

Courtney on Display

By JJ Argus



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

My name is Courtney, and I'm a boring, middle-class girl from the 'burbs. I've always been perfectly ordinary except that I'm kind of hot, or so people say. Okay, I AM hot. It feels strange to even say that because you're not supposed to. Like, false modesty is the order of the day when you're a girl or people will sniff about what a narcissist you are or how arrogant and egotistical.

It's frankly kind of strange. Do tall people deny they're tall? Do they have to lie about their height? I know what I look like. I know what others look like. I know what society finds hot because I see it on TV, in magazines, and all over the internet all the time.

And even if I didn't I'd know I was hot because guys have been hitting on me and staring at me and making remarks about me since adolescence. They want me. And it's not because I'm ugly. I have really nice golden blonde hair and an excellent body, except for being kind of short. I'm barely over five feet tall.

That's why, my first day at work at a big bank on my first summer job after my first year at college I wound up being sent to work for Ms. Ford. She's everything I am not. Well, except she's kind of hot too. But she's six feet tall, has jet black hair that's really short, like, in a flattop haircut. Her skin is as dark as mine is pale. And she's as aggressive as I am, uhm, quiet and soft-spoken.

Her arms and legs are very muscular. I exercise, don't get me wrong! I make absolutely sure that there's no extra fat on my thighs or hips and that my belly is absolutely flat! When you're five feet tall you can't afford any fat at all!

Except on my boobs, of course. But even there I work on my chest muscles so that despite my boobs being a somewhat larger size than would be considered perfect, well, they're very firm. They're way bigger than Ms. Ford's are anyway.

Did I mention Ms. Ford was a lesbian? You probably guessed from my pointing out the flattop haircut. Yeah. Mine pours over my shoulders in a golden wave. Also, I am definitely not a lesbian. I've spent years ogling boys and now men, especially the big, hunky, muscular ones.

So there I was, nervous in my first job working for a giant dyke who acted like an African Zulu queen or something, and who was way up the food chain as Executive Vice President, way more educated, knowledgeable, sophisticated, and experienced than me in everything imaginable, and rich to boot.

That all just made me even more nervous! I knew a lot of women didn't like me because of my looks. Especially older women, who resented my youth and beauty. Yes, I know that sounds arrogant again but it's true. And Ms. Ford is twice my age! But she wasn't jealous. Instead, she decided she wanted me.

I was as obviously straight as if I'd hung a sign around my neck that said 'cisgender', or 'likes men'. But when Ms. Ford decides she wants something she goes for it. That's an admirable trait, and one I'm kind of jealous of myself. I'm way too hesitant and uncertain of myself to go all out for something.

Now, I've had girls and women hit on me before, of course. It's usually pretty mild, and almost always way more polite than when guys do it. It involves light flirting to kind of sound me out about whether I might be open to a little girl-on-girl play.

But Ms. Ford was not the shy or hesitant type and she just came flat out and kissed me! I was taken aback, sure, but boy can that woman kiss! Anyway, to make a long story short she wound up teaching me a lot about my body that day and giving me more raw, physical pleasure and wild, breathless passion than I'd ever gotten from a guy.

It's kind of hard to say no to that sort of thing. I mean, it was just playing around anyway, nothing romantic. But boy, did she know her way around a girl's body! She made me breathless with the things she did, and the orgasms were the most intense of my life!

Am I going to say no to more of that? Of course not! I might be blonde but I'm not dumb! And it didn't surprise me in the least that she took the lead, that she told me what to do. I didn't resent it at all. It seemed completely natural given how much she knew and how little I did.

Not to mention she was a big, strong, aggressive woman and I... wasn't. And when she started demonstrating how kinky her little games were, well. I was hesitant, but the rewards were too amazing to say anything. When someone wants to tie you up and then give you a series of incredible orgasms are you going to object to being tied up? Of course not!

After only a few days, though, I was starting to wonder just how much of a 'game' it was to her. Her and her friends. My previous sexual experience was pretty vanilla, but the dark power games she played with me had me taking up the role of 'slave' to her being the 'mistress'. Kinky and hot!

As a game.

But the game had been getting more serious lately, the discipline more severe, and the way she treated me more, well, stern. But the pleasure was just as intense, if not more! And it had taken me very little time to become enthralled with the wicked idea of being a 'sex slave'! Because that robbed me of agency, robbed me of decisions, robbed me of guilt for whatever slutty things I did!

If I was a 'sex slave' then I had to obey! And so showing off my body could be done without anyone accusing me of showing off! Because I'd been ordered to! See how that works? And frankly, I was really getting off on showing off my body. I knew how hot I was, how great it was, and it had been endlessly frustrating to not be able to show it off.

Now I was showing it to a lot of people! And that was wickedly exciting! But like I said, the game was getting darker.

