

# Courtney's Training

By JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

When I reported to work for my first day as a temporary receptionist I expected the day to be about training. And I was correct. I was just wrong about what the training would be like. I suspected it would be mostly boring, but would add to my very thin resume so I would eventually be able to apply to higher-level jobs with the bank.

Not that there was anything wrong with being a receptionist. It was a great job for someone of my limited skill set. I'd never worked in an office before, after all, and I suspected the man in HR had only hired me due to my acting as perky and friendly as possible and, well, because of my looks.

It has not escaped me, even at nineteen, that good looks and talent gets you a lot farther than talent alone. Since my talents were meager, I didn't feel much shame relying on my looks. People, especially men, like having pretty blonde girls with great bodies around them even if they know they aren't going to be able to ever touch them.

Hey, you do what you have to do. I didn't flirt with him or anything. I didn't wear slutty clothes. I just acted like a perky, friendly girl who was eager to work at his bank.

The irony was that my first day proved to be about the kind of training that had little or nothing to do with the bank. They'd been unexpectedly short-handed, and so had sent me as a substitute girl, mostly just to answer the phone and take messages in the outer office of Ms. Letitia Ford, the Executive Vice President for International Relations.

Ms. Ford had been less than impressed with me, at first, since I had no experience and no idea what she wanted. And she was not known as a particularly tolerant woman. Or even nice. She was an aggressive, determined, and scary-looking woman twice my age and a foot taller than my five feet.

We had nothing in common, from my long blonde hair to her short black flat top, to my five feet tall vs her six feet, to my creamy white skin to her dark black. What we both shared was an appreciation for my body, something I was soon to discover!

When Ms. Ford wants something, she tends to get it. And she decided she wanted me! She soon had me naked and squirming, gasping for breath, overheated, and barely coherent as she drove me half out of my mind with her talented tongue and strong, agile fingers.

I'd messed around with girls before, of course, but nothing like the way she did! She was way old and really good at it! She was also very kinky, and she liked to tie me up before teasing, taunting, and molesting me!

She told me I was her sex toy, and then her sex slave! And she made me agree to it! That was a bit scary, but I was pretty sure she was just playing games, fucking with my mind, you know. And the sex was so incredible it had my eyes popping, so I couldn't really argue!

Plus, well, she was pretty scary! I didn't want to argue with her. Especially since she developed a habit of smacking my bottom whenever I displeased her.

Sex, for me, had always been more about sharing and caressing and kissing, and not so much about my pleasure. Oh, boys always came, but they're so easy. But with Ms. Ford, it was me who came, and violently! I've never experienced that level of pleasure! So, if she wanted to call me her slave girl or her bitch or whatever, I wasn't going to object!

Even though I wasn't so much into girls as I was into guys she still made me feel steamy hot and so filled with passion I couldn't think straight. I was willing to put up with a lot for more of that!

And, in fact, her little tie-up games and smacks, and calling me her slave girl and even sex slave were wicked hot! I mean, it's not like I wanted to be abused or anything. But the way she manhandled me,

the way she dominated me, it was just so fucking hot! It was scalding! It put me into this dark, thrilling mindset where I was this whole other person, helpless and entirely subject to her orders, without having to think about anything.

Which was... quite a relief at times, since I didn't have to think about what to do or what to say. Yes, it was kind of uncomfortable, sometimes, and made me squirm at how kinky and edgy her demands were, not to mention degrading! But nobody was going to know anyway, so why not? Besides, she was a big shot at the bank. She might be able to get me a promotion!

And the stuff she was teaching me, uhm, training me in, would certainly be useful if I was ever to have sex with another girl again! Which, with her as an example, I would now be a lot more open to!

I mean, it's not like she and I were in an actual relationship. Sure, we kissed and had hot, steamy sex, but I barely knew her, and she showed little interest in getting to know me any better. I really was a kind of sex doll or sex toy to her. It wasn't just that I was half her age and a foot shorter. I was a very meek blonde from the suburbs who liked pretty basic stuff.

