

Courtney's Sleepover

By JJ Argus



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Chapter One

Do you remember how nervous you could be on your first day at work? Especially if it was an important job, like, a big break? I was nervous because I'd somehow landed a job at the bank as a junior receptionist. It was a huge bank, Fourth American, and that meant there were all sorts of possibilities for promotions.

The job was permanent, and had a decent salary and came with benefits! Most of my friends were still working at gig jobs or in restaurants or retail outlets. I have a certain degree of privilege, of course. I don't mean like I'm rich or my parents are. And even calling it 'privilege' was kind of a private joke of mine, a play on the term 'white privilege'. I had 'pretty' privilege.

I don't take it for granted. I don't want to seem like I'm arrogant or a narcissist! But I knew I was hot and sexy, had a pretty face, nice hair, and a great body. And that makes men want to please me, and want me around. I feel a little guilty taking advantage of that, sometimes, but when all else fails, you use what you got.

So yes, I am a good-looking blonde and I'm sure that helped get me the job despite my lack of real office experience. The male interviewer clearly appreciated my assets. And I don't just mean my uhm, attractive, slightly oversized breasts. I did my best to seem perky (I don't mean my boobs) and friendly and smiley to him.

And, of course, professional.

But when I showed up for my first day, which was supposed to be training, they had too many abstentions among secretaries and receptionists and had to scrape the bottom of the barrel – which was me. Which was how I was put behind a desk in the outer office of Senior Vice President for International Relations, Letitia Ford.

Mrs. Jennings warned me as she hurriedly sent me up there that the woman was known to be a harsh taskmistress, aggressive in her demands, and intolerant of failure. She was also, she whispered, probably gay. I couldn't help wondering if that played a part in sending me there. Lesbians aren't quite as into me as straight men are, and they're usually a lot less sympathetic and easily influenced by my charms, but maybe she was counting on it.

It worked.

Oh, not that the giant scary black woman suddenly came on all charming and friendly or anything. Uhm, no.

Ms. Ford is six feet tall, very athletic, stern of face, and given to very aggressive behavior. She has a flat-top haircut which, combined with her piercing dark eyes, and deep voice tends to make her seem rather menacing. God knows she scared the shit out of me when she opened her door and came storming out that first time.

Twice my age, probably twice my weight, given I'm five foot nothing and don't have much in the way of muscles, and waaaaaay more sophisticated and knowledgeable, she, unlike me, went for what she wanted with no holds barred. And she decided she wanted me!

Did I mention she was kinky and into bondage and spanking girls!? I mean, yikes! At nineteen, my experience with sex had been pretty darn plain and not overly sophisticated. Nor, to be frank, overly passionate, much less overly pleasurable.

Ms. Ford introduced me to oral sex from the receiving end. Oh, boys had tried before, but this was like a flamethrower compared to candles! She'd made me writhe and twist uncontrollably! And then she'd used this big black dildo on me and fucked my brains out! In her office!

My first day at work!

She didn't ask me to go home with her. She told me I was going home with her! Right after fucking me to another massive orgasm!

At that point, I had to consider what to do. Given how bewildered and overwhelmed I'd been by just about everything the woman had done that day my mind wasn't really functioning at full power. I still found her to be quite scary – in no small part due to her habit of spanking my butt until it burned! Or just smacking it any time she didn't like what I said or did.

Not to mention I barely knew her! It's not like we'd spent much time talking except during sex, and that talk had all been 'dirty' talk. I knew virtually nothing about her, and she hadn't shown any interest in me either. Or at least, beyond fucking me.

The prospect of going home with her was scary as heck! God only knew what she'd do to me! What I wanted to do was say 'No thank you!'. Or invent a reason why I couldn't tonight. Or just run away! But there were two reasons I found that hard to do.

The first, of course, was she was scary! I didn't want her mad at me! I didn't want her maybe saying something bad about me to Mrs. Jennings either! I really wanted to work at this bank, not go back to working at Target!

But more importantly, I was gripped by this deep sense of all-encompassing curiosity about what else she'd do! I mean, she'd already tied me up, spanked me, had me perform oral sex on her, performed oral sex on me, and fucked me with a big strap-on dildo.

And I'd had multiple orgasms! Big ones! Really big ones! The passion and heat she'd roused in me had been scalding! Given I really wasn't into girls that was quite a shock. Then again, she's not a girl. She's a woman. And I've never messed around with women before.

She was teaching me a lot about what kind of pleasure my body could give me! And about just how bad the guys I'd been with were at causing it. Of course, none of them had nearly as much experience as her. But also, none had put as much effort into it as her.

I mean, sure they loved squeezing my breasts, but she'd spent quite the effort with her mouth and fingers making them throb and burn. And she knew how to use her fake cock a lot better than they seemed to know how to use their real ones!

