

Courtney Meets her Master

By JJ Argus



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

How quickly a life can be changed. That's not something you generally think of. Well, I mean, not at my age. Older people have told me it can happen in a blink, but I never really took that seriously. They usually meant things like crazy accidents or health issues. And being healthy and nineteen and full of life and feeling immortal I paid little attention to such things.

I mean, I'd just started out in life, after all. I had very little experience in much of anything. I certainly had experience in being lusted after, though. As a blonde girl with a pretty face and a nice body, I had grown used to the hungry looks of boys and men since I'd hit adolescence.

Most were at least polite. Some were deliberately crude, wanting to embarrass me or not caring if they did so long as they could say something sexual and obscene. I think that somehow excited them, being able to say such things to a hot girl like me.

Most guys were nice to me, though. Sometimes too nice, embarrassingly nice. They all wanted to please me. They all wanted to look at me. They all wanted, I thought, even the ones several times my age, to strip off my clothes and do all kinds of nasty things to me.

It took me a while to understand that. It's something about the male psyche, about the male instinct. They all see me as someone they want to 'mate' with, even when they have no interest in me as a person. I eventually came to understand that even the older ones who were happily married and had no intention of ever doing a single sexual thing with me seemed driven by that inner instinct.

I was someone they all appreciated seeing. And the fewer clothes I was wearing the more they appreciated it! Believe me, it was an experience to be walking on the beach in a bikini. Every guy I passed 'noticed' me. They were mostly socially adjusted enough not to stare and not to hit on me.

But they all sure notice. I see their eyes flick down to my boobs, down further, back up, and then, as I pass, I know where they'll be looking as I walk away. It's something every girl comes to accept. Well, every girl that looks like me anyway.

I'm not even complaining, you understand. I've come to accept that's the way guys are. And it's not like it doesn't have its benefits. I've never had trouble finding a date, for one thing. I've never had trouble finding help from guys in almost anything I want to do, be it schoolwork, carrying something heavy, or giving me a ride.

Sex? Ha! Well, of course, that's the big irony of being an attractive girl. You can get sex you want any time you want. It's almost like just snapping your fingers. When you look like I do, blonde and cute, short, with big boobs, almost any straight guy would jump at the offer.

The irony is that while I have the privilege all guys wish they had with girls, it's not really that useful. A guy in my position would gleefully have sex with three or four different girls a day every day, every week, month, and year. And everyone would be jealous of him.

People wouldn't be jealous of me if I did it! They'd call me all kinds of names! They'd sneer and laugh at me when I walked by. All the girls would be disgusted by me and wouldn't hesitate to say so. Not to mention the fact that unlike guys, who always enjoy sex and orgasm every time they do it, well, girls don't.

It's easy for guys to have orgasms, and to take pleasure from sex. It's much more difficult for a girl. Usually, for a girl to orgasm, a guy has to both know what to do (and most don't), and be willing to put the time and effort into it (and most guys won't). They're too eager to take their pleasure, which comes so easily. They're impatient to get at it and don't want to spend the time and effort getting a girl properly heated up.

That's what shocked me when Ms. Ford kind of ... seduced me in her office on my first day of work. She was aggressive like a man, tall and strong like a man, determined like a man, and wanted my body like a man would. She was not, however, a man. She was a tall, powerfully built black woman, like an Amazon warrior, or a Zulu queen.

She had a flat top haircut, which I'd only seen on guys, dark, glinting eyes that seemed somehow to take my breath away when they focused on me, and strong hands and arms that could easily overpower me if I tried to resist.

But I hadn't. Tried to resist, that is. I'd been mesmerized, astonished, gripped by confusion and uncertainty, and then a wild, dark heat that she had known how to rouse and how to sustain. And then how to build up to a fierce, raging inferno!

Even though I'm mostly straight, and don't even consider myself bisexual, Ms. Ford managed to make me feel a passion I'd never even imagined before. Partly, I think, it was because she was very much like a man to me. That is, she was physically imposing, a good foot taller than me, and aggressive like a man.

She'd also used her sex toys to use me like a man would, in a sustained, thrilling, astonishing series of sexual encounters that had left me quite literally screaming out my pleasure! And that had done something to my head. To my psyche. Not to mention my whole idea of what sex was all about!

I guess like other girls I had thought of it as this warm, loving, tender, cuddly thing with the mutual exchange of pleasure and caring. But Ms. Ford had other ideas. She taught me sex could just be a hot, wicked, exciting game without any need for emotional attachment at all.

