

Courtney is Taught Her Place

By JJ Argus



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(Courtney's Dark Adventures #9)

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The cliché about blondes being these wild and crazy sex kittens came from Hollywood, not real life. And they were created by brunettes! Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield started it. Neither were real blondes. That trend continued right through blonde sex-kitten singers like Madonna, Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, and Lady Gaga. None of them are real blondes!

But it permeates our culture and is helped along by the fact every damned brunette who wants to 'have more fun' gets her hair dyed blonde. So I have been used to the comments, the smirks, the jokes and the attitude for many years. Blondes are sluts. Blondes are airheads.

I am neither. Or at least... I wasn't. I mean, I was a perfectly normal girl with one year of college under my belt when I went to work at a summer job working as a receptionist at a big bank. Nothing wild about me. I dressed modestly, had a modest and boring sex life of little real consequence, and was about as smart as most people, I guess.

Then I met Ms. Ford. No one ever suggested she was an airhead! She is razor sharp, six feet tall, aggressive, determined, beautiful, assertive, and very, very gay. She's nearly forty and the Executive Vice President of International Affairs at a major bank. She's very successful, sophisticated, and cosmopolitan. She also has a lot of money.

There is a lot to admire about her and it didn't take me long to admire her either. But she's so wildly above me and my five feet nothing in height, my hesitant, uncertain, inexperienced, middle-class boringness, that it was impossible to suggest I was better in any way, or even her equal!

Well, except for my boobs. Everyone who's ever seen them has remarked on their perfect shape and size and how firm they are despite their size. They're not enormous or anything. No one would call me 'busty', say. But they're larger than normal, anyway, especially on my petite frame.

I exercise to make sure they stay firm, too. Which also keeps me slim and flat-bellied. And yes, with my long, golden blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and pretty face, I'm considered quite attractive, even hot by most people. So, I was well used to being looked at and being lusted after.

By both men and women. Though the latter didn't often hit on me since I was so obviously straight.

Ms. Ford, though, simply didn't care. She hit on me and did it strongly and overwhelmingly! And before I knew it, she had literally swept me off my feet and was demonstrating just how much pleasure and passion a girl could be made to feel at the hands (and fingers and tongues) of someone who knew how to give her that pleasure!

It was my first girl-girl sex beyond a little light kissing and caressing. And it blew my mind! I don't mean to say she suddenly turned me away from being straight. I still considered myself straight, but I realized just how ignorant the boys I'd been with were. Then again, she was twice as old as any guy I'd ever dated.

It had not surprised me that in any sort of relationship between us, and the only kind I had imagined was enormously-powerful-boss-lady and nobody-summer-student-receptionist she would be completely in charge. It would not even have occurred to me to challenge that.

But when it came to sex, Ms. Ford was deeply into power games, and my role, naturally, was as submissive to her dominance. Ms. Ford brought innocent me into a deliciously edgy sex game fantasy where I was her sex slave! And it had enthralled me!

Only... things had been getting more and more dark and kinky since it had started. And I knew that I was, in a way, being conditioned to obedience, and to respond to the things she did. I was being

conditioned to get aroused when I was bound, to become aroused when I was degraded, and my inhibitions were being relentlessly attacked!

Modesty? Ha! Not anymore! Modesty had been a frustrating but necessary behavior to avoid getting a reputation as a 'blonde slut'. It meant I had to be modest in how I dressed and displayed the body I was so proud of. But Ms. Ford freed me of that and let me proudly flaunt my body before others – because I was ordered to!

It's not showing off when you're ordered to do something, right?

Now I was at her place for a whole weekend! That had followed a wild and stunning Friday at work and then back at her place in the evening. Saturday had been crazy! With black contact lenses making it impossible to see and me being required to crawl about and not speak Ms. Ford had reduced me to the status of animal!

And she'd done it with a whole pile of other women there to watch and enjoy the sight of my degrading behavior and sexual use! I had basked in that, in the knowledge they were watching me as I was cruelly used, flaunting my sexual attractiveness, hunger and the intense rush of pleasure that brought me the most incredible and lengthy orgasms of my 19 years!

And even though I couldn't see any of the black women around me (I assumed they were black since everyone else Ms. Ford had brought into her 'game' was), and even though they showered abuse on me, sneering, jeering, and insulting me constantly, I sensed jealousy in them.

How many of them had such freedom to partake in the crudest and most obscene sexual acts and have so many massive orgasms? No doubt they were all concerned about their reputations and how their friends and colleagues saw them and thought of them.

But I knew no one else in the company, and none of them knew my family or friends. It was like I was in a different world where for the first time in years I didn't have to worry about my reputation!

I also think that jealousy made them angry at me for having what they didn't, youth, beauty, complete sexual freedom, along with massive orgasms. I also think they hated it that I got off so powerfully with big cocks inside me, especially big black cocks. They wanted to shame and humiliate me over that, but that only made me more aroused now.