I was between boyfriends and bored, and the only thing waiting for me at home, given my roommate Ashley worked evenings was a TV and maybe some chatting with girlfriends on the phone or over social media.

The thought of going home with her was fucking scary! But it was the kind of scary like going on a really nasty roller coaster. It held out the prospect of lots of thrills, with only a little danger of death or serious injury!

Anyway, it wasn't as if she actually asked me, so I didn't have to actually formulate any sort of agreement or reply. I just... went along with what she said. Which, come to think of it, was something I did a lot.

"Do I have to keep this... this thing in me, Ms. Ford?" I gulped anxiously as we left her office and went into the outer office where I'd been sitting much of the day.

"Yes."

"But why?!"

She turned and scowled at me, and I gulped anxiously.

"Put your hands against the wall."

"What?"

"Is English not your primary language, girl?"

She put her big hand behind my head and swept it forward and down and my hands went out against the wall as I kind of bent forward. She almost immediately lifted my short tartan skirt and smacked my bottom stingingly.

"Ah!"

"Because I said so."

She opened the door and jerked her head, and I scurried through.

"Oh, my purse!" I gasped, turning around.

She was holding it in her hand and thrust it at me.

"Oh, thanks!"

She turned and locked the door, then strode forward down the hall toward the elevators. I scurried along after her on my much shorter legs, looking nervously around me. Fortunately, there were few people about. I mean, I didn't want anyone to see me going home with her! What would they think of me!? Going home with the boss on my first day!? And a lesbian boss at that!

We got into the elevator, which was empty since we were on the top floor. I fidgeted uncomfortably, the big dildo she'd stuffed up inside me making me ache and rubbing me oddly as I moved. Other people got in along the way down, but not many. The executives occupied the top three floors and the elevator then turned into a more or less express ride down to the ground.

It pays to be a big shot I guess!

We went to the underground garage, to the executive part of it and she led me to a glistening black Mercedes sedan.

She sure liked black, I thought. She was wearing a black suit, including a black silk shirt with only a dark blue vest as any sign of color. She also carried a black purse. I personally would have expected more color since it would go better with her dark black skin. But this look worked – if your intention was to look scary.

The car was luxurious. I looked around curiously as I'd never been in a Mercedes before. While I did that she started it and pulled out of its parking space. I was nervous once again because she was driving kind of fast in the enclosed space, but she didn't seem like a very patient woman, much less timid! It was for others to look out for her, not the other way around!

The car turned with a bit of a screech from its tires and went up a ramp. The door slid up as she ran over some kind of cable, and we drove out into the late afternoon. And all the while I rolled my eyes

nervously back and forth between outside and her, wondering what kind of an idiot I was to come along.

Like, what did I have in common with her other than hot, animal sex? Nothing, so far as I knew. What could we talk about, other than sex? Nothing! She clearly had money. I did not. I doubted we liked the same music or TV shows. We certainly didn't share the same fashion sense. I doubted we even liked the same food. What did older people who drove Mercedes sedans eat? Fancy stuff with French names, probably.

"So uhm, I was wondering –."

"Stop talking," she said.

I halted anxiously and waited for her to say something, but she didn't.

Geeze! What a bitch!

"Well, I was just –."

"You were trying to fill in silences with pointless idle chatter. I know a chatterbox when I see one. Too many young girls are chatterboxes. Blondes are especially prone to it. Especially the cute ones with big tits. I do not mind silences. I find them peaceful."

She finally turned and glanced briefly at me.

"I think I will gag you when we get home."

Holy yikes!

"Raise your skirt up."

"P-Pardon?!"

"I do not wish to repeat myself, girl."

I gulped and lifted my short skirt up to bare myself. I wasn't wearing my thong because she'd made me remove it. But there was the round base of the dildo she'd stuffed up inside me visible there, still holding my straining sex apart. Two narrow leather straps were attached to the base and went diagonally up across my abdomen and over my hips to join with the third in back. That one went up between my buttocks.

"I think we'll make a stop," she said.

She took a turn and we drove in silence, with me constantly looking out the window, nervous about anyone standing too close on the sidewalk when we slowed down who might see in! We turned down a quieter street and then into a small parking lot.

She parked and got out and I hurriedly lowered my skirt and followed her. We went around to the sidewalk, walked past a few stores, then turned into another. I didn't even see what it was until we got inside.

It was a sex store!

I gasped as I looked around. It was obviously an upscale sort of place! And fortunately, not terribly crowded. But I immediately felt self-conscious.

"I-I-I can wait outside!" I squeaked.

She grabbed my arm and led me further inside.