I wouldn't have thought that was something that I could accept but the incredible level of passion and heat she'd been able to incite in me with her outrageous, wicked, kinky sexual games and actions had left me shell-shocked! It had all happened so fast my mind hadn't been able to catch up with what was happening or rationalize it!

It was like I was drunk, intoxicated, or high, but on passion, lust, and pleasure! I'd never had such powerful or lengthy orgasms, or so many! And she'd given them to me while utterly dominating me, by, well, conquering me! Granted, she was already a big boss at the company I'd just joined. So that held a certain degree of awe and a need to submit to her will. She was also almost twice my age. So again, there was the automatic instinct to defer to her.

Add in her strength, power, height, and sheer dominating presence, and combine it with my squirmy kind of go-along-to-get-along personality, and I'd been unable to resist! Or even try to! Or even want to! Even when she said or did jaw-dropping things! Or made me say or do them!

Ordering me not to speak! Ordering me to place my naked body in the most obscene of positions for her viewing pleasure! Making me say shocking, wicked, obscene things! I had crawled at her feet! I had kissed and licked her feet! I had masturbated in front of her, and

now her friend Grace!

And I'd done it all without protest! Oh, my mind might have been filled with shock, outrage, embarrassment, self-consciousness, confusion, and anxiety, but I hadn't said a thing! I'd done it! And why? Because I was afraid of her? Well, a little, but mostly, to be honest, because I had been kind of conditioned. My body and mind knew that if I continued to play along with her dirty, wicked, nasty sex games I'd get more of those incredible, all-encompassing orgasms!

Anyone I knew would have been shocked, appalled, horrified (except the men, of course) at some of the things I'd done so far in just two short days of acquaintance with the woman! But I can tell you this, if those women had experienced the sense of sheer rapture I'd had at her hands they wouldn't be resisting her either!

It was like... like a narcotic! And it took so little to become addicted to it! To desperately crave more! Why else had I not even protested when, naked and bound, with her driving me half out of my mind with pleasure, she'd introduced this new woman, this... this Grace person into her dirty game?!

Yes, I'd been mortified at first, and remained self-conscious even as I'd started to scream with passion and pleasure! Once again, submitting to Ms. Ford had let me climb to the incredible heights of pleasure I'd never even known existed before she'd shown me.

Me, the straight girl, the straight white suburban blonde girl, only a year out of high school, and fairly innocent about sex, who thought of herself as cis-gendered. And yet two older black lesbians had used, abused, and manipulated my mind and body to the point I could hardly draw a shuddering, shaking breath into my tight chest, could hardly keep from trembling and shaking with the passion within me.

I had known Ms. Ford no more than a day, really. I had known the woman she named Grace for only an hour. And yet, here I was naked, laying on the floor, masturbating while they sat in comfortable chairs and looked on as if in amusement.

I was thrusting a large black dildo into my quivering, overheated body and chanting out the words Ms. Ford had ordered me to say... ORDERED. They were obscene and degrading but that was why they excited me! To say such things in front of strange women! Strange Black women at that!

"I'm a filthy blonde slave bitch and I love big black cocks!"

Can you believe it! I had to practically chant that as my body burned, as my breasts throbbed and my nipples tingled and the tendons on my inner thighs ached from how wide apart my thighs were stretched, plunging that big black dildo deep into my body while I rubbed my clitoris.

My God! To say such a ridiculous and outrageous thing at all, let alone under these circumstances, was mind-blowing! But she'd been 'making' me say similar things since we'd met, insulting things about being a slut, being a fuck-toy, being a sex slave! They weren't to be taken seriously, weren't, I thought, even meant as insults. She was fucking with my head by making me say them.

And it was working.

But even introducing a new person into her dark, wicked sex game hadn't really jarred me out of my obsession with orgasms and passion. Grace was younger than her, though still a lot older than me. She was more my size, though her breasts weren't as large. She wasn't as intimidating, and she was a girl, like me. Like Ms. Ford.

So, it was still just a deliciously wicked sex game between just us girls.

Until the man appeared!

I was flat on my back, with my knees spread so far to either side I was a little worried I was straining the tendons or muscles, completely naked but for the bondage collar around my throat and the smaller versions around my wrists, plunging a black dildo into my body while proclaiming how much I love black cock.

Could there possibly be any more compromising position or situation in which to be introduced to a man!?

