

China Doll



by JJ Argus

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

Amy Chan's eyes rarely settled on any one thing at a time. Alone in the control room, she let her eyes flick from one screen to the next, as she monitored the performance of the servers and computerized systems under her care.

She was especially alert to the ongoing threats coming from hackers and saboteurs, which her security screens would (hopefully) alert her to. Then, depending on the type of attack, she would set in motion various responses and notify different people.

It was an important job. Though much of the responses were automated you needed to get a quick handle on whether it was some loner in their mom's basement, a 'professional' hacker group looking to steal credit card information or lock the system down for ransom-ware, or something from a governmental agency.

She only had a BA in computer engineering, which was why she was in such an undesirable (to some) job, but she was working on her masters. Besides, the place suited her mood. It was quiet, which she found relaxing. Being alone let her play music on the speakers, not in headphones, and it was dimly lit (She had turned the overhead lights off), without the bright fluorescent lights most offices preferred.

Only her work station was lit with warm yellow light from a pair of small lamps that reflected off her large round glasses. The music playing from the overhead speakers was Clair de lune by Claude Debussy. She had always adored classical music, and she sometimes brought her violin to work to practice. Though only on her break, of course. Amy was an extremely responsible young woman.

Working midnights alone also let her dress as she pleased. Tonight she wore black tights and a very short black dress as light of weight as silk, but under a black sweater for warmth. It was a quixotic outfit. The dress was far too short and thin for work, but the tights and sweater mostly nullified the effect – mostly.

She wore high, stiletto heels not because she was trying to impress anyone, but because she liked them and they made her feel sexy. Amy wasn't a tall girl, and liked high heels. And besides, it wasn't like she had to do much walking.

She gave the six monitors on her desk a final, quick scan, then pushed her

expensive wheeled chair back, stood up, and walked quickly across the tiled floor toward the kitchen. Her heels clicked rapidly as she moved. She was straight-backed, purposeful and focused. Her long dark hair floated a little as she moved. It hung almost to her waist in back, though it was only a little below her shoulders on the sides, and with thick bangs cutting across her forehead.

She flicked on the light to the kitchen and went to the machine in the corner to make tea. She was startled at a sudden sound from without, her head jerking around. It was the sound of the main door closing. She felt a momentary pang of alarm. This was a secure building (very), and highly restricted. She did not get much in the way of visitors except for – .

A very large, very black man came around the corner and she felt her chest tighten as he looked at her. He was wearing a black suit, with a crest on the breast pocket for the security company which monitored the physical security of the building.

“Hey, baby,” he said.

Amy gulped and her head gave a jerky nod as she quickly turned back to the tea she was making. She hoped he would pass on by, though very much feared he would not.

Sure enough he came into the room, and she felt his presence behind her.

“Black is beautiful,” he said in a soft, deep voice.

She blinked in confusion, then his fingers slid through her hair and along her shoulder. She turned around with a gasp and he grinned down at her.

“You're all in black tonight, babe.”

“I... yes, I uhm, yes,” she said, floundering.

She never really knew how to talk to men. Her parents had come to America when she was three years old. She had grown up here. But she'd grown up to traditional Chinese parents with their traditional view of what was and was not appropriate for girls. Her upbringing had been a mix of old and new world, but her new world experience was influenced by her shyness and, she would admit to herself, her being something of a nerd.

This... man, this Black man, this security guard – his name was Zion, she remembered – made her extremely uncomfortable whenever she saw him. He didn't act properly! He was... forward, too familiar, which in her culture was extremely rude. She didn't think he meant to be, however. She knew his own culture – not just American but Black American – was far less formal than hers.

And he made no secret of his interest in her, an interest which was, of course, completely impossible! Not only would her parents be furious at her getting involved with any boy not Chinese, but Chinese people (those from China) were, she knew, appallingly racist about Blacks. And perhaps even worse, he was uneducated! Her parents would be horrified if she got involved with anyone without at least a university degree! And from a good university too!

But Amy herself had, on the few occasions they had talked, found herself strangely fascinated with him. He was so big and strong looking, so masculine, with such wide shoulders and thick chest! He also had a look on his face, the look of a man who could be... dangerous! It wasn't that Amy feared him, but rather that she found him to be very very... sexy.

And Amy wasn't used to feeling that way about men!

She could appreciate a man who was attractive, especially when he was cultured, sophisticated and well-mannered, educated and clean and well brought-up. No doubt she would one day marry such a man.

This man, however, was none of those things!

“I ever tell you how amazing your hair is, baby?” he asked, sliding his fingers through it again.

Amy felt a strange twinge within her chest, which rippled downward. She felt an anxious sense of peril, as if in the presence of a wild animal barely restraining itself. He could, she knew, do anything he wanted to her! He could rip her clothes to shreds and then... then.. have his way with her!

He often spoke about her hair, and, most rudely, touched it! She knew black women also had dark hair but it wasn't soft like hers, straight like hers, or long like hers. And they had to take such enormous work and spray so many chemicals and insert weaves and other things so that no man was allowed to touch it.

“It is just hair,” she said, making sure her hands were steady as she reached for the kettle to pour.

“It's hair a man can wrap around his fist,” he said. “Hair a man can pull on when he's in the mood.”

Whatever could that mean, she wondered, slightly alarmed.

Her heart was beating faster and her pulse was racing as she filled her small cup with oolong tea, and felt his enormous hands sliding over her shoulders. She was all alone, after all, with this big, powerful, very sexy and handsome man! And he clearly lusted after her, as impossible as that was!

“Please,” she said, gulping as she half turned her head.

“Sure, baby,” he said, removing his hands.

She poured her tea as he moved back a little.

“That's a real cute skirt you got.”

She licked her lips, knowing what he meant was it was a very short skirt. She felt a little thrum of excitement at such a big, handsome man's interest.

“I have tights underneath,” she said, feeling the need to explain that she wasn't really wearing anything revealing or provocative.

She blushed, then, at saying something so... intimate, even if obvious.

“I bet it would look even better without the tights,” he said with a grin.

She took her tea and headed for the door, heart pounding, and after a brief hesitation, he moved aside. She walked past, her heels clicking on the tiles as she made her way into the larger control room and over to her work station.

Behind her he came in, silently on his leather soled shoes. She put her tea down and turned, then gasped at how close he was.

“This is some place,” he said, examining the screens.

She wasn't sure what to say to that, so simply sat down. Surely he had the

message by now!

But instead he began to comb his fingers through her hair!

“You ever get bored, baby?” he asked. “Maybe look for something to liven up your night?”

“I have to pay close attention to the monitors,” she said.

“That's too bad. You know, all work and no play, that kind of thing. I bet you and me could find some fun things to do without anyone even knowing about it.”

And Amy knew exactly what that would be too! The idea was outrageous, but wickedly, darkly exciting – in an absolutely forbidden way.

He took his fingers from her hair and then walked forward, examining the larger wall monitors, and she watched him uncertainly. He really shouldn't be in here. He should be checking the doors, and then going upstairs to check various gauges on the HVAC system as well as the backup generator. But she didn't know how to tell him to leave.

That would be... rude! Besides, he was very handsome!

“I bet you could play some pretty good computer games on this thing,” he said, looking at the main screen, and then reaching out to the controls.

Amy gasped and sprang out of her seat.

“Please don't touch that!” she exclaimed, hurrying forward.

He turned and grinned at her.

“Bet you'd also be able to get some pretty great porn on there if you had a mind,” he said.

And then he reached out with his big hands, gripped her under the arms, and lifted her physically into the air! He swung her smoothly around and sat her down on the main console, sliding his hands behind her as he moved forward.

“Wh-what – !?”

He kissed her! On the lips!

Amy was so shocked she was frozen, as his arms wrapped around her and one of his hands slid up behind her head!

His lips pressed softly against hers, but firmly, and then they seemed to... soften but push harder, his tongue sliding along her lower lip even as she put her hands up against his chest.

He leaned into her, which made her lean back, even as his mouth... ravished hers! No one had ever kissed her like this! She was, of course, a virgin, and was both shocked and embarrassed and... fascinated! This was an amazing kiss! She had never been kissed like this before!

But no, no, she must stop this before things! She could not lead him on in his impossible hope!

She finally gained control of herself and jerked her head away, pushing frantically against him. Almost to her surprise, he let her push him back, still grinning down at her.

“We could play even more beautiful music together than that,” he said, looking up at the speakers.

“Please... please go now!” she gasped.