We passed shelves full of dildos and other sex toys, tons of different vibrators, and then went to the rear where the leather stuff was. She plucked a studded black leather collar off a shelf and turned to me, then slid it around my neck! I gasped and raised my hands but a stern look from her and I dropped them as she fastened it around my neck.

She stepped back a little and brushed my hair aside, then smiled.

"Lovely."

Holy shit!

Then came a pair of studded leather restraints that she slipped around my wrists. Fortunately, they kind of disappeared when I pulled my sleeves down!

Humming to herself, she moved along and then let out a little laugh and plucked something off a higher shelf.

"Open your mouth wide."

"W-Why!?"

"Because I said so."

It looked like a sort of short, thick cock. It was an odd thing since the helmet head was almost half its length. It sat on what I first took to be a kind of soft leather base a little over two inches wide and perhaps twice that long. She pushed the black latex cockhead into my mouth, and it slid along my tongue nearly to the back of my mouth! Then she pressed the soft leather 'base' across my mouth.

It had straps, which she drew around behind my head while I stood there, red-faced, my eyes looking around wildly, afraid someone would see!

She combed my hair out from under the strap and then stepped back to examine the results.

"Yes, this should stop any idle chit-chat urges on your part."

She gripped my wrists and pulled them back behind me, and then before I understood her intent she had locked them together.

"Good," she said.

Holy fucking hell!

She moved along the items on the shelves while I scurried after, keeping close, hoping to hide myself behind her should anyone come into this aisle!

"Ah," she said. "Just the thing."

She pushed me against one of the shelves, then moved behind me, undid my skirt in the rear, and pulled the zipper down. I gasped aloud as she tugged on the skirt and slid it down to my ankles right there in the store!

OhmyGod! OhmygodOhmyGodOhmyGOD!

I looked around wildly, but no one seemed to be around.

"Step out of the skirt."

Crack!

She smacked my bottom and I yelped, then jerked my feet up so she could pull my skirt out from under me.

"Spread your legs."

This couldn't be happening! It was some dark, wild nightmare of a sex fantasy about being naked in a public place!

I felt her undoing the straps that held the dildo in place, then sliding it out of me. I felt a sense of relief, because it was thick, and it had been up inside me too long! But she had some kind of leather thingee in her hands which obviously was to be the replacement.

It looked like a slightly thinner, shorter black latex dildo stuck to a T-shaped leather strap. There was a shorter, stubbier looking thing next to it, and some kind of black square thing higher up. She plucked a small tube of something from another shelf and opened it, then squeezed a clear substance out onto the short stubby thing.

She slid the new dildo up inside me with no trouble. I was still soaking wet, after all. Then I gasped to feel the shorter, stubbier one pressing against my wrinkled back opening.

"Don't tense up," she said.

Then she smacked my bottom twice in quick succession, and slid the stubby thing into my ass! It was thicker than the other one at its thickest part. I mean it was narrow at its tip, got thicker and thicker, then narrowed a lot.

She slid the strap around my hips and then buckled it in back, and then pulled me further along.

Still with nothing on!

Okay, the new thing kind of covered my pussy, and covered my bottom about as well as say, a thong. But that wasn't saying a lot in a public place! Fortunately, she pulled down a leather skirt and wrapped that around me. Whew! It was very short, mind you, but way better than nothing!

But then she slid my sweater up my body, up over my breasts, up over my head, and then back down my arms to rest around my wrists! A moment later she undid my bra and removed that entirely!

Fucking hell!

"Nothing to be shy about. You have beautiful breasts," she said as she sifted through some stuff on a shelf. "Given their size, and your general lack of muscles, I'm amazed they're so firm. We'll have to start you exercising to keep them that way."

She fit a kind of leather... harness thing against me. It was a bustier, it turned out. She wrapped it around me and then pushed it up under my breasts and cinched it tight – very tight! I gasped at how tight it was around my lower chest and the upper part of my stomach!

She adjusted my breasts in the cups and examined them critically.

"What do you think?"

She swung me around and let me look at myself in a full-length mirror.

Holy fuck!

The skirt was even shorter than I'd thought! And very low riding! I mean, if I'd had any pubic hair it would have stuck out! The top

was, well, to say it showed a lot of cleavage would be a massive understatement. I'd never worn anything like it! It squeezed my breasts up and out and barely covered my nipples!

"Those shoes won't do," she said.

She led me to another part of the leather area and shoved me so I sat down awkwardly on a padded bench, then bent and grabbed my leg, lifting it up higher and higher until she could grab my ankle and pull off the shoe. She checked the size and then found a thigh-high stiletto boot to slide onto it.

I felt a sense of unreality as she nodded happily, then attached a thin strap to the metal O-ring at the front of the collar and tugged, leading me back up the aisle. I cringed as we approached the cash and the heavily tattooed, overweight woman there. She looked at me with a kind of smirk before I dropped my eyes, then came around the counter with a scanner and started running it over the tags on all the stuff Ms. Ford had bought.

