

Courtney Learns Discipline

By JJ Argus



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

I'd thought getting a job here at Fourth American Bank would basically be a boring waste of time, but would give me some spending money when I went to college in the fall, and also allow me to claim office experience on my resume one day when I applied for a real job. That was really all a girl should expect from a summer job as a receptionist and office assistant.

Instead, they'd assigned me to Ms. Ford, Senior Vice President for International Relations. Ms. Ford was six feet tall, with a mannish, flat-top haircut, a stern demeanor, and the firmly muscled arms and legs of someone who exercised a lot. Oh, and also black. Very, very black.

Which I only mention because I am white, very, very white. As in ivory skin and golden blonde hair that is nearly white. Also, I'm barely five feet tall. As Ms. Ford had said on first meeting me, someone must have been getting their jollies assigning me to her.

Did I also mention she was a lesbian? By the afternoon she was already demonstrating to me her superior and intimate knowledge of female anatomy, especially as it relates to sex. And it was superior to anyone else I'd ever encountered, that was for sure. It left me astonished, dazed, and breathless.

Even though I'm not gay! Not even bi!

Or at least, I didn't think I was! But Ms. Ford played this dark and thrilling sexual game of power and dominance with me and it absolutely enthralled me! You might find it odd that I would not only feel intense arousal but also a complete sense of freedom while being tied up and helpless. But it robbed me of all responsibility for what happened since, technically, I had no choice!

I mean, obviously, I really did, but it was so easy to fall into the game, to let its edgy excitement overcome my inhibitions and just bathe in the dark, churning waters of sexual adventure! She informed me that I belonged to her now, that my body belonged to her, and even made me say it! And I did!

It was ridiculous but also deliciously hot! And she was a good actress. She played the game to the hilt! That made it seem wonderfully realistic and let me immerse myself in how wicked and wild the fantasy was. Especially when she introduced her friend Grace.

Boy, that had sure had my mind squirming! I really did feel very low, ignorant, unsophisticated, and helpless before the two older, more accomplished, and experienced women! And then Grace's husband Sebastian joined in and that had been insane!

All my ideas about proper decorum and behavior were being swept away. All my inhibitions, along with my sense of who and what I am were going with them. I'd always tried to present myself as a perfectly ordinary girl who wasn't the least bit arrogant, but who was intelligent and capable and thus should be respected and treated properly.

Ms. Ford and her friends would have none of that! They made me feel very low, made me confess and apologize for being all manner of nasty creatures, and basically did everything to bring me down and degrade me, to treat me like a slave!

That should have outraged me. It should have infuriated me. It should have filled me with resentment and anger. But in the context of their edgy game and the role I'd been assigned they were treating me in a perfectly natural and rational manner. They were even being kind in doing their best to give me as much pleasure as possible.

Which I doubt was the habit of most people who owned slaves!

Of course, the effect of their actions, of the pleasure and passion they kept drowning me in, was to not only wash away my inhibitions but make me wallow in my own mistreatment!

Do you remember that dog that was fed every time it heard a bell ring to the point that as soon as it heard the bell ring it started to salivate? Well, suppose instead it was given an orgasm every time it heard a bell ring? How would it behave on hearing a bell?

That was kind of the way I was being conditioned, being changed. Every time I was tied up I wound up having multiple orgasms. And they were so intense! Wow! Every time they treated me like a slave girl and made me crawl and grovel before them I had massive orgasms!

So yeah, after only a few days of that, just the thought of being tied up turned me on! And I loved being degraded, loved having them insult me, or even being ordered to say nasty things about myself. It turned me on!

So did being watched. Because that just increased the level of shame as I did something low and degrading, like crawling or licking someone's shoe. All of this was sort of conditioning me the way that dog had been conditioned.

And the fact they were doing some of it at the office was even more shocking and wicked! Of course, they were big shots and had big, private offices, but even so, it was sure taking a chance!

I'd been almost euphoric (though horribly self-conscious at first) having sex with two men at once. That had been another first for me! And then Grace tells me I've been goofing off at work and needed to be punished. Oh, right! As if she hadn't had a clue when she sent me to her husband's office what he would do with me!

When I arrived at Ms. Ford's office for 'mandatory overtime', I was nervous, or well, anxious anyway. Who knew what she'd spring on me tonight!? She'd certainly not consulted me before introducing me to Grace or Sebastian! While I was naked and tied up! She enjoyed shocking and shaming me. I knew that now.

I was not surprised the regular admin assistant had gone home. I knocked on the inner office door, waited, then opened it.

"Come in," she growled.

I swallowed and stepped forward, then turned and closed the door behind me.

She pointed at a spot before her desk and I crossed the floor and stopped as she scowled at me.