She was this sleek, sophisticated, wealthy woman from downtown, and very domineering. The idea of us being friends would be ridiculous. I'd be more her uhm, pet, than a friend. A pet with privileges? Yeah, well, freaky, I know. But hey, it was her idea to make me crawl on a leash!

Can you imagine! Sick, I know, but man it had been intense and hot!

My second day, thankfully, was set to be more normal, and less scary, though less pleasurable too. First came more normal training and orientation, you know, like the kind you're supposed to get when you report to a new employer.

Then I was assigned as a temporary receptionist to various offices to let the girls there go on breaks, and then for their lunch. I thought about Ms. Ford a lot, sometimes nervously, sometimes with butterflies in my tummy. But I knew they wouldn't assign a junior nobody like me to be her admin except in an emergency like the other day.

After lunch, I was sent to work in administration, which was mostly about getting office supplies and taking them on a little cart to various floors and offices. It wasn't very exciting, but I was able to learn more about the bank and its various departments.

And at the end of the day, when I walked out the front door, headed for the subway, who should be parked there at the curb but Ms. Ford in her black Mercedes! The minute I saw her the bottom dropped out of my stomach, and then my nipples started to tingle!

It was like dread and excitement at the same time! Because being with her was stressful and high-intensity! But it did give me the most orgasms and most intense orgasms of my life! Plus, doing some of that nasty, outrageous stuff was freaking hot!

Being with her was a thrill ride! Thrill rides can be exhausting, though, both mentally and physically!

She gestured imperiously at me with her finger, and whatever uncertainty I had about going on another wild, roller coaster ride I was too timid to just walk past!

"H-Hi!" I gulped, attempting a friendly wave.

"Get your skinny little white ass in here, girl," she ordered.

I gulped and looked around, then moved closer to the window.

"Uhm, I was just going to catch the subway –."

"Open the door, and get inside."

Pulse racing, I did as she asked, and she pressed a button on her door that slid the tinted window up as she drove away from the curb.

"Uhm, I – ."

She reached out without looking and put her fingers against my lips.

I settled back uncertainly as she continued to drive, eyeing her warily. But she might as well have been alone in the car until we stopped at a red light. Then she turned without warning, her right hand sweeping around behind my neck and pulling me toward her as she leaned over and kissed me full on the mouth!

Her lips were hungry and passionate as her other hand kneaded my breast, then pushed down the front of my pants and into my thong. They found my clitoris very quickly, rubbing gently, then faster and harder as her mouth continued to try to devour me!

It was like... like forty-five seconds of pure, astonishing lust that made my pulse race and my lower belly start to churn with excitement!

And then she pulled back and accelerated through the green light, ignoring me as she had before. At least for a minute or two.

"Take your clothes off," she said suddenly.

"P-P-Pardon!?" I gulped.

She turned and glowered at me. "Are you questioning my order, slave girl? Are you looking for another spanking?"

"N-No, Ms. Ford!" I gulped.

I looked outside anxiously, but the windows were nicely tinted so I undid my pants and pushed them down, my thumbs hooking into the waistband of my thong to slide them all down to my ankles. I had to pause to work them over my shoes but she told me to take those off too. Then she took them and tossed them into the rear seat.

"Now the top."

I drew in a deep, shuddering breath, feeling my heart thumping and the blood racing through me. My breasts already felt swollen and sensitive as I peeled my top up and off, then undid my bra, glancing nervously out through the windshield before removing it and tossing it behind me. I crossed my arms over my breasts and looked at her again but she ignored me.

"Open the glove compartment," she said without turning.

I blinked at her, then turned and opened the glove compartment. I sucked in my breath as I saw the big black dildo sitting there!

"Take it out, slave."

This was so crazy!

I took it out and held it in my hand.

"Slump down in your seat, lift your knees up, and then spread them wide."

I felt the anxiety rising inside me, but the dark, sexual thrill of the unexpected, the unknown, and the wild and wicked was much stronger. My chest was already tight and my nipples hard as pebbles as I slumped down as she ordered, glad to at least sink my shoulders below the level of the window.