Then she looked in a drawer and came out with envelopes that contained keys. Apparently, all of the stuff I was wearing could be locked on except the boots. Mrs. Ford proceeded to do that, and then led me from the store. Yes, just like that! I was mortified!

Fortunately, there were few people on the street. Those who were nearby stared at me and I dropped my eyes to the sidewalk, face red and hot. That was just as well, though, since walking in the six-inch boots wasn't easy! I almost fell several times!

She led me into the parking lot, humming to herself, then put me in the car, got into the driver's side, and pulled out.

"Now you're all ready for your new life as a sex slave," she said.

She'd used that term before, and I'd figured it was just a sort of joke. Now I wasn't quite as certain! She pulled out back onto the street and headed for wherever she was going. I didn't know and it wasn't like I could ask!

The skirt could be unzipped down the side, and she did so at the next red light, then had me lean forward. She reached down to my left hip, to where the black box thing was, and did something.

The 'dildo' in my pussy started to vibrate! Especially the part right near the base. There was a part of the base right in front of it that vibrated too, right against my clitoris! I yelped and squirmed in startled reaction and she smiled and continued driving.

"Sit still, slave," she said as I squirmed more and more.

I couldn't sit still! The thing was driving me bananas! At first, it was just terribly uncomfortable, then it was terribly ticklish. Now it was morphing into something else again, something that made me kind of grind and rub my pussy against the seat underneath me!

At the next red light, she turned to me, smiled, then reached over and undid the bustier thing, pulling it free to bare my breasts.

"As long as you're going to be squirming I might as well make the best of the view," she said.

I moaned around the penis-gag thing and tried rubbing my thighs together to no avail.

We turned off a busier retail street into a quieter, narrower residential street and then stopped in front of a four-story building that didn't seem to have much to recommend it. It did have a garage door, though, and that opened as she hit a button on her visor. The Mercedes backed into it and the garage door closed in front of us.

"Home sweet home," she said.

Thank God! Maybe she'd take this thing out of me then!

She pulled me from the car, naked but for the boots and the strap thing, and led me through a door into what was obviously a very ritzy place. My assessment of how much money she had ratcheted upward!

"I suppose you're all horny and went a big cock in you now," she sighed. "Honestly, you blonde girls."

She still had the leash attached to the collar and led me to a sort of tiny closet that turned out to be an elevator. It rose a flight and we exited into another ritzy-looking area, then up a hall into a beautiful living room.

Everything here was white. The rug was a fluffy white. The sofas were armless and stylish, with low backs, and even brighter white. The tables were white. The walls and ceilings were white. The only real color came from planters along the walls with seven-foot-high greenery, and smaller plants on tables and the windowsills.

She had me kneel and then unclipped the wrist restraints from each other so my hands were free, then undid the belt and pushed me so I fell forward onto my hands and knees. She worked the vibrator and the plug thing up my butt out of me and took them away, leaving me gasping for breath there on the rug, panting helplessly.

She came back and put a foot against my side, shoving me so I fell over and rolled onto my back.

"Put your feet flat on the floor," she barked.

Moaning, I obeyed, not knowing what else to do.

"Hands behind head! Back arched!"

She held a kind of black leather stick in her hand, and I gasped as I stared at it, quickly obeying.

"Do not move!" she growled.

She walked out of the room and my head spun as I thought again how insane this all was and what I should do in response. She returned holding a drink in one hand and a big black dildo in the other. She dropped the latter between my legs and then sat down on the sofa in front of me.

"Go ahead and pick it up."

My chest was already heaving as I reached down with trembling hands and picked up the big dildo.

"You look quite wet. Feed that big black cock into your buttery little cunt while I watch."

I stared at her dazedly.

"You know you want to. You're longing to feel it up inside you."

I was!

"Spread your feet wider."

Trembling, I spread my feet wider on the floor, which opened me way up in a terribly obscene way.

"Do it," she urged.

Gulping in air I rubbed the head against myself. She was right. I was sopping wet! Moaning weakly, I pressed against my opening, feeling the pressure growing and turning to a dull but delicious ache as I slowly forced myself open and the big cock slid into me.

This was so fucking crazy! I could hardly believe I was doing it!

"Deeper," she said, taking a sip from her drink.

Panting, I pumped the dildo slowly in and out, working it deeper and deeper.

"Now masturbate while I watch."

The words jolted me. I don't know why after what we'd already done. But it seemed so... so crude and outrageous! I'd certainly never masturbated in front of anyone else before, nor even thought about doing so! But I brought my other hand down, extending a trembling finger, and slid it across the top of my pussy.

