her clitoris and sending waves of sensation flooding through her nervous system!

“Oh! Oh! Oh God! Oh fuck! Oh! Please!” she cried.

A hand, too small to be Jared's, played with her breast as the vibrator rubbed her clitoris, and she sobbed dazedly, staring up at the ceiling, gasping for breath as she slid deeper onto Jared's cock. The other one, the dildo, was almost impossibly deep inside her, but she felt pressure against it, now, as if someone was pushing.

She cried out, then again, as it somehow was forced even deeper!

Then her soft buttocks came into contact with Jared's thighs, and she felt a sense of wonder at the thought his big cock was buried in her ass!

The heat was scalding, the pressure threatening to make her head explode as raw animal need filled her. She shuddered and trembled, forcing herself upward on Jared's cock, then sinking back down. She cried out dazedly, forced herself up, then sank down with a sob of pleasure.

The two tone bell which went off across the room was meaningless to her. The vibrator left her briefly, then pressed against her once more as Julia's weight shifted off the sofa. But Cheryl paid that little attention.

She was light-headed from lack of oxygen, riding Jared's cock as a feverish heat filled her, sobbing with pleasure as her body flared again and again, then exploded into orgasm.

She screamed, sobbed and rode him frantically, crying out again and again as a storm of sensation swamped her mind. The orgasm was a raving, monstrous thing which took control of her even as the belt tightened chokingly around her throat.

Her head felt like it was going to come apart with the force of the sexual pressure being released, and her eyes bulged as she rode Jared's cock for all she was worth, gurgling and trembling and shaking as the vibrator was held firmly against her pulsing clitoris.

She sagged back against his powerful chest, and the belt loosened as she gulped in breath, eyes closed, impaled on his cock but not caring just then about the ache inside. She slumped against him limply, groaning with every breath.

It was then she realized there was someone else there, another black man, about Jared's age, and just as big, leering at her as he sat on the love seat across from her, next to Julia.

Cheryl gaped at him, feeling a sense of confusion, then disbelief, then her face flooded with heat and some instinct caused her to try to move, to roll herself off Jared. He simply held her in place by one arm, however, then pushed her forward away from his chest.

“Ride my cock, slave girl,” he ordered.

Humiliation crashed down upon her, more and more with returning awareness, and it was such a stunned humiliation she had no idea what to do!

The man was licking his lips as he looked at her, and he had a bulging erection – one Julia quickly noticed and began to caress through his jeans.

“Nice show you put on, man,” he said to Jared.

“We aim to please,” he replied.

Julia kissed the stranger, and her hands undid his trousers as Jared reached around Cheryl's hip and began to lightly rub her clitoris.

She moaned helplessly, mortified, and yet... and yet, as Julia pulled the stranger's cock out of his pants she at least felt a strange sort of sense that her behavior, even her nudity, were not entirely out of place here in this apartment.

Already Julia was running her hand up and down the stranger's stiff erection, and as Cheryl watched the blonde leaned over to lick at the head.

This was all insane! And impossibly slutty!

But she also had a sense that there was simply no turning back. Jared's erection was deep inside her ass, and she'd just had the most massive orgasm of her life. It was a little late to start acting the moral prude now!

But every time the stranger looked up from Julia she felt a wave of heat wash over her. She was naked! Naked and straddling a man with his cock up her ass! And while the stranger couldn't see that he couldn't fail to see the base of the big black dildo protruding from the taut lips of her sex! God!

And even as Julia's lips slid up and down his erection his eyes kept turning to her, burning eyes that made her shudder.

The belt jerked tight around her throat and she gasped, head forced back sharply.

“Ride my cock, slave girl!” Jared ordered.

Whimpering, she started to ride up and down again, burning with humiliation, but with a dark, spiraling sense of sexual abandon, a kind of exhibitionist thrill at being watched in something so shocking!

“Man, her tight ass is squeezing my cock like nobody's business,” Jared said. “Come and make her come again, baby.”

A moment later, though her head remained forced back, Cheryl felt a tongue licking at her clitoris, and gurgled helplessly. Then the tightness of the belt around her neck eased, the belt going limp as Jared gathered in her hair behind her neck instead, gripping it in a firm fist, and using it to force her up and down!

Her head came forward and she saw Julia kneeling before her, licking, and the other man, the stranger, staring at her, watching. He stood up, pulling off his own jeans, then stripping off his T-shirt. He came forward to stand before her, and then took her hair from Jared, as if by mutual agreement.

He guided her mouth forward and his cock pushed into it.

