

Courtney at the Office

By JJ Argus



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Smashwords edition

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

I wouldn't call my family conservative, but they were kind of, well, old-fashioned, in a lot of ways. They definitely believed in traditional behavior and modest clothing for girls. I grew up in the suburbs and went to schools full of kids with similar parents.

The schools themselves, though, were kind of, well, fashionably liberal in a lot of ways. They certainly were in frowning on any sort of 'bullying', which included even simple insults, or even 'looks'. There was zero tolerance for fighting or violence of any kind.

Discipline was enforced through time-outs, extra homework, detention, and through lectures and talks to explain to us how we were straying from proper behavior. Not to mention why it was bad to hurt other students' feelings. Or to damage school property. Or to fail to do homework.

The idea of spanking us would never have entered the minds of any of the teachers, guidance counselors, coaches, or office staff! Not in a million years! Corporal punishment was a relic of history and was very bad for children's development!

Of course... I wasn't a child any longer...

Similarly, the teachers and school board believed strongly in universal brotherhood and the equality of men and women and people of all races, ethnicities, and religions. That our school had very few minorities was explained away as a relic of history from when white people had fled to the suburbs rather than have their children attend schools with black kids.

When I asked my mom about that she said it was before her time, but that her own parents were of the firm belief that black people tended to be kind of violent. She needn't have explained that since it was a fairly obvious and consciously ignored part of our society. At least it was according to the official statistics nobody ever brought up or dared talk about.

But hey, I'm taking sociology classes at college, so you come across stuff. Even if you don't mention them or bring them up.

So the first time I saw Ms. Ford, who was a foot taller than my five foot nothing, had a short, mannish, flat-top haircut, and was scowling angrily at me I was afraid she'd hit me. I told myself soon after that that was a terrible thing to think and based on racist clichés and stereotypes!

Before very long, of course, she'd started hitting me!

Not in any particularly angry or cruel fashion, though. Not in the way I had feared. Not in the way my mother had talked about. Nor even the statistics. Let's just say, though, that if Ms. Ford were a teacher, corporal punishment would be back in place, and used quite a bit!

My bottom had been turned quite red by the end of the day! Though, not as red, perhaps, as my face had been from the scalding, shocking heat and excitement she'd brought upon me. Me, a straight girl who'd never really had much to do with girls!

But Ms. Ford had quickly managed to tighten my chest, made my knees tremble, and filled me with the kind of feverish passion and wicked excitement I'd not have believed possible. Maybe that was because, unlike the several guys I'd slept with, she actually knew (intimately) her way around the female body.

And mind!

Ms. Ford had quickly figured out how to mind-fuck a naïve blonde girl from the suburbs and turn her into a puddle of half-melted goo at her feet with dark, edgy, thrilling sexual games I had only barely

heard of and never imagined taking part in. Those games had... enthralled me! And the pleasure they'd brought had addicted me!

And if I have to say it again, she was able to do this even though I'm a straight girl!

Or at least I've always thought of myself as straight.

So when she introduced a man into her dark and wicked games I had been astounded by the level of dark hunger that they'd roused in me! And they didn't do it by being sweet and kind and gentle and flattering, let me tell you that! Oh no! Not them!

They did it by treating me as if I was a sex slave! They pretended I was one and they made me pretend it too! And they played it so well that at times in my mind, that dark, wicked, scalding fantasy became almost real! I don't mean that I actually thought of myself as a slave. But it became really easy to let the fantasy surround me and wallow in it!

It was so edgy! So raw and wild and outrageous! But it had so many good parts to it, and I'm not just talking about the rough, hot sex! It sort of gave me this weird idea in my head that nothing was my fault. I mean, I wasn't so much a slut for doing something as I would have otherwise because, hey, I was a sex slave and sex slaves had no choice!

I had no 'agency' as they'd say at school. And thus, no responsibility! I made no decisions! I only obeyed!

That was part of why I thought it was so hot. I could go against all the inhibitions that filled me, against all the sense of pride and dignity and decorum I had learned, and do things that were utterly undignified and degrading. And rather than having that upset me it would actually turn me on because it brought my mind closer to the delicious sexual fantasy of being a sex slave.

I mean, she made me crawl naked on the fucking floor! Can you believe that!? I'd never have crawled on the floor for any boyfriend! Of course, she was way older, way more sophisticated, a senior vice president at the company I'd just joined, and, well, scary hot! It also didn't seem quite so bad since she was a girl.

Sebastian is not a girl!

Sebastian is Mistress Grace's husband! Who the fuck is Mistress Grace? She was a slender, beautiful black woman just this side of thirty with shoulder-length black hair and a very nice body. Like Ms. Ford, she was black, though not quite as dark. Sebastian was darker still, and he was even more scary hot than Ms. Ford!