He grinned and slid his fingers through her bangs, but then, much to her relief, turned and walked away, leaving her with her heart pounding and pulse racing!

She wiped her mouth, still astonished at his being so... forward! Then she slid off the console and back to her desk. She hesitated, still on edge, then went the window, easing the blind just a little aside, waiting for his car to leave before she could relax.

*

Many things went through her mind over the following hours. Among them was a determination to complain about his behavior. The problem with that was it would be soooo embarrassing to have to tell someone, almost certainly a man, what he had done!

Plus... it would probably cost him his job. That seemed cruel. He had backed away when she'd insisted, after all. And, she told herself, he was an uneducated man, and from a very informal culture. Maybe that sort of behavior was considered normal for Black girls. And he was soooo big and strong and handsome!

What if he hadn't stopped!?

Her mind played out a variety of scenes from that, all of them scandalous and shocking and wicked! All of them leading to her with her clothes torn off and his big, powerful male body atop her!

The problem was those images weren't so much accompanied by fear as by curiosity and no small degree of uncomfortable arousal. Amy wasn't nearly as traditional as her parents. She had been forced to accede to their wishes all her life, and that included only dating boys they knew and accepted. Which naturally limited what she would do with them.

Doing anything sexual with a Chinese boy known to her family would likely get back to her family if he talked about it. And boys often did, of course. As for going out on her own in the evening, that would lead to a far bigger fight than she was prepared to engage in. She still, of course, lived at home with her family. Doing otherwise until married would outrage them.

It was a big house, fortunately. Her father was quite successful. She had a large room to herself with a private bathroom. She of course had duties, as any daughter did, but was left largely alone if she wanted to be.

And yet as Chinese as she was she was still raised in America, with a lot of American thoughts and interests. And that included sex. None of her American friends were virgins. And she felt left behind, for this was something she ought to be exploring herself. Marrying a man and then finding out what he was like, well, that made little sense to her American side. Especially since divorce was still not really accepted among Chinese.

So she was frustrated at not being able to go out dating men, not being able to go to clubs with her girlfriends and dance with guys, not able to... experiment with various parts of sex – even if she did restrict them and keep her virginity.

She had obtained a sex toy from the internet. She'd gotten a mailbox in a mall

and had it mailed there. She had used this sex toy to experiment. She was thus technically a virgin, but only technically, since she had no hymen. She had also experimented, using the internet as a guide, on how to please a man's penis with her lips and tongue and mouth.

And throat.

That was something which had fascinated her the first time she'd seen a video of it. It was so utterly... sensuous looking! And she'd noticed most girls didn't do that, which meant only the more skilled girls did. And Amy wanted to be skilled. Eventually she would sleep with a man and did not want to be seen as a silly, inexperienced, awkward girl who knew nothing.

The girls who did it on the internet looked so... submissive to their man; on their knees, letting their full throat be used by him and his big hard cock! Amy was deeply fascinated with sexual submissiveness, for she had never been able to imagine herself having sex with a man willingly.

She couldn't, after all, until she was married. So whenever she did think about having sex, such as when she was using the sex toy on her body, she had to imagine the handsome man of her dreams making her do it, even tying her up. That was the only way she could have an exciting sexual fantasy without it being filled with guilt.

All of which helped to explain why the thought of Zion simply... taking her, right there on the work station, made her more than a little breathless, and made her squirm there in her seat whenever she thought about it.

What would it be like!? Would he be... big!? Some of the ones she'd seen on the internet were huge! Could she stretch so far!? Would it be terribly painful!?

What would it be like to have his big... black... naked male body atop her, his big black cock pushing deep into her belly!? The idea was scary and embarrassing, but also darkly thrilling! That her parents would be horrified at her even having such fantasies was, of course, part of what she found exciting.

Doing something so... outrageous!

She finished her tea and then got up and went back to the kitchen. She carefully measured the tea leaves and turned on the machine, then went across to the

bathroom.

It was a nice bathroom for a public place, with softer lighting than usual, a nice granite counter before the mirror, and a dark beige tile theme on the walls. But there was no mistaking it for anything else but a public bathroom, especially with the air dryer on the wall by the sink.

It was getting hot as the morning rolled on, and so she peeled her tights off completely. Zion had already come and gone, and no one else would be around until after Seven. Besides, she felt... sexual, with all her dark and wicked fantasies about Zion, and felt deliciously naughty with the short, light skirt.

She considered taking the sweater off too, but that would simply be too much. The dress was so light, and the top was tight across her full breasts. It really was too immodest to wear on its own in a public place. At least for Amy!

She folded up the tights and put them on the counter, then washed her hands before turning on the air dryer to dry them. With that done she turned to the door and unlocked it, walking out into the hall – and almost running into someone!

She cried out in startled fear, stumbling back into the bathroom, then felt herself calming as she recognized Zion.

“Sorry to scare you, baby,” he said with a disarming grin. “I had to come back and check a temperature alarm upstairs, and thought I'd use the bathroom.”

He had, of course, held the door, and come in after her to explain.

“I... I'm sorry. You startled me!” she gulped.

“I can see that.”

His eyes flicked down.

“Scared you right out of your tights.”

Amy blushed.

“You got nice legs, girl.”

“I-I thought no one would be by!” she exclaimed.

“Hey, I don't mind. In fact, you look real nice like that. You don't need to wear anything else. It's warm in the building anyway. That's the gauge I was checking.”

He had moved forward as he spoke and loomed over her!

What was worse her tights were right on the counter in plain view!

“You should take the sweater off too,” he said with a grin, his hands sliding up onto her hips.

“I-I... I'm not hot!” she gasped.

“Oh baby, that's just not true,” he said. “You're real, real hot!”

Amy gulped, determined not to be backed against the counter where he could lift her up! She eased to the side, and he turned, still smiling.

“I... e-excuse me,” she said.

“How about a little kiss first?”

What an outrageous thing to ask!

“It's cuz I'm too tall, isn't it,” he said.

And then he slid down onto his knees in front of her, startling Amy. Even on his knees he was surprisingly tall, but at least not quite so... dangerous seeming.

“You're being silly,” she said, trying to feign a smile.

She did not find this the least amusing! She was anxious, nervous, embarrassed, and with a dark, skittering rush of breathless heat and arousal running through her.

“Just a little kiss, baby,” he said.

What was he talking about!? He was too low for her to kiss even if she was willing!

And then, shocking her, his hands slid down onto her bare legs, up under her skirt to force her legs apart, and then his face pushed in beneath her short skirt! She felt his mouth against her sex, his breath warm as his lips closed on her through her thong!

“Oh! Wh-what!? What are you – what are you doing!?” she squealed.

His mouth was wide when it closed on her, and seemed to envelope her entire mons, his cheeks pushed in between her spread thighs, his tongue now licking hard against the thin fabric of her thong!

Was he insane!? Was he a crazy man!?

She pushed frantically against his head, but it was like... like a big dog was between her legs, sniffing at her! Only he was doing more than sniffing!

“Please!” she gasped. “Y-You musn't!”

His lips moved up and down against her, as if massaging her, and his tongue continued to lick hard enough that even through her panties she felt its strength against her sex!

He released her thighs, gripping her wrists instead, and drew his head back, his eyes gleaming as he looked up at her.

“I love the taste of Chinese,” he said with a lewd grin.

He stood up, lifting her wrists, her hands, her arms as he did so, pushing them back against the wall above her head as he leaned in.

“You are one hot, gorgeous little girl,” he said, his voice a low growl.

“Please!” she gasped.

He kissed her softly on the lips, then let her wrists go and left the room.

Amy's heart was beating like a drum as she hurriedly locked the door, then stood back against the wall, staring at it with wide eyes.

She felt a tremendous sense of relief that he had left!

And yet... also a strange sense of disappointment.

Disappointment at what might have... happened!

She lifted her skirt and looked down at the moist crotch of her panties.

He had licked her! Hard! She could still feel the pressure of his tongue sliding up across her sensitive sex with only the thin crotch of her panties separating them!

What would it have felt like... without her panties in the way!?

This was sooo insane! She was such a slut to be thinking things like this! He was nothing but a big stupid animal! Her parents would have thought of him as a savage! An African savage! And he was probably very violent, too!

And what was he doing out there with her in here? What if he was at her desk typing in commands!? No, no, that was silly. He probably barely even understood how computers functioned. But what if he broke something by accident!?