Like, for example, being hung upside down by the ankles. Being hung upside down can get confusing, especially when you're blindfolded. A lot of people have hung upside down for brief periods of time. When you hang upside down the blood rushes to your head, and before long you get a kind of headache. But if you stay upside down for very long your body seems to be able to cope and even things out again.

But it still feels weird, and when you're tied firmly in place so you can't move, and also can't see, it gets even stranger. Especially when you can't hear anything but your own voice coming into your ears from EarPods.

That's all I'd been hearing for what felt like an hour! And my tongue ached!

Oh, did I forget to mention my tongue? Yeah, there was a clip on my tongue attached to a slim cord. The cord was attached to a weight that dangled down and pulled my tongue over my upper lip (because I was upside down).

It wasn't the first time she'd done that. She was determined to stretch my tongue. She wanted it as long as hers. But she'd had a lot

more practice using hers and it was going to take time for me.

When someone finally came and unclipped the clip my tongue pulled back and I moaned in relief, trying to massage my sore tongue against the inside of my mouth.

Hands caressed my body, and it occurred to me I had no idea who it was. I assumed it was Ms. Ford, but it could have been Grace, or 'Mistress Grace'. Or it could have been one of the other women who had come over that evening for me to put a show on for.

I hadn't known that when I had arrived, of course. But then, I hadn't even known I was going anywhere until I was put in a cage and trucked over here from work. Then I'd found eight strange women here with Ms. Ford and Grace, all of them fully dressed, all of them very black, and me, the naked blonde girl on display for them!

The hands were female, I thought. They weren't big enough to be men, and they felt softer than male hands. They fondled my breast, then moved up my body and fingered my pussy. Both my breasts and my pussy were still a bit sore from the flogging I'd gotten. But that just made them more sensitive.

When someone began to gently lick me I gasped at the ache but felt a rush of pleasure regardless. The tongue swirled and swished along my sex and over my clitoris, then drove into the small, tight pink opening of my pussy a startlingly long way to twist and turn inside me.

Definitely a lesbian!

I had been trying to think straight, which was not easy with my own voice in my ears saying crude and degrading things about myself. I had been trying to figure out just how serious Ms. Ford was when she called me a sex slave and said she was 'training' me to be her obedient little slave girl.

Because after this evening I wasn't quite sure!

But feeling a tongue pumping in and out of my pussy began to make my mind lose its focus. Soft hands caressed my buttocks, squeezing them gently and sliding up and down my thighs. Then a pair of lips began to gently suck on my swollen clitoris.

All the while those voices – my voice – continued to repeat the words which had been recorded without my knowledge, words I'd been 'ordered' to say about myself. "I'm a filthy slut! I love big black cocks! I am a nasty blonde cock lover! I'm a bad girl! I'm Ms. Ford's slave girl! I deserve to be punished! I'm a blonde sex slave! Ms. Ford owns my body! I'm a slutty slave animal! I must obey my mistress!"

And more such words, often said with a tremor in my voice because of how full of passion and heat I was when I said them.

And then another pair of hands slid up and down my body, and a mouth came down around my right nipple, sucking and licking gently. Another one came down on my left! I moaned anew as those tongues and hands began to set my body aflame again!

It was astonishing how many orgasms I'd already had in one day! But the way Ms. Ford could mindfuck me, to be blunt, kept me in heat and passion for hours! Her kinky, nasty games gave me a sense of awe at what I was doing, and what was being done to me!

Being flogged all over my body was not exactly a fun thing. But if this was the reward, well...!

Fingers dipped into the mouth of my sex, then slid deeper and I panted and moaned as the heat grew more powerful inside me.

Fingers pulled the EarPod out of one of my ears.

"Repeat what you hear," a voice whispered into that ear.

What did that mean?! I was instantly anxious in case I got it wrong!

"What is your voice telling you in your other ear, slut?" the voice asked.

"I'm... I'm a slut!" I moaned.

"Yes, you are. Repeat what the voice is saying."

And so I did. I had no idea who was there, and the words were, to be honest, degrading as fuck! But saying them aloud just made my mind squirm even more, especially since there were women there with me who would be hearing my words!

"I'm a filthy slave bitch!" I moaned, repeating what my own voice was saying. "I'm a dirty little racist! I belong to Ms. Ford! I'm her sex slave! I'm a nasty, slave animal! I'm a white supremacist! I love black pussy! I'm a brainless blonde fuck toy! I love big black cocks inside me!"

I repeated the words in a dazed sort of way as those hands and mouths raised the sexual heat and pressure inside me and soon had my mind swimming in dark, liquid heat. My arms and legs pulled against the bindings holding me in an upside down, spreadeagle position as my head twisted and turned and I gasped and moaned and trembled.

A part of me, I think, understood that I was sort of being... conditioned by all this. But I dismissed it as just part of Ms. Ford's dark, edgy games.