I'd been introduced to him while I was naked, and that had been mortifying! He'd been wearing an expensive suit and there I was naked with a dildo protruding from my pussy! And he'd fucking pounded me! God, he'd ridden me into a screaming, sobbing meltdown, ramming his cock into me hard and fast until I ached!

And lost my mind!

I went home that night sore and shell-shocked at what had happened, with the echo of the dark passion and explosive orgasms still rattling around in my head. Even as I walked through the door to my little, shared apartment.

My roommate Ashley worked evenings, so I never had to warn her about coming home late. We hardly ever saw each other since I

went to bed around when she got home and then she went to bed a little later and was still asleep when I woke up.

I got undressed and took a long, hot shower, my mind still completely focused on the shocking, wild, wicked, outrageous things I'd done that evening. Or really, had done to me by the others. I felt alternately cringing at some memories, and proud of others.

I had deep-throated a man's cock for the first time! That was quite the achievement! It made me feel somewhat more sophisticated sexually instead of a hapless virgin compared to Ms. Ford and the others.

After the shower I brushed out my hair, wincing a bit as I patted my scalp. Everyone had used my hair like some kind of handle or leash to pull me around! Mind you, that had been hot, especially when Sebastian was pounding me from behind!

When my hair was dried I kind of stepped back from the counter and admired myself in the mirror, seeing me and my body the way they had seen me, posing as they had posed me. They all seemed to think I was super sexy. And they were all very flattering about my breasts, which were nice and full but still round and firm.

Ms. Ford had been the first person who really knew how to treat them! She had made love to them, sucking and licking and stroking my nipples until they burned! She should give classes to guys!

I'd had soooo many orgasms at their hands! And yet, rather than sating me, it had only addicted me to more! They were so much more powerful, so much more intense than the ones I had given myself. And no guy, until Sebastian, had managed even that much.

And who knew what would happen tomorrow?

*

As a new admin who was there to fill in for people who were sick or on vacation, I was sent wherever they had a need. I was assigned to a Ms. Wilson's office the next morning so went to the forty-first floor, opened the outer door, then put my purse down, and pushed open the half-open door to the inner office to introduce myself.

It was Grace! The woman Ms. Ford had introduced me to!

"Well, well, if it isn't our little blonde sex slave," she said, her voice a kind of feral purr. "Come here, blonde girl."

"I-I'm looking for... for Ms. Wilson," I gulped.

"That's me, blonde girl. And no, this is not a coincidence. Now get your little white butt over here. Wait! Lock the door."

God! I could already feel my heart thumping, could already feel my chest tightening! I had only been introduced to her the other evening and just thought of her as Ms. Ford's friend. Of course, she had taken part in the same dark, kinky games and treated me as a sex slave too. That had been the first shock of the night.

Before her husband had shown up!

I went around to her desk, feeling nervous and uncertain.

"Take off your clothes."

I gasped, feeling a dark thrill of excitement and fear simultaneously!

"Uhm uh... I uh!"

I turned and looked anxiously at the door.

"You belong to me today, slut," she growled. "Do you want me to tell Ms. Ford you were a bad girl and that she needs to punish you?"

"N-N-No Ms. Wilson!" I gulped.

"Strip!"

I self-consciously removed my clothes, my pulse racing.

"Feet apart, hands behind your head. Let me look at you."

I posed as she ordered, my mind squirming, my nipples hard as she walked slowly around me. I gasped and flinched at a slap to my bottom.

"Nice little ass," she said.

She came around in front again and I licked my lips nervously.

"You, are an adulterous whore," she growled.

I blinked in surprise. That wasn't an accusation anyone had ever made to me before.

"You fucked my husband, bitch!"

"I... you... it wasn't my idea!" I protested.

"And what's that got to do with anything?"

"But you were there! You were –!"

"What has THAT got to do with anything? You slept with another woman's husband. Therefore, you are an adulteress!"

I mean, well, technically, I supposed I was, but the accusation certainly didn't seem fair coming from her! She'd been kneeling beside me while he fucked me and groping my breasts!

"I've decided to punish you, blonde girl. I know how you white girls love to have big black cocks inside you, but you need to be taught a lesson in keeping your lips off black man's cocks."

She ran her hands over my breasts, rolling and fingering my nipples, then slipped one down my body to finger my clitoris.

"Apologize," she ordered in a soft voice.

"I-I'm sorry," I gulped.

"Say I'm sorry for fucking your husband."

"I'm sorry for fucking your husband, Ms. Wilson," I said.

"Say I'm sorry for swallowing your husband's big black cock and gulping down his come like a whore," she said, her voice hardening.

I felt my face redden, felt my chest tightening.