"Suck it. Put it in your mouth and start licking and sucking. Show me what a good little cock sucker you are, cis girl."

This was so sick!

I put it in my mouth anyway, feeling self-conscious, but with a growing sense of sexual pressure and need. I licked and sucked on it, rolling my eyes over at her as I held my knees wide apart.

She reached over and let her fingers caress my pussy, then dip lightly into the mouth of my sex.

"Tell me you love cock, little blonde girl," she said.

I slid the dildo out of my mouth, breathing already ragged.

"I-I love cock, Ms. Ford!" I gulped.

"Put it back in your mouth. How far down can you get?"

That made me nervous again because she'd suggested the other day that I needed to learn to deep throat and that she would teach me! Not that I didn't want to learn how because that would be awesome and really impress men! But I'd tried on a few occasions to do it and gagged badly!

I slid the dildo deeper into my mouth, sucking and licking as she pushed two fingers into my pussy.

"Already nice and wet, aren't you? Naughty little slut," she said.

She slid her fingers deep and then let her thumb rub against my clitoris.

The sensations began to flood through me as my own inner heat revealed in the dark, outrageous sexual game she was playing.

"That's not very far," she said, as she flicked her eyes over to see how much of the dildo I'd swallowed.

She stopped at another light and took the dildo from me, then slid it into her mouth, cocked her head back a little, and then pushed it all the way in until she was just holding the base with two fingers! She slid it slowly up and out again and then handed it to me.

"Let's see if you can at least bury it in your tight little blonde cunt," she said, being deliberately obscene.

I pushed the head against my pussy and felt the resistance as I twisted and turned it, pushing harder and harder. The pressure mounted and then my pussy lips were forced down and back and apart as the thick dildo pushed down into my body.

"Rub your clitoris while you fuck yourself," she said.

This was so crazy! But I'd masturbated for her the other day so it wasn't as shocking. Except that was in a living room, not a car!

I pumped the dildo slowly in and out, working it slowly deeper and deeper as the excitement and energy grew inside me.

"Tell me you love cock, slave."

"I love cock, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

"Are you going to be an obedient little slut?" she demanded.

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I moaned. "I'll be an obedient little slut, Ms. Ford!"

Saying shit like this made me self-conscious, but it was also a strange, dark thrill!

I worked the dildo halfway in, then two-thirds, then three-quarters. At the same time, I was rubbing my clitoris, which was starting to thrum with energy that was pouring sensation into my mind and body!

"Tell me you love black cock, slave."

Yikes!

"I-I I-love black cock, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

"Nasty little blonde slut," she said.

At the next stop light, she reached down behind her seat with her left hand and came out with the studded black leather collar. She turned to me and fastened it around my neck, then reached back and brought out the matching restraints. By the time the light turned green, they were both locked around my wrists.

"Tell me you love black cock, slut."

"I love black cock, Ms. Ford," I moaned.

"Again. Keep saying it. Don't stop."

"I love Black cock! I love Black cock! I love Black cock! I love Black cock!"

It felt really weird saying it, and very freaky and dark and edgy! She hadn't really gotten into any of this racial stuff the other day, other than calling me 'blonde girl', but I had figured that was more a play on, well, the cliché about blondes being more sexually... uh, available than other girls.

"Put your hands at your sides and keep them there."

Confused, I obeyed, though my pussy was thrumming with energy and my fingers twitched with the need to rub my clitoris some more!

"Did I tell you to stop chanting?"

"No, Ms. Ford! I love Black cock! I love Black cock! I love Black cock!"

She stopped and reached down behind my head, gripping my hair and jerking my head back as she leaned over and kissed me passionately again. I moaned and let my lips part wider and wider as she crushed them with hers.

Her other hand dropped down onto the base of the dildo and – pushed. I gasped and moaned and wriggled as the ache mounted, but my hands stayed at my side as she forced the thick dildo deeper and deeper into my pussy! She forced it in to the base, then pulled back and accelerated again.