I froze! Even as close to orgasm as I was the shock of seeing this guy walk into the room stunned me into immobility for long seconds!

Then I threw myself to my left, away from him, and kind of curled up on my side, my face catching fire!

"Such a silly, shy little blonde girl," Ms. Ford sighed.

"Have you forgotten you're a sex slave, girl?" Mistress Grace demanded. "Your body is for all to enjoy and appreciate."

"Yes, it belongs to me now, slave," Ms. Ford said. "You even said so."

I saw her pick up the riding crop and bend it between her fingers.

"Get up! Sit on your heels, slave!"

I should add that one of the wickedest and edgiest parts of this dark, kinky game was how seriously she acted. I mean, I knew it was just a silly, kinky game. But she acted as if it was real. And that made things so much squirmier and hotter and more deliciously naughty!

But one of the sharp, anxious edges to that pleasure was just the slight bit of uncertainty about whether she actually thought it was real. Of course, she didn't! I knew that! That would be crazy! And Ms. Ford was a highly intelligent, accomplished, and respected person! But now I felt that edge sharpening!

The tone of her voice made me flinch! And when she brought the crop down across my hip I yelped and twisted away.

"Now!" she barked in that 'you will obey!' tone that had gotten to me from the moment I'd laid eyes on her!

And I... I... obeyed.

It was very hard! My mind whipsawed around between thoughts and responses! But I first sat up, arms across my breasts for a moment, then one of them down my body to put my hand over my groin even as I kept my thighs tightly together.

I winced a bit, though, and gasped in pain, for the dildo was still inside me!

Ms. Ford glowered at me and I flinched again, then the man walked closer and I dropped my head, mortified.

Ms. Ford moved behind me and I felt her hands gathering up my soft blonde hair. Then she pulled it up and back, not roughly, but firmly, forcing my head up, my eyes sliding up the legs of his very expensive dark blue pinstriped suit, up his clearly tailored jacket, taking

in the blood red tie and then to his stern face!

He was, like Ms. Ford, roughly twice my age or so. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully built man with dark black skin. He had a large nose, full lips, dark eyes, bushy eyebrows, and short black hair. The stern look on his face matched that of Ms. Ford!

I could hardly breathe!

Grace, whom I'd been told to call "Mistress Grace, moved behind me as well, then squatted down just to my right while Ms. Ford knelt to my left. Both were still behind me rather than beside me, though. Ms. Ford held my hair back and then I felt her and Mistress Grace grip my legs and pull them slowly apart, inch by inch!

"Do you want a spanking, slave girl?" Ms. Ford demanded. "Do you want to embarrass me in front of Mistress Grace's husband?"

Her husband!?

I was astonished at those words. I had presumed she was gay like Ms. Ford!

"And here I told him what a lovely, sexy, obedient little sex slave you were," Grace chided me.

Of course, opening my legs let him see the dildo sticking up into my body, let him see the straining lips of my sex gripping its thick black girth. Let him see how that dildo glistened with my inner juices.

As if they'd practiced it, Grace turned a little, working her right knee in against my right, now that she'd opened it wide. Ms. Ford did the same on my other side. Then they each gripped an arm and pulled it back even as Ms. Ford kept my head back and my back arched.

"Gorgeous," he said in a soft, deep voice. "Near perfection. Flawless skin. Beautiful hair. Lovely face. However did you find her?"

"She was assigned to me, if you can believe that! On her first day at work, too."

"And does she really love big black cocks?" he asked in amusement.

My flaming face burned even hotter!

"She certainly loves this one," Ms. Ford said as if in amusement.

"Look how wet she is," Mistress Grace said.

I felt her fingers at my clitoris, felt them tracing along the edges of my straining pussy opening, then rubbing my clitoris again!

"She loses her mind when she gets one inside her," Ms. Ford said.

He smiled softly, and then left the room, disappearing entirely from view.

I felt a tremendous wave of relief!

"What is the matter with you, you blonde slut?" Mrs. Ford demanded.

"But... But —!"

"She's shy," Grace said in amusement.

"Why on Earth wouldn't you want to show off such a luscious, sexy body?!" Mrs. Ford demanded.

"You have the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen!"

"And such a nice, tight, neat little pussy," Mistress Grace said.

"You need to learn obedience, slave girl," Mistress Grace growled.

She released me, then snapped the leash to the back of the collar again.

"Crawl, bitch!" she growled.