"So. Goofing off at work, are you?"

"No, Ms. Ford," I said.

"No? Are you saying Ms. Wilson is a liar?"

I hesitated. "Nooo," I said. "She's uhm, mistaken."

"I see. How old are you again, girl?"

"Nineteen, Ms. Ford."

"And you've been working here how many years?"

"Four days, Ms Ford."

"And you think your judgment is superior to Ms. Wilson? Why? Because you're a privileged white girl and she's a negro?"

That sort of thing made my mind squirm. She and they had been bringing race into things more the last day or so. And I could sort of see why since slavery was a big part of the conversation when discussing race with black people. So, them calling me a 'slave' was a sort of turnaround is fair play kind of thing.

"No, Ms. Ford!" I exclaimed.

"Take your clothes off, Ms. Sutherland. Show me all that white skin that you're so proud of."

I knew she was just doing this to make me uncomfortable, but it still succeeded. You don't spend any time in school today without learning what a minefield any talk of race is. Especially for, uhm, privileged white girls.

I stripped, though, quite certain her interest in seeing my body had nothing to do with any pride I might or might not have over its color.

When I was naked I looked at her uncertainly and she pointed to a nearby chair. There was a pair of thigh-high leather boots there. She'd bought them for me on my first day. Next to them were the shoulder-length matching black gloves.

I nervously pulled on the boots, which rose almost to my crotch, and zipped them up, then worked the gloves up my arms, past my elbows, and up to my shoulders.

Once I'd picked up the boots and gloves I saw what else was on the chair. I licked my lips nervously but there was no need to ask. I lifted up the studded leather bondage collar, examined it, then slipped it around my neck, reaching up and back to snap the clasp together.

There were smaller versions that went around my wrists, and I put them on. And two more that went around my ankles, over the boots. Then I saw the last two objects and felt my face redden. One was obviously a large butt-plug! Black, of course. The other was a small bottle of lube.

Anal sex had never been something I'd gotten into, but as a 'sex slave' I had no choice, you see. And somehow or other she and her friends had managed to give me a tremendous orgasm even while I was being sodomized!

There was nothing for it but to lube up the butt-plug and then twist around and slowly work it up into my bottom. It was very embarrassing! But then, maybe that was the point. Ms. Ford sure didn't need to loosen up my ass for anything she had in her pants!

I got the thick part through and my anus kind of sucked it in then, right up until the base which was a round, coin-like thing that pressed against the outside of my butt.

When I was done I turned to Ms. Ford, who had been tapping away at her keyboard and looking at her monitor. She flicked a finger back at the spot in front of her desk and I walked there – unsteadily, for the stiletto heels were six inches high!

"Assume the position," she said.

I frowned at her for a long moment and she looked up and frowned.

"Hands behind your head, back arched, feet apart, you silly slut."

"Yes, Ms. Ford!" I exclaimed.

"Do. Not. Move." Her eyes bored into mine. "Did you understand that order, slut?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford!"

The words she used in the game were also meant to demean and degrade me, to shame me. But of course, they only got me excited.

Then she returned to work as I stood there naked – the boots and gloves didn't count – with my hands behind my head and back arched. God, this was such a degrading thing to do! I mean, displaying myself naked like... like... I don't know, some kind of creature who awaited inspection and approval from someone!

There was a knock at the door and my pulse, which had already been going pretty fast, shot up as my heart skipped a beat. But I didn't move even as Ms. Ford called out for them to enter! I heard the door opening and my face immediately began to burn, though I hoped it was someone I knew (I didn't really know any of them to be honest!) like Sebastian or Grace, or even Michael.

It wasn't!

"You're working late tonight, Letitia," a strange man's voice said from behind me.

"Needs must win out," Ms. Ford replied. "What can I do for you, James?"

The man moved forward as if I wasn't even there, walking past me. I was not surprised he was black. So far, everyone Ms. Ford had involved in her nasty sexual game had been. This man was no exception! He was tall, black, and had a shaved head.

"I have the results of the survey we did on the Latimer buyout."

He handed her a file and she opened it, then he turned and looked at me.

"Who's the slave girl?"

Ms. Ford didn't look up from the file. "Does it matter? Slaves don't really require names, do they?"

"You have a point. Nice breasts on her."

"Yes, I noticed that myself. She has lovely breasts, and a nice, tight, neat little pussy."

"Nice ass, too. First thing I thought when I came in here was this white girl needs a big black cock up her ass."

"Well, it will take me a few minutes to skim through this. Go ahead. Occupy your time doing something enjoyable."

It was the sheer casualness of it that was outrageous! As if she had offered to let him try out her vacuum cleaner or something! And as he walked back and moved behind me I felt another dark, degrading rush of embarrassment. Because I wasn't tied up in any way or even gagged! I could just refuse! I could just say no! I could... could push him away or something!