I gulped in air, staring down at the flat round base that was just about level with my tautly stretched-out pussy opening, and moaned.

"Continue masturbating. But you aren't allowed to come without my permission."

My body felt so full of crackling sexual electricity that I instantly began to rub my clitoris, my fingers almost trembling with excitement! My body began to wriggle and the muscles in my hips began to spasm, jerking them upward against my stroking fingers as the heat mounted.

"I love Black cock! I love Black cock! I love Black cock!" I gasped as I masturbated.

"Don't forget to fuck yourself. You know you like being fucked by big black cocks."

The base of the dildo had already begun to push out and now I gripped it eagerly and began to pump it in and out, using longer and longer strokes as the heat began to melt my brain.

It was so fucking insane to be doing this in a car driving in the middle of busy downtown traffic! A part of me was cringing with anxiety that someone might notice, like if we drove past a truck and somehow they could see through the tinting! But that danger and her presence made it all so... so intense!

"Please may I come, Ms. Ford!?" I gasped.

"No."

I moaned uncertainly. Now what!?

I slowed my strokes, slowed the rubbing of my clitoris. But my little button was already swollen and hypersensitive!

"Tell me you're a blonde slut and you love black cock."

"I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock!" I moaned. "I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock! I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock! I'm a blonde slut and – ."

I had been expecting her to drive to her place, where she'd taken me the other evening. Instead, she turned into a small parking lot between two buildings. The buildings were both old and brick, maybe a hundred years old or so, and perhaps six stories tall. Their sides were blank, perhaps because there had been another such building occupying this space until relatively recently.

She parked against one wall and then turned to me.

"Sit up, slave."

Chest heaving, I obeyed, wincing a bit as pressure came down on the base of the dildo.

"Hands behind your neck. Lean forward."

I brought my hands up and back and leaned forward and she pulled my wrists down a little, then locked the wrist restraints to the

back of the collar. She turned away and got out of the car, then came around to the side door and opened it.

"Step out."

"What!? But... but... I'm naked!"

She reached in and gripped me by the hair and I squealed at the stinging in my scalp as she pulled me out of the car. As soon as my bare feet hit the pavement my head twisted around wildly, looking for anyone who might see me! The two walls were blank but the far side of the parking lot had a tall chain link fence with scrubby trees against it. Behind that was the back of some other building. On

the fourth side, though, was a building across the street and it had windows looking down on the parking lot!

I cringed!

Ms. Ford closed the door of the Mercedes, but first took out the thin black riding crop and bent it from side to side in her hand.

"Shoulders back! Chest out! Back straight!"

She brought the crop whistling down against my bottom and I yelped in pain and obeyed!

She reached down and gripped the base of the dildo, which had started to slide out, and pushed it back deep. I gasped in pain, forced up onto the balls of my feet by the pressure of the head deep in my abdomen!

"Squeeze your tight little cunt down around that. Don't let it fall out, slut."

I obeyed as best I could, adrenaline surging through my system as I continued to look around wildly.

"Now march."

She brought the crop down against my bottom again, but lightly, and I squeezed down on my pussy as I shuffled forward across the pavement toward a nearby fire door.

"Ms. Ford! What if I – !?"

Crack!

"Ahh!"

"No talking, slave."

I moaned and walked awkwardly toward the door. She reached it and inserted a key, then opened it and I shuffled in! I found myself in a narrow hall next to a white-painted room that held garbage cans. We moved on and turned a corner and then went through another door.

Now the floor and walls were much nicer, and we passed a door that led outside, then a set of stairs on the other side before she had me walk into a kind of lounge. It was very modern-looking, with lots of pale oak flooring and gold and black furniture.

There was a fireplace facing me as she brought me to a halt, and a large picture above it of a black girl wearing a slave collar. She also wore shackles joined together with a chain, and her hands were above her head, her back arched. She was naked to the waist, and the picture didn't go any lower than that.

I stared at it and swallowed nervously.

"Kneel, slave."