I yelped as I felt the crop come down across my buttocks, and crawled rapidly forward! She had me crawl back and forth across the room while she walked next to me, tugging on the leash and snapping the crop down across my bottom whenever my position or posture weren't right!

"On all your face!" she ordered.

It was the first of a series of orders to position myself properly. Face down, ass up. Legs spread. Back arched. On my back with my knees wide. She had me shift from one to the next repeatedly, bringing the crop down across my bottom with sharp, stinging little blows whenever I failed to execute her order quickly enough.

It kept me from thinking, really. It made me anxious to move exactly as directed and as fast as possible!

They made me sit on my heels again, back arched, hands free but fingers interlinked behind my neck, knees spread, and the dildo inside me. Then Ms. Ford ordered me not to move as she and Mistress Grace tormented me with their fingers, lips and tongues to the point I was trembling and shaking despite myself!

My clitoris felt so swollen it would burst, and yet they only lightly brushed their fingers across it! And all the while they whispered in my ear, their lips often mouthing my earlobes, their teeth nibbling lightly.

"Sex slave!"

"Slave girl!"

"You love big black cocks!"

"Blonde slut!"

"Fuck toy!"

"Imagine a big black cock deep inside your belly!"

"Slave bitch!"

And then the man was back!

I froze like cold water had been tossed on the inferno within me!

Only... the flames were so hot it wasn't enough to completely douse them! Especially as they continued whispering, continued touching, stroking, caressing, and nibbling.

They were as naked as me, and kneeling right with me. That gave me a strange sense of not being alone, of just being one of several, if you catch my drift. I didn't even try to cover my body even though my face burned!

And then Ms. Ford got up, picked up the leash, and jerked on it, almost sending me falling over onto my side. I caught myself and

found I was on all fours, then at a slap on the bottom from Mistress Grace, I lurched forward. The next thing I knew I was crawling! And so as the man sat back and sipped from a glass of some dark liquid, I crawled naked on a leash before him, my breasts swaying below me!

Then another tug and I was crawling again, still kind of stunned, my body thrumming with sexual energy, horribly self-conscious, but with my skin crackling with a growing charge of sexual electricity.

She led me over to where Grace sat on the edge of an ottoman, legs spread. She gathered in my hair and pulled my mouth in against her pussy.

"Lick my pussy, slave bitch!" she growled.

I almost instinctively started even before I could feel another rush of squirmy embarrassment at her words! And then, well, I didn't stop!

I felt Ms. Ford's hands caressing my buttocks, then spreading my thighs. I felt her fingers on my pussy, felt them caressing my clitoris as she began to pump the dildo in and out.

And I knew he was watching every second of it!

I know my heart is in good condition because it was pounding so wildly I'm sure I would have wound up in hospital otherwise!

"Lick harder, slut," Ms. Grace ordered.

Crack! Ms. Ford slapped my bottom.

"You heard her, sex slave!" she said sternly.

I gasped and licked harder then gasped again as she shoved the dildo so deep inside me it felt like the head was jammed against my cervix!

She moved away, then, briefly, while Mistress Grace reached down and fondled my breast.

"Sexy little fuck toy," she said in a teasing voice. "Blonde sex machine!"

Ms. Ford returned and I felt her finger against my wrinkled back passage. Then something else pushed against me there. I gasped but kept licking as it pushed deeper and deeper. It definitely felt like one of those plug things again! It got wider and wider as she turned and twisted it, then abruptly narrowed.

"Lick harder, slave," Mistress Grace taunted, fingering my nipple.

"Courtney the sex slave," Ms. Ford said in the same teasing voice as she rubbed my clitoris.

"Courtney, the blonde slave bitch," Mistress Grace said with a bit of a growl in her voice.

"Courtney, the white slave girl who loves big black cocks," Ms. Ford said in the same tone.

Crack!

I gasped at the sharp slap to my bottom.

"Isn't that true, slave girl?"

Crack!

"Answer!"

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

I cried out as she tugged back on my hair and roughly squeezed my right breast.

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

"Mistress!" I gasped. "Mistress!"

All of this would have been dark, wicked, and thrilling with just us here. Doing it while this man, this big, powerful-looking man watched was insane! It made every single thing I did and said and everything they did and said seem so much more shocking and outrageous! Not to mention more embarrassing!

I felt the dildo pumping in and out as she and Mistress Grace kneaded my breasts and Ms. Ford released my hair. Mistress Grace grabbed it and drew my mouth in against her pussy once again and I started to lick!