Being mostly lesbians (with a few bi), few of them had any interest in cocks, and that was part of why they sneered at me, why they insulted me for loving the big black cocks and big black dildos that were thrust achingly high into my pussy and bottom. That's partly why they took such satisfaction by pretending I wasn't even human, that I was a 'blonde animal'. It let them feel superior to me.

And everyone seems to like that.

And now it was Sunday. I had slept in a cage, with EarPods in my ears constantly saying the most depraved and degrading things about me. And they were my own voice! For I'd been required to parrot whatever I was told. Only now they'd added a background to my words. The background was the sound of my own cries of orgasmic pleasure.

I could hear myself coming again and again as my own voice spoke the words they'd given me, the words I'd repeated in front of them all.

"I'm a filthy blonde bitch-animal! I'm a cock-sucking blonde whore! I'm a racist white bitch! I'm a sex slave! Ms. Jones owns my body! I love having big black cocks inside me! I'm a miserable little slave animal! I'm not human anymore! Ms. Jones is my mistress! I deserve to be punished. I must obey Ms. Jones! I'm a filthy, cock-loving bitch animal! I'm a brainless blonde slut!"

On and on and on, repeated all night long in my ears with my own cries of pleasure in the background. I couldn't have taken the earbuds out if I wanted since my hands and lower arms were encased in some kind of thick, furry mittens that had no thumbs so I couldn't use my hands for anything.

Like an animal!

They had washed me, brushed my teeth, given me enemas, and made me pee outside on the grass!

Like an animal!

I could speak only when spoken to or I would be punished.

But even the punishments were starting to arouse me.

Because they were so outrageous! It was so wicked and cruel to do to such things to a poor, helpless, innocent young girl such like me! Okay, that might be a bit drama-queenish but it was how I felt. Yes, the masochism was growing stronger in my mind. So was the sense of heat whenever I exposed my naked body to people or did something obscene in front of them.

I heard sounds, and then the side of the cage slid up.

"Out, slut," a voice said.

I didn't even know who it was. It didn't really matter.

I crawled slowly out and waited. The leash was attached to my collar and then tugged and I crawled blindly forward as a woman led me out of whatever room I was in. I stopped at a command.

"Heels."

I sat up and back on my heels, automatically spreading my knees wide and bringing my hands behind my head. Someone jerked my hair, forcing my head back further, and then I felt fingers at my right eye, spreading the eyelids. I gasped and moaned but didn't speak as they carefully worked the black contact lens out of my eye.

Light flooded in to blind me again as my eyes immediately grew watery. She let go of my eyelid and I snapped it closed as she repeated the same thing with my other eye. I was able to see again!

Of course, here's the thing. Being blind, not able to see any of the people around you is kind of a protection from embarrassment when you're naked and doing obscene things. Suddenly being able to see the black women standing before me made me blush as I knelt there.

A bone gag was pushed into my mouth, though I hadn't said anything, then one of the women took the leash and jerked roughly on it so I fell down onto my... paws? They looked like paws. I hadn't seen these furry mitten things before. Now I could. I could also see everyone I passed as I crawled like an animal, the furry tail dangling from a butt-plug swishing against my thighs.

They led me outside, which made my eyes water again because it was so sunny. Other black women were laying around a pool but I was made to crawl along the grass and toward a weedy part of the yard, thankfully not very close to the other women.

"Face down."

I lowered my chin to the ground and raised my bottom high, automatically spreading my legs and the woman tugged the tail and butt-plug out of my bottom, then inserted an enema hose. This had been humiliating enough when blind, but now it made my mind squirm even more!

After that, I had to pee while she smirked down at me. Then I was led away to be washed like an animal. Finally, she led me back to the pool. I didn't know her or any of the women there, which just made me feel even more... vulnerable and helpless, giving me even more of a delicious sense of victimhood!

"I see our little blonde bitch-animal is awake," one of them sneered.

"We can't have the white girl out in the sun, Naomi or her skin will burn," another woman said.

"That's how you know they're not native to this part of the world," another woman said.

"White girls are so weak," another sneered.

"Come here, slut-animal," another ordered.

The woman holding my leash led me over and the woman smirked down at me and then spread her legs and drew her knees apart, pulling her thong to one side.

"Get to work, whore."

I didn't hesitate. I rose on my furry knees, put my furry hands on the sides of the chair, and began to lick her pussy.

She didn't exactly show gratitude, but I hadn't expected it and that wouldn't have excited me anyway. Instead, she roughly gripped my hair to show me how much in control of me she was, then roughly fondled and even slapped one of my breasts.

"Dirty little white whore," she sneered. "I bet you want another big, black cock inside your pink cunt."

She jammed my face against her, but I didn't complain. I kept licking at her clitoris as best I could given I had no fingers. She obligingly pulled the lips of her sex apart with the fingers of her other hand and I licked and sucked on her as the other women watched in amused contempt.