I knelt down very carefully, but even so, the dildo began to slide out. I sat on my heels and she reached down to slap lightly at my thighs to make me open them wide. I did, and the dildo slid down a little more until the base was stopped by the floor.

"Keep chanting, slave."

"I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock! I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock! I'm a blonde slut and I love black cock!" I moaned.

She snorted in amusement, then sat on a padded chair next to me and reached down between my legs, letting the soft, flat tip of the riding crop rub against my clitoris. The feel of the leather against me there sent a flood of pleasure sweeping up through my body!

"Let's try a different chant," she said. "How about. I'm a blonde sex slave, please use my slut body for your pleasure."

"I'm a blonde sex slave. Please use my slut body for your pleasure, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

She slid the tip of the crop up my body then slapped lightly at first one nipple, then the other.

"I have a new word for you, slave. Are you ready for it?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I gulped.

"Mistress. Say it."

"Mistress!" I gulped.

"Again."

"Mistress!"

Oh, Wow!

"Now let's hear your chant again, only with that word added."

"I... please... I'm a blonde sex slave! Please use my slut body for your pleasure, Mistress!" I said with a helpless little moan.

It's not like I was confused about what her dark, kinky sex game was all about. But adding that word just made it seem even more deliciously edgy!

"Again," she said softly, sliding the crop down my taut belly until she could rub at my clitoris again.

"I'm a blonde sex slave! Please use my slut body for your pleasure, Mistress!"

"Keep those elbows back, slut!"

"Yes, Ms. Ford!"

She slapped the tip lightly against my clitoris.

"It's Mistress. Say it, slut."

"Mistress! I'm sorry, Mistress!" I gasped.

She returned to rubbing me and I returned to chanting. Then she stood up. She was six feet tall, which even when I was standing seemed awfully tall to my five feet! Now she seemed like a giantess way up there, her dark eyes glaring down at me!

She was wearing a short, loose skirt. Now as I chanted, she raised it slowly up her long, black legs until her naked sex was displayed. She reached out and gathered in my hair with one hand and pulled my mouth in against her and I stopped chanting and started licking!

My tongue pushed in between the lips of her sex as far as I could push it, which wasn't nearly as far as hers could go in mine! I pumped it in and out, then slid it out and up across her clitoris, licking energetically as she looked down at me.

I had learned a lot about satisfying women with my tongue the other day, or at least, about satisfying her. I didn't flatter myself that I was nearly as good as she was, but I hoped I wasn't quite as incompetent as I had been yesterday morning!

She didn't let me lick for long, though, before jerking my head up and back by the hair. She dropped down onto her knees next to me and her other hand slid down between my thighs so she could rub my clitoris.

"Dirty girl," she whispered. "Nasty girl! Sex slave! Tell me you love big black cocks, slave!"

"I love big, black cocks, Mistress!" I gasped as she rubbed harder.

She dropped her hand lower and gripped the dildo, then thrust it deeper inside me! I gasped and trembled as she forced it all the way inside, then resumed rubbing my clitoris.

"I love big, black cocks, Mistress!" I gasped weakly. "I love big black cocks, Mistress!"

She pulled back harder on my hair and I cried out, my back arching sharply as she bent over and began to suck and lick at my nipples. My hips began to grind helplessly against her fingers and the dark, sexual energy thrummed within me, growing in strength and intensity.

I felt hot, overheated, feverish as my breasts tingled and burned and my pussy threatened to explode!

"I love big, black cocks, Mistress!" I moaned. "I love big, black cocks, Mistress!"

"What is this nonsense you're teaching the girl, Letitia?" another female voice suddenly said from behind me.

I gasped aloud, trying to twist free, but Ms. Ford gripped my hair firmly, and her hand, between my thighs, kept me from closing them fully.

"Spread your legs, slave!" she growled in a tone that brooked no disagreement!