But I couldn't do that really! It would anger Ms. Ford! She'd punish me! She'd specifically told me not to move!

So what?"

My mind didn't really get that far...

I felt his fingers at the butt-plug, felt the pressure against my sphincter as he tugged and tugged. Then I slowly felt myself opening up and pulling apart as the fattest part of the butt-plug slid out of my body. Seconds later his thick, warm cock was sliding up in its place!

And I hadn't moved!

His hands slid around my ribs and cupped my breasts, squeezing and kneading them as his cock began to move up and down in my abdomen. My mind was a mess, frankly. I was trying to cope with my humiliation and sense of outrage at the same time as a flood of dark, bubbling heat swept through me.

The man worked his cock deeper and deeper as his fingers mauled my breasts. Then one of his hands dropped down so that he could rub my clitoris as he worked the cock in and out.

"You like having my big black cock up your tight little white ass, don't you, blonde girl?" he growled into my ear. "You love getting fucked in the ass by black cock! Nasty little girl! You can't hide it from me. I can feel how wet your pussy is!"

I shuddered as his hips began to strike my buttocks, as my clitoris began to throb, and as Ms. Ford continued to ignore me while reading through some reports. Like I was just such a low thing, such a possession that she couldn't care less what happened to me!

"I love buying my cock in a white girl's ass," he growled into my ear. "Especially a blonde slut like you!"

His words made my mind squirm again! They were words which should have outraged me but given I was a 'sex slave' they only added fuel to the dark fires engulfing my mind!

I was gasping with every thrust now because he was going deep enough to send cramps rippling through my abdomen whenever he drove himself deep. And every thrust was deep! His hips were now striking my buttocks, jerking them forward with every stroke as his fingers continued to rub hard and fast against my clitoris!

"Nasty, racist white girl! This is exactly what you deserve! To get ass fucked by a black man!"

My body was shaking to the impact of his hips and the dark, wild, animal heat was twisting its way through my vitals, through my body, and into my brain!

And Ms. Ford calmly sat back in her chair, reading her file, and occasionally glancing at me when she flipped pages.

Then she looked at me for a long few seconds.

"You are not permitted to have an orgasm without my permission, blonde girl. Is that clear?"

I couldn't speak!

"Answer me, slut!"

"Y-Y-Yes, Ms. F-Ford!" I gasped.

"Come for me, whore!" the man growled. "Come for me, slut! Come with my cock jammed balls-deep in your tight little white bitch ass!"

The whole situation was making me burn with a dark, animal passion! My skin felt electric, crackling with energy as his fingers rubbed my clitoris or slid up to squeeze my breasts! The sexual fever which

had been taking me over at times like this rose again, and I felt my inhibitions, cares, and concerns melting away.

"Please!" I gasped.

"Please what, slut? Please fuck you harder?" he growled. "Is that what you want, you dirty little girl!?"

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

"No," he said without looking up.

"Dirty whore!" the man hissed into my ear. "Imagine wanting to have an orgasm while a strange man rams his cock up your ass! What kind of a slut are you anyway!?"

I tried thinking of really unsexy things, tried to pretend nothing about this was particularly exciting and I shouldn't be aroused at all!

"Please!" I moaned. "Please, Mistress!"

"No," she replied.

I couldn't stop myself! I came anyway! My hips bucked violently back as it swept through me, my muscles spasming wildly, my instincts taking over! I impaled myself on his stiff cock as hard and fast as I could, crying out again and again, like some wild animal, like a dog, my head back and pleasure coursing through my body!

I stumbled forward a half step, then, as he followed, another. He gripped me by the back of my neck and then bent me over her desk – hard! I gasped as he crushed my breasts against the desk and his hips battered my upraised buttocks. My cheek was jammed against the desk, too, with his big hand firmly shoving down on my neck.

I saw Ms. Ford give me a sour look as my hips bucked and jerked back at him.

"Ahh! Ahh! Yeah!" I heard him gasp as he gave a final series of deep, hard thrusts into my ass.

He sighed, then ground himself against me before pulling his cock free.

"This looks within our predefined guidelines, James," Ms. Ford said. "It will do. The project can continue."

"Thank you, Letitia. And thanks for the use of your slave."

I felt him pushing the butt-plug slowly up inside me again!

Ms. Ford waggled her fingers like it was nothing and the man retreated from the room, leaning me still standing there, kind of dazed and stunned and breathless.

Ms. Ford ignored me for another minute or so, as I managed to push myself erect and then hesitantly assumed the position she'd originally given me. She pretended not to notice, then yawned and got out of her seat, coming around the desk to examine me.