She hurriedly unlocked the door, then very quietly eased it open, peeking out, then popping her head out. She couldn't see him, so eased through the door and looked anxiously up and down the hall before hurrying back to her desk. Everything seemed to be as she'd left it, she thought, eyes flitting around.

She checked the screens automatically, eyes flitting from one to the next. Then she went back to the kitchen, got her tea, and returned to her desk, nervous, but also indignant. He was so rude! She was going to have to complain to someone! Maybe if she left out the details she could do so without it getting too embarrassing.

God! He had licked her! Right between the legs!

No, no, she must forget about that and focus on her work!

Her mind kept thinking back to the bathroom, though, and what he'd done, and what he would have done, or at least, might have done, if she hadn't resisted, if she hadn't said no, if she had just... done nothing...

What would it have been like!?

At least nobody would know about it. No matter what she did, or rather, what he did to her, none of her family or friends would know. She would not lose face or reputation before them. They would still think she was a good Chinese girl.

She was a good Chinese girl!

Mostly.

But she was American, too, and she had a deep fascination for what sex would be like, for what it would feel like to have a real penis inside her body! She had never seen a real one in person before, not hard. Her life had been far too sheltered.

By the time she got married she was going to be horribly inexperienced next to her husband, she thought. For she was under no illusion Chinese boys were kept on the same short reigns as Chinese girls.

The Chinese side of her thought that quite normal but the American side of her was highly indignant and considered it terribly sexist and unfair.

She monitored the routine scans as they started, and checked traffic levels on the servers, watching for abnormalities. She had taken this job as a kind of stopgap thing, but she was now seriously considering moving into computer security and taking more courses in that direction.

When the scans were done she pushed her chair back a little to get comfortable, then started to read through the paper manuals. They were available online, too but the paper version allowed her to flip more easily through to things she found interesting.

She sat cross-legged on the chair, the manual in her lap, her hair forming curtains around her head to narrow her focus as her eyes scanned the text. Concentrating let her shut out other thoughts, troubling thoughts, thoughts she shouldn't be having.

But it also kept her eyes from the screens – or the room. She had to keep raising her head to check the former, and flick her eyes warily around the room for the latter. What if he hadn't left!?

Of course he'd left! He had his rounds to do! Didn't he!?

She got up and put the book down, scanned the monitors, then quickly walked across the floor and out to the window, where she looked down on the parking lot. She was reassured to find the car with the security company logo was not there.

And just a bit disappointed.

She went back to her desk, musing on her feelings about sex. Perhaps, she thought, it was like her desire to ride roller coaster rides. She wanted to. Every time she went to a fair or other place that had them she watched the cars zooming around and thought how neat it would be. But she never had.

What if something went wrong? What if her hair got caught, or what if she threw up, or what if she got dizzy or something, or she screamed too much and made a fool of herself, or the car broke and stranded her there, or worse, went off the rails and killed her!?

Amy was always a very careful girl who considered all the risks before she did something. And there were always risks.

Careful was, she thought, a good character trait. It made her a responsible person. It did not make her a brave person, but that was mostly a male trait. Her family would admire her responsibility far more than her bravery. Even if it was kind of boring sometimes.

A few hours passed. It would be dawn soon, and she thought to herself that soon she would have to put her tights on in case the staff who arrived for the day shift saw her in just the short little skirt. Not that it was... immodest, exactly. But it was... short. Quite short, actually. It was only a hand-span shorter than the bottom of her sweater. And worse when she was seated.

But it was cute.

She liked cute.

Cute meant... attractive, but not especially sexual. One did not dress sexual in her culture. Not at work, anyway, and definitely not at home either.

She sighed and got up, restless in the early morning hours. She got her purse and went to the bathroom, then pulled out a brush and brushed her hair.

I really should cut it, she thought. I'm not a little girl any more.

The hair hung down past her waist in back and brushing it could be a chore. And it had to be brushed regularly or else it tangled. Everyone liked it, though. And it was sort of a part of who she was.

Suddenly she halted in mid stroke, gasping, staring at herself in the mirror.

Hair a man can pull on when he's in the mood.

That had been what Zion had said. She had thought how odd it was. That was something a little boy would do, pulling a girl's hair. But suddenly she understood what he had been suggesting, and she felt her cheeks heat.

She had seen... videos, on the internet, researching, she told herself, seeing what it was she ought to be doing when she eventually... did it.

Now she remembered the one of the girl on all fours, with the man behind her, pulling her hair as he ... rode her... like an animal!

That was what Zion must have meant! What a shockingly rude man to suggest such a thing!

Amy had not put a lot of thought into different... positions for sex. Even in her fantasies, where this or that handsome man forced her (gently) it had always been on her back with him atop her in the... traditional position. She had not really thought much about doing it any other way, though she was aware, of course, that there were many.

But on her hands and knees!? That would be so... barbarous! It would be like animals doing it!

Which just showed what a savage this Zion man was! No wonder he had seemed like some sort of big black dog when he was on his knees with his nose between her legs! He was an animal!

She finished brushing her hair, but though that usually was quite soothing she left the bathroom feeling strangely anxious and unsettled. She berated herself for thinking too much about what had happened, and for letting her imagination run away with her, picturing what she might look like, what it might feel like ...

To be on her hands and knees – naked, like an animal waiting to be mounted! God! That would be sooo slutty! So... degrading!

Why did the idea make her lower belly thrum with a strange, dark energy? Why did it make her nipples hard within the cups of her bra? Why was the idea, the mental image, so... wickedly exciting!?

She slid a hand up under her sweater and cupped her breast gently, then more firmly. Her breasts felt swollen and warm and tender!

She shook off the thoughts. They were... disturbing! She got up and went to the kitchen to make more tea. She would have to wash up and put her things away after this cup, she thought. She carefully measured the tea leaves and then poured in the water.

That done she rolled up the sleeves of her sweater and washed up, putting her things away, all except the cup, of course.

“Hey, baby.”

She cried out, startled, jerking away from the sink as her eyes widened.

Zion grinned at her.

“Condenser upstairs keeps giving out trouble signals,” he said. “They’ll be calling someone in for that first thing in the morning.”

She gulped and nodded jerkily, not caring.

“You’re looking kind of... wet,” he said with a lewd grin.

Amy quickly jerked around and grabbed a towel, rubbing her hands and wrists, then gasped as he came into the kitchen.

He didn’t say anything, but came closer, and she backed up, until her back was against the wall. He moved in... uncomfortably close, so their bodies were inches apart. His hands went up and out to the wall on either side of her as he leaned over.

“You know, the thing about eating Chinese is you’re hungry again real soon,” he

said in a soft voice.

Amy stared up at him, eyes wide, and he grinned and leaned in more. She reached out, her hands pressing against his chest to push him back, but he was too big and heavy, and his upper body leaned in until he could kiss her.

Amy moaned as his lips locked tightly against hers. But she couldn't bring herself to turn her head, feeling a strange dark sense of submission as his mouth worked against hers, tilting her head back, leaving herself open, surrendering, as his tongue flitted across her lips and his big lips moved more hungrily against hers.

It was the deepest, hottest, longest, most absorbing kiss she'd ever had, and Amy just stood there and let it happen, despite her swirling thoughts and churning emotions. She hardly responded, not quite certain how, until some instinct took over and she hesitantly began to move her mouth against him.

And then he eased back, and slid to his knees again!

She gasped as his hands dropped, then gripped her thighs, forcing them apart! He pushed his face in against her groin against, pushing up under her loose skirt!

Amy let out a helpless cry, grasping his head to push him back. But that was as useless as trying to push against his chest, and his tongue licked hungrily against her sex through her panties! She felt herself trembling, not from fear, but with a great pressure building up inside her! The breath fluttered in her chest like a small bird and she moaned low in her throat.

His big hands slid up and down her bare thighs, and then a big thumb curved in and jerked aside the crotch of her panties!

Amy cried out as his tongue now attacked her bare flesh, slid up along the thin, tight line of her sex again and again, with big, hard, eager licks! It was the first time she had ever felt a tongue there, of course. The raw, powerful sensations each lick sent rushing up through her groin, up through her belly, made her gasp and whimper as she pressed herself back harder against the wall.

She let her head pull back against the wall, rolling from side to side as the sensations intensified and her body began to quiver and thrum, the pressure growing more powerful as his tongue narrowed the strokes, focusing on the top

of her sex.

His lips pushed in and she felt them massaging and sucking at the top of her sex! She gurgled and moaned, spasming muscles forcing her hips to buck and jerk, her buttocks grinding and slapping against the wall.