"My body was made for giving pleasure to others! I'm a blonde sex toy! I'm a bad slave girl who deserves to be punished! I am a low, crawling creature! I love black cocks! I'm an animal fuck doll!"

The orgasm made me twist and writhe, straining even more against the restraints as I cried out in dazed, desperate pleasure! Then the hands and lips moved away except for one, which gently caressed my body as I gulped in air.

"Keep talking," the voice ordered.

"I'm a dirty little blonde whore," I moaned breathlessly. "My body belongs to Ms. Ford! I love being gang banged by black cocks! I'm a prostitute! I love sucking black cock! I deserve to be whipped!"

The hand went away and I kept chanting softly, breathlessly, for a minute, then stopped. After a few seconds, I felt a soft, stinging slapping against my right nipple. I recognized it as the soft, flat tip of the riding crop.

"Were you given permission to stop talking, slut?" a voice demanded sternly.

I gasped and resumed repeating whatever the voice in my ear said. I kept it up for some time, then when my voice began to soften and trail off I felt the shaft of the riding crop, and not the soft tip smacking down across my breast!

I squealed in pain as the voice chided me for disobedience, and quickly resumed repeating whatever my voice was saying.

I practically wore my voice out. Then it eventually trailed off due to sheer exhaustion and no one hit me. Maybe she wasn't there

anymore? I hung there dazedly, groaning, eyes mostly closed behind the blindfold. How long was I going to be hung upside down like this?

Ms. Ford had had me call my roommate and tell her I was spending the weekend at a girlfriend's in case she worried. My roommate and I weren't exactly close since she worked evenings so that we

hardly ever even saw each other. But she'd likely notice when coming home if I wasn't in my bed, though she wouldn't care. If I hadn't been back by morning, though, she'd have started to wonder.

Tomorrow – likely today – was a Saturday, though. There were groceries to buy and errands to run. I thought that tiredly, my mind half asleep. It had been an exhausting day, after all, both physically and emotionally.

I guess I fell asleep. I woke to fingers caressing me again, then pushing into my pussy. They were slippery and warm. They also pushed into my behind and then a tongue licked at my clitoris. Soon after a big cock slid down into my pussy. Only it turned out to be a vibrator that pumped in and out, buzzing and pulsing as the tongue licked hard at my clitoris!

My body began to crackle with sexual energy again, though my mind was still extremely hazy.

Where even was I?!

In someone's house. Ms. Ford's?

And what was over my face! There was something covering my entire head! I could feel it squeezing around my face and skull like... like pantyhose! When had that been put on!?

My body began to writhe in place and I gasped and moaned as the vibrator pumped in and out and the tongue licked hard at my clitoris. Then they both stopped. I heard a machine, then I was being lowered down. I felt the floor under my hands, which were free now, and then my head and shoulders made contact with it, too.

Hands gripped my arms and shoulders, pulling me sideways as whatever held my ankles continued to descend until I was lying on my back on the floor. I groaned dazedly as hands caressed my body and kneaded my breasts, as fingers rubbed gently against my clitoris while the vibrator was pushed even deeper.

The EarPods were gone from both ears now, I realized.

Hands rolled me over onto my belly, then someone slapped my bottom.

"Raise your hips up high, slave."

I groaned and slowly drew my knees in to raise my bottom up into the air.

Crack!

I gasped at another slap.

"Higher, slave."

I raised my bottom high, which involved drawing my abdomen in tight against my thighs and kind of bowing my back.

"Good slave," she said, her fingers gripping the base of the vibrator which protruded from my pussy and pushing it in a bit more.

I gasped as the collar around my neck pulled upward.

"On all fours, slave animal."

I got my hands under me and knelt there on all fours, still blindfolded and still kind of dazed.

Not to mention thrumming with sexual energy from the vibrator!

"Crawl, slave-bitch."

I didn't even recognize the voices! But it didn't really matter for the pull on the collar meant someone was holding a leash and I crawled awkwardly after them.

"Where is – Ow!"

I gasped at the sharp sting of the crop across my bottom.

"Slave-bitches don't speak without being spoken to," a woman said sternly.

"Slave-animals have no voices. They do as they're told and ask no questions," another female voice said.

I knew they must be among the ones Ms. Ford had brought over earlier to... to watch me and, well, enjoy me being put through some degrading exercises! Maybe I had even licked their pussies. But as my mind sort of woke up it began to feel stranger and darker to be crawling like an animal on a leash without it even being someone whose name I knew!

I felt warm air on me suddenly, and what felt like sunlight. I was still wearing the thigh-high stiletto heels and shoulder-length PVC gloves, but it felt like the hard floor I had been crawling over gave way to stone, and then to grass! Yes, it was definitely grass!

And I had to go to the bathroom!

