

Courtney Learns to Crawl

By JJ Argus



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Electronic edition

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

It was shocking how much I had changed since I'd first met Letitia Ford. I didn't understand it myself. I still don't, really. I thought of myself as a boring, middle-class girl who was pretty well vanilla in such sexual interests as I had.

Frankly, my experiences with men to date had not exactly given me a lot of appetite for unrestrained sexual experimenting. I had found them largely pleasant enough, but not very physically rewarding, if you get my drift.

I liked guys. I was straight, or 'cis-gendered'. There was no question about that. The sight of a big, hunky guy made something inside me tremble. And the thought of something big inside me was deliciously exciting, as well. Although, frankly, the guys I'd had weren't very big. I mean, you don't get to know until you've unwrapped the package, you know.

And I was and am a very attractive blonde with a shapely body that all the guys lusted after. That was a very nice ego boost, to be sure. I liked everyone saying I was hot. I liked being looked at as I walked down the high school and then college halls or down the streets. Well, as long as people were polite.

As a natural blonde, I worked very hard to not fall into the 'dumb blonde' or worse, the 'slutty blonde' cliché, and so was always aware of my reputation. And that perhaps was part of why I was letting Ms. Ford do such outrageous things to me and expose my body to others.

See, you have no idea what it's like to be a really hot girl, but not really be able to show off your body. I looked at myself admiringly in the mirror every night at home, posing my sexy body. But I dressed fairly modestly when out on the street because I didn't want a bad reputation.

Not to mention since I'd left high school the rules about how guys could react to me had loosened considerably. I mean, if I wore something tight and revealing while walking through the mall or down a street guys would whistle, cat-call, maybe make obscene remarks about my body or what they'd like to do to me, or otherwise embarrass me.

It was really frustrating! I had this fantastic, sexy body I was very proud of, and which I exercised a lot to get and maintain, but only a very few, a handful of guys had ever seen me naked. Or likely ever would.

So, despite how incredibly embarrassing and self-conscious I could get when having to flaunt my naked body, to pose with my legs spread and back arched for a series of what were then complete strangers something inside me had felt a wild upsurge of delight and satisfaction. It was like "Look at me! Yeah! Aren't I hot and sexy!?"

There was probably another side to it, too. See, as a blonde white cis-gendered Christian girl born to middle-class parents and raised in the suburbs at a nice high school I had no victim creds. Somehow or other society had turned to this strange obsession with victimhood and if you weren't a victim you were an oppressor.

I was told to 'check my privilege' and acknowledge past misdeeds of people I had no relationship with who died long before I was born. Meanwhile, society fawned over the 'victims', no matter who and what they were, while heaping scorn and guilt on me!

But if I let Ms. Ford's dark, nasty, 'slave girl' sex game play out, and I let my excited mind fall into the strange, wicked fantasy that I was really a 'sex slave' then I was a victim too! I was blameless and shameless and everyone should sympathize with me! Maybe I was being a drama queen. Maybe I had always had some strange hidden sense of masochism. I don't know.

All I know is that not only did she teach me a ton about how much pleasure my body could receive, but she demonstrated a far greater knowledge in how to bring about that pleasure than anyone I'd ever known. And that was without the kinky sex game where she continually did stuff to, pardon the French, but 'mind fuck' me.

I knew she and her friends were saying stuff for exactly that reason. And making me repeat the same stuff! Because it was wicked and hot and outrageous! But being treated badly, being treated cruelly, being deliberately degraded just made me a bigger victim! A sexual victim! And that had turned out to be something that made my pulse race and my body burn with passion and heat!

And it had happened so quickly because, quite frankly, she was so damn good at it! I had simply never even imagined having the kind of passion or the length, intensity, or number of orgasms I'd experienced at her hands and those of her friends! And I had become addicted to it!

I was becoming conditioned like Pavlov's dog. As soon as I was tied up I began to get wet! Not my mouth, but something else! Because I knew that nasty treatment and powerful orgasms would soon follow! And just like cocaine, which addicted people psychologically, due to the way it impacted the pleasure centers of their brain, these intense orgasms were filling me with hunger for more!

Which meant I was willing to go along with almost anything Ms. Ford and her friends did to me! Sure, it might be embarrassing, even humiliating at first, but before long the sexual heat would start to melt my brain, and then would come those incredible orgasms!

So please don't think too badly of me! I know I'm a slut now by almost any measure. The things I'd done would astound any of my friends. None of them had been my idea, I assure you! At nineteen I didn't have much knowledge of kink. Mrs. Ford, though, was more than twice my age, and so was Sebastian. Grace was maybe thirty. They'd all had lots of time to refine their sexual tastes.

And now they were creating mine!