"Nasty little blonde girl," she said.

"Such a bad girl!" Ms. Ford said, slapping my bottom again.

"She probably deserves a spanking," Mistress Grace said.

"She definitely deserves a spanking for being such a bad girl," Ms. Ford agreed.

I felt the pull of the collar again as Mistress Grace released my hair. Ms. Ford pulled me back and away, then made me crawl across the floor again. And this time we headed right for where Grace's husband sat, watching me carefully, unemotionally, calmly.

I got less calm the closer we got to him, though!

I gasped as Ms. Ford pulled up on the leash, forcing me upright on my knees right next to him. Then she pulled the leash forward so I was drawn up and toward him, and then right across his lap!

"You should punish this blonde slave girl, Sebastian," Ms. Ford said. "She's been very naughty."

I shuddered and then gasped as I felt his large hands on my back, felt them sliding up and down across my soft skin. It felt as if I couldn't breathe as they caressed my skin, then slid along my side and over my hip. His big hand then coasted up and around and down until he was caressing my buttocks!

Looking back on it, I'm amazed that it barely even occurred to me to think that, well, I could just get up and leave! Or even just say no! He wasn't even holding the leash. And my hands weren't bound! I could just get off and say "No, thank you."

But in part that was because I had no idea what I wanted to happen! I was terribly self-conscious in front of him, but the touch of his hands on my body was rapidly heating me right back up to where I'd been before!

"Have you been a naughty girl?" he asked.

Who was he talking to!? Was it me!? Was I supposed to answer him!? Talk to him!? How could I do that!?

His hand coasted up along my hip, up along my side and along my ribs, his fingers less than an inch from the side of my throbbing

breast!

"Answer him, blonde girl!" Ms. Ford snapped.

I yelped as a hand that was too soft to be his slapped my bottom.

"Speak!"

"Ah! Please!" I croaked.

"Please what? Are you going to apologize for being a naughty girl?"

Crack!

"Ah! Yes!" I cried.

I can't believe this is happening! I thought wildly.

"Say it!"

"I-I'm... I'm sorry for being... being... a naughty girl," I gulped.

His hand slid back down and lightly kneaded my buttocks. It was such a big hand! And it was most definitely a masculine hand, which seemed quite different from the women who had been touching me lately!

His other hand slid up and down my spine and into my hair, his fingers sliding through my soft, blonde tresses.

"Her hair is like silk," he sighed.

And then his left hand slid back and down and under my ribs and cupped and squeezed my breast! It felt like my breast suddenly exploded with sensation! A raw explosive heat seemed to flood out from it and into my chest and then down my body to make my pussy squeeze down convulsively around the big dildo inside me!

"You've been a naughty little slave, haven't you?" he demanded.

"Y-Yes... sir!?" I squeaked.

This was so embarrassing! All three of them looking down at me like that!

His hand slid down my bottom and I felt his fingers rubbing at the little base of the butt-plug that stuck out of me.

"The correct term for a slave girl to use," he said as his fingers slid down to press lightly against the base of the dildo, "Is... Master."

I gasped as he rubbed my clitoris and an instant jolt of pure heat jumped from there into my brain! Master? That was so fucking kinky and dark!

A moment later he wrapped an inch-thick length of hair around his finger and tugged it sharply enough to make me cry out.

"Say it, slave girl."

He tugged it again, then slapped my bottom.

"Ah! Master!" I yelped.

Crack! He slapped harder.

"Louder."

"Master!" I cried.

His fingers returned to rubbing my clitoris as he used his thumb to push against the base of the dildo.

"Apologize for being a naughty slave girl," he said.

"I-I'm... s-sorry for being a... a naughty slave girl... Master!" I gulped.

I felt him slide the dildo slowly back out of me, then push it in again.

"Are you going to be a good little bitch?" he asked.

"Y-Yes, Master!" I squeaked.

Crack!

"Ahh!"

"Tell me you'll be a good little blonde bitch."

"I'll be a good little blonde bitch, Master!" I gasped.

He began to pump the dildo in and out and I moaned as he thrust harder and faster, my body starting to tremble with the sudden explosive rise of heat and need!

"You see, ladies? You don't need to be too harsh on pretty little blonde slave girls. They just have to learn what's wanted from them. They're always eager to please," I heard him say.

I felt his other hand kneading my breast and gulped in air, my hips grinding back against the dildo as he pumped it in and out.