"Now then. My issue with you, blonde girl, is your disobedience and laziness. I can't abide laziness, and I require strict discipline from employees. I realize you're handicapped, being blonde but even you should be smart enough to understand basic English when given an order."

"I-I'm... sorry, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

She slapped my right breast! I gasped but didn't move.

"Are you? Are you sorry, slut?"

"Y-Yes, Ms. Ahh!"

She slapped my left breast!

"Do you understand what it means when given an order to not move?"

"Ahh! Yes, Ms. Ford!" I cried, my right breast stinging as she slapped it again.

She reached out and fingered my nipples with both hands, then pinched them and pulled them up and out.

I gasped and moaned and whimpered, arching my back more, my fingers trembling as they held tight to the back of my head!

"Did I not order you to not have an orgasm?"

"Y-Yes, Ms. Ford!" I squealed, my nipples burning.

"You need to learn to be a properly obedient sex slave," she snapped.

"I-I'm sorry, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

"Are you? Then show me, slut!" she snapped.

Moaning, I sank to my knees, then dropped forward onto my elbows, gripping her foot and leaning in to lick her shoe.

"Who owns you, slut?"

"You do, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

"Say it, slut!"

"You own me, Ms. Ford!" I moaned.

"I own your slut body, do I not?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford! You own my slut body!" I gasped, still licking.

She scowled at me, then moved away, returning with a leather strap. She clipped it to the collar, then yanked on the leash.

"On your hands and knees, slave animal."

I gurgled as the collar dug briefly into the front of my throat, then rose onto my hands and knees.

"Crawl. Crawl like the little bitch animal you are. Crawl like a dog."

She tugged on the leash and I had to crawl to the far end of the office, then back again. I was anxious to do a good job to meet with her approval. You see, as hard as it might be to understand, I had sunk into the mindset of a sex slave, which, after all, was the 'game'. I had become immersed in the game, in the wild, nasty anal sex. And her behavior had only made it wilder and darker.

So at least momentarily, I was a sex slave, and one that had displeased her mistress! That's where my head was at. So, I was anxious to earn her approval again.

"You'll make a good animal once trained, little bitch," she said.

Animal? What the fuck?

Well, I was crawling on all fours like a dog, so... I guess!?

She walked me over to the sofa and sat down, then removed the leash.

"Sit on your heels."

I sat back on my heels, which, given they were stilettos, didn't really mean 'on'. But I knew what she meant. I spread my knees wide, and brought my gloved hands up behind my head.

"Are you going to be an obedient little bitch?"

"Yes, Ms. Ford," I gulped.

"Say it."

"I'll be an obedient little bitch, Ms. Ford!"

"Beg."

I looked at her in confusion.

"Rise up on your knees, bring your forearms back against your upper arms, tilt your fingers down, and then let your tongue lol over your lower lip."

Confused, and then feeling a dark sense of swirling, churning outrage, I rose up on my knees and then put my hands into the proper position. It resembled a dog that was begging, obviously, and that gave me a clue about her saying I'd be a good animal.

"I need to stretch that tongue more," she said, crossing her legs.

She reached down beside her and came up with a dildo. It was black, like all the ones she'd used so far. It was very large and very realistic looking.

She held it out to me and I licked it, then wrapped my lips around it, still keeping my hands up against my upper arms. She began to push it deeper into my mouth, fucking my mouth with it, then pushed deeper. I gurgled and gagged briefly as she drove the thick black cock slowly down my throat.

She pulled it free and I gasped for breath and licked my lips.

"Tell me you love having a big black cock in your mouth."

"I-I love having a b-big black cock in my mouth, Mistress."

"Dirty little white girl."

She tossed the thing across the room, and then looked at me.

"Fetch."

I didn't even have to ask whether I was meant to stand up. I knew I wasn't. I quickly dropped onto all fours and turned to crawl after it. When I got it I picked it up only to have her voice snap out

"Did I say you could use your hands, slut!?"

"No, Ms. Ford!" I gasped.

"Take it down your throat. I want nothing but the base showing."

I moaned and gripped it with my teeth and lips, awkwardly turning it up onto its base, then slid my lips slowly down it until I could swallow the fleshy feeling head. I gurgled weakly as I pushed my lips closer, my teeth careful to hold tight as I got everything but the base past my lips. Then I raised my head, turned, and crawled back to her.

Degrading? I suppose. But the instructions were clear, and I could do it fairly easily so I didn't hesitate.

I reached her and she slid her fingers in and pulled the long length of the dildo up out of my throat and mouth, then rubbed it in my hair as if to dry it before tossing it again.

"Faster this time, slave."

I crawled faster across the rug, got the dildo, swallowed most of it, and then crawled back to her again.

"Not fast enough. Turn around, face down, ass up, knees together."