Gasping, I jerked my thighs apart as a figure moved around until she was looking down at me. It was another black woman, probably in her early thirties. Though she was much shorter and more slightly built than Ms. Ford. She had straight, shoulder-length black hair brushing her shoulders and was wearing a leather skirt and white silk blouse that buttoned down the middle.

"She's a straight girl, Grace," Ms. Ford said. "I'm using what works."

"You should teach her to love black pussy."

"Oh, trust me. I am!"

"I'm sure I can teach her even faster."

She smirked down at me, and I dropped my eyes, my face flaming. I tried to turn away, but Ms. Ford continued to hold me firmly by the hair. Then Grace stepped closer and as Mrs. Ford released my hair Grace gathered it up in a mass above my head.

I yelped and moaned as she tugged firmly and forced me up off my heels to knee-walk over to a black curved chaise that she sat back on. She drew me in, spreading her legs, bending me over as my mind drowned in confusion, panic, and dark heat.

"Slave girl," she said in a teasing voice. "Let me see you lick my thigh. Right... there."

She pointed at a space on her thigh halfway from the knee to her hip and pulled me toward it. I licked lightly, uncertainly.

Crack!

I cried out as the crop cut across my bottom.

"What have I told you before, slave? Push your round little bottom out and spread your knees wide!"

I hurriedly obeyed! The world seemed to be moving faster than my mind could cope!

"Now kiss me here," Grace ordered, pointing to another place on her thigh.

I kissed her black skin, then kissed another spot on her other leg, then another spot on her thigh. She was pulling me in closer and closer and I shuddered as I felt Ms. Ford gripping the dildo behind me and thrusting it deep. She pumped it in and out and rubbed my clitoris and I let out a helpless sob of dazed pleasure as Grace guided my lips down to the top of her narrow, hairless sex.

"Now kiss... here," she half whispered, spreading the lips of her sex with her fingers and pointing at her clitoris.

I leaned in and kissed her clitoris and she sighed.

"Good slave. Now lick me, slave girl."

I... I did it! I mean, I wasn't sure what else to do! My mind was spinning wildly amid a churning cauldron of heat and passion! I began to lick her clitoris, slowly, at first, then faster and with more excitement as my body burned with a growing heat!

Ms. Ford seemed to step back for a moment and I could tell from my peripheral vision that she was stripping. A minute later she knelt behind me and now the dildo seemed to have been strapped to her body as she started fucking me!

Grace sighed and lay back along the curved chaise, holding my hair in one hand as she unbuttoned her blouse with the other. When it was fully open she slid it off and was naked beneath. She pulled on my hair, guiding me upward along her body, telling me to kiss and lick her belly and lower chest, and then to suck and lick at her nipples.

Behind me, Ms. Ford was fucking me with the dildo, her hands alternately gripping my hips and sliding up to knead my breasts. Suddenly she took my hair from Grace and yanked it up and back. I cried out in pain as she made my back arch.

"Doesn't she have gorgeous tits?"

"They are quite attractive," Grace said.

She reached out and caressed them, her fingers rolling and plucking at my stiff, pink nipples. Then she leaned forward and began to suck and lick at them as Ms. Ford continued to thrust the dildo up deep into my belly.

Grace's hand slid down and began to rub my clitoris, and I felt myself losing my grip on reality. This was all like a dark, fever dream and as the heat rose and melted my mind I began to jerk my hips back against the big cock thrusting into me, crying out in helpless

pleasure as the sexual pressure built to unbearable levels!

The orgasm tore through me with explosive force! It shattered my mind and swept away all higher orders of consciousness, reducing me to the state where only animal instincts guided me! I cried out again and again, my voice rising as the big cock thrust hard and deep, Grace's fingers rubbed quickly and firmly, and her mouth sucked hungrily on the center of my breast!

I cried out all the air in my lungs and forgot to inhale, becoming light-headed as the sexual electricity coursed through my body, setting every muscle to spasming and overloading my nervous system! My hips bucked violently as convulsions wracked my body!

I didn't care. My mind wasn't functioning except as a satisfied creature basking in the flood of ecstasy. I wallowed in it, gloried in it!