"I'm sorry for swallowing your husband's big black cock and gulping down his come like a whore, Ms. Wilson," I squeaked.

She reached back to her desk and picked up what looked like a stainless steel egg. She did something to it, then brought it down against my pussy. It was buzzing and vibrating, and I gulped as she rubbed it up and down along the tight little line of my sex.

"Apologize for being a filthy little blonde slut," she growled.

"I'm sorry for being a filthy little blonde slut, Ms. Wilson," I squeaked as she began to push the egg up inside me. I felt it slowly spreading me wider and wider. It might only be an egg but an egg is thicker than most men's cocks. This certainly was!

Fortunately, I had already begun to get wet, and she pushed it gently enough that it slowly pushed up inside me, lodging halfway in as she brought her thumb up against my clitoris.

"You slutty white girls all love that black cock, don't you, bitch. Let me hear you say how much you love black cock."

"I-I love black cock, Ms. Wilson," I moaned.

She pushed the egg deeper and deeper until it disappeared inside me. Then she slipped her fingers in to push it deeper still.

"Dirty little blonde girl," she said, leaning in to nibble lightly on the nape of my neck. "Sexy little fuck toy. Nasty little slave girl."

She slid her hand up behind my neck.

"Bend forward. Keep your hands behind your neck."

She had me bend forward over her desk but pushed back from it so just my arms and head were on the desk with my breasts dangling freely below me.

"I'm going to do something about that hungry pussy of yours, white girl," she said.

She moved behind me but I couldn't see what she was doing. Then she dropped a length of rope down onto the floor while holding the end in her hand. I wasn't surprised since Ms. Ford had tied me up herself. But Ms. Wilson doubled up on the rope, then tied a pair of loops in it for some reason. Since they were close together I figured they were for my wrists.

They weren't!

Instead, she brought the rope up underneath me and worked the two loops of rope up around my breasts! I was baffled by this, at first, but Ms. Ford had kind of conditioned me to be silent and not ask questions or risk getting a stinging slap on my bottom.

She worked the loops up until they were pressed against my ribs, then drew them up around behind my back before tightening them. I felt the ropes starting to dig into my soft, malleable flesh almost immediately, and my heart beat faster and faster as she carefully closed the loops more and more.

"Straighten up, slut."

I gulped and straightened up to find my breasts pushing out taut and firm before me like two round balls! She loosened the rope just a bit.

"Don't want them too tight," she said as if to herself.

She tied the rope behind me as I fought not to squirm. Because unlike the rope Ms. Ford used this rope was scratchy, itchy, uncomfortable hemp! Ms. Wilson drew the double line down along my spine, down between my buttocks, and then she pulled it between my thighs and brought it up along my pussy to just below my belly button.

She put her thumb under it, then fed it up across my right hip, around my back, then out in front across my left hip before cinching it together with the other rope. Then... she tightened it. I gasped and moaned and wriggled as the ropes pulled up in between the lips of my sex in front. But worse, there was a knot tied in them, and that pushed up sharply against my wrinkled little back opening!

"Thought I'd forgotten you let my husband fuck you in the ass, didn't you, slut?"

"But it wasn't my idea!" I protested.

Crack!

"Did you say no?"

"N-No!"

"Whore! Do you let any black man fuck you in the ass if they want to?!"

"But... but...!"

"Don't talk to me. I'm disgusted with your sluttish behavior!"

This was so outrageously unfair I knew it was just part of her and Ms. Ford's kinky games, but it still made me feel frustrated at being unfairly accused!

"Put your hands down, bitch."

I obeyed and she took a length of twine from her desk. Like the rope, it was hemp, the rough brown kind with little bits sticking up all around its length.

"Stand up straight," she barked.

I gulped and drew my shoulders back and she tied the twine to the top of the rope surrounding my right breast. She pulled it down, then tied a tiny loop in it and placed that right around my very erect pink nipple! Then she drew it down and tied it to the bottom of the rope. She didn't tug the loop super tight, but it was tight enough to be gently squeezing my nipple in a very scratchy and uncomfortable fashion!

She tied another cord down across my right breast, and again, looped it around my nipple before tying it off.

Finally, she went to a side table and returned with a box, opening it and pulling out a pair of black stockings.

"Put these on, slut."

They were very dark, and I carefully slid them up my legs to my thighs. Then she had me put on a pleated black skirt that was... quite short. If it wasn't a mini it was the next best thing! It kind of shone like silk but I was pretty sure it was some kind of polyester or microfiber.

"Here."

She gave me a black sweater and, doubtful and confused, I pulled it down over my head and down my body. It fell to my hips, covering half the skirt.