"I need to go to the bathroom, Mistress," I gulped.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and winced and moaned at the blows from the crop.

"Slave-bitches do not speak unless spoken to," the woman said.

"Slave-animals have no voices," the other said.

The pull of the collar kept me crawling over what I was certain was grass, though it got taller, then stopped.

"Spread your legs wide, slave," one of them ordered.

I shifted my knees further apart, then further still.

"Feet apart, too. Lower your back end"

I groaned, the tendons in my thighs starting to strain, then eased my pussy down closer to the grass.

"Now you may pee."

What? What?!

God! I had done so many degrading things over the last week! And lately, they'd been calling me an animal and making me crawl! That was so... so... fucking outrageous! So shockingly degrading!

"Animals don't use toilets, slave-bitch," one of them said. "They go outside."

My bladder was really, really full! It was aching!

"Please, Mistress!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Go now or don't go until tomorrow."

I gasped at that threat! No way I could hold it till tomorrow! Or even an hour!

I felt fingers slide up my abdomen and rub my clitoris, which was already swollen and throbbing from the vibrator.

"Dirty girl," a voice said. "Dirty little slave animal."

I shuddered, and then the vibrator began to pump in and out of me as hands fondled my breasts.

I lost control of my bladder!

"Nasty little slave animal!"

"Filthy little slave-bitch!"

"What a whore she is!"

"Definitely a blonde slut animal!"

I didn't even know how many women were around me! God, this was so humiliating! But I couldn't help it!

And then when I was finished I came! My hips began to buck back uncontrollably and I cried out in dazed, wanton heat as my entire body flamed with pleasure! I grunted and gasped and sobbed dazedly as the vibrator was rammed into me and the orgasm tore through my mind like a tsunami!

Nor was that the end of my humiliation! Soon a slim hose was pushed into my bottom and warm water poured into me until my abdomen ached!

They were giving me an enema!

I tried to hold it as long as possible, no matter how much it hurt! But eventually, I had no choice and I felt even more humiliated as the contents of my bowels poured out over the grass.

Then they did it again!

Laughing and taunting me, they pulled on the collar and led me away.

We stopped and the boots were removed, then the gloves. The collar was taken away, and the restraints around wrists and ankles. Water was poured over me, like from a shower, or hose, but it was warm. Then some sort of liquid, followed by hands that spread it out over my body. It didn't take long until I determined it was soap.

I was being washed.

Like an animal!

Well, not quite. Their fingers spent a lot of time squeezing and kneading my soapy breasts and rolling my nipples. They spent a lot of time rubbing back and forth across my clitoris. The vibrator was pulled free and replaced by a nozzle which squirted more warm water up inside me as I was cleaned inside and out.

Finally, whatever was around my neck and head was removed and more soap or a different kind was poured over my head as fingers began to soap it up. The blindfold was taken off but almost immediately soapy hands rubbed over my face and eyes and soapy shampoo poured down around me so I had to keep my eyes closed tight.

The hose poured water over me to rinse me off.

"Open your mouth wide, slave."

I hesitantly obeyed and then a toothbrush was pushed inside and someone brushed my teeth for me! I was given water to swirl around and spit out, followed by mouthwash. My hair was rinsed off completely but I was ordered to keep my eyes closed.

They roughly towed most of the water off my body and out of my hair. Then the collar went around me again and the leash pulled so I crawled forward and went inside.

"Heels," a voice ordered.

I pushed myself up and back on my heels, spreading my knees and bringing my hands up behind my head. Fingers tugged firmly but not cruelly on my hair to force my head back even further so I was looking straight up.

"Do not move, slave," Ms. Ford ordered sternly.

At last a voice I recognized!

"Open your eyes."

I opened my eyes, blinking rapidly. We were in some kind of... shed? The sunlight outside seemed horribly bright!

"I'm going to put contacts in your eyes."

"But... but why!?" I gasped.

My vision was fine!

"Because they'll make you even sexier than those bright blue eyes of yours."

I had no idea what she meant but she pressed her fingers against my eyelids to widen them, then slipped something thin and... black into my right eye.

"I can't see anything!" I gasped.

"Good."

Her fingers retreated and I blinked rapidly at the unfamiliar sensation of something in my eye! Then she did the same to the other eye. And now I was effectively blinded again only without a blindfold. I heard a blow dryer going on and then my head was lifted up and forward and someone brushed my hair as the blow dryer played hot air over it.

"Tongue out."

I stuck my tongue out almost without thinking, then cried out as the clip was placed around it again. I moaned as a weight pulled my tongue over my lower lip and held it there.

"Now, now. You'll be very good at licking pussy by the time we're done with you, my little slave bitch."

When my hair was done to their satisfaction they had me go on all fours again, then face down, bottom up. I felt a butt-plug pushed into my ass. Only this one had something on the outside that dangled down between my thighs. It felt... furry!