Which meant, as I hung there in a cage, hung from my wrists and ankles, hog-tied, I was uncomfortable, nervous, anxious – and deeply aroused! I felt a sense of awe at how outrageous it was to hog-tie me and then hang me from the top bar of the cage! Rope was wrapped around the base of my breasts and tied to the opposite bars to keep me from swinging or swaying from side to side. There were also pipes attached to one of the bars behind me that held big, thick dildos shoved deep into my pussy and ass so I wouldn't swing back and forth much.

Because the cage had been boxed up, rolled down to the shipping and receiving area, and put on a truck! And now I was traveling... somewhere! I had no idea where! I was completely naked, completely helpless, outrageously and cruelly used!

Like... a sex slave!

It was so easy to feel sorry for myself, to wrap my mind in the sense of martyred victimhood, and to anticipate what Ms. Ford and her friends would do to me when I got to wherever I was going! And who else would see me like this!? Who else would abuse my poor, helpless, beautiful, sexy body!?

Did I mention Ms. Ford is Black? So far, all her friends were too. I'm not entirely sure why. But maybe they wanted to exact some measure of revenge on a 'privileged' white girl for past injustices to black people. I could hardly blame them for that.

But the thought of that, the idea they were degrading and punishing me out of some kind of resentment and anger, only made things seem even more realistic, even more dark and edgy, and

even slightly dangerous! Like... just maybe, not likely, but just maybe some of what they said was real and not just a game!

Which only served to turn me on even more!

But they'd started injecting a racial element into the way they degraded me lately. Or, well, they'd done that from the start with calling me a blonde this or a blonde that, as if 'blonde' was an all-purpose description of me that made me a slut and a whore and an airhead.

And at first, they'd made me talk about how I loved cock, but then it became 'black cock' as if I was some racist little blonde who just wanted to sample a black man to brag about how un-racist she was. And instead of calling me 'blonde girl' or 'blonde slut' now it was 'white girl' or 'white slut' or 'white slave'.

Whatever! I wasn't up to deep thinking about it while the truck carried me along and I trembled and shook and pulled a little to one side and the other, tugging on my right breast, then my left breast, which both throbbed powerfully and ached!

And when they stepped on the brakes my body would swing a little bit forward, despite the ropes tied to my breasts. But when they accelerated I'd swing back and the dildos in my butt and pussy would thrust achingly deep!

I moaned weakly into the ball-gag, wrapped in a sense of martyrdom, in a sense of darkly aroused hunger and need. My nipples were super hard and tingled wildly. My pussy was sopping! I was just getting more and more aroused by how outrageous I was being treated!

Which had to be deliberate. I mean, they could have just had me put clothes on and then walk downstairs and get into a car. I'd have gone wherever they wanted. This took a lot more effort on their part.

The truck turned sharply to the left and I gasped at the pull against my right breast. It slowed and stopped, and the engine turned off. The back door of the truck slid up and then the crate was wheeled forward and lifted down. It started to roll across what sounded like pavement of some kind.

Then it stopped and the plywood was yanked free from the sides until the cage was bare, with me hanging in it. I moaned into the ball-gag, because the cage was surrounded by people, all staring down, laughing and pointing!

"That looks like a fine little blonde slut-animal," someone said.

Ms. Ford had called me that before I'd been put in a cage.

The man in the overalls who had put me in untied my breasts, which caused me considerable relief, then slid the pipes and dildos out of my pussy and butt. He opened the bars on one side, then lowered me to my belly on the floor of the cage before lifting me out and putting me on the floor.

Ms. Ford then came forward and undid the leather restraints that bound my wrists and ankles together.

"On your knees, slut," she ordered, standing up and moving back.

Blushing furiously, and groaning from the way my back had been arched and my arms and legs pulled, I got my knees and arms under myself and rose to all fours, then sat back on my heels. I brought my hands up and back behind my head and spread my knees wide as what looked like eight or nine black women stood around staring down at me.

"Yes, a fine example of a blonde slut-animal," one of them said.

This was sooo humiliating! Ms. Ford had only ever shown me to one stranger at a time! Now, aside from Grace – Mistress Grace, I mean – and Ms. Ford herself, I didn't know any of them!

"Nice tits on her," someone said.

"Look at that skin. It's flawless."

"And so white," someone replied.

"A pampered little suburban blonde princess," another said, almost a sneer.

"And it's only taken you a few days to turn her into a slave slut, Letitia?"

"She's very weak-minded, very obedient."

Ms. Ford combed her fingers through my long, thick blonde hair, then undid the ball gag and pulled it free.

"Tell the ladies what you are, slave girl," she said.

"I'm a filthy blonde slave slut, Mistress!" I gulped.

My face burned even more at having to say the words!