Shuddering, Cheryl began to suck, moaning as he pumped in and out of her mouth, as she rode Jared's cock, as Julia licked at her clitoris and her mind was flooded with emotions and sensations. Hands mauled her breasts and pinched her nipples, and still she rode up and down, up and down, sobbing for breath, crying out at the raw sensations flaying her mind.

The stranger pulled her mouth forward and thrust deep, burying himself in her throat, and she screamed as the orgasm took her and swept her mind away. Jared started thrusting into her from below as Julia licked harder and faster, and a

glittering storm of light and sensation drowned her.

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Again, she was shell-shocked, dazed. Laying on the floor as the other three sat and had drinks. The stranger, who's name seemed to be Christopher, and pulled on his pants, having spilled himself – apparently, deep in her throat. Cheryl didn't care. She was numb, the explosive release of sensation and the shocking strength of emotion having blasted her mind.

Her rest did not last long, however. Jared gripped the belt and half dragged her across to him, forcing her back up onto her knees. Then she was shifted between Julia's knees, as the blonde girl spread her legs.

The two men watched as Cheryl licked her, as Julia ran her fingers through her hair and called her 'sex slave' and groped her breast. She knelt, bent over, her bottom pointed at Christopher, the dildo still protruding from straining sex lips.

They called her whore, and slut and slave and sex slave and bitch and dog and animal. And yet something inside her had twisted and changed, and was basking in the humiliation, in the shocking, wicked outrageousness of her being naked and tied up and letting herself be so crudely used by virtual strangers.

She licked Julia to orgasm, and then was ordered to go to Christopher. He dragged her up across his lap and slapped her bottom several times as he fingered her clitoris, groped her breasts, and forced the dildo to pump slowly in and out of her aching belly.

Then he turned her and had her sitting awkwardly across his lap, her head forced up and back by gripping her hair, her legs wide as he rubbed her clitoris, then played the vibrator over it while she moaned and gasped and sobbed dazedly, sexual electricity crackling through her like a gathering storm.

“What's your name, slut?” he asked.

“Ch-Ch-Cheryl!” she moaned.

He jerked sharply on her hair and she cried out.

“No. Your name is slut. Say it.”

“Slut!” she cried.

“Say my name is slut.”

“My name is slut!” she moaned.

“Again.”

“My name is slut!”

“Again.”

“My name is slut!”

He rubbed her clitoris, but again and again she had to repeat the words “My name is slut” as the three of them looked on, smirking.

Then Julia handed him the vibrator and he played that back and forth against her clitoris until she couldn't bear it any more, and her hips started violently bucking forward as she sobbed breathlessly. Another orgasm tore through her and she arched and cried out again and again, and in the midst of it she felt him pushing against the dildo, forcing it even deeper!

He laughed and dumped her off his lap onto the floor.

“Go into the bedroom, Slut,” Jared ordered. “Go in there, kneel on the edge of the bed with your face down and your ass high and wait for someone to come fuck your tight cunt. Go on.”

Panting, dazed, Cheryl only groaned, until he bent forward and yanked on the belt, dragging her forward, then slapped her bottom sharply several times.

She yelped and started to rise but he jerked on the belt to drop her chest back onto the floor.

“Crawl to the bedroom, slut. On your belly,” he ordered.

Moaning, panting, Cheryl obeyed, wriggling across the floor as the three watched her, rolling and grinding forward, mashing her breasts into the rug, then the floor as she rolled from side to side, pushing herself with her toes.

It took her a while to get to the bedroom, and then to crawl forward into it. Jared came in when she was halfway to the bed and gripped a fistful of hair, dragging her the rest of the way along as she cried out in pain, then forcing her up to her knees and half lifting her onto the bed.

“Knees on the edge!” he barked.

*Crack! His hand slapped her bottom sharply, and Cheryl found herself frantically trying to comply, face down, knees on the edge of the bed, her bottom raised.*

He spread her legs apart, then his big hands gripped her arms, jerking her torso back, pressing her belly in more tightly against her thighs to raise her bottom higher.

*Crack!*

“You want a spanking, slave girl?”

*Crack!*

“Answer.”

“N-No, master!” she gasped.

“You move from this position for any reason and you'll get a spanking, a long one.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Understand?”

“Yes, master!” she cried breathlessly.

He left and she held her position, gasping, gulping, trembling, her mind still frazzled and fogged. That lasted for long minutes, though she would have been hard pressed to know how many. But gradually her mind began to clear, and though she still felt a numbness there was also both a giddy sense of sexual

wonder, and a dark, shocked sense of embarrassment and outrage.

What the fuck was going on that she would kneel like this naked waiting for someone to come and fuck her!? What kind of a girl obeyed an order like that without even a protest!?