The glove was shiny latex, but the undersides of the thumb, index, and middle fingers were not! I let out a helpless yelp as they rubbed across my already swollen, burning clitoris, and my hips kind of lurched up against them.

I moaned helplessly and then raised my eyes from my body to her watching me with those fierce brown eyes and shuddered. I thrust the dildo deep and cried out at the ache and pleasure, then rubbed harder against my clitoris as I pumped the dildo in and out!

Heat was racing through me like an uncontrollable forest fire, and I was gulping in air as I masturbated. I worked my legs, too, raising my buttocks up off the floor repeatedly, gasping and whimpering around the gag as I pumped the dildo in and out!

The orgasm did not take long to arrive, and I cried out again and again, finding again that strange sense of freedom with the gag in my mouth, my hips bucking up, my back arching as I forced the dildo in to the hilt.

All while she watched me and sipped from her glass!

I jerked my legs as wide as they could go as my hips bucked up and down, the dildo jammed into the deepest part of my pussy as I pumped it furiously, my fingers stroking desperately across my clitoris as the pleasure consumed me!

What I was doing was shameful! Even through the heat I felt a sense of embarrassment! But the outrageousness of what I was doing only seemed to rouse me to higher heights of pleasure as the orgasm swept through me like a firestorm!

God! What a slut I was! What a pervert!

I couldn't breathe! Or at least, I didn't want to! I was afraid breathing would lessen the power of the ecstasy gripping my body! My head pounded as I held out as long as possible, back arched, and then I had to gulp in deep, ragged breaths as the orgasm began to fade.

My buttocks dropped back to the floor and my arms dropped to my sides as my chest heaved. I moaned in the delicious afterglow, relaxed to the point of feeling like sleeping.

"My, you have long orgasms. And they seem quite intense. Lucky little slut," she said.

My mind began to function on more than an animal level and I felt a renewed sense of embarrassment and self-consciousness.

"You're quite the addict," she said. "Only your addiction seems to be cock. Or at least, orgasms."

The dildo slowly slid out of me to drop glistening on the floor.

"You do put on quite the show, though. I'm sure the boys appreciate it. Do you charge much?"

I flushed a little. Well, a little more.

"Roll over."

I grunted, chest still heaving as I rolled over.

"Bottom high, face low. Let me see that pretty pussy of yours."

I raised my bottom high, drawing my knees in, feeling weird again baring myself so, well, blatantly and obscenely.

"Now reach back between your legs and slide your fingers into your pussy."

I thrust my arm down along my hip then brought my hand in under my raised abdomen and let my fingers probe at the entrance to my pussy. I stretched and slid two fingers into myself.

"Pump them in and out like a dirty little blonde dirty. That's it," she said.

This really is sick! I thought.

"Now pick up that dildo and slide it back inside you."

I reached down and picked it up, then pressed the head against my still very moist pussy and began to work it into myself. I was kneeling with my bottom pointed at her, of course, and no more than a few feet away!

"Deeper. Here, let me help."

I gasped as I felt the bottom of her shoe against my fingers, moaning as my fingers slipped away and she pushed the dildo slowly deeper and deeper into my body! I gasped and yelped when it felt too deep and she eased off, then stood up. She picked up the leash again and tugged on it to bring me up onto my hands and knees.

"Come along, little slave girl. And don't lose that dildo."

I had to crawl along the floor again, grateful for the boots, this time since they protected my knees. We crawled up the hall to an elevator and then into it. It rose up a couple of stories and I crawled out, squeezing down with my pubic muscles to make sure the dildo didn't slide out.

It looked like the whole floor was one master suite, with a kind of living room on one side and the bedroom on the other. In between was the elevator, and across from that what looked like a large, walk-in closet. She tugged on the leash, and I crawled past an open, bathroom door next to the elevator and then deeper into the bedroom.

"Face down, bottom up, legs together."

I slid my hands forward on the soft rug and grunted a bit as my breasts came in contact with the floor. Mrs. Ford, meanwhile, opened a drawer in a dresser and took out another thin black stick. It was about two and a half feet long and looked like it was made of black leather, but when she moved

around in front of me and looked down she bent it between her hands so it seemed to have some flexibility.

"This is a riding crop. It's used to train slave girls," she said.

She moved around behind me as I knelt there nervously.

"Or more precisely, it's used to punish disobedient slave girls."

She tapped the thin shaft across my buttocks.

"You're not going to be a disobedient slave girl, now are you?" she asked.

I could only moan in reply, still being gagged.

She snapped it down a little harder and I gasped as it hit. It was quite lightweight, but it stung.

"I'm going to pull your gag out, little slave girl. But you may not speak except when given permission. Do we understand?"

Crack!

I cried out at the sharper sting as she brought the crop down harder.