"A slut animal is what you are," Ms. Ford said, snapping a leash to the back of the thick bondage collar around my neck.

"Yes, Mistress," I moaned.

"On all fours, slut."

I dropped forward onto my gloved hands and then she tugged on the leash. The other women moved away and Ms. Ford had me crawl across what seemed to be some kind of garage area and into a house.

"She has a lovely, neat-looking pussy," someone said from behind me.

"It's very tight, too," Ms. Ford said.

"My husband certainly agrees," Grace said. "He says her little round ass is even tighter, though."

"And how is her tongue?" someone asked.

"Not nearly good enough yet," Ms. Ford replied. "It's only been a few days, after all. I've only just started to strengthen and stretch it. I had to get her body and mind into the role with a lot of cock first."

"Even if most of it was silicone," Grace added.

"She's a cis girl," Ms. Ford continued. "Cis-girls love cock."

"Make her love pussy," someone growled.

"I intend to make her love eating pussy. Or at the very least, make her very, very good at it."

There were chuckles and snickers all around me.

Then Ms. Ford gripped a thick handful of hair and jerked sharply back. I gasped, my head forced back.

"But in any event, she's a fine little bitch animal that once trained properly, will be an excellent pet for many years."

Pet!?

She released my hair and jerked forward on the leash and I fell forward, quickly throwing my hands and arms out in front of me. We crawled further into the room, which was a huge living room with a really high ceiling and big glass walls overlooking a backyard with lots of greenery and a big swimming pool.

There was a kind of leather-covered square frame or stage a foot off the floor, and she had me crawl up on it.

"Face down," she barked.

I slid down so that my shoulders and chin were on the padded leather, then wriggled myself back a bit, pulling my knees forward and then spreading them wide apart.

It was a humiliating and degrading position to take in front of a bunch of women! And that most of them seemed to be way older than me only made it worse!

"Arms out to your sides, slut."

I obeyed, and she and Grace then took straps which were already on the frame and wrapped them around my wrists and upper arms to pin me in place. I felt other such straps going around my legs just below the knees. Then something pushed into my bottom. It was thin and slipped in easily, then it got wider, then it got thinner, then wider, then thinner, then wider. It felt like a series of ping-pong balls on a pencil, to be honest.

They were very slick and slippery, though, and soon my bottom was too. Something thicker was pushed into my pussy, much thicker, and I moaned helplessly as it was worked carefully deeper and deeper. The ping pong ball thing slid out of my bottom with a strange pop-pop-pop sensation as each ball pulled free, and then something thicker slid into me.

A very big silicone cock was pushed quite deep into my bottom, giving me a sensation of cramps deep inside, I felt fingers in my hair, gathering it up and back, combing through it, twisting and turning it as if braiding it. Then I felt the pull that lifted my chin off the floor and moaned at the pressure on my scalp.

They didn't lift my chin up much, but enough to push some kind of ring thing into my mouth. It was like a narrow, plastic or rubber-covered donut! Only it went in sideways, jammed against my teeth on the bottom and top to hold my mouth open.

"Push your tongue out, slut," Ms. Ford ordered.

I moaned, not wanting to since I knew what would happen. I did, though, and sure enough, she put the clamp thing on it again! I squealed in pain and tried to jerk my tongue back but she held the cord attached to the clamp firmly, then stretched it forward a little and attached it to a little metal post at that side of the frame.

I felt something pressing against the underside of my pussy, which meant the top part, really, since in this position I was sort of upside down back there. It was against my clitoris anyway.

The dildo in my pussy began to pump in and out, and in a strange way. I mean, not as if someone was doing it but almost machine-like. It moved slowly at first. Then the one in my bottom started to move too. I heard a humming sound behind me, like from a machine of some kind.

The little round thing pressed against my clitoris started to vibrate, then to move in circles, then up and down, then from side to side. It buzzed and throbbed and pulsed as it moved, and I shuddered and moaned in confusion as the watching women laughed in amusement.

"It's a finely calculated machine that can measure the pressure against the head of the dildos," Ms. Ford was saying to someone. "We don't want to harm our little slut animal, after all."

"Just hurt her," someone said to more laughter.

"There'll be plenty of time for that," Ms. Ford said. "She's a bad girl, after all."

"A very bad girl," Grace said.

"You don't have bigger cocks for her?"

"Certainly," Ms. Ford said. "We're breaking her in first."

"But how long to break her completely?"

"She's so biddable, so timid and malleable, it shouldn't take long."

Ms. Ford knelt next to me and then brought in some kind of metal thing, like a penny, with tape on it. She pressed it against the center of my chest, then pressed another against my back between my shoulder blades. I couldn't look back or down so had no idea what they were. Fortunately, Ms. Ford told me, though she wasn't talking to me.