I was already panting for breath as I turned around, lowered my chin to the floor, and raised my bottom high.

"Apologize for being a lazy blonde slut."

Crack!

She snapped a riding crop down across my buttocks and I winced in pain.

"Ahh!" I gasped. "I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Ms. Jones!"

Crack!

"That's mistress, you slut! Try again."

"I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!"

She tossed the dildo again.

"Faster, slut."

I crawled faster still, gasping, my knees aching and my breasts wobbling as I reached it, quickly picked it up in my teeth, then turned it to press the base against the floor, and worked my lips up to the tip. I slid it into my mouth and down my throat, then hurriedly crawled back to her.

She glowered at me and then finally reached out and slid the dildo out.

"Too slow! Turn around. Face down, ass up!"

Gasping for breath, I moaned, my face and breasts against the floor.

Crack! Crack!

"Apologize for being a lazy blonde slut."

"I'm s-sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!" I gasped.

"Try again."

I scurried across to the dildo, worked my lips on it quickly, this time grabbing it by the tip so I could slide my lips quickly down its length, then turned and crawled hurriedly back toward her. As I did, the door opened and a strange man came in.

I gasped and was so shocked I almost swallowed the dildo! But I kept crawling up to Ms. Ford and she slid the dildo out of my mouth.

"Too slow, you little bitch animal."

I was gasping for breath as the other man came over and I dropped my eyes as a wave of embarrassment swept through me.

"Sit back on your heels, hands behind your head."

The other man sat silently beside her. He too was black, but quite old and dignified looking, with salt and pepper hair. He was wearing a dark, pinstriped suit as he looked at me.

I cringed mentally, but pushed myself up and back on my heels, drawing my hands behind my head. I didn't have to be told to spread my legs wide or arch my back.

"Lovely looking slut," the man said.

"Yes, isn't she."

She scowled at me. "Apologize," she said curtly.

I cringed anew!

"I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!" I gasped breathlessly.

That made me cringe to say in front of a stranger! Especially a man!

"Again. Keep saying it over and over."

"I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!" I gasped.

The riding crop had a thin, flat leather tip and she slapped it down against my right nipple with rapid little blows that made me wince and gasp and moan as the center of my breast grew hotter and hotter.

"I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!" I cried, my voice rising. "I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut!"

You might wonder why I wouldn't rebel at this kind of thing. But the truth is it was so hot and nasty that it made my mind squirm. I was breathlessly aroused by the way she was treating me! Like, the nastier it was the hotter it was!

She shifted to my other nipple, whipping the crop down on that one repeatedly until it too burned!

"I'm sorry for being a lazy blonde slut, Mistress!" I cried.

Every time I said that it made something throb way down low! Saying it in front of a strange man was even worse!

"Do you know how to give a lap dance, slave girl?"

I hesitated. "Yes, Mistress!"

I mean, sort of. I'd kind of done it with boyfriends, but not really.

"Give this man a lap dance. You don't need to know his name."

I flicked my eyes nervously toward him and back.

"But... there's no music, Mistress."

She snorted and rolled her eyes, then picked up what looked like a remote control. Music came from hidden speakers. And I suppose it was no coincidence it was music you could dance to.

Dancing naked for a stranger made my mind squirm and cringe even more! But I had little choice as Ms. Ford ordered me to my feet. I hesitated, at first, kind of rolling my hips to the music, sliding my hands up my body and through my hair.

"Stop. Turn around."

I gulped and obeyed.

"Grasp your ankles."

I cringed again and bent way over to grip my ankle, thinking of what an obscene view this guy would have of me!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and moaned and yelped as she brought the crop whipping across my buttocks.

"Now put more energy into it, you filthy slave bitch."

I straightened and began to dance more energetically, rolling my hips and shoulders more, then nervously straddled the man and slid forward. My hands slid onto his shoulders and I moved closer, until he slid his arms around me, his hands caressing my back and buttocks.

He pulled me in tighter and took the center of my left breast into his mouth, sucking and licking as I ground myself against him.

"I'll have to find you a teacher," Ms. Ford said. "You white girls are hopeless. Just go ahead and suck his cock."

Just that stark! Just that raw! Just that outrageous! I was to suck the cock of some old guy who was maybe three times my age! And I barely considered refusing as I slid back onto the floor on my knees, and reached for his pants. My chest was so tight with a dark, wicked excitement I could hardly breathe!

I undid his pants, pulled down his zipper, and then reached in for his cock, hardly even thinking about what I was doing or why, focusing entirely on the task, staring at my fingers and his cock as I leaned forward. Was I really doing this!? Fuuuuuuck! This was so intense! So slutty!