My boobs were kind of sticking out because of the ropes squeezing around the base, but not super far. And the sweater was heavy enough and dark enough that after examining it, she seemed satisfied.

"All right, now let me explain this job. "Put your shoes back on, bitch, and let's get to work."

I gulped and slipped my black high heels on again and she then started to act like this was an office and explain to me what she expected of me as if everything was normal.

Almost. The only real difference was that instead of calling me Ms. Sutherland she'd call me 'slut' or 'bitch' or 'whore'.

"You understand this, slut?"

"Yes, Ms. Wilson."

"Do you know how to use Word, Slut?"

"Yes, Ms. Wilson."

"Now go out front and turn on the computer and get to work, bitch."

I was more than slightly wrung out as I left her office. Although it wasn't super tight the rope was already digging into my tender places in a way that was making them itchy and sore. I mean, there was no more tender a place than my pussy and the ropes were up in between my pussy lips!

And it got worse when I sat down! Because I had to sit on the knot which pushed right up into my ass! I mean, not really in, but maybe halfway inside me! I also felt the pressure of the rope against my tailbone! How long was she going to make me wear this!? Surely it wouldn't be long! I'd go crazy!

I tried to focus on the work, but it was awfully hard! My nipples were soon driving me crazy! They were so itchy and getting more and more sore!

After about twenty minutes I was wriggling and squirming and moaning helplessly when Ms. Wilson came out of her office with an envelope in her hand.

"Take this envelope to Mr. Washington in 3740," she ordered.

"You want me to go outside like this!?" I gulped.

"Like what? You look perfectly presentable to me. No one is going to look at you and know you're a filthy slut."

I flushed and my mind squirmed.

"Go!"

I took the envelope and left the office, walking awkwardly with the way the ropes were digging into my pussy. Not to mention I wasn't wearing a bra! The ropes did provide some support by squeezing my breasts out, but they still moved. What was worse, the little cords felt even tighter around my nipples!

I was maybe ten seconds out the door and heading for the elevator when the little buzzing egg inside me suddenly got a lot more powerful! I gasped, almost falling against the wall because of how startled I was! I instinctively squeezed my thighs together and my hand shot down to grab myself, but neither made any difference!

I cursed softly and made my way to the elevators, pressed the button, and waited, trying not to show anything was amiss. Other people were in the hall and I know very well as a pretty young blonde I get noticed a lot. I didn't have to look around to know eyes were on me!

I got on the elevator, which was crowded, and fought desperately not to tremble or shake or squirm as I rode it down to the thirty-seventh floor. The egg had slid down so it was nestled right at the entrance to my sex, held in place by the rope. And that put it right in behind my clitoris!

The fucking elevator stopped at every floor! I was ready to scream!

I got off on thirty-seven and headed up the hall, looking for 3740. When I found it I knocked and then turned the knob. It was another big-shot's office, which didn't surprise me. That meant there was a desk out front for the admin assistant. This one was a man, a black man a few years older than me, with, a flat-top haircut.

"Uhm, I have an envelope for Mr. Washington," I gulped.

"Go right in."

That surprised me, but he just grinned at me and I turned doubtfully for the inner door. I knocked, then opened it and stepped inside.

"I have an envelope for you, Mr. Washington," I said.

He turned around and I gasped. It was Sebastian!

He grinned and reached out to pull me into the room, letting the door close behind me, then led me by the wrist across to a small, square table.

"But... I-I thought you were Ms. Wilson's husband?!" I gulped.

"She still uses her maiden name... slave girl."

He released my wrist, gripped the sweater, and casually peeled it up and over my head before I could even think to stop him. I gasped and instinctively covered my breasts with my arms and he laughed in amusement. Then he undid the skirt and let it drop to the floor.

"Well now, here's a pretty little white slave girl all tied up in bows for me," he said. "Would you like me to unwrap your gorgeous, sexy body, slave?"

He didn't wait for an answer but turned me around and bent me across the table. He quickly undid the knots and I moaned in relief as the rope around my waist went slack. He pulled it down and gently eased it out from between the lips of my sex, then tugged the knot out of my ass!

In short order, he had undone even the twine around my nipples and I was starting to feel an incredible amount of relief!

He lifted me up and sat me on the edge of his table, then pushed me back so I was laying back, lifting my legs and spreading them out wide to either side.

Then he opened a drawer and took out a kind of leather strap, going around to the other side of the desk. He wrapped it around my right wrist, tugging it tightly, then pulled it out to the corner of the table, then down somewhere below to attach it to the leg.

"Wh-what are you doing?!" I gasped.

"Whatever I want," he said. "You're a sex slave, after all."

He pulled my other wrist out to the other side, and that slid my body up so that my shoulders were basically even with the edge of the table before he fastened the strap in place. Naturally, when my shoulders were even with the edge of the table that left nothing to support my head, which fell back upside down.