"These will measure her heart rate," she said.

I felt something wrapped around my ankle.

"This will measure her pulse rate."

"And the dildo moving in and out of the blonde slut's pussy will measure just how wet she is," Grace said.

"So far, very wet," Ms. Ford said to laughter.

This was all so fucking bewildering! All these women were acting like this wasn't outrageous and unbelievable! Like it was an interesting but not unusual or shocking display! It was bizarre how casually they seemed to be treating what they were seeing!

I sure didn't feel that way! Of course, I was actually experiencing it!

"It can also measure her vaginal contractions and spasms," Ms. Ford said. "And as it builds up a history for her it will establish a baseline of when to expect her to orgasm."

"What good is that?" someone asked.

"Because then it can be set to stop and not let her orgasm."

"Oooo, nasty!" someone said in delight.

The dildo in my pussy slid out completely. There was a delay, then it pushed back into me, only this time it was thicker. I moaned as it stretched me wide! The same thing happened to the dildo in my butt! I had no idea how thick they were but they both felt really thick! And they were going deeper and deeper!

"The more aroused she is, the more the cervix ascends, lengthening her vaginal canal," someone said as if lecturing.

"She's a blonde. I'm sure they're built differently and can take any size cock," someone else replied.

"And blondes are always aroused," said someone else.

"Filthy slut," said another.

"But she's petite," said another.

"She'll fit it in, the whore."

It was difficult to even wrap my mind around this happening with a bunch of strangers standing around watching me! And commenting like they were in a way which sure didn't sound very admiring or friendly!

My tongue was already aching, but soon the way the head of the dildo in my pussy was pounding against what surely must be the back wall of my sex began to ache more!

The dildo in my bottom pulled out and was replaced by an even bigger one! I gasped and moaned as it was worked down deep into my ass! I felt like I was gaping back there! Then the one in my pussy was also replaced!

"Now the machine has calculated what it needs and we can fit these back frames around the dildos," Ms. Ford said.

"Why are they padded? Make the little white bitch feel them!"

"We want her to be turned into a proper little slut-animal," Grace said. "That means pleasure for now."

"Exactly," Ms. Ford said.

"This machine, calibrated properly, will fuck her little blonde brains out," Grace said in amusement.

"Blondes have brains?"

"Tiny ones," someone replied to laughter.

Holy shit! This was so dark and nasty! So wild and outrageous! I could hardly believe it!

There was a halt and then the dildo thrust into me hard, as the nose seemed to jam hard into the back wall of my pussy something flat struck my lower buttocks and upper thighs hard! It felt like a piece of wood, perhaps, wrapped in padded leather! Then as it slid back the one in my bottom drove achingly deep, and another padded something struck my upper buttocks!

Both of the dildos were thick and the jarring impacts of the ... whatever they were against my buttocks sent a shock reverberating through my body similar to when a man was thrusting into me hard! Meanwhile, the little round vibrator thing began to pulse and throb and thrum more intensely as it rubbed faster and harder!

The heat and sexual excitement rose furiously and my body began to jerk and shake, almost instinctively trying to drive itself back onto the two cocks thrusting into me! I gasped and moaned in helpless rising passion, my mind squirming with how many strangers were watching me like this!

I soon forgot about my tongue! The pain there didn't matter compared to the way the sexual pressure was building up and my body was shuddering to the hard double pounding! It reminded me of when that older man and Michael were both thrusting into me at the same time!

The feeling inside me was incredible! Those two big, thick cocks were plunging up and down in my tight little belly in a way that drove me nearly out of my mind! And when you added in the vibrator I was quickly approaching orgasm!

My breathing through the ring gag thing was rough and ragged and getting louder and faster as the dildos drove into me! My body was also pulling against the clip attached to my tongue as it shuddered and jerked in place.

The orgasm hit and I lost my mind! I don't know if you could say I screamed since the sounds I was making with my tongue held in place were like those of some wild animal! Maybe they were squeals instead. But holy jeeze! My whole body flared white hot with a tremendous explosion of pleasure that just kept up for so long that I thought I'd lose consciousness entirely!

I was trembling like a plucked guitar chord, even on top of the way my body was shuddering to the impact of those flat things attached to the dildos! It was incredible! It was amazing! It was a storm of pleasure that drowned my mind!

And it was only the first.

Three more hit me within the next ten minutes while the women wandered around chatting, keeping an eye on me, and making comments. Then the dildos stopped briefly. I lay there trembling and twitching and moaning. I was drooling a lot too, I realized, perhaps because of how my tongue was pulled out through the ring gag.

Ms. Ford and Grace undid my wrists, but then drew them up and back behind me to fasten together. Ms. Ford undid the clip from my tongue and I shuddered in relief even as Grace pulled my wrists further and further back. The pressure drew my shoulders and then my chest up and back off the floor, pulling my torso almost horizontal so my breasts hung freely.