Then she felt the pressure, felt the lips of her sex forced slowly in and back. She jerked her head down, staring, whimpering, as she saw him pushing a thick finger up into her body!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped. “Please! Please! Oh!”

The finger was very thick! And it was very long, and she cried out as it slid deeper into her body, then began to move in and out!

He resumed licking against the top of her sex, while that finger inside her seemed to pull back, pressing firmly against the inside of her stomach as it trying to push back at his tongue!

The sensations and emotions roiled and twisted inside her and Amy trembled with the violence of the pressure that made her head pound! And then the pressure suddenly exploded! Like a volcano erupting, it sent a hot surge of scalding pressure up through her body to shatter her mind!

She cried out, back arching, hips jerking wildly against him as he pumped his finger and licked her harder and faster!

The world seemed to spin around her as Amy was caught in a powerful storm of sensation! She felt feverish, light-headed, hardly remembering to breath, nor caring, as the hot, crackling flames of the storm washed over her.

He rose suddenly, and she cried out again, as his big hand went behind her head and gripped her hair, jerking it back sharply.

“You like that, baby?” he purred. “You like that, little Chinese girl?”

His other hand was still between her legs, his finger inside her. Now he worked a second big finger up inside her alongside the first, stretching her out, and then his thumb pressed against her clitoris, rubbing softly, then harder, rubbing up and down, then from side to side. The fingers inside her rubbed too, and his mouth

covered hers, his tongue plunging into it.

Amy moaned into his mouth, panting and gasping and whimpering as his fingers thrust into her harder and his thumb ground against her. She was... wet, inside and out, with his saliva and... and more. His fingers felt slick against her soft, warm flesh, slick and ... sensual, erotic, delicious! Incredible!

She felt the wild surging pressure of sexual heat and arousal churning violently inside her, so that even as the orgasm faded the dark heat became a fever in her mind.

And then he drew back, pulling his lips from hers. He jerked her forward, roughly, by the hair, and forced her belly-down across the small table.

Crack!

“Oh!” she gasped.

“Spread your legs,” he barked.

He jerked her skirt up to bare her bottom, and then gripped her panties and tore them off!

Amy cried out again, her hips yanked backward by the violent pull.

Crack!

“Lift that ass up, baby, and spread your legs!” he growled.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Please what? Please fuck me!? Please ram your big black cock up into my tight little pussy?”

Crack!

“Is that it?”

Crack!

“Oh! Oh! Please!”

She felt something rubbing against her there. Something hot and slick and yet soft and feeling amazingly good. Sensations doubled and redoubled within her as it pushed harder, and then harder. She felt a dull ache there, felt him seeking entrance.

Amy stared wildly at the wall, gasping, gulping in air, filled with disbelief, denial and fear. But all of it was drowning in a dark, churning flood of liquid heat.

“Ah!” she gasped, as the ache grew worse.

She felt something pushing into her, something thick, much thicker than the toy she had used! She felt...stretched!

His hands slid upward, pushing her loose dress up past her hips, up past her waist, and taking her sweater with it. His fingers undid her bra, and then he pushed that up and his big hands folded around her breasts!

“”Niiiiice,” he growled.

He was jabbing himself against her, working himself slowly into her body. And as he did he amused himself by kneading her breasts, his fingers squeezing them again and again, rubbing and pinching her hard nipples as her body trembled and shook.

“Ungh!” she cried as he pushed deeper.

He felt enormous!

And with every little jab he was pushing deeper and deeper into her abdomen!

I'm not a virgin! she thought dazedly.

“Fucking nice tits on you, baby,” he said, his fingers massaging her breasts.

“Hungh!” she cried as he thrust again, his cock deep inside her now!

“Fuck, you're tight!”

He pulled back and then pushed in, pulled back, and pushed in, using longer and longer strokes as Amy's mind continued to be roiled by heat, emotions, sensations and confusion. His strokes grew longer and harder and faster, and then he abandoned her breasts, gathering her long hair in together.

“Hungh!” she cried as she felt her hair yanked sharply back.

“Hot bitch,” he growled, his hips thrusting into her. “Hot, tight little sweet assed ho.”

He pulled sharply on her hair, but his fist was also pressed against her upper body, just below her neck, keeping her from rising as his cock thrust deeper and deeper. Finally she cried out as his hips struck her buttocks.

“Yeah! Yeah! You're gonna get every inch, you hot little fox!” he growled.

It was immense! Amy was dazedly following its movements with her mind's eyes as the big shaft slid in and out, up and down inside her! It felt so long, and was plunging so achingly deep into her body! She was half sure it would cause her damage, but didn't care.

Her insides felt like a churning cauldron of lava, the pressure building up again so all she could do was tremble and moan and gulp in air.

Then another thrust sent the head of his cock driving even deeper, to what must surely be the very back wall of her sex! Amy cried out, then cried out again, and again, and again, as the head of his big shaft punched repeatedly against her!

He was so big, so thick, so long!

Amy's mind drowned in the sea of sensations, its focus on the feel of his thick black spear as it moved within her. Her scalp ached somewhat, for he kept jerking back on her hair as he thrust forward, but that was nothing but the firefly flashes against the raging inferno growing within her.

“Fucking tight!” he groaned, his hips hammering against her buttocks repeatedly.

And then another explosive release of pressure made Amy cry out, her voice

rising in an undulating wail of animal heat and pleasure. Her body trembled and shook to his savage thrusts, her eyes rolling in her head as she gurgled helplessly. A dark fever heat overcame her, and she felt almost as if she were floating amid a shimmering universe of passion and pleasure.

Even as her body jerked and shook to the rough force of his rutting.

He was using her. Like an animal!

Amy swooned as her mind floated with that thought, with the crackling storm of pleasure gripping her, reduced to her own animal instincts as he rammed himself into her helpless body.

“Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” he grunted, hammering himself home with every cry.

And then he halted, buried inside her. He released her hair, and then slowly slipped out of her and drew back.

Amy didn't move for what felt like an entire minute, her mind only half-conscious it seemed. Finally, she slowly turned her head, looking back dazedly just as his phone flashed, then flashed again.

He grinned at her, did up his trousers, and left.

*

There was no sign anything untoward had happened in the kitchen or anywhere else by the time the day staff came in. Amy did her best to act as normal as possible, and then walked out to her car. But she didn't feel anything like normal.

She felt... dazed, shell-shocked, still stunned at the level of explosive sensation which had rocked her mind and body, hours before.

Also gripped, of course, with guilt and shame, with endless recriminations and anger, both at him and at herself.

But her mind kept surging back to the wild heat and pleasure, and every time her memory looked back it seemed to echo in her body.

Thank God he knew no one!

But what about that phone!? He had taken pictures of her like that!? What if someone saw them!? What if he put them on the internet!?

She went home and tried to act like everything was perfectly normal, though her mind was preoccupied. She went to her room and changed, then had a shower, but still couldn't put it from her mind. It had been so odd, though. She hadn't even seen him! It had been like being used for sex by... a force of nature!

God, she ached inside!

He had been so rough! Like an animal!

That had been so demeaning!

And so intense and wild and... thrilling!

She ate, but didn't taste her food. Then she went to bed, but couldn't sleep. Not... at first.

She pulled her nightie up and let her fingers stroke along her sex. Yes, it ached, but the raw animal hunger rushed forward despite that. And as she let her mind go back to what he had done to her, remembering how it had felt, picturing it in her minds eye, her body began to heat up rapidly.

She rolled out of bed and opened her closet, then tugged aside several boxes to get at her old computer manuals. And there, in the bottom was her sex toy. Breathing raggedly, she climbed back into bed, spread her legs and slid it into her body, moaning helplessly as the heat and sensation swept through her.

The orgasm made her cry out, until she slapped her hand over her mouth, then rolled to put her face into her pillow. That, of course, made her raise her bottom and reminded her of today, as she rubbed her clitoris with her finger and thrust the sex toy into her quivering, overheated body.

There was a knock at the door and she froze.

“Amy?”

“Y-Yes?”

“I heard you cry out.”

“I stubbed my toe!” she exclaimed.

“You should wear your slippers. That is what they are for.”

“I-I will!”

She moaned softly, her chest heaving.

She was such a slut!

She was able to fall asleep after that, though. When she woke, her mind immediately went back to what had happened, and she felt a great... tension surge through her. What would happen tonight!? Would he want to do it again!?

Thank God she was on the pill! Not, of course, because of fear of pregnancy but to regulate her monthly cycles.

She washed her hair and ate, then considered what to wear.