I gasped as I stared across the upside-down room.

"M-Mister Washington!" I moaned.

"Call me Master."

I felt him lift my right ankle up and pull it wide, then slip another strap around my ankle and fasten it to the far corner. I moaned as he lifted my left ankle up and began to spread that leg wide, too.

"Oh! Oh! Not so wide!" I gasped.

"Slaves don't give directions, blonde girl," he said.

I gasped and winced as he spread my legs achingly wide! They weren't perfectly flat against the table or I'd be doing the splits, but it was pretty close!

"And you forgot to say master," he added.

I squeaked as he pinched my nipples and gave them sharp twists!

"Master!" I cried.

He drew a chair in and sat down and then I felt the most incredible sensation of my life! The feel of those rough ropes between the lips of my sex had been incredibly uncomfortable and had left my tender flesh feeling raw and sore. Now his tongue slid in between them as he gently parted the lips of my sex! His big tongue slid up and down between them, flicking across my clitoris in a way that made me squeal and gasp and made the muscles in my groin and thighs spasm!

"Oh! Oh! Oh, God!" I gasped as his tongue slithered up and down against me and then drove startlingly deep through the mouth of my sex!

I moaned and wriggled, straining against the straps as my body was riven by wild, crackling jolts of sensation that made my muscles spasm and buck! My breathing grew more and more ragged as his tongue pumped in and out of me, and then his lips closed around my clitoris!

I shuddered, heat flooding through my body as his big hands slid up my body and kneaded my breasts. The heat was melting my bones and turning me into a mass of inflamed nerve endings as my muscles twitched and jerked convulsively!

His fingers rolled my nipples, plucking lightly on them as he sucked on my clitoris and the rush of sensation overwhelmed me! I cried out in dazed pleasure, then again, straining and thrashing in place as I fell into a sexual fever!

"Tell me you're my bitch."

"I'm your bitch, Master!" I gasped dazedly.

"Tell me you want my black cock in your belly."

"I want your black cock in my belly, Master!" I moaned.

His fingers gently eased the vibrating egg back so that it was clasped between the lips of my sex, then pulled it out entirely and rubbed it against my clitoris.

I squealed and my hips bucked frenziedly as he chuckled in appreciation.

He stopped and pushed it back in, then came around to the other side of the table, and I stared dazedly up at him.

"You're making a lot of noise, slave," he said. "Maybe I should find something to gag you with."

He undid his pants and then dropped them. A moment later he pushed his boxer shorts down and his big, thick black cock sprang up before me!

I gulped in air, moaning as he pushed forward and his big cock drove into my open mouth. I instinctively closed my lips, sucking and licking, but was immediately confused. I knew I was supposed to lick the underside, but... but that was on the top now!

Then I felt fingers at my pussy, then another tongue licking at me! I shuddered and rolled my hips in eager response even as Sebastian's cock pushed straight down my throat! I gurgled weakly, as he drove himself into my mouth to the balls, which then pressed against my cheeks as he ground himself against me.

I felt his big hands on my breasts, squeezing and kneading them, rolling and stroking my nipples as he gently fucked my throat with short, slow strokes.

Meanwhile, long, slender fingers were sliding into my pussy, gripping the egg and drawing it back, rubbing it slowly in and out as that tongue licked long, hard licks, then circled and swept from side to side before soft lips closed around my hard little button and sucked rhythmically.

The sensations redoubled and then I screamed at the top of my lungs. Well, it sounded like I did. With Sebastien's cock in my mouth, it was a muffled kind of scream as my body thrashed and twisted wildly.

"This is what blonde girls are for," Sebastian said as my head pounded from lack of air.

I gurgled weakly as his cock continued to pump gently in and out.

"They were all made to be sex slaves to Black men. Look at this slut come. Nothing she loves more than having black cock inside her."

My hips were jerking up again and again as the egg buzzed powerfully up in behind my clitoris and the tongue licked just as powerfully down on the front! My wrists and ankles strained against the straps and my eyes stared unseeingly at the big black cock sliding in and out of my mouth.

He slid his cock slowly out of me, and I coughed hard and gulped in air as I sort of went limp, moaning in the aftermath.

"This is how you can tell a natural-born slut from other girls. They live for big cocks, especially big black cocks."

I gasped in pain as he gripped my hair and jerked down on it.

"Isn't that right, slave?" he demanded in a low growl.

I just moaned and gasped for breath until his other hand closed around my neck.

"Tell me you're a sex slave," he ordered.

"I-I'm... I'm a... a sex slave... Master!" I gasped weakly.

He removed his hand from my neck but slapped my face lightly.

"Again, slut."