She felt a growing sense of confusion, and embarrassment and indignation, and yet that sense of being on a wild dark thrill-ride never left. She'd never done anything anywhere near as shocking and wild in her life! God! If anyone ever found out – !

The big dildo was a dull ache within her, a constant pulsing reminder of its presence. The tie binding her wrists was another, pinning them tightly crossed above her buttocks.

How long was she supposed to wait like this!?

Wait for... for someone to come and fuck her!

What were they waiting for?! God, they were such perverts! Was it Jared? Or were all Black men so perverted!?

She thought about moving, about standing up and... and walking back in there and ... and then what? Her bottom still felt a little sore from the slaps she'd gotten. They stung! Jared would surely carry through his threat to spank her, and she winced at the thought.

She pulled her wrists against the fabric, twisting and tugging, seeing if she could pull them free. Wouldn't that be a great joke on them!? If she could get free, get some clothes on and then sneak out! Ha!

Not that she was sure she wanted to, but it would at least reassert herself as a... well, a person!

They couldn't just do whatever they wanted to her!

She heard a sound, and started to twist her head around as someone came in, someone large, male and black, but then she saw what was being held up in front of his face – a cell phone! She gasped and turned her head quickly away, burying her face against the bed as the cell phone flashed.

“Don't!” she cried out, hearing a male chuckle in response, then there was another flash as he moved up behind her.

She felt hands caressing her buttocks, sliding over them, then down her back and into her hair. She feared, for a moment, he was going to pull her head up and back to get a better picture! Instead he let go of her hair, and she felt fingers at the dildo, twisting and turning it, then pulling it slowly free.

She moaned as that deep, aching pressure was finally removed. For a long moment she felt almost empty inside. Then a long, thick cock slid into her body. Still, it felt better, more natural, more... giving, than the dildo, and she gasped as it pushed deep.

Then a hand gripped the belt and tugged and she gurgled as it tightened around her neck, raising her head up and back as he started to thrust.

The belt was tight but not so tight she couldn't breath. She gasped for breath, though, as he thrust into her again and again, his free hand sliding up and over her body, then under to roughly knead her left breast.

She closed her eyes, groaning, as he thrust, not even knowing if it was Jared or Christopher, and not really caring. Did it matter? The dark heat grew within her as he used her, her head pulsing with sexual pressure and her body thrumming with sexual tension and arousal.

His hips began to slap against her buttocks, harder with each stroke, and she grunted and gasped and groaned in time to the powerful strokes.

The belt pulled harder and she gurgled, eyes bulging, her upper body forced up and back off the bed, though he kept her bent over, head back sharply. Her eyes rolled up and back and another stunning blow hit her mind.

It wasn't Jared or Christopher!

She had never seen this guy in her life!

But with the belt tight around her neck and his hips slapping against her and his hand groping her breast there was little she could do about it! For long moments she felt shock, then she felt lost and then it was like something collapsed within her mind, some sense of resistance melted away, and she simply gave herself to

what was happening, whatever was happening.

He transferred his grip to her hair, pulling her head back even more sharply, leaning in to chew his way up along her ear, and under her jaw as his hips thrust and thrust. Then he he threw her forward onto her face, slapping her bottom sharply.

He thrust again and again, then pulled free and roughly threw her over onto her side, then onto her back. He gathered in her legs and lifted them up and back and she moaned, staring at the stranger, then rolling her eyes aside as he folded her in two and thrust into her once more.

She lay on her bound wrists as he drove himself into her, roughly groping her breasts at first, then gripping her ankles and shoving them back hard, forcing them against the bed above her head, tilting her hips upward as he let his own powerful body down atop her.

She was crushed beneath his weight, gasping, moaning as he drove into her again and again, using her, fucking her like the slut she knew she was. Yet instead of guilt at that thought she felt a dark rush of wicked excitement. It was not a forlorn thought, but one of almost masochistic excitement.

Another man came into the room. This one she recognized, at least, even if she didn't know him: Christopher. The two men exchanged words she hardly heard from the pounding in her head. Then she was re-positioned on her knees again, Christopher fucking her from behind as the new guy gripped her hair and drove his cock into her mouth and throat.

Another crackling wave of sexual electricity rolled through her, a sense of wonder and heat gripping her mind as the two men used her, slapping and groping her, pulling at her hair, and treating her like a whore.

Another orgasm tore through her mind, and then another, even more powerful. She gave herself to them with wild abandon, no inhibitions left her, her body flaming hot from the wicked, wanton heat within her. She felt as if she were in a fever dream, dazed and overpowered by it as her body trembled and shook and exploded again, and then again!