The dress she settled on was a loose, short, wine colored Bohemian type, with puffy sleeves and a V-neck. She wrapped a loose black scarf around her neck for balance, and wore tall, high-heeled boots.

That caused a row with her mother who didn't understand that boots could be worn in summer, and to work at that.

Her drive to work was preoccupied with what she would do if he wanted more, and worrying over what if he didn't. If he didn't was that because she wasn't very good? Because he didn't like her body? Because he'd gotten what he wanted and had no further use for her? Because he had dismissed her as a slut?

She took over for the evening man, who flirted with her a little, but politely and not seriously, then settled in after he left, locking the door and then returning to her station.

She checked all the monitor, ran a scan, and then went and got her tea. She was anxious the whole time, though, and jumping at every odd sound.

She still didn't hear him arrive.

The first realization she had that she wasn't alone was when his fingers began to slide through her hair. She cried out, leaping up and spinning around, eyes wide, to see him standing there, smirking at her.

“I'm hungry for Chinese again, babe,” he said.

He moved around the chair and Amy began to stumble back, but he shot his arm out and his hand grabbed her by the throat, halting her movement.

Amy's hands shot up to grab his wrist, as he casually pulled her back close to him. His huge hand almost encircled her throat, though he wasn't squeezing it. In fact, his hand was pressing upward more than inward, against the underside of her jaw.

“Put your hands down,” he said in a low, deep growl.

Heart pounding, Amy's fingers loosened on his wrist. They weren't doing any good, she realized, and she had better not make him angry! She dropped her hands, and stood there, chest rising and falling rapidly as he looked down at her.

Then he pulled her in even closer, leaning down, and kissing her – hard.

Amy moaned, her hands rising to push against his chest.

He jerked up sharply and she gasped at the pressure against the underside of her jaw. Her head began to throb as he pushed her back, glowering at her.

“Hands at your sides!”

Moaning, she obeyed, and he loosened his grip and jerked her back in against him, kissing her again, his mouth – feeding at hers, his lips ravishing hers, his tongue skimming along her lips and dipping and darting in to caress her own as he held her firmly before him.

Amy moaned helplessly, and felt that same strange sense of... surrender she had the other day, relaxing her lips, letting his mouth do with hers what he wanted. She felt a dark, desperate thrill of heat and excitement as she experienced the unfamiliar hunger and passion of his kiss. It was wholly unlike any kiss anyone

else had ever given her, and she felt her consciousness falling into it as she stood there on trembling legs.

He eased back, then pushed her back, straightening his arm, though keeping his hand around her neck.

“Show me what you got under that dress,” he said.

Amy stared at him, gasping, gulping, licking her lips, staggered.

“Do it,” he ordered. “Lift that skirt up.”

Trembling, Amy grasped the hem of her dress and eased it up, flushing as she bared her lower body and the black panties she had worn.

“Higher.”

Gulping in air, she lifted it up past her hips.

He made a gesture with his other hand, his fingers gesturing her to continue.

Blushing hotly, Amy raised the loose dress up to show her bra.

“Now take it off.”

Amy's eyes widened and she looked past him to the door, her eyes rolling around her.

“Ain't no one here but us. Take off the dress,” he said.

It wasn't a request. It was an order!

Amy felt a sense of outrage and indignation. Who did he think he was anyway!?
He was so... crude!

Then she felt his fingers tightening, pushing up against the underside of her jaw, and gasped.

She dropped the dress, then reached behind her, undoing the buttons and laces on the back. She shrugged it over her shoulders and let it fall to her waist, then slide down her legs to pool around her ankles.

“Now take off the bra so I can see them titties.”

Amy moaned anxiously and he tightened his grip, jerking her body in close against him. His other hand shot up to seize her hair, jerking back to tilt her head back, and he kissed her again, his lips hungrily crushing hers.

Then he straightened his arm, shoving her stumbling back. She would have fallen, tripping on her own dress, but he held her firmly by the neck and she grabbed his arm.

“Take it off or I will.”

Her breathing ragged, Amy undid the bra and, blushing, shrugged it forward off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor.

“Now the panties.”

She looked down her nearly naked body, then, her mind assailed by a wild, swirling storm of emotions, slid her thumbs into the waistband and pushed them down her body, at least as far as she could. He wouldn't let her bend over.

“Grab my wrist,” he ordered.

Amy looked at him in confusion. Hadn't he just told her not to do that only a minute earlier?”

“Do it!”

Gasping, she seized his wrist, and then moaned as he raised it. She cried out, holding it tightly as he lifted her right off the floor – by the neck – until her dress and panties fell off her wriggling feet!

Of course, with her hands tightly gripping his wrist most of her weight was on her own hands and arms...

He set her down on her feet again.

“Hands down.”

Amy dropped her hands, dazed, eyes wide, bewildered, anxious, embarrassed,

and strangely aroused.

“You kin keep the boots on,” he said with a lazy grin.

He jerked her in closer, but didn't kiss her. Instead, his other hand cupped her left breast, casually kneading and squeezing it, then slid down her body, down between her legs. His fingers caressed her sex as she trembled and moaned, then he drew them back and swung his arm around – which meant swung her around – to shove her roughly back against the wall.

He moved in closer now, pressing her against the wall with his own body as she looked up at him through wide eyes.

Now he raised his other hand, too, both of them cupping her small face, her head, her jaw, enveloping it, as he tilted her head back and kissed her.

His big hands could... could tear her whole head off, Amy thought wildly.

Not that they showed any interest in doing so as his mouth once more fed at her own, and his big body ground itself against her.

He moved back, then his hands dropped from her neck, and he spun her around to face the wall.

“Put your hands on the wall,” he ordered.

Moaning, Amy hesitantly obeyed.

His hand slapped her bottom. Crack!

“Oh!” Amy yelped at the sting.

“Hands against the wall,” he ordered.

Bewildered, Amy complied. She had no idea why he was acting like this!

She felt his big hands on her hips, jerking them back, and she cried out in surprise, her hands jerking down instinctively to grasp his wrists.

“Hands against the wall!” he ordered, grabbing her neck and shoving her face forward.

Amy moaned and put her hands against the wall, and he kicked her legs apart.

She leaned into the wall, her bottom pushed out, and moaned as his hands now began to glide over her body. They started at her shoulders, then slid up and down her back under her hair, then around her ribs and down her sides. They squeezed her buttocks, and one slid between her trembling thighs, cupping her sex.

The other slide up her back and around her ribs to cup and fondle her left breast.

“This I like,” he said. “Gorgeous ass. Gorgeous hair. Gorgeous you.”

The wall lit up and Amy, startled, twisted her head around, just as his phone flashed again. She gasped and jerked her head away.

“Oh please! Don't!”

“You look great naked. Why shouldn't I take pictures?”

“S-Someone might see them!”

“Damn right someone might.”

“Someone I know... my family...!” she gasped.

“Keep that ass pushed out,” he ordered, slapping her bottom again

“Ohh! Don't!”

“Don't tell me what to do.”

Crack!

“Oh! That hurts!”

“Bitch, it's supposed to hurt!”

Crack!

“That's how you learn to do what you're fuckin' told.”

Crack!

“Ohh!”

“Understand?”

He gripped her hair and jerked her roughly back, and Amy cried out again, her hands jerking up and back to grasp his wrist as he forced her to arch back against him.

“Hands down!” he ordered.

Moaning, she dropped her hands, and he shoved her face in towards the wall again so she had to throw her hands out to support herself.

“Keep that beautiful ass pointed out at me. I like to look at it,” he said, releasing her hair and caressing her buttocks.

Crack!

“Ohh!”

“Every time you take your hands off the wall or turn around I'm gonna spank your ass,” he said.

Amy gasped, facing the wall, bent forward, bottom pushed out, as his hands kneaded her buttocks, and slid between her thighs. His big, warm fingers slid back and forth along the lips of her sex, already hot, and starting to swell.

“Tight little pussy, tight little ass, fine titties. You got it all, bitch.”

Amy turned her head. “Y-You shouldn't – Oh!”

Crack!

“What'd I say about keeping your face forward, bitch?”

Crack!

“Ohh! I'm sorry!” she cried.

Why am I apologizing!?! she thought wildly, her brain racing.

She felt his big hands slide down around her thighs, forcing them wider, and then... and then he was on his knees. His face pushed between them and his big tongue began to lick up and down the length of her sex!