"I'm a sex slave, Master!" I moaned.

"Tell me you love black cock."

"I love black cock, Master!" I gasped.

He slid his cock back into my mouth again and I gurgled weakly as he pumped it in and out. The tongue between my legs still felt incredible, and despite how wide my legs were splayed my hips kept jerking and grinding me up against it as pleasure and heat swept through me!

He pulled his cock out and I again gasped for breath.

"Would you like my black cock in your hungry little pussy, slave girl?"

"Y-Yes!" I gasped. "Yes, Master!"

He slapped it across my face.

"Beg."

"Please fuck me, Master!" I moaned.

He rubbed his thick cock back and forth over my face.

"Beg me to fuck your blonde slut body."

"Please... Please fuck my... my blonde slut body, Master!" I whimpered.

"Again, whore," he said, still rubbing his cock all over my face.

"Please fuck my blonde slut body, Master!" I cried.

"Again."

"Please fuck my blonde slut body, Master!" I moaned.

He chuckled and released my hair, then moved around to the other side of the table.

I hadn't really given much thought to who was licking and fingering my pussy. I guess I had just assumed it was Grace. Or maybe even Ms. Ford. I was too overwhelmed with sensation and heat to really put much effort into caring!

Except that when Sebastian moved around to the other side another person moved around to my side and it wasn't Grace or Ms. Ford. It was that younger black guy who had been sitting at the desk out front! I gasped to see him, momentarily stunned. He grinned down at me, then reached down and lifted my head up and supported it so I could stare down my body to where Sebastian was rubbing his cock up and down against me.

"You want my cock inside you, slut?" he asked. "Slave? You want me to fill your hungry little cunt with my black cock?"

He spread the lips of my sex wider, then eased the egg out completely.

"Beg me to fuck you, whore."

"Please fuck me, Master!" I whimpered, my mind squirming at the presence of the other man.

Another stranger! But... Sebastien was a stranger until yesterday. So was Grace! So... did it matter!?

I moaned in confusion and heat as I stared at him rubbing the puffy helmet head up and down along the line of my sex, watching him sinking it in a little, then rubbing it against my clitoris.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Uhm! Please!" I gasped.

He reached forward with one hand, kneading my breast as he rubbed his cock against me.

"Beg."

I was still trying to process the idea of the other guy here! I mean, I had been ambushed by Sebastian just last night in a similar fashion! Utterly naked and exposed in the most obscene way and now completely at his mercy!

Then the guy holding my head out took his own cock out and pushed it out so that it sprang upright next to my right cheek!

I felt this tremendous wave of wild, wicked, astonishing heat as the 'sex slave' game felt suddenly more realistic! The thought of two men fucking me at once, which was something Ms. Ford had first suggested to me and had kept bringing up as a dark fantasy was now about to become a reality!

For boring Courtney who never did anything exciting!

"Beg."

"Please," I whimpered.

"Please what, slave?"

"Please... fuck me, Master!" I moaned.

"Beg me to fuck your filthy blonde slut body, slave girl."

"Please.... Please fuck my filthy blonde slut body, Master!" I half sobbed.

"Louder, slave."

"Please fuck my filthy blonde slut body, Master!" I cried.

It was so embarrassing having to say that in front of this stranger! But couldn't stop myself! I desperately needed his cock inside me! And then I felt him pushing in, felt myself being spread wider and wider, and he pushed forward.

I felt and watched with something like wonder and awe, whimpering and shuddering as his big, thick cock drove deep into my body!

He reached one hand up to roughly squeeze my left breast as he used the fingers of his other hand to rub my clitoris!

I began to twist and writhe and cry out, and the guy holding my head up let it drop back and down.

"Shove that black cock of yours deep into this blonde slut's throat, Michael," Sebastian said.

The young guy quickly dropped his own pants and rubbed his cock against my lips.

I whimpered and moaned, on the edge of climax, shaking and burning up with hunger and need. I licked at it desperately and he pushed himself forward into my mouth.

Two, I thought wildly. I have two real cocks in me! I'm having sex with two guys at once! This is so insane! This can't be happening!

I felt an air of unreality to it all, almost a sense of disbelief! The younger guy's cock wasn't as thick as Sebastian, but it was almost as long as he slid it down my throat! And no sooner had he jammed it in to the hilt when the orgasm exploded within me!

I lost control of my body. My muscles spasmed violently and I twisted and thrashed and arched and screamed nearly silently as the torrent of sexual energy ripped through me! The younger guy seemed to get excited in this as he started to thrust into me hard and fast, his cock fucking my mouth and throat!

One of his hands held my hair in a tight grip while the other mauled my breast – the one Sebastian wasn't squeezing and fondling.