"That's your tail, slave bitch," one of the women said with a giggle.

Tail!?

Something was slipped over my hands that were like thick mittens, only these mittens had no thumbs. Then something furry, like very thick, furry socks went over my feet and up my legs past the knees.

"Crawl, slave-bitch."

The collar jerked me forward and I gasped and started to crawl.

We crawled back inside. I had no idea where inside except I was soon strapped down and then a dildo pushed into my pussy. The suction cups from the other day were fitted to my nipples and started to suck rhythmically as I moaned weakly.

The dildo started to work its way in and out, then the little round vibrator thing started to rub against my clitoris.

The EarPods were placed back in my ears and I began to hear my voice again.

"I'm a filthy fuck toy. I'm a slave animal! I love big black cocks inside me! My body belongs to Ms. Ford! I am a nasty little sex slave! My body is made to be used by black cock! I need to be disciplined and punished!"

I knelt in place gasping and moaning as the dildo plunged deeper and deeper, then the padded base back to slap against my buttocks and thighs, making me rock to the hard thrusting! That made the weight on the end of my tongue swing in and out, which tugged harder. My nipples felt hard, swollen, and aching! The suction was wonderful but what I really wanted was something to touch them, to rub them and lick them!

I came several times, squealing and moaning and bucking uncontrollably back against the big cock thrusting into my pussy! Each time I did I heard applause over the voices in my ears, but I didn't know how many women were watching me.

"I'm a filthy blonde slut! I'm a dirty white whore! I belong to Ms. Ford! I'm a sex slave!"

The voices continued as the machine used me relentlessly.

When the machine finally stopped and I was unhooked I slumped low, my aching nipples pressing against the floor even as my bottom remained high.

The EarPods were pulled from my ears and the collar jerked up, making me gurgle and gasp until I pushed myself up onto my hands.

"Crawl, slave-bitch," a woman's voice ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed.

"Heels."

I sat back on my heels, knees spread, hands behind my head.

"Very nice," a woman murmured.

"Nice tits on her," another said.

Another one laughed. "She's literally dripping wet!" she said in delight.

I moaned weakly, shamed somehow as some kind of tissue was pushed against my pussy.

"Lovely face," another said.

"And pussy. What a neat looking little cunt. Has she had laser hair removal or something, Letitia?"

"From the feel of it, certainly," Ms. Jones replied. "Slut slave? Did you have laser hair removal on your cunt?"

"Yeth, Mistress," I gulped.

"Thought so. You know blondes care a lot about how they look naked since they'll be showing their bodies to so very many people."

"Whore," another woman sneered.

The clip was removed from my tongue and I gasped and jerked it back behind my lips, moaning as I rubbed it gently against the roof and floor of my mouth.

"You can tell she's a slut," someone said.

"Well, she is blonde," another said in amusement.

"I wonder how many cocks have been in her tight little pussy."

"Not enough. But I know a football team that would be glad to stretch her out."

"Grace has fisted her a couple of times," Ms. Ford's voice said.

"I bet she loved that, the blonde whore."

"She did, of course," she replied to laughter.

"Turn around slave bitch, face down, ass high."

I obeyed at once, horribly self-conscious, but my chest so tight with excitement and heat I could barely breathe!

"Now reach back and slide your fingers into your pussy."

Flinching a little, I obeyed.

"Spread yourself open so the ladies can see."

I did it, face flushing and mind squirming at this new indignity, but feeling a deep, raw need to degrade myself as much as possible!

"Now lay on your back and draw your knees up and apart."

I obeyed again.

"Her skin is flawless."

"Yes, but why don't I see welts and bruises? You've been too gentle on her, Letitia."

"She's amazingly biddable, a very submissive creature," Ms. Ford replied. "But I'm still bringing her along slowly. She could become the perfect sex slave."

I felt a psychic jolt at that because it again brought to the fore the dark and anxious thought that this was more than a game to her, that she and they actually expected me to be a real sex slave! Which was shocking and outrageous!

Someone pushed something against my hand.

"Fuck yourself with that big black cock, white girl," a voice ordered.

I moaned as I gripped the dildo and then hesitantly pushed it against my opening. It was thick, like all the dildos and cocks I'd had lately, but I easily worked it deep into my body and began to pump it slowly in and out.

"What a complete slut!" someone said.

"A real blonde slave animal," another replied.

"Push it deep, slut," Ms. Ford ordered.

I did, all but burying it, moaning as I pumped it in and out. Then it started to throb and buzz, so it turned out to be a vibrator.

I started to heat up even more, despite what I'd already gone through from the machine, though more because my mind was affected by doing this in front of people than the physical sensations.