No one was doing anything physical that would turn me on or give me sexual pleasure, and yet I could feel it rapidly building up as I performed an obscene act on a complete stranger twice my age before several other older women. Helpless! A poor slave girl! Abused and mistreated! That all made my mind squirm with dark, edgy heat!

"Fucking little cis whore's tongue needs more exercise," she said.

"She'll get it," someone said.

Ms. Ford had been stretching my tongue by putting a clip on it attached to a weight which pulled my tongue out over my lower lip. She left it on sometimes for almost an hour before pulling it free! It ached but I thought it was starting to work. Certainly, my tongue was getting stronger from all the licking I'd done over the past week.

She sighed in pleasure, slumping down more, looking down at me with a sneer as she 'made me' lick her pussy. I guess a lot of people want to feel powerful and in control. I used to, until recently. Now it was a dark, wild thrill to see myself as a helpless, sexual victim.

When I'd managed to make her come the woman with my leash led me over to another woman and I started on her. She too yanked on my hair, commenting on it to others. I'd been around a bunch of black women since Friday evening and from what I could gather they were jealous of my hair. Not that it was blonde, but that it was so long and soft.

From conversations I'd overheard between and among them about various weaves and hair extensions and oils and stuff they had a major sense of resentment toward the women of other races who had what they regarded, anyway, as nicer hair. And apparently, they knew black men preferred it too, probably since they were never allowed to touch their own women's hair but could slide their fingers through mine and even yank on it as they wanted.

And they sure did with me!

"Lick harder, slave-animal," the woman next to her barked.

She bent forward and slapped my ass stingingly and I yelped and tried to lick harder and faster.

"Lazy little blonde slut-animal," the one whose pussy I was licking said.

She squeezed my breast hard, then gave it a kind of painful twist that made me cry out. Then she and the others laughed.

You know, it did not occur to me for even a second to protest or object or talk back in any way. Some people might think that baffling. But I had melted into the role of slave girl, of sex slave, not because I was intimidated or anything but because it was so incredibly hot and thrilling! I had sunk so deeply into that role I only occasionally remembered that it wasn't real!

I made her come, though, and then the woman with my leash started to lead me to another.

"Breakfast will be served in twenty minutes, ladies," Grace said, emerging from the house.

The women there got up and started moving inside. The woman holding my leash led me inside after them.

"I'll take the slut," Grace said.

The woman handed over the leash and went inside and Grace tugged on my leash, leading me in after her, then off to the side. We went into another room, a storage room of some kind.

"Face down, slut," she ordered.

I immediately put my chin against the floor and raised my bottom high, spreading my knees wide.

I felt her flip the tail aside to expose my naked sex, then her fingers spread me open and began to dip inside. I could feel the lube on them as she slid her fingers deep inside me, twisting and turning them before pulling them free. A moment later I felt the nose of a dildo pressed against me there, felt the pressure mounting until it began to spread me wider and wider.

I moaned softly as the ache in my opening grew, as it was stretched even wider. I dug my nails into the palms of my hand as the ache grew sharper. Then the thing began to push forward, twisting and turning as Grace forced it deeper, higher, stretching the elastic walls of my sex tautly as she drove it down into my belly.

"Tell me you love black cocks, slave."

"I love black cocks, Mistress!" I gasped.

"Keep saying it."

I began to repeat the words, almost to chant them as she jammed the big cock higher and higher inside me!

"Ohhh!" I gasped. "Ahhhh! Please, Mistress!"

"Just a little bit more," she said.

She pushed it deeper, then I felt her draw some kind of string or cord around the bottom and tie it off to the butt-plug before flipping the tail down again.

"I'd suggest you not try to sit down, slut," she said in amusement.

She tugged sharply on the leash, and I gasped as it pulled into my neck, rapidly scrambling up and back on my heels as she stood before me. She lifted a short skirt and then gripped my hair and jerked my face against her pussy.

I immediately started licking.

"Nasty little blonde bitch-animal," she purred, lightly twisting my hair. "You were made to be someone's fuck-doll, someone's sex slave. It's a pity you love cock so much."

I just kept licking hard and fast as she slowly began to grind herself against me.

She sighed happily. "That's it, whore," she moaned. "Lick me like that. Harder, slut. That's a good bitch."

I made her come, and she then took the leash and led me toward the dining room. I'd been there the other day, but I was blind then. And like I said, that had offered some protection to my sense of pride and dignity – what was left of them. Today I had none.

I mean, I was the only naked person. Everyone else was fully dressed, but I was completely naked, with a tail dangling behind me and a big black dildo driven achingly deep into my pussy. I was also crawling on all fours like an animal. And while they were seated around the large table I would kneel on the floor.

Grace led me over to where Ms. Ford sat.

"Heels," she barked.