I felt so completely possessed, so owned by these guys, so helpless! My mind embraced the dark, kinky game of me being a slave and wallowed in my own sense of victimhood! It felt shocking and outrageous, just a little scary, but deeply, deeply thrilling!

A helpless, innocent blonde girl tied up and ravaged by big, powerful (and sexy!) men!

Black men!

The orgasm was a tornado tearing through my body and mind, ripping away my inhibitions and gleefully trampling over my sense of who and what I was. I didn't want to be treated with respect and equality! I wanted to be taken! I wanted to be ravaged! I wanted to be treated like their bitch! Their sex slave!

The orgasm seemed so intense that part of my mind that was still functional above the level of animal instinct thought it might physically harm me. But I couldn't really bring myself to care. My mind was drunk on the howling pleasure, bobbing and twisting and tumbling like a cork on a heavy sea!

Let them use my body! Let them beat me and... and tie me up and treat me like their slave! If this was the kind of pleasure that brought I would wallow in it!

The cock slid out of my mouth and I coughed weakly, gasping for breath as he rubbed the spit-wet length of himself all over my face. I gasped and grunted and moaned as Sebastian kept pounding me, his big cock plunging deep into my belly with every stroke!

I felt his fingers on my clitoris again and sobbed dazedly at another burning rush of pleasure! My body and the whole table I was tied to were shaking from his powerful, ruthless strokes. Then his hand slid up my chest and circled my neck. I gurgled as he tightened his fingers, then lifted my head up and forward as he stared down at me.

"Who owns you, slave girl?" he demanded.

I gasped weakly.

"Say it."

"Y-You!" I croaked.

"Say it, slut!"

"You do, Master!"

"Tell me I own your body, slut!"

My eyes bulged as he closed his fingers tighter and my mouth opened and closed wordlessly, breathlessly as he continued to rub my clitoris.

"Say it."

He eased his grip and I gasped for breath.

"You own my body, Master!" I croaked.

He slid his big cock out of me and then he and the other guy, Michael, undid the straps. He quickly lifted me off the table and onto my knees on the floor. I sank down lower, gulping in air, and he gripped my head and kind of flung me forward on my belly. Then he walked across the office as Michael came around the table.

"Crawl on your belly, slave," Sebastian demanded in that deep, powerful voice.

I moaned and obeyed, my nipples rubbing against the carpet underfoot as I pulled myself along on my belly. I cried out at a stinging blow against my bottom and twisted my head up and around to see the young guy holding a riding crop and grinning.

"Put some energy into it, slut," he said.

I gasped and crawled harder, my nipples stinging too as they rubbed across the carpet until I reached where Sebastian stood. He'd pulled his pants up, but his cock stuck out, just as hard as it had before. He nudged my lips.

"Face down, ass high," he barked.

Trembling, moaning weakly, I drew my knees in and raised my bottom high. I cried out at another stinging blow and jerked my knees apart before he even said to.

"Show me how much you adore my black cock, slave girl," Sebastian demanded, pressing his shoe against my chin.

Panting, whimpering, I began to lick his shoe as I'd done the other night.

Crack!

"Harder, you white slut!" Michael ordered.

I squealed and grabbed at his ankle, then began to lick a lot more energetically!

"Beg Michael to fuck your whore body," he ordered.

"Please fuck my whore body, Michael!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Keep licking, slut!"

I licked up and down Sebastian's shoe as Michael knelt behind me. His cock drove into me and he started to thrust hard and fast and my mind began to sink into the abyss again at how dark, dirty, and nasty this all was! A slave girl! A helpless sex slave! A prisoner to cruel men! Her body used for their lust!

"Filthy blonde slut," Sebastian said as Michael pounded me.

He dropped to his knees and seized my hair, forcing me up onto all fours, then drove his cock into my open mouth and straight down my throat!

I gurgled and gagged and moaned as the two men used me, their cocks driving into me from both directions as their big hands raced over my body!

Sebastian pulled his cock out and let me gulp in ragged breaths of air before yanking back on my hair to force my head back.

"Who owns your slut body, white girl?"

"You do, Master!" I gasped.

I felt my arms being gripped by Michael, who pulled me up and back against him. Then Sebastian stood up and seized my hair. He pushed his cock into my mouth again and let me suck and lick at the underside of the head before burying himself to the hilt in my throat.

Michael used my arms to hold me back, thrusting up into me hard and fast as Sebastian began to fuck my throat. My mind drifted on a glittering sea of wildfire pleasure and erotic fantasy, glorying in my own abuse and the cruel and degrading words being used. I let myself fall into that terrifying but wickedly hot fantasy and cried out as another orgasm tore through me!