"Yes!" I tried to cry.

"I am stern with my employees and with my slave girls. And you, little blonde girl, are both."

Crack!

I gasped at another sharp, stinging blow!

"I shall therefore be twice as stern."

Crack!

I cried out again. Jeez, that stung!

She put her foot briefly on the back of my neck, but without a lot of pressure, then knelt and undid the strap behind me and removed the gag. I worked my jaw, which had gotten stiff due to the fat penis gag and she stood up and then moved around to stand before me.

"Hands straight out to your sides."

I obeyed, rolling my eyes up toward her and her crop.

"Are you going to be a good little slave girl?" she asked.

I wondered if I was allowed to speak!

"You may answer my questions."

"Yes, Ms. Ford," I gulped.

"That's good," she said.

She bent forward a little and let the tip of the crop slide from the base of the dildo upward along my spine to the back of my neck.

"That way I shall not have to employ the types of severe punishments disobedient little slave girls tend to routinely draw."

I gulped, wondering what those were!

"Tell me you're going to be a good little slave girl."

"I-I... I'll be a good little... slave girl, Mrs. Ford," I said, feeling very strange saying it.

Again, I felt that strange churning uncertainty about whether this was a kinky game of hers or if she could possibly be, well, serious!

"I'm sure you appreciate the pleasure I've given you so far, have you not, blonde girl?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford," I gulped.

"Should you not thank me?"

"I – ."

"Not verbally. I do not require your assurance in that regard. But a small sign, a small symbol of how grateful you are would be proper."

She was wearing black high heels and let the pointy toe of one lightly nudge my chin where it rested on the floor.

"Perhaps a little kiss," she said in a kind of suggestive tone."

A kiss? I didn't understand, at first, but another nudge with her shoe made me realize her intent, and I sucked in a breath of air as another emotional jolt hit me. Did she really want... did she really mean... Yes, she did! Ohmygod! This was so sick!

"I'm waiting," she said.

I felt a lot of uncertainty about it, but she rested the crop on my back and so I raised my chin a bit off the floor and then kissed the top of her shoe.

"Much better," she said.

I felt squirmy in my head, but was relieved I had guessed right!

She walked around behind me again as my breathing grew rougher, then knelt next to me.

"Draw your hands around behind your back, slave."

I figured she was going to lock my wrists together again so pulled my arms back. She gripped my right wrist and lifted it up and back along my spine, higher and higher until my fingers were up between my shoulder blades. And she kept going!

"Oh! Oh, please!" I squealed.

"I don't recall giving you permission to speak, slave girl."

She eased my hand down only slightly, then released it. But it didn't go anywhere. Apparently, she'd attached the restraint to the back of the collar. Not directly, but with some kind of strap or chain. I could feel the pressure on the collar.

She pulled my left hand up and back and then raised that high too, until I hissed and cried out in pain. She attached that to the back of the collar, as well. Then she wrapped a soft leather strap around my upper arms and began to draw it – and them – tighter. Once again I cried out when the pain grew too much, and she eased back before fastening the strap in place.

"We'll have to give you some exercises to make you more limber, blonde girl. Before we're done I want your elbows together."

They felt pretty darn close to being together as it was!

She stood up and a moment later I felt a stinging line of pain across my buttocks.

Crack!

"Ahh!" I cried.

"I did say you were not to speak without permission."

Crack!

"Ahhh!" I cried as the crop cut down across my bottom a second time.

"You must always obey your mistress, slave."

Crack!

I cried out a third time at the sharp, stinging blow, and then she stood up, tugging on the leash.

"Spread your legs. And raise your bottom higher."

I obeyed, panting and wincing a little.

"Now don't move, slave."

She put the crop down on a nearby chair, then turned and went into the closet. After a minute or so she emerged naked. I got just a brief glimpse of her as she passed from the closet to the bathroom. Then I heard water going on in the faucet.

My breasts felt hot and heavy below me, and I was very much aware of the dildo stuffed deep in my pussy, and my legs spread wide. Though since my pussy was basically pointed upward there was less need to worry about the thing sliding out I was still quite anxious about it.

That fucking riding crop stung!

And I didn't know if I would be able to work up the courage to protest!

I certainly wasn't protesting about my degrading position here on the floor like this!

She emerged from the bathroom and then reached down and gripped a thick mass of hair. She pulled on it and I squealed in pain, hurriedly forcing myself upright, then up to my feet. She pushed me forcefully back against the tall dresser then reached down and pushed the dildo fully inside me once again.

Her breasts were small and firm and high and quite black as they pressed against mine. Then her hands pulled my head back and down until it was pressed firmly against the top of the dresser. The edge of the dresser was almost even with my shoulders as she bent me back. Then she kissed me. Her lips melted against mine, but pressed down harder and hungrier, slowly forcing mine apart, then wider and wider as if she was trying to force herself into my mouth!