"I quickly sat back on my heels and drew my hands up and back behind my head. There were nine women there, including Ms. Ford.

Nine! The youngest was probably Grace, who was perhaps ten years older than me. They were also all black, which further set me out as different.

"I think her arms should be tied back," Ms. Ford said, examining me.

"She can't use her hands as is," Grace said.

"Still. I think it would add to the sense of helplessness for her.

Ms. Ford and Grace drew my wrists down and back behind me, then lifted them up higher and higher until I began to gasp and moan at the pain to my shoulders. The leather wrist restraints were then attached to the back of the collar by a strap of some kind. Another strap went around my arms and pulled them slowly back closer and closer together until I began to gasp and moan in pain.

Then breakfast was served.

I just sat on my heels, my pussy kind of thrumming with energy and clamped tightly around the thick black cock inside it. My shoulders ached and I was aware of a sense of hunger as I looked up at them and listened to their idle, breakfast chatter. It was a few minutes before Ms. Jones held her hand out.

I rose off my heels, leaned in, and licked what seemed like a piece of French toast out of it. Then I sat back on my heels. Grace, who was sitting nearby, smirked down at me and then tossed a piece of bacon at me. It hit my cheek and fell to the floor.

"Well, lick it up, you sexy little bitch-animal," she said in amusement.

God!

I squirmed my heels back, then bent way over to lick the piece of bacon up, then straightened on my heels again, face somewhat flushed. Another woman held out her hand and I rose off my heels and kind of, knee-walked along the table until I could lean forward and lick the piece of French toast out of her hand.

Then another woman tossed a piece of waffle onto the floor. I shuffled forward a bit, well aware of how degrading this was, and bent over to lick that up. The woman nearest me reached her foot out and shoved hard against my butt and I fell forward onto my breast and shoulder as she and the others laughed.

"Crawl, you dirty little white slut," she sneered.

I flushed, my chest tightening, but obeyed, kind of wriggling a few feet around and then licking the piece of waffle up to eat. And then, of course, they all began to toss bits and pieces of food. I had to wriggle back and forth on my belly and shoulder to lean in and lick it off the floor while they sneered and jeered and pointed out what a whore I was.

My pussy spasmed around the thick dildo and I panted as the heat rose within me.

"Have you considered shaving her head, Letitia?" one of the women asked Ms. Ford.

"Yes, of course, but I like her blonde hair."

"Imagine her as completely bald up top as she is down below. You could tattoo a nice, deep red across her lips, too so she never needs lipstick. Tattoo eyeliner too."

"And pierce those nipples," another woman suggested.

"And her clit," said another.

"And tongue!" another chimed in.

"I think piercing her tongue would be an excellent idea," Ms. Ford said.

"Clamp her arms permanently like they are now. Make her into a complete fuck-doll incapable of doing anything else," another woman said.

The suggestions were outrageous and even kind of scary! But they were also dark, dangerous, edgy, and hot! They roused my sense of masochism again, my sense of being a helpless victim.

"She's already incapable of doing anything else simply due to her sluttish blonde nature," said Ms. Ford.

After they'd finished eating, and I'd been fed enough pieces to not be hungry, Ms. Ford led me along beside her with her holding a thick mass of my hair and me knee-walking as best I could. We went back to that storeroom and Grace followed us.

I licked Ms. Ford to orgasm, then they slid the big dildo and butt plug out of me and pulled out what looked like a very polished wooden sawhorse, and then had me straddle it.

I could, but only by standing on tiptoes.

Ms. Ford gathered my hair into a thick braid from the top center of my head, then tied it in cord above me. Grace then pulled my right leg, then my left leg out and tied them in place. Ms. Ford put clips on my nipples that tugged them up and forward, then a clip on my tongue with a weight that pulled it over my lower lip.

A slim vibrator was tied to the top of the sawhorse so that the nose was pressed against the top of my pussy, and then a bone gag was pushed into my mouth.

"Animal," Ms. Ford said.

"Little bitch-animal," Grace said in amusement.

They left me alone, then, and I rapidly realized that with all my weight on that tender part of my anatomy, I soon began to ache. The vibrator had a more immediate impact, though. I quickly wound up desperately trying to use the leverage of my bound legs and even my braid to push myself in and out against the vibrator, to work my clitoris in and along it, to make the dark heat grow more powerful.

And given how tightly I was tied, and how much I ached, it didn't take long before I was dazed with heat, hunger, and excitement. My mind naturally wanted to focus on that, not on the growing ache between my legs, or the sharp burning in my nipples.

It didn't take long before the first orgasm tore through my body. The second followed close behind. My scalp ached, my nipples were on fire, and my pussy was really starting to feel the pressure of the weight that was upon it! But the dark, sexual fever had me in its grip, and I reveled in my own pain, my own bondage and helplessness!