My mind and body screamed in tandem as a pleasure too intense to bear swamped my nervous system and sent my mind spinning. The ecstasy washed over me like a crackling storm of electricity, rippling through my body and along my skin, setting my muscles to uncontrollable spasms.

Sebastian pulled free and came in my face, but I barely noticed. I was too stunned by the explosive force of the orgasm that had shaken me to the core!

Michael let me down gently onto my face, his hands then seizing my hair to yank back as he slapped my bottom and continued to hammer his hips against my buttocks.

I groaned dazedly, hardly paying any attention as the orgasm finally faded and left me in an exhausted torpor.

I didn't even notice Grace – or Mistress Grace, or Ms. Wilson entering the room. But suddenly she was standing over me, hands on hips.

"Did you fuck my husband again, you filthy little blonde slut?!" she demanded.

That confused me, but only because my mind was in a bewildered haze. I mean, obviously, she'd sent me here for that. But my mind wasn't totally functional yet.

She bent over and wrapped my hair around her fist and yanked, and I cried out in pain, forced up onto all fours as she half dragged, half pulled me along on all fours to the sofa. She sat down and dragged me up across her knees and began to spank me!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

That woke me up fairly quickly, but not to much rational thought. I cried out at every blow. And as my bottom began to burn I became kind of desperate for the sharp, stinging blows to stop, and wriggled and twisted atop her until she pulled my wrists back together behind me. Then she, with the help of Sebastian, pushed them up my spine, up high like Ms. Ford had done, using straps to bind my wrists together.

Another strap went around my arms just above the elbows, forcing them back closer and closer together as I whimpered and moaned and gasped in confusion and pain. They had my hands almost between my shoulder blades before they stopped!

Grace resumed spanking me! Something was pushed into my pussy that turned out to be a vibrator, the long, thick one with the little branch that pressed against my clitoris.

"Dirty, nasty, slutty blonde whore!" Grace said, punctuating each word with a sharp slap to my bottom. "I'll teach you to keep abusing our poor, helpless black men!"

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Michael put a knee on the sofa to her left, apparently hard again already, and gripped my hair, then dragged me a little further so he could push his cock back into my mouth. Then I felt fingers that weren't Grace's probing at my back opening, slippery and warm as they pushed into me.

In short order, Sebastian's cock was fucking my ass while Michael was fucking my throat. Grace pumped the vibrator inside me and fingered my clitoris as she continued to rain insults down on me.

I came multiple times, my mind buffeted by contrary sensations and explosions of dark heat and shocking passion!

"Filthy, slutty white slave girl!" Sebastian growled indignantly as he fucked my ass.

"Nasty little blonde slave slut!" Michael said as he fucked my throat.

"Dirty little blonde fuck animal!" Grace exclaimed as she spanked me and roughly squeezed my breast.

I came and came and then lost consciousness as the intensity of the orgasms finally sank my mind into oblivion.

When I came to, Michael was gone and Sebastian was over at his desk. Grace tumbled me onto the floor then pulled my mouth in against her pussy and I began to dazedly lick, inspired to greater energy by her pinching my nipple, pulling my hair, and slapping my breast.

When she was finished, she led me over to the little bathroom attached to Sebastian's office and washed my face, then helped me dress before kissing her husband goodbye and taking me back downstairs to her office.

"You'll have to work late tonight on account of all this time you've spent slacking off, Ms. Sutherland," she said sternly. "Ms. Ford is working overtime and can use a girl like you to help her with some low-skilled and menial jobs."

"Yes, Mistress," I half whispered, still kind of shell-shocked.

Crack!

She slapped my bottom sharply.

"That's Ms. Wilson!" she growled.

"Yes, Ms. Wilson!" I gasped.

"I'm sure Ms. Ford will want to punish you for your intolerable, lazy, and immoral behavior today!"

"Yes, Ms. Wilson," I gulped.

She left me at the desk in her outer office and disappeared. I spent a good half hour in a wondering daze, wincing a bit at the aches and pains here and there while thinking back to the outrageous things they'd done to me.

I should, I suppose, be outraged, but I couldn't work up much outrage. Instead, it was just more of that sense of awe at how unreal this all was and how unbelievable the pleasure and delicious the passion had been.

I felt anxious about what Ms. Ford would do to me later, but that anxiety was overlain by the knowledge it would result in more of those fantastic orgasms. I would put up with almost anything for that!

What kind of a slut have I even become? I thought in confusion and disbelief.

Then I thought about going home and watching TV again. Or worse, going out on the town and picking up some boring guy who would hump me for five minutes and then ask for a beer. Then I thought about Ms. Ford making me beg for pleasure and fucking me with her big dildo!

God! I didn't know what was happening to me. But I knew I couldn't bear to have it stop!

END

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This is the fifth 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.