I wasn't allowed to come. Instead, the clip was taken off my tongue. A bone gag was pushed into my mouth, and I had to crawl somewhere and then up onto a nice, soft bed. My wrists were drawn back behind me and the leather restraints fitted over them to bind them in place, then I was left alone briefly.

After a minute, I felt hands on my body, squeezing my breasts, rolling my aching nipples. Then a mouth came down on them, sucking and licking as I moaned in pleasure. Fingers rubbed at my pussy, then I felt a tongue there, licking as fingers pushed into me.

It took very little time for my body to heat up. It had already been simmering and bubbling hungrily, and when my wrists were locked behind me that simmer had gotten a lot stronger. Now as I lay on my back my lower body began to kind of undulate and roll up against her fingers and tongue.

And I had no idea who she was! And that didn't even seem to matter!

I felt my leg lifted up and in as my lower body was kind of turned onto my hip. My leg was pushed back sharply and then another woman maneuvered her pussy in against mine. She started to grind herself against me and I moaned and gasped around the bone gag as she used me for her pleasure.

I cried out as she gripped my hair, turning me more onto my side and forcing my head way back. Her other hand roughly fondled my breasts as she continued to grind herself against me.

"Slutty little white bitch!" she growled. "I bet you love it, whore!"

I moaned in return.

"We'll see you get enough black cock to choke on, slut!" she sneered.

I came, and she cursed as I cried out in mind-blasted pleasure while she ground herself even harder against me as I trembled and shook. My hips bucked violently as she jammed herself down against my sodden sex! She yanked harshly on my hair and slapped my breasts as she used me, but if anything that just made the orgasm more intense!

At least half a dozen more women came in over the next while, all of them using me. Many scissored me, while others rode me with dildos. All of them slapped and pinched me, and called me names. All of them pulled my hair. One of them pulled the bone gag off and had me lick her pussy, but of course, being unable to see anything I licked kind of poorly.

I was sort of able to find her clitoris with the sensitive tip of my tongue, though, and once I did that I did better, licking and sucking on it as she gripped my bunched-up hair and roughly groped my breasts.

I felt my mind wallowing in the dark fantasy of being a sex slave, which helped to supercharge my sexual pleasure as they taunted and abused me.

I was extremely hungry! I had kind of ignored it while so much was happening, but when they seemed done with me and I was laying there, gagged, my mind starting to function again, my stomach rumbled and I moaned hungrily.

When someone came for me they unlocked my wrists and I crawled along to somewhere I couldn't see, but I did eventually hear Ms. Ford's voice.

"Thank you for fetching my little pet, Amy," she said.

I felt the collar pulled closer.

"Heels, slave."

I sat down on my heels, hands going behind my head.

"You will not speak. Is that clear?"

She undid the bone-gag and pulled it free and I worked my sore jaw. I could smell food! I licked my lips hungrily but said nothing as what sounded like half a dozen or more women sat around nearby chatting, often about food. It didn't take me long to figure out they were seated around a table and eating!

Occasionally a hand, which I assumed was Ms. Ford came down on my head and sort of, well, patted me, fingers gently stroking my hair in an oddly comforting way.

Then, finally, she said. "Mouth open wide. Tongue out."

I cringed, thinking she was going to put the clip on it again but obeyed. Instead, she put something on it.

"Take it into your mouth and chew, slave bitch."

I drew it in and started to chew, and gladly so! It was some kind of meat, and I chewed hungrily and quickly swallowed. After a minute, she did it again. Then again. Then she slipped something directly into my mouth a few times, then had me lick something out of

the palm of her hand.

There was a delay with no food, then I heard the sound of Grace's voice.

"Come here slave bitch," she said.

I heard fingers snapping nearby.

"Obey," Ms. Ford ordered sternly.

I dropped down onto my hands and knees and hesitantly crawled toward where she was snapping her fingers. When I got there she kind of stroked my hair and then put her hand against my mouth. It had something in it and I licked it out. More food!

"Good, slave animal," she said, patting my head.

Fuck, this was sick! I was awed by how dark and nasty it was!

Other fingers began snapping and I crawled from one to another as each, sometimes giggling, sometimes sneering at me, fed me. Then Ms. Jones had me crawl over somewhere and pushed my face down into what turned out to be a bowl of milk.

I drank thirstily, with my bottom raised high and legs spread wide, of course. No one had to even tell me to do that anymore. I did it automatically.

Afterward, someone brushed my teeth, and then put the bone gag back in my mouth. Then I was taken outside to pee on the lawn once more. Afterward, I was led over to sit on my heels (legs spread wide and hands behind head) by the pool, where a number of the women were sitting or lying around.

I, of course, could see nothing.

My arms ached from the workout they'd been getting lately, including crawling and holding my hands up and back for long periods of time. My back kind of ached, too, but every time I relaxed a little the tip of the riding crop would snap in to bite one of my nipples and I'd jerk my elbows back and arch my back more.