Ms. Ford attached a pair of suction cups to the center of my breasts, and they began to suck rhythmically as the dildos began to thrust into me again.

"Now the machine has her baseline and can stop her from having any more orgasms," Ms. Ford said.

Most of them moved away then and sat in the sofas about ten feet away, drinking, eating little snacks, and chatting about a variety of things.

The dildos thrust into me hard and fast and my breasts swayed below me as my body shuddered. I gasped and moaned weakly as my nipples began to tingle and burn. They felt incredible the way the suction cups were sucking on them! At the same time, they

desperately wanted to be touched directly, to be sucked and licked by mouths!

The pleasure built up again, and then the dildos halted as the suction cups were turned off. The little round vibrating thing stopped vibrating and instead gave me a little shock, like static electricity. I yelped and moaned and then hung there gasping for breath for long seconds.

The dildos started again and the round thing started to move and vibrate. I heated up once more – it didn't take long. I felt the pressure grow, felt myself rising to the peak as I whimpered and moaned in dazed pleasure!

And then they stopped once more and the vibrator gave me two or three little shocks directly to my clitoris!

I moaned in denial as the pressure receded.

The pressure built up again and again as the big dildos drove into me, the suction cups sucked and the vibrator buzzed as it rubbed across my clitoris. But each time, just as I was nearing release they stopped, and the vibrator thing delivered a series of brief little shocks which tore me from my dazed passion.

I began crying out in frustration each time! I so desperately wanted that orgasm! As the frustration rose I felt tears forming in my eyes. My animal needs and hunger had grown so powerful I was desperate for an orgasm! But the machine sensed it every time and prevented it!

I don't know how many times it did this but I was pretty frazzled by the time Ms. Ford came over to me and pulled the ring gag from my mouth.

"Would you like to come, little slut?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I cried. "Please let me come, Mistress!"

"Beg, slut."

"Please may I come, Mistress!?"

"Who wants to come again? Who are you? Have you forgotten?"

"Please may this... this filthy blonde slut animal come, Mistress!?" I cried.

"The wording needs improvement," Grace said, coming over to stand on my other side.

"How about 'May this filthy white whore be permitted to come?'" someone asked, another woman who had come closer.

"I think filthy blonde slut animal is better," another woman said.

"How about bitch slut?"

"Maybe fuck toy?"

"Dirty little blonde whore?"

I felt the pressure on my hair slacken as my braid was released, and my head was able to sink downward. The release of the constant tugging at my scalp sent a rush of relief through my mind!

"Please may this filthy blonde slave-slut come, Mistress?" I half sobbed.

"I like that one," someone said.

"I like slave but I like the animal part too," someone else said.

They were all gathered around me again.

"How about filthy blonde slave animal?"

"Try that one, slave girl," Ms. Ford said, her voice amused.

"P-Please may this filthy blonde slave animal come, Mistress!?" I begged.

The big dildo in my pussy slid entirely out of me and I moaned miserably.

"Beg mistress grace to fist you, slut," Ms. Ford ordered.

"Please fist me, Mistress Grace!" I begged.

What felt like the riding crop cracked down across my bottom.

"Have you forgotten the words already, you blonde whore?"

"Please fist this filthy blonde slave animal, Mistress Grace!" I cried.

Her fingers pushed into me, one, two, then three. A fourth worked its way into me and I shuddered and tried to grind myself back against them. She twisted and turned them as she tried to work the knuckle of her thumb into me. The big dildo had kind of loosened me up and the knuckle slid slowly inside my pussy!

I whimpered and gasped and moaned as the suction cup things began to suck again. I felt Grace's fingers wriggling and twisting as they moved deeper into my pussy. Then I felt them slowly drawing together into her palm to form a fist. It twisted and turned, then pushed deeper.

"Tell us what you are, slut," Ms. Ford demanded.

"I'm a filthy blonde slave animal, Mistress!" I cried.

"Again, slut."

"I'm a filthy blonde slave animal, Mistress."

"Not just to me, slut. Tell everyone."

"I-I'm a filthy blonde slave animal!"

"Keep repeating that."

"I'm a filthy blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy, blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy, blonde slave animal!" I gasped as Grace started to pump her fist in and out. The vibrator thing started to move again, started to throb, thrum, and pulsate. The sexual heat roared higher and I gurgled and gasped dazedly until the crop slashed down across my bottom.

"Keep talking, whore!"

"I'm a filthy blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy, blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy, blonde slave animal!"

I'm a filthy blonde slave animal! I'm a filthy, blonde slave animal!" I cried as Grace's fist moved in and out faster and harder.