He was already hardening as I pulled it out and I began to lick the underside of the head, my hands sliding up and down on the shaft as I sucked and bobbed. I moved lower and lower, then swallowed his cock as he sighed happily.

He slid his fingers through my hair and also reached down to squeeze my breast as I slowly eased back up the length of his cock.

Why was I doing this!?

Because Ms. Ford told me to!

And because I had become very slutty, I guess. Because doing this was making me burn up inside! Just because it was so degrading and outrageous and wicked and edgy.

"Enough. Ride his cock."

I felt another jolt! Sucking his cock was one thing, but fucking him!? OMG! But I had half expected it, half expected her to further degrade me! I felt all trembly inside, the sexual pressure growing almost painful!

I slid my lips up and off him and then climbed atop, straddling him again. I gripped his cock, rubbed the head against me, then sank slowly down with a sigh of relief. Why relief? Because this was easy. Because I knew how to do it. Because having a cock inside me seemed natural and... and right.

I rode up and down him, grasping his shoulders as he sucked and licked and chewed at my nipples and breasts. I felt that sense of wicked unreality again, as if hardly believing what I was doing. And that added to the dark heat rising within me. This was so outrageously slutty!

His hands were all over me as I rode him, squeezing my buttocks, sliding through my hair, stroking my back, squeezing my breasts, and then reaching down to start rubbing against my clitoris. That sent a hot pulse of energy up through my body as I rode harder and faster, gasping for breath as his cock slid up and down in my warm, tight depths. I was going to come!

Ms. Ford got up and walked across to her desk, sat down, and tapped at her computer, looking at the monitor and ignoring us. Then the door opened and Sebastian and Michael came in. They walked over to the sofa and I gulped, blushing fiercely as I continued.

Sebastian was tall and powerfully built, while Michael was closer to my age and more athletic as opposed to muscular. The man I was riding gripped my behind and then shifted, turning on the big sofa and then laying down with his head toward the far end.

"Lean forward, white girl," he said.

Confused, I obeyed, and he filled his hands with my breasts as I started to ride up and down again. Michael moved around to the rear of the sofa, then climbed in behind me and began undoing his pants. Sebastian moved to the side of the sofa and reached for my hair.

I gasped as he pulled my mouth forward onto his big cock as he pulled it free of his pants, and I began to suck. I felt the butt plug being pulled out of me behind and then Michael slid his cock up into my ass.

Yikes! Holy damn Jesus! I felt another rush of heat mixed with unreality and disbelief. Michael's cock slid deep into me with every thrust while Sebastian pulled more strongly on my hair to force me forward onto his cock. Then the guy under me began to thrust up into me while also fingering my clitoris!

I gurgled weakly as Sebastian shoved his cock down my throat, my body shuddering to the blows of Michael's hips against my buttocks. I felt both his and the other man's cocks driving in and out of my abdomen as fingers dug into my breasts and rolled my nipples and Sebastian's cock buried itself in my mouth and throat!

It was all unreal, and I found my mind melting away as the dark fantasy Ms. Ford and the others had created around me filled my mind. I was sinking into that fantasy as if it were real. Acting as if it were real. Being treated as if it were real! And every time I remembered it wasn't I felt another dark rush of heat and glittering sexual hunger!

I came. The orgasm swept up almost out of nowhere, from the deepest depths of the feverish passion gripping me. I cried out again and again, though my voice was muffled by Sebastian's cock. I tried to jerk my hips up and down against the cock under me and back against the one driving into me from behind.

My mind seemed to go to pieces and my body operated almost through instinct even as the orgasm sent floods of pleasure through me to swamp my mind and drown my nervous system. The feel of two real live cocks pumping into my belly at the same time dumped a pail of gasoline on the fire raging within me and I twisted and writhed as I burned in the flames.

They laughed and their hands raced eagerly, greedily over my soft flesh as they drove their cocks into me. They spoke to each other about me, talking about my breasts and my pussy and my ass and my throat with approval, but almost as if I wasn't there. Or... as if I wasn't a person that was overhearing what they said. As if I was something other than human. Like some kind of animal.

My insides burned wildly as I twisted and trembled and rode one cock while two more thrust into me hard and fast. I was getting light-headed from the rough way Sebastian was fucking my throat. My breasts ached from rough treatment. My insides were flaring with a wild, churning heat. And every time fingers rubbed my clitoris I cried out at the explosion of pleasure it sent through my body.

I came a second time, convulsions wracking my body as they continued to ruthlessly use me for their pleasure. They slapped my buttocks and my breasts, pulled on my hair, and rubbed my clitoris as they rammed their cocks into me hard and fast.

It was hard to breathe the way Sebastian was fucking my throat and my mind was dazed from both that and the way my body was constantly trembling and shaking from the way he and the other two were driving their big cocks into me.