Amy gaped at the wall, legs trembling as his tongue slithered up and down against the outside of her sex. It began to push against her, and his fingers spread the lips of her sex apart as his tongue pushed inside her! Inside her! And it wasn't a small tongue!

His tongue squirmed up deeper as his lips rubbed against hers. It began to dip and dart, twisting and licking her inside!

Amy trembled and cried out, shocked, the sensations making her squirm and roll her hips as his big hands held her firmly in place.

He drew back.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Hot assed little Chinese girl,” he growled.

She felt something else sliding up and down against her sex, and looked down between her dangling breasts to see the thick black head of his cock pushing forward, rubbing up and down against the top of her sex, against her clitoris.

“Nothing I like better than feeding black cock into a tight little Chinese girl,” he growled.

Slick with his saliva, his cock glistened as it rubbed sensually against her clitoris, sensually and... menacingly! It was so thick! And when he drew it back she felt it pressing against her opening, felt it jamming forward, trying to force its way into her!

She felt the strain, the sharp ache as she was stretched. His cock pushed forward, then drew back, then pushed forward, then drew back, slowly forcing its way into her. She felt bruised from the other night, but the pulsing heat was growing

within her, despite how appalled she was at how ... crude and... rough he was being.

“Oh God! Oh please! Wait! Oh!”

She cried out as he gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back, looking down at her.

“I decide how fast, baby. This is my cunt now.”

Was he crazy, she thought wildly.

He shoved her face into the wall, and he pushed his cock deeper, now beginning to pump inside her.

Amy trembled and moaned, her hands flat against the wall, her breasts wobbling. She felt his thick cock jamming itself deeper and deeper into her belly until it seemed to utterly fill her!

This was so slutty! This was so outrageous! This was so unforgivable! Why was she allowing this!? His cock felt like a thick spear impaling her, shifting and pressing against the walls of her sex, as if trying to tear free and rip through her internal organs!

She cried out as he thrust still deeper, and his hips pressed against her buttocks. She cried out again as he seized her hair, jerking her head back sharply, but holding her pressed against the wall as he pumped into her.

“Hot little slut,” he growled.

His other hand came around her side to roughly grope at her breast, then it slid down and his fingers found her clitoris, rubbing her there as he pumped.

Another rush of sensation swept through Amy, and she whimpered and moaned as she felt his big cock pumping inside her!

He pulled back suddenly, and his hands went to her neck, to the scarf she still had tied loosely around her. He undid the scarf, then jerked her back upright.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

Dazed, confused, Amy did nothing.

Crack!

“Hands behind your back. Cross your wrists.”

Moaning, she obeyed, and felt something pressed against them, fabric – her scarf. She blinked in confusion as the scarf was wrapped around one wrist, then the other, then yanked tight.

Tying her wrists together behind her back!

“Oh! What are you doing!?” she squealed.

“Anything I want, baby.”

He spun her around, grabbing her by the neck again, and Amy could only stand there trembling, naked, her wrists tied tightly behind her. Amy gasped as she realized what he had done, feeling a burst of fear and alarm! Was he going to murder her!?

Not that he really needed to tie her wrists up for that, she thought, but then why – .

He abruptly bent and lifted her up across his shoulder, then straightened and carried her out of the room.

Amy gasped, staring down the length of his back, her hair spilling below her.

“Wh-where are you going!?” she cried.

Crack!

“Wherever I want.”

Amy moaned, wondering if he was kidnapping her, taking her away! But he didn't go far. He had all the keys and unlocked the senior system manager's office, then carried her inside and threw her onto a sofa. He grinned down at her, turning on the light, then shrugging off his jacket. He unbuttoned his shirt, and peeled it up and over his broad shoulders.

Amy stared at him, watching as he revealed just how muscular his torso was. Then his hands went to his belt, undoing it, undoing his trousers.

She tugged her wrists against the scarf, feeling a wild mix of amazement, fear and confusion. He didn't need to tie her up to do whatever he wanted to her, obviously. So why had he?

He toed off his shoes, then dropped his pants and shorts.

Naked, he stood before her, his cock thick and long and springing up hard and erect and glistening.

Amy stared at him in disbelief, and at his cock with even more.

That had got inside her!?! It was absurdly large! He wasn't human! She moaned, feeling so small and helpless, and then that feeling triggered something else, something strange and dark but eager and breathless.

Helpless! She was his prisoner, his captive! She was tied up! Which meant she could do nothing, which meant... she had no responsibility for what happened. She could not be a slut if he made her do nasty things! If he tied her up and forced her!

He reached down and peeled off his socks, then yanked the belt out of the loops of his trousers and doubled it in his hand as he straightened. He slapped it lightly against his side, and Amy gulped, her eyes flicking to it anxiously.

“Get on your knees,” he growled.

Amy whimpered and slid off the sofa to kneel before him, eyes enormous, chest tight, heart pounding.

He combed his fingers through her hair, pushing it back from her face. Then he gathered it up in his fist and drew her face in towards him.

“Suck my balls,” he ordered.

It was so... baldly put! So crude! So outrageous!

Yet she cried out as his fingers yanked on her hair, and immediately obeyed!

He pulled her face up against his groin, lifting his cock up, letting her lick and suck at his testicles as he looked down at her through dark, hungry eyes.

“Now my cock. Suck it, China doll.”

Amy flinched, but obeyed. She could hardly do otherwise since he was using her hair like a handle, and guided her mouth to his cock. She slipped her lips around it, bobbing up and down, sucking as best she could, her tongue licking against the underside of the head as she'd read and seen on the internet.

It was the first cock she'd ever seen up close, the first one she'd ever had in her mouth. She stared at it with huge eyes, noting how thick and hard it was, not to mention how long. She moaned as it forced her jaw wide and pressed down hard against her tongue.

She tried to remember the things she'd seen and read about oral sex, but most of them involved using her hands to some extent, and hers were... tied behind her back! But she kept pulling against the scarf, again and again, not to free herself, but... to reassure herself of how tight it was, of how helpless she was.

She was starting to lose her anxiety as a swirling, churning rush of darker emotions swept into her mind. This was soooo slutty! But it wasn't her fault! So she wasn't a slut! She was still a good girl! She couldn't help it if he tied her up and used her like... like a whore!

This was so darkly erotic! So outrageous and humiliating! And yet it made her very skin crackle with sexual energy!

He pulled back, and yanked her forward so she fell across the sofa. He dragged her up onto it, ignoring her cries of pain, then flipped her onto her back.

Then he was kneeling between her legs, forcing them wide as his tongue and lips found her sex. His tongue penetrated her, dipping in and out, then found her clitoris, licking as his lips sucked.

Amy lay on her back – well, her arms, staring at him dazedly, gasping and moaning, yelping as he forced her knees back next to her torso. His lips were doing astonishing things to her body, and she felt her eyes rolling back as the waves of dark heat swept through her.

His fingers penetrated her, first one, then two, rubbing and pumping as he licked and sucked, and Amy felt herself sweltering under the rising heat. He was a savage! A filthy, ignorant, uneducated African animal! But she was helpless and could only suffer at his vile, lustful hands!

Then he lifted her legs back further, forcing her ankles against the back of the sofa above her head. He pinned them there with one hand, then fed his hard thick cock into her body.

Amy whimpered and gasped as she saw the thick helmet head slowly forced into her, as she stared, transfixed, as it disappeared. She stared at the thick, veined shaft as it pushed forward. And what part of her attention wasn't raptly staring was focused on the feel of him moving inside her, deeper and deeper, filling her up so she ached, but ached deliciously!

His hips pushed downward, forcing his cock deeper, and she trembled and moaned and writhed as he began to pump. This was so humiliating! He had forced her ankles back behind her head, so she was obscenely displayed! She could clearly see his enormous cock driving in through the straining lips of her sex as he leered down at her!

The sensations were growing, a stunning mix of wild emotion and incredibly intense sensation, as his big cock plunged deep into her abdomen again and again! Amy cried out at every thrust, her cries getting more and more dazed as the heat deepened and the power grew.

“Fucking gorgeous little chink bitch!” he gasped. “Bet you love that nigger cock!”

He leaned further over, and his other hand gripped her throat as she looked up in wide-eyed astonishment.

“Tell me you love nigger cock!” he barked.

She gurgled as his fingers squeezed, then loosened.

“Say it!”

“Please!”

He squeezed again.

“Say it!”

“I-I love... n-n-nigger cock!” she squeaked.

He thrust deep and she cried out. He did it again, and again, harder, his hips smashing down into her buttocks, his cock spearing high into her belly, his eyes boring into her as he hammered her with deep, powerful, savage strokes!