"Sexy little blonde slut," she growled as she rubbed her breasts against mine.

She kissed me again, even more fiercely, and I moaned into her mouth as it invaded mine! I felt her free hand kneading my buttocks, then sliding up my body and around in front to cup one of my breasts.

She pulled her hungry mouth off mine and it made its way down along the nape of my neck through gentle kisses before settling around my left nipple. Her lips slid wider and then her teeth came down on my soft breast and chewed lightly as her tongue swept smoothly back and forth then around and around it.

She sucked on my flesh, letting her lips close in around my stiff nipple, with her teeth then closing lightly around it. Then her mouth widened again, her teeth biting into my breast as I gasped in pain.

"Mmm, I could eat you all up, sexy girl," she growled.

Her hand slid down to press its fingers against the base of the dildo and her thumb rubbed against my clitoris as she rained kisses and light bites across my nipples, then let her lips move upward along my exposed throat.

Her teeth closed along the front of my neck, and she growled softly before easing her grip and nibbling lightly at my earlobe.

"Tell me you're my little blonde slut," she whispered.

"I'm your little blonde slut, Ms. Ford," I gasped.

Her fingers began to pump the dildo slowly in and out as her thumb rubbed me, and she eased her mouth back down to chew and suck on my breasts before bringing them back up and having them locked on my own.

It felt odd not being able to see anything of my body or what she was doing to it! I could sure feel it, though! Her lips and tongue and fingers were setting fire to my mind and body again even as I stared up at the ceiling overhead! Was the woman insatiable!?

Her face appeared above me again and I felt her breasts pressed against mine.

"Tell me you're my sex slave," she growled.

"I-I'm your sex slave, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

She kissed me hungrily! Her fingers rubbing, thrusting, her breasts mashing against mine!

She pulled her lips back, eyes intense.

"Tell me I own your slut body... slave!" she ordered.

Yikes!

I moaned and then licked my lips anxiously. "Y-You own my... my slut body, Ms. Ford," I squeaked.

This was just so next-level for me! But there was no doubting how wildly thrilling it was, if scary.

She pulled me away from the dresser and I stumbled across the floor, then collapsed to one knee, only to be yanked back up by the hair. I cried out in pain and stumbled to the bed, the dildo sliding down and out just as she pushed me so I fell sprawling onto the bed.

I rolled over as she climbed into bed with me, and I gasped at her hungry eyes. My eyes jerked down to her breasts and then her startlingly well-muscled arms as she straddled my right leg, then gripped my left and lifted it high into the air and back against me.

She let her knees come apart and slid her pussy down against mine but at right angles. I moaned at the feel of her soft, moist heat against mine, then gasped as she forced my leg back higher. She leaned in against me and started to rub her pussy lightly against me, then more heavily.

She reached forward, her left hand sliding up my body, roughly kneading my breast, her right hand forcing my leg back further and further. She leaned in further, so her chest came down against my leg, then gripped my hair and yanked it! I cried out as she pulled my hair and head back and to the side, the force of that kind of making my body roll over onto my right shoulder.

"Oh! Ah! Please! Oh!" I gasped.

She ground herself against my pussy harder and harder, her fingers shifting from one breast to the other, digging into the soft flesh. I could hear her breathing becoming more ragged as I gasped and moaned and stared up toward the headboard.

She was using me roughly, manhandling me, except she wasn't a man! She was savage and even violent, and I was soon burning up with heat and a strange, twisted thrill that wallowed in old, risqué stories of girls being ravished by powerful men!

I felt like one of those girls, like I was completely under her control, hers to do with whatever she wanted, whatever she desired! Her... slave! Her sex slave! It was a wild, dark, glittering idea that felt so close to reality it made me burn with passion!

And then I came! Again!

I sobbed and shuddered and my muscles spasmed wildly beneath her as she kept grinding herself furiously against me! The waves of pleasure swept through me again and again, like small, separate orgasms, one after the other!

I was lost in the dark, thrilling passion and breathless heat, gasping and sobbing and moaning and crying out in animal pleasure, drunk on the overload of sensations sweeping through me.

She finished, slowing and easing off, her fingers releasing my hair. I moaned as she sat back and let my leg slowly come up and back and down, my chest heaving as I was able to straighten out bit by bit.

"I love your soft hair, blonde girl," she said, "and even softer skin."

I was too busy gulping in air to say anything, which was a good thing since I had forgotten I wasn't allowed to speak.

She rolled me over onto my stomach and then tightened the strap to draw my arms closer together until I gasped in pain. Then she made me raise my bottom high again and spread my legs before pushing that big dildo back inside me.