He drew the dildo out completely and rubbed it up and down along my overheated pussy.

"I want you to get down on the floor on your hands and knees, slave girl," he said, giving me a little push.

I slid off him and onto the floor and he reached over and slapped my bottom, but lightly.

"In the middle of the floor, slave."

I crawled a few feet away, my breathing rough and ragged, my hair spilling over my face as I hung my head low. I could sense and hear him moving but my own hair acted like a curtain to block my vision. I raised my head up and back, trying to toss it aside as he knelt behind me.

His hand pushed between my thighs and his fingers rubbed up and down against me.

"Tell me you love black cock."

"I-I love black cock, Master!" I gulped.

"Now beg me to use this blonde slave whore's body."

God! This was such weird, dark, and nasty language! It was embarrassing! But it was also so edgy and hot that it made my chest tighten even further!

"Please... use this blonde slave whore's body, Master!" I moaned.

I felt him rubbing up and down against me. It didn't feel like his fingers either! And it didn't feel like the dildo! I could hear my pulse and heart both racing as pressure mounted and then he forced me open, the spongy head of his cock pushing into my body as I knelt trembling in place.

I shuddered and moaned as he pushed deeper and deeper, his big, male hands alighting on my hips as he began to pump. Grace settled onto her knees on my right and Ms. Ford on my left, then their hands pushed in under me to grasp and knead my hanging breasts.

"Slave slut!" Ms. Ford whispered into my ear as her lips caught my earlobe between them.

"Sex slave!" Grace whispered into the other ear, kissing her way along the nape of my neck.

One of them slid their hand up under my hip and her fingers found my clitoris. My hips bucked back as I cried out in dazed pleasure and heat. The heat was just... scalding! My hips were rolling and grinding back, or trying to, as the guy drove his cock deeper and deeper!

When the head jammed deep inside me and his hips were pressed firmly against my buttocks I cried out and began to thrust back at him with growing need. He started to thrust into me at the same time, doubling the impact as his hips struck my buttocks.

"Slave bitch!" Ms. Ford whispered into my ear.

"Slave whore!" Grace whispered into the other.

My body was rocking forward and back now as his hips slapped against me and his hands jerked me back. I was in a state of feverish hunger and heat, my whole body pulsing and thrumming with sexual energy and pressure.

He gripped my arms then and yanked them back and out from under me, holding them along my hips as he thrust harder. Someone gripped my hair to hold my head up and back as the two women continued to kiss, nibble, and mouth the skin of my neck shoulders, and ears.

"Slave animal!"

"Slave slut!"

"Blonde whore!"

"White slave!"

"Sex slave!"

"Fuck toy!"

I came, crying out again and again, crying out in animal pleasure, half out of my mind with the intensity of the pleasure tearing through my body as he hammered himself against me! My whole body was shaking wildly now from the force of his hips striking me and his hands yanking me back to meet his next stroke!

Grace let go of my hair and moved away, and my head fell forward, then began to kind of... bounce in time to my movements as he continued to ride me hard and fast! I whimpered and moaned and gasped and cried out as he held my wrists in an iron grip to yank me backward to meet every thrust!

He brought my wrists up and back behind me, crossed them so he could hold them in one hand, and then used the other to roughly squeeze and knead one of my breasts before grabbing my hair and yanking it up and back.

Grace was kneeling beside me again, squeezing one of my breasts. She had the dildo in hand and pushed the head into my mouth.

"Suck that black cock, white girl!" she taunted.

I moaned and dazedly obeyed.

"Lick it!"

"You know you love sucking black cock!" Grace growled.

Ms. Ford pumped the thick cock in and out, pushing it deeper and deeper as the guy, Sebastian, continued to roughly yank me back to meet every stroke!

"This bitch's cunt is warm and tight and wet!" he growled.

"Well, you know," Grace said. "She's a blonde. And blondes don't need brains."

Her voice hardened. "So fuck her whore brains out, Sebastien!"

The continuous jarring of my body grew worse, so the shaking and jerking me back and forth were making it feel as if my brain was wobbling! Not that I would probably be able to think straight anyway with the enormity of what was happening!

Another orgasm seemed to be rapidly building up as I wallowed in the passion and heat, trembling and moaning and jerking in time to his mighty thrusts. It was all melting my mind, and threatening to melt my very bones!