Another orgasm took me and I writhed and bucked, jerking and grinding myself against the vibrator without regard to how sore my pussy was getting!

A strange woman entered the room, black, of course. She had some kind of box with her. She put it down, looked at me, looked at my nipples, then opened the box and took out a pair of surgical gloves. A moment later she took out a piercing needle and then leaned in front of me as I stared dazedly at her.

She rubbed both my nipples with cotton balls that smelled of alcohol. Then she pressed the tip of the needle against the side of my right nipple and thrust it hard.

I cried out at the sudden, intense pain, but it was over quickly. She slid a ring into the hole she'd made, then did the same to my other nipple. When she was done she smiled, removed the clips which had been stretching out my aching nipples, and left!

I moaned in pain, rolling my eyes down, trying to see, but of course, my head was held perfectly straight so I could see nothing now. I sure felt my nipples burning, though! When Grace and Ms. Ford returned they immediately examined my breasts.

"Oh, those look lovely," Grace said.

"Yes, she has very small nipples. I would have preferred something larger but we had to compromise."

"Those rings actually look rather large," Grace said.

"Yes, and a heavier gauge than would normally be the case."

"They look perfect. What about her tongue and clit?"

"The problem with piercing her tongue is she won't be able to lick our pussies for three weeks afterward."

"Oh, that's not good."

"Exactly. We'll just continue to stretch it for now."

She smiled and tugged lightly on the clip, then reached down and let her soft, warm fingers rub against my clitoris. In less than a minute I came violently, screaming.

She and Grace laughed, then left me alone again, alone as the ache deepened between my legs and my tongue throbbed.

Then Grace showed up again, grinning as she examined the rings.

"They'll make your little pink nipples even more sensitive in the future, slut."

She tugged on one very lightly and smiled, leaning forward.

"Fuck toy," she whispered into my ear as her hand descended to my pussy and rubbed gently.

"Slut animal," she continued, nibbling on my ear.

The feel of her soft fingers against my clit was delicious after the cool, machine buzzing of the vibrator, and I moaned and ground myself against them as she chewed lightly along the nape of my neck.

She pulled the clip off my tongue and I shuddered in relief as I pulled it back into my mouth.

"Would you like a big cock inside you, white girl?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I moaned weakly. "Please fuck me, Mistress!"

"Tell me how much you love to feel big black cocks inside you."

"I... I do, Mistress! I love feeling big black cocks filling me all up!"

"You should be punished for being such a nasty little blonde whore and preying on our poor, innocent black men."

The door opened and Ms. Ford came in.

"Our little white slut wants a big black cock inside her," Grace said, still lightly rubbing my clitoris.

"Of course, she does."

"Would you like to show Ms. Ford how much you love her pussy, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I moaned.

Anything to get off this thing! I was really starting to hurt!

"Beg, slut."

"Please may I lick your pussy, Ms. Ford?!" I begged.

"But I thought you liked black cock? Do you love black pussy now?"

"Yes, Mistress! I love black pussy, Mistress!"

"Are you sorry for being a nasty little white slut?"

"Yes, Mistress!" I moaned. "I'm sorry for being a nasty little white slut!"

Grace undid the cord bound to my braid and it fell down, releasing the taut pressure on my scalp and flooding me with relief.

Ms. Ford joined her, standing on my other side as Grace undid the braid and let my hair spill down around my head and past my shoulders.

"Beg, whore," Ms. Ford whispered into my left ear.

"Please may I lick your pussy, Mistress!?" I gasped.

"Beg, slut," Grace whispered into my right ear.

She rubbed my clitoris again as Ms. Ford squeezed my breast.

"Please may I lick your pussy, Mistress!?" I gasped.

"Black pussy. Please may I lick your black pussy, Say it, white girl," Grace ordered.

"Please may I lick your black pussy, Mistress!" I moaned.

"Dirty little white slut," Grace purred.

"Beg me to fuck your blonde whore cunt," Grace growled, chewing harder along my throat.

"Please fuck my blonde whore cunt, Mistress!" I gasped.

"Beg me to let you lick my black pussy, slave-bitch," Ms. Ford whispered.

"Please may I lick your black pussy, Mistress!?"

"Beg me," Grace insisted.

"Beg me," Ms. Ford said.

I alternated, getting feverish with heat but also aching more and more painfully between the legs!

Finally, they let me down and I half sobbed in relief.

Ms. Ford pulled me across the floor by the hair and sat down in an upholstered chair, then slumped back and lifted her legs across the arms as she drew her skirt back. She pulled my mouth down against her and I gladly leaned over and began to lick.

Grace donned a big, black strap-on cock and then worked it into my aching pussy and began to fuck me.

My mind swam, once again losing any sight of what I really was, melting into the notion I was a sex slave as the fever-heat grew more intense.

"My, your pink pussy stretches so nicely around this big black cock," Grace said behind me.