Amy gurgled and gasped and moaned, overwhelmed by it all, her body melting under the scalding heat as his big cock plunged into her again and again!

Was he going to kill her, she wondered dazedly.

Not that it mattered.

Nothing really mattered, she felt, surrendering to the heat and wildfire excitement, nothing but this!

The orgasm hit and she cried out again and again, but hardly made a sound as his fingers tightened around her neck. She couldn't breathe any more and her head pounded and pulsed, but that didn't matter either. She didn't realize she was crying out, nor care. She didn't realize she wasn't breathing, nor care.

All of her consciousness was focused on the howling rush of pleasure sweeping through her body and mind as he continued to pound his heavy body down against her. It seemed to go on and on, growing more intense with every passing second, and then it slowly faded away, leaving her barely conscious.

He released her neck, and let her body unfold, pulling his cock out of her and dropping to his knees again. His hands forced her thighs back and he began to lick her once more.

Amy whimpered and moaned, gulping in air, staring up at the ceiling as he licked and sucked, as his fingers pushed into her.

She groaned as he pushed three fingers into her, twisting and turning them as he sucked on her clitoris. He moved upward, inward, his mouth finding her breast, sucking hungrily and rhythmically on first one nipple, then the other, his teeth

digging into her soft flesh as his tongue swept across each quivering, trembling little button.

Then he licked his way back down and began to lick at her clitoris.

Amy shuddered and rolled her hips, and he straightened. He lay his erection along her sex, along her belly, and stared.”

“Tell me you love nigger cock, bitch?

Amy gaped up at him and gasped as he slapped her face lightly.

“Say it!”

“I-I-I love n-nigger cock!” she gasped.

He leaned in and kissed her roughly, gripping her hair and yanking on it, then pulled back, only a little.

“Say it again, China doll!”

Amy gasped at the word, but he jerked on her hair and she moaned.

“I love nigger cock!”

He grinned down at her, pumping his hips slowly so his big cock slid in and out across her sex and belly.

“Again.”

“I love nigger cock!”

“Now say, master.”

Amy stared at him in bewilderment and he slapped her face again.

“Master!” she gasped.

He roughly gripped one of her breasts.

“Again.”

“Master!”

“Tell me you love nigger cock.”

“I-I love nigger cock!”

He slapped her face again.

“You forgot to say master!”

“I love nigger cock, Master!”

He pushed the head against her and sank himself slowly.

“Oh my God!” she moaned.

“Tell me you love nigger cock.”

“I love nigger cock, Master!” she moaned.

Was he a madman?? Amy had no idea. But his behavior, his rough manhandling of her body along with his crude, nasty language helped propel her into a strange, dark place, where there were no rules, where all she could do was try to tread water as it rushed around her. Confused, and uncertain of what to do, she felt it strangely comforting that there was really nothing she could do except obey him.

He began to grind himself against her, then forced her ankles back behind her head again and started pumping, slowly at first, then harder and faster, until Amy was gurgling and trembling and her eyes were rolling back in her head.

His heavy body was slamming down into her, bouncing her down and up on the sofa cushion. She felt crushed in half, squeezed down to a tiny ball of flesh with her buttocks right in front of her own dazed eyes.

“Hot little cunt!” he growled, bending over, his lips crushing hers.

It was all so insane, Amy thought dazedly.

But the sexual electricity crackled along her spine and through her body, and the feel of his big cock ramming down into her repeatedly was setting her blood

aflame!

Another orgasm tore through her, and he began to rub her clitoris hard and fast. The orgasm grew more intense and she cried out again and again, until his big hand slid down to squeeze her throat until her eyes bulged!

Her body trembled and shook and strained as her muscles spasmed and she almost lost consciousness, before he released her once again, resuming his hard licking and fingering of her pussy.

He licked and fingered her to another orgasm, and then another, and then rammed himself into her once more, pounding her into the sofa as she lay there, boneless, dazed, eyes glassy, until another orgasm swept through her body and mind.

He eased back finally, letting her legs fall down so she was slumped down, legs sprawled out. He snorted and stood up, then reached over and wrapped her hair around his fist, pulling her up and forward. He tumbled her to the floor, still holding tightly to her hair, and Amy cried out, her hips on the floor while the rest of her was held up by his grip on her hair!

He walked across to the desk and dragged her across the floor by the hair! He pulled her up and placed her on her knees with her back to the desk, then gathered up her hair again, and forced her head back.

He was still erect, and now pushed himself into her open mouth.

“Suck that nigger cock. Do it!”

Moaning, she obeyed, licking and sucking as he pumped slowly in and out of her mouth.#

And then he pushed forward, slowly but firmly, remorselessly. The head pushed into the back of her throat and kept going.

Amy's eyes bulged and she trembled and jerked violently, but with the desk behind her and him before her and his hands firmly gripping her hair and head she could do nothing as the whole long length of his cock slid deep into her throat.

She had practiced deep throating. She felt rather proud of being able to master it. But that was nothing like this! He was much bigger than the sex toy, and she had taken no time to get ready, to prepare!

On the other hand, she was dazed, confused, and there was nothing she could do as he fed every inch into her mouth, not stopping until her lips were wrapped firmly around the base and his cock was down in her very chest!

She trembled and shook, but he simply held her there for long, long seconds before slowly easing back and pulling his cock free.

She coughed and gasped for breath, eyes watery and dazed.

“Your mouth belongs to me, bitch,” he growled. “Just like your cunt.”

He jerked sharply on her hair and she cried out, and he thrust himself into her open mouth and deep into her throat, pumping slowly in and out, using long strokes, while Amy gurgled and gagged weakly and her eyes got more and more glassy.

He pulled out and she coughed and gulped in air again.

“Tell me you love it, bitch.”

Amy was too dazed to speak, until he slapped her face several times.

“I-I love it!”

He slapped her face again.

“Master,” he barked.

“I love it, Master!”

“Say you love sucking nigger cock!”

“I love sucking nigger cock, Master!” she gasped.

“Suck my balls, China doll.”

She moaned and obeyed, then he plunged himself down her throat again,

pumping in and out, in and out, before making her confess her love for nigger cock again.

He dragged her up and across the desk on her back, then spread her legs and thrust into her, his hands sliding up to roughly grope her breasts as his hips worked in and out faster and faster.

Amy stared up at him, chest heaving, as his fingers dug into her soft breasts and pinched her nipples. She whimpered and moaned, shell-shocked by the incredible violence of it all, both physical, and emotional!

He lifted her legs up onto his shoulders, then leaned in against her, kissing her roughly again as his cock thrust into her hard and faster.

The feel of him inside her was so wild, so intense, so shocking, so hot! Amy felt as if she were melting under the waves of heat. And then another explosive rush of pleasure swept her mind into a tumbling, churning river of heat as she climaxed again.

He came inside her, grunting and cursing and calling her his bitch. Then he dragged her off the desk by the hair, and across the floor and back to the sofa. This time he sat down on it and dragged her up across his lap.

Crack!

“Ah!” Amy gasped as her bottom stung.

“Hot little Chink bitch,” he said.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Nice soft skin,” he said, kneading her buttocks.

Crack!

“Oh! Please!” Amy gasped.

Crack!

“You forgot to say master, bitch.”

Crack! Crack!

“Ah!”

“Say it.”

Crack!

“Master!” Amy squealed.

His big hand was thrust between her thighs and she cried out again as he squeezed her sex. His fingers eased back, fingering her instead. Then they pulled back.

Crack!

“Spread your legs, bitch.”

Moaning, panting for breath, Amy let her right leg fall off his knee as he fingered her.

“I brought you a little present, China doll,” he said.

She felt something rubbing up and down along the swollen lips of her sex, then it began to penetrate her. It was thick and hard but... she had no idea what it was as it pushed its way up through the aching, bruised lips of her sex and deep into her body.

It was not quite as thick as his cock, but it was still thicker than anything else she'd ever had inside her!

She moaned in dazed confusion, then gasped as she felt something... vibrate inside her! It wasn't just inside her, either but against her. She twisted her head around, trying to see what he was doing as she heard a buzzing sound!

“Wh-what are you doing!?” she cried.

Crack!

“You forgot to say master, bitch.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ah! Oh! Please! Master! Master!” she squealed.

She cried out as he ground the thing against her! It was vibrating inside her in a way which felt like something fluttering against the inside of her stomach! And then it was vibrating against her clitoris in a way which made her feel as if her entire body was shaking violently!