"Don't move, slave girl," she said, her hand squeezing and caressing my buttocks. "If you move I shall beat you soundly."

Then she went into the bathroom. A few moments later I heard the sound of the shower going on.

I was still twitching and panting for breath, kind of dazed by that wild, wicked, edgy sex! I thought again that I could have just gone home. But comparing sitting at home watching TV to... this seemed almost like comparing two entirely different worlds. And the other one seemed drab and colorless.

I knelt like that for a good fifteen minutes or so before the shower shut off. By then I'd at least caught my breath and was able to think straight again. Sort of. This woman was seriously kinky! And she was my boss. Or at least... she was today. Would she be my boss tomorrow? How long was I going to be working for her!?

Would every day be like this!?

I mean, holy shit! I hadn't even had dinner!

She crossed from the bathroom to the bedroom and after a couple of minutes emerged in drawstring trousers and a loose, sleeveless top. She came over to the bed and inspected me, then pumped the dildo a few times before going back over to the dresser.

"A body like yours, blonde girl, will be in high demand. I'm sure many, many men will want to bury their big, dripping cocks inside it."

She came back to me, humming softly. She sat on the edge of the bed and ran her hand over my bottom, then pressed something cool and slick against my wrinkled back passage.

"Oh!" I moaned.

It was kind of like that thing with the belt she'd put in me before, only after a few seconds it became apparent it was thicker and longer. It stretched me wider so that I gasped and moaned. That just brought a sharp slap to my bottom, which apparently eased my sphincter muscle enough for her to push the thing deeper. It narrowed like the other thing had until it almost felt like it was all inside me. But I felt a small base against the outside of my butt.

She pushed the dildo in almost all the way, then somehow attached it to the thing in my butt before gripping my hair and firmly but not roughly, pulling me up and around. She pulled me off the bed and onto the floor where, with her holding my hair, I knee-walked out of the bedroom, down the hall, and back into the elevator.

We went down a flight, then emerged next to a dining room, before I shuffled along with her and into a large and beautiful kitchen.

"Sit on your heels, slave," she ordered.

I obeyed and then noticed she'd brought the riding crop in her other hand as she gave me a scowl.

"Why aren't your legs spread wide?" she demanded.

I gasped and jerked my knees apart.

"And don't let me catch you slouching, either."

She went to the fridge and opened it, then began to prepare dinner. Before long something meaty was cooking in the microwave. It smelt good!

"I wonder if I should bring in some help to train you properly," she said over her shoulder. "I mean, a cisgender girl needs lots of cock in her, after all, to make her fully realize what she is. Especially a blonde slut like you. I should find some men to help me."

Once again I was beset by uncertainty about whether she could possibly mean what she said or was just, you know, fucking with my head! It was almost certainly the latter, though. Probably!

"And I've got to teach you how to deep throat. What good is a blonde sex slave who can't deep-throat? I mean, I clearly don't need it but for your resale value alone..."

My resale value?!

Okay, she had to be fucking with my head!

She took the food out into the dining room. I couldn't even see what it was from where I sat on my heels. She came back for some wine and then paused in the doorway, turned, and looked at me.

"Well, come along, slave," she said.

I started to rise.

"Did I say you could stand up?"

I halted and sat back down, uncertainly.

"Crawl out to the dining room. On your belly."

On my... holy jeez! Wow! This is just... wow!

But I thought of that crop again and shuffled forward a couple of steps on my knees, then eased down low, letting my breasts make contact with the floor. I slid forward, then gasped as I turned onto my side until I was laying full length on the cool tiles. Then I rolled onto my belly, my breasts pillowing out beneath me, and started to wriggle forward across the floor.

It wasn't easy! I didn't have my hands to help so all I could do was kind of roll my hips and use my legs to push me along. My breasts ached by the time I reached the doorway. There I shifted from tiles to hardwood, but I could see her sitting at the table eating as I slowly and laboriously made my way across to her.

"Sit on your heels, slave."

Grunting with effort, panting, I got back to my knees and then sank down onto my heels.

She held her hand out to me and I saw there was a piece of meat in her palm.

"Eat."

Moaning weakly, I licked the piece of meat from the palm of her hand.

"I can tell you're going to be an excellent sex slave and pleasure many, many men and women with your lovely, sexy, slutty little body," she said.

She let me lick a second piece out of her hand.

"Once you're properly trained and disciplined, of course."

END

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This is the second part of a multi-story series on **Courtney's Dark Adventures**. Courtney is a petite blonde with a creamy complexion who finds herself assigned to a six-foot-tall amazon of a woman with coal-black skin who has dark and wicked designs on her nubile young body. Alternately bewildered, anxious, nervous and helplessly aroused, Courtney finds herself being first seduced, then trained by her new boss to serve her sexual needs.