Mistress Grace was pumping the dildo in my mouth now and it felt really bizarre and dark to be sucking and licking at it! But hey, that was entirely in keeping with all the dark, nasty, wicked stuff Ms. Ford had introduced me to!

"Wrap your lips around that black cock and suck, blonde girl," Grace whispered into my ear. "You know you love it, you dirty girl!"

I did! I just wished it was real! The thought of having another black man here in front of me was unavoidable, and also undeniably hot!

Another orgasm slammed into me and I started to cry out in crazed pleasure. But Grace pushed the dildo deeper and the head slipped into my throat! She kept pushing, and I wasn't able to twist free given how screwed up my thinking was! The dildo slid straight through my lips, across my tongue, and then, as he continued to hold my head up and back, right down my throat!

I gurgled in dazed confusion, trying to pull myself back, but of course, my head was already being held back and my buttocks were being pounded by Sebastian's hips! The dildo ached going down my throat, but it was certainly slick and malleable to a degree, and it slid down inch by inch until the base was right there flat with my lips!

It stopped my cries of pleasure, and again I gurgled and wallowed in the eruption of raw, carnal euphoria tearing through my body! What else could possibly compare to this!? What else could be better!? More important!? What more could any girl want!?

"Sex toy!"

"Slave bitch!"

The two women bit into the nape of my neck on each side as their fingers kneaded my breasts, and Ms. Ford's fingers continued to rapidly stroke across my burning clitoris! The orgasm reached a crescendo that might have knocked me unconscious if I wasn't already halfway there!

I couldn't breathe at all due to the thickness of the dildo in my throat, but that was kind of a secondary consideration. It couldn't match the incredible pleasure, the ecstasy of the pleasure that had overwhelmed my mind!

Then Grace slid the dildo out of my throat and whoever was holding my hair released it. My head fell forward to bob bonelessly as my body continued to be pounded by Sebastian and his big cock.

I heard him gasping and cursing and then he drove his cock into me with a series of brutal thrusts that made me cry out again and again before burying his cock in my body and then slowly withdrawing it.

"Bitch's cunt sucked me dry," he groaned.

"Wait till her mouth does it," Ms. Ford said.

Mistress Grace laughed.

They lowered me to my elbows, which collapsed, and then to my face on the floor. I just groaned and gulped in air as they pulled my wrists up and back behind me, raising them up higher and higher toward my shoulder blades. I moaned weakly as I felt the ropes going around my arms, drawing them in closer together even as another rope went around my wrists to bind them tight.

Sebastian moved back to the sofa and sat down as they finished tying me tight. I felt something a little too slender to be the dildo pushed up inside me. Then it started to vibrate and I flinched and jerked helplessly.

"Crawl over to Sebastien and thank him for fucking your blonde whore body," Ms. Ford ordered.

A few seconds later she retrieved the riding crop from wherever it had been and snapped it down across my buttocks. I squealed and kind of dropped onto my side there on the floor.

"Obey!" she ordered, brandishing the crop.

I moaned and tried to rise but she put her foot against my side to shove me down again.

"Crawl on your belly, slut!"

Chest still heaving, I began to wriggle across the carpet to where Sebastian sat as she followed, holding the crop up.

"Th-Thank you for... thank you for fucking my blonde whore body... Master!" I gasped.

Yes, it was sick and outrageous but I had embraced that sick, kinky outrageousness, so this was just another heady dose of the same mixture.

Ms. Ford leaned over and snapped the flat leather tip of the crop against my nipple several times fast.

"Show him how grateful you are, you lazy blonde slut!"

She had used the same words before on me and I shuddered for I knew what she wanted. Moaning, I stretched my head out and licked at his shoe. That brought another stinging blow from the crop.

"Face down, ass high, slave!" she ordered.

Panting for breath, and sweating, I managed to roll onto my knees, then shift them back as I stretched my upper body out. My swollen, tender breasts pillowed out against the carpet as I raised my hips and spread my legs. Almost immediately, I felt the tip of the crop rubbing against my clitoris as I began to lick his shoe.

Then Grace moved over, put her foot on my left hip, and shoved so I fell over onto my side. Sebastian raised his shoe and pressed the bottom down against my face, down against my mouth.

"Keep licking, slave," he growled.

I felt hands on my legs, rolling me further, onto my back. Then my legs were spread. I felt fingers at my clitoris and shuddered as I licked the bottom of his shoe. The vibrator pulled back and out and then the tip began to rub against my clitoris as three fingers pushed into me and pumped and twisted.