My breathing was coming in more and more raggedly, and my voice was becoming just as ragged, just as breathless. Grace's fist was really punching into me now! It ached! But I didn't care! The pleasure was sweeping through my mind and body like a tidal wave and then I hit the peak and the orgasm took me!

Rapture!

I screamed and screamed as Grace rammed her fist in and out and the vibrator rubbed furiously against my clitoris! The dildo punched deep into my ass and the suction things sucked hard and fast! The orgasm swamped my nervous system! My body thrashed violently as I screamed and twisted and sobbed in animal pleasure!

"This is how you fuck a blonde whore's brains out," I heard Grace say from behind me.

The orgasm went on to the point I lost consciousness entirely, my mind overloaded with the intensity of the ecstasy tearing through me. I don't think I was out for long. Grace was just easing her hand out

of my pussy and the comments were still coming from the women around me, some sounding jealous.

I groaned as something else was pushed deep into my pussy, then the pressure holding my wrists back was released as the suction cup things were pulled off my nipples. The sensors were removed from my chest and back, and my legs were unstrapped.

I collapsed bonelessly onto my face and belly, glassy-eyed, feeling completely shattered. The women moved away, back over to the sofas and chairs. All except Ms. Ford, who, with leash and crop, got me to my hands and knees and then had me crawl after them.

I had nooooo inhibitions left by then. I mean I was kind of numb, at least at first. I'd been shell-shocked by orgasms before but this had really been intense! Holy shit! Holy fuck!

I was in autopilot mode, which meant simply obeying Ms. Ford in whatever order she gave.

Which was just as well, since what she ordered me to do was to crawl up to each of the women sitting around on the sofas and tables and beg their forgiveness.

Like, I would crawl up to one, rise up, and sit back on my heels with my knees pulling wide my hands behind my head and then they would tell me what to say by greeting me. Even with my mind in a haze it only took the first couple of them to understand that.

Ms. Ford held the leash as I crawled up to Grace. She tugged it back and said "Heels."

I sat back on my heels, spread my knees wide, and arched my back as I brought my hands behind my head.

"Little blonde slave-bitch," Grace said.

Ms. Ford jerked on the leash.

"Apologize."

"I'm sorry for being a blonde slave-bitch, Mistress!" I gulped.

"And how will you make it up to me, slut?"

Ms. Ford thrust the point of the riding crop down toward Grace's feet and I dropped my shoulders down low, keeping my hips high and knees wide, and began to lick her shoes. My tongue ached, but that hardly mattered.

Crack!

I gasped at the blow from the crop across my buttocks.

"Show more energy, slave!"

I licked harder, gasping as my tongue slathered up and down across one shoe and then the other until Ms. Ford yanked on the leash. Then I crawled to the next woman, a complete stranger. Another tug brought me up and back on my heels.

"Dirty little blonde fuck animal," she said with a scowl.

Another jerk on the leash.

"I'm sorry for being a dirty little blonde fuck animal, Mistress!" I gasped.

Then I had to drop down low and lick her shoes as the others watched in amusement and probably contempt.

"Those things are amazingly thick," someone said.

I didn't understand it at first, then realized she meant the dildos sticking out of my pussy and ass.

I crawled to the next woman.

"Cock-loving white whore," that woman spat.

"I'm sorry for being a cock-loving white whore, Mistress!" I gulped.

And so on. All around to all eight women. When I dropped down I was able to get a quick glance down my body and felt a shock of dark heat and sexual energy. My nipples looked huge! And the two inches of black dildo sticking out of my pussy was as thick as a cucumber! It was attached to the big dildo in my ass somehow. And that dildo had a very slender part near the base, much like a butt-plug, so it wouldn't slide out on its own.

My tongue was wearing out by the time Ms. Ford sat down and I had to sit back on my heels in front of her.

"You're a bad girl, aren't you, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress. I'm a bad girl, Mistress," I gulped.

Ms. Ford reached out and let the soft flat tip of the crop rub against one of my swollen nipples and I shuddered.

"My, look how big your nipples have gotten from the suction machine."

She slapped the tip down and I gasped at the sharp, stinging little pain.

"Beg me to punish you, slut."

"Please punish me, Mistress."

Crack!

I winced at a second blow.

"For what?"

Crack!

"Should I punish you for being a filthy little blonde who loves black cock?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Then beg, slut."

"Please punish me for being a filthy little blonde whore who loves black cock, Mistress!"

This would be dirty and nasty enough to say just with her. In fact, all the shit I'd had to say would have been! But saying it in front of a whole bunch of strange women was... it was... I don't know how to describe it! It was like it was twisting my mind somehow!

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

She was slapping harder now, alternating between one nipple and the other, making them burn and ache more and more as I knelt there with my back arched and hands behind my neck!