"Suck on my clitoris, bitch-slave," Ms. Ford sighed, spreading the lips of her sex as I pressed my mouth against her clitoris and sucked.

"We should punish her for being such a whore," Grace said as she drove her dildo into me harder and deeper.

"She's a blonde slave animal. Of course, she's a whore."

I gasped and moaned as I licked and sucked, my hips being slapped by Grace now as she drove the big dildo into me hard and fast. My body began to shake and Ms. Ford reached down to squeeze my wobbling breast. Grace bent over me and stretched her arm down, her hand sliding over my hip, then reaching down so she could rub my clitoris.

Ten seconds later, I came, my hips bucking violently back to meet her thrusts as a flood of liquid heat drowned my brain in sexual pleasure! I cried out again and again as Ms. Ford rubbed my face against her pussy and Grace slapped my bottom and fucked me hard.

The orgasm must have lasted most of a minute, with me trembling and shaking and gurgling in mindless heat and passion, my eyes glazed over as I gave myself to the pleasure, the ecstasy! It was so good! It was so incredible! I felt my whole body shake as every muscle seemed to spasm again and again!

It was... intense! And I had no more than a couple of minutes to recover before another hit! And then another! I was lost in a feverish passion that had turned me into the animal they insisted I was, losing myself to what felt something like rapture every time another climax ripped through me.

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The day was filled with sex. I wore my tongue out licking women, and my aching pussy was ground furiously against a variety of other pussies as different women scissored me and rubbed themselves to orgasm while roughly squeezing my breasts and pulling at my hair.

I had to give lap dances to women who wore dildos, demonstrating how good I was at it (not very) and being harshly corrected by Ms. Ford or Grace until I got it right. I didn't know why that mattered to lesbians, frankly, but I didn't dare ask either.

Then I was put into the cage to rest. The cage, though, was soon rolled out and put into a truck, then driven away. I wasn't tied up anymore, but I still wore the paws so I couldn't really use my hands for anything, not even touching myself really. And I still wore the tail.

When we stopped, the man who had driven me, the same one who had driven me out earlier, put a large red ribbon around the cage. Then put a big bow the size of a dinner plate on top. He rolled it off and then along the driveway of a fancy-looking house and up to the side door. He rang the doorbell and when a black man opened said. "A present to the team for their anniversary celebration."

The man looked past him at me and grinned eagerly.

The guy at the door was large, black, and muscular. He eagerly stared down at me while I looked back self-conscious and nervous. Then he pushed the cage into the big house, along a carpeted hall, and into a large living room with many chairs and sofas sitting around.

And half a dozen black men there!

I gasped, eyes widening as they all got up and looked lustfully in at me. I felt my mind squirm, and a wild, dark heat rolling through me! My chest tightened and my sore nipples throbbed as they opened the cage and physically dragged me out!

More men showed up, all of them just as big, black, and muscular, and, well, you can guess what happened. If it was Ms. Ford's attempt to overdose me on black cock so I wouldn't want it anymore, it failed. I mean, you know how parents used to make their kids smoke cigars till they were sick after catching them smoking? Yeah, well, this sure didn't work for me.

I lost track of how many black cocks were thrust into my body, one, two, and three at a time! Big, muscular men were all around me, leering and laughing and jostling for position, their hands all over me as I was used again and again and again!

And came repeatedly!

I was lost to the wild dark hunger, feverish with need, caught up in that fantasy of being a sex slave. I never questioned anything. I never resisted anything. I just embraced the idea of myself as a helpless victim as I was gang-banged by what seemed to be a football team of some sort.

They fucked me almost to the point of unconsciousness and left me battered, bruised, exhausted, dazed, and covered in come.

Then they laughed and I was dragged back to the cage, tossed in, and it was loaded back onto the truck. I fell asleep before it even reached Ms. Ford's house. There, I was washed, douched, given another enema, and then made to crawl back into the house where I was hung upside down by the ankles, legs spread.

The earbuds were put back into my ears. I was blindfolded, and I eventually fell asleep to the sound of my own screams of pleasure, and my voice telling me what a slut and whore and slave I was, how much I loved black cock and pussy, and that Ms. Ford owned my body.

On Monday, I was let down, licked the woman's pussy, then crawled out back to go to pee before coming back inside and crawling around the breakfast table to lick scraps they tossed to me. But that first started with me sitting back on my heels, legs spread, hands behind my head.

"Did you like all that black cock you got yesterday, slut?" Ms. Ford asked.

"Yes, Mistress," I half whispered.

"Louder, slut."

"Yes, Mistress!"

"How many cocks did you have inside you, slave?"

"I-I don't know, Mistress," I gulped.

"Was that your first gang bang?"

"Yes, Mistress."

There were still seven or eight other women at the table hearing this, of course, and they looked at me with smirking contempt.

"So, you didn't count them. But there were what, a dozen men?"

"Or more, Mistress," I gulped.