The feeling of those two hard cocks thrusting in and out of my lower body together was like nothing I'd ever felt before, and was having a devastating effect on me. It was just so incredible, so wonderful! Another orgasm hit me and I gave myself to it. Rapture! Ecstasy! My mind turned off as my body shook and trembled and writhed and gloried in the hurricane of pleasure tearing through me!

They cursed and rammed themselves in hard, yanking at my hair, roughly squeezing my breasts, even slapping at them and my ass while they grunted with effort. They all came inside me and left and I tumbled down onto my belly and then my back, legs splayed, chest heaving, trying to recover my sense of where and what I was.

"Come here, slave. Crawl on your belly," Ms. Ford ordered.

I groaned and half fell out of the sofa, then crawled across the floor on my belly.

"Filthy little blonde slut animal. Apologize."

"I-I'm sorry for b-being a filthy blonde slut animal, Mistress," I panted.

But you know, this time it wasn't just saying what she told me to, regardless of how shocking and wild it was. This time I really believed it. I WAS a filthy blonde slut. How had that happened? And how had it happened so fast!?

She nudged me with her foot and I began licking her shoe. I grunted and drew my knees in to raise my hips high, then spread my legs as my tongue worked its way all across her shoe, then shifted to the other one.

She had me lick my way up her leg, then spread them and slumped down as she pulled her skirt up. I started licking her pussy as she gripped my hair roughly, twisting and jerking on it as she continued to remind me I was a sex slave, a whore, a slut, a bitch animal, and you name it.

Then she had me sit on my heels again off to one side. She locked my wrist restraints to the rear of the collar, combed my hair back, then twisted it into a rough braid which she tied some cord into. She produced what looked like a plumbing fixture of some sort. It was a pipe bent into a U-shape. It had a ring on one end and a kind of penis head on the other.

I moaned as she slid the penis head up into my ass, deep into my ass! She pushed it in until the crook, where it curved up and around, and guided that in so my tailbone was at the bottom of the U and the rest of it was running up my spine.

I felt her pulling back on my hair, which of course forced my head up and back until I was staring at the ceiling. Then she tied it off so that I was held in that position. Any time I tried to lower my head I felt the pressure on my scalp and also the pressure of the crook of the pipe thing pressing into my tailbone.

She fed a vibrator up inside me, then used straps to bind my ankles to my thighs so I couldn't stand. Finally, she ordered me to stick my tongue out as far as I could. She measured it with a little ruler, then without warning me, snapped a clip onto my tongue. It was hard and thick and wide and I squealed in pain at the sudden, unexpected, and painful pressure!

I jerked my tongue back but there was a cord attached to the end of the clip, and she ruthlessly pulled it up and out, forcing my tongue up and out, too! She raised the cord up higher and higher, then took down a potted plant and tied the cord to it.

Smiling down at her work, she took another pair of small clips and snapped them over my nipples. That stung and burned but there wasn't anything I could do about it! There were long strings attached to the clips and she pulled them forward and then tied them loosely to a chair. She smiled at me, then squatted down.

In her hand were what might have been Christmas tree ornaments except they were plain stainless steel metal balls. Each had a hook at its tip and she slipped them onto the strings. That tugged down on the strings, which tugged against my nipples!

She turned on the vibrator and went back to her desk.

I shuddered and moaned. The unreality settled around me again, and then I felt myself sinking into the dark fantasy. I was a slave girl! A helpless, abused, tortured slave girl! My tongue throbbed! My nipples burned! And meanwhile, the vibrator buzzed away inside me and against me, for it was the one with the little branch that was jammed up against my clitoris.

I could hardly see downward because the clip attached to my tongue kept my head back. But I felt the weights swinging lightly on the strings as I moved minutely. I was tempted to lean forward to ease the pull but that was impossible because of the clip on my tongue.

I started feeling sorry for myself. But that didn't depress me. Instead, it added to that dark fantasy of me being a poor, abused slave girl. I wasn't exactly a masochist but there were strong elements of that swirling through my mind.

The pain from the clips dulled. The darkly erotic way I was bound – and the vibrator – began to excite me once more. I instinctively tried to grind myself down against the vibrator, but there were limits to my movement with my ankles strapped to my thighs. Which was... frustrating!

Even so, I had an orgasm. It wasn't as powerful as the ones I'd had when all three men were ramming their cocks into me, but no orgasm is unwelcome! And as the pleasure tore through me my body

trembled and shook and jerked convulsively, which pulled my nipples against the strings, which made the weights bob up and down and pull more stingingly against them!

The orgasm left me panting for breath and moaning at my burning tongue and nipples. Ms. Ford came over to me and removed the clip from my tongue and I cried out in dazed relief. Though at first, it just ached even more! She removed the clips from my nipples next and I shuddered again.