I gasped and moaned and yelped continuously as she whapped the thing down on my nipples!

"On your back, slut, and draw your ankles up and back beside your head."

Panting, feeling slightly relieved, I carefully eased onto my hip, then lay back on my side. I drew my knees in and rolled onto my back, all to prevent the base of the dildos from pressing into the floor. I gripped my legs behind the knees, drawing them back further and further, gasping anew as I stared up close at how thick the dildo was sticking out of my pussy! The one protruding from my ass was even thicker!

I had to work my right arm up across my right leg so that the back of the leg pressed into my underarm and was held in check, then did the same to my left leg. This was, as you can imagine, a shockingly obscene position to put myself in with a bunch of strangers looking on!

"Beg for punishment, slut."

"Please punish me for being a filthy little blonde whore who loves black cock, Mistress!"

I whimpered as she brought the flat tip of the crop down and rubbed it against my clitoris.

"Again, slut."

"Please punish me for being – Ah!"

She brought the flat little tip slapping down lightly atop my clitoris!

" – for being a filthy – Ahhh! – f-filthy little blonde – Ahhh!"

The flat tip of the riding crop slapped down a little harder each time, directly on my swollen little clitoris!

"Oh, please, Mistress!"

"Continue, slut."

"Please punish me for being a filthy little blonde – Ahhh! – filthy little blonde whore – Ahh! – who... who loves black cock, Mistress! Ahhh!"

She rubbed the flat tip against me and then slapped it down repeatedly as I lay there, my legs spread and my sex nakedly vulnerable to her! Not to mention obscenely visible to all the women around me!

Then she just continually slapped it down against my wet, throbbing little button!

Crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack!

The sharp little jolts of pain lanced deep into my groin and I gasped and moaned and whimpered as I desperately held my arms and legs in position.

"Now show all the ladies how much you love black cock, slave animal. Masturbate with that big black cock."

I felt a tremendous rush of relief! Yes, it would be even more humiliating! But it wouldn't be painful!

She turned me around and I cringed anew to see more of the strangers staring down at me, smirking in amusement. I shuddered, then reached for the dildo, but before I could touch it Ms. Ford reached down and undid a little clip that attached it to the big butt-plug thing.

My fingers trembled a little as I gripped the thick base and tugged it slowly back. God, it was thick! I moaned as I pulled, having to pull pretty strongly to ease it up from the deepest depths of my abdomen! Then I brought the shaky fingers of my other hand down against my swollen clitoris and began to gently rub it.

It was more than a bit tender from the slaps she'd dealt it, but that, of course, just made it even more exquisitely sensitive! I rubbed gently, then harder as I began to work the dildo in and out with more authority. It was a very realistic-looking cock, and even felt like one and was warm like one.

"Tell me you love nigger cock," Ms. Ford said.

I flinched at that, feeling a sharp psychic jolt! I couldn't say that in a room filled with black women!

"Are you disobeying me, slave?"

"I... I... no, Mistress!" I gulped.

"Say it. Say I love big nigger cocks."

"I... I... love big black cocks!" I squeaked.

There were snickers from the women around me.

Ms. Ford reached forward, being behind and above me now in her seat, and began to slap the tip of the crop down against my nipples. She was slapped harder, this time, and I gasped and moaned and whimpered.

"Obey!"

Every few seconds, the blows got harder!

"Oh! Please, Mistress!"

"Obey, slave!"

"I-I love big nigger cocks!" I gasped.

"Louder, slut."

"I love big nigger cocks!"

"Louder, whore."

"I love big, nigger cocks!"

"Now masturbate. And keep saying it."

I shuddered and thrust the dildo in and out, wincing a bit as I gently stroked my clitoris.

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I gulped.

"Louder, bitch."

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I moaned, rubbing my clitoris and fucking myself with the dildo.

"Louder, sex slave."

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I cried, pumping the dildo harder, faster, moaning and gasping for breath as my fingers rubbed harder against my clitoris.

"Dirty little blonde racist!" one of the women said.

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I gasped.

"Filthy white supremacist!"

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I moaned breathlessly.

"We should beat the shit out of this little racist bitch!"

"I love big, nigger cocks!" I chanted, thrusting the dildo in and out as my body thrummed with energy.

"I think I want to fist this, white whore!"

I kept chanting and fucking myself, my head churning with wild emotions as dark heat rippled through my body.

"Disgusting little white slave!"

"Fucking whore!"

"Bitch animal!"

"Slave-slut!"

"Dirty blonde, fuck-toy!"

They all showered me with nasty curses and insults as I continued to masturbate, my mind slowly turning to mush and tuning them out. I saw the dark faces all around, glaring at me and saying nasty things, but I just kept chanting and masturbating.