"That's a lot of black cocks for you. I suppose each of them took you multiple times."

"I... yes, mistress," I said self-consciously.

"Little white whore," one of them snapped.

"Cassie said you had come all over you when she washed you yesterday."

That wasn't a question so I didn't answer.

"I suppose it's only natural some of them would have come in your face and over your breasts. You are a whore, after all."

"She should be punished," someone grumbled. "Little slut, fucking all those black men!"

Everyone else seemed to agree but first came breakfast. Nobody fed me directly, but instead just tossed stuff on the floor I had to crawl to and lick up.

Needless to say, I ached all over. My pussy was still sore on the outside from being on that sawhorse, and sore on the inside from all those black cocks that had pounded me. My ass wasn't any better, nor was my throat. Which was why I was whispering! My breasts ached and had bite marks on them, and my nipples burned, too.

I needed some kind of rest, not so much physical but mental and emotional. I needed a time-out to get my head together. Things were just too crazy and wild!

Instead, after breakfast they took me to another room and wrapped thick black leather restraints around my wrists and ankles. Chains were attached to my wrists and I was lifted up off my knees, then off my feet entirely! My ankles were pulled wide and chains attached to them, then the chains were pulled tighter and tighter until I ached and almost felt like I was being pulled apart!

I was gagged, though, so couldn't complain. And wouldn't have anyway. I could already feel myself heating up, knowing that something wicked and kinky and outrageous was coming, and along with it would be multiple orgasms!

A vibrator was pushed up inside me and rubbed against me as my mind began to fill with dark, sexual energy. I moaned helplessly as women gathered around the way the men had yesterday, hands all over me, squeezing, caressing, slapping, stroking, pinching, and fondling while Grace pumped a black vibrator in and out of me and ground the little stem near the base against my clitoris.

They didn't let me come, though. She pulled the vibrator free, leaving me panting and moaning. Then Ms. Ford stepped in with the whip.

She started to talk but I couldn't hear what she said. I had the earbuds in my ears again and the sound of my cries of pleasure had been turned up, as had my own words confessing to being a slut and a whore and a sex slave and that I needed to be disciplined and punished and must obey.

This was not the little light flog she'd used before. This was a long, single-tailed whip and when it cut across my back it produced a stark, deep eruption of pain that made me cry out!

The black women surrounding me started to say the words my own voice was saying in my ears, calling me a 'slave bitch', a 'blonde whore', a 'sex slave', a 'slut-animal'. And as they did the whip cut across my back and then my buttocks with sharp, stinging blows that made me jerk and shake and cry out again and again!

Then the whip curled around my body to cut across my breasts, my belly, and then down between my legs, where it sliced into the tender flesh of my thighs and pussy! Grace stood in front of me and she had a similar whip which she began to employ. Hers cut more fully across my breasts, but also curled around me to bite into my buttocks, and more than a few times striking my wrinkled little back opening!

By the time the two were finished, I was sweating and trembling, and my body was criss-crossed with welts. Ms. Ford took the gag out of my mouth and jerked back cruelly on my hair.

"What are you?"

"I'm a sex slave whore animal bitch, Mistress!" I cried dazedly.

"Who owns you, slut?"

"You own my body, Mistress!" I sobbed.

She slid the vibrator inside me, the stem pressing against my aching clitoris, swollen from being hit several times by her whip. I cried out in pain, but when she turned it on my body began to tremble and shake and then thrash in place, straining against the bindings as I began to have orgasm after orgasm! Convulsions wracked my body as I screamed in animal pleasure as the orgasm hit me like giant, extended waves.

"Look at this white slut come!"

"Dirty little whore."

"Filthy blonde slut!"

"Clearly, she's a natural sex slave."

"An animal is what she is. A sexual animal."

"Well, she's a blonde. You know what they're like."

Grace stepped up behind me and she began to thrust up into my body with a big black dildo, one that was so long that cramps rippled through my abdomen on every deep stroke. She grasped my hair and yanked it roughly back, then leaned in to chew and suck and kiss her way up and down the nape of my neck.

"Sexy blonde slut-animal," she growled into my ear.

The feel of the big 'cock' driving up into me again and again set me off even further, and my mind collapsed into a feverish mush of wonder and ecstasy. Ms. Ford ground the stem against my clitoris and then reached forward and slid her big hand around my neck, squeezing slowly until I could no longer breathe.

"Remember, slave, as your mistress I even control the air that you breathe. I control your every waking hour, what you do, where you do it, whether you eat or drink or not. Or whether you breathe," she said as I gurgled helplessly and my mind threatened to explode.

She eased her grip and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air.

Then she donned a strap-on herself, pulled the vibrator out of me, and thrust the long, thick, curved cock up inside me. She and Grace squeezed my slighter body between them, grinding themselves against me as their hips rolled the big cocks up and down hard and fast and deep!