"Slut!" Mrs. Ford growled into my ear as she drove that big dildo up into my quivering belly. "Sex slave! Slave bitch! Fuck toy!"

I all but collapsed as the orgasm faded, dazed, shell-shocked.

"My, she certainly has intense orgasms," Grace said admiringly.

"Blonde girls always love big black cocks in their bellies," Grace said.

"You should find her the real thing, then."

"I intend to. But in the meantime, she must be punished."

"Well, slave girls do need to be disciplined to teach them obedience," Grace said in amusement.

Ms. Ford undid the wrist restraints from my collar and my hands finally dropped free as I collapsed across Grace's legs, panting. The woman ran her fingers through my hair as Ms. Ford attached the leash to the back of my collar, then pulled sharply.

"Hands and knees, slave," she barked.

I moaned and obeyed, and she tugged further so that I had to crawl across the floor next to her. Grace joined us, walking on my other side and looking down at me, and with the heat faded somewhat I felt a sense of self-conscious embarrassment that made my mind squirm.

We walked into another room, this one with racks of scary-looking straps, riding crops, and other instruments I hardly dared look at! Ms. Ford wasn't holding the riding crop and instead pulled down a plain-looking strap about two inches wide that was doubled in two.

"A nice strap," I think," she said. "I don't want to leave bruises or welts on her pretty little bottom."

"Slave! Face down, bottom high! Knees together! Arms out to your sides!"

I gulped, starting to feel anxious now, but I didn't protest. I bent over and pressed my face to the floor then stretched my arms to the sides.

"Pull your belly in tighter against your thighs, slave!"

I shuffled my knees further forward, which really made my back arch back since my breasts were now on the floor!

"Do not move until given permission. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Ahh!"

The strap stung when it hit my bottom!

"Mistress. Try again. Say it."

"Mistress!" I exclaimed.

"And when you speak to Grace what do you call her?"

"M-Mistress?"

Crack!

"Ahh!"

"You will call her Mistress Grace. Say it."

"Mistress Grace!" I moaned.

"Now then, did I not order you not to have an orgasm without my permission?"

"I... I... ye-yes, Mistress!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Ahhh!"

Fuck, that strap stung!

The dildo had come halfway out but she or Grace bent over and pushed the dildo back inside me

"But you chose to have an orgasm anyway."

Crack!

"Aaah!"

"And did not ask my permission."

Crack!

"Ahh! Please, Mistress!" I cried.

"Did you not promise to be an obedient little sex slave?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Yet you disobeyed!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress!" I cried.

Crack!

"Ahhhh!"

My bottom was really starting to burn!

She moved around in front of me, then passed the strap back to Grace, who was still behind me.

"That is not how a slave apologizes," Ms. Ford snapped.

She pushed her foot out at me. She was naked but still wore her black high heels.

"Show me how sorry you are, slut!"

Crack!

I squealed as Grace brought the strap down across my burning bottom, and then kissed Ms. Ford's shoe!

"Not good enough. Show me how sorry you are. Grasp my ankle and then clean the shoe with your tongue."

Crack!

"Ahhh! Please!" I cried.

"Obey!"

I grasped her ankle and began to desperately lick her shoe, my tongue licking hard and fast across the surface as she and Grace looked down at me.

I felt Grace's fingers between my thighs, then, rubbing my clitoris.

"Keep licking, slave girl."

I frantically licked up along the shoe to her ankle, then back down again along the side! Then she lifted the front of her foot up, balancing it lightly on the heel.

"Lick the underside, slave bitch!" she growled.

Whimpering, I obeyed, twisting my head sharply to the side to lick at the underside of her shoe, feeling the grit there against my tongue!

She tugged on the leash, pulling my head up and away, forcing me to quickly put my hands down to support myself, then she made me crawl further in and crawl across a kind of padded rectangle that seemed to serve no purpose.

It was just wide enough to get my thighs on either side without spreading my legs very much. It was also just long enough to go from my upper chest to my hips. The two women locked my wrists to the lower front corners of the thing, then drew out straps that bound my legs just above the knees to the lower corners.