Crack!

“Tell me you're my China doll,” he said.

Crack!

“Oh! Please, Master!”

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I'm y-your china doll!”

Crack!

“Bitch! You forgot to say master.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Ah! Master!”

“Tell me you're my china doll.”

“I'm your china doll, Master!” she cried, moaning and wriggling helplessly.

“Hot little china doll with a tight little cunt,” he said, grinding and twisting the thing inside her.

“Oh! Please, Master!” she gasped.

The thing buzzing against her made her nerve endings crackle wildly, sending wild rushes of sensation up through her body! Amy had never felt anything like it! Her entire abdomen and stomach were soon quivering with a wild, thrumming energy that made it impossible to keep still!

“Please! Oh! Oh! Please, Master!” she cried.

And then she felt a finger pushing down into her bottom!

Amy squealed in alarm and tried to protest as his big finger slid deeper and deeper into her ass, but then he ground the vibrating thing even harder against her and a rush of sensation pushed her over the edge into another orgasm.

It felt as if her nervous system had overloaded. Her muscles spasmed violently and her body writhed and twisted and bucked in helpless convulsions! She shook and thrashed and twisted as he yanked back on her hair, and Amy cried out in dazed, animal heat as the orgasm tore through her like a hurricane.

A half dozen more followed, as he laughed and slapped her bottom and yanked on her hair and ground the device against her with ruthless force. Amy thought she would go mad if he didn't stop, but he ignored her pleas, as her exhausted body was forced into still more orgasms.

Finally, he lifted her off his lap and set her on the sofa on her belly, then jerked her hips high into the air. With her dazed, glassy eyed face pressed against the back cushion, drooling, he spread her legs and then slowly forced his big cock – erect again – down into her ass.

“Every hole you have belongs to me, bitch,” he said, slapping her buttocks.

Amy shuddered weakly, eyes slitted, gulping in air, still recovering from the series of massive orgasms. She hardly cared what he said or did for her mind had been shattered by the intensity of the climaxes which had torn through her exhausted body.

With no vibrator against her, however, she began to slowly recover. She stopped twitching, and trembled less, and while she continued to gulp in air her head began to clear. Her mind was still gripped by a sense of shocked wonder, however. And it got no better when she understood what that full, stretched feeling was as he worked his cock down deeper.

She would never, of course, in a million years permit such a thing to be done to her! It was so degrading and disrespectful! It would be too much of a blow to her pride and dignity! How could a man respect her afterwards!? But... this was not a situation where that mattered. For he was a foul savage! And she was... helpless, and so bore no guilt.

And it felt so... strange! But it didn't hurt as much as she would have thought. He had been working his fingers into her there as she had writhed through her orgasms. Perhaps that had relaxed her muscles. She still felt utterly stuffed as his big cock slid deep into her abdomen, then drew back, then slid deep again, but it only really ached when he was deep. And even then it didn't ache intolerably.

He was fucking her ass! He was sodomizing her! She was being sodomized! That was such a shock! It was so... appalling! And yet, she felt nothing but a renewed sense of that dark, crackling sexual fire which had gripped her through much of the evening.

She moaned helplessly, pitying herself, but dark fire ran through her veins. He was so cruel! She was so helpless! This was so foul! So nasty! What an animal he was to do such a thing!

She gasped as he pumped faster, as his thick cock slid deeper. This was so outrageous!

She cried out as he yanked on her hair again.

“Tell me you love it, slut.”

“Oh! Please, Master!” she cried.

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I love it!”

Crack!

“Tell me you love being fucked up the ass!”

Crack!

“Oh! Please, Master!”

Crack! Crack!

“I-I love being fucked up the ass!” she cried.

Sooooo degrading! So wildly darkly thrilling!

Crack!

“Again, slut.”

“I love being fucked up the ass, Master!”

His cock pushed even deeper, and now his hips began to slap against her upraised buttocks. Amy shuddered and trembled, her mind gripped by a wild sense of shocked heat as she felt him impaling her again and again!

He yanked back on her hair again to raise the entire front of her torso up off the sofa, and force her head far back, all while his hips struck her bottom with more and more violence!

He chuckled and roughly groped her breast.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, China girl. Beg.”

“P-Please... please! Oh! Oh! Oh!”

Crack!

“Beg, slut!”

“Please fu-fuck my ass, Master!”

He lifted his hand from her breast, wrapping it around her throat, and pulled her torso up and back against his powerful body. His thick spear of black flesh continued to thrust up into her belly again and again while he pawed her breasts, and then he let her fall forward again, only to seize her, both big hands around her throat as he thrust harder.

Amy's body jerked to and fro as he rode her, and her eyes bulged as his big hands squeezed around her throat. Her breasts wobbled below her, and she became rapidly light-headed, dazed, gurgling and moaning as his big cock rammed into her.

He loosened his grip, jamming her face down against the corner of the sofa as he thrust harder, and then still another orgasm tore through the exhausted, dazed, sweating girl as his heavy hips slapped crudely against her petite body and her mind sank into a dazed stupor of overheated wonder.

He chuckled again, but she barely noticed. She saw the flashes, though, again and again, as she knelt there dazedly. He rolled her onto her back and spread her legs for more pictures, then grinned and got dressed.

“You got a nice tight body,” he said as she lay there trembling and panting. “I never had me no Chinese sex slave before. I think I'm gonna enjoy it.”

He pulled on his shoes, and then finished dressing and left.

Amy lay there for long minutes before her mind recovered sufficient capability to get her to sit up. At that point she belatedly realized he had untied her wrists without her having noticed.

She got to her feet and fell back onto the sofa. On the next attempt she managed to stagger up the hall and then into the bathroom.

She stared at herself, still dazed, still shell-shocked by what had happened.

Her breasts ached, and she saw there were teeth marks on them! Teeth marks from where he had bit her! Two such marks encircled her nipples, which looked swollen! She was sore inside, too, front and back, and her throat ached – also inside and out.

She had never been so... manhandled, so mauled in her life!

And never had so many orgasms, every one of them more intense, more powerful, more stunning than anything she'd ever experienced in her life!

She moaned and wet some paper towels, wiping her face and body, wincing at how sore she was. Then she found her clothes and dressed, returning to brush at

her hair and stare at herself in the mirror.

Her scalp ached too. He had used her hair so violently! He had dragged her across the floor by her hair! He was a... a barbarian! A black barbarian!

So none of it was her fault.

She felt little actual guilt over what had happened, but she did feel a great degree of confusion and self-reproach over how often she had climaxed. What was wrong with her that she had had so many orgasms when a horrible, crude man was... ravishing her!?

Nor could she shy away from the incredible heat she had felt through most of it. It had baked her mind into a feverish sense of lust which had exploded repeatedly into ecstasy!

What had he said? There at the end!?! He called her his Chinese sex slave! That was so outrageous and ridiculous! She was not his sex slave! She was not his anything! Why, she was as far above him as... as a lion over a weasel!

She let her parents, her family's view of Black men pour over her, wallowing in it. Because it made what had happened seem even more outrageous, and she even more the victim of some wild savage! He had acted like an animal! Was someone guilty for being attacked by a wild animal!?! Of course not!

She finally went out front and checked the monitors again, and ran her security checks. Fortunately, nothing had happened. How would she have explained not noticing! She could not focus, though. Her mind kept swirling and spinning with her memories of all the shocking things he had done to her, and the outrageous, degrading things he had said and made her say!

It was stunning! All of it!

But now, with her mind somewhat clear, she began to ponder what he had done, the way he had behaved, and compare it with some of the things she had learned when she had explored the world of sexuality on the internet.

Tying her up? Calling her names? Making her beg? Making her call him master? She shook her head at her own pathetic cluelessness as she remembered some of the kinky things she had seen, and realized he was playing one of those weird

bondage and master-slave type games.

That made her feel much, much better! It meant all those nasty things he had said to her weren't the product of him hating her or looking down on her (as if!) but part of his kinky game. And in that context, rather than being insulting those words took on more of a dark exciting turn.

Master! She had had to call him master!

That was sooo nasty and kinky!

She sighed. It was all so weird and confusing to her. She went and made tea, and tried to feel at peace in her quiet surroundings again, slowly relaxing. But then she had a sudden thought that brought a jolt of emotion.

What was going to happen tomorrow!?

End

*

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

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

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

Working For the Smiths

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

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

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

The Nerd Girls

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

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

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

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

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

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems 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.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to

position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them