"The white bitch is going to get her skin burned if she stays out in the sun," someone said.

"White bitches aren't meant for daylight. They're like vampires that should only come out at night," someone else said to laughter.

Hands spread some kind of slippery stuff over my body as I held still. I assumed it was sunscreen but could not ask, of course. A second pair of hands joined the first, and I felt the now-familiar rise of heat as they massaged the oil into my breasts, rolled my nipples, rubbed my clitoris, and caressed and squeezed my buttocks.

Fingers pushed up into my pussy, one, two, then three, pumping in and out as my clitoris was rubbed, and I began to breathe more raggedly as my lower body started to churn with excitement.

"It takes so little to arouse this blonde whore," one of the women doing it said in amusement.

"Animals respond instinctively to certain stimuli," someone said. "They operate on instinct, you know, not rational thought."

"And she's definitely a little bitch animal. Aren't you, slut."

"She can hardly talk with a bone in her mouth, Sarah," someone said in amusement.

"Well, why has she got the stupid thing in? Just whip her whenever she speaks. That will keep her tongue ready to please us."

There was general laughter and agreement and the bone-gag was removed from my mouth. I certainly knew not to say anything then!

"Tell us, slut, do you understand that you're not really human? Do you know you're an animal?" someone asked.

I hesitated because while I was sure she was talking to me I had just been kind of told I'd be punished for speaking.

"Slut animal, you will answer the question," Ms. Jones said. "Are you a human?"

I hesitated again, but I knew what they wanted me to say, and the fingers pumping inside me were heating me up furiously.

"No, Mistress," I gasped.

"What are you, slut?"

"I'm a... a slut animal, Mistress," I gulped.

"To be more specific, you're a blonde slut-animal. Say it, slut."

"I'm a blonde slut-animal, Mistress," I said, panting, fighting not to move as the woman rubbing my clitoris sent a dark rush of pleasure through my mind and body.

"Your guests have arrived," Letitia," someone said.

"Ahh, excellent. They're for my little blonde pet, you see," she said to the rest.

"You brought guests for an animal?" someone said challengingly.

"And a spectacle for us. Welcome ladies," she said.

Someone was arriving, more women I guessed, though it didn't really matter at the moment as I tried to subtly ride up and down on the fingers of the woman beside me.

"Three proud black transgender women," Ms. Jones said. "With very large girl cocks."

There were a few uneasy titters at that, which I sort of understood. Nothing was more laden with the potential to get you canceled than saying anything about trans women other than wholeheartedly accepting them as women.

Girl cocks? The thought suddenly jumped out at me. What did she mean by that? And why were they for me?!

"They're going to put on a show for us to demonstrate how responsive this little blonde slut-animal is to the instincts which command her," Ms. Jones said.

I gasped as someone gripped my hair and mashed my face into... what was definitely a real cock and balls! Someone else gripped my hips and jerked sharply back and I cried out as they pulled my knees out from under me and I was momentarily dangled by my hair!

I got my hands quickly down on the ground as someone mashed their big cock in against my bottom! My head was lowered by whoever held my hair as I felt a thick cock slowly force its way into my welcoming pussy! Then another pushed into my open mouth, a thick one!

I moaned around it but instantly began to suck and lick as my hair was roughly yanked forward. Someone's big hands eagerly and

roughly fondled my breasts as they hung below me. Then the cock in my mouth pushed straight down my throat to the base!

"Look at the slut swallow all that black meat!" one of the women said.

"The little white bitch loves black cock," another replied.

My wrists were pulled back behind me and then lifted up along my spine until they were almost up between my shoulder blades! I gasped in pain but my throat was full of cock! Then my wrists were

locked in place to the back of the collar with a chain. Some kind of strap was drawn around my arms just above the elbows and they were pulled closer together, as well!

The cock behind me rammed deep into my belly and then began to thrust hard and fast so that my entire body shook violently! The cock in my throat pulled back and it felt like different hands gripped my hair. And without my arms, my upper body was only held in place by my hair! The guy fucking me – excuse me, the transgender woman fucking me – was clearly holding it and yanking back to meet her thrusts!

"Watch the slut-animal's face as that big black cock rams up into her tight little belly," Ms. Jones said. "Look at the pleasure and heat that is coming over her. It won't take her long to orgasm now."

I sensed someone kneeling next to me, and a big, obviously male hand slid up under my hip and fingers rubbed my clitoris! Fuck! I gasped and shuddered and my heart pounded wildly as the excitement screamed upward and I fell into that dark feverish heat that had overcome me so often since meeting Ms. Ford!

The hard hips were now hammering into my body! My scalp ached from the pull on my hair, but all I could care about was the feel of that big cock thrusting into me!

"Nghaa! Nghaa! Nghaaa! Nghahhha!" I gasped.