Ms. Ford combed her fingers through my hair and then drew it slowly up and back, forcing my head back as Grace pushed something hard and slick into my ass! It felt like one of those plugs Ms. Ford had used, only it was hard and slick like metal with oil on it. It also didn't get wider or thinner right up until the base was pressed against my tailbone.

That 'base' curved up across my tailbone and up along my spine for about eight inches. Then Grace pulled my hair back further and further until my head was almost touching my back. She tied some kind of cord around it, then tied that cord to the thing in my butt!

When she let go of my hair I was bound tightly in place, unable to move my head forward at all!

A vibrator began to rub against my clitoris as the dildo pumped in and out, and I moaned as Ms. Ford licked and kissed and chewed her way along the nape of my neck.

"Dirty girl," she whispered. "Nasty girl."

She chewed lightly on my earlobe.

"Fuck doll."

The vibrator felt large and rounded as it was rubbed against my clitoris, and soon my body was beginning to burn again. I was so relieved the 'punishment' was over! Almost anything would have been better! And this was a lot better than most things!

"Slave slut!" Ms. Ford whispered in my ear. "Sex slave! Fuck toy!"

My body began to tremble and my muscles spasmed as Grace fucked me and rubbed the vibrator against my clitoris. Then Ms. Ford rubbed something against my open mouth. It was... it was another dildo! This one wasn't as thick as the one inside me, but still a good size. It also seemed more flexible.

She pushed it into my open mouth and pumped it in and out.

"Blonde slave!" she growled. "Slave animal!"

I gurgled and moaned around the dildo as she pumped it gently in my mouth.

"Now swallow this lovely black cock, you hungry little blonde whore!"

She pushed the dildo deeper into my mouth. The head pushed against my gag reflex and I jerked my head back instinctively. But it really wouldn't go any further back. And my body was also locked in place.

"Swallow that cock! Swallow it, slave!"

She pushed the head harder and it popped into my throat! It ached, but it slid deeper and deeper, and I could now see the dildo was well over a foot long! It was perhaps twenty inches long, and she fed it into my throat inch by inch!

"Now you're a proper little blonde slave animal!" Ms. Ford said. "Swallow that black cock, slave girl! Swallow it!"

I tried! It wasn't easy! But the intensity of the excitement and passion gripping me made it easier. And then Grace spanked my bottom sharply several times, which served as a distraction! And then all twenty inches were in my mouth and throat, with Ms. Ford just holding the base!

I was filled with awe! I had actually swallowed all that!?

Oh, don't get me wrong. My throat ached! And I had to fight a sense of impending panic at not being able to breathe properly! But I still felt awed! And when she slid it out completely I was able to avoid gagging too badly and then gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air as they both praised me as a good little slave bitch or a good little sex slave and promised me lots of orgasms as a reward!

But first I had to do it again.

And again!

And again!

It did get easier. I'll say that for it. I mean, it wasn't so much that I learned anything big as that I came to accept that I could do it. And that seemed to ease the need to gag and resist. Grace and Ms. Ford fucked my mouth and throat with the double-headed dildo until I got used to it, then they pulled it free and made me come again!

And then Ms. Ford strapped my bottom for not asking permission until I apologized – by licking her shoes again! Both of them this time!

Then Grace fucked me with the strap-on as I licked Ms. Ford, with me stopping every ten seconds or so to exclaim that I loved having a big black cock inside me!

After I made Ms. Ford come she and Grace switched positions, and I licked Grace as Ms. Ford fucked me. And then, finally, I lay back on the floor, my knees spread wide, fucking myself with the thicker dildo while I cried "I'm a filthy blonde slave bitch and I love big black cock!" as the two of them sat there and watched smugly.

And then, just as I was starting to come, as my body trembled with heat and my hips ground upward with growing desperation, a man walked into the room.

A large, powerfully built black man with broad shoulders and a look of hunger on his face!

END

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This is the third 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 and that of her friends.