And then something triggered inside me and my voice began to break up into gasps and cries and great, wracking sobs of breath as I rammed the big black dildo achingly deep inside me as hard and fast as I could. My hips bucked up again and again. My fingers blurred as they rubbed desperately against my clitoris while the orgasm flooded through my mind and body!

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahhh! Ahh! Ahh!" I cried, my back arching, my head thrashing from side to side!

Ms. Ford and Grace waited until I stopped touching my clitoris, until I had crammed the dildo in as deep as I could, and then began to relax. They gripped my wrists and drew them back behind me again, tilting me up and forward onto my tailbone and they clipped the wrist restraints together behind my back, trapping my legs in position.

They locked my ankle restraints to the back of the collar with a short chain, then dragged me along the floor to the wall. They tied a rope to my ankle restraints, then fed it down to the wrist restraints, then lifted me up along the wall.

Another woman slid a small table in under my butt and Grace and Ms. Ford then locked my ankles to a hook just behind my head so that I just kind of perched there on my tailbone, still obscenely displayed to anyone who cared to look.

They brought the machine out and this time I could see it as they positioned it right in front of me and fed the dildos into my body before setting the little golf ball-sized vibrator against my clitoris. There were two suction cups attached to hoses that they placed against the center of my breasts, then the machine turned on and I shuddered as it began to work.

"Tell me you love nigger cock, white girl," Grace ordered.

"I love nigger cock," I moaned.

"Big nigger cock," Ms. Ford corrected.

"I love big nigger cock," I gulped.

"Keep saying it."

So I chanted that as the machines thrust the dildos into my body and the suction cups sucked rhythmically and the vibrator ball on its little metal spoke moved up and down and back and forth and circled in place.

The women returned to sitting on the sofas and chairs, drinking and having snacks, chatting and laughing, while the machine drove me slowly out of my mind. I could now see that the base of each dildo had this narrow, padded frame about a foot long and half that wide. They kept slapping at my buttocks as the dildos punched deep into my abdomen.

I was beyond the ability to control my orgasms now as I hung there in helpless, dazed heat, chanting out of habit while the dildos drove into me hard and fast. My whole body shuddered at the continued rapid impacts of the padded bases and my eyes narrowed to slits as the dark heat became unbearable and began to melt my mind.

I came a number of times, crying out in dazed pleasure, screaming, shrieking as the massive releases of pleasure swept over me again and again.

You should have seen how swollen my little pink nipples were when Ms. Ford removed the suction cups! I was on the ragged edge, then, barely capable of talking as she made me crawl on a leash to where the women sat. This time I had to lick their pussies while they called me a dirty little blonde racist and a slut and a bunch of other stuff. They all jerked roughly on my hair and reached down to slap or cruelly squeeze my breasts while I licked them too.

I licked until my tongue and jaw wouldn't work anymore. Then I was made to crawl to another room, this one with little furniture. I was hung upside down by the ankles, with my ankles wide apart, and then my wrists were chained down to the floor, also wide apart.

All the women gathered around as Ms. Ford introduced me to something called a flog. This was a kind of whip that had these very thin, lightweight little laces or strips of leather or whatever they were. Each of them was about the length of a shoelace, and about the thickness too. But there were sure a lot of them!

When she brought it down across my belly it felt like a little sparkle of stings, none of them terribly severe. But like I said, there sure were a lot of them! She began to swing harder and faster, then gave the thing to Grace who took her turn.

My skin began to feel warmer and more tender, and I began to gasp and moan and writhe in place as the flog bit into my soft, tender breasts, and then whipped down on my back and shoulders. I really began to yelp and cry out when they swung it overhead so they all swept down across my naked pussy, with the tips curving down and snapping at my buttocks!

My entire body soon felt like the skin was sunburned because it was so hot and sore!

Ms. Ford put a blindfold over my eyes, then stuffed what felt like earbuds into my ears. And soon the earbuds were speaking. They were speaking with my voice. And they were saying the things Ms. Ford had ordered me to say at various times.

"I'm Ms. Ford's sex slave. I love big nigger cocks! I'm a filthy slave slut! I'm a dirty blonde whore! I'm a sex slave! Ms. Ford owns my body! I'm a cock-loving slave! I love swallowing black cock! I'm a slave

animal! I love black cock! I must obey Ms. Ford! I love being fucked by big, black cocks! I'm a dirty white racist bitch! I'm a slave bitch! Ms. Ford is my mistress! I'm a slut-animal! I deserve to be punished! I'm a filthy little bitch-slave! Ms. Ford owns me!"

It was all stuff like that, repeated over and over and over again.

And that was how I spent the rest of the night.

END

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This is the seventh part of a multi-part 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.