"Look at her tits jiggling!" one of the women said in delight.

Then only one of them was moving because a big hand came in and squeezed the other, squeezed it achingly tightly!

"Stop," Ms. Ford ordered.

The person behind me rammed their cock into me and then stopped and no one made a sound except for me, gasping for breath.

"Tell us you love big black cock, slut animal," Ms. Ford ordered.

"I-I... I I-love big black... cock, Mistress!" I gasped.

I cried out as my hair was yanked back a little more, to force my head back.

"You love having a big black cock filling your cunt, don't you, slut-animal?"

"Y-Yes, Mistress!" I panted. "I love having a big black cock filling my cunt!"

I cried out as my hair was twisted, and my breast was squeezed roughly again. No, both were!

"I bet you'd love it if you were fucked harder, slut-animal. Beg the woman behind you to fuck you harder."

"Please fuck me harder, Mistress!" I gasped.

The cock began to move in and out faster and faster until my eyes themselves seemed to be bouncing up and down as her hips pounded against my upraised buttocks! Her big cock speared me deep inside, and all I could do was gurgled and gasp and shudder at the violent use of my body!

Then the fingers returned to my clitoris. I whimpered and moaned, feverish again. I could hear the rising murmur of insults around me as my breathing became more ragged again. Then the orgasm hit and I cried out again and again, to applause and laughter, to abuse rained down on me.

"Whore!

"Slut!"

"Bitch-animal!"

"She loves that black cock all right!"

"Look at the size of that fucking cock! I'm amazed she can get it inside!"

"Blonde sluts like this can take any size cocks."

"Shove that other one down her whore throat!"

Soon my hair was handed off to another and the second cock was pushed into my open mouth. It silenced my cries of dazed pleasure as it slid down my throat to the balls and there was more amusement – sounding kind of sadistic, actually – from the watching women.

And I understood, then, as far as my mind was capable of thinking. They were feeling happy at me being degraded like this, at being used like a whore, at having the big cocks jammed into my petite body that they themselves wanted no part of.

Although... if these were women and women cocks now then maybe... I don't know. My head wasn't up to pondering such things.

The cock pulled out of my throat and I coughed and gulped in air as I was dragged slowly forward. I felt a body below me and I was positioned to straddle it. The cock in my pussy slid out and I was impaled on the other one, sinking down with a shudder of heat and pleasure.

I was bent forward and the other one tugged the tail attached to the butt-plug out of my butt, then pushed their big cock into my ass. Since my body was so nicely oiled and I'd had the plug for a while they managed it fairly easily.

This was reminding me of the foursome I'd had in Ms. Jones' office except this was being done outside in the open with a bunch of people watching. And since I'd become kind of an exhibitionist as well as a masochist lately that aroused me even more!

The guy, I mean, the girl behind managed to get what felt like a huge horse cock buried in my ass, and then she and the one beneath started to drive their cocks into me. I was not surprised when another cock was fed through my lips and down my throat. Even blind as I was I knew all the women were looking on in sadistic glee.

Glee at poor more, the poor little innocent blonde girl from the suburbs being so degraded and used so cruelly! My mind wallowed in that delicious masochistic sense of being treated so outrageously! The fever heat built up quickly and then the person standing or

kneeling before me pulled their cock out so the rest could watch and hear my cries of dazed, animal pleasure rise higher and higher!

They sneered and jeered and threw more insults at me until I stopped screaming, then the other cock was pushed into my mouth again. That one began to pump in and out, in and out. Fingers rubbed at my clitoris, and I came again, with the cock in my throat pulling out once more so the ladies could laugh and shout abuse at me for being such a whore and an animal.

I came repeatedly as the three transgender women hammered me, using my slender body roughly, ramming their cocks into me repeatedly. Whenever one came they'd shift around and make me suck them erect once more so they could continue fucking me.

Then, trembling, panting for breath, I had to sit back on my heels, head back and mouth open as they came on my face, more or less together.

The watching women applauded and rained more abuse on me as I sat there gasping for breath, blinking my blinded eyes, my body aching from the bruising fucking I had endured. My throat was sore, not just from the cocks which had plunged into it but from screaming in pleasure.

My arms were untied and after I could get them to work again I crawled weakly across the yard to somewhere a hose could be turned on me. Then I got another enema, a douche, and another cleaning before being led into the cage and let to rest at last.

And the day wasn't even half over! I wasn't even sure I would survive the rest! I was stunned, shell-shocked once again by how shocking and outrageous things had been. Yet my mind still felt a kind of awed delight, a sort of feline purring satisfaction at it all. You only live once, after all, and I was living like few women ever had!

And who knew what more awaited me!

END

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This is the eighth part of a multi-part series on **Courtney's Dark Adventures**. Courtney is a petite blonde with a creamy complexion who on her summer job 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.