When they finally left her she was exhausted, both emotionally and physically, and lay dazedly on her side, still bound and naked until Julia came in. Julia

simply gripped her by the hair and, ignoring her gasp and moans of pain, forced her off the bed and onto her knees on the floor, then made her knee-walk to the bathroom.

“Such a dirty girl,” Julia said. “All full of sweat and semen! We have to get you cleaned up.”

She forced her into the shower, then stripped herself and turned on the water. She matter-of-factly soaped her up and then rinsed her off before shoving her down onto her knees and pulling her face in between her thighs.

“Lick me, sex slave,” she ordered.

Moaning, Cheryl obeyed, her tongue lapping at the blonde girl's clitoris until Julia came with a shuddering moan of pleasure, her hips grinding into her face.

Julia dried them both off, and then finally untied the wet tie from Cheryl's wrists. She didn't stop treating her like a sex slave, though, and quickly made her get down on all fours, and, gripping her hair firmly, yanked forward so that she had to crawl back down the hall on all fours.

“Ow! Julia!” she gasped. “Don't! Stop!” she gasped, crawling frantically along.

Julia smirked, and kept pulling on her hair so that the brunette couldn't take a hand off the floor to grab at it lest the pull yank her hair too painfully. Julia led her into the bedroom and up to the bed, then slapped her bottom sharply.

“Into bed, sex slave!” she barked.

Cheryl yelped, scrambling away from the sharp slap – which of course, was into bed. Julia then jumped into bed with her as she rolled over.

“Julia!” she gasped.

Julia straddled her, giggling, pinning her down and shoving her wrists back against the bed above her head. Then, before Cheryl understood her intent she had removed a leather strap which was fastened to the headboard and wrapped it around her wrists.

Cheryl gasped, twisting her head up and back to stare, feeling a wild rush of

emotions as the blonde slipped down and then spread her legs wide. She moaned, chest heaving, as Julia strapped them down firmly to the corner posts.

The blonde then climbed back into bed, her eyes gleaming, kneeling between Cheryl's splayed legs, and started to lick her way up and down her thighs. Soon her tongue was licking hungrily at Cheryl's clitoris as her fingers slid deeper into her pussy, pumping skilfully in and out as she licked and sucked at her swollen clitoris.

First two fingers, then three, then four, thrust into Cheryl's aching sex as the blonde girl licked voraciously at her clitoris, and the wild sexual heat swirled inside her with ever greater strength as she began to writhe and moan, her hips grinding against the blonde girl's tongue.

Cheryl licked her to a frantic orgasm, then fetched sex toys, first a dildo, then a vibrator, to force her through even more orgasms as the breathless brunette gasped and shuddered and thrashed helplessly in the grip of an intoxicating flood of pleasure.

Then the blonde donned a strap-on dildo. Cheryl watched breathlessly as she knelt before her, then inserted the thick dildo and slid it deep into her overheated body. The blonde lay her soft, warm body atop Cheryl, sliding her fingers through her hair.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl,” she demanded.

Cheryl moaned and the blonde yanked on her hair.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl,” she said, licking lightly along her exposed throat.

“Please fuck me!” she gasped.

Julia jerked on her hair again and Cheryl gasped in pain.

“Say mistress. Please fuck me, mistress.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” Cheryl cried.

Julia giggled and began to do just that, kissing her softly, gently, then with

growing passion, rolling her breasts and body against Cheryl as she buried the dildo inside her then ground herself against her with long, sensuous motions.

“Hot, nasty slave girl,” Julia cooed, her hips starting to work up and down, in and out.

Cheryl was too overwhelmed by it all to do more than react, moaning, gasping, and kissing her back. Until, that was, Julia slid back out and off her, then untied her ankles.

“On your knees, slut,” she barked.

She helped Cheryl roll over then slapped her bottom sharply.

“Show me that pretty ass, sex slave!”

Cheryl scrambled breathlessly to her knees, her arms still stretched out before her on the bed, then spread her legs as Julia slapped again.

“Beg for me to fuck you, sex slave.”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” Cheryl cried.

Julia pushed into her and began to do just that, her hands running over the slender brunette's body, up into her hair, under to her breasts. She yanked her head up and back as she rammed her hips into her with hard, steady strokes, and then jerked her head around to stare into the camera Jared was holding.

“Beg for it, slut!”

“Please fuck me, mistress!” the dazed girl cried.

Then Jared was in front of her, kneeling, straddling her bound arms, taking her hair in hand as he fed his cock into her mouth, still holding the camera in the other hand as he pumped in and out.

The two of them were driving her insane, Cheryl thought dazedly.