Wordlessly, she squatted down and unstrapped my thighs, then my wrists.

"Are you going to be an obedient little slave girl, slut?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress!" I gasped, my tongue feeling swollen.

"Demonstrate then," she said curtly, pointing down at her shoe.

I moaned and dropped low, then began to lick her shoe.

Crack!

I gasped at the stinging blow from the crop on my bottom and licked harder.

Crack!

I licked harder still! Yes, my tongue ached, but I licked frantically up and down along her shoe, moaning as I tried to please her.

"Are you sorry for being a filthy blond slut animal?"

"Yes, Mistress," I moaned. "I'm sorry for being a filthy blonde slut animal!"

She snorted and pulled me up and back on my knees by the hair. She put a large ball-gag in my mouth, then attached the leash to the back of the collar and tugged sharply. I gasped and moaned, rising to all fours as she walked me toward the door. I only started to suspect her intentions as we reached it and she opened it.

Then I got nervous.

She brought me out into the outer office, and my heart began to thump more and more as she approached the door to the hall. I gasped and tried to shrink back as she opened it, but she tugged sharply on the leash and half dragged me out into the hallway!

It was after hours, of course, but even so, the lights were bright as she made me crawl down the hall at her side, my eyes searching anxiously around us as I crawled. We went down the hall to the elevators and I gasped as she pressed a button.

Was she really going to take me into an elevator like this!?

"When stopped, you sit on your heels and bring your hands behind your head, slut."

I quickly sat back on my heels, spreading my knees and arching my back as I brought my hands behind my head. The elevator dinged and I crawled inside, then turned around as she pressed another button. She glared down at me and I quickly sat back on my heels, hands behind my head.

I was feeling wildly nervous and anxious, wondering who might see me like this and what outrageous thing she was going to do next!

The elevator stopped two flights down and I crawled out of it and down another hall, feeling that wild, strange unreality sense again. Like I was in another world or another universe with different

rules than those I'd been raised with! I mean, here I was in a tall, downtown office where I worked in a brightly lit, wide open corridor, crawling naked on a fucking leash! Like, holy fuck!

I was so relieved when we entered another room!

Then I saw that it held a large cage! It wasn't a dog cage, though it could have held a large dog. This one had actual metal bars an inch thick running all around it. And there was another man there! Another stranger! I gasped and dropped my eyes as he looked down at me.

"You know what I want done with her," Ms. Ford said.

"You bet, Ms. Ford!" the man answered eagerly.

She nodded and then left the room.

The man looked down at me eagerly. He was black, as well, thin, maybe forty or so, wearing overalls.

"Face down, ass high!" he barked.

Moaning, I instantly obeyed and he knelt behind me. A moment later his cock thrust into me and I gasped as he began to ride me hard and fast. I again felt that strange almost out-of-body experience, almost as if I watched myself getting ridden by this guy. Why was I allowing it? I wasn't even tied up! But it never even occurred to me to refuse.

I was still desperately aroused! And when he gripped my hair and yanked it cruelly up and back I cried out in pain but a jagged spike of heat and excitement ripped through my body and mind! When he started to grope my breast with the same amount of casual roughness I quickly felt myself sinking into that feverish heat, that dark fantasy that I was a sex slave!

I came! I sobbed brokenly, jerking back against his cock as he rammed it into me, my mind cringing as he laughed down at me and called me a blonde slut, and even slapped my breast.

He snickered as he finished. Then he went to the cage and slid up an entire side of it.

"Crawl inside here, white bitch."

I crawled meekly into the cage, and he made me lay down with my hands behind my back and my knees bent. He knelt beside me and locked my wrist and ankle restraints together. He tied some kind of rope to them all and then fed it through one of the top bars and pulled so I rose up off the floor until I was dangling above it.

He tied a soft rope around each breast as they hung below me, then tied the rope around my left breast to one of the bars on my left. He went to the rear of the cage and slid a pipe through it. There was a thick dildo on the end and he worked that deep into my pussy, then fit it to the bar there. Then he pushed another into my ass.

With that done he slid the bars on my right back into place, then tied the rope around my right breast to the bar across from it. He put a piece of plywood the exact size of the cage atop it, then put another in front, nailing it in place. Other pieces of plywood covered the rear and then the sides of the cage.

And then it began to move. I felt it rolling out of the room, up the corridor, then into an elevator. We went down all the way to the first floor, then through some corridors and out to the shipping and receiving area, where the box was lifted up onto the rear of a truck.

And then the truck started up and drove away.

Where the fuck was I going!? I would have to wait to find out.

END

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This is the sixth 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 the sexual needs of she and her friends and colleagues.