"Nice Oreo sandwich," someone said to laughter.

I just gurgled and gasped and moaned and whimpered as my body continued to tremble, my muscles to spasm and my nervous system to crackle with the wild overload of sensations!

When they were done, they let me down and I collapsed, gasping, moaning, and trembling.

"Show your gratitude to your mistress for disciplining you, white bitch," Grace growled.

I whimpered and moaned and started licking at Ms. Ford's shoe. A riding crop cracked down on my buttocks and I gasped in pain and licked harder and faster as they all looked on, smirking in amusement.

I had to tongue her stiletto heel, then take it into my mouth and slide my lips up and down its length before licking the bottom of her shoe with long, frantic licks of my tongue!

I crawled off with Grace tugging on the leash and went into a huge, beautiful bedroom and was strapped spreadeagle to the bed, the vibrator stuffed up inside me. Various women then showed up to ride my face until my tongue and jaw were just too exhausted to move.

Then the clip was put on my tongue so it pulled up and out, the line leading toward the headboard so my head arched back. The vibrator stayed on, and a series of small, fast orgasms rippled through me.

My mind swam dazedly. It had been... how long since I'd worn any clothes? It had been Friday at work. Now it was Monday. Shouldn't I be going back to work? But God, the sex was so intense! The idea of being a fucking sex slave was insanely hot!

I never would have guessed, never would have imagined I could feel like this! So... alive! I felt wild and free! And I know that sounds weird given I was tied spreadeagled on a bed. But the freedom I'm thinking of is the freedom to wallow in my own sexuality, to flaunt my beautiful, naked body, to be a poor, helpless, pitiful victim of cruel owners, of cruel captors, of... some great, faceless thing!

It made everything I did free of guilt. Yes, much of the time I was humiliated. But I had discovered a strange, dark fascination for being humiliated by these tall, strong black women. It was like in a sense I was making up for all that white guilt over years of slavery. And in another sense it was casting it all away, because after all, now I was a slave!

I mean, not really. LOL. I was still sane enough to know this was all just a kinky game of Ms. Ford's. And Grace, of course. And no doubt they'd have an easy time recruiting other women to enjoy my body and to enjoy the sight of me humiliating myself before them.

A lot of them probably resented white women and took a great deal of pleasure in me being so degraded before them. And if so, good. I was happy for them. My pleasure came from something dark, something deep in my unconsciousness, some sort of masochistic heat combined with a long-suppressed desire to flaunt my sexy body.

I wasn't at all sure what it was that was giving me such incredible passion, such dark, twisted heat at my own mistreatment and abuse (not that they were serious, of course!), but it was too thrilling and too addictive to want it to end any time soon.

Besides, maybe it was natural for me to be treated like this. There was no doubt I was a fucking slut, a whore, a weakling who seemed to need being pushed around and told what to do. And who better to tell me than Ms. Ford, who was strong, proud, beautiful, rich, sophisticated, powerful, and so far above me it was ridiculous to even compare us.

And then there she was, smiling down at me, undoing the straps to free my arms and legs, and removing the clip from my aching tongue.

"Sexy little slave girl," she purred. "Is my sexy little slave girl feeling hot tonight?"

Her hand caressed my breast, then slid down between my legs.

"Yes, Mistress," I whispered weakly.

"Off the bed, then."

I moaned and bent my cramped arms and legs, then slid out of bed onto the floor as she went to the closet and disrobed. She came back naked to find me on my heels, hands behind my head. She smiled and stopped about six feet away. "Good slave," she said.

I felt a little pulse of relief and pleasure.

"Now show your mistress how much you love her."

I slid forward onto my belly and wriggled forward, then gripped her ankle and began to lick her foot. I sucked on her toes, then licked my way along her foot and ankle and slowly made my way up her body, kissing her warm black skin. I felt gratified, excited that my hands were free for once! I could caress her thighs and hips and then slide them daringly onto her buttocks as I brought my lips up against her pussy.

"Are you an obedient little sex slave?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress. I'm an obedient little sex slave!" I moaned, licking at her clitoris.

"Who owns you, slave?"

"You own me, Mistress!"

I pushed my tongue into her sex, then slid my hands around in front of her, gently parting the lips of her sex, sliding two fingers slowly inside her as I sucked and licked on her clitoris.

She sighed in pleasure, then her fingers combed through my hair before pulling up a thick mass of it.

"Such a sexy little blonde slave you are," she purred as I licked her to orgasm.

END

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This is the Ninth part of a multi-story series on **Courtney's Dark Adventures**. Courtney is a petite blonde with a creamy complexion who finds herself assigned to a six-foot-tall amazon of a woman with coal-black skin who has dark and wicked designs on her nubile young body. Alternately bewildered, anxious, nervous and helplessly aroused, Courtney finds herself being first seduced, then trained by her new boss to serve her sexual needs.