Then the orgasm swept over her and she screamed around Jared's cock as her muscles spasmed and spasmed.

Cheryl slept on the floor, with her wrists and ankles hog-tied together behind her back and a ball-gag filling her mouth. She felt a sense of dazed disbelief, at first, and a sureness that Julia was just kidding, and would soon release her. But the events of the evening had exhausted her, and she eventually fell asleep.

\*

She wakened in the early morning, confused, sore, and then shocked as she realized she actually had slept hog-tied on the floor! She felt a sense of indignation and outrage, but almost immediately came a rush of dark, seething heat and outraged excitement.

This was so nasty and kinky and wild!

She lay for some time, moaning weakly, and then dozed off before being wakened by the two of them getting up.

Jared lifted her up and dropped her onto the bed, then undid her ankles so that her aching body could finally unfold. The relief was bliss, and she groaned helplessly as he massaged her body, his big hands coasting over her breasts and down along her belly.

Then Julia joined in, licking her between the legs, hands gliding up and down her body. When Jared pulled the gag out of her mouth it was only to thrust his cock into it, and she sucked wearily as Julia began to thrust fingers into her sex.

Before long she was climaxing again, her body arching and twisting and wriggling as Jared plunged down her throat and pumped in and out. Then the two switched off, and Jared lifted her legs up and back as Julia straddled her face and ordered her to lick.

After that it was into the shower with Julia, who washed both of them, and even shampooed Cheryl's hair, dried it, then blow-dried it before leading her to the kitchen to kneel naked and eat her breakfast from their hands.

Only after that was she allowed to dress and go to school with Julia.

Once she was there, and they parted for different classes, Cheryl let herself feel the enormity of the difference between reality, and the dark, thrilling fantasy she had experienced at Julia's apartment. She paid almost no attention to classes, her

mind filled with wonderment, dismay, embarrassment, anxiety, stress, and a sense of churning dark excitement at all she had experienced.

And what, she wondered anxiously, was she going to do if Julia invited her back again!? Should she go or refuse? If she went... the same kind of thing would probably happen again! She couldn't possibly! What had happened was outrageous!

But it had also been the wildest, most exciting thrill-ride of her life.

There was no telling what they might do to her, though! God, they had brought over two strange men to have sex with her! And they hadn't even asked her permission! The very memory made her cringe at how shocking an idea that was! She had been mortified!

She had also had multiple orgasms, of course. And so she was quite conflicted, to say the least. She had done things that good girls, normal girls, simply did not do, did not tolerate! And she never would have consented ahead of time if Julia had asked her.

After her last class she headed back to her dorm, still conflicted, still distracted by all the wild visions and memories and thoughts in her head. And right outside the door, there was Julia, making her gasp in surprise, and no small fear as the blonde girl took her arm.

“Finished for the day,” she said. “Time for play!”

“Julia!” Cheryl gulped. “I can't go back to your place tonight!”

“Of course you can, but that's okay. Jared is treating us to dinner at a nice restaurant.”

“But... I mean, that's okay, I just need to uhm, study and rest.”

“You can study and rest after dinner, silly,” Julia said. “If that's what you want, of course.”

She led the helpless, confused girl up to a black BMW, and Cheryl gasped to see Jared behind the wheel.

“Hey, gorgeous,” he said, smiling in a genial fashion.

“But – !”

Julia maneuvered her into the back seat and sat with her.

“Hey, want to see some of the pictures Jared took last night?”

Cheryl gasped, eyes widening as the blonde girl took out her cell phone and, giggling, brought up picture after picture that made Cheryl gasp and her face redden.

“Delete that!” she blurted, staring at a picture of herself on all fours with Julia riding her from behind with the strap-on.

“Don't you think it's sexy? I think you look really hot.”

She swiped it away, and there was a picture of her with her lips wrapped around Jared's cock, then another with her being fucked by Christopher, then one of her and Christopher and the other black guy, then one of her riding Jared's cock!

“You could make a lot of money with that body, baby,” Jared said.

“I-I... you... those pictures – .”

“Oh you should see the videos,” Julia said.

Cheryl gulped.

“Don't worry. You look really hot and sexy. We can see them after dinner. A small screen really doesn't do them justice. You have to see yourself up on Jared's big screen TV!”

“It's a very fancy restaurant,” Jared said. “Don't worry. You'll love it.”

“Trust us,” Julia said with a coy grin.

Cheryl looked at her helplessly, realizing she was in no position to antagonize them. At least not until she got those pictures and videos back!

“Say yes, mistress,” Julia said, combing her fingers gently through Cheryl's hair.

“Y-Yes, mistress,” she gulped.

“Good slave girl.”

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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