"Lick harder, slut," Ms. Ford ordered, bringing the tip of the crop whipping down against my right nipple.

I cried out in pain and licked much harder as he moved the bottom of his shoe across my mouth! Meanwhile, the fingers inside me seemed to increase in number, stretching my pussy wider. I moaned and gasped as I felt myself stretched wider and wider, the mouth of my sex aching!

And then her hand, it felt like, her whole hand slid into my pussy! I cried out in dazed disbelief, my lower body twisting and writhing until my legs were pinned in place. The hand turned slowly inside me while the fingers wriggled and shifted and rubbed against the soft, slick walls of my sex.

Then they pushed deeper and I felt my pussy lips sliding up her wrist! I was in such shock I was hardly paying attention to the foot rubbing against my mouth, and was kind of licking it automatically. He pulled his foot back and bent over, gripping one upper arm and my hair, then dragged me up and around onto my side, then onto my front, my knees on the floor again as he pulled my upper body up and in between his legs.

He undid his pants and unzipped them, then pulled out a large, mostly soft cock. He gripped my hair and dragged my face up and forward, then rubbed it against his crotch.

"Hot, sexy little white slut," he growled.

The hand in my pussy was still twisting and turning, but now the fingers were being slowly pulled in against the palm of Grace's hand. It was she on my left side that had her hand inside me while Ms. Ford kneaded one of my breasts and held the vibrator against my clitoris!

Another orgasm tore through me and convulsions wracked my body as Grace twisted and pumped her hand inside me and Ms. Ford rubbed my clitoris with the vibrator. The fingers inside me curled in to form a fist and the fist pushed deeper, then began to slowly pump in and out.

Sebastian wrapped my hair around his fist and pushed his pants down further, then guided my mouth down onto his balls. I sucked and licked them as he also reached down to squeeze one of my breasts, operating mostly on instinct because my mind was so overwhelmed by it all.

I sucked his big balls into my mouth, licking and sucking and massaging them against the roof of my mouth. Then I licked my way up his cock to the underside of the head before pulling the head into my mouth to suck and lick it.

Sebastian began to harden and I bobbed up and down on him, taking him deeper and deeper as he pulled down on my hair. Meanwhile, Grace's fist was thrusting into me harder and faster and making my entire body shudder and shake, my hips pulled back, then jerked forward in time to her thrusts as Ms. Ford played the vibrator back and forth over my clitoris!

I sobbed as I came again, breathless, mind blown, gulping in air to cry it out again until someone pushed my head down so Sebastian's big cock slid down my throat. I wrapped my lips around the base, moaning and gurgling as my lower body jerked and spasmed to the fist pumping back and forth inside me. Not to mention that powerful vibrator!

Grace and Ms. Ford taunted me as I came.

"Slave slut!"

"Slave animal!"

"Slave bitch!"

"Slave whore!"

Black dots danced before my eyes and my chest was burning before he pulled my mouth back up and let me breathe. I gasped for breath as they all shifted me backward, then he slid onto his knees on the carpet and took my hair. He pushed his cock back into my drooling mouth and drove it down my throat before starting to pump himself in and out.

I gurgled dazedly, weakly, as his slick cock pumped in and out of my mouth and throat. He drove himself in to the balls with every thrust, which I know because they were slapping against my chin! Not that I cared! I was enveloped in a bright, glittering rush of light and sensation that felt like rapture!

The only reason I wasn't bouncing and wriggling all over the floor was because they had such tight control of me. And the only reason I wasn't screaming like an animal was the cock blocking my throat.

I was so stunned by it all that even when Grace pulled her fist out of me and shoved the vibrator back inside, and Sebastian pulled his cock out of my throat and set my chin back on the floor I just stared ahead with glazed, sightless eyes.

He moved behind me and pulled the butt-plug thing out then drove his big cock down into my tight ass and began to make use of it. I was too out of it to care. I was still twitching, my muscles still spasming and my mind was still too stunned by it all for much self-awareness.

Only when Sebastian pulled me upright by the hair, then drew his arm across my neck to hold me there before reaching down to roughly finger my clitoris did I really respond.

I came again, gurgling and moaning and sobbing and shaking violently.

"Sex slave!"

"Slave whore!"

"Slave bitch!"

I didn't care. I would gladly be all of that for the seething passion and incredible rush of heat and pleasure they were giving me. What did pride or dignity or inhibitions matter compared to that!?

END

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This is the fourth 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.